

A Newspaper Devoted  
to the Interests of the  
Socialist and Labor Movement

# THE NEW LEADER

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year . . . . . \$2.00  
Six Months . . . . . 1.00  
Three Months . . . . . .75

VOL. IV. No. 10

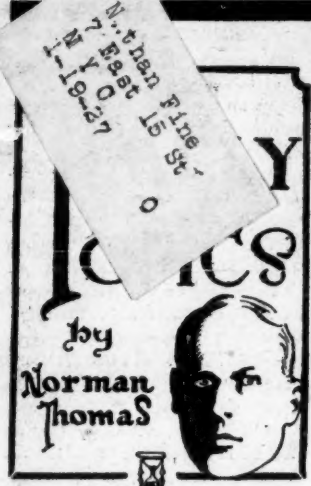
Published Weekly at  
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1927

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

Price Five Cents

# MASSACHUSETTS! THERE SHE LIES!



THIS is written on the day whose beginning saw the judicial murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. A suffocating sense of futility rests heavily upon the hearts of those who tried so hard to vindicate American honor and justice before the conscience of mankind. We failed. Yet in that failure may lie the best lesson for the future. The Massachusetts tragedy will not be utterly in vain if it reminds us that no progress for any group of workers is safe that is not shared with other workers and no liberty sure which is not general. In a country where Sacco and Vanzetti could die neither we nor our children are safe.

These reflections do not rise simply from the Sacco-Vanzetti case. During an interval in the death watch which we held for Sacco and Vanzetti in New York an attractive young Nicaraguan introduced himself to me as the secretary of the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor. He wanted to make the point that his countrymen killed by American intervention in behalf of American profiteers were essentially the victims of the same kind of thing which was about to take the life of innocent men in Massachusetts. He was right. Every case of injustice and oppression may have its own peculiar feature, but underneath them all is a class division of society on the basis of property and power which inevitably creates prejudice and encourages among the strong a frantic and often stupid determination to hang on to what they have by every conceivable device.

The one immediately effective answer to the situation that confronts us is strong organization politically and industrially, organization inspired by a new conception of justice and a vision of the kind of world where bread and peace and freedom belong by right to men who by their toil and their wisdom and their comradeship produce them.

Sacco and Vanzetti truly belong to the ages. Events have made these simple, idealistic Italian workers symbols of a great cause. Unless future generations of workers fall them, as they will not, Vanzetti's words will be true: "If it had not been for these things I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by an accident. Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!"

A Lawrence Lowell proved that formal education is no defense against prejudice and stupidity. Now it seems that some Massachusetts judges and doctors are bent on proving that science may be made the servant of tyranny. It is a shocking thing that Powers Hapgood should have been sent to a psychopathic ward for examination simply because he bothered the Boston police by insisting on believing in that liberty of which Boston once called itself the cradle. There was a conscientious objector at Fort Leavenworth after the end of the World War who was sent by a psychiatrist into a horrible ward wherein sexual pervers, mentally unbalanced men, were confined, for no reason at all except to break his spirit. This prostitution of science to bigotry or oppression is a very dangerous thing.

In this hour of Massachusetts' shame we shall do well to remember some of her nobler citizens. The public is familiar with the heroic work of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee and their various lawyers. It knows something of Professor Felix Frankfurter's services. It doesn't so generally know how splendid and self-sacrificing was the work quietly done by Elizabeth Glendower Evans. Not only did she give her money unflinchingly, but her time and patience and wisdom to the organization of the defense. She be-

(Continued from page 1)

## Ranks of Jobless Grow; Increased Production Factor

Program for Unemployment Must Be Formed and Pressed Now

By Louis Stanley

IT is still hard to form a sure judgment, but it looks very much as if the army of jobless may well accept many recruits for long-time enlistment in the near future. They will not be merely persons whom the seasonal rise and fall of industry throws into the class of unemployed temporarily. Neither will they be vacationists. They will be the victims of the unemployment evil that is an essential feature of our economic system.

It may be that the industrial tide has begun to recede. Certainly we have had warnings from various authoritative sources. One of the most recent has been that of the reliable Colonel Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company. He points to a tightening money market and an increased number of bankruptcies as danger signals. Nevertheless, the general opinion is that this year will be able to complete its span without any untoward circumstances. A moderate, though perhaps diminished prosperity, over other years will prevail.

### The Decline in Employment

Are there, then, indications of increasing unemployment, and if so what do they mean? The general index number of employment of the United

States Bureau of Labor Statistics has risen very slightly since the depression of 1924. If we consider the monthly average for the year 1923 as a base equal to 100, then we find that the monthly average for 1924 is 90.3, for the following year 91.2, and for the last year 91.9. These figures compare favorably with those for the very bad years of 1921 and 1922, when 85.1 and 84.4 were reached, respectively. The post-war peak had been passed in 1920 with 100.9.

Towards the end of 1926, however, a decline in employment set in which has continued since. The drop cannot be accounted for merely by seasonal changes for a comparison with the corresponding months in the past, show that the first half of this year has witnessed a relative decrease in employment. Consider the accompanying figures for example:

1st 6 Mos. of Year	Av. of Index of Employ.
1923	100.8
1924	90.3
1925	91.2
1926	92.5
1927	90.2

The last six months, it turns out, have been the worst since 1923. The decline in four years for the first six months' periods has been about 10 per cent. Furthermore, the preliminary figures for July, 1927, show a decrease of 2 per cent. over June of this year and 2.3 per cent. over June, 1926.

### Jobs by Industries

If we consider separately the twelve groups of industries for which the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics compiles indexes of employment our general conclusion is confirmed. (Continued on page 7)

## NECKTIE UNION RAISES BIG FUND

\$150,000 Assessment Voted to Fight Open Shop Firms

FOUR THOUSAND members of the United Neckwear Makers' Union, meeting in two halls, voted to raise a war chest of \$150,000 to combat the efforts of two neckwear manufacturing firms to operate on an open shop basis. The meetings were held in Cooper Union, Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, and in Beethoven Hall, 210 East Fifth street, where the necktie cutters met.

Louis D. Berger, manager of the union, Louis Fuchs, business agent, and William Chilling, manager of the cutters' union, reported to the meetings that a new contract has been signed with the National Association of Men's Neckwear Manufacturers. This contract, it was reported, contains most of the features of demands set forth by the unions when negotiations began. While negotiations with the association have reached a point where a new contract has been signed, Mr. Berger stated, two manufacturers have refused to accept the terms agreed upon by the association. One, that of Stern and Merritt, have moved their plant to New Haven, where operation is being started on an open shop basis. The other, that of C. Stern and Mayer, Inc., has withdrawn from the association, refusing to sign the new contract. As a result, a strike has been declared against the Stern and Mayer plant. Mr. Berger said. A committee headed by Philip Zole and Miss Vivian Rich of the Women's Trade Union League is now at work in New Haven, attempting to influence necktie workers in that city against taking the places of the former New York employees.

"On the resignation of Stern and Mayer from the association," Mr. Berger said, "a strike was automatically placed into effect. The shop is now completely tied up. A few manufacturers who have been carrying on the system of home-work through which they have reaped inordinate profits, now refuse to keep pace with the progressive steps taken by the manufac-

(Continued on page 3)

## PLEA OF UNIONS FELL ON DEAF EARS

New York Laborites Had Audience With Fuller on Last Day

(By a New Leader Correspondent)

BOSTON.—The trade union movement battled up until the very hour of the execution to win life for Sacco and Vanzetti. A group of trade union officials of New York City, most of them Socialists, traveled to Boston on Monday to carry their plea to the Governor. They were closeted with Fuller for almost an hour. Their arguments could not sway him, however.

As one member of the delegation put it: "Fuller had made up his mind. Every word that seemed to indicate he should change his course only appeared to make him more determined to let the execution proceed."

At times the Governor, it is said, became quite determined and belligerent, challenging members of the delegation to ask him any question "I can't answer."

Earlier in the day the Governor had received a telegram from William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, pleading that the lives of the two men be spared.

Before leaving, the New York delegation left a petition with the Governor which said, in part:

"We believe that this international opinion is of great concern to our country. This international opinion is representative of the view that, through some miscarriage of justice, Sacco and Vanzetti are the victims of a fatal series of circumstances that do not warrant their execution. Serious doubt prevails among millions of men and women of the guilt of these men, and influential press opinion questions whether the ends of justice are to be served by their death."

There is such a thing as the conscience of mankind. It is only rarely that it is invoked in the history of nations, and when it is expressed men in high, responsible position have paused to consider whether the exercise of mercy, where life is at stake, may not be the nobler course to follow. We believe that the case of Sacco and Vanzetti presents such an issue to you and, indirectly, to us as citizens of the same nation who are jealous of our good name before the bar of international opinion.

We may also add that there are millions of people who believe that, even if the condemned men be considered guilty of the crime for which they have been sentenced to death, they have suffered many deaths since they first appeared in court. The agonizing suspense, alternating with hope through seven weary years, has been a punishment which few men in the long history of the human family have had to endure. Surely human beings who have endured this terrible experience need not be required to face again the death penalty.

Cite International Opinion  
It is this thought that also influences almost every cable in behalf of the condemned men from all parts of the world. The conscience (Continued on page 3)

## Socialist Party Vows to End System Which Took Lives of Sacco and Vanzetti

The following telegram has been sent to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee at Boston:

"Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee,  
"255 Hanover Street,  
"Boston, Mass.  
"In behalf of the Socialist Party, I extend the sympathy of our comrades to the families, relatives and friends of Sacco and Vanzetti. Two men have been put to death to satisfy a prejudiced, savage, ruling class. Millions of hearts throughout the world beat in sympathy for the victims, whose names will be remembered long after their persecutors are forgotten. The Defense Committee did everything that could be done to obtain justice for these two workers in the face of the organized power of capitalism.  
"While we mourn for these brave and innocent men and send sympathy to their loved ones, we must not forget that our work must go on until the system that took their lives is supplanted by the Co-operative Commonwealth of Labor, where justice will prevail and the fruits of toil will go to the workers."  
"WM. H. HENRY,  
"Executive Secretary, Socialist Party."

## Anarchists Meet Death Bravely

"I Forgive People for What They Are Doing to Me," Vanzetti Declares—Sacco Cries "Long Live Anarchy!!"

(By a New Leader Correspondent)

BOSTON.—The old death house in Charlestown prison never witnessed in all its years of tragedy such an execution as that of Sacco and Vanzetti. The two anarchists went to their death peacefully, under marvelous self-restraint. There was no bitterness in either of the men who tied for deeds of which they were innocent.

In the half hour just after midnight

Tuesday morning Sacco, the shoe worker, and Vanzetti, the fish peddler, were put to death in the electric chair.

They refused to the end the ministrations of a Catholic priest.

There was a third man who died with these two Italian radicals. He was Celestino Maderlos, a Portuguese man with a bad record who killed a bank cashier.

Maderlos went to his death saying nothing.

And Sacco died saying: "Long live anarchy!"

And Vanzetti died saying: "I am an innocent man."

The three men were executed in almost exactly twenty-four minutes. None of them collapsed. Maderlos was pronounced dead at 12:09 a. m., Sacco at 12:19 a. m. and Vanzetti at 12:26 a. m.

Maderlos at midnight was sleeping. He seemed in a stupor. Warden Hendry awoke him. Maderlos, with two guards at his elbow, walked exactly thirteen steps to the chair in the next room, the straps were adjusted and he died.

Less than two minutes later it was Sacco's turn. Through the narrow passageway the same guards who had been Maderlos' escort marched back to Sacco's cell.

Sacco was very pale. He was sitting on his cot.

A guard took his right arm, so Sacco walked out of his cell, the same death cell from which he walked on August 10, after Governor Fuller's melodramatic "midnight respite." Sacco's black slippers sloshed on the cement floor. He had to walk seventeen steps. Now he came into the execution chamber.

In front of the chair stood the official witnesses, the warden, the doctors.

## DEAD MEN CALLED MARTYRS

Trade Union-Socialist Committee in Tribute to Sacco and Vanzetti

THE Sacco-Vanzetti Committee, representing sixty-six local trades unions and the Socialist party, which organized the great protest strike of August 9, has issued the following statement in comment on the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti:

"The archaic law of Massachusetts which makes it impossible for a man convicted of the crime of murder to have his case reviewed on the whole record, has taken its cruel course. Sacco and Vanzetti, who never had a fair and impartial trial and of whose innocence millions of honest, sober-minded people throughout the world are convinced, are dead. The pride of Massachusetts justice is satisfied, but not the sense of justice of civilized mankind. Sacco and Vanzetti died martyrs to their political and social principles. They were the victims of class and caste prejudice. They died a sacrifice to the cruelty and stupidity of those who make a fetish of legal technicalities and of the infallibility of judges. But they have not died in vain. The blood of martyrs is the seed of social progress. Their death is bound to rouse the mind and conscience of the people of Massachusetts to the monstrous injustice and inadequacy of their judicial system and to move them to make such changes in that system as will make impossible the repetition of the crime committed by the State against Sacco and Vanzetti."

"Nor will the people of the United States remain insensible to the tragic lesson. It is our devout hope that out of this ghastly tragedy may come a nation-wide movement for the greater humanization not only of our courts but of our entire social system, to the end that class and caste justice and man's inhumanity to man may be forever amended."

## LOWELL TERMED "MURDERER" BY LOVETT

Socialists Hold 'Death-Watch' in Community Church—Audience in Tears

CLINGING to a hope up until the last moment of the execution, 1,200 men and women met in a "death watch" in the Community Church, New York city, Monday evening, to await the news of the last moments of Sacco and Vanzetti. Despite the great restraint, it was impossible for hundreds of women in the audience and scores of men to keep from tears as Chairman Samuel A. DeWitt announced, a few minutes after midnight, that Sacco and Vanzetti had been killed in the Charlestown death house.

As the executioner in the death house at Charlestown was throwing in the deadly switch, the mourners stood for two minutes in silent meditation. Then Norman Thomas was introduced for a final word. In a fervent tone he spoke of Sacco and Vanzetti as symbols in the future struggle for progress and justice. Then the meeting ended, a sorrowful crowd filing out, grief-stricken.

It was a difficult meeting. Light touches, bits of humor which must enliven most meetings, lasting three hours were, of course, out of place. Yet it seemed that the atmosphere, laden with sorrow, could not withstand any added emotional burden. Despite the difficulties, the addresses were impressive and restrained.

At the speakers' rostrum in the beautiful auditorium were Edward F. Cassidy and Joseph D. Cannon, scarred old-timers in labor's battles; Congressman Fiorello H. LaGuardia and Judge Jacob Panken, who had hurried from Boston—the former by airplane—to tell of their futile audience with Governor Fuller; and Robert Morris Lovett and Norman Thomas, whose addresses stirred the audience to its depths.

There was great courage in Mr. Lovett's address. A professor in the University of Chicago, he mined no words in dealing with the part played in the Sacco-Vanzetti case by A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard.

"The report of the advisory commission appointed by Governor Fuller is full of untruths," Mr. Lovett declared, adding, "and any man who places his name to untruths is a liar. More than that. If through such untruths men are done to death, the author of such untruths is worse than a liar. He is a murderer. If Sacco and Vanzetti die tonight as a result of this untruthful report, then President Lowell and his colleagues on the advisory commission will be murderers."

Mr. Lovett declared that Governor Fuller "cannot read." While the Massachusetts executive, he said, knows the alphabet, he has not the capacity to digest the meaning of what he reads. Robert Grant, a member of the commission with President Lowell, Mr. Lovett described "as a broken-down probate judge," while Stratton, the third of the commission, he dismissed as a "yes-man." Responsibility lies greatest on President Lowell, Mr. Lovett said.

In closing Mr. Lovett said the Sacco-Vanzetti case was another contrast between the codes of honor of the rich and the poor.

Congressman La Guardia predicted the case would bring about drastic revision of legal procedure. He came away from his interview with Fuller feeling hopeless, he said.

In his earlier address Norman Thomas said:

"This is an hour when words come slowly and falteringly and are wholly inadequate to express the depth of our emotion. We wait for the execution of two innocent men. It would be horrible to contemplate the cold-blooded cruelty of the State which would execute guilty men after a fair trial when seven long years had passed since the crime during which time the State has played with human beings as a cat with a mouse. He must indeed be a tough-minded believer in capital punishment who would justify it after such delay. But Sacco and Vanzetti, we are convinced, are innocent. We know that they have not had a fair trial. Their death makes justice a mock-

(Continued on page 3)



ery and law some monstrous game for judges to play at with souls as pawns.

"With Sacco and Vanzetti die our own hope that even in the midst of the clash of men's stupidities and class and national interests the voice of reason and justice may make itself heard. Our children and our children's children will have cause to remember this night perhaps in an anguish of bitterness, because tonight there has been killed in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that faith in human justice which might have moderated the bitterness of social conflict.

"Sacco and Vanzetti die because they were poor workers, foreigners and radicals. It is difficult to believe that at their trial they would have been convicted on the flimsy evidence against them except for the anti-red hysteria then prevalent. It is impossible to believe that repeated efforts to get them a new trial on the basis of new evidence would have failed no matter what defects there may be in the Massachusetts legal procedure except for the class and caste prejudice aroused against them. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, whatever technical errors were made by the first lawyer for these two Italian radicals and whatever the legal limitations upon it, would long ago have found a way to see that new evidence was heard before some new judge if it had not been for the subtle effects of the terrible prejudice to which I have referred. Now we are asked to believe that under the law of Massachusetts there is no power to save men who have never had a hearing on important evidence on their behalf except before one judge so prejudiced that half the affidavits against him would have deprived him of the right to umpire in an athletic contest! Massachusetts would have the world believe that America protects participants in a prize fight better than men on trial for their lives.

"The Federal courts, we are told, are powerless under the law. We bow to the learned judges, yet it is a fact that if Sacco and Vanzetti were a corporation threatened by Massachusetts law with curtailment of their profits, they would automatically and as a matter of course be entitled to a hearing before the Federal courts under the 'due process of law' clause of the fourteenth amendment. So much better do we protect property rights than human rights in America.

"When I say that these men have never had a legal hearing except before Judge Thayer, I do not forget the semi-secret extra legal hearings before Governor Fuller and his advisory commission. The action of that advisory commission is the most appalling feature of the case. Class and caste prejudice in Boston has made two college presidents and a judge its ministers. When Sacco and Vanzetti die tonight it will be a Massachusetts patrician, president of our oldest university, who will press the switch. I do not attempt to judge the motives of President Lowell and his colleagues. I know that they have written a report which shows no conception of the gravity of the issue in hand. A report which is a piece of special pleading, intellectually beneath contempt to those who know the evidence. They have answered none of the questions which have been asked them. They have taken no heed of the horrified protests of the civilized world. Could there be a more tragic commentary on the failure of a formal education to deliver men from prejudice? Yet not only have these men themselves failed their country and even their own class in the hour of need by sowing the seeds of bitterness and hate. They have conspicuously and tragically failed the youth whom they are supposed to educate.

"It is our duty to protect the actors in this tragedy from terroristic revenge and to lift our voices against all forms of insane and criminal violence, which serve only to strengthen reaction and have already made harder the way of those who seek justice for innocent men. But there is a punishment which must be meted out to those who have stained their country's honor and lost the right to be educators. Not from any spirit of vengeance but for the protection of society, lovers of decency of American honor of the future of our youth cannot rest content while the presidents of Harvard and the Mass. Inst. of Tech. hold their office. The actors in this tragedy must be made to feel the ostracism of all lovers of fair play. Before the judgment bar of history Sacco, the Italian shoe worker, with his noble farewell to his son, Vanzetti, the fish peddler, with his lofty assurance that 'this is our career and our triumph,' will occupy a place of honor denied to the judges and politicians and patriots who are parties to this judicial murder.

"It is easy to hate but we shall not get anywhere by dedicating ourselves to hate. In this solemn hour of our sorrow, let us dedicate ourselves to making the name of justice something more than a mockery among men. Let us with new devotion seek by the more perfect organization of labor and every other means within our power to end that class division based on property which gives rise to class prejudice and to abolish from the face of the earth that stupid tyranny of which these brave heroes are but the latest and most conspicuous examples."

Early in the meeting the following telegram, with the consent of the audience, was sent to Sacco and Vanzetti:

"In this last hour of your life on

## CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION SEES BLOW AT JUSTICE

Belief that "in the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti certain fundamental principles of American liberty and justice have been dealt a shameful blow" was expressed by the American Civil Liberties Union.

"An act which bears many indications of involving a horrid miscarriage of justice has been committed," the statement of the Civil Liberties Union declared. "The Massachusetts authorities responsible for the execution have greatly forwarded the cause of radicalism, which must now assume the burden of carrying on the honorable American ideal of progress toward greater freedom and peace."

"The legal killing of these two Italian workmen at a time when millions of people believe they are innocent cannot fail to bring the law of this country into contempt in many quarters."

"The high officials responsible for the executions carried out have by their refusal to place humanity above legal technicalities and reactionary prejudice defeated the very ends which they sought to gain, and have strengthened revolutionary sentiment and power in the United States."

earth, we, citizens of New York, assembled in death watch at the Community Church, 34th street and Park avenue, send you our unanimous faith in your innocence, our deep admiration for your courage, our great gratitude for your sacrifice on the altar of American liberty. You leave us, officially murdered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to her eternal shame. In your sacred memory, we pledge our unremitting toil for a safer and saner world."

The meeting was organized by the Socialist Party.

## Anarchists Meet Death Bravely

(Continued from page 1)

dred other news gatherers and then sat down to write the last chapter for his news service.

The death chamber was painted white. An electric light blazed hotly from the ceiling. The glare stunned Sacco for a moment, and his eyes watered, but he walked forward to the chair. He was cool and he sat down and at once a guard was strapping his arm.

Sacco became excited. "Long live anarchy!" he defied them. His words were jerky. He shouted in Italian. Then Sacco realized that the execution party were English-speaking men.

"Farewell, my wife and child and all my friends."

He was bidding farewell to his son only, to Dante, aged twelve. He had forgotten Inez, seven, born since he went to prison.

He stared at the witnesses and said: "Good evening, gentlemen."

The witnesses wondered if Sacco meant his greeting to be sarcastic. It would be like him.

Warden Hendry, a large, ponderous man with a necktie askew, raised his hand and the condemned man saw him.

"Farewell, mother—" Sacco murmured.

He was officially pronounced dead by Medical Examiner McGrath, veteran of thirty-three such executions, at 12:19:02 a. m.

Already Vanzetti, the dreamy one, who preached philosophical anarchy and shrank from hurting a dog, was standing inside his cell, holding the greasy iron bars and forming on his lips a farewell of terrible beauty, of forgiving pity such as has never been heard at a criminal's execution in these times.

They came for Vanzetti. He walked between two guards. They held tight to his bent arms. He walked twenty-one steps, then the witnesses saw a taller man than Sacco, a man with a brush of mustache sagging over his lips, a stoop in his shoulders.

Vanzetti protests innocence. He walked between two guards. They held tight to his bent arms. He walked twenty-one steps, then the witnesses saw a taller man than Sacco, a man with a brush of mustache sagging over his lips, a stoop in his shoulders.

It was 12:20:33 a. m.

Before he walked in his long stride to the chair he turned to two of the guards. He did an impulsive act.

He shook hands with them. They were his friends, he seemed to say, according to these waiting spectators. The two guards had brought him spaghetti and milk toast and beef tea. He knew them.

Vanzetti sat down willingly. There was none of Sacco's excitement in his face. Vanzetti, in English, said to his friends:

"I wish to tell you I am innocent and never committed any crime, but some time some sin."

He was saying over again, they said, what he had told Judge Webster Thayer when he stood up at Dedham to hear the death sentence pronounced.

Vanzetti, dying, was still in protest, but without hate in his heart.

"I thank you for everything you have done for me. I am innocent of all crime, not only of this one, but all. I am an innocent man," Vanzetti said.

But Vanzetti was not through. He had more to say to them. He knew perhaps that his words would be carried to the world. At any rate, he said evenly:

"I wish to forgive some people for what they are now doing to me."

Some of the witnesses waited. There was no more.

The bodies of Madero, Sacco and Vanzetti lay on stone slabs in the death house as Warden Hendry and his official party came out through the prison corridor. They left it to Dr. McGrath and Surgeon General Williams of the Massachusetts National Guard, aided by two visiting doctors, to perform impromptu autopsies.

At 2 o'clock in the morning a wagon drove into the prison yard. The wheels crunched on the gravel. The

bodies were lifted into the wagon and carried away to a mortuary two miles away in the West End.

It was here that Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti, accompanied by Defense Committee workers, came Tuesday to claim the bodies.

The Mood of Boston

While the outside world waited for the news that the men were dead, a state of almost feverish anxiety prevailed within the prison walls. Only the lights in the prison rotunda, offices and corridors were burning.

The 900 inmates of the prison were in their cells. Only one among them had slept, and that was Celestino Madero, awaiting death in the solitude of the death cell.

In the prison yard stood groups of newspaper men waiting to take to the outside world the news of the executions.

Two minutes after Sacco was dead the whole world knew it, and a few minutes after that the telegraph and radio had flashed across the globe the news that Vanzetti was gone.

For hours previous to the stroke of midnight, when Governor Fuller's respite expired, the streets of Charlestown resounded to the tread of marching troops and police. Riot squads, machine-gun men and armed guards prevented approaches to the stone structure in which the three men awaited death.

Five hundred policemen and detectives and State constabulary made a living wall around the prison. Mounted men held back the thousands of curious men, women, boys and girls who pressed against the ropes stretched across the streets two blocks from the somber structure.

Are lights snapped and flickered, automobile lamps played on fifty-six patrolmen with trench guns pointed with bayonets.

The men with bayonets stood grim and foreboding at street corners. On the death house roof were ten machine gunners. The drums could empty 100 shots at a time. The guns pointed into Rutherford avenue, up the roped-off streets.

Firemen waited, too, with hose. They were ready for mobs, and policemen stood near by with sawed-off shot-guns and marched in squads under the high prison wall, their waists awkward with cartridge belts.

Men stood in the prison's shadow and talked in whispers, solemnly. They turned, annoyed, when horsemen of the State constabulary clattered past.

In the prison entrance the police mobilized in thick numbers. Twenty-five held the great iron gates. Six men on horses waited before the ropes. In the street leading from Hartnett Square the homes of working people were lighted expectantly. Women's heads filled the windows, children called shrilly from the steps.

Guarding the Prison

The police would not allow them to invade the streets about the prison except on passes. Two blocks away, on Main Street, a steady line of motor cars moved morbidly; throngs waited on the curbs as if expecting a circus to parade at any moment.

As midnight approached the tension increased and police held back the crowds with difficulty.

Police motorcycles rattled up and down the thoroughfares; mounted police sent their horses dancing against the crowds. One man was arrested. Police said he was creating a disturbance. Those nearby said he was denouncing the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

At the prison the witnesses began arriving in motor cars at 11 o'clock. They were Sheriff Capen of Norfolk County, W. E. Playfair, Dr. Howard A. Lotherop of Boston City Hospital, Dr. William Otis Faxon of Stoughton, Dr. Joseph I. McLaughlin and Frank F. Williams.

To the left, in a vine-covered brick building, a rickety old structure, newspaper men clustered, busy with telephone and portable typewriters. Telegraph instruments gossiped incessantly. Messenger boys ran back and forth between the press house and Warden Hendry's office. Then another car came up to the gates. Out of it stepped Michael A. Musmanno, defense attorney. He walked rapidly to the warden's office.

"If I may see them once more—" he pleaded. But Warden Hendry shook his head.

A woman spoke to Musmanno. "Any news?" she asked.

"No hope now," he said. The warden asked him if he wanted to send a message to the condemned men, who had been notified at 9 o'clock that they were to be executed at midnight.

Musmanno's Plea Refused

"I just wanted to tell them that there is more mercy in their hearts than in the hearts of many who profess the orthodox religion," Musmanno said. He turned, appealing again to the warden.

"I wanted to tell them that I know they are innocent and that all the electric chairs and gallows in the world cannot change that knowledge. I wanted to tell them," and Musmanno's voice faltered, "that they are two of the kindest and tenderest men that I have ever known."

The warden took his cigar from his lips.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell them." He turned to go to the death house—that one-story brick building down there in the night—and turned back again.

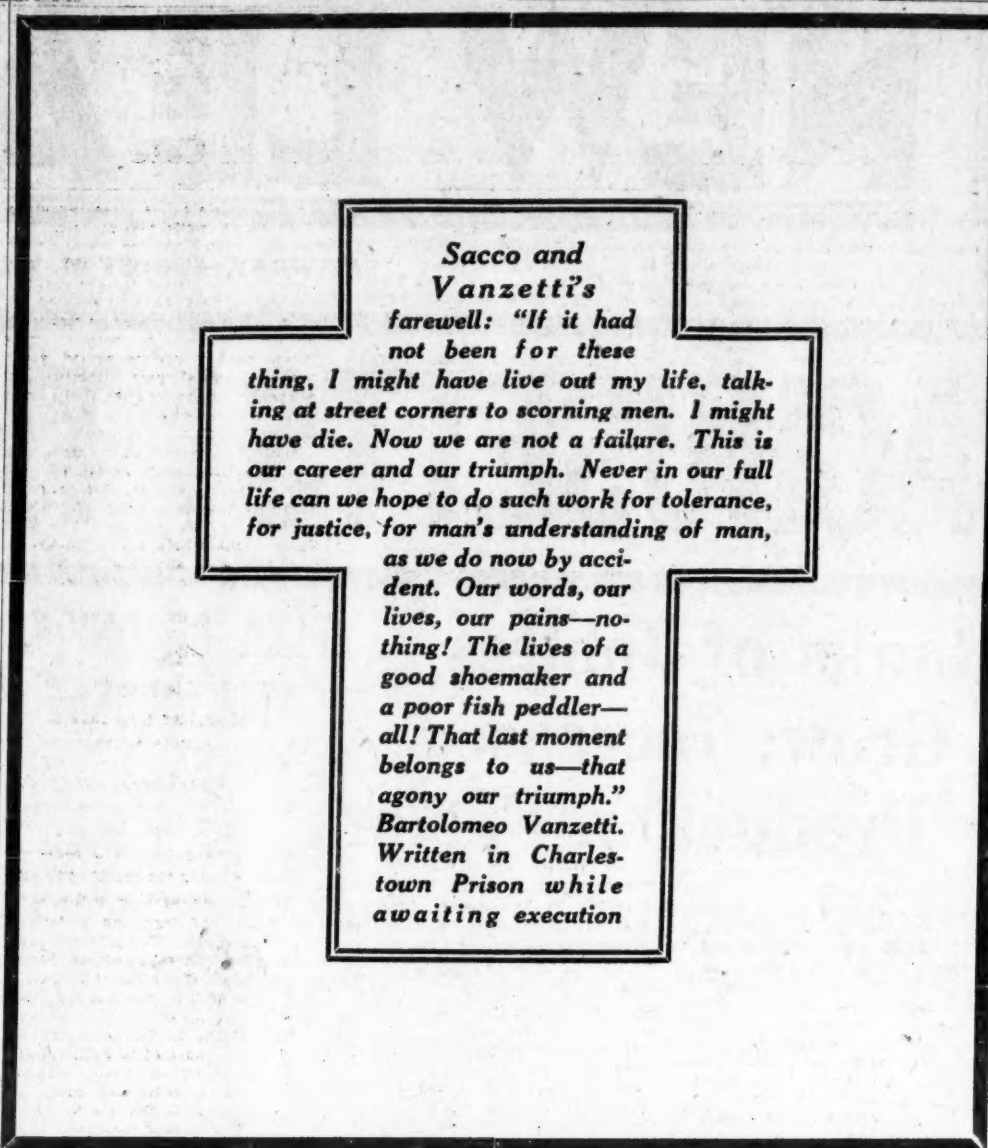
"It's too late," he said.

Musmanno pleaded, but the warden refused. The attorney, who has spent the last week racing from judge to judge pleading for a stay of execution, walked into the warden's office. He sat down at the warden's desk on the verge of a breakdown. He held his chin in his left hand, elbow on the desk.

"God!" said Musmanno. "God!"

At 11:38 Warden Hendry asked the waiting crowd to empty his outer office. He beckoned to Dr. McGrath, Playfair, the newspaper reporter selected to represent the press group assembled from Boston and other Eastern cities, followed.

The warden stepped on the iron door leading to the prison; a turnkey ap-



## Vanzetti Wrote to Young Sacco Urging Him to Vindicate Father

BOSTON.—The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee has made public a letter written by Bartolomeo Vanzetti to Dante Sacco, fourteen-year-old son of Nicola Sacco, who paid the death penalty with Vanzetti early Tuesday morning.

The letter urges the boy to take his place "in the struggle between tyranny and liberty" and thus "vindicate our names and our blood."

The letter follows:

"My dear Dante: I still hope, and we will fight until the last moment to vindicate our right to live and to be free, but all the forces of the state and of the money and reaction are deadly against us because we are libertarians or anarchists."

"I write little of this because you are now and yet too young to understand these things, and other things of which I would like to reason with you."

"But if you do well, you will grow and understand your father's and my case and your father's and my principles for which we will soon be put to death."

Call Sacco Brave Man

"I tell you now that all that I

peared in the half darkness. The warden started to lead his witnesses into the prison when Musmanno ran up to him and took his arm.

"Please, warden, a last request—" The two stepped into a corner. Musmanno spoke eagerly, sadly. But the warden said, "No, no," and turned to the door again. The warden was doing his duty. He abhors capital punishment, but he was doing his duty.

Tragic Final Moments

He led his official party to a bench inside. The shadows of the two-story iron bars streaked their figures in the dim light.

The clock edged quickly toward 11:45, 11:55; men hurried to peer into the glass door.

"They're still sitting there," they said. "It's about time, isn't it?"

And then it was midnight at last, and when those in the office looked again the warden's party was gone. They were on their way to the death house, 200 feet away. The 900 inmates of the prison, fearing parole punishment, were silent in their cells overhead.

Then the waiting group in the warden's quarters asked strangely for such an hour. Men turned to their elbow neighbors and laughed.

It was nerves; it was shock. Midnight—and for the first time last night they seemed to realize the Sacco-Vanzetti case, a front page item these six years, was about to reach a decisive moment; the radicals were going to die.

So everybody borrowed cigarettes and smoked, and the room was silent except for that sobbing of Musmanno in there in the warden's office; and it was hardly a moment, or so it appeared, when somebody ran in, breathless.

"Madero's went," he said; "nine minutes after 12." They are going after Sacco now."

Musmanno heard and he moaned and the tears filtered down his face. The others, uneasy, waited. Word came quickly from the death house after that.

"Sacco, short speech to family—" a messenger said, and ran out again. Then word came of Vanzetti's death. It was almost half an hour after midnight. The newspaper crowd came running. They clustered in the warden's office. Musmanno made way for them. Then Playfair, the reporter, arrived. He sat at the warden's desk. Pencils raced, Playfair told of death.

## Anarchists Also Sent Final Word of Thanks to Defense Committee

know of your father, he is not a criminal, but one of the bravest men I ever knew. Some day you will be able to understand what I am about to tell you. That your father has sacrificed everything dear and sacred to the human heart and soul for his faith in liberty and justice for all. That day you will be proud of your father, and if you come brave enough, you will take his place in the struggle between tyranny and liberty and you will vindicate his (our) names and our blood.

"If we have to die now, you shall know when you will be able to understand this tragedy in its full extent, how good and brave your mother has been with you, your father and I during these eight years of struggle, sorrow, passion, anguish and agony."

"Even from now you shall be good, brave with your mother, with Inez and with Suzie—brave, good Suzie—and do all you can to console and help them."

Denies Any Part in Crime

"I would like you to also remember me as a comrade and friend of your father's, your mother and Inez, Suzie and you, and I assure you that neither have I been a criminal, that I have committed no robbery and no murder, but only fought, modestly, to abolish crimes from among mankind and for the liberty of all."

"Remember Dante, each one who will say otherwise of your father and I is a liar, insulting innocent dead men who have been brave in their life. Remember and know also, Dante, that if your father and I would have been cowards and hypocrites and ringleaders of our faith, we would not have been put to death. They would not even have convicted a lecherous dog; not even executed a deadly poisoned scorpion on such evidence as that they framed against us. They would have given a new trial to a matricide and habitual felon on the evidence we presented for a new trial."

"Be as of One Heart."

"That we lost and have to die does not diminish our appreciation and gratitude for your great solidarity with us and our families."

"Friends and comrades, now that the tragedy of this trial is at an end, be all as of one heart. Only two of us will die. Our ideal, you our comrades, will live by millions; we have won, we are not vanquished. Just treasure our suffering, our sorrow, our mistakes, our defeats, our passion for future battles and for the great emancipation."

"Be all as of one heart in this blackest hour of our tragedy. And have heart. Salute for us all the friends and comrades of the earth."

"We embrace you all and bid you our extreme good bye with our hearts filled with love and affection."

"Now and ever, long life to you all, long life to liberty."

"Yours in life and death."

"BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, "NICOLO SACCO."

Thanks Mrs. Henderson

At the Citizens' National Committee, Hotel Bellevue, the following letter of Vanzetti to Mrs. Jessica Henderson was made public:

"I wish to thank you most heartfully for your care of my poor sister, Luigia. In a way it was a great consolation to me to see her again after nineteen years of separation."

"But since I saw her my heart lost a little of its steadiness. The thought she will have to take me death to our mother's grave, it is horrible to me—to think of what she will soon have to stand and to have bear revolts all my being and uproots my mind. Please,

"Now, Dante, be brave and good always. I embrace you, "Yours, "BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI."

"P. S.—I left the copy of 'An American Bible' to your mother

now, for she will like to read it, and she will give it to you when you will be bigger and able to understand it. Keep it for a remembrance. It will also testify to you how good and generous Mrs. Gertrude Winslow has been with us all. Good by, Dante."

"BARTOLOMEO."

Both Thank Defense

The defense committee also gave out the following letter from Sacco and Vanzetti to the defense committee:

"August 21, 1927.

"Dearest friends and comrades of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee:

"After tomorrow midnight we will be executed, save a new staying of the execution by either the United States Supreme Court or by Governor Alvan T. Fuller."

"We have no hope. This morning our brave defender and friend, Michael Angelo Musmanno, was here after his return from Washington and told us he would come back this afternoon if he would have time. Also Rose and Luigia were here this morning, and they, too, promised us to return this afternoon. But now it is 5.30 p. m. and no one returned yet. This tells us that there is no good news for us, for if there were some of you would have hurried to bring it to us. It almost tells us that all of your efforts have failed and that you are spending these remaining few hours in desperate and hopeless efforts to prevent our execution."

In a word, we feel lost. Therefore, we decided to write this letter to you to express our gratitude and admiration for all what you have done in our defense during these seven years four months and eleven days of struggle."

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## PLEA OF UNIONS FELL ON DEAF EARS

New York Laborites  
Had Audience with  
Fuller on Last Day

(Continued from page 1)

of mankind, as expressed through these messages, would be severely wounded if a merciful intervention does not stay the execution.

The unfavorable opinion which unfortunately prevails against our common country would be enhanced by the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, while the exercise of mercy would rejoice millions of enlightened men and women abroad and renew confidence at home in a code of justice tempered by compassion and mercy.

For these reasons we, your petitioners, conscious of our grave responsibilities as citizens and of the power you possess, urge you to grant our plea and spare the lives of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

The petition was signed by Julius Hochman, Luigi Antonini, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; Abraham Leffkowitz, New York Central Trades and Labor Council; Morris Feinstein, United Hebrew Trades; Harry Begon, International Furriers' Union; Charles Stetsky, Joint Council of Furriers, New York City; A. I. Shipplacoff, International Pocketbook Workers' Union; Nathaniel Spector, Millinery Workers' Union; David Silverman, Neckwear Makers' Union; Abraham Miller, Joint Board, Amalgamated Garment Workers of America; George Goetz, Shirt Makers' Joint Board, and Richard Rohman, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, secretary of the delegation.

Congressman F. H. La Guardia added his voice to that of the delegation, flying to Boston in a plane in order to arrive in time. Judge Jacob Panken, Socialist, acted as spokesman for the group.

## COMMUNISTS DISRUPT SACCO RALLY IN LYONS

PARIS.—At Lyons Communists apparently objected to a Sacco-Vanzetti demonstration organized by a non-Communist workers' union. They attacked a procession carrying a wreath to the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti it was intended to place on a statue of the Republic. Repeated clashes over the line of march occurred. Stones were hurled and several persons were injured.

Though the unionists succeeded in reaching the statue, their wreath was in a pitiable condition and while an orator was speaking the Communists rushed the statue, capturing the wreath, which they hurled in the Rhone. The police then dispersed the demonstrators.

## Dead Men Called Martyrs

(Continued from page 1)  
ever be banished from our land.  
"We urge all those who have been stirred by the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti not to permit their minds and hearts to be embittered by hatred or by feelings of futile vengeance. We sincerely hope that there will be no senseless acts of reprisal and violence.

"Our hearts go out in sympathy to the families and relatives of Sacco and Vanzetti and, like the rest of mankind, we shall never forget the noble and gallant fight put up in their behalf by their counsel and by the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee of Boston. Justice and humanity can never die as long as there are such men among us who for seven years and up to the very last moment have fought for Sacco and Vanzetti, for the vindication of truth and for the salvation of the honor and conscience of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts itself.

"We bow our heads to the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti and we dedicate ourselves to renewed and untiring efforts in the cause of true justice and a world in which such tragedies as that of which the State of Massachusetts has just made itself the instrument shall be regarded as evidences of a dead and forgotten past."

# America Startles the World

An English View of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

By Henry N. Brailsford

IN the Old World, as in the New, millions of workers awaited with a suspense in which there was more of anger than hope the judicial murder of two innocent men. One seems to be the victim of one of those nightmares in which the limbs are paralyzed; one cannot move, but one can just summon energy enough to utter a cry of horror. These multitudes seemed to be watching, as though on a moving film, the setting of the executioner's chair, the switching on of the current and the swift end of two harmless lives. There was force enough in their hands to tear down the pyramids, but not all these millions could stop one man in his trade of killing.

## The Story

To understand this American Dreyfus case one must go back to 1920. It was the period when a madness of hysterical fear seemed to master the whole ruling class in America. No where in the world is Socialism so feeble, but nowhere is the dread of it so strong. The answer to the Russian Revolution of the one continent which seemed to be inaccessible to the incursions of Moscow was to gather up all the "Reds" within its borders and to expel them, much as the Jews were expelled from Spain. It was done under a form of D. O. R. A. While the "radicals" were rounded up all the normal liberties were suspended, and the license alike of uniformed and ununiformed patriots went unchecked. It happened at the height of this persecution that a robbery occurred at South Braintree in Massachusetts. Two men were carrying \$15,000 to pay the wages of a big boot factory. Two assassins shot them, snatched the money, leaped into a car which drove up as they did their deed, and vanished with three accomplices into space. It was an efficient performance; everything was over in a few seconds, and all that any one could have seen was an impression of five dark, foreign-looking men who came and went like a flash.

Three weeks passed and Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested. Both were Italian immigrants; both had clean records. Sacco was a worker in another boot factory; Vanzetti was a rather prosperous fish hawker. But though they had lived clean, well-doing lives, they were undoubtedly "Radicals." They were not Communists, as every one seems to suppose, but anarchists, who professed, it is said, a Tolstoyan and pacifist creed. These nice shades of opinion mean nothing to the police. These two had unorthodox views about capital, patriotism and war, and Vanzetti had dodged the recruiting sergeant by disappearing to Mexico. At the moment of the murder they were going in fear of arrest, for some of their comrades had already been rounded up as "Reds." One of them, named Salsedo, while under arrest, fell from the window of a lofty police station on the pavement below and was instantly killed. Was he pushed? Did he jump to avoid torture? Sacco and Vanzetti joined with others in making a public protest over this affair and so drew the notice of the police to themselves. When arrested they gave an unconvincing account of these doings and told some lies. They were in a difficult dilemma. They were in danger either way and had to choose between confessing themselves to be active radicals, ripe for deportation, or risking suspicion as ordinary bandits.

## The Trial

The trial took place a full year later. The police, evidently after careful coaching, had trained some of their witnesses to swear that after a rapid glance at the unknown murderers from a distance of 60 yards they could recognize Sacco as one of the gunmen and Vanzetti as one of the accomplices in the car. The defense was able to prove an alibi for both men, and to support it by numerous witnesses. The most awkward bit of evidence against Sacco was that of an expert, whose testimony was interpreted by the judge to mean that he identified the bullet found in the body of one of the two murdered men as a bullet belonging to Sacco's Colt's revolver. But this was a twisting of the evidence, and as soon as the trial was over the expert signed an affidavit to the effect that he had meant nothing of the kind. It was not impossible that the bullet may have belonged to this revolver, but there was no proof whatever that it did.

But was it even this bit of twisted evidence which procured the verdict?

Throughout the case the Judge allowed the prosecution to overwhelm the jury with proof of the "Radicalism" of the accused. They both went boldly into the box, and under cross-examination avowed their anarchist opinions, and admitted that they had said skeptical things about the war to end war, and had even spoken angrily of Harvard University. In the atmosphere of panic which prevailed in those days, this was enough. The foreman of the jury, talking before the trial to a friend who argued for their innocence, declared that as radicals they "deserved to hang anyway."

The affidavit of the gunnery expert was first used to justify a motion for a new trial. It came before Judge Thayer, and he duly found that he had not misdirected the jury. Again a new trial was demanded, when by a romantic chance a Portuguese bandit named Madeiros, who was under sentence of death for another murder, came forward and confessed that he had been one of a notorious professional gang of "gunmen" which was responsible for the robbery. He stated that Sacco and Vanzetti did not belong to this gang and had nothing to do with the affair. Once more Judge Thayer closed his mind to new evidence, and refused a new trial. In both cases the Appeals Court of Massachusetts supported him, apparently on the ground that new evidence is technically immaterial, and that only misdirection on a point of law would justify a re-trial.

## A Confession

Would it be arrogant on our part to say that these men were innocent? None of us have read the full report of the trial. For my own part I have read only analyses by American lawyers, who had the full reports before them. To my mind it is at least clear that there was no sufficient proof of guilt. The evidence for identification broke down under cross-examination. The gunnery evidence was twisted. What else was there?—only the suspicious conduct of the two men, when they fled after their arrest. But they had not fled, though they had ample time. They had no unusual supply of money. Their nervousness was sufficiently explained by the conditions of the time. On the other hand their alibi was supported by credible witnesses, including an official of the Italian consulate. And finally there was the confession of Madeiros, which could have been set aside only if one chose to say that one would never believe a convicted murderer, even when he tells a probable and consistent tale.

At every stage a prejudiced judge stuck to his own prejudices. For seven years the law hesitated. It could not dispute the case for delay. It could not deny the prima facie case for appeal. But at last, after these admissions of weakness, it stiffened its upper lip and decided that the two men must die. It could not, after these seven years, maintain that there was no doubt. To put the case in the most moderate possible way, where there is doubt a civilized State does not punish; least of all does it take life.

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It is hard to credit it, until with the aid of American writers or American friends one frames a picture of the society in which this tragedy was acted. New England has its aristocracy. For many generations the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the other early settlers, monopolized the administration and the professions, and above all, the law. They were the cultivated minority in a raw, new country, a limited group of families, which intermarried, dominated the older universities, and believed that the authentic American tradition would die with it.

And then the world began to change around it. Industry burst in. A flood of immigrants from Southern Europe violated the soil of this New England, bringing with them an alien religion, alien habits, alien speech, and worst of all, their alien subversive politics. The aristocracy felt itself threatened. Its traditional liberalism stiffened into the hardest conservatism. It used the law to repress every outlet for discontent. It came to think of its courts as the ultimate bulwark of the old Americanism. How without the stern judgments of these courts would you keep agitation within bounds and repress a strike?

And here in this Sacco-Vanzetti case was a challenge to the courts, and to the whole fabric of New England justice. The judge himself was a Webster—one of the oldest families of the Puritan aristocracy. And Fuller is another such name. Those who know this world assure us that it reached the point of maintaining, openly and frankly, that it was better to execute two innocent men than to undermine confidence in the law. After all, they were "radicals," guilty by nature and innocent only by accident.

Callous Capitalism  
When an institution must be saved by human sacrifices, one is apt to think that it is doomed. American justice has come to be the ultimate bulwark of American capitalism. One asks whether anything is left of its tradition of intellectual integrity. The drama of such an affair as this will make "radicals" whose volumes of economic argument would fail.

The ghastly thing is not that a judge should err, nor even that he should stick to his error. The ghastly thing

is that a whole ruling class can stand by unmoved, while two innocent men pay with their lives for his error. It displays, indeed, the same callousness, on an infinitely vaster scale, every day. It tolerates child labor; it allowed the owners of blast furnaces to impose a twelve-hour day; it permits mine owners to hire private armed gangs to shoot down strikers. Habitually it behaves as though the lives of the lower grade of workers and of their children were of no value whatever.

Why be surprised amid these daily horrors at an unjust sentence? And yet one is surprised, for this capitalist society has made a fetish of the impartiality of its courts. One asks whether the whole costly parade of justice is ever anything but a well-drilled guard for the class that owns property.

## Socialist Radio Secures License

(Continued from page 1)

not cause me more satisfaction." He telegraphed:

"The condition of the radio in our country at this moment is deplorable. Two or three days ago I subjected myself (out of a sense of public duty) to the ordeal of listening to a blow-by-blow portrayal of a brutal and degrading contest of two bruisers. To present such mental and moral poison as this to the masses of the American people all the leading broadcasting stations were hooked up together, and from Maine to California crowds of people swarmed to public places and stood up on street corners, wherever a radio set could be heard. This is the use to which our ruling classes have seen fit to put the greatest invention of modern times; and at the same time men and women who are devoting their lives to human welfare, and who seek to promote peace on earth and justice among men, are regularly and systematically barred from the air, and in many cases have been shut off in the midst of their talk and permitted to go on without an audience.

"It will be the duty of WEVD to remedy this condition, and I hope we shall be able to teach our industrial and political masters that our people really desire something better than trash for their mental food."

## Necktie Union Raises Big Fund

(Continued from page 1)

turers association which has acceded to our reasonable demands that homework be ended. We do not propose to play favorites, and these shops, as well as any other which takes the same course, will meet the determined opposition of our union. The vote to raise a \$150,000 war chest is an indication of the temper of our membership."

The meetings voted that the fund is to be raised by a 10 percent assessment on the weekly wages of the members from September 1 to September 15. The proposal, made by the joint executive board of the union, was supported by numerous addresses from the floor and the vote in favor of it was unanimous.

Mr. Berger, at the Cooper Union meeting, and Mr. Chiseling, at Beethoven Hall, announced that the new contract signed with the manufacturers contains the following provisions: home work is to be abolished over a period of 18 months, at the end of which period it is to be prohibited entirely. At the end of the first six months of the agreement, 25 percent of the manufacturers' slip-stitching operations (home-work) must be transferred to the factories. At the close of twelve months, 50 percent of this home-work must be transferred to the factories, while in six more months it must all be done in the factories.

On the question of the 40 hour week for four months in the year, a compromise was reached through which the workers will enjoy a forty hour week during July and August. The wages of cutters are to be increased \$5 over the \$87 minimum during the first year of the contract. Beginning with the second year an additional increase of \$3 is to be granted. The union originally asked for a flat \$8 increase. Boxers and trimmers earning less than \$18 a week are to have an \$8 increase, while those earning more than \$18 a week are to receive a \$2 raise. The agreement was ratified at both meetings.

The strike of neckwear makers spread to a third factory Wednesday when employees of Frank, Stromenger and Cohn, of 95 East 26th street, walked out. Mr. Berger declared the strike was called as a result of infractions of the contract on the part of the firm. While the association of neckwear manufacturers has signed a new agreement with the union calling for the abolition of home-work, Frank, Stromenger and Cohn, Mr. Berger said, have refused to sign the contract. It broke the existing one, which does not expire until September 1, by sending some of its work out to other factories, he said. Mr. Berger charged this was done in order to store up a large quantity of ties in preparation for a fight on the union in September. Realizing this, he said, the workers in the factory complained to the union. The strike followed.

John J. Leughan Dies  
STAMFORD, Conn.—John J. Leughan, very active in Socialist circles and particularly in the formation of the New York Call, died here August 20.

## FIGHT OPENS ON CENSORS IN BOSTON

Society for Suppression  
of Censorship Is Or-  
ganized by Writers

MORE than a score of celebrated writers, including John Erskine, Fanny Hurst, Sidney Howard, W. E. Woodward and Rupert Hughes have united in protest against Boston's recent censorship activities, culminating in the ban placed on Upton Sinclair's "Oil" and Jim Tully's "Circus Parade."

In a formal statement from the Committee for the Suppression of Irresponsible Censorship, whose headquarters are given as 24 Fifth Avenue, New York, they prophesy that "if Boston's policy of censorship is allowed and other communities follow its example, serious writing about American life is doomed."

The complete statement from the committee reads:  
"Once more Boston is preventing the sale of a book which gives an honest presentation of a sector of American life. It has refused to allow its book-sellers to handle 'Circus Parade,' by Jim Tully.

"The Committee for the Suppression of Irresponsible Censorship takes occasion to point out this new case of arbitrary interference by Boston with a book on the sole ground that its author has written realistically.

"An examination of the long list of books banned in Boston leads inevitably to the conclusion that if Boston's policy of censorship is allowed and other communities follow its example, serious writing about American life is doomed."

Among the signers are: William Allen White, Fannie Hurst, Lee Wilson Dodd, Ahmed Abdulla, Anne Parrish, Amelle Rives Troubetzkoy, Thurston Kline, T. Everett Harre, Ellis Parker Bush, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Walter Prichard Eaton, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Edwin Bjorkman, John Erskine, Sidney Howard, W. E. Woodward, Floyd Dell and Margaret Leech. Rupert Hughes, in a telegram received Monday at the headquarters of the committee, makes the following comment on the Boston situation:

"I am depressed but not surprised by the Bostonian ban on Jim Tully's powerful book. If the police there would read the comments of Cotton Mather and other early preachers on the frightful immoralities rampant in Boston at a time when practically no works of fiction were circulated except Puritan sermons, they would realize that it is impossible to make Bostonians worse by permitting them to read what they please like American citizens instead of reading what the police select. The people of the modern Athens are not young girls in a convent and the police of Boston are not nuns. Surely there is enough crime going on in Boston to keep the police noses out of literature. If, however, they would prosecute the authors who write feeble and trite volumes, they might accomplish something finally. I wonder what evil influence they could find in Tully's book. How could anybody reading it ever want to imitate any of the characters as examples of real life. They are marvelous but as enticing sirens they could have only the highest moral effect. Surely the ridiculous camel of censorship can take on only a few more straws before its crooked back breaks."

(Signed) RUPERT HUGHES.

Mr. Berger, at the Cooper Union meeting, and Mr. Chiseling, at Beethoven Hall, announced that the new contract signed with the manufacturers contains the following provisions: home work is to be abolished over a period of 18 months, at the end of which period it is to be prohibited entirely. At the end of the first six months of the agreement, 25 percent of the manufacturers' slip-stitching operations (home-work) must be transferred to the factories. At the close of twelve months, 50 percent of this home-work must be transferred to the factories, while in six more months it must all be done in the factories.

On the question of the 40 hour week for four months in the year, a compromise was reached through which the workers will enjoy a forty hour week during July and August. The wages of cutters are to be increased \$5 over the \$87 minimum during the first year of the contract. Beginning with the second year an additional increase of \$3 is to be granted. The union originally asked for a flat \$8 increase. Boxers and trimmers earning less than \$18 a week are to have an \$8 increase, while those earning more than \$18 a week are to receive a \$2 raise. The agreement was ratified at both meetings.

The strike of neckwear makers spread to a third factory Wednesday when employees of Frank, Stromenger and Cohn, of 95 East 26th street, walked out. Mr. Berger declared the strike was called as a result of infractions of the contract on the part of the firm. While the association of neckwear manufacturers has signed a new agreement with the union calling for the abolition of home-work, Frank, Stromenger and Cohn, Mr. Berger said, have refused to sign the contract. It broke the existing one, which does not expire until September 1, by sending some of its work out to other factories, he said. Mr. Berger charged this was done in order to store up a large quantity of ties in preparation for a fight on the union in September. Realizing this, he said, the workers in the factory complained to the union. The strike followed.

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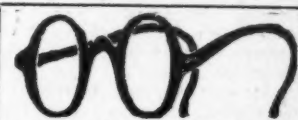
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# Massachusetts Burns The Anarchists

By Richard Rohman

Boston, August 25.  
THIS is written in the dark. The inky blackness of Massachusetts a few moments past midnight Monday ground in its maw two tormented humans and spat them out crushed quite dead to propitiate the Law. Something cried out in countless men and women as a thin blue blaze shocked Sacco and Vanzetti into eternity. Something shrieked protest, and then life ran on again, warm, rich life, careless and vibrant.

The law must take its course! A cliché, certainly. Words without meaning, you would think; careless words, dried up words, words slurred over, except by pompous rhetoricians. But the words became dreadful and meaningful. A Governor and an executioner translated them into a crude but efficient instrument for quenching the life of two men made in the image of God. I finger a copy of the Bible left in my room by the Gideons and come upon that which speaks of the Hill of Golgotha and of Christ crucified between two thieves. History enacting the eternal return grows hazy about places and names. It does not surprise, then, that Bunker Hill stares you in the eye instead and "Sacco-Vanzetti," "Sacco-Vanzetti," "Sacco-Vanzetti" clamor in your brain. We have an advantage, of course, the age in which we live. We are self-conscious. We know that the two "wops" just burned near Bunker Hill have made history. No one ever heard of Christ for a couple hundred years.

An Insulated Governor  
It was not an easy job to burn them. Take my word for it. Take my word for it. Don't misunderstand me. It was an easy job for the Governor. He was insulated against the burning. Perfectly insulated. He would not catch fire. He would not burn. First there was his character to insulate

## Fuller Insulated Against Weakness Of Mercy To The End, While Vanzetti Cries He Forgives His Enemies

him. Hard. Frostbitten. Then his class and his tradition. Two dirty words one can hear him say to himself, lousy foreigners. The swine, the murderous bastards. Then his convictions. He really believed Sacco and Vanzetti guilty of murder. No question about that. You should hear him. Ready to argue with you about it. Argue all day, if you wanted. Why didn't Vanzetti testify in his own defense in the Bridgewater holdup, he'll shout at you. Wouldn't you take the stand in your own defense, if you were innocent? Wouldn't you? Wouldn't you. And you, and you and you?

There was more insulation. The men about him provided that. Cynical politicians. Hard-boiled young men moving swiftly from chamber to chamber to the servant call of buzzers. Red-cheeked, slim, young men with narrow foreheads. Pot-bellied old men and pale and leering. And "bulls," dull and cruel. Here was insulation for you. Get through this to the Governor if you can. Don't speak of sentiment. Don't speak of social ideals. Of dreaming, of love for mankind, of anarchism, of hearts "drunk with a beauty our eyes could never see." Don't speak. Don't speak. They wouldn't know what in hell you're talking about. Let the dogs die!

That was not all. Next came Boston, and then the Commonwealth to insulate him. A lovely name, Boston. Whisper it. Whisper it. A name almost like prayer. You would think only good things could happen in a town like Boston. But Boston will never be the same to those who loved

its crooked streets, its Common, its flowing river. For like pestilence there rose from the heart of its people a fear, and then a hate of radicals. Get out of here, you damned New Yorkers. What are you making a stink about. Let the dogs die. They're just a couple of murderers. Bomb throwers. Foreigners. Damned wops. Don't like the government. Shoot them. Hang them. Burn them. And the fear went through every stratum of Bostonians, the workers among them, and they shouted for a killing. Get the damned thing over with. Seven years. We've been bothered long enough.

Not a Bit of Doubt  
And the Commonwealth. And the Governor's advisors. And his committees. Not a tremor of doubt. Let them burn, the swine. Come on now, everybody. What's the waiting for? Everybody, let's go.

They call them self-righteous here. Perhaps they are. The liberals who went in to beg for mercy, came out spanked. The Governor is honest, they said, explaining their defeat. He can't see it our way, they said. That's all. But it did not explain why he baited men and women who came to see him. Guilty, sure. I'll prove it to you. It did not explain why he stopped dead when you asked for clemency, and changed the subject. Nor did it explain why he permitted Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti to come before him almost at the shock of doom to hear his self-righteousness. There must be keen satisfaction in convincing broken women their men are, after all, guilty. And the Governor re-

mained in the State House, taking on all comers, until his droning clock told him one man had died. Well, that's done, boys. Let's go home.

But I say it was no easy thing to burn them. For up to the last ditch men and women fought that Sacco and Vanzetti might not die. They interposed around a telegraph ticker connected to another within a few feet of the chair and learned how the three men died. They sprang to telephones or to other telegraph tickers and the world in a trice was bombarded with the ghastly news. The men walked in, firm and erect. They protested their innocence. They sat down in the engine of death. First one, and then the other. First one, and then the other. I forgive them, Vanzetti said. I forgive them. I know how it is, he said

world's wrong. We're right. And in the dead of night they led three men—one of them Madros, a thief—through a narrow door and gave them an up-to-date execution. Only one newspaperman witnessed the execution. I think all the rest were glad they were not permitted in. They stood around a telegraph ticker connected to another within a few feet of the chair and learned how the three men died. They sprang to telephones or to other telegraph tickers and the world in a trice was bombarded with the ghastly news. The men walked in, firm and erect. They protested their innocence. They sat down in the engine of death. First one, and then the other. First one, and then the other. I forgive them, Vanzetti said. I forgive them. I know how it is, he said

to himself. I know how it is, he said to himself. Good-bye. Good-bye. And suddenly his body catapulted forward, fell back, stiffened and had become a thing.

Good to Be Alive  
You have read of the crowds, curious and silent, who surrounded the State House and the Death House. So have I, and there is nothing to write about them, for they were fascinated, and stupid, and dumb.

Life is a flowing river. And in the shadow of the Death House, in the shanties of Charlestown, the halted breath of men and women resumed its rhythm. Men turned in their beds and embraced women of their choice. The heart leaped, sluggish blood coursed, bodies strained to unite in a ceremonial old and curious as man.

The air was soft in Boston the night of the burning. As one staggered back to the hotel, a little dazed with the business, empty inside as though all grace had fled, you knew life hadn't stopped. Electric signs winked with herculean eyes, traffic swung slowly among the shadows. Everything was ardent and alive. It must be good to be all—

And the thought stopped, and you wondered why Sacco and Vanzetti failed to compromise with life. What was in them that, early, had made them shun the peaceful life, the money-grubbing life, the soft life? What was this precious nonsense that had brought light to their eyes, passion to their heart and eloquence to their tongue? What were those visions that were so soon to catch them up in the quicksands of a brutal social order and stop the light in them, and the passion, and the eloquence?

Figure it out. Figure it out. It certainly has nothing to do with—  
"Has my friend to lie in A better bed than mine?"

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## The Death of Gargantua

By Joseph T. Shipley

AND Gargantua passed the town once known as Salem, wherein twenty witches had been mercifully destroyed, and their souls saved, within one Christian year; and he came to Boston, where Indians had once offered the fish some tea. But Gargantua had studied natural history, and knew that even in the home of the bean and the cod, the poor fish would not swallow the brew that had been prepared for them.

"What does a fish know about taxation?" Gargantua asked his tutor, Grandgousier, with whom he was voyaging to see the world; "and what would he do with representation if he had it?"

"Look at the city today," his companion replied. "Is not Governor Fuller following the footsteps of Governor Coolidge, who once handled the police of the city with a dexterity equalled only by his subsequent management of the policies of the country? And as for President Lowell of the University—"

"Didn't his sister smoke the cigars for the family?" interrupted Gargantua, yawning two restaurants and a bookstore as he came up from the bay.

"Be careful what you eat around here," Grandgousier warned him. "You're thinking of another Lowell, who once spoke for freedom."

A New Term  
"Freedom?" Gargantua stepped gingerly past a bank. "I don't believe I've heard the term before."

"You're too recent an arrival, my friend," Grandgousier looked around lest he be overheard. "Don't betray your ignorance. They call foreigners 'aliens' here, and have strange manner of welcome, interpreting the words of their Lord Jesus in the manner of the Freudian censor—as really intending the opposite. They have a very friendly feeling toward the censor."

Gargantua broke off the top four stories of a skyscraper and tapped his mentor playfully on the head.

"Hurry me not with your phrases, which make me think there is much meaning where there is so much stir to bring it forth. What were you saying of freedom?"

"It's a magic word in this country, meaning much to the natives, and shouted at frequent intervals so that its sound may hide its lack." Grandgousier stepped over three blocks to avoid a policeman, and saw five more in his path.

How Demos Rules  
"What are those creatures stuck in your pocket?" asked Gargantua after the accident was forgotten.

Grandgousier held one up. Gargantua spat.

"That's what is called a private detective. There are lots of them around these days, and I picked a few up for safekeeping. We're not known here, you see, and that's a sad fault; because whenever the King grows afraid, or his mistress thinks she's losing her hold, pop! attention is diverted to great danger from abroad."

Gargantua picked his teeth with a flagpole. He coughed a little over the cloth at its top, belched it out again, and protested:

"But you told me this country had no king!"

"The voice of the people is sovereign here, indeed—loud lest it hear its own

tremor. Did not Aesop once tell a tale of the ruler of the frogs? But King Demos is unique in history, in that he is ashamed to take active control of his own cities and States, for his bawdy, the Politician, has teased him to believe (and provided example) that government is beneath the gentleman, and on the other hand that a dropped ballot ensures an honest administration. And to keep the king properly mindful of his great fortune in having been born to rule so wonderful a land, his mistress every so often (with the help of Capital, her paramour) stages a little show for his improvement. These creatures—"

Some Bombs Drop  
Grandgousier lifted three of the detectives from his pocket, holding them by the heels. Four revolvers tumbled from them, three bombs, seven false affidavits, twelve signed search warrants to be filled in at need, an address book of witnesses to hire, and sundry other tools of their profession. He tucked two under an arm and held the other out to Gargantua.

"Look at him; even his teeth are false! These creatures help to stage the entertainment. I thought it wiser to have them on me than on my trail." Gargantua yawned. "Is there fun watching the game they stage for their King?"

"You remember that curious race which financed the first expedition to this country and still has the habit of leading a bull to sea red? The game consists in persuading the King that he's a bull, and finding a rag to wave. The King's mistress and her lover cry that the rag is red. The King seems curiously color blind, but sometimes he grows suspicious, and they have to make the color real."

"And then?"  
"They dip the rag in blood."

Talking, they passed the Charlestown death house. The detectives under Grandgousier's arm swelled with legitimate pride. His arm tightened. Gargantua vomited upon the jail.

"How do they get this blood?"  
Grandgousier, reminded of the two detectives, lifted them from under his arm, and let them fall gently into the Cambridge sewage-disposal plant. Gargantua paid the penance of his meal before his mentor spoke.

Due Process of Law  
"They take twelve men whose eyes are bloodshot with Americanism—that's a manner of thought that swells the chest at the expense of the brain; then a prosecutor trained for the purpose brings in men and women he calls witnesses. Every time he asks a question, he puffs a pinch of pepper at the witness, whose eyes water, and whose head nods with the sneeze, and the jury takes note of the affirmative

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nod, and fills with wrath at the crime of the prisoner that makes the witness cry. Then the judge pronounces sentence.

"Simple, compound, or complex?" asked Gargantua, winking in time to remember his grammar. "Very simple," his comrade pursued. "Blood. Sometimes the lawyer of the accused does not play the game, is enough of a nuisance, a very traitor, to delay the course of the law by protesting that the judge is prejudiced. So they give him a fair deal by letting him bring that charge to court, and—let us say—Judge Thayer assures the defendant that Judge Thayer is not at all prejudiced, is perfectly able to decide whether or not he is prejudiced, and is able to assure them that Judge Thayer has given them a perfect sample of U. S. justice."

Gargantua expressed his appreciation in a gust of rearward wind. Thirteen trees were blown down, and the papers reported that four innocent bystanders were injured.

"And then?"  
"If the pernicious defendant still demurs, they pick out three respectable patriarchy, fathers of the country, such men as hold in their hands its destiny and fate. These men gently pat the chosen victim on the head, tell them it is all for the best, that the interests of the country, the preservation of the good name of the courts, demand they pretend they are guilty. 'Be good little children for the sake of our glorious flag and sacred institution!' By this time the King is howling for his blood!"

"What happens when the King gets all the blood he wants?"  
"The appetite increases with the feeding. But you remember that other tale, of the frog who wanted to be a bull. Fear and pride are the secret of his passion—the cause of his blindness and greed—the sign of his fall."

"Who will rule after him?"  
"King Demos." Gargantua lay contentedly back in the electric chair while Grandgousier faithfully turned on the current. The world was made safe for democracy.

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What stands out in this study is the conflict of class interests and the programs and attitudes of leaders and organizations in relation to the conflict. The author is never at a loss to interpret the character of the struggle and its issues in terms of these economic interests. Where the superficial writer would see the commanding influence of some prominent figure in the struggle, the author digs into the economic soil for an explanation of events. This is especially true of her treatment of the Tory "Democracy" of

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## A World Policy For Socialism

By Dr. Otto Bauer

THE leaders of the Soviet Republic talk as though they believed that war is imminent and that England is shortly about to open military operations against the Soviet Republic. Things are not, however, quite so bad as that. The capitalist world has not yet recovered from the economic disturbances caused by the world war and still trembles in every limb at the thought of the spirit of revolution which the war unleashed. It has too many anxieties and preoccupations to venture for the present to conjure up a new war. In no part of the world is England in a position effectively to attack the Soviet Union and no other state is prepared to face the Red Army as England's mercenary. In Europe only Poland and Rumania could open an attack on Russia. Poland, however, has already annexed more of White and Red Russia than she can digest and could gain nothing from a war, but would indeed be much more likely, with her peasants smarting under a sense of betrayal in regard to the agrarian reform, with her national minority in a state of revolt and with a hostile Germany at her back, to lose everything.

It is only necessary to recall how the English government during the war was obliged to curry favor with English workers, in order to understand that, if the English government thought that war was now imminent, it would not daily subject the workers to fresh provocations as they are doing at present. Moreover, it is only necessary to remember how Poland behaved after the assassination of Volfov to be certain that Poland has no desire to enter on the perilous adventure of war against the Soviets on England's behalf. All this is, of course, well known in Moscow government circles. If they, nevertheless, behave as though there were imminent danger of war, they are obviously doing so in order to rally all forces against the opposition in their own camp and against the White Terror of the Counter Revolutionaries, in the threatened revolution.

A Serious Situation  
Even, however, if we do not believe that a military attack on the Soviet Union is immediately imminent, the situation is nevertheless sufficiently serious. British imperialism is undoubtedly endeavoring to encircle the Soviets both politically and economically. The history of the events which led up to the world war shows us that such a policy is bound to lead to tension of a most dangerous kind and may, if not in the space of a few months, at any rate in the subsequent course of events, make the whole conflict of interests so acute, that in the end war will become unavoidable. The task of International Socialism is a

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What stands out in this study is the conflict of class interests and the programs and attitudes of leaders and organizations in relation to the conflict. The author is never at a loss to interpret the character of the struggle and its issues in terms of these economic interests. Where the superficial writer would see the commanding influence of some prominent figure in the struggle, the author digs into the economic soil for an explanation of events. This is especially true of her treatment of the Tory "Democracy" of

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## Defence of Russia Against Imperialism Urged

situation of such danger has been defined in a correct and clear-sighted manner by the Versailles Congress of the Labor and Socialist International. To fight with the whole force of the proletariat against any political encirclement or economic boycott of the Soviet Republic and against hostility towards the Soviet Union, to convince the ruling classes of all countries of the working classes' determination to oppose war with the Soviet Republic, if necessary by revolutionary means—such must now be the supreme guiding principle of proletarian world policy.

It would be foolish not to recognize that the existing conflict between European Socialism and Russian Bolshevism makes this task more difficult. The recent encounter between the English and Russian trade union movements has supplied evidence of this. The English trade unionists pointed

out to the Russians that the executions which are taking place daily in Russia provide the English imperialists with a most welcome pretext for rousing opinion against Russia. It will be remembered that the English imperialists showed in the World War how well they understood this.

Every atrocity or brutality committed by German militarism in Belgium was used by England as an effective means for that propaganda against the German "Huns" which not only aroused war-like passion in England itself to fever heat, and so made possible the introduction of compulsory military service and the militarization of the whole industry of the nation, but also outside England made it easier for English imperialism to bring one new state after another into the "crusade" against the German barbarians. It is therefore easy to understand why the English trade unions issue a

friendly warning: "Do not provide the Tories with any excuse for atrocity propaganda." No one will contest the right of the Soviet Union to lock up spies and conspirators, but it is necessary to do what is done by no other government in Europe, namely, to shoot them? In times of acute civil war, executions may be unavoidable as a means of revolutionary self defense. At present, however, there is no civil war in Russia and the Soviet regime is far too firmly established to need defending by a bloody terror, which does it far more harm abroad than can be compensated by the intimidation of opponents at home.

The Bolshevik Reply  
All this was pointed out to the Soviet Government by the representatives of the English workers. The Bolshevik reply took the form of indignation and insults. Because the English trade unionists differ from them in regard to the terror, the Bolsheviks, without further ado, call them traitors and scabs. This shows how difficult the collaboration which the world situation calls for is rendered by the whole mentality and outlook of the Communists.

There are always a number of well-intentioned but unsophisticated people who think that such differences of outlook can be overcome in a moment simply by good will. So long as the Bolsheviks imagine that matters are going so to evolve that they will be able to disintegrate European Socialism and rally the European working masses around their own banner, all conferences and committees on unity are nothing but maneuvers directed solely toward the "unmasking" of Socialism and its decomposition by means of the formation of "cells." An understanding will only become possible when the Bolsheviks perceive that they are not going to destroy European Socialism and step into its place. Not till then will they be prepared to come to an understanding with it. Such a time is bound to arrive. The whole course of events in Russia itself, in Europe, and now also in Asia, daily shows up the falsity of the Bolshevik view of history more plainly.

Under the pressure of such experience, Bolshevism will gradually be obliged to modify its conception of the future course of events. But such a change of heart requires years. Until it takes place hopes of reunion are doomed to remain unrealized and any premature attempts to effect what is still impossible will only lead to further conflicts and to fresh bitterness, and therefore will only do harm instead of good. This is sufficiently proved by the story of the Anglo-Russian "Unity" Committee.

To Aid Reunion  
Even, however, if it is not at present possible to effect the reunion of the forces of the proletariat, it is nevertheless possible to make preparations for it. The most important means to this end consists in fulfilling the duty which the world situation itself imposes upon us, namely, to take our stand definitely side by side with the Soviet Union against imperialism. We cannot and ought not to conceal the differences which separate us from Bolshevism or refrain from exercising our critical judgment in regard to Bolshevism and its development. We must, however, notwithstanding all such differences, direct the whole strength of International Socialism toward the protection of the Soviet Republic against all its capitalist foes and against any imperialist policy of encirclement. We shall thus not merely be serving the cause of peace, which is endangered by such a policy, or of the struggle against international reaction which alone stands to gain by any violent overthrow of the Soviets; we shall also, be helping on the cause of the reunion of the proletariat throughout the world.

Thus through years of interesting British working class history a majority of urban workers eventually came "within the pale of the Constitution." Of course, it is an experience that the workers of the modern countries generally have had; but it is sad to reflect that American workers are still in this stage of political babyhood. Worse still, at home there are those who even assert that "we lead the world." As a matter of fact, we have not yet learned how to lead ourselves, to say nothing of leading the world.

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# A PAGE OF EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

## "Surely, We Are The People"

THERE was something about that fish peddler and that shoe-worker that set fires afloat in the souls of men. If there is anything to be salvaged from the ruins of the tragedy in the Charles-town death house, it is the fact that here and there throughout the nation men and women stood up and were counted on the side of the "terrible meek," the mute and obscure fish peddlers and shoe-workers of the world who, some day, we are told, shall inherit the earth.

The valiant members of the Boston Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Feliciano, Mary Donovan, Gardner Jackson, Tom O'Connor, Art Shields, Isaac Don Levine and the others who fought a losing cause with such persistent gallantry; Alfred Baker Lewis, calm and collected while all about him flustered police and plain clothesmen raved and wrangled; the picketers with Powers Haggood at their head, marching into the sacred precincts of the Commons, time and again; school teachers and novelists and poets forsaking the quiet ways of intellectual life to be hustled about by Superintendent Crowley's uniformed thugs because they dared protest (absurdly, ineffectually, almost pathetically if you like)—all these give us heart to go on, remind us that every vestige of manhood has not left us with the passing of Sacco and Vanzetti.

To my mind one of the bravest protests of all was made at the "Death Watch" services of the Community Church in New York on Monday night last when Robert Morris Lovett, an outstanding figure in the educational world, very quietly and yet with white anger tearing at his soul, told the truth about A. Lawrence Lowell, Harvard president and executioner ex-officio of the two Italians.

It would not have meant much if anyone else in that audience had denounced Lowell as "liar," "coward" and "murderer." Coming from a man in Dean Lovett's position it was a terrible indictment, one that took the highest form of courage to launch and one that must have made even the apparently imperturbable head of Harvard wince a bit.

When all has been said about the Thayers and Fullers and Lowells, it seems to me that we have overlooked one important party to this Massachusetts murder. I mean the New England Nordic. God knows I have seen a lot of him. In other days when I was engaged in that fantastic profession known as advertising it was my sorry lot to have to go up into New England three or four times a year carrying the copy for the fancy lying for which these small manufacturers bought white space in newspapers and magazines. The portrait of the New England Nordic is not a thing of beauty. It shows a smallish man of around fifty, with a straight, grey scar for a mouth, usually hidden under a close-cropped mustache. Fishy, colorless eyes blink at you suspiciously from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. The chin is engaged in a lifelong struggle with the stiff white collar which threatens to engulf it. Plucked chicken hairs straggle from a protruding Adam's apple. From this bizarre presence conversation emerges straight through the nose, with adonoidal complications. The combination of persistent indigestion, brought on by a sedentary life and plain low-down overness of disposition, gives the horrid ensemble a greenish, yellowish aspect as depressing as a rainy day on Beacon street.

Throughout all New England from Connecticut to Maine, you find this type repeating itself wherever things are manufactured or profits are to be made. Hold your noses, boys and girls, while we look into the mental, moral and spiritual set-up of these latter-day exponents of Anglo-Saxon, New England supremacy.

In the first place they seriously believe, these shoe-string capitalists of New England, that a Divine Providence has somehow thrust into their skinny, clammy hands the lances that will defend the purity of their hideous homes from the invasion of the Infidels, the Irish and Italian workers whom they sweat in their mills and factories and workshops. Their God is a Congregationalist with Mayflower antecedents whose middle name is Thrift. Thrift, of course, is the word that they have gotten up as an alibi for plain, downright stinginess. One of these manufacturers on a party makes Harry Lauder look like a drunken sailor.

For this breed New York is a sink-hole of iniquity whose inhabitants sit around stewed to the eyes, reading lead books and plotting against the Republic. Such at any rate is their public attitude. Privately they sneak off and take the night boat ("I have an important conference," my dear, with a group of New York manufacturers"), and it is the huge overhauls of this gang that fill up the lobbies of all the night clubs, speakeasies and call-houses in town.

It was out of such a cross-section of the American middle-class that Calvin Coolidge clambered, with the aiding hand of death, to the heights of the Presidency and for years this crowd has been basking in the glory that is reflected on them from Washington. "Surely, they were the people." Did not the American scene take all its color from New England? Were not their own Papa Stearns, their beloved William Butler sitting in Cal's lap in the White House? To be sure, textiles were not doing so well; to be sure, year by year it was becoming evident that the South and the Middle West had taken away any manufacturing superiority that New England might have had and that the whole region was destined to be one large boarding house with the depressing smell of fried fishballs wafting down the halls. What of it? Let us eat pie for breakfast, drink Whiskey and be as merry as a Puritan conscience will permit, even though tomorrow we die.

Do you wonder that when they heard there were among them men like Sacco and Vanzetti talking to the workers of the coming of a new day, a new order of society, the veins on their sparse necks bulged and their pale eyes gleamed and they bayed for blood at every meeting of Rotary, every gathering of the Chambers of Commerce. Judge Thayer's "those anarchist bastards" was but the echo of far stronger language used by his business cronies in all the clubs and meeting rooms of New England.

So while it was capitalism that killed Sacco and Vanzetti, it was not the capitalism of the sort that most of us have been accustomed to fighting. I doubt if bankers with international experience, Morgan and his crowd for instance, would have been so insistent upon murder. They could understand the implications of the dark deed at Charlestown. It was a particularly offensive and shoddy capitalism, a ladies' and misses' also capitalism that gave Fuller and Lowell the excuse for turning on the switch.

They sit in their gim-crackery homes today licking their lips over what they think is their triumph. Now they have taught those anarchist, socialist, communist "bastards," who have the nerve to come over here with their talk of treason and sedition, a lasting lesson. Did they not kill those two wops, although all the world cried out against the act? Was not Fuller subservient to their wishes to the end? Had not Lowell splendidly upheld the essential New England tradition?

And yet through all their gloating runs a thin, shrill note of fear. Is it possible that everywhere in the outwardly arrogant New England business world

## Scanning The New Books

### Miss Mayo Chants a Kipling Hymn

By Bert MacDonald

AFTER making a careful survey of the more impressive portions of India and bringing to it that maturity of mind which is the possession of every American lady traveling alone, Katherine Mayo in her latest work, "Mother India," (Harcourt, Brace, N. Y.), has decided that the only solution for all the woes she discovered is to slay, out of hand, every male in the country. It is the vicious lust of the men and the ignorance of the women, she believes, which are the root of all the evils. Obviously, since Great Britain has tried so long to turn them from their heathen ways, the only thing to do is to kill all the gents, and at once.

In the same voice that she pleads for sudden death for the men she chants a paean of praise for British imperialism, the same lyric voice which sang for General Wood's cavalry cabinet in her previous volume, "Isles of Fear." She is no mean singer, Miss Mayo, for first she arrays India in all the cruelty of her caste system, child marriages and diseases, creating a poisonous impression of the people in the mind of the reader, and from this springboard leaps to the comforting conclusion that only the steady hand of His Majesty, guided by Galloper Smith, has kept the Indian men from devouring the land with their lusts.

This attack against the independence movement must, however, fall like all such attacks, for the will to independence is like a faith in God or a taste for good wine. It cannot be argued. Either one has it or one hasn't. All the screams for freedom by the Indians and the shouts of denial by the British, with their attendant statistics and precedents are part of the show and mean very little. Freedom cannot be won by logic. When India's time comes, when the mass emotion is overwhelmingly and stridently for independence, when Britain feels the Indian hand at her throat, then will come the breaking of bonds.

**The Caste System**  
There seems to be little doubt that India one day will leave the British Empire. It is not reasonable to believe that she would remain under a dominion status for the cast of her mind is too far from that of the British. It is after this inevitable break that the real job of the Indian intel-

ligence, now directed mainly to independence, will be found. The struggle now is between two nations. Then it will be between man and man within the nation, looking to a day of greater equality.

The caste system is, after all, nothing but a most efficient method for those who have to keep it and to keep those who have not from getting it. Crystallized into the Hindu religion, it probably is the most effective whip a ruling class ever had over a nation. Whether the caste system ever will be smashed is something for the future. Certainly religion is a potent and apparently permanent affair. More good men have shattered their lives battling its stubborn web than against any other problem.

Among the minor chords struck by Miss Mayo are those of the graft and corruption of the Indian office holder. She cites his everlasting attempts to create more jobs and his attempts to squeeze relatives into them. No doubt this is so, but we who are accustomed to such as Albert B. Fall, Tammany, and "Big Bill" Thompson, certainly should not condemn our little brothers in the East for aping our blessed civilization.

No, Miss Mayo goes all askew when she attempts to weigh political India. Physical India, there is no denying it, is not only from Miss Mayo's observations, but also from those of thousands of trained scientists, a pretty pestilential place. But when Miss Mayo steps off into political India, she stumbles right along the road prepared by Kipling—that here is a white man's burden and we should assume it, for a compensation, of course.

**Essays by London**  
TOWARD the last of his short life Jack London wrote that he did not believe all his efforts in the cause of Socialism had set the movement ahead by "five minutes." He probably under-estimated, and for the good reason that influential writers are most influential after their time. The first book that Schopenhauer—one of London's favorite philosophers—wrote was sold for waste paper during his lifetime. With London today the power of his works is beginning to be felt. There is a novelist in New York today, also a literary editor there, and an editor of a magazine, and several well-known newspaper men who con-

cess to having been started on the intellectual path by reading London's "Martin Eden"—several years after the writer had followed the example of the book's central character.

Not all of those who have been influenced by London become Socialists. Half, perhaps, take up the Nietzschean ideal, but all oppose every effort to block human rights, and so the net result is anything but reactionary.

London, as two of the essays in this book ("London's Essays of Revolt.")

By Jack London. Edited and Introduction by Leonard D. Abbott. Vanguard Press, N. Y.: 50 cents) show, never put any moral price on Socialism. The matter of citizen and capitalist, of employer and employee, was as he saw it, a matter of dog-eat-dog. One or the other had to be on top because it was, he thought, in the nature of men to dominate. It was, then, merely a matter of who should dominate. London, ever a lover of intellect and ideas, might have joined hands with the upper classes, save for the

fact that he found no ideas of real intellectual content there. He found rather, he says, ideas of social and financial protective coloration. With the masses he saw receptivity to ideas, most of the ideas being wrong, but there was still the receptivity. London had come up from the masses, he became a social lion—and went back to the people.

**Carpenter's Classic**  
"LOVE'S COMING OF AGE" is not a new book, but its ideas are still considered advanced. For over twenty-five years the book has held its own in the front rank of all literature dealing with the relationship between men and women. It is translated into many languages and is regarded as a classic because of its unique fusion of poetical languages and scientific mind.

The story that Carpenter has to tell

(Continued on page 7)

UPTON SINCLAIR

Subject of New Biography by Floyd Dell, Published by Doran, New York



UPTON SINCLAIR

Subject of New Biography by Floyd Dell, Published by Doran, New York

## Labor and The Irish Elections

By Tom Johnson

TRADE Union organization with us in Ireland in the past three or four years has badly slumped, not only as the effect of the great war and the trade depression, but also as a result of our internal warfare, first against the Black and Tans and, after the Treaty, our civil war.

With a view to the recent general election the Labor Party during the past twelve months undertook the task of organizing local Labor Parties somewhat on the British Labor Party model. Lack of funds alone prevented the work being done thoroughly in the greater part of the country, but a good deal was accomplished in this direction. We should, therefore, have been in a fair position to face the election had we been possessed of anything like an adequate election fund or a sufficient number of organizers. In respect to organization (though not as to funds) we were perhaps better off than the Cumann na nGaedheal, known as the Government Party, but not nearly so well off as Mr. De Valera's party (Fianna Fail). Mr. De Valera is also reputed to have collected 20,000 pounds or 30,000 pounds in the United States to finance the election, and certainly there was lavish expenditure during the campaign.

The government was unpopular for many reasons, but mainly because of its want of sympathy with or understanding of the people who had suffered long and acutely from unemployment and poverty. Our own chief criticism of the Government rests on the fact that in their social policy they are conserving the system of capitalism which they inherited, but are revoking the ameliorative laws which under the British regime had been passed to save the sores which capitalism had inflicted upon the people. For instance, they reduced the old age pension by one shilling per week and set up a rigid reassessment of the value of the "means" and "perquisites" of the aged pensioners. They reduced teachers' salaries by 10 per cent. They instructed local authorities to reduce wages of road workers, and set an extremely low standard for men engaged in roadmaking as a condition for grants from the Road Fund. They

there is that dark, lingering "consciousness of guilt" which they tried so desperately to transfer to the two Lowell men they burned to death over there in Charlestown?

McAlister Coleman.

### Realignment of Parties In The Free State

fixed a wage on the Shannon electricity scheme of 32 shillings a week, and sought to justify it by saying that it complied with the Fair Wage Clause, inasmuch as the West of Ireland peasant (about the poorest peasant in Europe) was not as well off as the Shannon scheme laborer earning 32 shillings. And they inspired local authorities to a harsh administration of the Poor Law.

**Republicans Divided**  
On the other hand, they created enmity amongst the other classes by rigorous collection of Income Tax arrears, land annuities and so forth. They introduced legislation of a valuable kind dealing with agricultural produce which hurt a few vested interests. And by their scheme of centralization of the electricity industry under an independent board, working not for profit beyond interest on capital, frightened numerous profit-seeking business men.

The Republicans were a divided camp. Mr. De Valera had split off from the original Sinn Fein, now led by Miss McSwiney. The reasons for the split are to me somewhat obscure. Ostensibly Mr. De Valera and his supporters would, in certain circumstances (e.g. the removal of the oath of allegiance), enter the Dail, whilst Miss McSwiney refuses to budge from the rock of the existing republic. Mr. De Valera appears to have acknowledged that the rock no longer exists. For my part, however, I do not see that De Valera has changed his ground very much—though his followers think he has.

The Republican strength at the dissolution was 46, about half of them followers of Mr. De Valera (Fianna Fail) and half of Miss McSwiney (Sinn Fein). The result of the election left Fianna Fail with 46 and Sinn Fein with five, a total of 51, an increase of five in the Republican Abstentionist total. De Valera sought to make as the issue of the election the question of the oath. He nominated about 90 candidates and insisted that they would, if elected, go into the Dail, and, if he got a majority, they would form a government and refuse to take the oath. But the propaganda of his party was mainly directed to social and economic evils (as ours was), and my belief is that a great proportion of his support was obtained from those who believed that his party would somehow find a

position, therefore, will normally consist of about 34 members and Government of about 67. On minor questions, however, the Opposition will occasionally find themselves as strong in numbers as the Government, and I anticipate that there will be frequent incidents arising out of fretfulness on the part of Ministers at not being able to ride roughshod over the Opposition, as in the past.

The British Labor Movement appears to oppose proportional representation, and some unaccountable reductions have been made from the elections here as showing the evils of P. R. I cannot follow the reasoning. The Labor Party obtained representation fairly proportionate to its poll. If there had not been P. R. I am sure that the anti-Government feeling would have found expression in a vote for Fianna Fail, the party with the money and publicity, though most of those voters would be in intense disagreement with that party's policy of abstention. The election in such a case under the non-transferable vote, single member constituency system, would give a result apparently showing a considerable majority for abstention and denunciation of the Treaty, though in fact it would have been merely a vote against the existing administration.

Republicans polled 29.3 per cent. of total poll in 1927, against 27.6 per cent. of total poll in 1923; increase, 1.6 per cent.

Labour polled 13.8 per cent. of total poll in 1927, against 11.4 per cent. of total poll in 1923; increase, 2.4 per cent.

Cumann na nGaedheal or Government Party polled 30 per cent. in 1927, against 38.6 per cent. in 1923; decrease, 8.6 per cent.

Farmers' Party polled 10 per cent. of total poll in 1927, against 12.9 per cent. of total poll in 1923; decrease, 2.9 per cent.

When the results are strictly examined, we of the Labor Party have not much cause for rejoicing or to crow about, as you will see. Last time we got less than our due proportion in members returned; this time we got more than our share, if we judge our support from first preferences only. But this time we obtained a larger share of second and later preferences from supporters of other parties, hence our disproportionate successes. If I may say so, the prestige won by the party in the last Dail is probably the explanation of this. Voters still give their first choice to their own party or favorite candidates, but give an early preference to Labor because of its good work done.

And this reminds me of a saying by the German philosopher, Hegel, to the effect that the only lesson of history is that people learn nothing from it. For the atrocity tale has served in every war since the dawn of history and there never has been a time yet when an outrage on a few was not welcomed as an excuse to outrage all humanity.

Happy Call! Now that he has definitely decided not to choose to run for a third term, he can fish with worms instead of flies, sit on a rocking chair instead of on a horse, wear duck pants instead of chaps. And next vacation, he can go wherever he chooses instead of being forced to go to Virginia to dance Virginia reels or to the Black bottoms of Alabama to black bottom or to Charleston to Charleston, or to Alaska to Alas. And if he chooses to spend his vacation at the old homestead he can pitch hay, milk the cow or collect maple sap without being pestered by scene painters, make-up men and movie directors. In short the President is on the way to become a real American freeman.

I see some of the farm leaders are greatly elated because Coolidge declined to run again. Well, I don't see why they should be. If the President had accepted another nomination, they could have voted against him on the ground that he had turned down their farm relief schemes and elect a man who was sure to do the same. And there is a lot of satisfaction in beating something with something exactly like it.

What the farmers want is admittance to the brotherhood of tariff barons without paying initiation and dues. And as the tariff baron only wants high prices for the goods they sell to the farmer and low prices for the things they buy from the farmer, there is no reason to doubt that the farmers will be taken in. They always are.

Listening to all those heart piercing wails emanating from the sundry farm belts, I wonder why the farmers wouldn't start another non-partisan league movement? Is it because that since they returned to the republican fold and helped to pile up such a whopping vote for Coolidge and prosperity they haven't got the sixteen dollars left?

By the way, I hear that Townley, the farmer boss of the non-partisan league, has gone in for farm relief by direct action. He's selling oil stock. Well I don't blame him. Townley came nearer to organizing the farmers of the northwest than any man before or since. Moreover, his program, based largely on collective measures to raise agriculture to the class of "infant industries." Besides, it isn't Townley's fault that the farmers simply won't stick to anything, including farming. Let the price of farm products hit bottom and there are rumors of riots and risings of the farmers. But just let the price of wheat or corn go up two bits and the revolt fades away like election promises after the votes are counted. So let Townley sell his oil stock, which, after all, has some value for we know that there is such a thing as oil and that is more than can be said about investments in futures.

I see that my old friend John D. Rockefeller visited

(Continued on page 7)

## Dog Day Thoughts

THE ruling classes of the past were human beasts of prey, hence their predilection for such beasts of prey as lions, bears and eagles in the choosing of national emblems. When the Bolsheviks came into power, they selected the sickle and hammer as emblems to signify that the former beast of burden was now boss of the beast of prey. Now comes Ireland and chooses a combination of hare, hen and pig as a design for its new coinage to signify the food producing power of the country.

You can't make the hare roar, the hen scream nor the pig thunder and so we may look upon the new emblem of Ireland as a sign of peace and tranquillity. Besides, if new Ireland has the nationalistic hankering for war-like expression, it has a historic design superior to those of other Christian nations right under its nose—two Kilkenny cats hanging over a clothes line.

Go on, Ireland, and show this silly world that there is more food in eggs, bacon and hasenpfeffer than in all the circus menageries of the old predatory orders.

Massachusetts, in trying to root out anarchism by killing two obscure Italians, working men, succeeded admirably in making two million anarchists.

I see Mussolini has written to the father of Sacco that he has done all in his power to save the life of his son. The next thing will be a petition from the head hunters of Borneo protesting against the refined cruelty with which certain kinds of prisoners are treated in the U. S. A. Soon our reputation as a humane and liberty-loving nation will become so great that marines will have to accompany the American flag wherever it goes to protect it against our admirers. The American consulates abroad are already honored with special guards.

An editorial writer in one of our great family papers, assures his gentle readers that in spite of all protest, the state of Massachusetts will collect its pound of flesh from Sacco and Vanzetti. Well, I always knew there was something cannibalistic about folks who look upon Justice as the goddess of getting even.

Up to fifteen minutes before the execution, with heads shaved and all dressed for the occasion, Sacco and Vanzetti had not confessed yet. Neither had they asked for "spiritual consolation" or proclaimed that they were saved.

These men guilty of payroll murder? Why, I wouldn't believe it now if they confessed it themselves. Anyhow, here's hoping that the man who cut his dog's tail off an inch at a time to spare him suffering, didn't take seven years to do it.

The great mistake Sacco and Vanzetti made was not to be born as the sons of millionaires and then let Clarence Darrow confess for them.

The trouble with mankind is that it lacks vision. It can never see the forest on account of the trees, which explains why millions protest against the killing of two men, of whose guilt they are in doubt, while only a few protested against the killing of millions of whose innocence there was no doubt at all.

This also may shed some light on the queer phenomenon that folks can visualize the atrocity of war, only by reducing it to an annihilated holy land or a cut off breast.

And this reminds me of a saying by the German philosopher, Hegel, to the effect that the only lesson of history is that people learn nothing from it. For the atrocity tale has served in every war since the dawn of history and there never has been a time yet when an outrage on a few was not welcomed as an excuse to outrage all humanity.

Happy Call! Now that he has definitely decided not to choose to run for a third term, he can fish with worms instead of flies, sit on a rocking chair instead of on a horse, wear duck pants instead of chaps. And next vacation, he can go wherever he chooses instead of being forced to go to Virginia to dance Virginia reels or to the Black bottoms of Alabama to black bottom or to Charleston to Charleston, or to Alaska to Alas. And if he chooses to spend his vacation at the old homestead he can pitch hay, milk the cow or collect maple sap without being pestered by scene painters, make-up men and movie directors. In short the President is on the way to become a real American freeman.

I see some of the farm leaders are greatly elated because Coolidge declined to run again. Well, I don't see why they should be. If the President had accepted another nomination, they could have voted against him on the ground that he had turned down their farm relief schemes and elect a man who was sure to do the same. And there is a lot of satisfaction in beating something with something exactly like it.

What the farmers want is admittance to the brotherhood of tariff barons without paying initiation and dues. And as the tariff baron only wants high prices for the goods they sell to the farmer and low prices for the things they buy from the farmer, there is no reason to doubt that the farmers will be taken in. They always are.

Listening to all those heart piercing wails emanating from the sundry farm belts, I wonder why the farmers wouldn't start another non-partisan league movement? Is it because that since they returned to the republican fold and helped to pile up such a whopping vote for Coolidge and prosperity they haven't got the sixteen dollars left?

By the way, I hear that Townley, the farmer boss of the non-partisan league, has gone in for farm relief by direct action. He's selling oil stock. Well I don't blame him. Townley came nearer to organizing the farmers of the northwest than any man before or since. Moreover, his program, based largely on collective measures to raise agriculture to the class of "infant industries." Besides, it isn't Townley's fault that the farmers simply won't stick to anything, including farming. Let the price of farm products hit bottom and there are rumors of riots and risings of the farmers. But just let the price of wheat or corn go up two bits and the revolt fades away like election promises after the votes are counted. So let Townley sell his oil stock, which, after all, has some value for we know that there is such a thing as oil and that is more than can be said about investments in futures.

I see that my old friend John D. Rockefeller visited

(Continued on page 7)



# The American Farmer on the Road to Peasantry

By Carl Taylor

There are few agricultural communities in the United States that are not justified in questioning this so-called period of prosperity. Seldom, if ever, in our national history have agricultural prices continued out of line so long as they have since 1920 and 1921. The bases of discontent among the farmers is real. To expect them to go home and stop the hogs or raise more cotton and less hell does not meet the issue. They are accumulating debts, suffering mortgage foreclosures, unable to pay their taxes in some sections, and practically everywhere fighting against a recession in their standards of living. Furthermore, it is my conviction that what is happening is an end product of a slow accumulation of economic policies and trends that constitutes the present era in agriculture something of an historic crisis.

The present agricultural situation is a result of two chief sets of facts. One fact is the temporary depression resulting from war readjustments. The other is the fact that our national economic history from the day of Alexander Hamilton's famous "Report on Manufactures" to the present has been so gauged and guided as to handicap the agricultural enterprise.

The present depression will pass. It is only typical of such maladjustments elsewhere and at other times. The same thing happened following the Civil War, repeated itself somewhat in the eighties, again in the nineties, and temporarily in the first decade of the present century. English agriculture suffered a collapse following the World War, as had been the case in that country following other wars.

It is only where the present crisis is an index to more abiding trends and where it stamps deeper the imprint of permanent mal-adjustments, that we need have serious concern for our agricultural enterprise and indeed for our whole rural civilization.

Agriculture up to the very recent past has, in the eyes of the world, been our great national enterprise. It accounts for the uniqueness of our civilization. Its pioneer environment and abundant and widespread opportunities have created the American more than all other forces combined. Its dominance in our national life is passing. The manner in which it passes will dictate whether we are to continue to build a unique civilization or to follow the foot path of every old civilization on the face of the earth into something approaching a rural peasantry.

## A BRIEF PICTURE OF THE PRESENT AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION

A brief sketch of the present economic position of the American farmer will serve to show that agriculture is a sore spot in our prosperity and should serve also to furnish an adequate explanation of farmer discontent.

The economic returns from farming are low, calculated on the basis of the 1909 to 1914 index. The price the farmer receives for his commodities is only 83 per cent of what others receive for theirs. In other words, it takes about five units of farm goods now to pay for what four units paid for in 1914. Or to turn the proposition

## The Dean of the North Carolina Agricultural College Traces the Causes of the Farmers' Plight

around, others can buy his goods now for about four-fifths of what they could in 1913. It is true that farm costs dropped after 1920, but it is true also that farm prices dropped almost twice as far.

The American farmer is getting deeper and deeper in debt. Farm mortgage indebtedness has increased about 150 per cent in the last fifteen years and is now equal to about forty per cent of the value of the mortgaged property. Most of the mortgages are held by city enterprises and thus farm equity is slowly slipping into the hands of others than farmers. The percentage of total national wealth represented in the agricultural plant has fallen from around 30 per cent to less than 20 per cent in the last 30 years, and agriculture receives only 10.3 per cent of the total "current income" of the people of the United States. In 1913 it was receiving 23.9 per cent. Farm bankruptcies increased from 15.5 per 100,000 in 1919-1920 to 123 per 100,000 in 1924-1925. The capital standing of those who farm is growing more precarious each year. Farm properties lost about 18 per cent of their exchange values between 1913 and 1925.

During the period from 1914 to 1925 the gross farm income increased only about 100 per cent, while farm property taxes increased 236 per cent. Due to the fall in equity value in farm lands it took over 30 per cent of the net cash income of farms in 1925 to pay interest charges after other expenses were paid.

In the face of these facts it is not surprising to learn that rural standards of living are lagging and shrinking, rural population is being depleted and agricultural discontent is widespread.

## ECONOMIC POLICY IN RELATION TO AGRICULTURE

I take it that all of you are aware that our tariff program was not inaugurated and is not now maintained as a stimulus to agriculture. It not only fails to increase the prices of our great agricultural commodities but very distinctly increases many farm costs and serves to create artificial relationships between the general status of agriculture and industry. It began with the fight between Hamilton and Jefferson, the former representing the manufacturing interests and the latter representing the farming interests. It got deeply entrenched because of the close organization of industry, the loose organization of agriculture and because at one period in our national history the farmers were deeply interested in stimulating domestic manufacturing in order to create markets for farm products.

Hamilton's report on manufactures in 1791 was not followed immediately by drastic protective legislation, due to the favorable market for American goods in Europe during the Napoleon war. During this period agriculture was prosperous. During this period also manufacturing developed with leaps and bounds. When these Euro-

pean wars were over, however, there was a terrific slump. Europe began not only to produce her own farm supplies, but flooded the American market with cheap manufactured articles. Even Jefferson and Madison, particularly Clay and Calhoun, advocated protection. It seemed to them necessary to build up American manufacturing in order to create a home market for American farm products. Thus for the first thirty years of the nineteenth century both the Federalist and Democratic parties fought for protective tariffs. It may be denied by some that Hamilton was responsible for this so-called American policy.

But it was Hamilton's ideas that served to launch a party which, during the next thirty years after his famous Report on Manufactures, fought for and established a policy of protection which was known as and is now thought of as the American System. The nationalism which developed with the War of 1812 and the advocacy of Adams, Clay and Calhoun had, by 1825, set us on the road from which we have never departed. The result is, industry has been artificially stimulated from the beginning of our national history and agriculture today seeks to hold its head up against great odds. The period following the Civil War was occasion for another orgy of tariff making. The northern farmer's protest was not great because he was in the period of free lands and because public revenues were necessary to liquidate the war debt.

Today freight rates which are a part of both farm production and farm marketing costs are high partly because railroad construction and rolling stock are built out of protected goods. Farm implement costs are high because of tariffs. These costs plus the costs of building materials, food, clothing and implements, constitute more than 60 per cent of all costs in agriculture and they can be protected. Cotton, corn, wheat, and many other farm staples are not protected and cannot be protected because they sell at world prices. Our so-called American Economic Policy does not favor agriculture. Indirectly it most distinctly handicaps agriculture, and there never was a time when this policy was more in the saddle or riding harder.

## THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE

May I briefly outline one more series of historic events out of which the present agricultural situation has evolved. The vast land resources of America and the lack of trade and commercial technologies kept the industrial revolution out of this country for practically a hundred years after it entered Europe. During this hundred years the continent was settled. Between 1620 and 1790, a period of one hundred and sixty years, less than four million persons had taken up permanent residences in the United

States. Within the next one hundred years the population grew to almost sixty-three million. Very nearly the sole cause of this tremendous migration was the land opportunities which the continent offered. Never before in the world's history had just such a situation existed. Probably never again will such a combination of giant influences be brought together. The coming of the industrial revolution expanded trade and commerce at unprecedented speed. Here in America lay the land, some of it rich beyond the imagination, to furnish the raw materials for manufacturing, trade and commerce. The coming of the steamship and railroad, both a part of the industrial revolution, made possible and feasible the settlement of our lands and the placing of them under cultivation. The result was an era of agricultural expansion which constituted a real epoch in the world's history.

This migration continued only slightly abated for a full generation. It lost all semblance of an economic adaptation and became a great psychological movement. About 1800 the tide of migration struck the limits of the frontier and turned back upon itself. Even then the fertile land of Canada served to keep up the belief that land ownership and speculation constituted the chief economic opportunities of this continent.

Today we are reaping the results of this historic psychological movement. We now have under cultivation vast areas which lie beyond the extensive margin of profitable production. Worse yet we have a national land speculation complex, the essence of which is that land which doesn't consist of river beds or mountain tops is considered an agricultural asset to be cherished. The war may have temporarily speeded up production and temporarily have given a reevaluation to the farm enterprise, but it was the historical and psychological movement of the land hungry and the land speculators which gave us our surplus of farmers.

Between the time when this historic migration began and the present, the industrial revolution has entered the United States, at first slowly, not at full tide. Those who now live on the farm are specialist in the production of raw products and those who carry on all other processes at one time connected with the occupation of farming now live in towns and cities.

The combination of these two historic facts, the opening up and settlement of our Middle West and West, which built up a tremendous rural population and the coming of the industrial revolution with its refining and distributing processes all centered in the city gave us first a rural population expansion and then an inevitable rural population contraction. This contraction is being forced by the necessarily cruel method of the sur-

vival of the fittest and many are suffering in the conflict.

Furthermore, the increased efficiency of the farmer himself, due to the coming of science and machinery during the last one hundred years, has been very marked, making possible the production of a much greater volume of farm products with practically no increase in farm labor force.

American farms are producing more in annual products than at any previous time. American farmers are producing more per man than any farm population on earth. Furthermore, they are producing more per acre than any previous generation of American farmers has ever produced. With a greater gross production, a greater per capita production and a greater per acre production of the very goods which the world needs most, it is a peculiar situation indeed that the farm standard of living should be consistently and perpetually below that of the city. Is the solution to such a situation to let farm production lay until the population of the world cries for good and cries in terms of higher prices. If I believed that our present price system worked by divine fiat, I would say yes. But having no such belief I am inclined to believe that other solutions can be found.

## THE CRUX OF THE PROBLEM AND THE ATTEMPT TO SOLVE IT

We do and always must depend upon farmers to produce the chief food, clothing and shelter products to support the whole population of the earth. We seem, however, to have reached a situation where we are remunerating them so poorly for performing this task that many persons tell their

only salvation is to quit. The drift to the city, which is decreed by some as the greatest tragedy of civilization, is encouraged by others. Both these groups are friends of the farmer, and if he listens to them both he is in a dilemma, indeed.

The farmer's task in society at large is to grow raw products to feed and clothe the world. In order to do this adequately there is none too many farmers. His task as seen from his own viewpoint, is to feed, clothe and shelter his own family and in addition to this to guarantee them opportunities for health, education, recreation and community life. In order to do this he must collect more dividends out of the markets to which he sells his raw products. We are back to the dilemma—how can he produce enough to make it possible for others to live satisfactorily and how can he collect enough from others to guarantee a satisfactory life for himself.

Does this dilemma resolve itself into the issue of starving himself just a little more in order that others may live or starving them just a little more in order that he may live. I believe not. It is a problem of the price system and the economic and social theories growing out of it. I mean that in some way, probably by economic education and economic group organizations, the farmers of the nation must put themselves into a position where they can know the "mysteries of the pecuniary calculus" as well as the mysteries of soil and seed. They must place themselves in a position to reap the same sort of rewards that corporate business has accomplished by its making.

theoretical, if not an actual, separation of production technique and money.

Let us not imagine that the American farmer has not recognized his changed status or seen that adjustments must be made. Immediately following the Civil War he made his protest and attempted to work out the adjustment to the commercial regime which was just then coming into America at full tide. The Granger movement of the early seventies, which swept into its ranks over seven hundred thousand individuals, setting up all kinds of business enterprises and even organizing a half dozen new political parties, was an attempt at adjustment. The Agricultural Wheel, the old Louisiana Farmers' Union and the two Farmers' Alliances of the eighties and early nineties were continuations of the same attempt. This consolidated movement mobilized upwards of four million people, who sought by economic and political organizations to accomplish the needed adjustments. These giant "ground swells" among the farmers of the nation have been looked upon as both foolish and futile. And indeed so they were to a great degree. But so is the struggle to live often foolish or at least futile if no physician is at hand. They were continued, though to some degree unconscious, attempts on the part of the farmer to become an integral part of the commercial regime. They did not end with the death of the Farmers' Alliance and the Populist episode. The Farmers' Union, the Grangers, the rejuvenated Grange, the American Society of Equity, the Equity Union, and more recently the Farm Bureau and the great community co-operatives, have kept up the attempt to make this needed adjustment to the price and market regime. As a matter of fact, farmers are today almost universally organized in one way or another for economic action. We are rapidly approaching a day

(Continued on page 7)

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# THE SOCIALIST PARTY AT WORK

## NATIONAL

**The Awakening South**  
Support of party organization is picking up in a number of places, especially in the Southern States. Individuals are writing for information and taking up the problem of organizing and preparing for the 1928 campaign. Most of the letters from the Southern States have to do with an electoral ticket in their particular State and at the same time gathering subscriptions to the American Appeal.

**Henry to Visit Cities**  
The National Executive Secretary, Henry, is making arrangements to pay a visit to a number of the larger cities within a radius of three hundred miles from Chicago for the purpose of meeting with the Socialists with the idea of arranging work and also strengthening the party organization as well as getting necessary support for the American Appeal and creating a more widespread desire to push the sale of the Debs book, "Walls and Bars." Any local organization that has not been in communication with the National Secretary on this matter should write him. Arrangements will be made to co-operate with the end in view of having a Socialist get-together meeting.

## TEXAS

"Texas Socialists are gradually coming to the front. Every day or two applications for membership are received and turned over to the Secretary of the State of Texas, G. W. M. Taylor, 2442 Catherine street, Dallas. Readers of the American Appeal and The New Leader are urged to sign up new members and send the applications with 25 cents for the first month's dues to Comrade Taylor."

## ILLINOIS

The Socialists of Cook County, Chicago, and their friends hold their big Socialist picnic at Riverview Park this coming Sunday.

Most of the recent activity of the party officials in Chicago has been the sale of the new Debs book, "Walls and Bars."

## PENNSYLVANIA

The Socialists of Pittsburgh are getting busy. They have ordered one hundred of the new Debs book, "Walls and Bars." They are also planning work in other directions.

**Reading Campaign**  
Encouraging reports from every part of the city indicate a growing sentiment on the part of former old party voters favorable to the election of a full Socialist ticket. The unabated policy of money-lending which characterizes the administration of both city and school affairs is causing more and more people that a real change is necessary if many small owners of homes are to be saved from ultimate bankruptcy.

The decision to follow the custom of a street meeting campaign was made by the party campaign committee in response to requests made by citizens in various parts of the city who want to hear municipal and school affairs discussed in the open.

## CALIFORNIA

Judging from the orders for dues stamps arriving from the State Office at San Francisco, it is evident that interest is being displayed in that State. We can always judge the general activity of the party by the sale of dues stamps.

## LOS ANGELES

Local Los Angeles wishes readers of the American Appeal and The New Leader to know that they have for sale at their headquarters copies of "Walls and Bars," also "O. I.," and many other books. They also announce that they will give a six-months' subscription to the American Appeal and to the Labor World free with every copy of "O. I." that is sold from their office.

## NEW JERSEY

**Essex County**  
Local Essex County is busily engaged making arrangements for a Socialist picnic and party reunion Sunday, September 18, at Linden, N. J. A large attendance is expected from the entire northern part of the state.

Socialists from Hudson, Union, Passaic and Bergen counties are co-operating to make the picnic a grand success. August Claessens and A. Ship-lakoff will attend and address the gathering.

## NEW YORK STATE

**Declinations and Vacancies**  
State Secretary Merrill calling the attention of electors and elector committees to the fact that Section 139 of the Election Law provides that designated candidates may file declinations or before August 26, meaning that vacancies created by such declinations may be filled not later than August 30, which is next Tuesday. The certificate filed by the committee on vacancy must be signed and sworn to by a majority of such committee, and must have appended the affidavit of the person substituted as to acceptance of the substitution. Forms for vacancy committees to use may be had from the State Office on application.

Locals desiring speakers for September should file applications with the State Secretary immediately, and state just what they are willing to do in regard to expense of meetings arranged.

**Debs Liberty Bonds**  
Party members and Socialist sympathizers are again reminded that premiums in the shape of a photo or a large picture of Eugene V. Debs are still given to purchasers of Debs Liberty Bonds of denominations of \$5 and upward. The State Office cannot function without funds, and money is urgently needed at the present moment. Those still in arrears on their subscriptions for Debs Liberty Bonds of 1926 should complete their payments.

**Primary Petitions**  
The petitions designating Socialist Party candidates for the primaries on Sept. 20 have been filed. A fairly complete ticket has been nominated in New York, Bronx, Kings, Queens and Richmond Counties. The work of gathering signatures and preparation of petitions was under the direction of Julius Gerber. Special mention should be made of the splendid assistance given by Sam Grossman, Murray

## NEW YORK CITY

Gross, Ethelred Brown, Benjamin Goodman, Lester Shulman, and numerous other comrades who helped.

**Campaign Dance and Reunion**  
The first of a number of social affairs undertaken by the City Organization will be a Campaign Dance and Reunion in the Debs Auditorium, People's House, Saturday evening, Sept. 24, 7 East 15th street. All branches and party members are begged to note this date.

## MANHATTAN

**Second Judicial District**  
The weekly meeting of the Campaign Committee was held on Tuesday evening, Aug. 22. Julius Gerber, Campaign Manager-in-Chief, was present, and A. N. Weinberg, Assistant Campaign Manager, reported on the work of the week.

A large store, excellently located in the heart of the 8th Assembly District, at 107 2nd avenue, has been engaged. The place has been appropriately decorated with signs and equipment has been secured for immediate work. Campaign headquarters will also be obtained during the week in the 4th A. D. and in the Italian section of the 2nd District. Girolamo Valenti has been engaged to take charge of the work among the Italian voters in the 2nd Judicial District.

The work of the various departments will be the full swing within a week or so and details will be announced as to the first of a series of ratification meetings. The next meeting of the Campaign Committee will be held in room 905, People's House, on Monday, Aug. 29, 7:30 p. m.

**Bronx**  
The Campaign Committee of Bronx County will meet Tuesday, Aug. 30, at the headquarters, 1167 Boston Road. In the absence of Comrade Knobloch, Murray Gross, Assistant Campaign Manager, will preside. Tentative plans include an increased number of street meetings and a number of hall meetings at Hunsford place, Ambassador Hall, Martineau Mansion and other halls. A ratification meeting will be held in the 3rd A. D. during the latter part of September.

**Brooklyn**  
Branch meetings are held Friday evenings at headquarters, 420 Hineshall street. The members and the Y. P. S. L. Senior and Junior Branches are busily engaged in the preparation for a huge campaign in the 2nd Assembly District and the 39th Aldermanic District.

**4-14 A. D.**  
Branch meetings are held every Monday evening at the club rooms, 345 3rd street.

**5th-6th A. D.**  
Branch meetings are held every Tuesday evening at the clubrooms, 167 Tompkins avenue.

**Boro Park**  
The first open air meeting held in several years in this section was held last Saturday evening. An audience of some 600 gathered at 42nd street and 13th avenue and listened to Morris G. Gienet, candidate for County Judge; William Morris Feigenbaum, Assistant Editor of the Jewish Daily Forward; and Isidore Abb, candidate for Assembly in the 9th district. The speakers continued their remarks to the Sacco and Vanzetti case, and the audience was attentive and responsive. A large number of police were on hand and co-operated splendidly. Street meetings will be continued on this corner every Saturday evening for some weeks and during September and October in other parts of the district.

**22nd A. D.**  
Branch meetings are held every Friday evening at the Workmen's Circle Center, 218 Van Sicken avenue.

**23rd A. D.**  
Branch meetings are held every Monday evening at the Labor Lyceum, 219 Sackman street. A ratification meeting will be held in the Labor Lyceum in the latter part of September. Details will be announced later.

## YIPSELDON

**Circle 12 Juniors**  
The two directors together with six members of the Circle went to the Yipsel hangout at Valhalla, N. Y. (hiking not hitching from the Bronx), and camped for three days and nights, and declared to all other members that they enjoyed themselves, especially with the great help of Scotty Diamond and his gang and Willie Waldecky and his henchmen whom Circle 12 wishes to thank for their kind hospitality.

Lester Shulman and Louis Shomer, directors of Circle 12 Juniors, and members of Circle 12 Seniors, are going to aid in the Sacco-Vanzetti fight by hitch-hiking to Boston with David Levick of Circle 2 Seniors and a third member of the gang, Isidore Ostrowsky of Circle 13 Seniors will act as director of Circle 12 Juniors during their absence.

## STREET MEETINGS

### MANHATTAN

Friday, Aug. 26, 8:30 p. m., 95th street and Broadway. Speakers: Esther Friedman, Pierre De Nio.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 8:30 p. m., 137th street and Seventh avenue. Speakers: Frank Crosswaith and others.

Wednesday, Aug. 31, 8:30 p. m., 112th street and Lenox avenue. Speakers: I. George Dobsavage, Leonard C. Kaye, Pierre De Nio.

Thursday, Sept. 1, 8:30 p. m., Sheridan Square. Speakers: Esther Friedman, A. Pepperberg.

Friday, Sept. 2, 8:30 p. m., 95th street and Broadway. Speakers: Wm. Karlin, Pierre De Nio.

Saturday, Sept. 3, 8:30 p. m., 137th street and Seventh avenue. Speakers: Frank Crosswaith and others.

Friday, Sept. 2, 8:30 p. m., 10th street and Second avenue. Speakers: Frank Crosswaith, A. N. Weinberg.

Friday, Sept. 9, 8:30 p. m., Bleeker and MacDougal street. Speakers: G. Valenti, S. Romuldi, Samuel Ulanoff.

**Bronx**  
Friday, Aug. 26, 8:30 p. m., 163rd street and Prospect avenue. Speakers: Frank Crosswaith, Murray Gross, Isidore Polstein.

Thursday, Sept. 1, 8:30 p. m., 130th street and Daly avenue. Speakers: Samuel Ulanoff, Irving Bassoff.

Friday, Sept. 2, 8:30 p. m., 133rd street and Brook avenue. Speakers: Esther Friedman, Murray Gross.

**Brooklyn**  
Friday, Aug. 26, 8:30 p. m., Bristol street and Pitkin avenue. Speaker: August Claessens.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 8:30 p. m., Pennsylvanian and Sutter avenues. Speakers: Samuel Ulanoff, Moses Plotkin.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 8:30 p. m., Havemeyer and South 3rd streets. Speaker: August Claessens.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 8:30 p. m., 13th avenue and 42nd street. Speakers: Morris Gienet, Isidore Abb.

Tuesday, Aug. 30, 8:30 p. m., Hinesdale street and Sutter avenue. Speaker: Frank Crosswaith.

Wednesday, Aug. 31, 8:30 p. m., Pussan and Hart streets. Speakers: Samuel H. Friedman, Joseph Tuvim, I. M. Chatouff.

Friday, Sept. 2, 8:30 p. m., Bristol street and Pitkin avenue. Speakers: August Claessens and Moses Plotkin.

Saturday, Sept. 3, 8:30 p. m., Pennsylvanian and Sutter avenues. Speaker: August Claessens.

## JOBLESS' RANKS GROWING FAST

(Continued from page 1)

while light is thrown on the particulars of the industrial scene.

Industrial Group	1926	1927
Food	88.5	87.8
Textiles	87.9	85.1
Iron and steel	92.5	88.8
Lumber	90.7	88.4
Leather	85.8	85.8
Paper and printing	101.0	103.6
Chemicals	99.3	98.8
Stone, clay glass	98.3	95.2
Non-ferrous metals	100.1	92.9
Tobacco	85.2	82.2
Land vehicles	94.0	85.3
Miscellaneous	98.8	101.1

We have thus seen that in practically all industrial divisions employment during the first year has been less than the corresponding period of 1926. Note the big decline in the significant iron and steel and land vehicle industries, in the former from 92.5 to 88.8 and in the latter from 94.0 to 85.3. Textiles have shown hardly any improvement at all.

### The Unemployed in Construction

So much attention has been paid to building and other construction as a factor in the present prosperity that special interest attaches to the figures compiled by the Ohio State University Bureau of Business Research for construction (based on general contracting) throughout Ohio. The index numbers for the first six months of this and last year follow:

Month	1926	1927
January	78	62
February	74	69
March	64	66
April	71	65
May	82	69
June	100	77

The data shows clearly the decrease in working forces.

### State Reports

Reports for factory employment in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Illinois and Wisconsin and for the city of Detroit, especially important as an automobile manufacturing center, tell a similar tale, with the exception of New Jersey:

Locality	Base year = 100	1926	1927
Massachusetts	1914	93.1	87.7
New York	1914	104.2	101.7
New Jersey	1923	98.0	97.0
Pennsylvania	1923	92.0	87.0
Delaware	1922	101.0	97.5
Illinois	1915	123.7	117.2
Wisconsin	1920	153.5	126.1

(Comparable Wisconsin figures for five months only.)

Another clew as to employment conditions is supplied by the statistics on factory turnover, collected and calculated by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The figures which follow indicate accessions to force, those quitting voluntarily and those laid off but not discharged, measured in per cent of number on pay roll:

Accessions	1926	1927
Voluntary quits	54.8	28.3
Layoffs	6.1	9.1

Naturally, when employment increases through lessened additions to working forces and increased layoffs, workmen do not quit jobs voluntarily to seek their fortunes elsewhere. They try to stay where they are. A smaller number of voluntary quits may indicate contentment, but more than likely it shows submission to fate, since personnel methods and working conditions are not revolutionized within a year.

### City Lodging House Figures

There is another guide to employment that has not been used by students of the subject; that is the figures for the number of inmates at municipal lodging houses. It is true that the lodgers may be largely transients and casual workers who wander into the big cities, but the fact remains that if they cannot obtain work they seek free lodging, and that is a fair indication of unemployment. Thus, for example, Commissioner Bird S. Coler of the New York City Department of Public Welfare reports that the average daily, or rather nightly, attendance at the Municipal Lodging House during the first half of this year was 376, as compared with 241 for the same period a year ago. Figures over a period of years show that the number of lodgers varies inversely with the rise and fall of the business cycle.

### Essentials of Problem

While the cumulative effect of this discussion is to prove that employment conditions have been worse this year than last, it would be wrong to suppose that an immediate crash or even depression is inevitably in sight. The odds are great that bad times are in the offing, but it is rash to make predictions, certainly on the basis of indexes of employment alone. One thing is certain, however: that an important influence in making for unemployment is the increasing productivity of labor, albeit at comparatively high wages—at least for the skilled. Workmen are producing more for the money they receive and the time and energy they

put in than ever before. We have discussed this phase of the situation at length in previous issues of The New Leader. We may guess as to what is happening to the unemployed persons; but one thing is certain; that they are not all becoming insurance agents, storekeepers or real estate dealers. Any scheme of relief that will be suggested for meeting the unemployment problem—and now is the time to think about it seriously—will have to take account of this fact of increased labor productivity.

## Dog Day Thoughts

(Continued from page 5)

the old homestead on which he was born and spent his boyhood days. According to the newspapers, he located the spot where, in the long ago, he found the turkey hen and her young ones which his mother told him he could sell if he found them. Well, he found them and he sold them and saved the proceeds and seems to have gotten more fun out of it all than the folks who ate the turkeys.

Somehow I can't help feeling sorry for John D. He spent his whole life to amass a billion dollars and all he got out of it is indigestion, a wig and the joy that comes from playing cow pasture pool. It's true, he tried to do some good by investing some of his perfectly useless surplus money in institutions for the elimination of hookworms and sleeping sickness, but what's the good of that? Doing away with sleeping sickness will only increase the competition of the Anatolia to the detriment of the superior Caucasian races and there is already too much cotton in spite of all those blessed hookworms can do.

Adam Coalidigger.

## Carpenter's Classic

(Continued from page 5)

has the same universal appeal that love itself has. Why is there so little happiness in that relationship which is so sought, so desired and so regretted? The author is no Pollyanna; he sees the worst, but he also sees the best. The reader is not left hopelessly pessimistic; the causes of the maladjustments between men and women are so clearly analyzed and the conditions for readjustment made so practicable as to make the book a veritable handbook to a saner future.

## The Farmer And Peasantry

(Continued from page 6)

when a majority of all American farmers will be members of one or more of these economic organizations. If we were to count individual organization memberships, it is probable that we would find that the total roll would now be more than one half the total number of farm entrepreneurs of the nation.

The agrarian movement is a parallel to the labor movement and to the industrial revolution. The growing class consciousness and multiplied economic groups, non-partisan, political activities and bureaucratic organization of farmers would seem to be enough to indicate the similarity of the farmers' movement to the labor movement. The rapid and drastic transformation which is taking place in farm operations, particularly in the conduct of farm business, suggests a similarity to the industrial revolution in other fields. The difference is that it is the advent of power machinery and the mobilization of capital which ushered in the industrial revolution, while it is the application of merchandizing to farm commodities and the mobilization of farm credit which is ushering in the agrarian movement.

Wages and hours were the needed adjustments in the industrial revolution. Prices and markets are the needed adjustments in the agrarian revolution. May I conclude by saying that while I have no intention of being a "calamity howler," I thoroughly believe that American agricultural civilization is at the cross roads. It has gravitated to such a position as it now holds because of two great historic processes: first, because of the natural evolution of economic society, based upon a division of specialized functions and operating by means of a price and market system; and second, because of the so-called "American" economic policy of artificially stimulating industry that has handicapped it in relation to other economic enterprises. The first of these processes can be controlled only by economic education and economic organizations. The second can be controlled only by climbing on the table with the tariff hogs or by kicking the legs out from under the table and all sitting down on the floor together. Unless the conditions are met, and I am not sure they will be, then we must look forward to an agricultural future that has no hope beyond something approaching a permanent peasantry.

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# THE NEW LEADER

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of the  
Socialist and Labor Movement  
Published Every Saturday by the New Leader Association  
PEOPLE'S HOUSE, 7 EAST 15TH STREET  
New York City  
Telephone Stuyvesant 6225

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To Foreign Countries  
One Year ..... \$3.00  
Six Months ..... 1.50  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1927

## TWO MARTYRS PASS ON TO LIVE FOREVER

THE ghastly farce is over and the ruling classes of Massachusetts have given the forces of human liberation all over the world two martyrs who will live in history. They have killed Sacco and Vanzetti and thus insured that they will live forever. The executioners will also live in history, live as Governor Wise, who hung John Brown, but we do not envy the sort of fame that is theirs. It is rumored that the soul of Increase Mather ascends from hell whenever there is any dirty work to be done in New England and that he finds willing tools for his work. It is not the first time in her history that Puritanism, polite culture and professional learning joined forces to do a dirty job. Calvinism and Federalism, piety and profits, Yale and Harvard, priest and politician, united in a propaganda of terror at the close of the eighteenth century to preserve the old oligarchy against the rising forces of the new democracy.

Jefferson and Tom Paine might well pair with Sacco and Vanzetti, even though the former lived to see the oligarchy go down in ruins. How like the fears of the Fullers and the Thayers is Parrington's words regarding the democracy of the earlier liberators. Of their democracy he declares: "Such a hideous misshapen imp of darkness, such a vile hag of atrophy had never before been painted for the imagination of honest Yankees to shudder at; and if democracy seemed to them a wild and fearsome thing making ready to destroy their venerated social order, they only believed what the minister preached on the Sabbath and the squire asserted on week days."

That oligarchy of piety and class rule passed into oblivion and is almost forgotten, but four decades later a new social order appeared in New England as the ally of human bondage in the South. Puritan culture, legal learning, textile slavers, and the "education" of Harvard and Yale, united to perpetuate the capitalist-planter alliance that returned fugitive bondmen to Boston ships to be transported to southern masters. Garrison in protest narrowly escaped with his life from a mob of "respectable" Boston merchants, bankers and lawyers. This ruling class, like its forerunner, the Calvinist-Federalist oligarchy, "dreamed of a future America as like the past as one generation of oysters is like another."

But the complacency of these pious hypocrites was shocked by John Brown at Harper's Ferry. A "fool" and a "visionary" had appeared on the scene and drove a wedge between the capitalist alliance of New England with the slave masters of the South. In December, 1859, John Brown's body swung from a gallows beneath the Virginia skies. Upper class New England rejoiced, but eleven months later Lincoln was President-elect and the shackles fell from the limbs of nearly three million slaves. As this is written Sacco and Vanzetti lie on marble slabs, but may we not also hope that each will be the John Brown of another liberation, the heralds of a new social order that will strike other shackles to the earth and make New England a place fit to live in?

As for those of the ruling clique that played their sorry part in making this hideous tragedy possible, we have only pity mingled with contempt. Others like them have played this role, but like the Bourbons of old they never learn anything new and never forget anything old. Judge Jeffries will surrender his place in history to Judge Thayer and the others will be paired with him in the better judgment of another generation. Fundamentally they are insignificant. What is important is the economic, social, political and reactionary forces which they represent. So long as those forces are dominant in Massachusetts, peril awaits men and women whose ideas are in conflict with upper class reaction. Other Thayers and Fullers are available to play the same role. To ignore this fundamental fact is to completely misunderstand the situation in Massachusetts.

Intellectually, the social order of this region is dying at the top. This was also true of the New England of the Calvinist-Federalist oligarchy and the New England of the capitalist-planter alliance. Fuller is a type of the modern order. His performance on the last day before Sacco and Vanzetti walked to the chair shows the intellect which is satisfactory to the ruling class. He displayed no comprehension whatever of his duty in such a tragic situation. An ignorant yokel of the backwoods could not have played a more sorry part than he did.

Consider the situation. The time has passed to argue whether the condemned men were innocent or guilty. His own commission admitted that the trial judge was prejudiced against the accused. Millions of people here and abroad believed that Sacco and Vanzetti either did not have a fair trial, or

that if they had a fair trial the new evidence warranted another trial, or that regardless of guilt or innocence the condemned men had already suffered a thousand deaths, or that the defect in the constitution of Massachusetts which permitted Judge Thayer to pass on issues that involved his own rulings and fairness justified executive clemency. Fuller declared his belief in the guilt of the men, but there is also the world opinion of various shades mentioned above.

What was the solemn duty of an executive at this stage of the case? Knowing that many delegations would visit him during the day, knowing that the stream of pleas from all over the world for clemency would increase on this last day, it was his duty to summon his council to sit with him, for if he exercised his power to save the men from the chair he could only do so with the consent of that body. He did not summon it. To the various delegations who petitioned him for the life of these men he either answered that he would "consider" their appeal or he immediately engaged in an argument with the delegations. If he really intended to consider the petitions his council should have been with him. On the other hand if he understood that the only question before him was no longer guilt or innocence but clemency, he would not have engaged in debates with the delegations.

But the barbarity of his proceedings also lies in the fact that even when Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti, two hours before the execution, pleaded with him to spare the lives of their loved ones, he argued the guilt of the condemned men! The man was stupid enough to engage in this wanton cruelty. We do not believe that he wanted to hurt these two afflicted women. He simply is ignorant. He knows not what is expected of a high official in a matter that solely involves the exercise of mercy and nothing else.

Moreover, this performance was staged before the whole world. Millions of human beings were thinking of the case in those tragic hours. An executive conscious of the duty he owes to gravely consider international opinion, jealously considering the good reputation of his office, his State and nation, would not thus act. An ignorant man would act in no other way. Thus all unconscious of his own responsibility, he argued like a sour fishwife with the delegations and this sorry drama was cabled to all nations of the world. Need it be surprising that opinion abroad even in conservative circles is practically unanimous in revolting against this callous spectacle?

This is what we mean when we say that the intellect of the ruling groups in Massachusetts is dying. When their own politicians know not how to conduct themselves before the bar of international opinion, when they dash cold water into the faces of millions of human beings afflicted with sorrow over some great tragedy, the ruling classes and their political agents are on the decline. That intellectual decline is a forecast of the end of their social order as well.

Meantime the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti does not end the case. We are convinced that two innocent men died in the chair Monday night. We believe that the trial was a case of stacked cards and loaded dice. We believe the whole truth will be known some day. The Defense Committee at Boston will continue its work of investigation. We shall be glad to co-operate in this work and we are confident that in good time those who staged this terrible farce will share the evil fame that came to the French clique who sent Captain Dreyfus to Devil's Island.

Finally, it is necessary to add that the life and freedom of every man and woman who thinks are in jeopardy so long as a Sacco-Vanzetti "trial" is possible. We are not anarchists, but we insist that complete freedom for expressing religious, political and economic views, no matter how wide their range, should be guaranteed to all or we are a gang of slaves. A large section of upper class opinion today fears every critical examination of the basis of their social order. It exhibits a "consciousness of guilt." It is on trial. No longer able to think, the upper class exhibits the intellectual cowardice that afflicts every ruling clique in the twilight of its rule.

At the base of the social pyramid is the stirring mass of mankind, slowly awakening, groping for power, and bearing in its ideals the promise of a nobler order than that represented by the Thayers, Fullers and Lowells. If the price of deliverance from their dominion is malice of prejudiced jurists and an occasional sacrifice of an advance courier of a nobler destiny for the human race, then the price will be paid.

## Dam the Radicals!

"Damn the Radicals!" said Calphurn, urging the Crucifixion.  
"Damn the Radicals!" cried King John, before he signed the Magna Charter.  
"Damn the Radicals!" King George the Third shook his fat fist at the colonies.  
"Damn the Radicals!" said the Sacco-Vanzetti juror, speaking the capitalists' word.  
But none shall forever DAM THE TIDES OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE!

## Parasites

The drones of the community—they feed on the mechanic's labor; the starving hind for them compels the stubborn globe to yield its unshared harvest; and you squallid form leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes a sunless life in the unwholesome mine, drags out in labor a protracted death, to glut their grandeur; many faint and toll that few may know the cares and woes of wealth.

Whence, think'st thou, kings and parasites arose? Whence that unnatural line of drones who heap toil and unvanquished penury on those who build their palaces and bring their daily bread?

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness, the signet of its all-enveloping power, upon a shining ore, and called it gold; Before the image how the vulgar great, The vainly rich, the miserably proud, Even as slaves, by force or famine driven, Beneath a vulgar master, to perform A task of cold and brutal drudgery—Hardened to hope, insensible to fear, Mere wheels of work and articles of trade, That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth.

—Shelley.

## The Letterbox

### MASSACHUSETTS AND SACCO

Editor The New Leader:

To one from New York, and with his blood boiling over the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti, the attitude of the folk here in Massachusetts is at first startling, then depressing. This spot on Cape Cod holds, besides the natives, a small group of summer residents from one Massachusetts town (Taunton). With a few minor differences, their view-points coincide.

In the first place, the chief interest in the matter is a somewhat bored desire to have it over with. They have not the mob eagerness of the Boston crowd, just a sort of indifference to the whole thing, no attempt to understand its implications. Several of the women here think they are liberal, because they venture to state that they do not, in general, believe in capital punishment; but they are obviously embarrassed by our references to Sacco and Vanzetti, and just as desirous of having the whole thing off their minds. As a native put it: "If they're guilty, they ought to die; and if they're not guilty, they ought to go free. I'm no judge of the matter; but if we can't trust our juries and the judges of our courts, there ain't no use in believing in democracy." I told him I agreed with him, but he seemed to think that his argument proved that it was essential to "believe in" our courts, even at the expense of justice and truth.

Yesterday I saw a woman, walking the length of the Cape from Provincetown, with a sandwich-sign; on the front "Massachusetts are you SO SURE?" On the back: "Protest for Sacco and Vanzetti before it is too late." I greeted her, but conversation was checked by my perception of a truck approaching. On it were two lads, about the age of high school seniors. Twice they passed me before I fully recognized what they were doing. Driving past that woman, they would press her off the road, lean over with insulting shouts, drive on to wheel about and repeat the process. As they passed me again they saw what I intended, and stopped a hundred yards or so off, to shout at me. Apparently, however, they had had their full of Christ-baiting, for they drove away from the lone marching woman.

On the one hand, a few, a pitifully few, protesting voices. On the other, a larger group of blind intolerant howls, perhaps (like those lads) not even aware whose fight they are furthering. And in the middle, a vast, indifferent, ignorant, passive bulk, the tools and equally the victims. How soon before they learn the only way?

WILLIAM LEA,

Orleans, Mass.

Editor The New Leader:

I want to thank you for publishing "Loud Lamentations in Park Row." That was the best thing of the kind that has been printed for a long time. I only wish you would often raise the curtain on the "moulders of public opinion" in conference, both "under the dome" and elsewhere, and thus enable your readers to get an inside view of metropolitan journalism. I think the men and women who read The New Leader are intelligent enough to be kept posted on how the animals act within the editorial cages. This Heywood Brown "strike" has given the outside world a glimpse of how "It Seems to Me" at times is broadcasted to the world—no pun.

Walt McDougal in his book published a few years ago told some interesting stories of The World under the elder Pulitzer and the men who helped to re-make that wonderful day. The film of the fight between the two "Joes"—Pulitzer and Howard—would have been worth a king's ransom to the movie people had it been taken at the time.

By all means let us have more of the sort of information contained in "Loud Lamentations" either by A B C or, when he is otherwise engaged, by his twin brother, X Y Z. Both these boys know their onions.

With best wishes for the continued success of The New Leader, I am,  
JAMES C. MOFFET,  
Louisville, Ky.

## SOCIALIST AGITATION IN SOUTH AMERICA

Occasional items found in the South American labor press indicate that, in spite of all the confusion, both in ideals and methods, obtaining among the relatively small industrial population regarding Socialism and labor unionism, progress is being made toward forming real organizations in several countries thus far remaining way behind Argentina in industrial and proletarian development.

For instance, the Confederación Obrera de Guayaquil of July 24 printed a call from the Labor Federation of Guayas urging the consolidation of the various labor groups in Ecuador in the face of the common enemy. And on July 17 El Pueblo of Girardot, Colombia, came out with a leading article demanding the calling of a convention of the Socialists of the whole republic in November or December for the purpose of launching a genuine labor party independent of all the bourgeois groups.

The progress of real labor organization in South America has been hindered during the last few years by the activities of more or less sincere disciples of Moscow, but their influence seems to be fading out rapidly.

# Sacco, Vanzetti and the Poets

## Not Sacco and Vanzetti

THESE men who do not die, but send to death, These iron men whom mercy cannot bend Beyond the lettered law, what when their breath Shall quietly and naturally end? What shall their final retribution be, What bloody silver then shall pay the tolls, Exacted for this legal infamy, When death indicts their stark, immortal souls?

The day a slumbering but awful God, Before time to eternity is blown, Examines by the same unyielding rod: These images of His with hearts of stone— These men who do not die, but death decree, These are the men I should not care to be!

—Countess Cullen.

## To Sacco and Vanzetti

Because you believed  
Man must win through to final perfect freedom;  
Because you held  
That justice should be done beneath the sky;  
Because you knew  
The desperateness of your cause, and yet dared fight for it;  
Behold, we prosperous ones whose eyes and hearts are blinded,  
In the name of the law, set forth our proclamation  
That you shall shamefully die.

And is it not right,  
Within this cage where gods and men alike are heartless,  
Is it not fair,  
Since greed and lust consume our hollow days,  
Is it not clear  
By the rules of this slaughterhouse where insects stir and couple,  
That you who would not take life upon such terms,  
Should have your lips contemptuously sealed to all our blame and praise?

—John Gould Fletcher.

## Sacco—Vanzetti

(From a Long Poem)

If you must die because from alien race  
You bring a social redemption and rebirth,  
Mercy must evermore conceal her face,  
Justice and Truth must vanish from the earth.  
If you must die, something will die in us  
That fed itself to law; if you must die,  
Death's womb will bear a scourge more perilous  
To peace of Mankind than is anarchy.  
You are a crucial case, decisive test,  
Puppets in drama far beyond our ken;  
Yet on you laboring immigrants will rest  
Shambles for brutes, or betterment of men.

—Benjamin Musser.

## Rouse, Song!

(From a Long Poem)

Come, words that are blows and words that are kisses,  
Words that arouse like caresses or hisses,  
Words that rhyme like lovers' thighs,  
Like rebels' hearts and comrades' eyes!  
Rouse, Song, from out your lethargy,  
Set Sacco and Vanzetti free!  
Clean as a piston, staunch as a drill,  
Make yourself one with Labor's will!

—Ralph Cheyney.

## The Infamous Ritual

The summit of our worship has been reached and here upon this gangrene hill we stand showing our blood-garnished teeth where touched their sweet unwelcome flesh. Great God, thy hand is opaque to all others' light. To us, O Lord, it is a clear glass, and this was thy reward, the toothsome sacrifice of these unwelcome kind not ours, hence not worthy to the feast. See, we have not slain them singly but in pairs, we felt solicitude for even what was in their cry; mercy we gave them, yes, what greater glory theirs than to have been our holy sweet unwelcome lust, our pleasure and our appetite. And they who stood, unwilling to forsake in us their trust, beneath the sacrificial flame raising wrought arms and voices, they are the unaccepted brotherhood who gave us our little beauty and our only charms—we have repaid them often with their proper place. Ours is the dominance of claws and not the grace of fingers; ours is not the sweetness of a hand. Almighty Bludgeon, we have been taught to hide the face when we have by thy might bestowed the wand.

—Harry Alan Potamkin.

## To Sacco and Vanzetti

The vision of your love, a current, streams  
Forth from your prison, a magnetic pole,  
Encircling every country, every clime,  
And galvanizing every slothful soul.

Let your magnetic current burn away  
All torpor, all indifference . . . let its heat  
Scorch the false glitter and the vacant pride,  
The arrogance of high and smug conceit.

Thus, Sacco and Vanzetti, may your words  
Reverberate through every clime and mart;  
There is no other nation but the race;  
There is no other country but the heart.

—Louis Ginsberg.

## Justice

Mute

And shameful

A blush

beneath her eyes

I saw her drop

the scales

into an angry

sea.

Oh, lofty Magistrates

anemic in your splendor

Hear the fateful rumble

of a surging world!

Rina MacGillivray.

## The Wrath to Come

O God of Justice who once proved your power  
Against the might of the Egyptian horde,  
Flash up again your swift avenging sword  
Above the darkness of this spectral hour;  
Let fall your anger crashing like the tower  
Of Babel on the ghouls who mocked your Word,  
And while they squeal in agony, dear Lord,  
Drown out their traces in a crimson shower!  
Smite, smite the clawed assassins without ruth  
Who raped the bleeding conscience of the world,  
And fling them to the lowest pit of hell,  
Lest their black guilt shall sound these martyrs hurled  
To burning death because they preached your Truth  
And loved enslaved humanity too well.

David George Plotkin.

# THE CHATTER BOX

## Atlantic Ocean Anthology

### Sacco and Vanzetti

LOOK, Massachusetts, look,  
You dreamed that we were slain  
At your righteous hands.  
We still are here, in the life,  
In the flesh, I, Sacco, I Vanzetti.  
I am still in the shop making a nation's shoes,  
I am still in the market, bringing you food  
For your feasts, for your humble dinners.  
Look, Cabot, look Lowell, while you are still  
At proper conversation with God,  
Explaining to Him why you murdered us  
So logically, so legally, so efficiently,  
So learnedly, if you like.  
We are still talking to stolid minds  
Of serfs in your mills,  
Telling them of our inextinguishable dream.

Look, oh you withering stems of the Mayflower,  
How your petals droop with a sapless death,  
Look, we, the cobblers and the fishmonger,  
Stand straightened up against the sky  
Deathless symbols of a deathless dream.

Look, Stratton; look, Grant,  
Come to the wide casements of your lordly homes.  
Look out upon your prim cropped lawns,  
We stand there in the sun,  
Erect, a bit stiffened by your electric foolery, true,  
But straight and proud to our vibrant manhood.

Do not look in our eyes. You will not understand  
The light there. You will see only stark accusing  
stars.

X-raying you to your marrow,  
And we are only pitying you. We are only saying,  
"Come out with us into the sun. It may heal  
The stony darkness in your hearts. It may give  
Reason to your fear. The shadows in your halls  
Are no ghosts of vengeance lurking for your harm.  
Vengeance was yours to us, at dawn, in a cold room,  
In a chair of swift flame,  
The beam that struggles so to enter through your  
blinds  
Is not a dirk seeking your hearts. It is the sun,  
The pitying sun, asking to enter your cold hearths,  
That you may know what warmth there is on earth.  
The philanthropic sun, pleading a welcome  
To your shuttered living rooms  
That you might learn the luxury of light."

Yours will always be the frail illusion  
That we are definitely dead.  
Where is your high victory,  
You valiant and learned ones,  
You brave and unmovable spirits,  
You admired champions of coupon clippers,  
Money changers, mill owners, parasites,  
Brokers, night clubbers, hotel lizards,  
Tee dancers, bridge whisters . . .  
Your armed battalions, your bomb squads,  
Riot gunners, police, secret service,  
You found fine courage in a circle  
Of impenetrable armament.  
Ours will be the indomitable truth  
That we will live forever.  
Where is your glittering conquest  
When the dream you sought to kill  
Within two little lives  
Pours full illumination on the earth?  
When millions take up with us the song  
We dared to sing?

Look, Fuller, you who might  
Have bent your stern ambition  
To look strong and given mercy  
Like a man of men,  
We live and quite forgive  
Your petty fault of pride.  
Go on your way of cold unflinching duty  
And receive the golden blessings  
Of the lords whose gold and tenure of estates  
You kept securely and inviolate.  
If our two bodies serve  
As springy steps unto a higher sphere  
Of power for you,  
We will remember that your foot was hard  
And firm. We willingly commend  
Your strength to rule this land.  
Eat your morning meal,  
Perform your natural round  
Of daily living, happily, peacefully,  
The fee you paid the executioner  
Was hardly earned. We are not dead.  
We are your debtors, having earned through you  
This immortality.

Look, Thayer, how we stand  
Again before your bar.  
Your sentence unto death  
Has borne no fruit save the dull obloquy  
To which your name is doomed.  
Look, Thayer, and perhaps before  
Your troubled years have run  
Their ordained way you might have learned  
That justice does not always sit in robes  
Or hold a scale blindly out in air.  
This is our sentence unto you—  
"Live out your days as lightly as you can  
Since you are old and weak, and only propped  
By a hard dignity. Of all who planned our  
Suffering and our death you need our pity  
And our mercy most. Had you been younger  
And more plump with life the high reward  
From those you served would have been sweet  
To spend. Love you cannot have even though  
It might be bought on Boston streets. Food  
You cannot gorge though feasts be spread  
In pagan plenty on your board.  
Music falls quite faintly now upon  
Your failing ears. Beauty blurs in queer distortion  
To your aged sight. Yours is futility.  
Ours is floodtide of accomplishment.  
We who have gone through the sad play  
Of dying at your word,  
Emerge triumphant in our youth  
And undying as our imperishable dream  
May your God have mercy on your soul.  
We say this in half doubt, we who have learned  
How grim He is and merciless.

Hold up your hands, all six of you . . .  
Cabot, symbol of New England aristocracy . . .  
Thayer, Fuller, Lowell, Grant and Stratton,  
Symbols of its faithful servants . . .  
Hold up your hands against the sky . . .  
What you see so rich is stain  
Dripping from your fingers and splashing your palms  
Is not our blood, the blood of me, Sacco, or me, Vanzetti . . .  
For you have not murdered us . . .

In trying to shatter our dream  
You have only opened up the darkness  
And through two rifts—see how you  
Are flooding the world with the red wine  
Of a Dawn.

S. A. de Witt.