

"The idea becomes power when it penetrates the masses."
—Karl Marx.

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SECOND SECTION
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290

THE OUTCAST

By Liam O'Flaherty

"I AM a good shepherd".... Jesus Christ.

The parish priest had returned to the parochial house at Dromullen, after a two-month's holiday at the seaside resort of Lisdoonvarna. He returned fatter than he went, with immense red gills and crimson flakes on his undulating cheeks, with pale blue eyes scowling behind mountainous barricades of darkening flesh and a paunch that would have done credit to a Roman emperor.

He sank into the old easy chair in his library with a sumptuous groan. He was tired after the journey. He filled the chair and overflowed it. His head sank into his neck as he leaned back and the neckflesh eddied turbulently over the collar of his black coat, toppling down behind in three neat billowing waves. He felt the elbow rests with his fat white palms carressingly. Great chair! It had borne his weight for ten years without a creak. Great chair! Great priest!

HIS housekeeper stood timorously on the other side of the table, with her hands clutched in front of her black skirt, a lean sickly woman with a kind white face. She had followed him in. But she was evidently afraid to disturb the great man so soon after his arrival.

He sighed, grunted, groaned and made a rumbling internal noise from his throat to his midriff. Then he said "ha," and shifted his weight slightly. He suddenly raised his eyebrows. His little eyes rested on the housekeeper's twitching hands. His eyes shot upwards to her pale face. His mouth fell open slightly.

"WELL?" he grunted, in a deep pompous voice. "Trouble again? What is it?"

"Kitty Manion wants to see ye father?" whispered the housekeeper. "Foo," said the priest. Then he made a noise in his mouth as if he were chewing something soft. Then he grunted, "I heard about her," he continued in a tone of oppressed majesty. "I heard about the slut." He paused. "Yes, indeed." He paused. "Ough! Show her in."

The housekeeper curtseyed and disappeared. The door closed without a sound. The white handle rolled backwards with a faint squeak. In the library there was silence. The priest clasped his paunch with both hands. His paunch rose and fell as he breathed. He kept nodding his head at the ground. Two minutes passed.

THE door opened again without a sound. The housekeeper pushed Kitty Manion into the room gently. Then the door closed again. The white handle squeaked. There was a tense pause. The parish priest raised his eyes. Kitty Manion stood in front of him, at the other side of the table, two paces within the door.

She had a male child at her breast. His head emerged from the thick, heavy cashmere shawl that enveloped his mother. His blue eyes stared impassively, contentedly. The mother's eyes were distended and bloodshot. Her cheeks were feverishly red. Her shawl had fallen back onto her shoulder like a cowl, as she shifted it from one hand to another in order to re-arrange her child. Her great mass of black hair was disarranged at the poll, where it was gathered in a ball. Her neck was long, full and white. Her long slim figure shivered. These shivers passed down her spine, along her black-stockinged, tapering calves and disappeared into her high-heeled little shoes. She looked very beautiful and innocent, as only a young mother can look.

THE priest stared at her menacingly.

She stared back at him helplessly. Then she suddenly lost control of herself and sank to her knees.

"Have pity on me father," she gasped. "Have pity on me child."

She began to sob. The priest did not speak. A minute passed. She rose to her feet once more. Then the priest spoke.

"You're a housemaid at Mr. Burke's, the solicitor."

"I was, father. But he dismissed me this morning. They're afraid to take me in the village for fear ye might. . . oh' father I don't mind about mesel' but me child. It. . ."

"Silence," cried the priest sternly. "A loose tongue is an ill omen. How did this happen?"

SHE began to tremble violently. She kept silent.

"Who is the father of your child, woman?" said the priest slowly, lowering his voice and leaning forward on his elbows.

Her lips quivered. She looked at the ground. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She did not speak.

"Ha!" he cried arrogantly. "I thought so. Obstinate slut! I have noticed you this long while. I knew where you were drifting. Ough! The menace to my parish that a serpent like you. . . Out with it!" he roared, striking the table. "Let me know who has aided you in your sin. Who is he? Name him. Name the father of your child."

SHE blubbered but she did not speak. "For the sake of your immortal soul," he thundered, "I command you to name the father of your child."

"I can't," she moaned hysterically.

"I can't. There was more than one man. I don't know who. . ."

"Stop, wretch," screamed the priest, seizing his head with both hands. "Silence. Silence I command you. Oh my! Oh my!"

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," muttered the girl in a quiet whisper.

The child began to whimper. The priest's face was livid. His eyes were bloodshot. His paunch trembled. He drew in a deep breath to regain control of himself. Then he stretched his right hand to the door, with the forefinger pointed.

"Go!" he thundered in a melancholy voice. "Begone from me accursed one. Begone with the child of your sin. Begone."

SHE turned slowly on swaying hips to the door, with the foot movements of one sinking in a quagmire. She threw back her head helplessly on her neck and seized the door handle. The handle jingled noisily. The door swung open and struck her knee. She tottered into the hall.

"Away with you!" he thundered. "Begone from me, accursed one. . ."

The housekeeper opened the hall door. She was thrusting something into the girl's hands but the girl did not see her. As soon as she saw the open air thru the doorway, she darted forward with a wild cry. She sprang down the drive and out into the road.

SHE paused a moment in the roadway. To the right, the road led to the village. To the left it led to the mountains. She darted away to the left, trotting on her toes, throwing her feet out sideways and swaying from her hips.

It was an August day. The sun was falling away towards the west. A

heat mist hung high in the heavens, around the dark spurs of the mountains.

She trotted a long way. Then she broke into a walk as the road began to rise. It turned and twisted upwards steeply towards the mountains, a narrow white jagged crust of crushed limestone curling thru the soft heather-clad bog-land. The mountains loomed up close on either side. There were black shadows on the grey granite rocks and on the purple heather. Overhanging peaks made gloomy caverns that cast long spikes of blackness out from them. Here and there the mountains sucked their sides inwards in sumptuous curves, like seashell mouths. Long black fences raced majestically up the mountain sides and disappeared on far horizons over jagged peaks, with ferocious speed. The melancholy silence of a dead world filled the air.

THE melancholy silence soothed the girl. It numbed her. She sat down to rest on the stunted grass by the roadside. She cast one glance at the valley behind her and shuddered. Then she hugged her child fiercely and traversed the tiny face with kisses. The child began to cry. She fed him. Then he fell asleep. She arose and walked on again.

She was among the peaks, walking along a level winding stretch of road that led to the lake. A great dull weariness possessed her being. Her limbs trembled as she walked. Her heart began to throb with fear. Her forehead wrinkled and quick tremors of fear made her shiver now and again. But she walked fiercely on, driven on in spite of herself.

SHE reached the entrance to the valley was.

She saw it suddenly, nestling cunningly behind an overhanging mossy faced cliff, a flat white dot with dark edges. She stood still and stared at it for a long time. She was delirious. Her eyes glistened with a strange light.

Then she shivered and walked slowly downwards towards the lake bank, stopping many times to kiss the sleeping child. When she reached the grassy bank and saw the dark, deep water, she uttered a cry and darted away. The child awoke and began to cry. She sat down and fondled him. He ceased crying and crowded, flapping the air with his hands feebly. She kissed him fiercely and called to him strange words in a mumbling voice.

SHE took off her shawl, spread it on a flat, smooth rock, put the child in the shawl and knotted the shawl into a tight bundle about him. She placed the bundle on the rock and got to her feet. Then she knelt beside it and clasping her hands on her breast, she turned her face to the sky and prayed silently. She prayed for two minutes and then tears trickled down her cheeks and she remained for a long time staring at the sky without thinking or praying.

Finally she arose to her feet and, without looking at her child, she walked towards the lake bank quickly. When she arrived at the brink, she joined her hands above her head, closed her eyes and leaned forward.

BUT she drew backwards again with a gasp. Her child had crowded. She whirled about and rushed to him. She caught him up in her arms and began to kiss him joyously, laughing wildly as she did so. Still laughing wildly she ran to the bank.

She threw back her head. She put the child's face close against her white throat and jumped headlong into the lake.

How We Live and Work

Editor's Note:—This paper is printed for the workers, poor farmers and those who work and sweat under the present system of society. It is a paper of the workers, by the workers and for the workers. We want to reach every corner of this country where labor is being exploited for private gains, for profit. We want the workers and farmers all over the country to read the DAILY WORKER. In order to make it more interesting and be able better to reflect the life of the wide laboring masses, WE WANT OUR READERS TO WRITE TO US. This new department "HOW WE LIVE AND WORK" will appear as often as there will be sufficient letters from our readers about the life and working conditions under which our masses struggle. Try to make the letters interesting bringing out facts which may not be known to workers in other sections of the country. Try to make them short and to the point.

By RUFUS P. HEATH.
Worker Correspondent.

Coming in from Detroit I met a young fellow who had been employed on a mint farm, near Mentha, twelve miles out of Kalamazoo, on the South Haven branch of the M. C. R. R. Talking with him on prospects for work where he had been, he said that prospects were good, but conditions were poor.

He shipped out of Chicago for \$5 and paid \$5.57 for transportation. He went on the job as teamster at \$45 a month, board and room. When he got there he was told they couldn't use him as a teamster. They offered to put him on a labor job, paying 29 cents an hour for ten-hour day, six days a week, and a dollar a day board including Sunday. They told him he had a chance to make back what he spent getting there. He took the bet on account of being broke. He worked seven days, was there one Sunday. Then a rainy day knocked him out. He put in nine days on the job. They fired him. He had no money to get home on, so he sold his clothing and personal belongings at auction in order to return to Chicago to look for work.

Pace Setter.

The slave driving system there forces you to work full speed. They

have a man who doesn't understand English working for double the wages the laborers get. He is the pace setter. He is always ahead of the gang. The foreman makes the gang keep up with the pace setter. Those who cannot are fired.

When they fired this fellow he had to walk 12 miles to Kalamazoo. He caught a freight going out of Kalamazoo for Chicago. He got kicked off and caught the Wolverine which brought him to Chicago.

Bad Food.

Board was rotten: Breakfast, eggs fried straight up hard, stale bread, bacon burned, the coffee was slop. Dinner, they had the same bread and coffee as breakfast, roast beef, with tapioca for desert. Supper, same as dinner with an occasional piece of pie. That was the board seven days a week. With the exception of one noon meal. Then they had cabbage.

C. M. Todd company owns the town of Mentha, heart, body and soul. The U. S. postoffice is within the company store and Todd furnishes the postmaster. The postoffice together with the Michigan Central station are the only two buildings in the town of Mentha that do not belong to Todd Co.

ARE NEGROES COWARDS? OR IS GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD A LIAR?

By Robert Minor

GENERAL ROBERT L. BULLARD, who was commander of the Second Army of the American expeditionary forces in France, has written a book which reveals with clumsy brutality an old and sore secret of the American army.

The secret is one that ought to be blazoned now in every town and village—and especially every "black belt" of the United States. The secret is that the commanders and officers generally of the United States army in France practically made war against the American Negro troops under their command; that the white officers committed every possible brutality against the Negro soldiers, sacrificed them heartlessly at every opportunity, led them into traps for the purpose of discrediting the Negroes, and, in short, deliberately handled their black soldiers for the purpose of preserving the traditional lie of Negro "inferiority."

It might have been expected that Gen. Robert Lee Bullard would be exactly the fool to let the cat out of the bag.

WHO is Bullard?

The records show that he was born in Alabama in the first year of the American Civil War of 1861. His name tells us that his fond parents christened him after the chief butcher of the Southern slave oligarchy—Gen. Robert E. Lee. And his present book, which has just been completed in serial publication in the Chicago Tribune, (copyrighted by Doubleday, Page & Co.), shows us that Bullard is one of those swashbuckling militarists for whom the old slave oligarchy still stands as a living ideal.

But the book and other evidence, and memories of Negro soldiers, show that Bullard, the militarist of the old South, was not out of his element in the American army of 1918. In fact, the attitude of the dominant class of this country today is similar to the attitude of the slave oligarchy of the 60's as far as the Negro is concerned. The fact is that the Negro masses are a hated enemy to the American bourgeoisie, and nowhere is it better shown than in the U. S. army.

General Bullard had in his command the 92nd division, consisting of 27,000 Negro conscripts for "democracy." His hatred of the Negro caused him first to use every device to discredit his own black troops, and then to proclaim to the world that they were "cowards."

The general shows his own highly civilized and humane character in queer ways. He boasts like an underdeveloped child of the medals he received on his own manly breast, and his great military sagacity which caused him time after time to "decide" to do many brilliant things just before Gen. Pershing commanded him to do exactly the thing he had already decided to do.

Confesses to Crime of Murdering Prisoners.

AFTER speaking like a phonograph of the "barbarous, brutal Germans," the general exposes himself in a passage that must go down in history as a virtual confession of one of the most beastly crimes known to military annals—the murder of prisoners of war. The peculiar psychopathic "southern" mind of the general makes him resort to the expedient of attributing the direct murder of the German prisoners to "niggers"—that is to the French African troops—for "niggers" always, of course, are the embodiment of cruelty. But he is himself so full of the delight of bloodlust that he boasts of the whispered rumors that his own American 3rd corps "loaned the Moroccans some German prisoners," after explaining that the Moroccan troops "were in the habit of giving no quarter in battle."

American Negroes are Cowards, Says General.

AFTER having in the Spanish-American War "raised and commanded a volunteer Negro regiment whose conduct had added to my reputation

NEGRO EX-SERVICE MEN!

All Negroes who served in the war: Write to us. Tell us what YOU know about the treatment of the Negro soldiers by the officers in the American army and the U. S. government. Were you Jim-Crowded? Did you get a square deal? Are Negroes cowards, as Gen. Robert Lee Bullard says, or is General Bullard a liar?

Did you want to fight for the landlords and bosses?
What did you get out of fighting for them?

Write your facts and opinions to THE DAILY WORKER, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

as a soldier," says the modest general, he was particularly interested when he was put in charge of the 92nd (Negro) division in the world war. "Having passed a pleasant boyhood and having had this satisfactory experience in my earlier life with Negroes, I found myself with most kindly feelings toward them and my interest was stirred now in France by finding this Negro division in my new army. I felt some doubt, however, for the success in war of a Negro command as great as a division."

It seems that nearly all of the officers of the division were white and of the regular army. And then there were some Negro officers who, much to the chagrin of the white gentlemen, had slipped thru the lines of discrimination. The white officers of course, were determined that no damned niggers should be on the same plane with them, but the army regulations required that all officers should be treated as such. The general writes that he "remembered how our government seemed to expect the same of them (the Negroes) as of the white men, or at least placed them in positions that so indicated; how politics had consistently forced for them the same treatment as white men when they were very different; how they themselves insisted upon such treatment; how surely, notwithstanding all this, if the same treatment were given black as white, it would cause trouble for him who should deal it out; how, finally, the politics of our country had forced the formation of this Negro division contrary to experience."

The general proceeds to explain: "All this constructive equality I regarded as an injustice; it is not real." So the general inquired into the matter, and of course, he "found that in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne a part of the 92nd division, beside the French in battle, had twice run away from the front of the enemy, causing the French, for their own safety, to request the relief of the Negro division from the fighting line."

The general says that 30 Negro officers were involved in "this running away." Five Negro officers, writes he, who were "the clearest cases and supposed leaders of the movement—only five, had been selected for trial by the law officers of the 2nd army." "A court martial, composed of officers from another, a white division," had been selected to try the Negro officers, and "one Negro officer had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death."

But, of course, no one but a southern gentleman like the good General Robert Lee Bullard could understand niggers, and the kindly fellow stepped in and twisted the military regulations to let the poor Negro escape death.

Lies About Negroes

BULLARD then plunges into his orgy of slander against the Negro as such, saying:

"They are really inferior soldiers. There is no denying it. Their Negro officers have an inadequate idea of what is expected of soldiers, and their white officers are too few to leaven the lump." He quotes his diary as saying that the 92nd division "after more than a month in the trenches, cannot yet make a raid. It failed again on one today. Poor Negroes! They are hopelessly inferior." "The

Negroes were a great disappointment. . . "The French had had like experience with their Negro troops in their front line trenches against the enemy. The Negro, it seems, cannot stand bombardment. . . "The poor 92nd Negroes wasted time and dawdled where they did attack and in some places where they should have attacked, never budged at all. It seems to be as much the fault of the general as of the Negroes. . . "Two days ago and again, yesterday the 92nd division would not fight, couldn't be made to attack in any effective sense. The general who commands them can't make them fight."

And then it appears that when the armistice came, the white officers were very much afraid of what the Negro soldiers were going to do to the poor, helpless white women of France. All the superstitious vituperation of the feeble-minded southern village Negro-hater was poured out by the general in the effort to get the French to hate and fear the American Negro troops. He pompously notified General Foch that "no man could be responsible for the acts of these Negroes toward French women, and that he had better send this division home at once." Bullard accuses "these vigorous black men" of having raped French women, and is sure that the Negro man "is far more offensive to white women than a white man is." (Are all men offensive to women, general? Indeed, what a gentleman you are!)

The general closes this series of Negro-baiting in the Chicago Tribune (republican organ!) with the admonition that "it will always be so with Negroes wherever they are in contact with whites. . . If you need combat soldiers, and especially if you need them in a hurry, don't put your time upon Negroes."

While reading this stuff, we can't help thinking about some past history, and about some present news from all quarters of the world. We remember the struggles of the Negroes for their freedom in America—something like forty heroic slave revolts against desperate odds in this country before the American Civil War, and again of the undeniable but often obscured fact of the heroic role that was played by the black troops in turning the tide of battle and saving this American capitalist republic from General Bullard's ancestors of the slave oligarchy in 1865. We remember how the puny New York weakling, playing "cowboy" in Cuba, Theodore Roosevelt, was saved by Negro troops after the white troops could not stand the fire; and how this fact was covered up in order to make Roosevelt an artificial hero for the benefit of the Morgan bank which needed him in public office.

WE are suddenly reminded of the flood of renewed Negro baiting which the capitalist society has turned loose since the world war. It is increasing, not diminishing. We are thinking of the twenty-seven members of the 24th (Negro) infantry who are now suffering in the U. S. prison at Leavenworth—and the other men who were hanged—for the crime of defending a Negro woman from being beaten by a policeman in Houston, Texas, in 1919.

Then we think of the fact which every Negro knows, that in every segregated, Jim-crowded Negro resi-

dence district in the United States, thousands of black men have been muttering ever since the world war: "The next time we fight; it'll be for ourselves."

The secret which Gen. Bullard is not telling is well known to many Negro veterans of the war. The truth is that when these Negro troopers "never budged at all," it was not due to any cowardice, but to a stirring of a certain kind of courage greater than any that could ever be known to the shallow-souled white general from Alabama—the courage which is beginning to stir in a hundred million black breasts—the courage to resent and fight against the treatment as "inferiors" which was being dealt out by Bullard and his white officer puppets.

In times of peace when General Bullard sits in quiet safety in his officers' club with his mint julep, the average southern Negro goes every hour of day and night in danger greater than Bullard faced in France. No, general, these Negroes were not afraid. They had only begun to learn. When they get started fighting, you among others may wish they were cowards.

The World and the Dark Races.

AND now we look at the news of the world of today. The darker races of the world are on the rise. They constitute the majority of the population of the world—black men, yellow men of China, brown men of India, these men of color are more than half of the population of the whole world. Thruout the world the capitalist class dogma of "race inferiority" is being assaulted by the countless millions who are suppressed in colonial bondage. Even at this moment the telegraph is clicking the news that the swarthy "greasers"—the heroic Mexican workers and peasants—have forced even Calles to throw back into the teeth of Calvin Coolidge the insolent assertion of American imperialist domination over the "inferior" people of Mexico.

China! Listen to the yellow men's guns, General Robert Lee Bullard! Listen! Are yellow men "hopelessly inferior"? Are they afraid to fight!

LISTEN to the guns in Africa, General Bullard! Is Abd-el-Krim also "incapable of being an officer"? It is true that the Rifians are not considered Negroes, but Berbers, and therefore technically "white" in spite of their dark skin. But watch Africa, General Robert Lee Bullard, and you will soon see black Africa join dark Asia in the general rise of the "inferior" races. At present the French imperialists depend on black Senegalese troops to fight their fellow-Africans of the Riff, but sooner or later, these black men will learn—and turn to help fight for Africa for the Africans.

It is a good thing that General Bullard published that book. It will help to put to shame those Negroes who are to this day pretending to maintain the lie of the possibility of Negroes obtaining a certain degree of "equality" under the Wall Street government of the United States. It will help to jolt the black American semi-slave into a consciousness as to which side he is on in the struggle of the working class and the colonial suppressed peoples against capitalism.

The Negro at home and abroad is destined to be a great soldier in the freeing of the world from capitalist oppression. Gen. Bullard and his kind (the capitalist class in general) are beginning instinctively to feel this, and that partly accounts for the growing propaganda against the Negro.

We are not concerned for the Negro to be a "brave" soldier in the armies of the enemies of his class and race. When he begins to fight in the armies of his own kind and class, for the freedom of the oppressed of the earth, he will show Gen. Robert Lee Bullard what courage is.

Every sub you get during Red Week of June 15 to 21 is a sub to "make another Communist."

The Language of the Gallows in the Balkans

FOR over a week Zankov has been announcing that he will employ the gallows. For over a week bourgeois Europe has been awaiting with curiosity to hear the crack of the broken necks of the Communists who are compelled to swing from the gallows.

Not a single voice has been raised in the bourgeois press. Nobody has called out to the hangmen of Sofia: Stop! or, Enough!

The "Defenders of right and justice" seem to be employing their whole energies in cursing the red terror. The humanitarian bourgeoisie smiles



MARKO FRIEDMAN

One of the victims publicly hanged by Zankov "for the Sofia cathedral explosion."

with approval at the spectacle afforded in Sofia. The Bulgarian social democrats have likewise given their approval to the Zankov government. The corpses of Stambulsky and hundreds of peasant leaders had hardly grown cold, when the Bulgarian social democrats entered the government. And now, when this government is clinging desperately to power, and is reintroducing the medieval methods for suppressing the people's movement, the Bulgarian social democrats declare their approval of the executions.

THE Second International, which during the trial of the counter-revolutionary social revolutionary terrorists and conspirators of Russia, attempted to mobilize the public opinion of the whole world and proclaimed on this occasion the inadmissibility of the armed struggle "between the various sections of the proletariat," finds not a single word of blame for the Bulgarian social democrats. The Second International, which sent lawyers in order to defend the terrorists who had made attempts upon the life of Lenin, does not find it necessary to denounce the bloody reprisals of Sofia.

The telegraph announces: "Listen, listen! In Sofia they are going to hang the representatives of the work-

In the Name of Civilization



The Bloody Zankov Is Saving the World from Bolshevism.

ing class and of the peasants whom they did not succeed in killing on their arrest!"

"LISTEN!" we say to the proletarians of all countries, for the gallows of Sofia will speak their own language: "The acts of violence of Zankov teach you that in civil war there is no mercy. Proletarians of all countries, do not forget this! A day will come when the roles will be exchanged, when the representatives of the bourgeoisie will be in your hands! Remember then the lessons of Sofia! No Mercy! Those who do not understand how to hit the class enemy hard, will die at his hands. They or we!"

It is the language of the gallows which are set up in the Cathedral Square of Sofia. May we never forget this! This is the will of the reactionaries of Bulgaria and the world bourgeoisie. May the memory of these acts of violence be stamped in the heart of every proletarian child! May this picture harden us in the fight when we shall be the stronger!

WORKERS and peasants will be or are already hanging side by side. A roll of drums will drown their last words. We, however, will hear these last words and shall spread them thruout the whole world. Every peasant, every worker must hear them. The martyrs of the Bulgarian Peas-

ant Party cry to the peasants of the whole world: "Peasants, comrades, see! We, the Peasant Party of Bulgaria drove the bourgeoisie from power, but we did not venture to destroy, it and feared to make an alliance with the workers. We did not understand how to create a point of support in the towns. We have not found among us any leaders for our troops. Among the peasants we have not found people who had been trained in the school of long fights against the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie understood how to throw the net of their conspiracies over us. They understood how to seize power again. Then they killed the best among us in thousands. They shot us and hanged us. May our example serve as a lesson to you. Remember, therefore, that the peasants can only liberate themselves from the capitalist yoke in brotherly alliance with the workers, and under their leadership!"

THE Communist on the way to his execution calls to his fellow workers: "Comrades of all countries! We are perishing here because we have not understood how to unite with the peasant class. We did not support them in the fight against the bourgeoisie. We left it to their inexperienced hands to control power. We attempted to retrieve this error, but too late! And this is costing us thousands of victims. What is lost in one moment of history must often be won again in long years of pitiless struggles. Learn and strengthen yourself! Keep up your courage! Remember that on the day on which the working class and the peasants find themselves side by side confronting the bourgeoisie, side by side as the Bulgarian workers and peasants are now dying together, we will be victorious!"

The Bulgarian counter-revolution, and with it the international counter-revolution, are organizing a demonstration in Sofia—the first of its kind—for the united front of the workers and peasants. They demonstrate that their victory means annihilation of the one as much as the other. We will do everything in order that this shall be understood. The ghastly spectacle of the world bourgeoisie and of the Bulgarian bourgeoisie will turn against those who have arranged it.

TO the Bulgarian Communists and peasants who are dying there, we send our last greetings! We know that they will go courageously to death. In their final hour they will neither find themselves alone nor forsaken. We are sure that their blood will be a fruitful seed. Over the walls of the bayonets they will see the millions of workers and peasants reaching out towards them, raising their hands in farewell and also in sign of an oath. We swear to revenge them! We swear that the working class will know how to scourge its executioners!

PRODUCTIVITY OF LABOR IN THE SOVIET UNION STEADILY CLIMBS TO PREWAR LEVEL—WAGES GO UP

MOSCOW, (By Mail)—In the budget year 1922-23 the average wage in the Soviet Union was 49 per cent and the productivity of labor 46 per cent of the pre-war level. In the budget year 1923-24 the corresponding figures for the first quarter were: wages 60 per cent, productivity of labor 50 per cent of the pre-war level; in the fourth quarter: wages 65 per cent and productivity of labor 59 per cent of the pre-war level.

The first quarter of the budget year 1924-25 wages were 79 per cent and productivity of labor 71 per cent of the pre-war level. At present the average productivity of labor for the Soviet Union as a whole is 77.7 per cent and wages 78.7 per cent of the pre-war level.

According to Comrade Korotkov's report in the Central Control Commission, in the budget year 1923-24 the considerable wages increase was accompanied by a comparatively slow upward movement of the productivity of labor. In the first quarter of the budget year 1924-25, this proportion was remedied by the daily output per head increasing 14.8 per cent instead of only 3.8 per cent, whilst wages experienced a further increase of 4.4 per cent. The following table

is an illustration of the fluctuation of the wages and the daily output per head since October 1922:

Oct. 1923	3.13	42.2
Oct. 1923	3.34	83.3
Oct. 1924	4.71	102.5
Jan. 1925	5.63	101.2
Feb. 1925	5.93	103
Percent. incr.	90	141.7

Glass Bottle Blowers Meet July 6.

BALTIMORE — (FP) — The Glass Bottle Blowers' Assn. opens its convention in Baltimore, July 6. It reported 6,000 members to the A. F. of L. in 1924 compared with 10,000 in 1921.



Fairy Tales for Workers' Children

By HERMINIA ZUR MUHLEN.

Translated by Ida Dailes.

Stories that will make your children proud of being in the ranks of the working class.

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MASTERS AND SLAVES (A Story)

SYNOPSIS.

Nickles and Joe Vavas, migratory workers, meet under a freight train while beating their way west. They get off at Colorado Springs. Joe Vavas is a barber by trade, and Nickles has no fixed trade. In Colorado Springs Vavas buys second-hand clothes for the two of them and they go to look for jobs. Vavas gets a job as a barber. Nickles manages to get work as a footman at Broadmoor, the mansion of the Broidins. His work is constant drudgery. Vavas is class conscious, while Nickles is not, but they are staunch friends nevertheless. An attachment springs up between Nickles and Marguerite, the maid at the Broadmoor mansion. One day Joe Vavas tells Nickles and Marguerite that a barbers' union has been formed to fight against the intolerable conditions. Joe Vavas has formed the union with the help of William who is an American by birth and not an immigrant like Joe. The younger elements in the union, led by Joe and William force a strike against the bosses. The strike is won by the barbers, but the union delegate from Denver sells out at the last moment, and the strikers are deprived of most of the fruits of their victory. As a result of the fight of the workers the ku klux klan of Colorado Springs holds an initiation ceremony. They swear to exterminate the Reds. Mr. Broidin takes part in the ceremony. He desires Marguerite the young servant, and makes love to her, which enrages Nickles. Gradually Nickles is becoming more and more receptive to the ideas of Joe Vavas who is a Communist. The Broidins are more and more tyrannical. A Christian Science service is held at the Broadmoor mansion. At the ceremony the poet who presides delivers an oration full of the claptrap of the master class. All this spiritual bunk does not prevent the guests from devouring a great quantity of food after the services are over. This means more work for the servants who are overworked as it is. The Broidins give a bathing party for their friends, which means extra hard work for the servants. Mr. Broidin purposely leaves his camera at the lake in order to send Marguerite to find it at night when everybody is gone. There he attacks her. In Colorado Springs there is a general strike wave following the strike of the barbers. The ku klux klan is preparing for a counter-offensive against the workers. The Broidins give a big ball at which the wealthy guests rage against the workers while indulging themselves in all sorts of pleasure. Broidin makes love to a young woman of the highest society who responds to his advances. The servants are worn out from their work for the ball. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER XVII.

WILLIAM'S wife gave Joe a cordial welcome. And Joe seemed perfectly happy. It was so pleasant to rest up in this place after work. To watch the two lively children and to listen to the wife.

"Today is a big day for you,"—the woman said with a smile.

"Yes, it will be a big day."

"Are there many coming?"

"No; I wanted only a few to take part in the organization meeting, whom we know very good, so we can trust them absolutely."

"Then there won't be much discussion"—said the woman, and thought of the passionate word-battles that occurred again and again.

"You never can tell,—without discussion you

can't clear up any question, you can't have progress."

"You are right there . . . When is William coming?"

"I don't know. Saturday, you know, there is lots of work."—He sighed.—"Just look, only half a year has passed and them people are already acting fresh again!"

He was thinking of the barber-shop owners.

"You see, the slack season is coming, and the contract is expiring."

The woman stared fixedly ahead.

"Life is very hard. And there are two children. You can't put them on the street . . . Nothing but work all week long . . . and how much is the wage? . . ."

"Yes, life is hard, very hard!"

"I can't go to work. Maybe later, when the children are a bit older . . ."

There was a short pause. It seemed as if she was trying to collect her thoughts.

"Do you know, at first I was very much against William going to meetings. I said: a father's place is home, with his family; but he was stronger. And he was right in everything."

"And it certainly is a person's duty to stick up for what's right. By this time I've gone so far myself that I make him go to the meetings . . . Life is so hard, and in time it teaches us lots of things."

Steps.

"William!"

He also seemed to be in good spirits:

"Here are the membership cards and also a wonderful little pamphlet: 'Program of the Workers Party!'"

"How many are coming?"

"I figure on nine."

"The main thing is that every trade should be represented."

"I thought of that too."

There were eight.

The men gathered slowly.

Eight came of the nine.

William opened the meeting with an official air. He talked about the purpose of the meeting. Their object was to organize a local branch of the Workers Party in Colorado Springs. He got a good deal of practice in speaking at the union meetings and was able to tell them concisely and without any hesitation what the problems were.

The point of his speech was that the workers are in need of the Workers Party which would take over the leadership in the fights of the workers. He proposed that the Workers Party shall launch a big campaign of agitation with the object of creating a united fighting front against the reac-

tion which was becoming bolder and bolder all the time, and also for the right of organizing and the eight hour day. The fight must be general and unified.

One comrade was not in agreement with the plan. His idea was that the Workers Party should go to the battlefield only with the program of armed insurrection and the overthrow of the government by force. He rejected all minor points on the program which only served to divert the attention from the main question.

But the rest backed William.

The worker who was dissatisfied with the program as mapped out, stated that a bomb thrown against the city hall would be ten times as effective as minor points on the program, and he demanded that his proposal be included in the program that was to be published.

The suspicion that the worker was a spy seemed unfounded. Yet, when it was decided not to mention any bomb in the leaflet he left the meeting in anger.

William was entrusted with drawing up the leaflet, and he was also elected organizer. Joe was elected executive secretary.

At the end they sang the International.

It was all fine.

The wife came in and sang with them.

Then she brought tea.

They discussed whom to take into the organization.

"We need women too"—Joe said—"Without women, no revolution. And our goal after all."

The rest were of the same opinion.

"How much work there is ahead of us"—William sighed. And as he thought about the matter it seemed to him that the work required superhuman powers. For they were only ten in a city of 30,000 population. And yet the thought came to him: "We are young and we are prepared to work!"

It grew late.

And the next day they would have to be back again at work early in the morning.

They left full of great hope and noble zeal.

Life's misery had brought them together. And the belief in a more beautiful, happier existence put them at the head of the dissatisfied workers' battalions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NICKLES had an appointment with Joe.

Dolly, the faithful friend, went along with him today too, as always. He sat down on a bench. The dog put its two forepaws on his knee and with its head sought for his hand.

This touching demonstration of dog-love filled Nickles with shame. He drew the dog to him:

"And I wanted to give you a kick!"

He thought of how there was a good deal of evil in people.

At last Joe came.

"Did I make you wait long?"

Nickles assured him that he preferred to be in the open even when it was cold.

"I got to speak with you something . . ."

"Go ahead!"

Joe told him that he was elected secretary of the local branch of the Workers Party and that they discovered that William was being watched.

"Couldn't we have our letters sent to you? It wouldn't be noticed."

Nickles was very happy to be able to do something too for the Workers Party.

For the violent discussions between the two friends had grown more and more rare. The months spent in the mansion had convinced Nickles that he could not expect much from the Broidins.

Though his own hard lot he had glimpsed the life of millions of people and he had come to realize that a considerable part of humanity exhausted itself polishing table service for others, in order that these others might live well and in luxury. That was the negative side of the matter. And he did not as yet accept full-heartedly the positive side. The tremendousness of the task frightened him.

PUT IT ON PAPER!

Tell other workers that interesting story of the things you talk about during the lunch hour in your shop.

To describe the wages, shop conditions, your boss, the business agent in your union—

The life of the worker on and off the job—

The DAILY WORKER will supply

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These sheets, with instructions on the back of every sheet by the editor of the DAILY WORKER, will tell you how to write the kind of stories that will help to develop the DAILY WORKER into a great working class paper—and will enable you to win

A PRIZE OF \$5.00 WORTH OF BOOKS

Given Every Two Weeks for the Best Story Written.

Send in your story on conditions in your shop—JUST PLAIN FACTS—and ask for as many sheets as you will need to write more stories on.

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"There are so few, the ones who see the truth"—you would say.

"You too did not see the truth and you do today"—was Joe's answer.

"The others are educated, they're smarter and they know a lot of them . . ."

"A lot? But wasn't it you yourself told me that you were fourteen, and they two! And it ain't necessary to be so educated to cut off the head of your monster—whatever his name is. The main thing is to get the power. Those that have power also have the education."

Joe whined.

"It was cold. Winter was approaching."

Marguerite had a warm room and hot tea ready for Nickles. He loved the girl dearly and he didn't want to notice that lately a remarkable change had come over her.

Something tortured Marguerite. She was often refused. And her eyes were red with weeping. He turned off the electric light. In the dark he drew Marguerite to himself.

"Anything the matter, girl? . . ."

"No, nothing. Do you love me?"

Nickles wasn't strong on sentimental scenes. But he was of a gentle nature. He stroked the girl affectionately.

"Has anybody hurt you?"

Marguerite could no longer control herself.

She began to sob. And she told what had happened that night. Then she awaited her fate silently, expecting that Nickles would fly into a rage and would perhaps even strike her, because she was so wicked.

She waited.

But that is not what happened.

She felt that Nickles' breast heaved violently. And yet he did not fly into any rage. On the contrary. He pressed her even closer. Kissed her. And said:

"Poor little worm . . ."

Yes, that's just what he said: "Poor little worm."

Marguerite sobbed.

"Don't cry, girl. That's how the masters are, they can do anything they like with the likes of us . . ."

Marguerite did not see in the dark that Nickles' hand was clenched in a fist. Wild, uncontrollable. They talked about the future.

They will remain here only one to two months. They will be very economical. Without money it is impossible to go out into the world. Now it was not like that time when Nickles had come with an empty knapsack. Now they were two . . .

CHAPTER XIX.

WILLIAM wrote the leaflet.

The first leaflet of the Springs Local of the Workers' Party. He wrote it from his heart. And as his heart throbbed like that of the Springs' workers, it was written from their heart too. It had its effect.

The workers of the various trades rallied. At the meeting there was great feeling. Strong words were expressed against the bosses who were now intent upon depriving the workers of the little advantage which the summer had brought them. The demand for strong action was unanimous.

The "Springs Paper" attacked the Bolshevik meeting most violently. It complained that Colorado Springs was left in the lurch by the arm of the law to which the businessmen had looked with so much expectation. They heaped sneers upon the chief of police because he had not broken up the meeting with clubs.

"Citizens, where is law and order?"—the editorial exclaimed pathetically. It demanded "Law and Order" which since the memorable burial had become a household word.

In a second article it was pointed out that order must be established immediately and was a necessary thing because the time at which the half-year agreement would expire was very near.

"Does the public want to be thrown into chains because of its own inertia? Do you, free citizens, want the mob to force a contract on you again? Do you want organized slavery or free labor,—it's

up to you to choose, citizens!"

On Sunday the ku klux klan held its religious services in the church of the Christian Scientists.

A white-hood preached:

" . . . Soul-crystals, go yonder upon the road, towards salvation . . ."

At the end of the services the white-hood with the death's head knelt before the altar, and out of his heart there burst an ardent prayer which swept along the whole assemblage.

"Oh give us, Jesus Christ, strength and endurance, so that we will once more set up law and order in our poor, troubled city. Grant us that we may root out the weeds . . . We thank thee, Lord Jesus Christ, that thou are our leader and that thou givest us counsel. We thank thee, oh Lord . . ."

The next day the "Springs Paper" wrote with appreciation about the ku klux klan religious

services. "The sun of freedom has once more risen in our city"—and that sort of thing.

The workers planned a great protest meeting. The paper demanded that the police take steps against this anarchy.

William and Joe were arrested, and their homes were searched. The chief of police knew well enough that he had no legal ground for arresting them, but the search was necessary. He had to have names.

The two were liberated the very same day. There was very great excitement.

Everybody was waiting for something to happen. Snow fell in big flakes and covered everything with dazzling whiteness.

William's wife sobbed:

"What do they want of you?"

But she got no answer to her question.

(To be continued next Saturday)

ARTIST GIVES AMERICAN LEGION BAD START IN WAR ORPHAN DRIVE



Of Course America Wants to Properly Care For Her War Orphans

HELP TO DO SO THROUGH

The American Legion Endowment Fund

FOR DISABLED MEN AND THE ORPHANS OF VETERANS

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE
Honorary Chairman

JAMES A. DRAIN
Chairman

UNCLE SAM is buying future cannon fodder. The above poster, broadcast thruout Seattle by the American Legion, shows an orphaned son of an ex-soldier appealing for funds. And Uncle Sam is gladly giving the orphan enough to keep him alive until he can be sent into a factory and later on used in the next war.

The poster was so frank it created a sensation in Seattle, and the American Legion was forced to call in all posters that were sent out and distribute safer ones, that hid the truth.

The Seattle employers and "open shoppers" objected to the above poster on the ground that it would cause resentment among the Seattle workers.

Workers as Factory Managers
MOSCOW. (By Mail).—Twenty-seven workers have graduated from the higher administration courses of the Ukrainian Supreme Council of National Economy in Kharkov. All of them are members of the Communist Party and each of them has worked 10-15 years in factories and about 4 years in administrative bodies. They are to be given respon-

sible posts in the industries and are principally to serve in the capacity of red factory managers.

Fleet Commander Ousted.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19.—Admiral Samuel S. Robinson, commander of the battlefleet, has been appointed to replace Admiral R. E. Coontz as commander in chief of the United States fleet.

Our Readers' Views

"Daily" Makes Workers Normal.

To the DAILY WORKER: I have only worked 27 days during the last 16 months and I am therefore subscribing for a half year instead of a full year as I should like to.

I positively cannot think of missing a single copy of your DAILY WORKER. Workers who do not read our paper are blind with their minds—they do not understand how to interpret the developments in the economic life of the people in every country. Once a worker reads the DAILY WORKER he needs it everyday to understand what is happening around him.

What the good nurse is to the sick the DAILY WORKER is to the working class.

Yours in the struggle, Walter Sumonia, Renton, Pa.

Rockefeller-McCormick Parasites Quarrel Over Their Unearned Booty

NEW YORK, June 19.—A further division in the McCormick-Rockefeller family was revealed today.

Miss Muriel McCormick, daughter of Harold F. and Mrs. Edith Rockefeller-McCormick, has joined her father in opposing payment to her mother of \$750,000 accrued under a trust fund established for her in 1917 by John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

The McCormicks were divorced several years ago. McCormick later married Ganna Walska.

Mrs. Anita Oser, younger sister of Muriel, also is a party to the suit on the side of her father.

Hoover Backed by Coal Barons.

The eighth annual convention of the national coal association, meeting at the Edgewater Beach hotel, has endorsed Secretary Hoover's plan to reorganize the federal bureau of mines "to make it a commercial asset instead of a research bureau."

HOLD RUSSIAN PICNIC JUNE 28 AT RIMACK'S GROVE, LYONS, ILLINOIS

A picnic will be given by the Workers House and the Russian Children's schools of Chicago and vicinity on Sunday, June 28, at Rimack's Grove, Lyons, Illinois.

There will be games, prizes, and Russian and American dancing. Admission with special free tickets will cost 35 cents, and at the Grove, 50 cents.

Free tickets may be obtained at the Workers' House, 1902 W. Division St.

Mobilize the Red Army for Red Week.

Germany and the Guarantee Pact By Georg (Berlin)

THE German Foreign Minister, Stresemann, was right when he mentioned in his speech on foreign policy that the expression, "the question of security," had very little to do with the things which were discussed under this heading.

As a matter of fact, it is not a question of the securing of peace or such like things, but on the contrary, of organizing the next war, of preparing the grouping of powers.

FRENCH imperialism—represented today by a "left" government—understands by "security": securing its hegemony in Europe, the recognition and consolidation of its military alliances, the creation of a self-sufficing economic, and before all heavy industrial basis of its military power, and for this purpose to draw German economy into its sphere of power, further, to bind English imperialism by a military alliance in order to prevent its increasing armaments against France.

ENGLISH imperialism understands by the same term of security, something quite different.

Weakening of the political influence of France, its separation from its European allies (Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, etc.), its separation from Germany (expulsion from the Rhine and Ruhr district, separation from the German coke and German chemical industry), the drawing of Germany, as a future factor in world politics, in the wake of English imperialism in a military combination against the Soviet Union, playing off of Germany (military and economically) against France and France's allies, pressure upon France for the purpose of preventing its insane increase of armaments.

AMERICAN imperialism understands by security; the safeguarding of its money lending business in Europe, securing of the Eu-

ropean market for its goods and capital, setting the European powers one against the other, in order to enable America to carry on its business in the east undisturbed, and the formation of a united bloc for the war against the Soviet Union.

If now each one of the great imperialist powers conceals such divergent interests under the mask of "security," what could bourgeois Germany hope to achieve with its well-known offer of a guarantee pact? Vanquished bourgeois Germany is not an independent factor and is endeavoring to cling to the skirts of one or other of the imperialist powers and thus to carry on an imperialist policy. This is what it calls "national realistic policy."

THE German government of heavy industrialists and junkers, in making the offer to the entente powers that the latter shall finally renounce the districts which are occupied in the west, to subject the frontiers drawn by the Versailles treaty in the east and the south to a future arbitration court, and upon this basis to enter the league of nations, is acting in the interests of English imperialism. For the discussion of this offer is calculated to arouse excitement among France's European allies, to arouse in them a mistrust of France and thereby make the first step towards the isolation of France in Europe (Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, and also other little states, only remain true to France so long as they are convinced that they can obtain support from France), to indicate to the allies of France that it would be more advantageous for them to link their fate, not with French imperialism, but to orientate to England and America, to clear France out of the Rhine and Ruhr district, in order to destroy the industrial foundation of French imperialism, and to attract Germany into the English grouping of

powers against the Soviet Union and at the same time to compel France to enter this grouping under Anglo-American leadership.

It follows from this that England and America are straightening every nerve to have this plan—which has been formally brought forward by Germany but in reality was worked out by them—publicly and thoroly discussed in order to compel France openly to pronounce its attitude towards it. The most important means to this end are the pressure of America as the creditor of France, and the English offer of a partial military guarantee of the French frontiers.

FRENCH imperialism on the other hand, for the reasons mentioned above, has, of course, every cause to reject this plan, that is to do everything in order not to commit itself. Thus French imperialism retreats to the platform of the so-called Geneva protocol, which contrary to the Anglo-German offer of a guarantee, is intended to solve the "question of security" in the French sense, that is, by strengthening the French military alliances and the position of France in agreement with its continental allies. In the meantime, France wishes to gain time in order to see whether its position in Europe can yet be saved by bargaining with England in North Africa (Morocco war) and Asia (Syria, Mossul, Mesopotamia, Turkey). French imperialism, in its dilemma and very much against its will, is showing a more friendly countenance even to Soviet Russia in order to disturb the English group of powers directed against the Soviet Union.

THE real purpose of the Anglo-German guarantee offer can be best seen from the secret document of the Foreign Minister Chamberlain, which was published in the American press. The main ideas of this memorandum are the following: The chief enemy

of the capitalist world is the Soviet Union. Against the latter every group of powers must be directed. In this group Germany can play a very important role, thanks in the first place to its chemical industry (Rhineland). A military alliance with France, with the inclusion of Germany, would promote the English war plans in the Baltic, but also weaken the disagreeable French rival by separating it from its European allies. For this purpose there is dangled before Germany the bait of an eventual revision of the division of Upper Silesia, of the Polish corridor and of the prohibition of the inclusion of Austria in the German republic. By such means the bloc of the little entente and Poland would be undermined and brot under English influence.

If the French imperialist press expresses its fear of an approaching German-Austrian-Hungarian bloc, it really means the fear of an English bloc. If Germany maintains its offer accompanied by ambiguous expressions of friendship to the Soviet Union, this is the result of the all too justified fear (as the plaything of the imperialists, abandoned by the Soviet Union and completely isolated) of falling heavily to the ground between the various stools. In spite of this, counter-revolutionary Germany has no possibility of conducting any other policy, its only means of escape, which consists in a firm alliance with the Soviet Union, is closed to it by its counter-revolutionary nature.

THUS the "security negotiations" are calculated to expose and to increase the insecurity of the capitalist powers, of its war preparations against the Soviet Union and against each other. The opposite pole of all these combinations, the Soviet Union, is the only power which is capable of manoeuvring in this chaos of intrigues with self-confidence and to its own advantage.

The Jailor Gets Busy Again

By Thurber Lewis

A WORKER is thrown into jail. He may have been accused of criminal anarchy, espionage, sedition or he may have been framed-up by artists whose art consists of putting undesirable proletarians out of the way. Whatever technical charge it is he is sitting in jail for he has committed a "crime." His crime is organizing and agitating the workers against the bosses, to the detriment of profit. That's a capital crime. It is a crime that may as well be written out boldly in its own name across the statute books. It is not, as we know. But it is written nevertheless in a myriad statutes that serve the same purpose.

At times there is more jailing of workers than at others. When the offensive slackens, it means the machinery for turning out profits runs smoothly and their is little need for the statutes and the frame-up artists. The more alert workers are allowed to agitate and organize among the now complacent masses more or less at will.

The machinery balks. Profits don't come so easily and the masses are not so complacent. Or there is a war. In both cases the more alert workers constitute a danger to capitalism that is met by statutes, if statutes serve the purpose of getting them out of the way, or by frame-up artists if they don't. Sometimes quick and sudden action is needed. Then Frank Little, Wesley Everest, Ed Gregor and scores of miners, lumberjacks, rail-roads and cotton-spinners pay quickly with their lives.

WHEN the workers go to jail for committing the unpardonable crime, they have to be defended. If they weren't defended they would go in droves. All the alert ones would be picked off; there would be no workers' movement.

The business of defending workers involves money, protest and demonstration, this in turn demanding organization. It is to be assumed that, for the most part, the money must

come from workers themselves. Occasionally a liberal, or even a millionaire will contribute to workers' defense. But this can't be depended upon. Certainly the demonstration and protests must come from the workers.

Workers' defense in America so far has been a hit and miss affair. Defense committees have been built up around labor cases as they arise. When the cases die out so do the defense committees. This method has obvious weaknesses.

The reason for it is that nobody thinks of defense until there is need for it. Until someone goes to jail it is hard to arouse much enthusiasm for getting him out. (And if he stays in a long time, as Mooney and Billings, Ford and Suhr and Rangel and Cline have staid in a long, there is a tendency to forget about him.) The depressing feature is that after one case has been disposed of often as not a whole flock follow and all the defendants are handicapped by not having enough defense. The day of isolated cases seems to have long since passed.

IN the camp of the bosses, centralization and concentration have become the watchwords. They don't allow themselves to do things disconnectedly any more. Thoroughness is their motto. When the time is ripe for a wage cut or an open shop campaign or the breaking of a big strike, it is done on a large scale and with completeness. Judge Anderson's injunction, for example, during the railway shopmen's strike of 1922 was no local affair. It applied nationally and workers were arrested under it in all parts of the country. Remember the I. W. W. trial, when 166 indictments were handed down by one court for workers in every state. Remember the Palmer red raids when workers were dragged out of their homes in San Francisco and New York at the same time. Yes indeed, the snipe-shooting stage is over. Large-scale industrial methods have been made to apply to the commerce of jailing workers.

There is a wage-cut offensive in full

swing in the spinning industry. Real struggle can be smelled in the air of New England and New Jersey. Those of our minds that remember flit back to "Lawrence" and know what the struggle means in the places where fabrics are made. The central competitive union coal field is at a standstill. The miners are getting desperate. The wage agreement they signed doesn't mean anything because the coal is being dug in the non-union fields. A bitter fight is picking up steam in the old battle ground, West Virginia. At this writing the news comes of two hundred workers arrested under the usual injunction against picketing. One miner just got ten years under W. Virginia's very handy Redmond act.

THE reactionary revival in Europe has made progress. In certain countries, especially the Balkans and the Baltic States, white terror against the workers has become endemic. The rest of the countries in Europe, particularly Italy, are treating their toilers none too tenderly. America has, of necessity, acquired the habit of reflecting things that happen abroad. It is merely a phase of the growing economic interdependence and therefore political affinity that has become a characteristic of imperialist nations like our own. Our own labor-baiters have already developed a sort of American brand of white terror, but foreign influences promise to perfect their handicraft.

The famous Pittsburgh "sedition" trials after being hung up for a couple of years have been taken of the hook again. It happens that the ten defendants who have been "seditious" have also distinguished themselves in the many as yet unsuccessful efforts to unionize western Pennsylvania, the special domain of steel magnates and cossacks. A Rochester grand jury has suddenly discovered that the vice-president of the Street Railway Employees' Union and an A. F. of L. national organizer are responsible for bombing a train of its track near Buffalo in 1922.

ANYONE who thinks the United States supreme court is going to fail to find any criminal syndicalism laws constitutional ought to read Gustav Meyers. Over a hundred workers are now held under those laws (35 states have them) and supreme court judges, or any other kind for that matter, don't wear robes for the purpose of releasing workers. We can expect the Michigan and all other cases pending an appeal to this illustrious court to re-open for purposes of quick conviction as soon as Taft and his playmates get the high-sign to hand down the kind of decision they have always handed down.

The New York state criminal anarchy law has only lately been upheld as constitutional by the supreme court. It means that Ben Gitlow goes back to Sing Sing and that the criminal syndicalism hoax is sanctioned as a permanent institution.

These are only a few examples to indicate what is coming. It's stormy weather ahead. But for the time being it can be said that the workers are enjoying something of a respite. It seems that this respite ought to be taken advantage of. There is no sense in the workers getting caught off their guard again. Widespread workers' defense will be needed and the best time to organize for workers' defense is not when the cases start to pile up, but when there is a respite.

ON June 28, a national defense conference will be held in Chicago. This conference has been called by the Labor Defense Council to rally the workers behind a movement whose purpose will be to give defense to the largest number of workers in the largest way. The aim is to create a central defense organ that will draw support from all sections of the working class to give aid to all workers attacked legally or otherwise for their activities in the labor movement, regardless of their opinions or affiliations.

This is a wise move. What worker who knows what the struggle against the bosses means will hesitate to support a cause like this?

William Jennings Bryan and Other Animals

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

William Jennings Bryan, America's most perennial presidential candidate, has lent the lustre of a well advertised name to many causes and also the aid of an eloquent tongue, but it is doubtful if at any time during the long public career of this spectacular mountebank, he got entangled in an issue that will contribute more to his political delousation than his espousal of the lost cause of fundamental ignorance in the realm of biology, thru the medium of the Scopes case about to be tried in Dayton, Tennessee.

The facts of the case, briefly stated are: John Thomas Scopes, football coach and science teacher in a Dayton high school taught the theory of evolution to his pupils. Until the year 1924 it was perfectly legal to do this, but the state legislature of Tennessee among others, under the influence of ignorant cave-men like William Jennings Bryan, had a bill passed which made it a violation of state law for a public school teacher to inform his pupils on the Darwinian theory or any other theory of evolution.

John Thomas Scopes deliberately set about violating this law in order to test its constitutionality. He immediately became a national figure, thereby banishing James A. Stillman and his concubines from the front page, for the time being, and forcing the Chicago gunmen to resort to unusual forms of murder in order to make the eight column headline.

Publicity means as much to a political mountebank as water does to a thirsty mule, so when William Jennings Bryan, scented a chance to break into the headlines as a leader of the forces of darkness he hit the trail to Tennessee with as much zest as a tomcat on his way to a love tryst. Religion, according to Bryan, had one foot on a banana peel of ancient vintage while the other foot

was standing on the brink of an open grave and smeared with gudgeon grease in addition. Clearly there was need for a savior.

Bryan, who was at this time busily engaged selling real estate lots in Florida, threw up his \$1,000 a day job and seizing his bible and his torch he called on the organized morons of America to proceed to defend the sacred sepulchre of ignorance against the demon of knowledge. Many answered his call, because there are many ignoramuses in America. The bible would help to make confusion more confounded while the torch would serve as an intoxicating symbol for those in whose veins runs the blood of the witch-burners of all the ages. Even if the law forbids the immolation of John Thomas Scopes on the blazing faggot pile, the sight of the torch would remind Bryan's pious followers, of the good old days when the smell of burning infidel would soothe their nasal passages and send them on their way happy in the thot that a merciful and just god was still in his heaven.

The battle was on. We must admit that ignorance was well served in the person of Bryan. He is no compromiser in this respect. He will defend fundamental ignorance without the crossing of a "t" or the dotting of an "i." Those who have rallied to the defense of evolution are not cast in the same mold, it must be respectfully admitted.

Led by the Civil Liberties Union, several lawyers have offered their services to defend Mr. Scopes. Among the number are Bainbridge Colby, secretary of state (for a while) in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet and Clarence Darrow, one of the most noted criminal lawyers in the United States, and sole proprietor of a "what's the use" philosophy, that has no use for anything except high legal fees and a general acceptance of the capitalist system as an endurable phenomenon.

According to newspaper reports,

which are not always reliable, the Scopes defenders hope to use the trial for the purpose of "reconciling religion and science," thru the testimony of heads of more or less liberal denominations, or denominations that cater to a clientele that cannot swallow the immaculate conception not to speak of the special creation theory, and yet like to hold on to the god of their fathers even tho he is much the worse for wear. The liberal churches put this god thru a fumigating process and serve him up to suit the tastes of their more advanced customers, while churches that carry such atavists as Bryan on their books, feature the old reliable Jehovah, the same old boy who used to command his favorite sons of Israel (before they fell from grace) to kill all their male captives and the old females, but to keep the virgins for procreative purposes.

The hope that evolution and science can be reconciled is that one must be deferred. And the bible said that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Religion has fought science down thru history. Every advance made by science has been over the wounded body of religion. Beaten in the battle, religion has tried to maintain some footing by compromising with science or with some alleged scientists to the extent of trying to prove that there is no fundamental conflict between science and religion; that god is still there, tho heaven is gone.

Religion can no more be reconciled with science than the conflict between the capitalists and the workers can be reconciled. Capitalism must go. It's on its way and so is religion. Religion is based on blind faith. Science is knowledge gained and verified by exact observation and correct thinking. Capitalism is not fighting those sciences which it needs in its business. It is fighting the science of sociology, with which Marx armed the workers and in the hands of the

great revolutionary engineer, Lenin, opened the door to the new order of society, where ignorance as well as exploitation will be treated like a criminal. Capitalism would prefer that the workers still believed they owe their origin to a piece of dirt moulded by Jehovah's paws and set in motion by a whiff of his breath, but it takes intelligence to run the capitalist industrial machine and you cannot prevent intelligent workers from thinking. What can't be cured must be endured and the capitalists make th best of the situation.

The "Battle of Tennessee," as the militant pacifists like to label it, may result in the anti-evolution laws passed in Tennessee and other states being declared unconstitutional. As to teaching of the theory of evolution does not endanger the existence of the capitalist state, the United States supreme court will undoubtedly rule on the side of safe and sane progress. This will please the radicals who have deserted the fight against capitalism and now get their thrills taking it out on Jehovah. Dayton will get a lot of publicity out of it and real estate values should go up, despite the presence of the ungodly Scopes, who by the way declares he is as good a friend of god's as anybody else. But he's got—to show the Bryanites. Whether the anti-evolution laws will be wiped off the statute books or not, the trial should be valuable. It will make the study of biology more interesting for one thing, and provided there are no juicy murder cases with a sex flavor on the boards while the trial is on, or Coolidge has not sent an expeditionary force to Mexico, Darwin will get a real introduction to the American public. His name will no longer mean a word of six letters in a cross word puzzle. In other words let the trial come on and do it's damndest. We are for it, but more interested in what's taking place in China and Morocco; in Nova Scotia and Mexico.

The New Drama Under Soviet Rule

THE Bolshevik revolution has had far reaching effect upon the Russian theater. The Russian theater has in many ways become an experimental laboratory for dramatic art in all its departments, including the drama proper, the dance and the ballet; and the pantomime and mass recitation.

The fire of dramatic art is expressed today in Russia as never before. There is nothing to stop the drama in its onward development. There are no limitations. Anything maybe attempted, and as a consequence the drama flourishes mightily.

THIS development is in line with other changes that have taken place in Russia side by side, and growing out of the proletarian revolution. It is difficult to estimate the vast changes that have taken place in the lives of the Russian workers.

It is of course, perfectly obvious that such cultural changes could only take place in the wake of the revolution. It is the expression of working class ideals and working class unity.

What is the revolutionary theater? It is the theater for the propaganda primarily of proletarian ideals. It is therefore propaganda; but it does not at all sacrifice art to propaganda. On the contrary because of its fearless nature and its courage to put across a powerful and revolutionary idea it is capable of tremendous artistic possibilities. It breaks with all theatrical traditions both as regards technique, staging and lighting, and develops a dynamic and powerful art fulfilling its twin functions of propaganda and art.

IN Moscow Meyerchold is the last word in revolutionary drama. Meyerchold has made complete departures from the old forms from the written play to the stage carpentry; from the audience to the lights, everything is new and at first strange—very—very strange . . .

Its first effect is to make you con-

scious; then you blink with amazement and then you want to get to the bottom of it and understand what is back of the impressions you are receiving. Not that there is any magic—only the magic of a new psychology—but that it is so new and so different that it sweeps you off your feet.

WHEN you enter Meyerchold theater you are greeted by an empty stage curtainless and wholly without ornamentation. In the background is the brick wall of the building. A ladder is leaning against it. On one side is a curious looking scaffold like the first construction for a building. A carpenter walks across the stage. But this is not part of the play—not yet, but during the performance, carpenters do walk across when they have work to do for the immediate scene.

A bell rings; a group of well set up fellows and girls all in blue Russian jackets file in talking excitedly; another worker pushes past and mounts the scaffold and begins in a passionate, pleading voice to argue with the group. There is the sound of an automobile and a gentleman in full dress; a flower in his buttonhole and with white gloves, alights from his car and begs the workers to vote for him and to stand for his party. He is surrounded by journalists, secretaries and telegraphers.

The play is fairly launched. You are struck by the two groups; the bourgeois group of the social democrats and demagogues in elegant attire and the workers all in the blue Russian blouses.

THE play continues; it is a two-sided struggle. The social democrats attempt to win the workers for their elections and the Communists want to show the workers the perfidy and hypocrisy of these silk-hatted politicians who seek only their own power at the expense and exploitation of the workers. It looks as if the Communists would win, but they are betrayed and the hero falls shot thru the heart by the soldiers of the democracy. In the last scene, as the

red coffin of the hero is borne away, his mother points the way to her grandson, child of the fallen Communist and says: "He is dead but you must take up the battle." Between these two scenes there are other scenes in which the bourgeoisie is so ridiculed and caricatured that you are carried from one spasam of laughter to the other, but it is in a way a kind of intellectual laughter if such a term may be used, for you laugh also, because the caricature is no caricature, but the real truth brot naked to the audience.

This is Meyerchold; no scenery; practically no settings; no curtains; the light comes from various angles and produces a grotesque and poster like effect. The movements and voices of the players are the strong supple movements and the strong ringing voices of workers. When the bourgeoisie is portrayed they look weak and stupid, ineffectual by contrast. Almost enuf to make a bourgeois of intelligence turn against his own class. And the director, Meyerchold, a tall, thin gray-haired man, is lovable and mild and a Communist.

IT is curious to turn from the freshness and dynamics of Meyerchold to the old theater which still exists in Russia. Here you can hear the old operas of long ago sung in the same old style. You can also see the old ballets danced to the old music, a sweet and often meaningless, colorful in a pretty and tame way but years behind the times. There is of course also the splendid new expressionist dancing a whole world of strength and rythm.

Then there is the drama of the same school as the modern drama of New York or Paris. Just drama; the old stories, the old trappings and stage effects. I did not see this but I did see the theater of the old technique with the new play; the play dealing with conditions as they exist in Berlin or Paris and the social and economic life like "The Weavers."

Then there is the Russian art thea-

ter. I saw here a remarkable production of the "Blue Bird." It is incomparable like a rare jewel cut and radiant. The stage from the rising of the curtain to the drop was a series of delicate paintings, to which lighting, color, groupings and backgrounds all contributed. These are like paintings of the school known in the technique of painting as pointilism; light, opalescent—glittering. I was far from understanding how some of these beautiful effects were achieved. The acting is not new but very good.

To me it was too dream-like and unreal. Too much removed from life to give vigor or inspiration for life. To turn from this to Meyerchold is like turning from the scent of exquisite flowers to the Niagara.

THE Meyerchold Theater may assume different forms in the future. But it will always be revolutionary. It does not mince things. It is the heart and pulse of the proletariat, articulate for the first time in history. It is strength of the longshoreman and the suppleness of the Greek runners. Of the technique, of the acting it is difficult to speak, it is so different from the old technique and at times so curious in itself.

Propaganda it is certainly. Always the struggle and the victory of the workers and the brutality and the stupidity of the bourgeoisie. But above all it is the powerful heart beats of the new proletarian drama.—Sadie Anster.

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New Forms of Revolutionary Agitation

By S.

AMONG the many forms of agitation and propaganda work the form of mass agitation may be said to be the most highly developed. The Communist parties of the West have been born upon the waves of the tide of revolution, with revolutionary slogans on their lips.

During the first years of the existence of the party the whole energies of our organizations were devoted solely to agitation among the broad masses, so that we have gained much experience in this line. If we compare our organization of agitatorial campaigns with our organization of propaganda work or party press, it must be acknowledged that we have already achieved much in the sphere of agitation. Every extensive campaign is thoroly prepared.

THESE are proclaimed, appeals and pamphlets published, the press utilized, numerous meetings organized. It must however be admitted that all the measures taken bear a somewhat uniform and monotonous character. There is a danger that these forms of agitation may cease to exercise effect upon the broad masses, especially in periods of revolutionary ebbtide, during which the broad masses of the working class are aroused to action with greater difficulty. For this reason we must endeavor to infuse as much variety as possible into our agitation; we must seek fresh ways and means of expanding our sphere of influence.

Bourgeois ideology percolates thru a thousand holes down into the working class, thru the medium of the shops and markets, the bars and theaters, cinemas and press.

We must endeavor to overstep the confines of agitations as we have hitherto understood it, and to combat the corrupting influence of the bourgeoisie and of Philistine socialism everywhere by our Communist influence.

This is no easy task in face of the constant persecution to which the Communist parties are exposed. It is a task which frequently cannot be accomplished at all by parties obliged to work illegally. Nevertheless, the question is an urgent one for a number of the sections of the Comintern.

The example set us by our Russian comrades shows us many new forms of mass agitation, such as may be employed with advantage by our western sections. Our youth organizations have already learnt much from our Russian comrades in this respect. It thus seems very possible to us that many difficulties may be overcome.

WHEREVER it is possible, our organizations should form Workers' clubs, so that premises are provided in which party members and sympathizers may pass an occasional leisure hour, may read a book or newspaper, or exchange ideas with comrades. It is not always possible, or even desirable, to organize a club of this kind expressly as a party club.

The existence of a club is invariably secured if it is made the central point not only of the party organization, but of our youth, and of the revolutionary labor organizations in sympathy with us. (Trade unions, co-operative societies, sport clubs, etc.) The youth in particular must be induced to take part in the organization of such clubs. For the youth is the most active element, and experience shows that the young members play a leading role in all club work. The Russian Workers' clubs have already gathered much experience with respect to the independent work done by their members.

Every club is supplemented by a number of circles of various descriptions, adapted to the various inclinations and mental needs of the club members. There are political and theoretical circles for the study of the practical and theoretical questions of the labor movements. There are sport circles (physical culture). The best attended circles attached to the clubs are those bearing a purely artistic character: choral societies, circles for music and literature, etc. The creative energy of the revolutionary

working class is offered opportunity of expression by these circles. They offer at the same time the material and the basis for various outlets of artistic activity: theatrical performances, recitations, etc. These circles furnish the club with extensive possibilities of organizing new forms of mass agitation by the aid of art, and enable them to form centers of attraction irresistible to even the most backward and least developed strata of the working class. The clubs possess cinematograph apparatus, employed from time to time for showing films of revolutionary import. The extensive scale upon which club work is carried on is naturally proportional to the extensive means furnished for this purpose by the managements of the state factories and works, by the trade unions, and by the state itself (thru its education authorities.) Under the conditions imposed on our Communist sections in Western Europe the scope of club work is of course much smaller.

WITH reference to the forms taken by mass agitation, two of these may be dealt with here in detail; propagandist performances of a more or less theatrical nature, and the so-called verbal newspaper. Both of these forms of agitation call for a certain amount of artistic effort, and both require a considerable amount of careful preparation. Our Russian comrades organize both of these forms of work in closest co-operation with the club circles. When the club undertakes some special campaign of agitation, it allots the various circles the tasks falling to their share. The circles decide who is to take part, divide the roles, rehearse the whole, and practically undertake the work.

THE simplest form of performance, and one invariably appealing to the whole public, is the so-called agitation or political trial. Any political question of the day may be made the subject of the trial. For instance, the Ebert lawsuit lately formed a center of public interest. At the time when the trial was proceeding in Magdeburg, and the working class was greatly interested in the issue, an effective agitation could have been carried out by a mock trial at which the workers themselves tried Ebert. Much larger numbers could have been attracted to witness such a performance than to the ordinary meetings with Communist speakers. A similar trial with MacDonald as culprit could also be arranged. Not only individual persons, but whole corporations, may be placed in the prisoner's dock, for instance the social democratic party or the bourgeois government, or "left social democracy," or fascism, etc.; in such cases living persons among the leaders of the organizations concerned must take the place of the accused.

THESE agitation or political mock trials are formed on the model of the revolutionary tribunal; three judges, a chairman, a public prosecutor a barrister for the defense. The whole procedure and wording of the trial must however be exactly arranged beforehand; the indictment, the hearing of the witnesses, the evidence, the explanations offered by the accused, the speeches for the prosecution and defense, the closing words of the accused. The roles must be carefully allotted, and every role must be learnt by heart. The verdict must be very carefully thot out. It must be remembered that when the performance is well carried out the audience follows with the intensest inner participation, and is roused to a high pitch of excitement, so that the verdict can have a very considerable effect.

A political agitatorial mock trial of this description can be easily developed into a real theatrical performance, with suitable costumes and disguises. Humor and satire may be extensively used. All this of course involves greater difficulties, and is by no means absolutely necessary; it can however be carried out with advantage where sufficient capable actors, and other means are available.

THE organization of such political agitation mock trials is not confined to the resources of any single club. A hall or other building frequented by

the workers can be employed for the purpose, or other premises customarily used for meetings or entertainments.

THE organization of a verbal newspaper does not require such complicated preparations. This form of agitation is more mobile in every respect, requires a smaller number of participators, and can be arranged in the factory, restaurant, etc. The object of a verbal newspaper is to impart to the audience, within the shortest possible period of time—say half an hour—everything of importance for the political situation of the moment, but without degenerating into a wearisome and monotonous meeting. As a rule the verbal newspaper is arranged in the form of an editors' consultation.

Those taking part are allotted roles corresponding to the division of labor on an editorial staff: leading article, foreign editor, home politics editor, telegrams, factory notes, humorous supplement, scientific review, etc. The editor of the paper, in a few plain words, announces the contents of the newspaper, and calls upon each of the editors to narrate his share, no one person speaking for more than 5 minutes. The "leading article" then speaks, discussing the facts just heard, but no longer than ten minutes.

A SECOND article may follow, etc. A verbal newspaper must not last for longer than 30 to 40 minutes at longest. Preparative work is required if the whole is to be carried out effectively. The articles must not be read from manuscripts, but must be actually narrated, that is, they must be written down and learnt from memory beforehand.

THE experience gained by our Russian comrades, has shown that by means of these verbal newspapers it is possible to arouse the interest of

even the most backward workers, those who as a rule read no newspaper whatever, but satisfy their natural political interest by every description of political rumor and gossip. The greater the variety offered by the newspaper, the less it wearies the hearer, and the oftener he comes to hear the paper again. Such verbal newspapers can be organized with a permanent staff, and at regular intervals in the same places. By this means the hearers gain an affection for their newspaper. An "Answers to correspondents" can also be arranged for, and questions from the audience collected. These are then replied to when the next number of the paper appears. The hearers can be induced to give the paper a certain name. A verbal newspaper of this kind gradually loses its attraction for a class conscious workers' audience reading its own daily newspapers. Among our Russian comrades the newspapers has gradually been transformed into a so-called living newspaper, a form requiring a certain amount of artistic organization.

It need not be said that we could obtain the most effective results if we could avail ourselves of the attractions of the "pictures", one of the mightiest means of influencing the masses. But it is exceedingly difficult to do this, especially under European conditions. Much has already been accomplished in this line in the Union of Soviet Socialist Russia. Some few of the films issued by the Soviet cinematography have already been given in Europe.

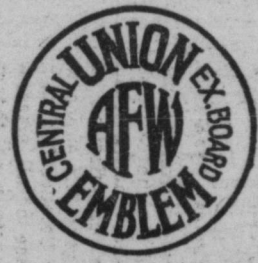
A more detailed treatment of this subject would go too far. Our aim is to draw the attention of all active workers to this serious question, and to call attention to fresh forms of agitation.

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