

DIED August 3, 1927 AMERICAN JUSTICE Passed Away in the Legalized Murder of Sacco and Vanzetti, Victims of Capitalism

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and Labor Movement

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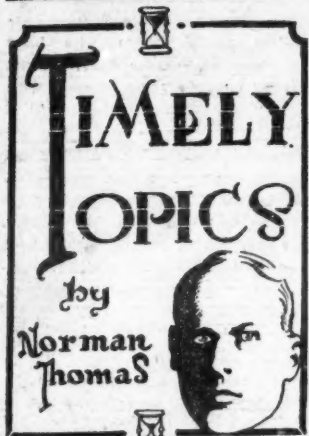
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"FATAL MURDER OF SACCO AND VANZETTI" IS CRY GROWING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



THIS column must be written some hours before Governor Fuller's decision in the Sacco-Vanzetti case is flashed to the world. I cannot therefore comment on the one thing uppermost in my mind in any satisfactory fashion.

Those to whom politics primarily mean personalities are getting a tremendous kick out of President Coolidge's unexpected declaration that he "does not choose to run in 1928." Whether that declaration is a positive refusal to run or a coy New England way of urging the party to coax him, I don't pretend to know. Neither can I guess why a man who doesn't choose to run in 1928 should have gone to all the trouble that our Calvin has taken to round up southern delegates and mid-western politicians and collect pictures of himself fishing with worms in a stiff collar and dressed up in circus cowboy clothes. The important thing, of course, is not President Coolidge's personality or even the no-third-term tradition. It is the kind of control which exists in the Republican Party. In no essential respect will that control be altered if Calvin Coolidge gives place to Hoover or Hughes or Lowden or some dark horse as Republican nominee. The no-third-term tradition probably has value in preventing a president from building up by his power of patronage an irresistible personal machine within his party. But the dominant economic interests always manage to have such a machine in both the old parties even if they change the engineer. It's up to the workers in alliance with the farmers to build up their machine, that is, their party to represent their interests.

The failure of the naval conference at Geneva which now seems inevitable will be followed in this country, in England, and throughout the world by an immense amount of propaganda on the part of each delegation to prove that it alone was the friend of peace and reason while the other delegations cunningly sought to advance. Such talk will only add to the intense suspicion and ill-will and to the immediate burdens upon the taxpayers of England and America and perhaps enhance the danger of war itself. Let us be quite frank about it. Responsibility for the failure at Geneva lies on the heads of both the British and American delegations. Perhaps at the beginning the British were the more unreasonable. In the long run both groups were dominated by naval experts, each group working the kind of navy it wanted. On their premises there never could be limitation of armament. If there is danger of war England will want one sort of navy, America a somewhat different sort. Each will be suspicious of the other.

We shall only make a fruitful beginning by asking: Against whom is England or America building its navy? Not, certainly in this decade, against Russia and Germany which

(Continued on page 5)

PROTEST RINGS THROUGH THE WORLD

Plans Are Being Made
in New York for a
Huge Demonstration
of Labor

SACCO and Vanzetti are doomed to die in five days; yet Socialist, labor and progressive forces all over the country refuse to accept it as final. The decision of Governor Fuller to let the two radicals die has been the signal for hundreds of final protest meetings in all parts of the country. Foreign countries, if anything, are proving even more active in this regard.

At the time the New Leader goes to press plans are being made for a huge demonstration in New York City of all the workers in the unions and in the Socialist party.

Socialists to Hold Pittsburgh Protest

PITTSBURGH.—The Socialist Party in co-operation with other organizations has arranged a Sacco-Vanzetti protest meeting to be held in Moose Temple Auditorium, 628 Penn. avenue, Sunday, August 7, at 2:30 p. m. Among the speakers announced are John Brophy, of the United Mine Workers; Diabetti Massimo, of the Cement Finishers' Union, who will speak in Italian; Harry A. Goff, of the Sacco-Vanzetti Conference, and A. J. Muste, of Brookwood Labor College. Dr. William J. Van Essen, of the Socialist Party, will preside.

Interest in the fate of the Italians is now at fever heat in western Pennsylvania, and a large audience is expected.

Blockade on U. S. Urged in Sweden

COPENHAGEN.—The Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee of Sweden sent a telegram to the International Federation of trade unions, now in congress in Paris, urging the congress pass a resolution protesting in the sharpest terms against the death sentence of Sacco and Vanzetti, threatening an international protest in the form of a strike blockade against American goods unless the demands are met.

Rio City Council Demands Freedom

RIO DE JANEIRO.—The Municipal Council has approved a motion presented by a Socialist member protesting against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. The people in this city are excited to a boiling point over the case.

The Masonic order of Brazil telegraphed to Governor Fuller asking clemency, in the name of the Brazilian Masonry, for Sacco and Vanzetti. Other Brazilian associations forwarded similar pleas.

BUENOS AIRES PROTESTS

BUENOS AIRES.—Three mass meetings by labor organizations as part of an international movement for Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were held here. Speakers asserted the innocence of the two men and declared their execution would constitute a miscarriage of justice.

Unionists and Socialists of New York Make Last Protest for Condemned

To the Workers of New York:

The unbelievable has happened. Governor Fuller's decision to let Sacco and Vanzetti die seems unreal, like a nightmare, but it is a nightmare that will come true.

The forces of hatred and prejudice, born out of industrial exploitation, have decreed that Sacco and Vanzetti are to be offered as a sacrifice.

When Sacco and Vanzetti die on August 11 the workers of the United States, of all political beliefs and creeds, will be the losers. With Sacco and Vanzetti will die ordinary American Justice.

The executions will be a reflection on the progressive forces of our country. While years ago we could mobilize in our strength and save Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, today we are helpless in the face of death for Sacco and Vanzetti.

The lesson is an obvious one, though Sacco and Vanzetti will pay with their lives to teach it to us. The labor movement must stand, industrially and politically, unified and disciplined to win back that precious treasure of freedom which is to be interred with Sacco and Vanzetti.

AUGUST CLAESSENS,
Socialist Party

ABRAHAM BECKERMAN,
Amalgamated Clothing
Workers

A. I. SHIPLACOFF,
International Pocket-
book Workers

MAX ZARITSKY,
Cap Makers International

JULIUS HOCHMAN,
Ladies Garment Workers

H. BEGOON,
International Fur Workers

BEN GOODMAN
Young People's Socialist League

FULLER'S LAME DECISION PROOF OF INNOCENCE, HILLQUIT SAYS; THOMAS URGES DAY OF MOURNING

BY MORRIS HILLQUIT

GOVERNOR FULLER'S decision seals the doom of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. It does not settle the Sacco and Vanzetti case. The governor's lame apology for the ghastly travesty of justice in Dedham Court will only serve to strengthen the deep-seated conviction of millions of workers and other fair-minded persons all over the civilized world that two innocent men have been put to death after seven years of judicial torture because they are poor and foreigners and radicals; that human life has been sacrificed and justice crucified for political expediency and for the sake of vindicating the prestige and power of the ruling oligarchy of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Sacco and Vanzetti case will remain graven in the memory of the international proletariat as one of the most striking instances of capitalist vindictiveness and brutality in dealing with working-class captives in the class war. Some day somewhere it will count heavily in the inevitable social reckoning.

Thomas Urges Cessation of Work Aug. 11; Calls for a Day of Mourning by Workers

BY NORMAN THOMAS

Director League for Industrial Democracy

SO much faith I have still kept in human desire and capacity to do justice that I have not believed it possible that the governor of Massachusetts would deny all clemency to Sacco and Vanzetti in a statement of such incredible and puerile weakness. That Governor Fuller is, according to his lights, a conscientious man, but adds to the tragic social significance of his act.

Sacco and Vanzetti are primarily the victims of Judge Thayer's personal prejudice and the governor's incapacity to weigh evidence. But such prejudice and incapacity could not exist or accomplish so dreadful a result were it not for the pervasive atmosphere of racial and class prejudice which has doomed these innocent men to death without anything approaching a proper hearing.

Certainly no one can argue that they have had their just day in court. The governor's extraordinary, ill planned, and secret investigation violated the basic principles of Anglo-American jurisprudence and constitutes no substitute for a new trial.

The three Boston Brahmins whose assistance he asked did not help matters.

It was known and put on record by friends of Sacco and Vanzetti that both the governor and the commission were not going to the root of the matter and that one, if not two members of the commission, had recorded themselves in advance as believers in the guilt of the men whose case they were to hear. The governor's published opinion merely confirms this judgment of the irregularity of his extra-judicial proceedings. He does not meet, he does not even seem to understand, the points which Felix Frankfurter stated in his analysis of the case. He makes no reference to the testimony of Capt. Proctor, the gun expert, whose opinion was deliberately misrepresented to the jury.

Tremendous Protest Is Urged

Neither does he refer to the collusion of federal secret agents in framing up these foreign radicals on a false charge of murder. He is so incredibly naive as to tell us that the jurors were not prejudiced by anything done or left undone at the trial because they told him so. He utterly fails to understand the force of the affidavits concerning Judge Thayer's remarks about Sacco and Vanzetti at a time when proceedings for a new trial were still before him. If there had been no political or class prejudice brought into this case a new trial would automatically have been granted to the worst gunmen on half the evidence of prejudice that has been submitted against Judge Thayer. Proceedings like this but confirm in the minds of honest and fair minded men the innocence of those now under sentence of death. They will confirm before the judgment bar of world opinion the charge of judicial murder which lies against the American courts and the American people who have backed their decision.

It is still possible, I understand, to take an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on one or two of the legal points involved. It is certainly still possible to raise so mighty a chorus of protest that as a matter of public policy Governor Fuller may yet change his mind. To raise such a protest becomes the duty of all men who still hope that the economic struggle may be tempered by some sense of fairness and decency. If Sacco and Vanzetti die, they will not die alone. A part of our hope for peaceful progress in redressing the injustice of our present system will die with them.

SUPPOSING THAT EVERYTHING FAILS AND SACCO AND VANZETTI ARE LEGALLY MURDERED ON AUGUST 11. WE MAY HAVE TO BOW TO THE MIGHT OF THE STATE, BUT NEVER SHALL WE ADMIT ITS JUSTICE. EVERYWHERE THE WORKERS WHOSE OWN FREEDOM IS BOUND UP IN THE FATE OF THEIR COMRADES SHOULD SUSPEND WORK AND OBSERVE AUGUST 10 AS A DAY

OF FASTING AND MOURNING. YES, AND A DAY OF DEDICATION TO THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE AGAINST THAT SYSTEM OF CLASS PREJUDICE AND RACIAL AND NATIONAL FEELING OF WHICH SACCO AND VANZETTI ARE ONLY THE TWO MOST RECENT AND CONSPICUOUS VICTIMS.

Execution Should Be a Clarion Call to Rally the Workers Against Capitalism

By JAMES ONEAL
Editor, The New Leader

AFTER weeks of anxiety during which millions of people here and abroad have awaited the action of Governor Fuller in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, all intimations on Tuesday had forecast a decision to reprieve the condemned men. It was further intimated that an appeal would be made to the Legislature for a new trial. Judge Thayer, the trial judge, was again called to Governor Fuller's office on Tuesday and it was reported that Thayer intimated that another reprieve would be included in the decision.

All this, of course, was unofficial. The hearings have been conducted in secrecy. Witnesses have been pledged to silence regarding conferences with the Governor. But every intelligent man and woman knows that even when such affairs are conducted in profound secrecy it is impossible to avoid reliable information reaching reporters. The whole press of the nation Wednesday morning forecast a reprieve and a new trial.

But something happened between Tuesday night and Wednesday night. What it was we do not know. The news Thursday morning came as a tremendous shock to millions of sympathizers with Sacco and Vanzetti who had been in a hopeful mood one day before. In an amazingly short statement and woefully inadequate in its consideration of the more important issues of the trial, Governor Fuller swept aside every contention of the defense and doomed Sacco and Vanzetti to die in the electric chair next Wednesday.

Important Questions Are Ignored

The cold legalist language used, the brevity of the statement, the important questions that were ignored, the assumption that Sacco and Vanzetti were on trial instead of Thayer and the Massachusetts courts, and the blunt decision that dashed the hopes of those who are convinced that justice had been prostituted in Judge Thayer's court left us stunned. What a terrible contrast between Wednesday and Thursday, between legitimate hopes of life and the grim reality of death.

Just as disappointing is the Governor's announcement that the three members of his special commission, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University; Judge Robert Grant, and Samuel W. Stratton, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "arrived unanimously at a conclusion which is wholly in accord with mine." We had hoped that in spite of their conservative views and affiliations these men, in the presence of an issue that involved life or death for two human beings, would be impressed by the formidable evidence based upon sworn affidavits which showed a biased judge sitting in the trial.

Believing that death would at least sober even conservative minds, we have withheld certain apprehensions that have plagued us since the investigation began. It is a notorious fact that the trial and investigation have been the occasion of a class struggle in Boston. With a few honorable exceptions the bar has ranged itself against the accused and has taken the position that a conviction of Judge Thayer of bias would be a reflection on the whole judicial system of Massachusetts. It was better, according to this reasoning, that even two innocent men should die than that one of their craft should suffer the disgrace of prejudiced conduct on the bench.

Faith in the Courts Is Shattered

Of course, the reverse of this is true. If confidence in the bar and the judiciary is to be maintained the frank acknowledgment that one judge had soiled his profession and disgraced the bar by his actions would have given prestige to the profession. A reprieve for the condemned men and an act of the Legislature, such as was suggested on Wednesday, would have also done much to enhance confidence in the bar and the judiciary.

But the Massachusetts bar has suffered a notable decline since the rise of finance, textile and railroad capital in New England. One has only to recall such names as Wendell Phillips, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate to understand how far in intellect and legal ethics the profession has fallen. Into the attitude of the legal police of Boston may be read the economics and politics of capitalism, not the ethics of high-minded men who are eager to avoid smirching their own profession and to see that justice may not be done to any human being.

Then there is the fact that Harvard University, so far as its business relations are concerned, is intimately tied up with capitalism and capitalist interests. The same may be said of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Sustained with investments in industrial corporations, the heads of these institutions cannot be said to be free in acting upon a case of this kind. The third member of the investigation commission, Judge Grant, is a member of the very profession which was as much on trial as Sacco and Vanzetti themselves. Had this commission been properly balanced some well known and trusted member of the trade unions would have been appointed. If it be said that such a man might be sympathetic with the defense, the answer is, that Judge Grant was certainly sympathetic with the legal profession which had become suspect, while the other two members represented institutions deriving much of their income from capitalist investments.

A Solid Front for Murder of Radicals

No amount of explanation can conceal the fact that the upper range of Massachusetts capitalism, including corporation magnates, intellectual retainers, the overwhelming membership of the bar and professional office holders represent a solidarity of interests intent upon the killing of Sacco and Vanzetti because of their radical views. On the other hand, it is also true that the mass of organized workers have been ranged in support of the view that the condemned men were "framed," and the trial and investigation provide plenty of justification for this view.

But the ruling classes of Massachusetts have not settled the issues of this notorious case. The issues are as old as the first conquest of one class by another and subjection of laborers to the ease, power and dictation of another class.

If Sacco and Vanzetti die next Wednesday they will as certainly enter the gallery of martyrs as Lovejoy, Savonarola, and others, who have trod the weary road to death as a sacrifice to the prejudice and hate of a ruling class. Their martyrdom will awaken millions to the danger that stalks their heels and inspire them to hurl from power those who for the time read their prejudices into legal documents and call them law.

We have not given up hope. Ere this appears in print thousands of meetings will be held in answer to this terrible act that will never be forgotten so long as the labor struggle survives.

Execution Will Be an "Assassination," Claessens Says; Sees Challenge to Labor

By AUGUST CLAESSENS
Executive Secretary, Socialist Party of New York

In Governor Fuller's decision, reaction has reached its lowest depths. The ordered murder of Sacco and Vanzetti is the cruellest, foulest and most merciless deed ever perpetrated. No Czar of Russia, no Nero of Rome, or, for that matter, no savage or barbarian chieftain ever dared a crime so dastardly as the seven-year torture of two innocent victims and their final cold-blooded assassination. The most vicious adjective or obscene expression that any language possesses becomes dignified and honorable if associated with the names of Fuller, Thayer, Lowell, Stratton and Grant. Benthality—with apologies to every and any animal—is rampant in Boston.

And the American people—the American workingclass in particular! What are they thinking? What can be in their hearts? Was there ever a darker page in our history? Two poor, helpless workers, victims of class injustice, race hatred and war hysteria, are to be crucified and their millions of fellow-workers, dumb, indifferent and helpless, look upon the horrible tragedy.

What a challenge to the American Labor Movement! What a rebuke to every tired and retired radical! What a call to action to every Socialist worthy of the name! The brutal, war-profit-fattened Babbitts, with Governor Fuller as their spokesman, have shown their contempt for all liberal and radical opposition. Their defiance must be answered. The Socialist and Labor Movement must speedily increase its ranks, strengthen its resistance and regain its soul. Unless this happens soon these United States, in the guidance of shameless and dastardly assassins, will present a regime to the world that will outshine the glories of Czar Nicholas and Mussolini. The death of Sacco and Vanzetti is a menace to all daring thinkers still living.

The Last Casualties of the War, Sacco and Vanzetti Will Die Victims of the Anti-Red Hysteria

Radicalism Injected Into Their Trial—Thayer Made Patriotic Speeches to the Jury—Execution Will Come Despite Confession of Another on Guilt of South Braintree Crime

WHEN a death-dealing current of electricity burns the lives out of Sacco and Vanzetti in the Charleston death house Wednesday two more victims will have been added to the scroll of those who fell as a result of the war which was to have made the world safe for democracy.

The case of Sacco and Vanzetti belongs to the war period. They are the last offering called forth by the anti-radical hysteria which the war-makers invoked to silence the advocates of peace. In that group of war-time victims, of which the Massachusetts radicals have paid the greatest price, there also are Eugene V. Debs, the great Socialist leader, and more than a thousand others who suffered jail, deportation or brutal mental and physical torture at the hands of the professed hundred per cent. Americans.

Because of the terrible vengeance the United States proposed to wreak on these radicals the names of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, the first a humble shoe shop worker, and the latter an obscure fish peddler, have become almost universally known.

Convicted in 1921

These men were convicted on July 14, 1921, in Dedham, Mass., of the murder of a shoe factory paymaster and his guard who were killed in South Braintree on April 15, 1920, by robbers who escaped with a payroll of \$15,776. The crime differed but little from similar ones with which the United States has become increasingly familiar since the World War.

For the six years since the conviction the question of Sacco and Vanzetti's guilt or innocence has been swallowed up by the question of whether they received a fair trial, because of their radical beliefs, affiliations and works. It is this issue which has made their names household words throughout the United States, Europe and Central and South America.

One of the most extraordinary features of this case has been the violent partisanship displayed not only by those who have studied the record of its evidence but by those who have only a casual acquaintance with its facts. This feeling has extended from the lowliest illiterate men to some of the best educated people here and abroad.

Law Change Demanded

Out of this agitation has arisen a demand for a change in Massachusetts judicial procedure. At the present time the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, to which was submitted a motion for a new trial in this case, does not under the law review the facts nor the evidence. The Supreme Court passed only upon the question of whether the trial judge abused his discretion or committed an error of law, and found he did not.

The reviewing authority in this case was Judge Webster Thayer, the trial judge. He had denied a motion for a new trial on Oct. 24, 1926. Those who advocate a change in procedure say that Massachusetts should have a Court of Appeals similar to that of New York State and Great Britain. It was the lack of such a tribunal that made the final appeal to Gov. Fuller imperative.

The background of the case must be portrayed in some detail before the entire affair can be properly understood. South Braintree, where the crime was committed, is one of the larger villages of the town where John Adams was born. It is an important railroad junction point, and its principal industry is shoe manufacturing.

Two of its largest factories in the spring of 1920 were those of Slater & Morrill, Inc., and Rice & Hutchins. These were located side by side on a road which passed down beyond the New Haven Railroad crossing and wound away toward the South Shore.

The Arrest Is Made

Frederick A. Parmentier, paymaster of Slater & Morrill, Inc., and his guard, Alessandro Berardelli, followed their usual route on April 15, 1920. They left the upper factory about 3 o'clock with \$15,776, intending to go to the lower factory to distribute the money, which was in envelopes. They were in front of Rice & Hutchins factory when, without warning, two men began shooting.

A dark green Buick with three other men in it came along the street at the first shot. The two murderers threw two black boxes containing the payroll money into the car and jumped in after them. The Buick disappeared in the general direction of Randolph, the retreat being covered by a rifle stuck through the rear of the car and by a man on the front seat who fired several shots to discourage pursuit.

There had been a series of payroll hold-ups in and around Boston for months preceding that date. The robbers were usually described as Italians with a seeming weakness for shoe factories. Police at first attributed the South Braintree crime to this band.

Sacco and Vanzetti were not arrested until May 5, when by chance they were picked up on a Brockton street car. Their conduct at the time of their arrest was made much of by the prosecution at their trial under a "consciousness of guilt" theory.

"Marked as a Radical"

At that time Sacco lived with his wife and babies in Stoughton, a nearby shoe town, where he worked steadily as an edgemaker, earning from

niti and Caruso when they were tried at Salem in 1913 for a murder during the Lawrence wool strike.

Radicalism Is Injected

Five hundred talesmen were examined and deputy sheriffs were sent out to bring in citizens not on jury lists under the statute which permits impaneling a "bystander's jury" before twelve men were obtained to try the accused. Then the trial for some days took a more or less normal course.

The prosecution presented its evidence in the usual manner. Eye witnesses identified the men, and pistol experts testified, or at any rate their testimony was so construed, that the bullet which killed Berardelli was fired through Sacco's pistol. Brockton police testified to the "consciousness of guilt" shown by the defendants when arrested.

The defense met the major points promptly, relying chiefly on "mistaken identification" to clear the accused. There were alibi witnesses for Sacco and Vanzetti, and pistol experts who swore that the bullets put in evidence could not have been fired through the pistols found on the two men.

The crisis came when the defense attempted to meet the "consciousness of guilt" charge. It was then that the radical issue was brought into the case. Both defendants were put on the stand to explain why they had lied on the night of arrest. They declared they had not been questioned about any murder or robbery that night but about their social beliefs.

They told of the fear put into their hearts by the deportation of various radical friends and by the death of Salsedo two days before they were jailed.

Thayer's "Patriotic" Speeches

Vanzetti explained that on the night of arrest they had gone to get a friend's automobile so they might remove to a safer place a lot of radical literature they possessed; this on the advice of Walter Nelles, a New York attorney. They both carried revolvers, they said, because of the increasing number of hold-ups. Sacco had been a night watchman and thus owned a weapon, and Vanzetti, in the fish business, frequently had carried considerable sums of cash.

The radical issue having been introduced, the prosecution was given opportunity to cross-examine both men mercilessly concerning their attitude toward government, war and kindred matters. And in that cross-examination District Attorney Katzmann managed to excoriate them both. He began his grilling of Vanzetti not with any question about the payroll robbery at South Braintree but by saying: "So you ran away to Mexico to escape the draft, did you?"

Friends of the defendants have contended that these tactics, plus the many patriotic speeches by Judge Thayer to the jury, went a long way toward convicting both men.

A World-Wide Protest

After deliberating five hours the jury found both defendants guilty of first degree murder, and with this verdict the case entered its second stage. There were protest meetings virtually all over the world by people who believed the prisoners were guilty of nothing except the crime of being radicals. Buenos Ayres, Tokio, Bombay and Paris crowds clamored for the release of these men.

American embassies began to receive formal petitions of protest in great volume. The diplomats answered that the case was entirely within the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts courts. A bomb sent to Ambassador Herrick at the Paris Embassy exploded as a servant was unpacking the package. This was the first of a series of demonstrations in many countries by protesting radicals. Numerous bombs were exploded.

No one was ever killed in any of the bomb explosions, although in October, 1921, a bomb in Wagram Park in Paris injured seven policemen.

There was a lull until the fall of 1923 when William G. Thompson, long a leader of the Boston bar, a staunch conservative and an aristocrat, replaced Mr. Moore as chief defense counsel. There were appeals and then motions for new trials on the grounds of newly discovered evidence.

Madelros' Confession

What was regarded as the most important of the newly discovered evidence was a confession by Celestino Madelros, who was in the Massachusetts State Prison under sentence of death for killing a bank cashier. Madelros asserted in January, 1926, that the Morelli gang of Providence, which he had been associated with, committed the South Braintree murders and that Sacco and Vanzetti had nothing to do with them.

Judge Thayer consistently refused to grant a new trial on this, or on any other of the grounds advanced and on last April 9 Sacco and Vanzetti were taken to Dedham and sentenced to die in the electric chair during the week of July 10. Both dramatically asserted their innocence in courtroom pleas made in pathetic, halting English.

Counsel for the condemned men petitioned Gov. Fuller to intervene. Newspaper men and women who had covered the trial filed five affidavits tending to show that Judge Thayer had exhibited prejudice against the defendants. Gov. Fuller began a personal inquiry into the case, but found that it was impossible for him to accomplish this task alone.

He named on June 1 an advisory committee comprising President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, President Samuel W. Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Tech-

McAlister Coleman and S. A. DeWitt in Boston For The New Leader

McAlister Coleman and Samuel A. DeWitt will be in Boston for The New Leader to write about the last days of Sacco and Vanzetti and of their execution. These and other features will make next week's issue of The New Leader a memorable one. Additional copies for memorial meetings should be ordered immediately.

Execution Will Estrange French

PARIS.—Thousands of men in positions have voluntarily signed an appeal addressed from French intellectuals to those of America imploring their intervention on behalf of the condemned Sacco and Vanzetti.

Paris witnessed a manifestation of another kind, which conveys accurately the feeling which this case has created in the best-informed circles in France. A woman of 50 years, gray-haired, soberly and decently dressed, was halted by the police in the act of placing a placard with a reverent air before the base of the imposing equestrian statue of George Washington. Inscribed upon the placard were the words:

"In the name of Christ, thou shalt not kill. We implore pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti."

The woman was taken to a police station and there gave her name as Mme. Jeanne Mulick, a woman writer of some note for magazines and literary reviews. She was released and the placard confiscated.

The woman's conduct was meek and dignified, in much the same tone as the intellectuals' appeal to "right-thinking Americans," which states:

"Professors, lawyers, artists, intellectuals of America, we address our appeal to you rather than directly to the Government. If Sacco and Vanzetti are executed you, when you come to France in the future, will be received with the same courtesy as always, but between you and us there will be a cloud of misunderstanding like a great coldness."

MEXICAN CONSULATE GUARDED MEXICO CITY.—As a measure of precaution, the Mexican Government has ordered the local authorities to guard carefully all American Consulates to prevent any possible trouble if Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations should be attempted when the execution takes place.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION TO CONVENE AUGUST 8

(By a New Leader Correspondent) INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—When 2,500 delegates of the International Typographical Union gather in Indianapolis, August 8, for the annual convention of the union, it will be celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday and Indianapolis Local Union No. 1, host to the convention, will celebrate its diamond anniversary.

The festivities of the convention will begin on the evening of August 8, when Local Union No. 1 will stage a big entertainment at the National Guard Armory for visiting delegates and their wives.

nology and former Judge Robert Grant of the Probate Court.

And on June 29 the Governor, with the approval of his Executive Council, granted a respite to Sacco, Vanzetti and Madelros, "to and including Aug. 10." He stated that he did this so he might have more time to review the evidence and examine witnesses.

Sacco and Vanzetti began a hunger strike on July 17. Sacco has continued to fast, but Vanzetti abandoned this form of protest after fifteen days.

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"I WANT TO GO HOME," PLEA OF FULLER

Both Governor and Judge Reveal Uncertainty—Duce's Joke

"I"VE earned the right to go home," Governor Fuller asserted to newspapermen a few minutes before he sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their death.

Judge Thayer said, after sentencing the two anarchists: "Now I'm ready to meet my Maker."

These gentlemen of Massachusetts seem a bit uncertain, one of his rights to go home, the other of his fitness to meet his Maker.

"The delays that have dragged this case out for six years are inexcusable," said the governor. Much better if he had not had to stain his hands, he feels. He'll be a long time washing the spot out.

Thousands crowded the Boston streets awaiting the decision. Socialist and defense committee headquarters were on edge in fearful anticipation. A few days before the Socialists and the A. F. of L. had held a protest meeting of 5,000 on the Common.

"This disagreeable problem," is the way Governor Fuller's statement stood up the case involving the lives of two men.

Unfortunate Mrs. Rose Sacco found further disagreeableness in the bus-zard-like photographers who have been hounding her for days. "I am ready to collapse," she pleaded with them. "Please don't disturb me."

Mussolini, kinsman with Thayer and Fuller in other ways than nationality, had his little joke. Vanzetti is alone here, no relatives to offer comfort. Signora Vanzetti, his sister, has been trying to come here since last November. After holding up her passport, the dictator permitted her to sail Wednesday. She will arrive after the execution.

The Charleston prison warden intends to forcibly feed Sacco, now in his 20th day of hunger strike. It is not intended that vindictive capitalism will lose its prey by permitting the union anarchist to take his own life.

Governor Fuller is full of resentment. He not only resented the delays in execution. He also begrudged Sacco and Vanzetti their defense committee, demanding to know where it got its funds.

Governor Fuller asked the jurors and Judge Thayer whether they thought they had made a mistake in convicting Sacco and Vanzetti. They replied they had not. The trial was therefore pronounced fair.

One can hear the voice of Jesus as he learns of the execution: "Do men still do these things?" E. L.

Two Pamphlets on the SACCO-VANZETTI CASE
By DR. MICHAEL COHN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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PAINTERS AGOG OVER THEFT CHARGES

Pressing Trade Problems
Make Ending of Dis-
putes Imperative

By Louis Stanley

THREE events piling upon one another have brought to the fore the financial corruption of New York District Council No. 9 of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paper Hangers. These are:

(1) An order from the executive board of the brotherhood declaring the district council's suspension of its secretary, Thomas Wright, an illegal procedure, and the virtual disregard of this ruling by the district council.

(2) The withdrawal at the request of the district council of the court charges of defalcation of its funds made against officers of the district council when Wright was still in office; and

(3) The publication of the report of no less a certified public accountant than Stuart Chase of the Labor Bureau, Inc., revealing misuse of the district council's money by at least two of its principal officers.

The Falk Report

The reader will remember that the whole mess was first uncovered early last fall by Bronx Local 905, of which Thomas Wright is recording secretary. At that time the only evidence obtainable was the minutes of the district council. The books, vouchers and other records were still closed to investigators. Local 905 had noticed certain discrepancies in the minutes, such as the omission of seventy-five dollar initiation fees paid by candidates for membership accepted by the examining board. The local hired the accountants, Falk, Dworkin & Company, to make a detailed analysis of the available information. On September 29, 1926, the firm reported. It had made an audit of the minutes of the district council for a period of nineteen months, ending July 29, 1926, and now presented data which, in its own words "tell a definite, and perhaps a sordid story of abuse of funds by the office of the district council." Giving the suspected benefit of the doubt, the association found that there were at least 330 persons who were accepted by the examining board and yet their initiation fee of seventy-five dollars each had gone unrecorded. This amounted up to \$24,750 alone. It seemed that most of these candidates entered non-English speaking locals, where irregularities apparent from a close study of the minutes would go unnoticed. In addition there were 142 individuals who were listed either as honorary members and, therefore, paid only five dollars apiece, or as members coming from out-of-town, who paid only the difference in initiation fee between that required in their locality and that in District Council No. 9. There seemed, too, other suspicious errors or entries, such as refunding of initiation fees and omission of three thousand dollars arising from claims of employees and deposit of employers' cash bonds. All in all, the accountants concluded that at a conservative estimate at least thirty thousand dollars were unaccounted for.

These financial irregularities became an immediate issue in the elections for secretary of District Council No. 9. While the Falk examination of the minutes seemed to hit directly only Charles Koenig, financial secretary of the council, and perhaps William Hartley, the treasurer; it was felt that the day secretary, Philip Zauner, was also responsible, if only for careless-ness or indifference in permitting such a state of affairs to go on. The executive board of the brotherhood ruled that the day secretary had nothing to do with financial matters and, in line with that decision, when Zauner was brought before a trial board of the district council for neglect of duty, he was found not guilty. During the whole affair he seemed to discourage any deeper investigation of the suspected malpractices.

Wright Is Elected

The issue having become the cleaning out of corruption in the District Council Local 905 puts its recording secretary, Thomas Wright, into the field to oppose Zauner. Wright put up a rigorous campaign and was elected, jolting some people into a realization that the rank and file did believe there was some foundation to the charges and would rebuff at the polls those who passed over the matter lightly or apologetically.

In February, 1927, after the election of the executive board, made an audit of the council's books and found Koenig, the financial secretary, guilty of defalcations to the extent of \$23,000 and recommended a fifty-fifty settlement with Koenig. This proposal was turned down by a referendum vote of the membership. The opposition was in the minority in the council, but the latter body in response to the rank and file sentiment agreed to hire Stuart Chase to make a complete audit. In addition Wright was instructed to "take up the matter regarding the shortage in the treasury of District Council No. 9 with the office of the District Attorney."

Koenig had very judiciously disappeared from sight. But the district attorney's office was induced to bring charges against A. J. Fischer, President of the District Council, William Hartley, Treasurer, and Alex Stein, former Chairman of the Trustees, for paying a fifteen hundred dollar check payable to a brokerage firm in Wall Street.

Court Action Defeated

The majority of the District Council

Debs Fund Buys Radio Station

Davis Supplies Data To Convict Radical In Italian Court

Anti-Fascist Had Written Letter to Labor Department Head Pleading Against Deportation from U. S.—Letter Is Turned Over to Mussolini Government

(By a New Leader Correspondent)

WASHINGTON.—Secretary of Labor James J. Davis is in line for decoration by the Mussolini government. The Secretary is to be decorated as a Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy, his friends hope, if Mussolini shows his usual generosity.

Services which have earned Davis and some of his associates in the Labor Department decoration include: Willing stool pigeon, spy, shadow trailer and general handy boy for Mussolini; hounder of Reds, American and foreign; advocate of the alien finger-printing law to enable better check-up on fugitives from Mussolinian justice; informer on helpless and friendless radicals. It is being debated whether all these services do not entitle him to two decorations. In that case he will probably be made a Commander, like Mayor Walker of New York.

Mario Chiossone, deported from the United States as an undesirable alien, has been sentenced in Rome to twelve years in jail and three years more under police surveillance. The charge against him was anti-Fascist activity in the United States. The evidence consisted of a letter he had written to Secretary of Labor John J. Davis, pleading for permission to remain here. In his letter he entrusted himself to Secretary Davis, setting forth his anti-Fascist views. He declared that deportation to Italy, in view of his opinions, would bring serious consequences.

showed its hand. First, it voted to pay for the bonds of Fisher and Hartley as if it were defending its officers against an external enemy. Stein handled his own case. Then, on June 9, at the Council's regular Thursday meeting, it took the sudden step of suspending Thomas Wright from office by a vote of 24 to 16. The charge against him was incompetency and it is significant to note that it was brought by Local 51 of which Hartley, one of the accused, was treasurer. No special meeting of the Local had been called to consider this important question and but a small group was present to take this momentous action. Note secondly, that the following morning, June 10, was scheduled for the preliminary hearing in the Fischer-Hartley case before Magistrate Brodsky and that Wright was to appear to press the charges against the incriminated officers.

The District Council majority had worked well and quickly. It could now inform the court with legal correctness that Thomas Wright was not its representative—at least not for the present. It chose new legal talent to defend its persecuted officials. A quintet of Tammany politicians, including two who had recently served on the bench, put in an appearance. The district attorney's office upon request of the newly appointed secretary of the District Council dropped the charges and the court acquitted the accused. Fischer, Hartley and Stein were not held for the grand jury and went scot-free. This was the end of July, 1927.

Meanwhile, Wright's trial had been proceeding, when Local 499 wrote to the Executive Board of the Brotherhood asking for a ruling as to the constitutionality of the suspension. The Board replied that Wright had been suspended illegally. Nevertheless, at the next regular meeting of the District Council the request of the opposition delegates to have the Board's decision read was disregarded.

Thrown into the whole situation like a bomb-shell came the report of Stuart Chase. It covered the period from January 1, 1925, to April 14, 1927. It showed a shortage of \$24,662.39, chiefly due to the omission of seventy-five dollar initiation fees or the entry of these amounts as five dollars to make it appear that honorary members had been admitted. It was difficult to disentangle the responsibilities of Koenig and Hartley, but from the available records it seemed that the former had upon his removal from office on October 28, 1926, was at least \$25,475.56 short and the latter on October 1, 1926, when the storm broke, was at least \$12,400 short. Since then, Hartley has been putting back money from his personal resources, so that he had an apparent overage of \$914.57 on April 14. Furthermore, it was perfectly clear that Hartley had used the D. C.'s funds for private purposes and speculated in Wall Street. There were unvouched checks to the amount of \$67,730.68, many for personal use.

The Progressives Must Unite

At the time of going to press, it looks quite likely that the trial board will find Wright guilty and the Council will try to remove him from office despite the order from General Headquarters to the contrary. Wright will claim that he is still Secretary of District Council. The Executive Board of the Brotherhood will come to New York to arrange some settlement. The former progressive leadership of the District Council, which has thus far supported the old administration, will thereby receive an opportunity to help clean up the corruption in the union. Peace in the ranks will enable the organization to cope with the immediate and long neglected problems of the trade and also build up a solid front in view of the impending negotiations for a new agreement with the employers.

BROADCASTING IS TO BEGIN SOON

Socialist, Labor and Liberal Group Is Now
Owner of WSOM

THE first labor-owned and controlled high-powered radio broadcasting station in the East has been purchased by the Debs Memorial Radio Fund, 31 Union Square, New York City, as a memorial to Eugene V. Debs, the noted Socialist leader. Trustees of the fund announced that the station will be used as a militant voice of the American labor movement and will give expression to the aspirations of the millions of men and women who toil for their living.

The station purchased is known as WSOM, but the call letters will be speedily changed to WDEBS in honor of the late Socialist leader. Prompt application will be made to the Federal Radio Commission for a change in the call letters, as well as for an increase in power from 500 to 1,000 watts. While the transmitter is located in Woodhaven, New York, which assures the station a minimum of interference from the huge buildings in New York City, the studio will be located in Manhattan.

The station was purchased from the Union Course Laboratories of Woodhaven. Prior to its purchase it was examined by engineering experts engaged by the Debs Radio Fund, who pronounced it in perfect condition and who declared that an increase in power can be easily effected. Station WDEBS, as it will be known if the request for these call letters is granted, operates on a 1,220 kilocycle and has a 245.5 wave length. The Federal Radio Commission several weeks ago assured Norman Thomas, chairman of the board of trustees of the \$250,000 Debs Fund, that a broadcasting license will be promptly granted the fund upon its purchase of an already existing station.

While the Debs fund expects to devote its time between now and the first of October toward effecting improvements, making changes and organizing its staff, it is expected that the fund will go on the air immediately and start with a militant labor program. It is expected that Station WDEBS will be a crusading vehicle for all liberal, radical and labor opinion, since an impartial presentation of all viewpoints is guaranteed by the composition of the board of trustees.

These include: Norman Thomas, chairman; Morris Hillquit, treasurer; G. August Gerber, secretary; Roger Baldwin, Abraham Baroff, Joseph Baskin, Victor L. Berger, Harriot Stanton Blatch, Abraham Cahan, Albert F. Coyle, Theodore Debs, Elizabeth G. Evans, Elizabeth Gilman, Max S. Hayes, Sidney Hillman, John Haynes Holmes, Cameron King, Robert Morris Lovett, William Mahoney, James H. Maurer, Mary E. McDowell, William Mitchell, Mrs. Gordon Morris, A. Philip Randolph, Upton Sinclair, A. M. Todd, B. C. Viadeck, Harry F. Ward and John Whitlock.

The organizations, directly or indirectly represented, include the United Mine Workers of America, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the Socialist Party, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, the New York Jewish Daily Forward, the Workmen's Circle, the United Hebrew Trades, the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor and various peace societies.

G. August Gerber, secretary of the fund, expressed pleasure that the response from labor, Socialist, progressive and peace organizations, made possible the purchase four months after the campaign for funds opened last March. He said that now that labor's radio station is a reality, large sums will be promptly forthcoming to fill the \$250,000 quota. Most of the fund, he explained, will be used for operating Station WDEBS, which is expected very soon to become self-supporting, and for the establishment of a circuit of labor radio stations throughout the country which will hook-up with WDEBS.

"The purchase of a labor station must come with considerable satisfaction to all our well-wishers, as well as to those who are interested in freeing the air from monopolistic control," Mr. Gerber declared. "It will guarantee to minority opinion in America its right to be heard without censorship. With radio as now privately owned and controlled, a station like WDEBS is the only cry in the wilderness. WDEBS assures to the American labor movement and to all the forces of progress, a rallying-ground from which to capture the imagination of the American people."

"We promise that, as soon as we can proceed with full operations, Station WDEBS will be not merely a chronicler of events, nor a vehicle of music and entertainment, though we hope not to fall even in these matters, but a militant, fighting champion of the rights of the oppressed, of all those who toil by hand or brain to produce the wealth of the world. It will be a tireless agency in telling the radio audiences that the giant of labor in this country has found another means of articulation, probably the most powerful medium of expression of the twentieth century. We expect the financial and moral support of all those forces for the service of whom WDEBS is dedicated."

Communists, Sighing For More Splits, Now Splitting Themselves

"Bow bow, Comrades. Take your hat off, Louie. Keep your shirt on, Jake. Poskudnikas of the C. E. C. majority group, in the name of unity, will please shut up. We will have now the secretary read A CABLE FROM THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL. Proceed."

"Before I read the cable, I want to urge the Comrades to pay their dues. If you don't pay your dues, we can't have a revolution. That's final. From where I'm standing I can spit on eight Comrades who haven't paid their dues."

"Never mind that now. Read the cable from THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL. The secretary reads: 'Moscow, U. S. S. R. July 27, 1927. E. C. I. considers such methods struggle as opposition group uses in statement impermissible factional. Such expressions styling majority of Polcom 'petty bourgeois intellectuals' as 'clique leadership' are opposed resolution of E. C. I. and agreement of American comrades serving only to poison party life. E. C. I. most decidedly opposes these factional methods. On the other hand—'

THE "C. E. C. Majority Group" of the Workers Communist Party can't make up its mind even yet whether it is a majority group or not. Its leaders, who are in Moscow, have reached an agreement with the Polcom, but its followers in the States don't seem to be able to recognize it.

To make matters worse, the Communist International has cabled the party telling the "Majority Group" to cease its sniping at the Polcom, but it ends up by declaring "on the other hand" against any disciplinary measures against opposition. All of which leaves the Polcom in one fine quandary. How, Mr. Lovestone wants to know, can he restore unity and repair the badly damaged united front unless he has a free hand to chop off the heads of some of Mr. Foster's opposition?

There, dear readers, is the predicament of the Workers Party today. And you will readily agree, we are sure, that that's no mean predicament even for the vanguard of the most advanced of the advanced sections of the revolutionary movement. If you don't understand what its all about, we are sorry. Don't ask us, for, after all, we, too, are only human, all too human. We'll try to make it a little plainer, but will probably end up more puzzled than ever. That's a warning.

You see it's this way: Two weeks ago we reported to those of The New Leader readers who were interested that a new factional fight has broken out in the Communist party. The Communist International thereupon issued orders telling Foster, Weinstein and Cannon, who lead the "C. E. C. Majority Group" that it must bow to the Polcom, the all supreme in command of the American armies of Communism. That should have settled it, but it didn't. The majority group has shocked the Moscow popes by issuing what is called a "factional document" entitled "Statement of the C. E. C. Majority Group Exposing the Factional Irresponsibility of the Lovestone Group." So again Moscow has had to interfere, as above related. The telegram which our secretary has read in the above quotations is not our own ravings. No, the Third International made it up all by itself.

Thus the battle in the united Communist front continues more ferocious daily. The Polcom has been unkind enough to publish replies to the C. E. C. Majority Group in which it cites the activities of a dozen of the leading Communist lights.

"Here is a partial list of the factional activity of the opposition," says one of the Polcom's broadsides. "Bittelman came to New York; Gomez came to New York; Zack visited Boston; Johnstone visited Pittsburgh; Bittelman visited Cleveland; Ballam visited Cleveland; Ballam visited Pittsburgh; Overgard visited New York; Krumbain visited Philadelphia; Abner visited Minneapolis; Ballam visited Boston; Ballam visited Philadelphia."

From which it appears that Ballam is the best traveled Communist, while Bittelman and Krumbain are running him a close second. And what did they travel all over the country for? For to make a revolution. No, not they, the dirty sinners. They traveled for the heinous purpose of organizing nuclei—nuclei within nuclei, street section within parlar brigade, fraction within decimal points. No wonder the Third International had to be called in. Look at Mr. Gomez, for instance. "When Gomez addressed the meeting in New York," says the Polcom. "He didn't have in mind to mobilize the party membership for work, but he

tried to inject a factional issue on the China campaign." Now we know why the Chinese revolution went bloated. The end is not in sight. But the end of this is. We must stop here for more important duties call. We've got a date to go to the movies. E. L.

MINNESOTA LABOR TO MEET AUGUST 15

(By a New Leader Correspondent)

ST. PAUL.—The officers of the Minnesota State Federation of Labor, in addition to their convention at International Falls, on Aug. 15, are arranging for a special program for the benefit of the farmers and workers of the northern part of the state, and are sparing no pains to make it one of the biggest things, in the way of a mass meeting, ever held in that part of the state.

They have the assurances of F. W. Murphy, of Wheaton, a member of the National Council of Agriculture, who has made more of a study of farm problems and farm relief than any other man in Minnesota, and Senator Henrik Shipstead to address a mass meeting on Monday evening, Aug. 15, at International Falls.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE FORCED INTO SETTLEMENT

(By a New Leader Correspondent)

AMSTERDAM.—As a result of negotiations between the Dutch Contract Transport Workers' Union and the Dutch Shipowners' Association the conflict with the Holland-America Line has been settled on the following basis: During the period between arrival and departure of vessels the company undertakes to find supplementary work for all men who have served satisfactorily 300 days at sea on the company's boats.

The conflict was caused by the refusal of the company to pay the staff for the days intervening between signing off and signing on. The freemen of the S. S. "Rotterdam," as a protest, refused to sign on for the last journey of this vessel. In consequence the company took on Chinamen, who gave them plenty of trouble. On arrival in America the majority of the Chinamen tried to force their way to land, and as a result there was a pitched battle between the men on guard, and finally with the American police. The latter arrested 43 of the Chinamen, while seven others succeeded in escaping, but did not return on board. Only 35 out of 85 Chinamen remained at their posts, but even they were so hostile toward the captain that he had to get police protection while in America and on the return trip.

The Chinese were forbidden to perform work on board during the voyage, and as a result the captain had to sign on white sailors in America, which he was only able to do by paying freemen and trimmers \$100 for a seven-day voyage, with free repatriation afterwards. The Holland-America Line's experiment with the Chinese crew has been rather a costly one.

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When Blood-baths Cleaned Up the Vienna Streets

By Dr. Oskar Pollak
VIENNA, July 25.

IN the streets of red Vienna red blood, the blood of workers, has flowed. Police detachments have fired volleys on totally unarmed people, have hunted fugitives from one corner to another into the cross-fire of the nearest enveloping line, have started man-hunts for half a day in all of the streets of the town, and have shot into the gates and windows of houses and at persons altogether unconnected with the riot. The numbers of victims grows horribly from hour to hour, for many of the wounded lying in hospital mangled by dum-dum bullets, with hideous wounds, will die. Panic hovers over the town, distorts its countenance and has unhinged its consciousness. Quiet now prevails indeed, for three days not a shot has been fired; but how terribly difficult it is to penetrate the meaning of this quiet.

Whoever desires to do so must endeavor to grasp clearly three links: the events of that bloody Friday, their causes and consequences.

In the first place the sequence of events. The acquittal of the murderers of Schattendorf was the last in a long chain of miscarriages of justice, where by a long string of political murders remained unpunished. The lying out-cries of the bourgeoisie against the Republican Defence Corps—these out-cries whose seed has now come to so terrible a harvest—is well characterized by the fact that during all the years since this defense organization of the Austrian workers has been in existence, in all encounters, the dead have always been on the workers' side alone; the dead on that side, acquittal on the other. Now the cup was full, and overfull.

The Storm Breaks

The storm broke in the morning of the Friday when the verdict became known. The trams were stopped for an hour. The workers laid down their work and streamed out on to the streets into the central part of the town. It was an explosion of elemental feeling, as clearly shown by the circumstance that it had not, nor could have, any fixed purpose. Indeed against what could one demonstrate? Against the jury system? What could be demanded? That the public prosecutor should declare the nullity of the sentence? These queries hindered the Socialist Party from attempting anything which would have been certain to have the effect of a call to back up the protest by something stronger. But in the course of events this very restraint turned to a fatality.

For indeed, when the first processions appeared on the Ringstrasse, that historic scene of so many glorious demonstrations by the Vienna workers, a scene very remote from the usual one met their eyes.

For years past, on the occasion of all parades of the workers, the Republican Defence Corps has always maintained order, and so long as this was the rule, so long as the police on such days kept themselves circumspectly in the background, the peace has never been disturbed. This time when the demonstrators appeared in the Ringstrasse—the first group consisted of the municipal employees, certainly neither bolsheviks nor firebrands—they beheld what the Vienna workers have not beheld for many years past; namely, mounted gendarmes who charged across the street, blocked the way, and rode in upon the crowd.

There ensued, of course, an immediate panic, glittering sabres, throwing of stones, while some gendarmes pursued their victims on horseback right over the low railings of the grounds of the Town Hall. And more and more processions were arriving who watched with growing wrath and behavior of the police, while more and more panic-stricken and enraged were the race of horses and horsemen in the streets around the Parliament. In order to hold off the mounted men, low barriers were swiftly constructed out of benches and beams of wood gathered by chance.

The first shots came, the first wounded, the first killed. There was no more stopping now. A police post was stormed, cleared and set on fire. The police in their pursuit thrust part of the crowd against the Law Courts, in which there was a detachment of police who fired from within the building. The crowd assaulted, but at first the gates held fast; the windows were smashed, furniture thrown out, large pictures of the Kaiser fetched from the Halls of republican justice were displayed to the crowd. Anger rises, the flames leap upwards. The Guard has withdrawn into the interior of the building. Meanwhile the first bodies of the Republican Defence Corps have at last arrived and are faced unarmed with a terrible double task, to shield the workers against the maddened police and at the same time to hold in check the excesses of mass-impulse.

"Cleaning Up" By Bloodshed

This was the tragic, the decisive hour. Under the heroic command of the Socialist Member of Parliament, General Korner, a detachment of the Defence Corps forced a way into the burning Law Courts. The gates were broken open, the terror-stricken civilians caught within were gathered and brought to safety by the Republicans at risk of their own lives through the flames and the maddened multitude. The police trapped in the building, who were still firing from the windows of the upper floors, were disarmed, and with inexpressible difficulty, by ruses, in disguises, brought wounded into the open.

And then there happened something outside all political passions or moral standards, intelligible only in connection with the ghastly complex of mob impulses, the conditions of great cities, and exasperated flesh and blood; the howling crowd, intoxicated by the sight

An Eyewitness Tells of the Austrian Uprising; Reaction Defeated, New Problems Opened for Socialism

of the great building—the symbol of class justice—in flames, but at the same time goaded and intimidated by the lower elements of the streets whom the frightful spectacle had attracted, refused to let the fire brigades through to the conflagration.

Mayor Seitz and other well-known leaders of the Socialist Party themselves climbed on to the engines, staking their authority, their popularity, even their lives; but the city rabble of a few hundred hooligans, driven wild by the fire and stirred in their lower instincts, barred the way against them. Finally the first engines were got close up to the building. But another ten minutes and the fire brigades would have checked the fire and averted the misfortune.

But at such moments when the fate of thousands hangs upon a second, misfortune moves swiftly. Suddenly the crack of the first volley was heard; the reinforcements of police, now armed with rifles, are shooting. At first there is stupefaction, no one quite knows what has happened. A courageous attempt to bring the fire hoses close to the burning building again succeeds, the Defence Corps with fresh forces has drawn a cordon, shutting off the square before the burning building. Then another volley fell: people hit and fleeing, panic! Everything dissolved, only the police cordons now follow one another through the streets in which pools of blood have formed; in the police jargon this is called: "Cleaning up" the streets, and anyone who has experienced it will not forget the bloodstains which with grim irony contradict this word.

The Strike Follows

What then began was the ghastly

spectacle of the "restoration of order" let loose, the machinery of violence coupled with the senseless bloodthirstiness of men with rifles in their hands and able to hunt others whom they view as foes. Each has a desperate fear of the other, but one of them has a rifle. And so he shoots at fugitives, at women standing at the windows, at children running to shelter in house doors, at wounded already on the ground, even at the real heroes of a street riot, the ambulance corps; he fires through the closed iron gates of the Town Hall a volley into the midst of the dressing station for injured organized in the courtyard, fires into every street, at every corner, on every group, at the slightest movement of every person, fires blindly out of whirling motors into thronged alleys, fires without taking aim into the night which at last, feverish and charged with horror, sinks on the city.

During that night and on the morning, still police everywhere, armed with the rifle, a weapon unfamiliar in Vienna, for which they know no other use than to shoot forthwith in uncontrollable panic and excitement; then isolated scuffles, the rabble even making raids on the Republican Defence Corps, and still more killed and wounded. Only on the following day comes the quiet of exhausted nerves, a single general strike which gives a moving expression to the general numbness of spirit, a three days' transport strike, which gives to the passionate feelings of indignation the form of an organized protestation.

Who is to blame? The wreck of the law courts towers to the skies; such a thing has seldom been seen at a non-revolutionary moment in any capital. Nearly a hundred killed lie in their

biere; never has there been so much murder in a country in which reaction is not dominant. Here the contradictions supplement each other and the contrasts connect. It is absurd and childish to talk of a Bolshevik plot.

Why the Revolt Came

How slightly the handful of Austrian Communists, whom their behavior during these days of stress has exposed even more thoroughly to the contempt of all thinking workers, are capable of moulding events is proved by the fact that despite their hysterical cries for a general strike, and although they, in breach of the strike, issued a special edition of their paper, in all industries, without a single exception, work was resumed on the stroke of the hour at which the Socialist Party and the Trade Unions had decreed its resumption. Neither individual arrests, as of foreigners who happened on that day to be staying in Vienna, nor any alleged "instructions" discovered, prove anything at all against this.

Are we, on the other hand, faced by a carefully engineered stroke by the forces of reaction? Such a theory must likewise be rejected. The truth is that just as numbers of workers were possessed by an obscure feeling that the intolerable tension must some day be loosened, and an outbreak, a trial of conclusions, come about, so, on the other side, without any plan of campaign by organized reaction, there was the conscious will of many individuals, in particular of the higher functionaries and police officials, that one day "something must happen," and that they would show the workers they meant business.

This is the explanation of the fundamental fact of the workers' revolt of the morning, which passed into the massacre, the blood bath of released instincts of hatred in the afternoon, each provoking each intensifying the other. And this is equally the explanation of the psychological situation or of the horror of events which, dominant over all else, imparts to these days their peculiar stamp. Between the classes a chasm has opened, a chasm filled with reeking blood. On both sides instinctive feelings are at the pitch of exasperation. Never have the workers felt such dread and hatred for the capitalist machinery of power, nor the capitalists such dread and hatred for the workers. Every one, indeed, who was a spectator of the bestialities of the police—even people of the bourgeoisie—has been thereby profoundly shaken and stirred to indignation over this form of class rule. But however many witnesses there may have been of these dreadful occurrences, yet those others sitting in their homes who did not see how workers were shot down like rabbits—these celebrate their triumph.

No Triumph For Reaction

Has, then, reaction triumphed in Austria? No, a thousand times NO. The transport strike, conducted with exemplary discipline, was with no less exemplary order brought to an end. Why? The working class employed this formidable weapon, not for the sake of securing from the Government the concession of various demands, every one of which would have been petty beside the magnitude of the events, but to prove to the Govern-

ment, to reaction, to the whole capitalist class that it stands utterly unbowed and unbroke; it is possible to shoot down a hundred workers in Austria, but not to master the Austrian working class, or Austrian Socialism.

It should have been the part of the Government to deal with the extraordinary situation by extraordinary means; the Socialist Party awaited at the least some gesture to indicate that the Government is not wholly indifferent when a hundred workers are mown down by its police. The Government has given no such indication; it has had no thought or feeling, nor known of any better way than the usual ones, supplemented by rifles in the hands of the police, who ordinarily carry only the sabre. In face of such a frame of mind in the capitalist class, void of any sense of the tragedy of the situation, or of any sentiment of responsibility for the greatness of the dangers, no negotiation was possible.

While the accusing dead lay there, there could be no haggling over political compromises. But, on the other hand, it was not possible to continue the transport strike until the general confusion, the shortage of raw materials, the growing disquietude abroad and the reactionary acts of violence in the agrarian provinces where the opponents of Socialism are stronger, should create a menace of disorder. That which was demonstration of strength and protest could not be converted into a protracted guerrilla warfare, which requires quite other tactics. We have proved to the capitalists who thought to have struck us to the ground that we are still unbeaten. But we will not lay bare the Repub-

lic, governed by its enemies, to the perils of anarchy, civil war and foreign intervention.

Unifying the Workers' Forces

As soon as the clouded feelings of the present moment will have faded, the Austrian working class will emerge from this bath of blood substantially unscathed. Its power is unshaken; its consciousness of power will recover from the shock received. It is in this connection that the deepest cause of the recent happenings, their problem and their lesson must be sought.

The Austrian working class is so strong, so well organized, so proud of what it has accomplished, that the workers' consciousness of power can no longer brook such verdicts as that of Schattendorf, class verdicts such as are daily delivered in every other capitalist state. But this consciousness of power is still unable to find its true expression in the mechanism of this stage of transition, during which, in the course of a slow wrestling match, the relationship between the classes is being reshaped.

Thus in the streets of red Vienna the outraged sense of justice of the Vienna workers encountered a police force which was not subordinate to the freely elected municipal administration, nor to the orders of the Socialist Mayor. And thus against the fury of a bunch of undisciplined hooligans there stood a working class organization for the maintenance of order which lacked any weapons wherewith to enforce its will.

The provisional institution of an armed Municipal Defense Force, consisting of workers, and thus sure of the confidence of the working population, was a happy idea which has contributed much towards restoring calm.

But deeper things are at stake. The Austrian Party will have to draw from these events the lesson that the consciousness of power of the organized working class, its machinery of power (including the complete equipment of arms) and the intellectual power of the educational and cultural work which it performs, must all together constitute an absolutely harmonized unity, wherein no factor must either run ahead of, or lag behind the others. The will to power, the instrument of power, and the readiness for power must be one.

Peasantry on the Farm, Feudalism in Mill

By William E. Dodd

The Farmer's Dwindling Freedom And the Nation's Future

LASTING changes in the social order come slowly. A hundred and fifty years ago the farmer and the free tenant were the makers of a new nation. Their representatives a little later formulated one of the greatest of Constitutions. Today the farmer and the tenant seem clearly on the road to peasantry, and neither they nor any of their few friends seem able to stay their downward course.

If this process continues the United States will cease to be what it was or is intended to be, and the process hastens. The efforts at co-operative marketing, of controlled production and of effective legislation seem all to have failed. The President vetoes bills without offering better ones; the open-and-shut markets of the cities continue the unmitigated exploitation; while newer and richer lands cease to offer relief, as of old.

The farmers, who composed 98 percent of the population in the beginning and then were only fairly able to direct the policy of the country, now number some 40 percent of the population and frantically hope to direct national policy. The prospect is so poor that \$49,000 farmers abandoned their calling in 1926; 3,000,000 have abandoned it since 1920, while all the cities increase their numbers with little thought or care for the future. Is there any help? Possibly a hasty view of our history may offer an answer.

From the adoption of the Constitution 'till the fall of Napoleon the farmers of the young nation, proud of their country and happy to be called free farmers, sold their abundant crops to a warring Europe at fabulous prices. Washington said there had never been anything like it; President Jefferson found the returns of the farmers twenty times as great per year as he had ever known them to be in the best days of his youth. Whether the doubtless aristocrats, afraid of their new system, or the bolterous Democrats boasting of the best Government ever set up by the hand of man, prosperity was the rule of the day, above all for the farmers.

Then the wars of Napoleon ceased. After a dizzy moment of drunken prosperity, the Europeans reduced their demands by half. American wheat and tobacco and pigs lost all value to their producers. Farmers were in the throes of deflation, a term then hardly known. John Adams, retired to his little farm, was barely able to hold up a respectable head. Thomas Jefferson, with a hundred slaves, was hardly able to feed his guests. Virginia farms would hardly sell for the price of a year's rent. From Massachusetts to Georgia thousands and tens of thousands of farmers abandoned their homes and lands and trekked across the Alleghenies to try their fortunes anew in the wilderness.

The savings of small farmers for a generation, the houses, the fences and the cleared lands were sadly abandoned to mother nature. Hanover County in Virginia, where the Revolution had started, and the Springfield country of Massachusetts each lost half its population! Times were hard. Governments, State and national, did nothing. Who could help a farmer?

But during the long Napoleonic wars hundreds and thousands of industrial establishments were set up. They made the bonnets of farmers' wives; fashioned boots for the clumsy feet of

This address, delivered in Nashville, is one of the most informing historical surveys of American farmer struggles that has been made in many years. The economic position and problems of farmers as a class since the adoption of the Constitution, the process by which they have declined in the social order with the rise of capitalism, and the methods by which they have been kept politically impotent, are portrayed. Professor Dodd is the author of many historical articles contributed to American historical and sociological magazines, of biographies of Jefferson Davis, Nathaniel Macon and Woodrow Wilson; editor and joint author of the "River-side History of the United States," and of "The Cotton Kingdom" in (Chronicles of America series), the most important study of the economic forces that brought chattel slavery into conflict with northern capitalism.

plowmen; contrived new and better plows for the making of more wheat and tobacco. The moment Napoleon fell, British industrialists offered marvelous bonnets and all manner of implements to farmer folk at prices half as high as the domestic manufacturers asked. If the farmer sold any of his crop he might buy imports at half wartime prices. But the industrialist would be ruined. He would have to become a farmer, abandon his buildings and his improvements. Did the Government lend assistance?

In 1816 the farmer nationalists, led by farmer statesmen, Calhoun and Clay, contrived a system of industrial help, a tariff that reduced British competition by half and thus opened the American market by half. In a few years the industrialist was more than successful. Few trekked over the mountains. But success by Government assistance increased the number of industrialists twofold. They began to compete among themselves. In eight years they asked for a monopoly of the American market; in twelve they got their wish in a tariff that eliminated the farmers—the tariff of abominations, 1828. But Jefferson's beautiful estate, which had cost \$25,000, was sold in 1828 for \$2,800, his daughter, in her old age. The only farmer who could hold his own was the cotton grower, and he held his own on a market that steadily declined from 40 cents to 8 cents a pound for cotton grown by slave labor on fresh lower Southern lands.

Here was an illustration: The clever men, who composed less than a tenth of the population, procured from the American market; the unclever farmers, who composed 98 percent of the population, sold their output in a slow and steady decline, and then came home to buy their clothing and farm utensils at prices twice as high as those at which they might have had them in Europe. That was called statesmanship.

There was great bitterness in all the great farming States, bitter words and

angry threats of disrupting the Government, civil war was narrowly averted, the farmers yielding at last to the desires and fears of the minority. That was 1832; and it was followed by a compromise by which the industrialists were to accept, after ten years, a reduction of their privileges and allow some measure of competition from the outside. There followed an epoch of economic peace and a marvelous prosperity from 1848 the lowest tariff, to 1861, when the moderate rates of 1816 were effective. It was the end of the first chapter.

III
Then war again. The farmers of the Northwest, rallying to the call of the Union and of Abraham Lincoln, went upon Southern battlefields and fought as men have rarely fought. Southern farmers even more heroic. In the process there arose in Chicago a great inventor-manufacturer. He put drills and reapers upon the grainfields whence hundreds of thousands of farmers' sons had gone to war. Old men and women made more wheat and raised more pigs than had been raised in time of peace. And war raised the price a hundred percent. Abraham Lincoln was winning the war for the Union. Then English and German harvests failed—failed in 1862 and 1863. There was an unprecedented demand for American wheat and even corn. The price rose from 60 cents a bushel in 1861 to \$2.50 in 1865. War and Cyrus McCormick, a good Virginian, gave the farmers a prosperity they had not known since Washington and Jefferson had built the nation on farmer prosperity. It was a strange time, a loyal Southerner in Chicago winning the war against the South.

But the war also made tens of thousands of industries flourish in unwonted style. Woolen mills earned fortunes; implement makers quadrupled their dividends; munitions makers had the time of their lives, and railroad builders and managers laid the foundations of fortunes that a little later dazed the world. It was war, war for democracy.

The Union was saved. There was a Northern debt of \$3,000,000,000, a debt evidenced by bonds, payable in gold and in paper money as well. When the war ended these bonds, or more than 90 percent of them, hastened to Philadelphia and New York and Boston, where under the new banking system, the control of the nation's currency had drifted. The end also witnessed, after a feverish day of speculative prosperity, a decline of the price of farm products. The decline became a slump. The hundreds of thousands of soldiers, farmers' sons, went home to their farms. They increased the output of the farms while Europe decreased her demands for American wheat and corn and pigs. Was the farmer again to fall a victim?

The price of woolen goods fell. Munitions were no longer needed. But Southern cotton came back on the market and cotton cloths were in reasonable demand. But fearing the future as business men ever fear the future, the industrialists asked protection against every sort of competition in order that they might pay high wages—and then sent to Europe for hundreds of thousands of workers to keep wages down. The Government (all the Southern planter lawmakers kept at a safe distance) granted the protection

and sent agents to Europe to urge immigration, immigration that mounted to half a million a year in a little while. It was privilege, vast privilege.

The farmer, as I have said, went home to his fields in 1865. The price of wheat fell from \$2.50 a bushel in 1865 to 60 cents in 1894. However, the vast fields of the West lay wide open and the land was free. The drill, the corn planter and the reaper enabled the farmer to produce untold quantities of grain and live stock. It was the day of free trade in England and Germany. Hence the men who had fought the battle of common men in the Civil War now poured their wheat into European markets to ruin their brethren in Europe. They drove the English farmers into bankruptcy, if a farmer knows what that means. Industrial cities took these ruined farmers into their employ or left them to emigrate to the United States, millions of them.

But the United States, after her war for democracy, kept the tariff bars so high that the goods of European mills could not get to the tolling farmers of the West and South, while vast fleets turned hordes of poor European workers into New England and the Middle States and literally changed the face of the country—a revolution, nobody observing it.

Nor was this all. The farmers back on their farms must pay the cost of their own fighting in the Civil War, three billions of dollars, a then unprecedented sum. They received greenbacks for their wheat, at low rates. They paid for their supplies in greenbacks at high prices, because the Government compelled them to do so. They wished to pay the debt in greenbacks, debts owed to a small number of men who had done little fighting. The Government compelled them to pay in gold, gold then, and long after 1865, at a premium of 25 percent.

It was perhaps necessary, but it looked unfair; the tariff protected industry in its demand for high prices; it now protected the holders of the debts in a similar demand for high prices, high prices for bonds that had been bought for 60 or 70 cents on the dollar. The farmer had gone home to pay himself for fighting. In order to do so he had to ruin European farmers. With the meager returns he paid in gold the debt that had been bought in greenbacks. That was statesmanship.

...
The statesmanship of Sherman and Blaine and Grant; but it did not lend good humor to the countenance of Western farmers. The world was a sad complex, all bound together in spite of wars and tariffs; the victims were the men who had saved the Union. What of the cotton farmers, stepchildren of the Republic? Their fight had failed—needful failure. Their debt to themselves was simply canceled, repudiated to break down all inequality, to make democracy real in the South. The price of cotton was high. It took twenty years for the South to get back to normal in the cotton markets, the price of each crop falling. The South was poorer than it was safe for any great section to be, many thousands moving away to the Southwest, where land was free. Others moved into the Northwest to make wheat cheaper than it was. Lands and ancient homes were de-

serted as lands and homes had been deserted in 1820-30.

Somewhere set about a scheme to unite the restless West with the broken South. If they united they might control the United States and learn the way to self help, farmers thus taking control of things into their own hands, as they had done when young Calhoun and Clay tried their powers in 1820, tariffs and paper money and great banks to the contrary notwithstanding. But then somebody reminded them that the two sections of farmers had waged the Civil War. They must vote as they had shot; and children must vote as fathers had shot. There was an end of farm-or-self-help. Neither Bryan nor Roosevelt found any way to share with the farmers the vast and unprecedented

(Continued on page 5)

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A PAGE OF EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Say It With Light Bills

WE went up to South Woodstock, Conn., last week to talk to a group of farm women about their electric light bills. The official announcement of our talk, which was under the auspices of the intelligently progressive League of Women Voters was "Superpower and the cost of living." But as is always the case, it wasn't long before we got down to a discussion of the monthly light bills and how it comes that a Connecticut farmer is paying anywhere from 8 to 10 to 16 cents per kilowatt hour while not so far away in the Province of Ontario a Canadian farmer is paying from 1 1/4 to 3 1/4 cents. The more you discuss such matters as public control and ownership of waterways and coal mines, the sources of the new electrical era, the more you find that American audiences are not a bit interested in the generalities that have so often in the past accompanied debates on public ownership. What they want to know is how successfully public ownership can answer the pragmatic question: "Does it work?" If you can convince them that in the long run, and from a hard-bolled dollar and cents angle, public ownership will give them cheaper and more abundant electrical power for example, you don't have to mess around with the hackneyed arguments about "incentives," "business in politics," "politics in business," etc. I wish I could shoot this into the ears of every speaker who is going campaigning for the Party this coming Fall. There has been a lot of loose talk about the "Americanization" of Socialist tactics. I haven't happened to see any very definite directions as how this is to be accomplished. I do know from experience in the field that so far as this all-important matter of power is concerned, the way to reach an American audience, even in these days of Coolidge "prosperity," is still to take the day-to-day realities of the average citizen's life and discuss them in simple, bread-and-butter terms. There it's 3 1/4 cents; here it's 7 1/4 cents. There it's owned by the people; here it's owned by the profiteers.

Nothing particularly subtle in such an argument. Small room here for oratorical flights. Very little chance for shirt-tearing. But just the same, Americans will listen to this where they won't listen to fancy mouth-shooting. And no matter how high-pressure your propaganda may be, it's a flop if you can't get people to listen to it.

And what a shining target for a Socialist speaker the eight and one-half billion dollar electrical industry offers! It has within its far-flung confines every hokus-pokus, every gyp game, every hi-jacking device that the best minds of the "New Capitalism" can think up. Company unionism? What better example of this can game than that afforded by the General Electric? Employee stock participation? Listen to some of the hired hands of a big utility company talk about "my company." Press-agency rampant? Look at the flood of propaganda let loose on a bewildered public by such agencies as the National Electric Light Association. Stock gambling? Read W. Z. Ripley's chapters on utility financing in his book, "Main Street and Wall Street." Evasion of public control and regulation? Read the report of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power on the power situation in New York State which you may have by writing to the League for Industrial Democracy, at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Fake advertising? Read what Stuart Chase has to say about the advertising of electrical appliances in his new book, "Your Money's Worth."

It's the quintessence of capitalism, boys and girls, this oncoming electrical monopoly that makes steel and the packers and the shoe machinery trust and all the others, big and little, look like Singer's Midgits by comparison. Let's look into it while it's still reaching out, still in its formative stage. Let's not wait, the way our granddaddies did with the railroads, until the damned thing has got a strangle hold on all of us, workers and farmers and city consumers alike.

By way of postscript: I find that I have omitted from the above list of public utility abuses the brazen bribery of public officials indulged in by such leaders of "The New Capitalism" as Sam Insull of Chicago and the hosts of insulated lobbyists for the power trusts the country over. I do not believe that the recital of Insull's contributions to the Republican candidate for Senator from Illinois and the Democratic candidate for the same position will cause any sections of our body politic to break out in a red and righteous rash. The findings of the United States Senate Committee on Campaign Fund Expenses have been received by the people at large with a singular and sinister equanimity. Four or five years from now some novelist, hard-pressed for a theme (as witness Mr. Sam Adams "Revelry"), will put Mr. Insull and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brennan and their dirty work at the Illinois cross-roads into a book. And then the "nice" old ladies will read it and be shocked just as they are being shocked today by "Revelry" ("I can't believe that dear, good Mr. Harding really let such dreadful things happen").

But this Fall does not seem the propitious time to go and blurt out the facts about the corruption of government by special privilege. Of course anyone can try it who will. I'm afraid that after he is done, all the blurt-out will have for his pains will be the question from the audience, "What of it?"

In his book, "The Second Empire," Philip Guadella writes: "France, which has more generally regarded parliamentary institutions as a source of scandal than a form of government." He might well have been describing America under Coolidge. Surely it is no secret to the man in the subway that the Mellons and the du Ponts, the Rockefellers and Morgans, the "Boston Bunch" back of Cal, and the oil sharks and the coal crooks and the general schmier of organized skinflints from coast to coast are sitting just as pretty on his back today, and with a lot finer seat, than they were in the revereous days of the late lamented Warren Gamaliel Harding. He has a very definite conviction that he is being ridden. But his present riders aren't as rough as the bully boys of the "Ohio gang." They seldom use their spurs. The back of the man in the subway and down on the farm and out in the mills has gotten quite calloused after God knows how many years. And besides isn't he getting bigger and better oats? And if he should r'ar up a bit and get chased right out of the stable, what will come of the old gray mare and the little colts then?

McAlister Coleman.

Rain Metamorphosis

The dashing rain that thrilled the leaf
Is lost and never will be found;
And in its stead a silent grief
Drips down and soaks the ground.

Kate Herman.



Scanning the New Books

Sinclair—A Living Epic of Social Protest

By S. A. De Witt

WE have always been a bit distrustful when meeting "great men." Something there is in our modern means of building up greatness in a current character that savors of the pallid press agent and the pandering publicity den. When I have met with most of them, and gone the usual paces of conversation and repartee, they just shriveled up into spectres of ineffectual being. A little talent hardly survives long enough to be recognized under the test of genius. That is why I have always remarked with facetious candor that the more I see of great men the less respect I have for myself. Sinclair smiled pensively when I pulled that one on him, but said nothing. And Upton Sinclair is to my mind one of the unfortunately few great men that the country has produced in the century and a half of morose fertility.

Now, you might just up and say, tush, he's a Socialist and a writer of such truck as you think is literature, and that is why you are prejudiced in his behalf. Which are precisely the reasons upon which we do not base our definite assertion as to his greatness.

Floyd Dell does a masterly job in writing up Sinclair's biography to date. I say masterly because in reviewing Sinclair's work one is almost driven into repeating everything Sinclair autobiographically about his life. It is only with great reserve and self-mastery that Dell keeps his own vision of the subject trained to the tumult. Two things one gathers from Dell's biography about Sinclair above the distinct pleasure of his narrative and discussion. One is that Sinclair is the most vital literary person in the land, and that for all of his quasi-Freudian inferences, Sinclair is the most human and normal of our contemporary literatures. And both of these facts make for great outstanding. The Charles H. Doran Company are indeed to be congratulated upon their project of printing the biographies of living genius.

If Dell had lived in Poe's time, and given a progressive publisher like the Doran Company, we might have known a different Poe and his own time might have known a happier poet. All through his books Sinclair is driven to disaster, by the unmerciful master of his own choosing, his ideals, his dreams for a better world, and his hatred of the crass, dull, soulless swirl in which he is caught yet he emerges whole and unconquerable. The windmill of the public press caught his Quixotic lance. And even as the quip has it in Rouland's Cyano de Bergeres, intending to fling him into the mire, hurled him among the stars. Intellectual Europe has long ago accepted him among the immortals. It will be his certain if

slower reward to find his place here. But even as Dell remarks about writing it, it is difficult to review the biography of a living author. He is only forty-nine years old now, and if his physical condition is any indicator at all, he promises to go on living long beyond Olerization. Heaven alone knows in what direction his boundless energies may radiate, and what further literary explorations he may undertake. If his latest novel, "Oil," is at all a hint, then he has just begun a new era of splendid creation. Reading the life of Upton Sinclair, especially as it comes from the pen and

PEASANTRY ON THE FARM, FEUDALISM IN THE MILL

(Continued from page 4)

prosperity of the new and unprecedented Republic. A single State in the East received twice as much of the annual income of the country as all the thirteen Southern States!

Hundreds of thousands of farmers and children of farmers moved into the thriving cities. They sought places in the mills, on the railroads, in the great business houses, counting the money. But in the cities, the glare of electric lights blinding men's eyes, the vanities of politicians deceiving their minds, the sons of farmers met the incoming hordes of Europe, poor European farmers competing with poor American farmers—all being led by the garish lights of a new and marvelous revolution which filled the world with cities and filled the cities with hosts of strange men talking strange languages, talking and drinking—then organizing and fighting.

Workers' unions, high prices for the better grades of labor; employers' unions setting higher prices on manufactured goods, on the products of the farm; tradesmen's guilds that took from the farmers their pigs and lambs, their fruit and vegetables at prices of their own making, sometimes sending to the farmers demands for more money with which to pay the freight on what had been taken; marvelous cities and more marvelous statesmen, those of Roosevelt's and Bryan's restless day.

Only Europe making ready for another war and organized labor talking of a coming class struggle relieved a little the strain of things during the first decade of the twentieth century. The great farmer's country was ceasing to be a farmer's country, hundreds of thousands trekking again, their earthly possessions on their backs, into the cold northwestern stretches of Canada—the populations of the cities ever mounting into the millions, that of the country declining to less than

half the total for the country. Western farmers still hating Southern farmers. By that process the politicians sustained themselves and the exploitation went on. The first of the great wars of the young Republic started the process, 1812-15; the second and greater sectional war carried on further, 1861-65. Would there be another war?

IV.
In 1914 the leaders of the German Empire precipitated Europe into a war long prepared for, a war which, like every preceding war, upset the life and changed the destiny of farmers on the wide plains of free America. It was not long till pigs sold again at fabulous prices and cotton set poor Southerners' heads crazy. Ten cents a pound for pork on the hoof, 20 cents a pound for cotton leaving the bins, beef and wheat likewise pouring at similar prices into the great cauldron of war. The cities filled all the industrial chimneys with insufferable smoke; the railroads wore out their tracks and their wheels carrying their burdens of munitions at huge profit to the scene of red and devastating war. A third time the industrialists and the farmers were prosperous together, farmers driving Ford's, business men Packards. Prosperity.

Would it last? But the roar of war became more and more audible. The President of the Republic came slowly to see that a German victory would work a change in the social status of the modern world, not omitting the United States. He, like Lincoln, thought to make the world safe for democracy, his opponents wondering whether they would like a democratic world, quite as Lincoln's opponents had wondered. He led the farmers into war, millions of the sons of farmers, along with their fellows from the cities. The price of wheat rose \$1 a bushel; cotton now sold for 30 cents

a pound and pigs at 15 cents on the hoof. War was the bonanza of the farmer, devastating war, the war of land mounting, the migrating Westerners coming back to their abandoned homes, poor negroes hastening to Northern cities to fill the vacant places the fighting Europeans could not fill. It was revolution blessed with amazing prosperity.

But the war came to an end. There was again a day of deceitful riches; and then a collapse first of farmers, next of business in the cities. The world outside struggled between war and peace, the President, broken and hated for his scheme of peace that was falling, departed. He gave place to another, to a new regime that would save business if nothing else—a city regime made up of the fragments of all nations, bent upon a policy of oblivion and isolation. It was but another day till Europe once more ceased to buy cotton and wheat and pigs; the farmers were cast down from their high prosperity. Cotton could not be sold; wheat fell below the cost of production—dire distress. From 1921 till the present moment the experience of 1820, of 1866, repeated itself.

There was poverty wherever men produced the foodstuffs of the country, fair prosperity elsewhere. But the fears of 1921, like those of 1866 and afterward, raised again the protecting wall against European competitors who would sell European goods at low prices and buy American farm products at rising prices. The fear of cheap imports raised the tariff walls higher than ever before. That secured the prosperity of business; it doomed the farmer, for no protective tariff could help him, nor were rich, vacant lands anywhere.

Somehow society found a way to relieve the fears and distress of those who own mills, run railroads and operate the finances of the country. The price of manufactured products scarcely fell at all; the returns on railway investments were stabilized by official guarantee of 5 1/2 per cent; the banks lent money at fixed and stable rates. Everybody received help save those who needed it. Statesmanship!

The farmers sought legislation in their behalf. They failed. The farmers of sufficient wealth and alertness organized and undertook, like organized labor, to help themselves. Business turned upon them with anger and fear; nothing was quite so wicked as the Farmer-Labor Party of the Dakotas or the effort of LaFollette and his kind to compel national assistance. Some men, like Charles G. Dawes and Frank O. Lowden, thought they saw the injustice of it all. They were hushed up, threatened with ruin if they spoke their protests. The year 1924 registered the biggest protest against farmer self-help that was ever registered.

And now the farmer sells in city markets controlled by the buyers; he sells his surplus of wheat and beef in Europe at a price which competition with Australia and South America fixes; all the vast funded debt of the great war is collected in a few hands in eastern cities, and the nations of Europe owe the United States sums three times as large as the national debt of 1866, the evidence of these debts being in the safety vaults of the great cities.

If the farmer organizes to command his own prices, the prices of what he buys will be raised in proportion, for organized labor would strike when the price of bread rose. If the farmer suggests that protection to manufacturers be lowered for his benefit, he is frightened with a threat of economic panic. If he timidly suggests that European debts be lowered or canceled in the hope of better European markets, he is reminded of "repudiation," as he was in 1870. Then he goes once more to Congress, where he procures the passage of a law which was designed to benefit him. The President vetoes it.

V.
Is the American farmer to become a peasant? If the sons of farmers continue to fill the vacuum of the cities due to restricted immigration; if the wealthier farmers and prosperous men from the cities continue to buy great tracts of land and set up industrial units of the farms, there may be a new farm feudalism which may secure a reasonable return for farm products. That would mean the slow disappearance of the millions of free, "independent" farmers, such as Jefferson imagined when the Republic was created. It would surely mean great numbers of the more stupid of the country working for wages or as tenants on the lands of others, working and unable to better their condition, unambitious and broken like their forebears in Europe.

If the farmers become peasants the wide "foreign districts" of the cities will hardly escape a similar lot. Is that to be the outcome of "free lands for all," of free speech and self-government, of that fine program of democracy which for more than a century has been held out to the underdogs of Europe? If history has any lessons for men it offers this warning and remonstrance.

It is not a day for complacent big-city politics. Is it peasantry for the farmers and feudalism in the world of industry and business? Southern men and Western leaders might well take stock of their resources and seek a new deal in the politics of the time. But Southern men and Western leaders won't do it; their fathers fought on opposite sides in the Civil War!

A Third Term for Cal

FORD, Coolidge and Brisbane, the trinity of profiteer allies, are unanimously agreed that Cal is entitled to a third term. Business under Cal has been the best ever, says the trio. And so the pettiest politician and the most complete mediocrity that ever sat in the White House, is due an honor which Washington and Jefferson declined, Lincoln would not have accepted and Grant and Roosevelt sought in vain.

Sure, business has done exceedingly well during the administration of Coolidge and this is especially true of big business.

Figures from the Internal Revenue Bureau, for instance, show that the 207 persons reporting incomes of a million and over did even better than in 1918 when war profits were at their height. The gross income of corporations also rose from some ninety-seven billions in 1923, the best profit year since the war, to about a hundred and thirteen billions in 1925.

But how about the seven million farmers who made no income reports at all in 1925, and this for the simple reason that there was nothing to report but hard luck?

How about the hundreds of thousands of soft coal miners who just now are fighting to maintain their present wages, which hover around the thousand dollar a year mark? And against whom freight rates have been juggled in favor of the non-union fields without rhyme, reason or conscience? How about the tens of thousands of textile workers who have suffered wage cut after wage cut? How about the clothing trades which only maintained their present money wages by the most heroic struggles while being decimated by unemployment?

However, let us not make the fatal though customary error of blaming a president for the ills of industry or praising him for prosperity. Business is good, bad or indifferent, irrespective of what set of politicians point with pride or view with alarm, or shoot hot air about it. The economic forces which bring about the terrific ebbs and tides of business are no respecters of persons—not even of presidents.

All that a President of the United States, Senate and Congress concurring, can do is to take money out of the pockets of some people and put it in that of others, which is exactly what Cal has been doing.

The taxes of the rich and super-rich have been reduced. Wherever it was within the power of the President to increase the graft of the tariff barons the increase was granted. Every free booter, pirating in foreign lands in the name of American trade, was given the protection of the army and navy. So every recipient of special privilege may properly thank God for Coolidge.

All this, however, has very little to do with my objection to Cal—for any other president, elected by the grace of hoodie, would smell just as sweet.

Nor am I opposed to a third term in principle. What gets my goat is that an overstuffed shirt like Calvin Coolidge could be elected at all—to say nothing about a second or third term.

The talk about the strong, silent man in the White House is blarney and every Washington newspaper man knows it. His method of getting the votes of the groundlings smacks of the Kasperl theatre (Punch and Judy show). One has only to recall his masquerading as hay pitcher, sap gatherer, milkmaid, cowboy and trout angler to realize how hopelessly petty the man is.

And to this must be added his reluctance to shake out the grafters of the Harding regime, his cold blooded treatment of the farmers in regard to farm relief, and last but not least his refusal to call a special session of Congress for the relief of the six hundred thousand food sufferers—and this for the sole reason that he was afraid something might come up in that session that might spoil his chances for a third term. Otherwise Coolidge is O. K.

Another Union Heard From

The International Brotherhood of Magicians, in convention assembled, at Kenton, Ohio, adopted a resolution to stop exposing each other's tricks after one of their number, Fred Hurst, had caught a marked bullet, fired from an ancient horse pistol, between his teeth.

By a strange coincidence I happen to know how this magician's trick is worked and not being a member of the Magicians' Union, I take pleasure in exposing it by telling the "story of the man who catches the flying cannon ball between his teeth," as told to me by Jim Maurer.

Long, long before Jim became Honorable James H. Maurer, member of the Legislature and president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, he and his brother, Charley, ran a one-horse show, the chief attraction of which was the aforesaid cannon ball trick.

With the solemnity due to a life and death act, a small cannon was wheeled on the center of the stage. The audience was requested to elect a committee of reliable citizens to supervise the loading and firing of the death dealer. The committee marked the ball so as to prevent substitution or duplication. The committee also loaded the cannon and rammed home the fatal bullet.

The doomed bullet catcher was now placed at the proper distance from the mouth of the cannon. Between the mouth of the cannon and his own mouth he held a plate. One of the committee aimed the cannon at the center of the plate. A second committeeman fired the cannon. The plate falls crashing to the floor. And a third committeeman prides the marked bullet from between the teeth of the catcher.

All open and above board. Everything is done by the committee of reliable native sons—everything but the one thing which makes the trick possible. The ramrod handed the committee is hollow at the ramming end. As the rod is driven home a small spring catches the ball.

Quiet, dignified little Charley, chief assistant to Magician Jim retires with the loaded ramrod behind the scene. There the ball is extracted and placed in the mouth of the catcher, where it is safe from the prying eyes of committee and audience. The moment the blind shot is fired at the plate (which must be a cracked one) the man behind it gives it a quick pressure, with the thumb on the crack, the plate falls and the ball, which is pushed between the teeth with the tongue, is extracted by the committee, secret mark and all.

Great applause and wonderment until one fatal day Charley returned from behind the scenes, where he had retired with the trick rod, and hoarsely whispered into Jim's ear: "That damned rod didn't catch. The ball is still in the cannon and if it's fired will kill that galoot sure as—well. Oh, what'll we do, what'll we do?"

Adam Coldigger.

Walls and Bars Experiences and impressions in three prisons by Eugene V. Debs

Chapter II.

The Prison As An Incubator of Crime

THE boy who is arrested for the first time charged with an offense against the law, constitutes one of the most vital and portentous phases of the prison problem. He may be entirely innocent, but this does not save him from going to jail and having a jail record fastened upon him as an unending stigma.

If he happens to be a poor boy, as is most frequently the case, he may be kept in jail, and often is, for an indefinite period, notwithstanding the constitutional guarantee of a speedy trial. Very often this delay occurs through manipulation of the sheriff, who derives a revenue from feeding prisoners and keeping them in the county jail. Thus, the sheriff's income is enlarged. It is a notorious fact that prisoners by hundreds all over the country are kept in jails, and their trials are delayed or postponed because the sheriff and others derive direct income thereby under a contract with the county for feeding the prisoners.

The scandalous effects of this pernicious arrangement are apparent in the miserable food given to prisoners in the average county jail; helpless and untried boys and young men, possibly innocent, are kept in jail to their physical and moral undoing.

Just here it may be pertinent to observe that the average county jail is an absolutely unfit place in which to lodge any human being, however low his social status may be. As these lines are written, this charge is confirmed in the report of a state commission condemning the jails of Indiana as unsanitary, foul and disease-breeding, wholly unfit for human occupation. But if every state in the union were to appoint a commission to investigate its jails and prisons the conclusion would be the same as that reached by the Indiana body.

We must bear in mind that the boy or young man who is just put in the toils is usually poor, and his friends are without any considerable influence

in the community. It may be that his parents have had to devote every minute of their time to the proposition of making an uncertain living; the boy and his brothers and sisters, if he has any, are neglected; they do not receive the proper attention in the home that is the right of every growing child. Their education is often neglected for the sufficient reason that their labor power, such as it is, is required to help maintain what passes for a home, but which is often a shack, a lair, a place in which mother and father and their brood come to lay their tired and weary bodies after the day's work is done. Such an atmosphere is not conducive to the sweeter amenities of life, but begets a mad, sordid and drab existence out of which all hope some day to climb.

If the boy be a spirited lad he will rebel against the conditions of which he does not in the least perceive. If, in this trying period of his young manhood he had at least someone who would extend the helping hand, speak the kindly word and give the encouraging embrace, the boy might respond to these beneficent influences and direct his steps into avenues of useful citizenship. But up to this moment society has not been collectively interested in alleviating the conditions that make for the so-called criminal. Society does appear to be highly indignant when the boy or young man rebels and strikes back in the only way that he knows how to strike—in the way that he has been taught by the social conditions in which he lives. The policeman, the sheriff and the judge do possess intelligence enough to see the fact, but what they do not see is the impulse in the boy to live, which is before the fact, and the consequence of their own blindness which comes in due time after the fact.

I do not know if I should go to the length of saying with the poet that "no hell is so black as the court that sentences man to it," but I have no hesitancy in declaring that no social system is so stupid as the one that sows the seed of vice and crime and

later becomes purple with indignation and horror when the crop is ripe for picking.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap! It may be unfortunate and a bit disconcerting that the inexorable law of compensation must forever operate in the affairs of society, for if it could be repealed, or even suspended for a time, mankind might be spared the unpleasantness of gazing upon some of the human manifestations that are wrought, willy-nilly, against the better intentions of most of us, who have I take it, a more or less generous regard for our fellow man.

Holding men in jail week after week, month after month, as is commonly the case, is not only one of the inexcusable vices of the present system of administering the law, but is directly responsible for debauching the manhood of the victims—especially the young and those of maturer age who have committed their first offense.

If, finally, upon trial, persons so held are found to be innocent of the charges against them, or if the cases are dismissed for want of evidence upon which to convict them, or other reasons, an irreparable injury has been done them by society, not only in point of moral contamination, but in branding them as jail birds, the record of which is ineffaceable and might as well be stamped upon their foreheads. That record will follow them through every avenue and lane of life and will serve to convict them in advance of any charge that any malevolent person might subsequently bring against them.

The most vicious phase of all in this connection is the fact that if the victim is finally convicted after lying and feigning in jail for three months, six months, or even a year or more, the time thus served is not allowed to count in his prison sentence, which has to be served in full in addition to the time spent in the county jail.

In the light of these flagrant abuses of our helpless fellow beings, what else can the prison be considered than a breeder of vice, immorality and disease, and condemned as an incubator for crime?

Our Next President

Why We May Expect No Improvement Over Coolidge—Where Hope Lies

By James Oneal

(An Address Delivered Over Station WGL)

ONE cannot predict who will be the next President, but we are safe in assuming that in political views he will differ little from the men who have held the office since the end of the Civil War. Educated Europeans who have visited the United States and a number of authorities on American politics and political parties have noted the disappearance of any real issues between the two major parties. The late Charles Francis Adams, in his address before the American Historical Association in 1901, declared that in the sixteen Presidential elections down to 1860 there had been only six real national debates in those sixty-odd years. In the remaining forty years he could recall but two. As for the tariff, he declared it a "veritable Serbionian bog of sophistry, saturated with bad rhetoric." He was doubtful whether in those forty years, except for the election in 1896, it would have made any difference which of the two leading candidates were elected.

The late Viscount Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," also shared this view of our leading parties. He observed that they had wars, interests, organizations and traditions, but no "clean-cut principles" and no "distinctive tenets." He accepted the statement of an American journalist who declared that the two great parties were like two bottles. "Each bore a label denoting the kind of liquid it contained, but each was empty." Perhaps our greatest authority on the party system is Professor Ostrogorski, and he has reached no more complimentary views of our leading parties. Their national conventions he compared with a stock exchange where brokers in offices adopted platforms appealing to party loyalty with "a collection of hollow, vague phrases, strung together by a few experts in the art of using meaningless language."

The Non-Voters

The long and earnest studies of Professor Merriam of Chicago University confirm these general views, and he adds that our "hereditary voters" average about 75 per cent. By this he means that about 75 per cent of the voters inherit their political faith from their ancestors and vote by habit, not because of any earnest attempt to ascertain what is best for their own welfare and the welfare of the nation. In his recent work the French scholar, Andre Siegfried, records the results of months of travel in the United States and intensive study of American political parties. In his "America Comes of Age" he observes that voting has become a mechanical routine based upon habit, and the two great parties are compared to two rival companies of buses where shrewd men are careful to reserve

of the creation of territories and the admission of new states. Debate is restricted; the fate of bills is determined not by discussion but by a handful of leaders; real issues no longer inspire thinking, and thinking itself has become a lost art. Our dominant two-party system has smothered the picturesque life, original thinking, impassioned earnestness and genuine issues that once made the American Congress of absorbing interest to thinking Americans.

One must take all these factors into account in considering who will be the next President. His name is not important. The two-party system, in the safe custody of professionals who think alike, who represent the upper range of economic interests, and whose source of power rests upon the political inertia of the masses, standardized thinking and sheep psychology, will insure the election of a President adapted to our political folkways. A whole generation of farmers in the Northwest may have their labors of a lifetime swept into bankruptcy courts and then be consoled by assurances of the next President that the nation is "prosperous." The basic industry of mining may again break down because of too many mines, too many miners, too much competition and anarchy in production, and the next President will order another survey of the mining industry. The survey will be recorded in bulky volumes to rest beside many others gathering dust in the Congressional Library, while the mining industry will stagger on in chaos as before. The next President produced by our two-party system will follow the dull pattern set by the system, for he is powerless to rise above the forces that make our Presidents.

Where Hope Lies

Yet there is hope for a renaissance of American political life. When the Jeffersonian Democrats and National Republicans became organized appetites for office and for maintaining the status quo, the small farmers and mechanics of the cities brought about the political revolution of 1828. When Jacksonian Democracy and Whiggism became the double boot of the planter magnates in the South, the free farmers and workers of the cities mustered into the radical Republican Party and effected the second political revolution. In both cases, new parties and new issues brought forth a new type of President and a new generation of Congressmen. The fetters of habit, inertia, indifference and tradition were broken. The barriers to progress were removed. A renaissance in our politics followed.

Our two-party system has reached another stalemate. Another renaissance is due. Another party is needed to break the new fetters that bind us. The Socialist Party holds aloft the standard of independence and awaits the desertion of the two-party system by the rural and urban masses and the coming of the third political revolution. We hope for their union in a national Labor Party. Till this consummation, we will continue to drift and the next President will represent the old order of aimless routine and the status quo.

A Dull Record

Who cares to read the Congressional Record today? This journal of the American Parliament has not only deteriorated in quality. Speeches that were never spoken appear in it. Addresses delivered by a village demagogue at Johnson's Corners or a statistical report made to a convention of sheep men occupy the space once devoted to the problems of organizing and administering the national domain, of slavery and the slave trade,

METAL WORKERS VOTE TO JOIN WITH MACHINISTS

AN overwhelming majority of the membership of the Amalgamated Metal Workers of America, an independent organization that has in the past eight years made strenuous efforts to organize the unorganized workers in their industry in the East, has decided that better progress can be made by joining forces with the International Association of Machinists.

That this was the best step to take was the opinion of those present at a general membership meeting on July 27, 1927, at Labor Temple, Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, New York City.

A recommendation of the recent convention of the organization that the A. M. W. A. merge with the International Association of Machinists, was before the membership for discussion and action. After two hours of debate, the members voted 47 to 4 in favor of merging with the International Association of Machinists. A referendum on which subject on this question is now in progress throughout the organization.

A Veteran Looks At Communism

(Continued from page 5)

brought you nothing but heartache. It is a painful operation. I know that you would a thousand times rather expend your energies on fighting your exploiters, but if there are those in your own midst who hang like a chain on your hands and will not let you do the work to which your organization has been consecrated, you must shake them off no matter how much it may hurt.

The Pocketbook Workers' Union has come to your aid and is ready to do so again at all times.

The Two Strikes

During the last unfortunate Furriers' strike, which was born in error and miserably mismanaged, our union contributed generously because then the Communists were at least holding a legitimate baby in their hands. We knew that they were bum nurses and that they would nurse the baby to death, but we had to help them for the sake of the baby.

Today they are holding a dirty little rag doll in their hands and are trying to make the world believe it is a real baby, a genuine strike. Let them nurse that rag doll together with Shapiro and Finkelstein of the Day, and the Sachses of the Freiheit. We are old, experienced connoisseurs on such babies. We can see the sawdust coming out of the rag doll. I am glad to see that you are doing with your disrupters what we did with ours.

We did with our Communists what the Irishman did with his wife. Pat had the misfortune to marry a virago, a nag, a scold that made his life miserable for him. Seeing that he could do nothing with her, he said: "Bridget, there ain't no use of our fighting around any longer. I decided to divide the house between us. I'll be taking the inside and you be taking the outside."

::: Old Company A :::

Words on the Great War Heard in A Government Asylum

By George Jarrboe

HELLO. Don't mind if I talk, do you? I'm glad I'm in the nut-house. Napoleon, Julius Caesar, all the important people are here. Except my comrades, the old "A" Company crowd. Good fellows, "A" Company, every man jack, big men and clean of body, if not of mind. Captain was very serious—too much brains. His forehead bulged, forever doing math, problems, figuring with chalk on estaminet walls, doors of sporting houses, even on cannon barrels. Colton was always kissing the photo of his wife and baby. Hannan, crazy to be a priest, had a thin ascetic head like the Poverello, eyes staring as if for Heaven's gates, kind words on his lips. Fusco, the musician and philosopher, tried to harmonize life like a sonata, marching ever to music, ready with quip and jest to reconcile the dream with the rotten reality. I'm the quiet kind, and I loved to watch these fellows and listen to 'em.

Do you know, we didn't want to fight? We just had to. Everybody was doing it, so we, too, put on the khaki of Moloch's slaves, grabbed rifles, fixed bayonets and looked for tumblers to stick 'em in. I remember we had to fly over blue water, then a long march up to guns always louder and louder, then the hell of a night in a stinking dugout. All night long just the star-shells, and our frightened hearts hoping it would soon be through with.

Dawn. Rum. Whistles. Up and over. We came to a trench. Looked as if nobody in it. Sarge told me to have a peek. My comrades pressed on, hurrahing. With my Enfield bayonet out before me I cat-footed up the trench. Out came a Heinie, rifle and bayonet out before him. We converged. He made the usual futile lunge, thrusting out the rifle and attached knife with one hand only, leaving his tummy unguarded. Of course the half-fed fellow missed me. Steady, with both hands on my piece, I slipped my knife into his tummy. He fell. Then something hit me on the head and I tumbled down beside him, the hurrahs of my comrades ringing above the drum-fire.

When I came to things were quiet. I looked up. Afternoon. Not a sound, except banging from the horizon on the left and buzzing of friendly airplane overhead. Nothing much the matter with me. Just tap on head. See. Feel it. Got to my feet, and peeked over.

Nobody in sight, that is, nobody standing up. I saw something queer. It didn't look right. And I smelled something. Getting out my trench-knife I stuck the palm of my hand—sure I was awake.

"A" Company was out there, the whole works except me. Ahead of him the Captain, then lines of my pals, all flat out and quiet, the rifles close to hand and the bayonets clean and shiny. Everything clean about them but the smell. When Death began to clout 'em I guess they got scared and—

The drum-fire had caught 'em and drilled 'em, they never had a chance. I couldn't stand still and dashed up and out. First I fell over Colton; in one hand he had a photo of wife and baby and he had spit blood all over it. Next to him lay Hannan, mouth

rasping discord. I saw no wound on him, and I reckon his heart just busted.

And the Captain! He had taken a long time to die. Had brought his crayon over the top with him and had written obscene stuff over the First Loot's puttees. The First Loot himself was rather a mess, so I'd rather not talk of him. Napoleon over there is watching us and hates dirty talk. In fact, the whole thing was a mess. Just stink, brother, stink!

I had to sit down somewhere. The Captain was a big fat fellow, so I picked him. He didn't seem to mind. They were all so quiet. I couldn't be quiet any longer. I began to roar, bark, anything to make a racket. It occurred to me I ought to get away. And then I flew over here.

I like this nut-house. Nap and Julius are bleedin' good fellows. My comrades were nicer though. I bet they're awfully tired of stretching out on that chalk-field. Guess they don't fancy me any more or why don't they fly over here too and look a fellow up?

Yipseldom

Vanguard Books are now on sale at the City Office and at all open-air meetings conducted by the City Office. Comrades are urged when buying Vanguard Books to do so through the Vanguard Office. The small profit derived through the sale of these books will be used in carrying on more educational activity. Letters have been sent to all members of the League urging them to order these fine works of men high in the literary, labor and radical world. The books are just chock full of interesting material. Order your books immediately. They are in standard cloth bound and sell for the nominal sum of 50c.

The management of Camp Ganeden, the summer home of New York's Socialists, has made a very liberal offer to members of the League. Yipsels can now spend their vacation at Camp Ganeden at a special rate of \$15 per week. The camp is located at Cold Springs, N. Y., overlooking the Hudson River Valley. This offer is now open to members of the League in good standing. Yipsels ought to avail themselves of this opportunity.

Circle 8, Manhattan, 96 Avenue C, held circle elections last Thursday, with the following results: Sam Fruchter, organizer; Ida Yavner, education director; Jennie Mitten, financial secretary; Mary Yavner, recording secretary; and Sol Gordon, social director. At the first meeting of the newly elected officers a very extensive and intensive program was planned for the remainder of the summer. The membership has been stressing the need of supporting the New Leader and the American Appeal. This result has been quite a few subscriptions. The circle holds open-air meetings every Tuesday night.

Brownsville Yipsels are planning a reunion. Those who are interested in and members of Circle 2, Brooklyn, during the years 1920-22 should communicate with Samuel I. Rothenberg, 53 Thairford avenue, Brooklyn, before August 14. He may also be reached by telephone, Dickens 1120. All are welcome to this reunion.

The Bronx Yipsels have been doing some real good work during the past few months. Aside from the Bronx Yipseel Library that is functioning splendidly and the Bronx Borough Committee, which has been a real asset to the League, they also have been carrying on a good deal of open-air work. For the past three months

they have been holding such meetings every Wednesday evening in some sections of the Bronx. Due to this work they have developed some very fine speaking talent. Irving Basoff, Jacob Wasserman and Murry Gross are now the fire-eaters of the Bronx, all because of their work at these weekly meetings. The next meeting will be held this Wednesday night at 138th street and Brook avenue, Bronx.

PROGRESSIVE FORCES IN INDIA COMBINE TO FORM LABOR PARTY

In spite of the presence in India of many elements of advanced political opinion, imperfectly co-ordinated, the attempts hitherto made to form a labor party have never succeeded, in consequence of the absence of political power and of other factors of weakness. News has now been received that an experiment of a kind that seems more promising has been initiated.

A meeting of representatives of 20 labor organizations was held at the house of Mr. Iyengar, president of the Indian National Congress, the central institution of Indian nationalism, and a decision was reached to create a labor party, which will work in close association with the National Congress, but will be itself independent and will run its own candidates.

The president of the Madras Labor Union has declared his intention to join the National Congress, and Mr. Iyengar has announced that he will undertake a tour throughout India to help organize the Labor party. This development is interesting as indicating the tendency of the Indian National Congress to identify itself more and more closely with the masses, and interesting results may be hoped from it.

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LOCAL 34
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THE SOCIALIST PARTY AT WORK

NATIONAL

New Debs Book Ready
The new Debs book, "Walls and Bars," is off the press and is being mailed out. Every one that has seen a copy (price, \$1.50) thinks it is a fine piece of work. This book will create much interest among those that read it. Not only will Socialists be enthusiastic over its contents, but also people interested in prison reform. This book will give them good, wholesome information. We urge our Socialist friends everywhere to lose no time in securing this book, not only for personal use, but in quantities for sale. Order of National Office, Socialist Party, 2653 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Party Work
The big National Convention is to be held in January to nominate for President and Vice-President. Julius Gerber is on the job to assist in lining up party tickets in each and every State of the Union. We urge every member to get new members, get the locals and branches to work, and prepare now for the great work confronting us.

American Appeal
The American Appeal is the party's national official weekly, and our friends must see to it that it gets a wide circulation. The receipts for the Appeal during the hot months have fallen down half. We want our friends everywhere to know that we have had a desperate struggle to keep the paper going. We want their undivided support now.

WISCONSIN

Wisconsin Socialists, especially in Milwaukee, never forget that propaganda is a necessary part of our work every day in the year. They are putting out 100,000 copies of the four-page propaganda sheet every month, distributing them from house to house. They are renewing enthusiasm for the campaign of 1928. They will be heard from with more victories for the cause.

UTAH

State Convention
The Socialist Party met in State convention in Salt Lake City Sunday, July 24. The convention recessed at 2 p. m. to permit delegates to attend the funeral of Joseph H. Knuffman, former member of the State Committee. State Secretary Kennedy reported that subscriptions to the American Appeal are about 200 and sales of dues stamps are above the average for the population. He also reported on the organization work of Doris M. Crouch Hazlett and C. T. Stoney for the past year. Dues of members at large were reduced from 35 to 25 cents per month. The following members were elected State organizers: E. G. Locke, Alf Sorenson, C. T. Stoney, O. E. Parsons, D. C. Grundvig and John O. Waters. Socialists of the Northwestern States were invited to attend the Northwestern conference in Salt Lake City on Labor Day.

The convention decided that where there are party organizations and no formal nominating committee, they should be nominated by red card members, but non-dues-paying members may serve on committees. Where there are no party organizations, the nominating committee should be known as the nominating committee, and its members should be determined either by paying dues, by

Campaigning in the West

By Ida Crouch-Hazlett

WHEN Comrade James D. Graham, representing the western section of the United States in the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, asked me to make a survey of the trans-Mississippi territory in collaboration with the secretaries of several of the western states, I was doubtful at first. I had been a tour was financially possible in the present condition of the organization. This problem having been solved satisfactorily, I left New York on the third of June. My first stop was Pittsburgh.

Reports of hardships in party work held no surprises for me as we had been receiving similar ones for the last five years. I had formed a plan of procedure based upon such a situation, and I felt that my main task was confirmed by my observations. My plan was, briefly, this:

In all of these states, many of them without a state secretary and no formal party organization, there are thousands of Socialists who never will vote a ticket except the Socialist ticket. We hold in the hands of the party a lot of votes for a presidential candidate. These voters have no means of expressing their political choice can be due only to some serious defect in the executive system of our party.

The Party Machinery
My idea was, first, to get a roster of the known Socialists in each state, then out of this old and steadfast organization that could function legally in all the matters with which the party is called upon to concern itself. The fact that the membership is inoperative in so many states, generally, we might say, indicates that there is no desire for propaganda at the present time.

Whatever the causes may be—and they are entirely varied and changing from left to right in the war times, the loudly lauded "prosperity" heralded so persistently by the capitalist press, the high wages paid to skilled craftsmen who are doing a job, the shallow distractions of the movies, the radio and the flivvers—we still have left this body of a million voters. Why should they not be strung together in an organism by which there would be rapid communication between them, by which the Socialists in all states would have a reacting center by which they would be represented at the conferences of the party, and by which they could impress their will upon the party positions?

Such indicated action is neither impossible nor particularly difficult. All that is necessary is to have the desire for such organization, and the will to carry it out conscientiously. Propaganda could be left to such local organizations as have the desire to carry it on. But we should have in this way a political machine, functioning in the American way—not merely an effort at propaganda whose appeal appears to be outgoing.

At Des Moines, Iowa, I found the usual situation—worn-out Socialists, weary with the efforts of the past. Comrade Newland, a comparatively young man, a printer, had not a little publicity in regard to my coming into the papers, and had personally seen those who were the most active in the past. In the evening they met at Comrade Newland's home. About eight were present. At first they were positive that nothing could be done. I then explained my idea of a skeleton party machine—enough to be organized at Des Moines, the capital, to form a working state committee, the appointment of a secretary who would act as provisional state secretary.

subscribing to party papers, by purchasing party literature or by contributing to party funds. This is intended to provide for sub-divisions where Socialists are afflicted with economic distress.

PENNSYLVANIA

Reading
Branches in all organized districts are asked to nominate a full ticket for all ward election offices. Speedy action is imperative, as Tuesday, Aug. 16, is the last day to file nominating petitions with the County Commissioners. It is important for Socialists to have their own election officials to safeguard the election and the counting of the votes.

Before registration days there will be a citywide distribution of a folder telling the truth about the assessment. The folder is well arranged on good paper with an illustrative and enlightening cartoon and is filled with the acts for which the voters of Reading have been waiting.

NEW ENGLAND

Ethel Friedman's Meetings
Ethel Friedman's meetings have been unusually good whenever it did not rain. There was a slip-up in Hartford, but elsewhere the meetings were well attended and collections and literature sales were good, considering the fact that there was no campaign on.

Boston
The Socialist Party and the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee held a gigantic meeting on a rainy day, to demand a full pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti.

Ethel Friedman's Tour
The tentative dates for Ethel Friedman's tour the first two weeks are as follows: Aug. 22 and 23, Pittsfield; Aug. 24, Springfield; Aug. 25, Holyoke; Aug. 26, open; Aug. 27, Greenfield; Aug. 28, Worcester; Aug. 29 and 30, Hartford; Aug. 31, Springfield; Sept. 1, Holyoke; Sept. 2, Northampton; Sept. 3, Springfield; Sept. 4 and 5, Worcester; Sept. 6 and 7, Fitchburg.

Any locals or members at large desiring dates for Comrade Brown are urged to write at once to the State Office, 21 Essex Street, Boston.

CONNECTICUT

Commonwealth Picnic
The State Executive Committee met Sunday at Workmen's Circle headquarters at New Haven. Martin F. Plunkett, Joseph DeLo, Charles O'Connell, Gandelman, Fowaroff, Rosh and Davis were elected to a committee to arrange for the Commonwealth picnic to be held at the Arbeiter Meener Chor Park, New Haven, Sunday, Aug. 21. Tickets are now being sold. A speaker of national reputation will be engaged and an effort is being made to obtain the young people's orchestra of Hartford.

A sustaining fund is to be raised for the State Office and blank forms are being mailed to party members. Socialists voters and sympathizers. Locals will be entitled to keep 50 percent of funds raised.

Copies of Eugene V. Debs' last book, "Walls and Bars," will be on sale at the picnic.

A patient organizer could go through the state, striking these main towns, and make a list of the Socialists, not perhaps, for active propaganda, but handling the machinery that a political party must use. The papers could be mailed to party members, and a list would have to be made of the field again, and kept phoning for information. This is entirely unlike the old method has heretofore used. The old method has failed—we must find new and practical ways of maintaining an opposition party to capitalism.

Lincoln Is Lively
At Albion, Iowa, I held an interesting conference with some Socialists who could be found. They said there were a number of Socialists in that section and meetings could well be arranged if time were given.

At Lincoln, Neb., there was a lively bunch of Socialists—among them Comrade Huchins, editor of the Lincoln Herald. This is a free lance, radical paper that Comrade Huchins has published for many years. Emil Herman organized this point several years ago. Comrade Oyer was the secretary, an active and capable Socialist. Soon afterward he became sick and the local lapsed. A meeting fairly held in the park Sunday afternoon an organization meeting was held, and steps taken to revive the local. Here again, if an active organizer were constantly in the field, results could be obtained—that is, a party machine could be maintained.

A Challenge Accepted
At Wray, Colo., there is a Presbyterian minister, who has sought to add zest to his sermons by denouncing the Socialists. Among other things he is reported to have said that they were opposed to peace, and challenged them to deny this. As I was on the road the comrades accepted the challenge. Needless to say, he refused to meet me on the ground that the debate would not do any good.

Here in Denver there is no local. A few comrades are members at large. However, Socialists speakers are welcomed at Dr. Lackland's Grace Church Community Forum on Sunday nights. The old comrades have reorganized here and again with every organizer that has been sent out, and the public apathy is such that the organizations could not be maintained. There is much praise here of Emil Herman who organized and spoke several times at the Forum. Our old comrade, Channing Sweet, is as much interested as ever in the cause to which he has given his devotion for the last twenty-five years. All his spare time is spent in mailing out papers, pamphlets and books to long lists of persons whom he hopes to influence on his ideas. He was a close friend of Debs, has welcomed all the touring Socialists to his home, has helped them with his purse and encouragement, and has had more of them over tight places in order that they might go on with the good work. He and other old comrades are members at large, and he thinks a working committee could be formed if an attempt is made to reorganise the state.

There is material here, as everywhere else, if the party will undertake to mobilize it.

NEW JERSEY

Objects to Referendum
The State Executive Committee held the referendum initiated by Local Livingston, Montana, if approved would work a hardship in the State of New Jersey. Due to the election laws of New Jersey, if the National convention is held in May, 1928, New Jersey Socialists will be without a presidential candidate as it would be impossible to nominate national electors and place petitions in the field in a month's time. On a petition to place National Electors on the ballot, 1,000 signatures are required and sworn to by five petitioners.

To do this and get the petitions returned and filed with the Secretary of State in one month's time is practically impossible with our working force. Petitions for nominating candidates must be filed five days before the primary election, which is held in the early part of June.

NEW YORK STATE

Executive Committee
The State Executive Committee met at Albany last Sunday and, although a number of members of the committee were absent, disposed of the business that came before it for consideration. Herman Kobbé of Nassau presided. The committee instructed the State Secretary to inform locals that the reason the National Convention had been set for January, 1928, was because independent nominations in some states like Montana have to be made as early as January, and the Socialist Party, not being an official party in such states, must nominate in accordance with the laws of the state. The committee discussed ways and means of building up a powerful movement in the city of Buffalo, and appointed a special committee to confer with Buffalo comrades and sympathizers in regard to the situation there.

Party Conventions
The State Convention was ordered held at People's House, New York, on October 1, and the county Socialists official Judicial District conventions were fixed as follows: first, New York, October 1; second, Brooklyn, September 28; fourth, Buffalo, October 3; fifth, Utica, September 30; seventh, eighth and ninth at Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo and Yonkers respectively on September 30.

State Secretary Merrill is taking a trip in the interest of party organization. His schedule is Schenectady, August 2; Rochester, August 3; Niagara Falls, 5; Buffalo, 6 and 7.

NEW YORK CITY

Primary Petitions
The primary petitions which must be circulated for signatures to place our ticket on the ballot are now ready. Petitions are now in the hands of the branch organizers or other officers. It is essential that every active member assist in gathering signatures. The job is not a very big one this year. Nevertheless, many hands make light work, and the more comrades who assist, the easier it will be. Where we have no organization, the work must be done by comrades who are willing to get out a night or so. They are requested to get in touch with the State Executive Committee, 7 East 15th street, phone ALgonquin 4620. The entire job must be completed by August 16.

2nd Judicial District
A general membership meeting of all branches in the 2nd Judicial District was held last Monday evening at the headquarters of the 6th-8th-12th Assembly Districts. The meeting was well attended. Abraham Weinberg acted as chairman. I. M. Ulanoff as secretary and August Claessens reported in behalf of the city organization relative to the campaign.

A spirited discussion took place on the question of nominations. Following which a campaign committee was elected to consist of four comrades from each of the following branches: 1st-2nd A. D., Jewish Downtown Branch, 4th A. D., and 6th-8th-12th A. D.

Immediately following the meeting this committee met and decided upon its next meeting at the Rand School. The spirit displayed was excellent and the comrades were full of confidence and determination of the East Side to not only carry on a splendid campaign but also to re-elect Judge Frank and elect Norman Thomas to the Board of Aldermen. Every effort will be made to elect our entire ticket on the East Side.

Yorkville
The primary petitions requiring signatures in the 14th-15th-16th Assembly Districts are in the possession of the branch officers, and members are requested to help in obtaining signatures. All members who are enrolled voters are requested to come to the branch headquarters Saturday evening.

Brooklyn
The primary petitions for the 17th-18th-20th Assembly Districts are in the possession of Sophie Segaloff and Joseph Viola. Branches are requested to call at the headquarters, 42 East 106th street, every evening.

STATEN ISLAND
Saturday, August 6, 8:30 p. m., Beach and Water streets, Speakers: Ethel Brown, Joseph Tuvim and Walter Deering.

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CHAS. CAMP, President. ALEX ECKERT, Financial Sec'y.
Carpenters' Union No. 492. German Technicians & Draftsmen. **ALBERT HELB, Secretary.**
For Dressers' Union No. 2.

held last Tuesday evening. The problem of maintaining the headquarters was grappled with. A motion was carried that the treasurer make a loan in order to carry us through the next two months. In the discussion a number of comrades suggested ways and means of raising funds, and some \$50 was donated. It was decided that Secretary Claessens send a letter to Bronx members who were not present begging for their support. It may be unnecessary to negotiate the loan if the spirit demonstrated is shared by members who are now on vacation.

A Campaign Committee of ten was elected, consisting of two members from each branch, and \$2 from the Y. P. S. L., which will meet Thursday evening, Aug. 18, in conjunction with the County Committee.

The meeting also decided upon an outing of the Bronx membership. A committee, consisting of Comrades Tuzitz, Harry Diamond, Philip Paek and August Claessens, was elected to take charge and work out the details.

Branch 7
Branch 7 will meet Tuesday evening, Aug. 8, at the clubrooms, 4215 Third Avenue.

BROOKLYN
2nd A. D.
The primary petitions for the 2nd Assembly District were in charge of Louis Zeltitz, organizer. The 2nd Assembly District is one of the largest in the city, and also has the largest number of signatures to obtain. The job must be completed by Aug. 16. Every active member must volunteer some time on this work.

The primary petitions are in the possession of Emil Bromberg and other officers. All comrades are asked to assist in obtaining signatures in their district.

Branch meetings are held every Monday night at the clubrooms, 345 South 3rd Street.

5-6 A. D.
Branch meetings are held every Tuesday evening at the clubrooms, 167 Tompkins Avenue. The primary petitions are now on hand. Comrades who can volunteer for this work are asked to get in touch with I. M. Chatsworth and Minnie Pilatowsky.

22 A. D.
Branch meetings are held every Tuesday evening at the Workmen's Circle Center, 218 Van Sicken Avenue. The primary petitions are now on hand, and comrades are requested to assist in obtaining signatures.

The Saturday evening meetings at corner Sutter and Pennsylvania Avenues will continue right through to the end of the campaign.

23 A. D.
Branch meetings are held every Monday evening at the clubrooms in the Brownsville Labor Lyceum, 219 Sackman Street.

The primary petitions for the 23rd and 18th Assembly Districts are on hand, and those who are willing to assist in obtaining signatures will kindly report to Max Rosen any evening.

MANHATTAN
Friday, August 5, 8:30 p. m., 5th street and Avenue B. Speaker, Frank Crosswath.

Friday, August 5, 8:30 p. m., 106th street and Madison Avenue. Speakers: I. George Dobson and Leonard C. Kaye.

Tuesday, August 8, 8:30 p. m., 79th street and 1st Avenue. Speakers: Isidore Phillips and Joseph Tuvim.

Tuesday, August 9, 8:30 p. m., 137th street and 7th Avenue. Speakers: Ethel Brown and others.

Wednesday August 10, 8:30 p. m., Grand and Ludlow streets. Speakers: Ethel Brown and Pierre De Nio.

Thursday August 11, 8:30 p. m., Sheridan Square (Grove street and Washington place). Speakers: William Karlin and A. Peppercorn.

Friday, August 12, 8:30 p. m., 110th street and 5th Avenue. Speakers: I. George Dobson, Pierre De Nio and Ethel Brown.

UNION DIRECTORY

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210 East 8th Street

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4th St. Phone Dry Dock 1074. Regular meetings
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1927

COMMUNIST DIPLOMACY

FOR some months it has been evident that European governments that have recognized Russia have been veering away from the policy of recognition because of the propaganda of the Communist International in these countries. England has broken relations with Russia, France has warned Moscow that she is sick of the Communist International, Germany has given notice that she will stand for no more of it, Greece has demanded a reduction in the number of Soviet agents, Borodin has scouted out of China and even Mussolini, who has expressed his admiration for the Communist dictatorship, is reported as getting ready to make similar representations to Moscow.

The answer of Moscow to all such protests in the past is that the Soviets are one thing and the Communist International another, but the fact that the same men are active in both has been a bar to the acceptance of this disclaimer. Moreover, it is evident that the Communist International would be unable to carry on its propaganda in the modern countries without being heavily subsidized for this work. The petty contributions it may receive from its fragmentary organizations are insufficient to pay for its extensive operations all over the world.

It is a curious fact that the Soviet Government attempts to maintain a "united front" with the imperialist powers while at the same time permitting the Communist International to undermine this front. This is due to the division in the Communist Party itself. It is probable that Stalin and some others would like to dump the Third International as a nuisance but such action would produce a psychic paralysis and bring about the collapse of the Communist parties. These parties live on the fiction of a "world revolution" of which the executive of the Communist International is regarded as the "revolutionary staff."

This problem of a "united front" with the capitalist powers is similar to the "united front" with the organized workers. In either case the Communists approach the other party by saying, "Recognize us, you scoundrels, so that we can poison you with our embrace." The very approach is insincere. The result is that the Soviet Government becomes isolated while the Communist International is thrust back into the half-developed countries, most of which have hardly entered the stage of modern industrial development and which are barren of any hopes of socialization.

With all his pretense to knowledge of economic forces and social evolution, the Communist is as hopeless as the utopian in the nineteenth century who waited for millionaires to subsidize his plan for abolishing the order which gave these magnates their living.

WAGE STANDARDS

ONE factor in the hackneyed discussion of average wages in the United States as compared with England and Europe in general has always been overlooked. A hundred years ago it was the habit of American politicians to boast of our higher wages. There were few trade unions and these few were weak, too few and weak to exert an upward pressure, but the virgin opportunities were such that the wage standard was higher than the wage standard abroad.

But in making comparisons the politicians and later many historians overlooked an important fact. American wages were high in comparison with the wage standard abroad but that standard itself was frightfully low. Capitalism abroad had already exhibited its mercenary character in the terrible exploitation of men, women and children. The investigations by committees of the British Parliament were successive chapters in a long tale of horror. In the rural districts the merciless exactions of the landed squirearchy led to physical revolts of starving farm workers.

Here was the standard by which American wages and prosperity were measured. The American worker might well get two or three shillings more a week than the British worker and yet vegetate in desolating poverty. In fact, this was the case with workers in the United States, including farm laborers, workers on canals and roads, and in the factories of New England. Moreover, the long hours of labor differed little from those in England, the workday being generally from sunrise to sunset. Women and children were also drawn from the countryside into the factory hells and paid a wage of probably ten cents more per day than women and children received in England.

It should be remembered that this comparison has always been used as the basis for estimating wages in this country and is still used. The fact, therefore, that the average wage is higher here than in England does not mean that we have "prosperity." Those who make the assertion themselves admit that con-

ditions are bad in England. They still take a bad standard to prove a good one in this country. Ours may be better than in England, but that does not prove that it is satisfactory or that it enables the whole working class population to live in a fair degree of health and comfort.

Moreover, those trade unionists in this country who are repeating boasts based upon this fallacious method do the trade unions an ill service. Books are now appearing in England to prove that the better standard in this country is due to the much smaller number of workers organized in trade unions and the absence of a Labor Party. These two assertions are facts, but the conclusion is wrong. The standard has always been higher in this country and was higher before we had organized the first trade union, but has by no means been as high as politicians claimed in the past and now claim. A few facts are worth more than a thousand boasts in reaching sound conclusions.

OUR CHIEF ROYAL HOUSE

IN the year 1911 the Standard Oil Company was "dissolved" by the jolly wits of the Supreme Court of the United States. While its subjects were rejoicing over the mortal blow the "octopus" received, the officials of the oil dynasty closed the old books, opened another set, and continued business at the old stand. Since then the dynasty has flourished exceedingly well and we as subjects became reconciled to the rule of our most powerful royal house. Meantime quite a number of trade unions received legal ukases notifying them that they were a "monopoly" in "restraint of trade."

Our oil dynasty had already reached out to other lands and in sixteen years it has extended its royal sovereignty over a large portion of the world. Most of Europe, Central and South America, and Asia, pay homage to its royal insignia. Wherever an American may travel Socony signifies that he is still within the jurisdiction of our leading dynasty. It is no piker content to rule within arbitrary frontiers drawn upon the map. It is an empire with subjects all over the world.

Naturally, we become interested in the reconstruction of the dynasty as reported this week for John D., Jr., is the royal heir and as Crown Prince will some day ascend the petroleum throne. Keeping in mind the jolly wits who hurled a paper thunderbolt at the dynasty sixteen years ago, the dynasts are at work readjusting the units of their world empire into a more efficient concern. The Standard of New Jersey will become the operating company and its money chest will gather in the capital stocks of all the units. Its vast marine interests will be organized into the Standard Shipping Company and there will be separate units to control producing, marketing, domestic transportation and export.

The Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and other royal dynasties were mere ragged beggars compared with this American "beauty rose," as John D., Jr., once piously described it. Meantime we will remain loyal subjects of our princely House of Petroleum and await the period of a new Holy Alliance of American monarchs, including, at least, the Mellon, Morgan and Gary dynasties. And thus the "inalienable rights of man" and Bunker Hill will find a new justification in American "democracy."

INFERENCES

DISCOVERY of a bomb in a subway tunnel under the East River proved a one-day sensation last week because of the imminence of a strike on the Interboro. Who placed the bomb where it was found is not known, but the Wall Street Journal is fairly sure of its inference. Had the bomb exploded hundreds of lives would have been lost as all trains below the water level would have been flooded. We agree that this would have been a "shocking outrage," but disagree that it leads us "to the only possible origin of the outrage" and that "it must have been an employee who placed the bomb there."

In the first place such a terrible deed would have so reacted against the strike had it been called that it would have been hopeless to wage it. Some insane person favoring the strike might be guilty of such a deed, but it is also certain that if members of the union had knowledge of any fool attempting it they would have made short shrift of him.

Then there is still another inference which the Wall Street Journal does not mention at all. If such terrible destruction would break the strike at its inception it would be all to the good of the company. We would be the last to say that any company officials would sanction planting of a bomb. We only assert that such things have been done by agents of corporations. Perhaps the Wall Street Journal will recall an eminent gentleman by the name of Wood who, as head of a Massachusetts textile corporation some years ago, actually planted a bomb during a strike. This becoming known, the gentleman committed suicide.

We suggest that the Wall Street Journal keep this in mind when it ventures upon inferences in such cases.

Two Lyrics

Someday

Someday I'll pass you on the street,
And you will arch your brow,
And meet my eyes in high surprise
To marvel how
The costly years could be so kind
To me your counterpart.
You will not question then, as now,
The aspect of my heart.

Your Eyes

Brown eyes are the best eyes;
Your dear eyes are so.
Brown eyes hold the secrets
Other eyes can't know.

Under foam of blue eyes,
Heaves a limp sea;
But brown eyes stir an ocean
Into storm for me.

Goldie Becker.

A Veteran Looks At Communism

(An address before the Convention of the Furriers' International Union, Washington, D. C.)

BROTHER CHAIRMAN and delegates:

I should very much like to be an exception to the rule and make my remarks without referring to the element to which most of the remarks of the previous speakers have been devoted, but I would have to be deaf and blind not to realize that the subject is, to our sorrow, on the order of business. None of us, I hope, has for a moment lost sight of the purpose for which our organizations were built. Our common enemy is always in sight, but we cannot help recognizing the sad fact that there can be no more effective enemy than an inside, household enemy. The experience of most of the unions where the so-called Communists have gotten a foothold is, that as long as they are permitted to be active, the best that these unions can expect is to hold on to some of the gains of former days without the hope of much progress toward Labor's final goal.

I am happy to be able to state that Communist influence in the Pocketbook Workers' Union amounts to next to nothing. Thanks to this condition we were able, in our last settlement with the manufacturers, to gain a 10 per cent increase in wages, to raise the minimum standards of the mechanics and to establish minimum scales for the helpers in our trade.

Without Benefit of Communists Due to the impotence of the Communists in our Union we were also in position to organize the largest out of town factory of John Mehl & Co. in New Jersey, and to establish a local branch of our Union in Philadelphia that we can truly be proud of.

Our employers, no less than our workers, know that our recent achievements are greatly due to the fact that we have completely destroyed the vicious influence of the Communists. Only a few weeks ago, we had a conference with our employers, and some of them, while speaking of the furriers and cloak-makers' unions, did not fail to betray their jealousy of the existence and activity of Communists in these organizations.

I am not very familiar with conditions in other cities, but I want to tell you that in New York we have two classes of employers. One class has reconciled itself to the idea that they must deal with organized labor and must give labor a square deal. The other class consists of those who still hope to break the backbone of the organized labor movement. These employers today give open recognition to Communist factions wherever they arise; yes, they are ready to support them and give them aid and comfort to the fullest extent.

The Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and other royal dynasties were mere ragged beggars compared with this American "beauty rose," as John D., Jr., once piously described it. Meantime we will remain loyal subjects of our princely House of Petroleum and await the period of a new Holy Alliance of American monarchs, including, at least, the Mellon, Morgan and Gary dynasties. And thus the "inalienable rights of man" and Bunker Hill will find a new justification in American "democracy."

The Communists' Friend

The good old maxim holds true, "Tell me who your friends are and I'll tell you who you are." The Communists are indeed gaining the kinds of friends they deserve. Their latest acquisition by way of friendship is a minor Jewish daily in New York, the Day, a paper that very consistently supports the Communists on the editorial page and prints scab advertisements on the rest of the pages—a paper that supports the corrupt political machine of New York, a paper that is owned by Mr. Shapiro, one of the most notorious open shop chandler manufacturers in the country. This, gentlemen, against whom I had the pleasure of conducting a strike, whose factory I had the pleasure to picket, he, through his hired pen prostitutes, is lecturing the Furriers' Union, the American Federation of Labor and needle trade unions of New York for mistreating his friends, the Communists.

From 1861 to 1863, the American people were engaged in a bloody Civil War. Hundreds of thousands of noble lives were sacrificed to establish the principle that America cannot remain half free and half slave. The bona fide trade union movement of this country, as well as of other countries, is today engaged in civil strife to establish the same principle. We cannot have any of our unions enslaved to the dictatorship of a foreign potentate of the Third International and his domestic Commissars, the Olgins, the Posters and the Golds. The labor movement is here to emancipate the workers from all dictators, regardless of their name or color. You can call the union, rose, but it will smell like an onion just the same. The word Communism once stood for a great human ideal; today it is a symbol of reaction, today it stands for the wrecking of the work and hopes and aspirations of half a century of the finest American and immigrant pioneers of the labor movement.

Where Are Your Gains?

I would like to ask those of the so-called Communists who claim to be sincere: "What is the sum total of your work? In what way have the workers gained as a result of your activities?"

"Have they gained economically?" You know that in the unions where you had any power or influence the workers are now suffering as they have not suffered in years. Like the proverbial bull in the china shop, you have smashed everything that was gained through years of struggle and perseverance.

"Have your activities in the unions elevated the workers spiritually?"

Indeed not! You have demoralized the workers more effectively than a thousand hired agents of the bosses could have demoralized them. The

By Abraham I. Shiplacoff
Manager, the Pocketbook Workers' Union

working class does not claim perfection. God knows we have our share of weak men and women, both in the rank and file and among the leaders. The capitalist class has no monopoly on rascals and paskudniks. The Labor Movement has been keeping these elements in the background where they belong, like the exhaust pipe in an automobile that emits the nasty smell behind. You have pushed to the front all the cheap, ignorant, noisy boys and girls who have never smelled powder, and have publicly abused, called names and disgraced men and women who dug the cellar, laid the foundation and built the edifice of the labor movement.

36 Years for Labor

Thirty-six years ago this week I was initiated into the sweatshop, where I spent the best seven years of my life. From the age of 14 I have dedicated the best that is in me to the labor movement as I understood it, and to the best of my ability. Yesterday as I passed through the corridor of this building some of the uncrowned young princes and princesses of Moscow and Union Square called me nasty names. I ask no credit for the days I have spent on picket duty, for the hundreds of addresses I have delivered in the strikes of a score of trades, for the humiliating arrests I have had to go through in various strikes, for the beatings I received at the hands of thugs and unscrupulous cops; I ask no credit for any of these experiences, for this is the path I have chosen and I knew from the beginning that it was not strewn with roses, but what do you think of a movement that will teach its young adherents to look down with scorn and alms mud at men of my kind?

I ask forgiveness for speaking of myself. There are hundreds who have given more than I, because they have had more to give. They, as well as I, are the objects of contempt in the eyes of those who have never plowed the ground and have never sown the seeds of our labor movement.

Some Comparisons

Take some of these names and throw them on the scale of time and loyal devotion to the cause of labor. William Green and William Foster, Abraham Cahan and Olgins, Morris Sigman and Portnoy, Max Pine and Sasha Zimmerman, Jacob Panken and Ben Gold, Rose Shneiderman and Fannie Warshafsky. Place the records of these people one along side of the other and you will get a picture on one side of those who built and on the other of those who have nothing to show but smoke and ashes.

To you delegates of this convention I bring the congratulations of my organization upon the many stand you are taking toward those that have

(Concluded on page 6)

THE CHATTER BOX

WE always suspected President Coolidge was not what he seemed. Often he had been accused of nincompoopery. Many have said he was a brainless dolt. Wise men and learned men have questioned his intellectual status. Surely we liberals, radicals and revolutionists have given his mentality no estate at all. But as always, our sympathies have been regimented in his cause. For was he not of the misunderstood, the rejected and misused of men? He was of the oppressed, the scorned, the lowly. True he was so treated by the intelligentsia. True, the erudite alone snickered and jeered at him. But the oppression and the scorn were there and suffered by him, nevertheless. He seldom smiled in public, and his immediate family alone perhaps knows what bitter moments were his in the meditative hours after business. As we started in to say, we always felt he was not exactly what the rest of the wise world thought he was. Yankee and hardened son of Vermont's hard soil, and yet, there always lay hidden in him an Orientalism quite difficult to understand. He hated ridicule to the death. It is a known fact that Chinese, Brahmins and Japs cannot endure being laughed at. They have been known to commit suicide under facetious fire. A great tragedy was smoldering into blaze during the executive years. From here and there, from unexpected crannies, and out of blinded windows came nasty laughter and pestilential pun. Friend and foe alike met him in the press and perhaps even in open meeting with ill-concealed smirk and complexed superiority. Perhaps he even suspected how he had been dominated at the last presidential convention under a die-hard dress. Perhaps he had known in the beginning, that even the dumbbell plutes who controlled his party suffered his election with secret self-commiseration. All in all up to this summer, a president's lot has not been an 'appy one. Every one of his radio speeches sounded like funeral orations over mother-in-law and poor relation. Being President of the U. S. A. would have made a Pollyanna out of Schopenhauer ordinarily. With Coolidge it worked in queer paradox. An otherwise normal everyday lawyer and business man, had been transformed into a Gloomy Gus. And all because no one but the common people took him seriously. And all might not have been so difficult had the supermen just laughed their heads off, while the hol-pollo continued to reverse him as their serious First Man of the Land. What broke Cal finally and forced him into a startling announcement repudiating a third term should grow into a classic legend of Michiavellian cunning as it has been exercised in these flamboyant days of the G. O. P.

It had been common knowledge that the big bosses were literally sick of their grump and uninspired leader. Prosperity is the keynote of their Bigger and Better Blah. The fact that must fit in with such a spirit must beam with creased fowl and rosy cheek over a stocky and solid torso. Yes, even the face and figure of a Falstaff were more to be desired than the hatchet visage of a lean and dour Cassius. With this quite settled in their minds, and the campaign for nominations about to begin, and the terrifying possibility of the Democratic wolf packs marauding the insecure warehouses at Washington unless a more attractive presidential candidate was offered by them, the Republican masters commenced a queer boring from within. They finally found out what was bothering their anemic protégé: Cal was suffering from ridicule. It was chronic now and might be endured for another term. If only an acute attack could be brought on, without getting themselves into the blame, then Cal would just break down and resign. And so Coolidge was sent into the Wild and Woolly. There he was dressed up in Buffalo Bill fashion, with

hoop skirts pants and frills and sombreros. There he was made to look like a Ben Turpin regaled out in the uniform of a seven-foot Hussar on parade. There he was advised to fish for trout with the puerile lure of worm, instead of angling with the he-man artificial fly and leader. There he was put through public exhibition of Keystone Comedy antics. And when the press hee-hawed, and the rotogravures made mirth-provoking close-ups of his Wild Westing and clumsy trout angling, a blast of laughter broke out from the hitherto respectful hordes of Moronia, that out Jerichoed Jericho's trumpet. He might have even survived that blow. But when the moving picture theatres belled from balcony to orchestra pit every time his Excellency appeared as Whittier's barefoot boy or Custer's last cowboy our Cal just gave up his last ghost of presidential possibility.

It shall be writ in the book of judgment that the forty thieves of Al Baba's time were angels of rectitude alongside of the Republicans of our time. It will be thundered through heaven and hell how ugly and unutterably foul everything became that came within their touch. But blacker than all will be the record of how the highbidding prelates of American dough-bunk inveigled their professed darling and godhead into a den of ridicule, and there actually broke his long suffering soul. Worse than the crown of thorns, Cal, were the trousers of fringe and cowhide, and the cross that stretched Christ against the expiring night were a hundred fold more merciful than your crucifixion on a reel of laughter. Seriously, quite comradely, President Coolidge, we extend our hand and our heart to you. For we belong to the vast many who have been crucified year in and out by your betrayers. And should it come to pass that you are unwitting of it all, then our pity hath no depth and our sorrow no horizon.

The Road to Rome

Men say that all roads lead to Rome,
And it may be they do;
But why should I take any road
If such a fact is true?

Yes, why should I take any road
If all roads lead to Rome?
Walt Whitman's road, the open road—
Keats' road of perilous foam.

The gypsy trail of the pattering
And the road to Mandalay.
If at the last such gay roads lead
Where Caesar's fires lie grey?

Oh, roads lead bravely on and on
Around the brown earth's scope—
But why take any of all roads lead
To Il Duce and the Pope?

E. Merrill Root.

Some day, and not so long after this issue, we intend to elaborate quite scientifically on the subject of Left Wingism, its endemic ravaging, and its definite cure. The longer we study the question the clearer we see how just plain ignorance and lameduckery bottom the sad state of its existence. Recently we ran across a group of representative young men and women of the Workers Party. Ten minutes of interview with them revealed quite clearly that what they paraded around as enthusiasm for a cause, was just a defense mechanism for abject ignorance and lack of cultural background in their own movement. But more of this later in our own scientific manner.

S. A. de Witt.

TIMELY TOPICS

(Continued from page 1)

are virtually without naval armament. Not against France and Italy, neither of which countries shows any signs of entering a race in armament. Not against Japan whose delegates took a very reasonable attitude at Geneva. For the next few years, at least, Japan cannot afford to enter a naval race in earnest. No, the gentlemen at Geneva, protesting that war between England and America is unthinkable, base their calculations upon the notion that war between England and America is thinkable and by their attitude make war more likely. The armaments which we are told we need in defense are sources of peril.

Once Americans and Englishmen were wiser. For more than a hundred years along the American-Canadian border, across mountains and plains from ocean to ocean, there has been no single fort, no soldier, and on the Great Lakes no navy. There has been peace, not, indeed, wholly on account of disarmament, but peace made easier because of the mutual faith which lack of armament implied. The great peace bridge soon to be imprudently dedicated near Buffalo is a monument to the way disarmament has succeeded—a way which the gentlemen who failed at Geneva would never have dared to try.

Lovers of peace, believers in the international solidarity of the workers cannot remain quiet, while the jingoists and admirals and armament makers moved by their own folly or self-interest urge us to a new naval race. There are positive things that can be done. A delegate at the valuable Pan-Pacific Conference just closed in Hawaii made the interesting suggestion that the Great Powers agree to make the Pacific Ocean really pacific; that is, to keep their navies off it, except, perhaps, for boats intended for police duties in home waters or strictly for defense. Ambassador Houghton, speaking unofficially at Harvard, urged a referendum in democratic nations as essential to a declaration of war and suggested that nations adopting this plan might well be expected to make a treaty for a hundred years of peace. At least three types of model treaties for establishing arbitration and outlawing war are before the American people. Here are practical lines along which to proceed. Yet none of these measures nor the fight against a naval race will save us unless we continually struggle against that imperialism which is the root cause of war.

It is not possible that the Socialist Party of America, speaking in this instance for far wider circles than its own membership, should take the initiative in asking the British Labor Party to join in a public protest against a naval race and in a practical program to further world peace?

One Standard Oil Company makes a deal with Russia. Another makes a deal with its great British rival and Russia's foe, the Royal Dutch Shell. Whoever wins, the Rockefeller will lose. And that's all there is to this row, except that talk of moral principles is bunk and that none of the oil deals throughout the world affords hope of protecting posterity against the wastes of private ownership and exploitation of oil resources for profit.

It is encouraging to read the good report of the Rand School's activities last year. It is more encouraging to read its definite program for next year. The workers' training course is particularly to the point at a time when genuine training in the province of unions is almost a necessity to their life. The free scholarships ought to be given to picked students who together with the very competent instructors ought to blaze out new paths for the workers in the tremendous job of successful organization which is before them. The use of the Labor Research Department for the preparation of specially written studies to be circulated in the unions must also be mentioned as a valuable type of extension course. Solon DeLeon's study of the five-day week makes a splendid beginning.

It is by now reasonably clear that the Vienna riots were provoked by the ruthless action of the police in firing upon the workers who were demonstrating against the outrageous acquittal of certain Fascist murderers. The police in Vienna are controlled by the Federal government and not by the Socialist city administration.

Our capitalist papers carry despatches to the effect that the riots will weaken the Socialists. Just why they do not make clear. It was the Socialists who restored order. It is the Socialists who in poverty stricken Vienna have reduced the death rate from tuberculosis, cut the infant mortality rate to half what it was before the war, built 25,000 homes for the working men and put half the cost of these great reforms and the rest of the city administration upon 731 local capitalists. They have, in short, done everything that can be done in a country left by the peace treaties in an impossible condition to carry on its old economic life. The salvation of Vienna and of all Austria requires that that little country be admitted to some larger confederation. Recurring riots and continued misery in Austria deaden all on Europe. The Viennese dead will not have died in vain if they help to bring a realization of this fact home to the conscience and intelligence of Europe.

One Standard Oil Company gets Russian concessions; the other spurns Russia and bargains with the Royal Dutch Shell. Whoever uses the Rockefeller interests win.