A Negro Labor Organizer

By Earl R. Browder

To a Man Sleeping In a Subway Train

Man, you are ugly,

Excruciatingly ugly,

Sleeping in this train

That huddles your helpless self

Through the black veins of the city.

Yours is the sleep of a sodden lethargy,

Yours is the sleep of a conscious death;

Yours is the sleep of the masses.

Man, you are ugly,

Sleeping so,

Sleeping the sleep of the massers.

I make your limp shoulders,

Even with the mighty hands of revolt.

I would wake you,

Even with the terrible hands of pain.

And cry:

Hear you not the tender voice of beauty

Whose lips press close to the earth

Above the subway's darkness,

And may you hear

Hear you the swift feet of the wind

Running down the sun-drenched street

Over your head,

And may you hear

Good God, man, wake up.

You are ugly.

Sleeping so,

Sleeping the sleep of the massers.

MAY, 1925

Revolution in Trade Union Terms

By William F. Dunne

MEMBERS OF THE DELEGATION

TRADES UNION CONGRESS GENERAL COUNCIL DELEGATES

HERALD OF THE REVOLUTION


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Herschell Bek.