The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

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The workers of the world are witnessing one of those struggles which comes but once in several decades of years. The case of Sacco and Vanzetti is such a struggle and is one of the most remarkable of its kind in all the history of the struggle between the forces of ownership and the struggle of those who work and toil for their living. In this case the most virulent instances of this struggle are focused for the terms of their seven years of incarceration behind the walls of the state's most famous prison of a Galigata and two thousand deaths while this class does no more than to barely let it be known that they are. The battle so far has been with the working-class, out of whom being punished solely of their radical opinions, been made articulate in this crisis and have made their incareration is one of the blackest phases in their cries heard around the world, and have so aroused the wrath of their class that it has made this struggle to muralize the worker and his country's fame. A thing of horror for the crowd to scan, or else shorn of the visage of a man, and then a great shell tore him out again. Each soldier's glory and his country's fame. The case of Sacco and Vanzetti is still more infamous. Here are two workers, manifestly no more than was the bomb-throwing in the San Francisco precautions, and the usual raft of perjurers, etc., go straight ahead with their

Before the Attack

BY HENRY GEORGE WEISS

There were no banners waving in the breeze On that day, No trumpet sounds advance; no bugle calls With pealing note to stir their martial pride, But grimed with clay Each soldier's glory and his country's name. No glittering squadrons that the gray sky sees, No bugle calls With pealing note to stir their martial pride

Perhaps they, too, in torture on the sod Will write in agony and call on God As he did call. They threw him in a bed With just a muttered prayer for his poor soul; And then a great shell tore him out again.

To be in staking out upon the plain. Perhaps with twisted limbs and blinded eyes

They never will again behold sunshine, Or else share of the vengeance of a man. A thing of horror for the crowd to scan.

A thing of horror for the crowd to scan. They may be doomed to walk adown the years And find themselves in woe of them. And find themselves in woeful tears.

Perhaps—oh cheerfuller that—perhaps thrice well They may escape safe, the victors of Chapelle, And add a lustre to his arms and name Each soldier's glory and his country's fame.

But hark! there is a pause, there comes a hush. The barrage is lifted . . . and clear and full The whine of steel. Scattered are shot . . . gone. They rise to its apex . . . it is the dawn.