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A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales



In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

THE United States government is busy trying to bring the light of American democracy to the benighted people of Nicaragua, and England is disgracefully retreating out of Chinese towns where the bayonets of British soldiers once held sway. Secretary of State Kellogg has not even a plausible excuse for interfering in Nicaragua, tho a few years ago his charge that Mexico was spreading Communism thruout South America might have fallen on fertile soil. Today Kellogg's alibi is given the merry laugh and even strong supporters of the capitalist system cannot refrain from insinuating that outside of the bone in Kellogg's cranium there is very little left.

THE outstanding events of the week are: The continued progress of the revolutionary movement in China and the storm of protest that has been raised in South America against the brazen interference of our imperialists in the affairs of the republic of Nicaragua. There is little left of China for the foreign imperialists except Manchuria, since Shanghai promises to fall shortly to the Cantonese. The Chinese masses seem to be in a fair way to get rid of the foreign parasites that have bled them for generations. This will be only a step in the task of building up of a Workers' and Peasants' Republic. Speed the day.

ACCORDING to the latest reports, grain collections in the Soviet Union surpassed previous collections by a substantial amount. This is good news, not only for the Russian workers but for the workers in all countries. Soviet Russia is the main bulwark of the labor movement and the fact that the reactionary trade union officials are against the Soviet government only confirms the opinion that what is good for Russia is good for the workers

in general. The reactionary labor leaders are part and parcel of the capitalist machine.

DO we get news in the capitalist press or merely propaganda? Mostly the latter. Yet we must admit that the capitalist's papers do the trick cleverly. The job is to make the propaganda look like news. This is an art. Any experienced newspaper man can tell for what political or industrial group any capitalist newspaper is coloring the news. But the average reader will not be able to discern this fact. As far as we are concerned we, like the others, are also engaged in the business of delivering selected news. And the more we develop the ability to coin popular, homely phrases and get away from the language of the cannery the better we will be able to reach the masses.

SERMONIZING may be the best kind of mental fodder for a hill-billy whose face is scarred with the lines of moral purpose and who hates the revenue officer equally with the opponent of the Volstead law, but the worker who lives in thickly populated sections and necessarily rubs shoulders with other human beings develops a healthy skepticism and a tendency to estimate the quantity of sound in everything that is uttered by those who essay the task of saving him from economic or spiritual perdition. It would be extremely fortunate if all those we try to reach by our propaganda dropped their skepticism in our case and only wore it when a capitalist politician hove in sight. But this is a Utopian view, therefore we must cultivate a more efficient propaganda technique and consider the minds of those we are trying to reach rather than proving that we remember page so and so or that we are in hearty accord with comrade so and so.

THERE are more people excited over the baseball scandals than over the prospect of a war

with Mexico. It seems now as if every baseball game for the last three decades was fixed. Which means that games were given away for the sake of the betting. The notorious labor-hater, Judge Landis, who draws \$50,000 a year from the baseball magnates in return for throwing a cloak of respectability around the business, is now "purifying" baseball. As usual, a few players are presented to the public as scapegoats and after the storm blows over the magnates will be given a clean bill of health. Here is something the writer cannot get excited over but he hopes that Landis will get all the mud there is available. Anyhow, what can commercialized baseball be but rotten? What can anything be but commercialized under capitalism? This does not mean to imply that the men who throw the ball and swing the club are more immoral than the average person. Nothing of the sort. A person cannot wade thru a sewer and come thru clean. A person cannot wallow in the social mire of capitalism and escape without a disagreeable reminder of his travels.

MUSSOLINI has started the New Year right by issuing an edict against merriment. The slaves of the Italian bourgeoisie must devote all their time to producing wealth for the rulers of Italy. The once happy and smiling land of Italy is now like a graveyard fit only for buzzards and undertakers. If it were necessary to enforce strict discipline for a period in the interests of the masses no serious-minded person would object, but Mussolini's spartanism is for the benefit of the capitalists who will enjoy life as usual. The workers only will be compelled to wear the long faces.

Poetry and Revolution

By V. F. Calverton

Revolutionary poetry may be the result either of deep protest or discontent, or of a radical change in society. There was revolutionary poetry in Russia before the late Revolution of the Bolsheviks, and there was revolutionary poetry, too, in Germany in the eighteen-twenties, long before the proletariat was organized into either party or union.

It is clear that certain dissections and definitions are imperative. In the first place, revolutionary poetry, it is obvious, is the result of an exciting and agitating social urge. It could scarcely arise in a placid society. It discloses the existence of social struggle and conflict. The artist is often unaware of the entire implications and extensions of his revolt. Of course, there are artists who are consciously revolutionary in their social attitude as well as their esthetic. The latter, however, are fewer in number than the former. The reaction of the artist is part of the behavior of social change. The extensity and intensity of his revolt is dependent upon his chemistry of character as well as his degree of social vision. Social vision alone does not give genius to the artist's touch, but it is the necessary background for great social art, the production of moving social beauty.

Poems of protest are abundant; poems of revolution are few. A poem such as Francis Adams'

To the Christians.

"Take, then, your paltry Christ,
Your gentleman God,
We want the carpenter's son,
With his saw and hod.

We want the man who loved
The poor and the oppressed,
Who hated the rich man and king
And the scribe and the priest

We want the Galilean
Who knew cross and rod.
It's your "good taste" that prefers
A bastard "God!"

is certainly denunciatory of the bourgeoisie, but with its Christian sentimentalism, is assuredly not a poem of revolutionary vision. Margaret Widmer's *Factories* is a poem of social appeal:

I have shut my little sister from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),

I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;

I who ranged the meadow lands, free from sun to sun,

Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,

I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done
Oh, my little sister, was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),

Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,

How shall she pass scathless through the sinlit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,

I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,

I have put my sister in her mating-time away—
Sister, my young sister,—was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast

(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),

Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest,

How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?

I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,

I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold heads lie

Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn,
God of Life—Creator! It was I! It was I!
and yet, it too, is not a revolutionary effort.

Even such a spirited and rhythmic poem as Masfield's *Consecration*:

Not of the princes and pledates with periwigged charioteers

Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,

Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,

Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,

The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medaled commander, beloved of the throne,

Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,

But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,

The slave with the sack on his shoulders priced on with the goad,

The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,

The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,

The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,

The portly presence of potentates godly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould,

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told.

is not a revolutionary production.

All of these poems express sympathy for the proletariat, all are in protest against a society that breeds poverty, hunger, and pain, yet none possesses revolutionary insight or philosophy. They are all part of that movement that marked the rise of new forms and the slow decay of old ideals in the latter part of the eighteenth century. They are in revolt against things aristocratic. They despise, too, the acquisitive ideal. The lower classes have captured their sympathy. At one time it was Rousseau, at another Paine, who believed in the future of democracy. For Paine, as for Mary Wollstonecraft and the Utilitarians who grew into a school of philosophic and economic significance, private property was a virtue instead of a vice. Yet despite their philosophic defense of private-property these thinkers were part of the democratic movement we have described. They had a sympathy for the commoner. It was not a class-conscious sympathy, to be sure, but a sympathy that was significant in contrast to the contempt with which the older aristocracies had regarded the toiler. Out of this movement sprang the exclamatory enthusiasm of William Blake, the English poet, who, donning a red cap, declared himself a liberty-boy—"the shape of my head makes me so"—and who later was arrested for crying "Damn the king and you too!" when he tried to eject an officious soldier from his gardens. Burns, too; and the early Wordsworth, and Cowper, the young Southey and Coleridge, were expressive of the same reaction. The poet was moved often to an exciting if not ecstatic and revolutionary madness. Cowper, with all his pious skepticism, was thrilled by the Revolution, and called it a "wonderful period in the history of mankind." Burns was beautifully dynamic in his enthusiasm. It was he who sent guns from a captured smuggling vessel to the Convention in Paris, and who enraged a military officer by stating that England, in her war with France, should meet with the failure she deserved. Burns' poem, *A Man's a Man for a' That*, was written at this time, most likely in 1789, although it was not published until 1791. Wordsworth was gay in his early rebelliousness. To be alive was good, but to be alive was very heaven—such was the sentiment of the early Wordsworth who caressed love in those days with the carelessness of a young Lothario. As late as 1794 he wrote to his friend Mathews:

"I am of that odious class of men called democrats and of that class I shall forever continue."

In another place he wrote, with equal fervor:

"Hereditary distinctions and privileged orders of every specie, I think, must necessarily counteract the progress of human improvement, hence it follows that I am not amongst the admirers of the British Constitution."

In the actual words of their poetry, these men stood with the suppressed classes. That their stand was sentimental is not to be argued. It was a sentimentality, however, that was persuasive and, at the time, influential. Burns' poem, *A Man's a Man for a' That*, was expressive of an attitude that was not to be found in the aristocratic and bourgeois literature that had preceded Goldsmith's lines:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied,"

while not revolutionary in either form or substance, did chalk the growth of this sentiment of sympathy for the dispossessed which had not been known in literature, except by way of vain gesture of effusion, since the days of Jeremiah.

Our poetry, today, then, is chiefly poetry of protest instead of poetry of revolution. As poetry of protest is even adulterated with sugar phrase and lachrymose attachment. Dronke's lines:

"And for your blood of God demand
Grim penalty,"

or those of Heine:

"A curse to the king, a curse to his coffin,

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The Doctor Faces the Social System - By B. Lieber

(Fragment from a new novel, "The Healers,")

William had hard times.

But during all those times none of the patients who had so often said that he had saved their lives and that they were forever devoted to him, none came to see him. They followed the crowd and the gossip. Nobody asked him whether he had his rent or food. He struggled on passively, waiting for better days.

His situation improved when a few Jewish patients found the way to his office. But they were difficult to deal with. They were not as quiet and resigned and submissive as his previous non-Jewish clientele. They were nervous, often on the verge of insanity, questioning every one of his orders and wanting to know the reasons for everything.

How often did he have to treat those who had just come over from Europe and were suffering from the terrors of the great war and from the shocks of the antisemitic pogroms! Their frightened eyes were wide open and they gazed around themselves with a constant fear of an impending danger. There were the women who had seen horrors, base, cowardly rapes for the act that the people called love. They still felt on their feeble bodies the creeping fingers of strong men, drunk with rut and vodka, the caress of the bloody tyrants, the "knights" and "heroes" of the war. And some were yet pallid and attenuated from the recent operation by which they had gotten rid of the fruits of this rape which was grown by imperturbable, brutal, amoral nature.

Like the office of every physician, whether he was aware of it or not, William's was full of sounds from outside. It reverberated the suffering and pain from the street, the houses, the working places. It received the wrecks, the flotsam and jetsam of life. Its walls heard the cries, the sobbing, the sighs of the wounded world—a repercussion of its endless misery.

He had to repair, to fix human organs and minds, to put them in shape for further use and abuse.

Now that his practice was changing he was dealing more and more with working people. And alas! that was the most ungrateful work for the physician. No sooner had he improved the body of a workman and sent him back to labor than he returned to the doctor's broken in spirit and with disturbed functions. There was a continuous flow between the factory and the consulting room.

Often William said to himself: "What is the use?"

When one of his friends once greeted him: "How is the mender of bodies?" he replied sadly: "Sorry, I am not even that. In the best case a patching-up cobbler—and he is more efficient than I am."

Modern industry with its deadly means and disregard of human lives caused disease at every step, acute and chronic. It maimed and killed.

It took the young human animal, sometimes before ten, in the most favorable case the undeveloped youngster of fifteen or so, when he still needed play and much leisure and in the adolescent years, during his greatest crisis and subjected him to work and worry, the fire of which it was impossible to withstand without damage. It surrounded him with all sorts of poisons which, added to his abominable home environment and acquired injurious habits, destroyed his health with the utmost certainty.

No wonder then that lung tuberculosis, if it did not kill the patient in babyhood, thrived between sixteen and twenty-six. It was an industrial disease mainly. And no wonder that those who escaped it developed constitutional troubles at an age when their resistance had reached the limit and died between forty-five and fifty-five.

William sighed:

"That is called living! What am I doing here, what are we doctors all doing?"

Dusts—of wool, feathers, flour, stone, wood, ivory, paper—cut, stung, irritated the fine lung tissues. Chemical poisons as solids, liquids, gases deteriorated the heart, blood, nerves, digestive tract. Inhuman postures for hours at a time bent, distorted, deformed, misshaped, marred the limbs the spine, produced aches and pains, accelerated or slowed up the disturbed internal plumbing. Prolonged exposure to an excess of cold and heat, light and darkness, attacked the senses and indirectly the essential organs. Fatigue without sufficient compensating rest, monotony at machine work, combined with worry and wrong living at home, wrecked the muscles and nerves. And at the same time the industrial accidents amputated and injured hands, legs, eyes. Indeed, there were few workers in possession of all their fingers and perfect limbs or who were not mutilated in some way.

Inasmuch as the workers' health had improved in the last years, including the decline of tuberculosis it was due not to medical care, but to the amelioration in their living conquered with difficulty through organization, solidarity, strikes.

But how few in number were the physicians who understood that!

Most of them treated a backache, a knee-pain due to work, with their usual remedies that did not rem-

edy. As if the patient had fallen down from the moon and had no connection with surrounding outside life, with his environment.

William felt like calling to his colleagues: "Brothers, we're on the wrong track. Let's give it up! Let's resign! Not we are needed, not we can be the doctors. A greater physician than all of us put together is wanting. Mankind itself must right its wrongs if it wishes to be healthy. Or let's all unite, go to mankind and at least try to pull it out into the sunshine, teach it how to live in present conditions and close the factories in time to give it rest..."

Then he thought: "How can we do it—we ourselves are unprepared? How indeed? Health is not even our trade. What do we know about health and prevention of sickness? ... So let's be honest and quit! ... And as to healing disease, can we really do it under today's circumstances? ... No, we cannot, we cannot so long as you do not reform your living socially and individually. And if you do, you'll need us but little... I for one..."

But he asked himself: "How about the middle-class and the rich?"

No, they were not healthier. They had the physical illnesses and mental shortcomings of their castes. There were diseases due to idleness and excesses and what was called the good things of life, as there were diseases of poverty and labor.

Worry and fear were general causes of sickness that did not distinguish between classes. The only difference was the kind of worry, the reason for fear. But the fear of disease was a universal obsession that brought and aggravated sickness in all sections of society.

Nobody had seen a rich man living two hundred years because of his wealth. Wealth was not synonymous with health. Nor did it engender more beauty. The most beautiful specimens of human beings were not to be found among the well-to-do. As a whole they lacked beauty about as much as the overworked majority. Ugliness had become a common human trait, but there was an ugliness of the rich and one of the poor.

The great knaves, the thieves of human felicity were punished by their own rapacity. They acquired power and momentary pleasure, but that did not make them happy and healthy. It was a civilized anthropophagy where the victims' blood was drained and sucked indirectly, but, as it was sick and unclean, it was converted in the body of the cannibals into new venoms and diseases.

Poetry and Revolution

(Continued from page 2)

The rich man's king whom our plight could not soften;

Who took our last penny by taxes and cheats,
And lets us be shot like dogs in the streets,
We weave, we are weaving,"
ring with challenge that is little felt in our poetry today.

The poet who merely shrieks at the hideous hells we call factories, or wants to dynamite them like Yank in *The Hairy Ape*, or scrap them like the humanitarians of the nineteenth century, is not a poet of the revolution. A poet of the revolution must see in the factories the growth of man's control, in machinery the mastery of nature which must be mastered by men. Out of ugliness must come beauty, by transformation of control and ideal, and not by destruction of substance and skill. The machine must be an ally and not a foe. It is the way the machine is controlled that embodies it with so much horror and destructiveness. Modern art has discovered in the lines of the machine the essence of exquisite form. Modern society must find in the machine the sesame to a future freedom of the toil and torture of our present life.

Revolutionary poetry, then, must embody an ideology entirely different from the one that has prevailed. Poetry of protest, as we have said, is not poetry of revolution. Revolutionary poetry involves a whole, life as a connected, coherent, synthetic faith in a new order. It is not one phase of life that it sings, one segment of experiences, but life as a whole, like as a connected, coherent, synthetic thing, that it desires to express. Its vision should be inclusive. A new economic life, a new social life, a new sex-life, a new art life, a new scientific life—all these should be part of its vision. Revolution is not a simple, single thing, with simple, single manifestations. Its basis which is economic eventually comprehends every other experience. The revolutionary poet must acquire the completeness of this conception.

In the final analysis, poets must come to learn their place and function in society. With the ascendancy of the bourgeoisie, the artist has become an exalted curiosity in the social world. He must come to learn, as Lowell aptly expressed it in his essay on *Nationality in Literature* in 1849, that

"Poets, however valuable in their own esteem, are not, after all, the most important production of a nation"

and also that, to continue to quote from Lowell:

"If we can frame a commonwealth in which it shall not be a misfortune to be born, in which there shall never be a pair of hands nor a mouth too much, we shall be as usefully employed as if we should flower with a Dante or so, and remain a bony stalk forever after."

When the poet realizes that, after all, he is not an independent creation, but part of a social organism that his work must inevitably express and to which organism he owes a social obligation—then the new attitude of revolutionary poetry will have begun its rapid evolution. Then the poet will see in his old individualism, his elevation of personal eccentricity and vain caprice, motivations that are minor and insignificant. Then he will see in himself and in his work part of the process of social change and revolution, and will realize that in the greater realities of our social world are themes for the greater poetry of our new era.



Invocation.

O let me greatly live and die
Who am so base and meek of soul;
Give all this coward flesh the lie,
Resistless sweep me to the goal.
Thou song of songs, sweet Liberty,
Strengthen, uplift, inspire me!

When men build barricades from woe
And man them with the heart of hope;
When Misery would strike a blow
Surging from slum, from mill, from stoop
Of darkest mine—O bid me rise
And voice thy noble ecstasies!

Scented with wine, and silver clad,
Voluptuous, passion-breathing lutes;
Strung cords vibrating to the mad
Lust after strange forbidden fruits,
"The art for Art's sake"—let him be—
He cannot rise and follow thee.

But I so base and humble, I,
This six-score ten of coward flesh,
Would greatly live and greatly die,
Would slip the thong and loose the leash,
Would sweep with thee to life or death,
Thy wild sweet music on my breath.
—Henry George Weiss.

To a Certain Massachusetts Judge

What shall the future's children speak of you,
You bought and paid for tool of tyranny,
You bloody Jeffreys of New England's Greed?
You cringing, servile lackey, they shall spew
The thought of you forth from their memory
As something loathsome, vile in history
No words could pen the depths of, infamy
Too black to fill the minds of people freed.

Crawl on your belly while you live, and lick
The pudgy hand of wealth that fills your purse;
Employ every artifice and trick
To doom the brave... We name you with a curse.
Corrupt, debased, swine of a tinsel sty,
Our hate shall haunt your sleep until you die.
—Henry George Weiss.

How the Boiler Was Brought

An Incident in the Life of Production.
By N. FAL'KOVSKII.

(From Moscow Izvestia.)

The factory was idle. Buildings a thousand feet long stood gloomy, lifeless, with rows of dark windows looking down upon the yard, which was whitened with piles of birch cord-wood. The machines were silent; no longer did their cheerful clang and whirl radiate from the depths of the buildings into the surrounding fields and forests. The slender smoke stacks no longer competed with each other in throwing out the dark, undulating curls of smoke with which the wind so loved to play. Everything was dead; the unsleeping waterpump alone disturbed the stillness with its sighs.

Autumn came. The birch and poplar woods took on a more and more golden hue. The field work was nearing an end, but the factory stood idle. The workers, maddened with doing nothing, were quarrelling among themselves over nothing, were often drunk from homebrew; they brawled, and at brief intervals between card games they abused everything and everybody.

The old men sneered maliciously: "Eh! The bosses, you didn't like them! 'We'll get along by ourselves!' you said. Well, you see now, do you get along? And what a fine life it was before—there was enough bread, enough of everything. You got, say three rubles—you could buy the whole market out and could besides drop into the saloon or beer house. Well, what's the use of talking! Now you have tried it without bosses, and still stupidity has not been driven out of you."

The factory was not working. During the hydraulic tests the main steam generating boiler had exploded. The second boiler was at the end of its days. The third boiler was used mainly for the water pump and it could not be used for other purposes.

The machines were standing motionless. Hundreds of people were doing nothing. All repairs had been made, and the master mechanics were making with their own hands pails, pans, and other trifles. There were collected enough fuel, raw material, and lubricating oils, but the steel plates for another boiler were lacking. There was nowhere to get them and nowhere to get another suitable boiler.

At last one was found. New, of fine proportions, a steam generating Babcock stood in perfect order in a neighboring factory closed forever. It hid itself like a ripe strawberry from careless eyes; but the new and energetic chairman of the District Soviet of People's Economy appeared on the scene. He made a trip of inspection thru his district; and as a result the mechanics are already at work detaching the drum.

Two shifts of mechanics are working, not sparing their energy and not counting the time: they start on piece work, but the joy of their home folks in getting the boiler acts as their main inspiration. See how fine it is, how clean, not even a touch of rust, no traces of a leak, strongly built, the plates in order. Tho it is not large in size, yet according to the mechanics it will be more powerful than were the two old ones together.

"Egorka, don't yawn! Cut straighter! Eh, eh! How tightly bolted! As if welded together Machine work. The masters were Englishmen . . ."

Clang, clang, clang, clang . . . The bodies strain, the muscles swell. They are scarcely able to straighten their fingers in the intervals. There is not even time to do this . . . Clang, clang, clang, clang . . . The head of a bolt flies with force into a corner. Two hundred and eight bolts on two saddles, and how much energy one bolt calls for! Even to get the bolt itself out is quite a task.

"Stop, Zakhar Petrovich! We didn't start right. We have to cut off the heads from the inside. Cutting from this side it's hard to get the bolt out. Eh! no place to swing! Pipes in the way everywhere."

They both crawl into the boiler. It is cold there and their shirts are wet with perspiration. It's hard to breathe; not much room to swing, either. They are crouching; no place to straighten up. Tho their ears are filled with cotton, still their heads are ringing with the noise.

Nichevo! They must hurry. The children are home waiting. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

At last the boiler is free. The attached parts are lashed to it, and made ready for the journey. Slowly the chains are straightening out, growing taut, and slowly the boiler is rising, higher and higher. Crash! A sharp, short, powerful blow. The rear end has fallen back upon the saddle. The hook of the chain has broken.

"See, Zakhar Petrovich! See what good iron the chain is made of! It glitters with sparks, but here it is dark."

"The Lord saved us. God pity us if it had broken above us!"

The sailor, Nikifor Ivanovich, returned from the fleet, is a skeptic and atheist: "It has nothing to do with God. The hook was simply weak; but I have another in reserve. It will hold."

From the watchman of the factory they secure additional tackle. The reinforced tackle is applied once more. Again the chain straightens. The heavy drum goes up like a balloon and hangs beneath the ceiling.

"Turn it, turn it! Go on!"

Two men easily give the desired direction to the tremendous weight. In a couple of hours the drum is on rollers ready to be moved out. Now the bat-

teries have their turn. Between the smoke pipes are put rollers to prevent any bending. These are supported on three frames on hewed log runners.

Slowly the immense affair moves toward the door, but it cannot pass thru. The rear part of the saddle is too large. To break the wall is dangerous, for over the door are windows and over these are ventilators. What is to be done? Nichevo! This has been foreseen. The carpenters are already busy; the lintel is already propped up on horses. The sides of the door frame have been taken out and the rest of the boiler is outside. Here there is waiting for it a large truck with iron wheels.

The whole artel* has arrived to remove the desired guest. Soon it is put on the truck, balanced, bolted to it, lashed with ropes. Breast collars are attached in order to help the animals, and supports are fastened to the boiler to keep it balanced while in motion; the whole affair is once more looked over. Tomorrow on the road—home!

In the early morning three pairs of steers and two pairs of horses are hitched to the truck. The drivers get in line. "With God's help! Let us pray." Silant'ich, who, the old, is lively and energetic, begins the boisterous dubinushka**. They bare their heads and make the sign of the cross. "Ei, dubinushka, oho! Once, now it goes by itself!" The others join in. "Once, once! Tsobe, tsob! Tsobe, tsob! On, on! A, a, a-a-a! It goes, goes, goes! Oh, yes, it goes! Oh, yes!" Tremblingly and unwillingly the boiler begins to move.

Only to reach the pike, to get out to it! Well, there is the first trouble—the gate is too low. They turn around it, but the rear wheels sink into the ground up to the axle. "To the levers, planks under the wheels, ahead!" sounds the command. Dubinushka, shouts, sighs, curses, profanity—all blend into a mighty roar. The rope cuts into the hands, the friction raises blood blisters, the wheels are cracking, the planks are bending, the horses are pulling to the side, the steers are stubbornly straining, and the boiler moves, to sink again at the first moment's halt.

But things are different on the pike. The animals are able to pull it unaided. The horses begin to accustom themselves to the slow pace. The men begin to smoke, now that they are free to do so. Behind them is a long train of wagons with provisions for the men and feed for the animals, with clothes and tools, extra traces, and so forth.

"It's going! But a mulla crossed the road!" (It was a backwoods place and the people were superstitious.) A mulla—he is the same as a priest—some mishap might occur!

There are new worries ahead of them—two bridges, one new and strong, the other unsafe. A mechanic orders planks put under the wheels as a safeguard. The first bridge is passed safely; the second begins to crack and rumble as if protesting against this overpowering weight in its old age. But nichevo! the front wheels are already on the ground. Suddenly the rear wheels, jumping off the planks, fall upon the bridge with a crash. The whole bridge creaks and begins to shake. Two beams break; but the artel is ready and does not lose its head. The members hasten to help their future breadwinner off upon the earth.

They curse the mulla. The carpenters remain to repair the bridge. Everything moves ahead. They are glad the danger is over. But their joy is premature. The iron axle bends. What to do now? They move on—perhaps it will hold. They go five versts. But things grow worse and worse—the axle bends so much that the wheels begin to scrape the wagon frame. It is lunch time. They unharness the horses and steers and begin to fry potatoes and boil soup.

But Silant'ich has no appetite, for he doesn't know what to do—there can be no thought of going back to the factory, it is too far now; the village blacksmith is not able to make the repairs. The mechanics hold a consultation; they are heard, and the conclusion is to turn the axle and let the weight straighten it.

"Nichevo, comrades! Let us spit upon the mulla! We will reach our destination."

And they have raised the rear of the truck, turned the axle, and started their journey anew. Things go nicely—would that they would continue so. The artel is cheerful. Only when going uphill or after having stopped do they need to be helped. The old sinner Silant'ich is satisfied—he starts the songs with such liveliness that the men grow enthusiastic. (The songs hit everyone—the gentlefolks, the authorities, even the factory women.) They laugh aloud, playful like a herd of colts, and at the same time they also pull like good horses.

There, beyond the railway, on the village road it will be harder. Nevertheless they begin to calculate the time of their reaching home. They are moving quite rapidly, when suddenly someone notices something wrong at the back of the truck. Alas, several spokes are broken at the rim, which is bending. They can go no farther. A stop is made. Seemingly the mulla was in the clutches of hiccups that day; poor thing, he might really become ill.

*An artel is an organization of laborers something like our crew or gang, which makes contracts for jobs, has its own elected foreman, and is paid by the job, i.e., gets the contractor's profits in addition to the usual wages. Artel is a Tartar word meaning 'friendship.' This form of labor organization is prevalent in Russia in every painful occupation.

**A Big Stick—a workers' song.

The wheel is taken home by Silant'ich; they also ask him to bring more bread, as the supply is getting low. The stop was made in the middle of the road, far from inhabited places. They leave the boiler where it is (who could take it?) and go to the nearest village. The peasants meet them in a rather unfriendly way, refusing to let them into their huts. What else can the peasants do? There are in the artel perhaps seventy men and twenty beasts of burden; there is little feed and no money.

So the majority have to sleep, some in the barns, some under wagons, and some in the open. The night is rainy, windy, and cold. But what can they do? Their clothes are poor; their slippers are made of the bark of trees, and the rags wound around their legs are wet thru. They again ask to be let into the huts. Some are let in, not all. Toward morning a number are feverish. They get up early, eat what they have—potatoes—warm themselves in the sunshine, and the feverish feeling disappears. The old rascal Seniushkin (nicknamed "Mousie") makes a clever move; squinting his watery, mouse-like eyes he begins to beg: "Comrades, I do not feel well; let me go home. For what help can I be to you?"

"Stop that. We all are sick. When the artel elder returns, ask him. He might let you go; and should you die, we will bring you home on the boiler, just like a general on a gun."

The critical time comes; the bread is gone, no more potatoes, and what money can toilers have? There is nothing to do. They have to go "to shoot" about the village. They feel ashamed and sorry, but how can they help it? To go home? Would the artel allow this? Somehow they satisfy their hunger, and Seniushkin even returns with a sackful—he is a master at shedding "mousie" tears.

Only on the fourth day does Silant'ich return. He brings the repaired wheel, an iron bar for the support of the rear axle, bread and money for the folks. He was told at the factory that the boiler was not taken down correctly; it was necessary to cut the uprights and to bring the batteries separately. The load would have been easier, but who could do the welding again, as the mechanic had said? But what is the use of talking about this? Everybody gets to work. Hurry up, hurry up!

They reach the railway, and—a stoppage again. The load cannot be moved over the railway track without the permission of the authorities, and still worse, the boiler cannot pass under the telegraph wires. Silant'ich runs to and fro, but he cannot do anything. They have to leave the boiler and go home. No little cursing and profanity is let loose at the expense of the factory authorities. They, the devils, busy themselves with tea-drinking and sugar-sucking, and drive us naked into the cold and rain without proper provisions! They don't deserve anything. They take joy-rides behind a team, instead of inspecting and doing something in regard to the telegraph wires.

The engineers are called, but there is no help from them. A mechanic leaves and is absent several days. He arranges everything and the people are sent again to the boiler. Now the factory mechanic has to be with the artel all the time.

The telegraph wires are raised and the boiler crosses the track easily. But it rains the whole day. The people at the factory will long remember this road and tell their children about it. For is it easy to haul the boiler on a bad road in the autumn mire? It's slippery, the wheels sink, one can hardly get it uphill or let it downhill. One has to repair bridges and cover road ditches. The people are hungry and in scanty clothing. Oh, how hard it is. But what can be done? Everyone has to help to his utmost. They clench their teeth and grasp the ropes, the levers, put on the breast collars—and forward! Nichevo, it will be done! The boiler has to be brot home. We'll do it!

See, the mechanic is scolding: "Loafers, you don't want to work!" The people feel offended: "How is that, we don't want to work? Is it easy in mud, in cold here, without eating and drinking? Do you need the boiler? Do not the children and women folks wait for us?" The people feel insulted. They become agitated, noisy, and abusive. But what's the use of hammering the teeth with the tongue—the boiler has to be brot home!

At last home is reached! The day is dry and the sun warming. All pipes and saddles are decorated with evergreen. The whole factory comes to meet it. For a moment the difficulties of the bad road are forgotten. Everybody feels easy and gladness is tickling the heart. The steers stop. The manager stands by. The leader sets the tune, "We honor the engineer." The latter smiles, as if saying, "Sing—well, why not sing? You have toiled enough. Ei, dubinushka, oho! Once, it goes by itself—"

They arrive. There is no end of talk and questions. But they cannot pay much attention to these. They rush to embrace their children, to eat porridge, into the bathhouse (the committee has not forgotten them), and finally to rest, for their bodies are creaking and aching.

The next day the people are as busy as ants. The old boiler is thrown out and a new foundation is laid, on which the new boiler is placed. But there are no boiler makers for the bolting work. The blacksmiths have to do it. But the connections for the steam pipes are missing. Where to get them?

(Continued on page 5)

Progress in a Soviet Factory

By C.A. Hathaway

To begin with, I must explain how I happen to know something about a textile factory and its progress. During the month of July, this year, I, together with a number of other foreign comrades, worked in the Nikolsky factories of the Orekevo-Zuevo Textile Trust, a unit of the state textile syndicate. While there we attended all the meetings of the workers and took a full part in the life of the factory.

And I want to say quite frankly that on the morning we started to work, I was considerably disappointed. As a machinist, I was assigned to the machine shop, in which repairs were being made on the machinery of the dyeing factory. I was given a lathe to operate that had been imported from England 34 years ago. Workers who know something of machinery will need no further explanation. For the benefit of those who lack machine experience, I merely add that this machine was much worse than a three year old "Henry" (if you never owned one, ask an owner)—when we fixed it up in one place, it fell apart in another. Furthermore, this lathe was little different from the balance of the equipment in the machine shop.

Overcoming Obstacles.

My disappointment, however, changed to almost incredulous surprise after talking to the workers. They had a full realization of how bad their equipment was and of the need for new, modern machinery, but they also knew of the great progress that had been made, even with this old machinery, since the revolution. This they explained to us in detail.

The machine shop, they said, (and we later found out for ourselves) was not an exception; the machinery in all of the departments of the factory had likewise been imported 25 or more years ago. During the period of the war the capitalist owners had run the factories to their utmost capacity with a minimum of shut-downs for repairs. In the period of revolution and civil war practically no repairs were made and no repair parts for this imported machinery were available because of the capitalist blockade. Whole departments stood idle, in many cases with the windows broken, the roofs leaking, and the machinery not adequately protected. The major attention of the country was directed towards the defense of the revolution from its internal and external enemies.

After finally defeating the counter-revolution in 1921, they set about the task of rehabilitating the industries. Repairs of both buildings and equipment were undertaken on as large a scale as the available capital would permit. Workers who had left the industrial centers in search of food or had been drawn into the army, were gradually drawn back into the industries. The most effective way of showing the decline that took place immediately after the revolution and the rapid progress that has taken place since 1921 is to quote the following figures on the Nikolsky factories:

Year	No. of Workers	Production Pieces
1914 (pre-war)	23,050	1,499,767
1918-19	24,493 (Average prod.)	269,000
1919-20	13,341 (two years)	269,000
1920-21	16,341	136,668
1921-22	17,193	269,648
1922-23	19,761	543,800
1923-24	22,558	1,160,563
1924-25	24,654	1,711,524
1925-26 (estimated)	25,000	2,000,000

It does not require much study of these figures to realize that Soviet industry is making rapid progress. This unit of factories last year exceeded the pre-war production by over 200,000 pieces of cloth and this year it will reach a half million more pieces than were produced under capitalist ownership. How has this relatively high rate of production been reached? Has it been done by "sweating" the workers? These are the natural questions that should arise and their answers show the superiority of the socialist type of industry over the capitalist type.

Consolidating Factories.

The Nikolsky unit of the Orekevo-Zuevo Textile Trust, today, combines under one central management the following factories and enterprises:

(Note: The primary units are those concerned directly with the making of textile goods and the secondary units are those which supply the needs of the primary units).

Primary	Secondary
3 Weaving Mills	Machine Shop (800 workers)
1 Thread Factory	Electric Power Plant
2 Spinning Mills	Spool Factory
1 Bleaching, Printing & Dyeing factory.	Weaving-Comb & Shuttle Factory
	Peat Fields
	Brick Yard

Prior to the revolution these factories and auxiliaries were owned by different private owners. At least two of them, in addition to the managing staff in the factories, maintained big central offices in Moscow. Each factory had its own individual power plant. Two dyeing plants were then operating. Naturally each factory carried on its work with little concern for the other plants.

After the revolution all of this was changed; these plants were put under one central direction

and now carry on their production as one unified factory. The individual power stations were discontinued and one central power station now supplies power to all of the factories and furthermore this same station supplies electric light to every worker's home. One dyeing plant was closed down and all of its machinery moved into the other, so today all of the material is dyed under the one roof in a factory employing between four and five thousand workers. The purchase of raw materials and supplies for both the primary and secondary units as well as the sale of the products of the factory are in the hands of the central management exclusively.

Factory buildings which were formerly separated have been or are now being joined together in order to do away with the hauling of material from one building to another. Buildings that were unsuitable for the new production methods are being torn down and new buildings erected in such a way as to further unite all of the former factories into one unit. But with a few exceptions most of the above noted changes effect the element of economy in production rather than the quantity. But look what follows:

Repairing and Moving Machinery.

Since 1922 the repairing of machinery has been put on an organized and planned basis. By that I mean that they did not wait for a machine to break down before they fixed it and further that they did not start in a haphazard manner to repair first a machine in one department and later in another.

They carefully went over all of the buildings and equipment in the Nikolsky unit and found out just what their resources were. On the basis of this investigation they drew up their plans. They decided just what buildings had to be torn down, which ones had to be altered and how others could be connected. In considering the question of the buildings they approached their problem from the point of view of doing away with all duplication and breaks in the continuity of the productive process. They set out to establish a "chain system" of production so that all of the raw material would come into the factory at its proper point and follow a straight line through the plant until it came out as the finished product.

With these plans in mind they started to repair machinery. Whole departments were stripped of their machinery and the machines were not merely repaired but completely rebuilt. In doing this they made themselves practically independent of the original manufacturers of the machines, for they made blue prints, patterns and castings of all of the machine parts and produced them in their own machine shop. In schools connected with the factory (which I have dealt with in another article) they turned out designers, draughtsmen, pattern-makers and machinists. In this way they are laying the basis for building their own textile machinery in the very near future.

After these machines are repaired, they are not set back in their former places. They are set up in accordance with the new plans that have been made. For example, all of the spinning machinery is being put together in one set of buildings, the weaving machinery into another and the thread making machinery into the third. All of these units are being so arranged that they feed directly into the bleaching, printing and dyeing plant, from which the finished goods are sent to the warehouse. The state syndicate in Moscow receives the orders for all textile goods. There the orders are distributed among the various factories, from which the goods are shipped directly to the purchaser.

If by any chance the former owners were to come back to Orekevo to reclaim their property they would have a pleasant time trying to decide which buildings and machinery belonged to them. They would find it so hopelessly mixed up that they would be compelled by the force of circumstances to continue the operation as one plant. However, we need not worry. This very progress now being made precludes any possibility of their ever coming back.

A Few Concluding Facts.

In addition to the general production figures given at the beginning of the article the following are even more startling as evidence of what has been accomplished by the workers during their short period of industrial management.

In spite of the fact that most of the spinning and weaving machinery dates back to 188, i. e., 44 years old, production has greatly increased.

Output in Spinning Mill per 1,000 Spindles.

1913	1926
111 poods of yarn.	122 poods of yarn.

Output in Weaving Factories.

No. 1		No. 2		No. 3	
17.7 running meters	24. running meters	19.5 running meters	24.6 running meters	23. running meters	23.6 running meters

Output in Bleaching, Dyeing and Printing Plant.

1913	1926
1.10 per man per day	3.8 per man per day

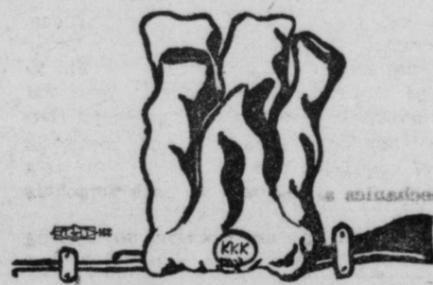
In the dyeing plants mass production of the printed cloth has commenced. The highest production of the two former plants during the peak periods of

the Nizhny-Novgorod fair was 3,800 pieces of cloth per day. In the one plant now with the same machinery concentrated together in a rational manner the normal daily output is from 8,000 to 8,500 pieces. Under pressure it can reach 10,000 pieces of cloth per day.

Each set of factories in the state syndicate are now beginning to specialize on a relatively few types and patterns of thread and cloth. The Nikolsky factory, for example, is just making 50 patterns of cloth instead of 478 before the revolution; the numbers of yarn have been reduced from 40 to 28; the assortment of cotton has been reduced from 17 to 10; and beginning with the end of this year the assortment of semi-finished cloth will be cut down to 32. This specialization greatly increases the possibility of further increasing the production.

These great results have been accomplished in four years' time. It will require another five years to complete their plans of rebuilding and reorganizing the Nikolsky factory, but each year as the job approaches its conclusion, the production will increase at the same or possibly at an even more rapid rate than these figures show. In addition to the work of rebuilding the old machinery, \$2,500,000 worth of new machinery has been purchased by the Orekevo trust which will be delivered and set up by the middle of next year. With this new machinery operating, the workers claim they will more than double the pre-war production—and after working with them, I have become imbued with their spirit, I believe they can.

I asked the "White" director, the specialist, who was to be given the credit for these accomplishments. He said, "The credit for what has been accomplished in this factory belongs to the Communist Party and the trade unions. As a result of their organized struggle for improvement and their determination to overcome what seemed to me insurmountable difficulties—they are responsible for even the technical improvements."



How the Boiler Was Brought.

(Continued from page 4)

Nichevo, there is a moulder and there are also casters. The missing parts are made new. Everything is done by themselves, and with what care. One hundred and ninety pounds of pressure is applied, and not a drop from bolts or saddles. The women folk carry heaps of clay and bricks and the masons perform their part. The mechanics painstakingly go over everything in detail. Everything is ready. Only to heat it. The fire is made, at first a slow one; this is gradually increased. After a few days no draft appears. The firemen are laughing: "Engineers, eh! There is your boiler. When you close it there is only a little draft, but when you open it, no draft at all to speak of. A housewife has more draft in her kitchen stove."

The mechanic comes, he looks the boiler over and says: "Heat it more; the draft will come." "From where? Heat it yourself!"

But in front of the factory office there is a great rush. The people from all near-by villages come to register for work. All will be taken, for the factory will start in full blast.

After a week of heating, the draft really appears—and what a draft! On opening the furnace a little, the burning logs in it begin to dance. On Monday the factory will start work. It is time. Winter is at hand. The firemen are agitated; it seems to be easy to raise steam, but how about lowering it? They have to work with the boiler for years to come.

Monday comes. The smoke stacks are beflagged. A melodic whistle of three notes cuts the dreaming morning air and is carried into the distance over the fields, streams, and forests—a glad call to work. From the surrounding villages the girls and boys are coming with a quickened gait to work.

Another cheerful thrill—the sleeping kingdom has come to life. Out of the windows of the boiler room rushes a mighty, furious roar of machines; the shuttles are knocking, trying to outrun each other; the cross spools are cracking like machine guns; the revolutions of the shaft transmission give out a slightly slapping noise; one hardly hears the rustling of the belts; and in the distant carpenter shops the circular saws are screaming in falsetto.

In this wonderful harmonious concert of machines is born and flourishes the best hymn of all—the hymn of toil, the hymn of victorious struggle, the hymn to titanic creator-man.

THE LION - A Story - By HENRI BARBUSSE

As will be remembered, the leader of the Macedonian Liberation movement, Todor Panitza, was murdered in 1925 by Mencia Karniciu, an agent of the Tsankoff government in Vienna. The murderer, Karniciu, was sentenced to eight years imprisonment and soon afterwards released by the Austrian authorities for "reasons of health."

"Did you know this Todor?"

He put his hands on the newspapers which we were just reading; we sat in a cafe.

"He was a real man!"

"What kind of a man was he then?"

"He was a real man!"

"I told you already that I belonged to a fighting group together with Todor Panitza. He was our leader. Imagine, our whole group had been sent to the district of Drama by the congress in Firmine. That was in 1904. Drama was, perhaps you don't know it, the dirtiest district of the whole of Macedonia. The tyranny of the Turks, the Turkish propaganda, the Greek landowners and tradesmen and a whole net of spies,—all that burdened the poor peasant population. When they bade us farewell, the comrades said to us, as if to encourage us: "If you return, we will see each other again—but you will not return."

"We have stayed there two years, old boy. For a group of fighters like us that was not bad, eh? The reason was that our leader was a man! He knew better than anyone else! He incited the tradesmen and the spies dexterously against each other—by his great tricks. He was certainly not over-sensitive, for instance in the case of Kambureff (in this family there were also innocent people, whom he saved). At Yantshooglu it was otherwise, however. One degraded from him: 'Subject him!' But Panitza had other tactics. He discussed with him. He explained to him that he had not come to kill the poor Turks, Bulgarians or Greeks; no, he wanted to unite them all in order to fight against the tyranny of the Turks, for he was a friend of the oppressed peoples of Macedonia. Thus it won Yantshooglu for the poor peasants, similarly Orumooğlu and Bolgureff, the three Macedonian leaders.

"He never killed without necessity, our Todor! Yes, he was a lion and no cannibal. He did not permit that the powerful Bey of Karkiakova, Demir Aga, was killed, despite the fact that the poor shepherds pleadingly asked him for it. 'Kill him,' they said to Todor. But he held another opinion. He spared him and rather imposed a high fine on him.

"One day in a field we met a group of reapers, Turks from Bozdague. You should have seen their faces when suddenly a group of riders, as if they had risen from the earth, were before them. Yes, we have returned to these reapers their bread and their weapons despite the fact that they were Turks

and that we were frightfully hungry. The next day these reapers met some gendarmes. They took away their weapons and their bread and gave them nothing but a thorough beating. The reapers all came to us, filled up our ranks and were more enthusiastic for the good cause than we ourselves!

"He developed plans in his head of which neither you nor I have a proper idea. He said, for instance, to the poor peasants: 'Hide a part of your harvest, then the tradesmen will not be able to exploit you.' The peasants followed his advice and ruined many rich robbers, who were now compelled to sell their land to the peasants.

"In short, he educated them. Finally, all people said about us: 'They are the fighting group which one misrepresents as a group of bandits.'

"He consoled the poor, troubled the tyrants and sold all his property in order to supply us with arms. For 20 years he served the cause of Macedonian revolution.

"And how he worked for the independence of Macedonia! Everybody knows it and yet it must be said over and over again: He was the creator of this idea. Unfortunately the committee which was led by Alexandrov, Panitza and Protogerov, later on split. The autonomists, headed by Protogerov, were finally nothing else but instruments of Bulgarian imperialism.

"And thus Tchaulev was murdered in Milan, Daskalo was murdered in Prague.

"The revolutionary Alexandrov was murdered on the order of Protogerov and then the autonomists demanded: 'Now also Panitza must be killed!'

"But that could very easily be said, but how was it to be done?"

"Panitza has done more extraordinary things than he had hairs on his head and he knew also how such a thing is done. In Vienna he was safe, for there he was guarded by his friends. He was always attentive, able to cope with any immediate danger, he was elastic, had power over his body—it was absurd to think that he might be murdered!



"Therefore one had to use a trick, a trick like against a lion who is much stronger than oneself. But who was cleverer than he?"

"In the group of more or less obscure persons, who surrounded the ministries and the Bulgarian embassy, who lived from the secret fund that was taken from the pockets of the tax payers, there was a young girl by the name of Mencia Karniciu. She was the daughter of a bankrupt usurer, had lived loosely, was ill and very ugly: thin, pale, with hollow cheek,—she looked almost like a white monkey. She received much money and secured information. Even the confidential name Antonov was told to her.

"And she was able to secure admission into the family of Panitza. Soon she won his pity—the most dexterous tactic towards a great man.

"One day she bought a theater ticket and said to Panitza: 'I have received a theater ticket.' They went to the theater: Panitza, his wife, his friend, who never left him,—and the murderer. They had a box in the Vienna Burgtheater.

"Peer Gynt was given. You know it, it is a piece with music, in which a great thunderstorm takes place. For one moment it gets quite dark on the stage and in the whole theater, it lightens and thunders.

"You must imagine what happened now in the box. On the one side sat Panitza, beside him his faithful friend, she behind him. When the thunderstorm on the stage began, she took a revolver from her handbag—she could do that during the thunderstorm without being noticed. With two shots she broke both arms of Panitza's friend, then she shot at Panitza, and got up and went out.

"While Panitza died, the man with the broken arms rose and opened with a powerful kick the door of the box. The murderer had already almost reached the exit of the theater, when she was arrested.

"You have seen her during the trial, how she sat in the courtroom, morally and physically disgusting, and the secret agents and policemen acted a hospital scene. She was carried on a stretcher and played the role of a deadly ill person, who had done a deed of liberation in hatred against a gang of murderers, money and whose soul was just as rotten as her—she, who had carried out Tsankoff's will only for body."

He kept silent and showed me a newspaper report:

"In Vienna Mencia Carnociu was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment; however, on account of her health she was released. She was received enthusiastically in Bulgaria, participated in many meetings and was celebrated as a Bulgarian Charlotte Corday."

THUS is world history and THUS it is written.

What and How to Study Trade Unionism

By SOLON DE LEON.

If I were deported as a Red and could take with me only one book on American trade unions, I would want that book to be "Trade Unionism in the United States," by Robert F. Hoxie. No other single volume gives so clear a picture of the motives, structure, control, and history of organized labor.

Let us then set out with this excellent guide to study trade unionism. But, Hoxie asks at once, have we only one kind of unionism? Do all unions want the same thing? Clearly not. An analysis of what particular unions want is therefore necessary before we can decide whether unionism is good or bad for the workers.

Beginning with the easy question of structure, Hoxie shows that unions are not even all built alike. Some are—well, what is a local union? A national craft union? A city central body? A state federation? A national or international federation? An industrial union? A general labor union?

Next comes an analysis of union laws, which are more important than the way a union is constructed. Hoxie was the first to apply psychological principles to the study of trade unions. He divided labor organizations into four "functional" types—business unions, friendly or uplift unions, revolutionary unions, and predatory or hold-up unions. Why did each of these spring up? What are examples of each? Which are the most common? Which have advanced the cause of labor, and which have not? Are violence and disregard of the existing law ever justified in union activity?

The next section takes up the historical causes which led to the growth of different union structures and different kinds of activity. The first unions, formed shortly after the American revolution, were naturally local in area and craft in form. Why? Why did unionism develop just then and not earlier? How many workers realize that the legal right to organize was won only after forty years of bitter struggle? During that time the employers repeatedly attacked the unions in court, and had them declared illegal conspiracies. The story of this struggle is well told by Hoxie.

Hoxie advances the idea that union forms tend to follow the structure of industry and of capitalist organization. Does this idea seem reasonable? On that basis, how can you explain the gradual joining

of craft unions into city central bodies, state federations, national federations, and finally a federation of national craft unions? The spurt in union organization which took place during the Civil War led to the formation of the Knights of Labor. What sort of body was the Knights? How did it come that the American Federation of Labor, a much later body, was able to overthrow the Knights and assume leadership of the American union movement? Growing dissatisfaction with the Federation led to the organization of the I. W. W. Why did the I. W. W. fail?

Though the unions aim at more democracy in industry, Hoxie points out that in their own affairs they are likely to be controlled by officers and leaders. What influences cause leaders to lose touch and sympathy with their own rank and file? Can you tell from your own experience why the rank and file do not exercise more control? No doubt the membership should secure more voice in union affairs—but how try to get it? Without strong left-wing criticism and organization a union is likely to drift into more and more conservative policies. How can left-wing activity be strengthened and improved?

The part dealing with employers' organizations is especially keen and helpful. Most employers are "open shoppers." They seize every opportunity to smash the workers' organizations. Yet Hoxie shows that they have their own organizations and find them very useful in the class struggle. Hoxie vividly describes the methods used by "American plan" employers' associations in fighting unionism. It is well to learn these methods and be prepared to defeat them. On the other hand, some employers prefer to make business deals with business unions. Can you see any advantage to the bosses in this?

Another brilliant section of the book takes up the question of labor and the law. The capitalist state, always the guardian of the interests of the capitalist class, has written enormous volumes of legislation controlling the activities of workers, individually and in their unions. Do these laws recognize that society is in constant change, or do they assume that what was right or wrong in the past must always be right or wrong? Do they emphasize the individualistic or the social point of view? Do they place property rights above personal and social rights, or just the opposite? Are the laws adjustable to new

conditions, or are they rigid and inflexible? Are they clear, or contradictory and confusing? Answer these questions from your own knowledge, and then see what Hoxie says about them.

When unionists and employers agree on wages, hours, and conditions of labor, the procedure is called "collective bargaining." Hoxie clearly shows why the employers' bargaining power is greater than that of the workers. How can the workers increase their bargaining power? Should unions favor or oppose standardization of conditions? How far is it wise for unions to make concessions to employers for the sake of making agreements? Business unions frequently enter into deals with monopolistic employers, to force higher prices for their product. Is this wise union tactics? Then there is the whole question of state intervention in labor disputes. Is government mediation or conciliation ever of benefit to the workers? Would you agree to voluntary arbitration of a dispute in which you were interested, if you were bound beforehand to accept the arbitrator's decision? How do you feel about the growing demand of employers to make arbitration compulsory?

Under union programs Hoxie compares a number of different union demands. He shows that these demands are drawn up on immediate considerations, as practical means of improving the conditions of workers in that particular union. He raises a number of interesting tactical questions. Should unions seek to increase output in the hope of getting more wages? Are the unions justified in limiting output? Should unions resist or encourage the introduction of new machinery? See whether you agree with Hoxie's answers.

Scientific management, under capitalism, has two objects—to squeeze more profits out of the workers, and to break up trade unions. Hoxie, who wrote another valuable book on this subject alone, shows how motion study and the stop-watch aid in subdividing processes and destroying the workers' craft skill. Hence arises the question, can the unions co-operate in time study and scientific management plans without endangering their own existence? On the other hand—and this is a point which Hoxie fails to raise—could not scientific management be used to great advantage by the toilers themselves under workers' control of industry?

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

Made Director of Photoplays



Central Press Photo

Dorothy Arzner

The only woman to be made a director of motion pictures in the last ten years is Miss Dorothy Arzner, who cut and edited "The Covered Wagon" and "Old Ironsides." She is the only woman ever to be made a director in the Paramount organization and has been given a long term contract.

"THE GORILLA HUNT."

You will find in "The Gorilla Hunt" some of the qualities that made "Grass" and "Moana of the South Sea" the wonderful pictures they were. Recording the progress of a hunt for the gorilla there are interwoven flashes of the life of the African Negro. Animal life and the primitive human life are blended in this photographic record of an African expedition. It is a quiet record, occasionally beautiful and at moments thrilling. It is always interesting.

Ben Burbridge, on expedition for the Belgian government and the Smithsonian Institute for the gorilla, now fast becoming extinct, takes the picture. The majestic Congo, with its jungled shores interspersed with occasional villages, begins the movie record of this African trip. The Safari, human freight transport of hundreds of natives, is a pretty sight of beautifully muscled bodies.

In the progress of the expedition to the distant mountainous regions beyond even where Stanley and Livingston made exploration history we are given the life as it is found. The country fairly teems with animal life. Deer, python, crocodiles, hippopotami, elephants, lizards and lions come under the lens to interweave thru the film.

Most interesting is human life. Customs of cannibals and pigmies are caught, and these primitive peoples brought before our eyes. There is some remarkable native dancing that will please our black bottom enthusiasts. They will find no trouble in recognizing various steps and contortions.

Then comes the actual gorilla hunt. Small animals are caught alive. The shooting of a monster of some 450 pounds, maddened, beating his breast in rage, is done at a range of only thirty feet and splendidly photographed to give you all the thrill of this risky business.

The variety of interest thruout the film makes it extremely worth while. Add to this the fact that there is no patriotic goo splattered over it; no eternal triangles; no chest-heaving drama; no preferable blondes; no gush and mother stuff—and you can easily see here is something on which it is worth spending your hard-earned four-bits. You'll find it at the Castle in Chicago.

W. C.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT

Not Bardelys but the producers are magnificent. And how! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer no doubt paid Rafael Sabitini plenty for the story. John Gilbert was secured to do the director. Added to this the producers spent more money on the production as a whole than did the king of France whom Bardelys served and kept so well entertained.

The story concerns a wager made by our Bardelys to win the heart of a fair (and how pure!) damsel. The adventures he goes thru until she is finally and snugly in his embrace include duels, horseback riding, swimming a river, climbing a wall (to fair damsel's bedroom) and gymnastics aplenty that heretofore had been the sole movie property of only Douglas Fairbanks.

The comparison is very striking. All the handsome swagger, romantic physical-culture fandangles and—yea, brother—even the neatly trimmed brother—(without which, says a Spanish proverb, a man is like an egg without salt!)—all, all the old familiar traces are here. But there is also another comparison to be made. The love making of our hero has been intensified many degrees Fahrenheit. The death of Valentino made room for another great lover and both director and producers, anxious for the popularity from which all golden blessings flow, make a bid in this picture to place John Gilbert first in the hearts of his country-women. In this incidentally they have done a good job. The love making is artistic, hot stuff and puts John Gilbert one step ahead of his rival hot-poppa, John Barrymore.

Eleanor Boardman is the much sought maiden and to her credit goes a job well done. Roy D'Arcy sneers and sniffs and shows his teeth in well established, old style villainy. He could have sneered less without spoiling the picture.

If you are in the mood for a picture of the times when men were gentlemen, and women wore seven petticoats—you will find Bardelys the Magnificent at the Chicago Theater. The costumes are gorgeous. The settings are splendid. The photography is first-rate. Gilbert is handsome. The story moves fast. Oh, what a wad of money Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must have spent!

—W. C.

A DOZEN IN BRIEF.

- THE BETTER 'OLE—Splendid entertainment. With the Vitaphone (Woods).
- WHAT PRICE GLORY—Great stuff (Garrick).
- THE SCARLET LETTER—Good—We are told.
- THE BLONDE SAINT—Not one of those gentlemen prefer.
- PARADISE—For low mentalities.
- FAUST—Jannings makes it worthwhile.
- THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH—Harold Bell Wright in the movies. And as bad.
- THE BLACK PIRATE—Fairbanks the acrobatic pirate.
- THE TEMPTRESS—Greta Garbo plays hell with a few men (Tivoli).
- VARIETY—See this one.
- LONDON—Miss this one.
- BREAKING CHAINS—Miss meals to see this one.



A motherly working class woman in the picture "The Passaic Strike."

Bet Over Horse Brought First Movies



Central Press Photo



Origin of what are believed to be the first motion pictures in America have become known. Senator Leland Stanford of California thought that a horse in running, at some stage of the cycle, had all four feet lifted from the ground. He bet \$25,000 on it. Instantaneous photography was suggested by a French professor. The senator had 12 cameras placed 21 inches apart in a building adjacent to the race track. Each camera had a double shutter released by a magnetic circuit released, each in turn, by pins turning on a music box cylinder, forming a contact. This proved unsound. The senator therefore had strings stretched across the track, the horses breaking the strings and snapping the cameras. That was in 1877—49 years ago. The senator won his bet.

Top view shows the experimental track, with strings being stretched across it. Bottom view is an athlete doing a back somersault in what is described as the first motion picture of a human being.

The Negro in the Movies.

A decided change is taking place in the presentation of the Negro in motion pictures. No longer is he being restricted to ridicule and the slightly better presentations of the slapstick of Snub Pollard, Harold Lloyd, Our Gang comedies and Fox pictures.

In addition to pictures acted and produced by Negroes entirely, many new pictures by leading producers are

including best Negro talent, in more serious and honest portrayal. Negro actors are now working, among others, in the new productions of Cecil DeMille's King of Kings, Porgy and Uncle Tom's Cabin; the Fox picture, The Wedding Ring and The River, produced by First National. Charles Gilpin, star of O'Neill's Emperor Jones, is now being shown in New York in the moving picture production of Ten Nights in a Barroom.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Editor, Bunny Palatnick, Roxbury, Mass.

Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

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OH, LOOK, WHO'S HERE!

Our little Tiny Worker, H. Cohen, from St. Paul, sends us this clever little song that you sing to the tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

He is 9 years old and his first name begins with H. I wonder if it stands for Harry . . . or maybe something else. I hope he writes in to tell us. Here's the song:

Oh the old bee makes the honey comb
The young bee makes the honey,
The workers make the cotton and the corn
And the Capitalists get the money.

Hey—H. Cohen—when you write to tell us if the H. means Harry or Huckelberry, why not send another poem. Gee, this is good!

HEY—DO YOU KNOW?

I wonder what's become of those clever Grand Rapids Pioneers. Remember the good stuff they sent? I hope they start the new year right—and write!



S'NICE TO BE DEAD!

Bunny Palatnick a Roxbury Pioneer, sends us this poem about the bunk that it is nice to die and become an angel. So our artist drew a picture about it. But that isn't Bunny himself! Bunny is smaller. He's a Tiny Worker. He writes: "This is my second contribution and I expect to keep on contributing. I am leaving the title to you." Alright, Bunny. Here's the little on your poem:

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All rich people go to heaven;
Where do the poor old workers go?

They tell us in school that when we die,
We're made into angels, but that's a lie;
They tell us an angel is a slim person with wings,
But those who go to heaven, are big fat things.

What I would like to know,
Is how they reduce them so;
When a guy like Morgan goes up there so fat,
How do they make him as thin as that?

Isn't Bunny the wise little rabbit? That makes him editor of this issue.

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

Charmion Oliver of San Francisco sends us this one: "What's the difference between a postage stamp and a Boishievik?" Answer: One can be licked.

But Charmion isn't satisfied with this, so she sends us a joke too. Laugh this off:

Frank (eating in a restaurant): Say, Bill, what do you know about them Russian Soviets?
Bill: Not much—never ate any.

Ho-ho—not bad, eh? Charmion, now you stop making us laugh. We're serious Tiny Reds.

HOW ABOUT LOS ANGELES?

What's happened to our clever Tiny Red Pioneers of Los Angeles? Hope they haven't got lost somewhere between Xmas and New Year!



The Wings of Illusion

By Alex Jackson

HIS red face blowsy with drink struggled to break thru a two-days' growth of beard, which covered the lower part of his face in an uneven stubble. His cheeks, protruding beyond the reach of hair, had the outward appearance of an unpeeled carrot. Hatless was he; with the fringe of hair around his bald spot wildly disheveled. Thus he staggered into an Albany police station, panting like a tired stallion after a long journey. The visitor paused before entering, seeming a bit uncertain of his mission. His eyes almost bulged out of their sockets which were deeply set and nestled under a pair of bushy eyebrows. Suddenly he seemed to recall the purpose of his visit and made a feeble effort to straighten up, as his fingers circled around the door knob. Pushing open the door, he waddled in uncertain steps over to the desk sergeant.

The unexpected arrival was attired in a pair of saggy trousers and a blue flannel shirt, unbuttoned at the neck; a jacket unevenly folded, rested over his left arm; from a pocket of which hung the end of a colored necktie. After wiping with the cuff of his shirt sleeve a flow of saliva dripping from his half-open mouth, he began speaking, addressing himself to a burly figure seated behind the large desk.

"There's a man goin' to the chair tonight for a killin' he ain't done. I know he ain't cause I pulled the 'job' myself—Honest I did, and I wanna come clean to you cause I just seen the Almighty. Yes, it was Jesus Christ—get me—Christ I tell youse," he bellowed his voice, rising in increasing crescendo.

His lips began to twitch nervously as he saw a smile sliding over the sergeant's flushed face.

"Laugh, damn you, but it's the Gawds honest truth—may the devil take me if I be lyin' to you." To emphasize conviction to his words, the visitor spat angrily on the floor and shaking his clenched fist, continued.

"I was in Mike's saloon gettin' a drink, you know 'One-eye' Mike's place over on the west side, dontcha? Well, I puts a half a dollar on the bar and order gin—it was rye I had before, when suddenly I hears voices behind me sayin' 'it's him'—'it's him.' Sore as a b—— I got, and I turns around quickly like I was gonna take a smack at 'im, when I sees it's the same guy I croaked up in Utica, only he was dressed in white this time, and next to him stood Christ. I knew it was Christ cause I seen him before. The ghost pointed his finger at me and says to him—Father, that's the man that shot me. I fell to my knees—scared stiff I was, but He disappeared. All He said was, 'confess son, confess.'"

A policeman walked over to the desk sergeant and whispered in his ear.

"I know this bird, Dan. It's Pete Malone, a booze drinkin' bum and religious fanatic. The boys call him 'Saint Peter' around the loop; they say he was a minister once, but I guess that's talk, anyhow. I pulled him in for a hold-up last year. You'd better put his statement on paper, cause he's drunk now and peculiar thing is, when he's drunk, he tells the truth."

The "Saint" fumbled around his pockets, finally terminating his quest by extracting a half smoked cigarette, which he placed between two rows of tobacco teeth, and began stroking a match with his thumb nail in an attempt to light it, almost losing his balance from the effort. This completed, he further unbuttoned his shirt and unfurled a dirty package wrapped carefully around his bosom, which he handed to the sergeant, crying nervously:

"Here's part of the money I aint spent yet, you'll find the rest of it home."

The officer reached for the extended package, which to his surprise contained crumpled greenbacks in large denominations.

"Lock this bird up until we investigate this case," he commanded, pointing to Malone, who sunk to his knees moaning: "Oh, my Lord Jesus, help me—help me."

"Meanwhile, I'd better phone the district attorney and have him stay the execution." "Christ," he ejaculated, looking at a clock on the wall, "it's almost time now."

The murder to which Saint Peter Malone confessed to was the killing of a cashier employed by a Utica stone quarry, several months ago, a deed for which a young Italian labor organizer was railroaded to prison and sentenced to be executed this night.

HE was christened Durante Gabriel Secato by a zealous god-father in Sicily, and twenty-three years later was known to the Italians of Utica as Dante. That's what his friends called him, just Dante. They knew him for a pleasant, well-mannered youth—a poet, singing the songs of unrest, and liked him for it.

Dante was tall and slim of dark extraction. Sucked into the economic maelstrom at an early age, he emerged at twenty-three, a hardened crusader in the ranks of labor. His comrades looked up to him as their leader. He worked as a stone cutter, one of several hundred men employed by the Wilton Stone Works. The hours of toil were tediously long, and to alleviate the great suppression that surged in his blood, his lips would hum revolutionary songs as he pounded at his chisel, carving out the inscriptions we read upon the tombstones of the dead.

After work, the laborers, mostly Italians would meet in the woods to discuss plans for a coming strike. They were all underpaid, dissatisfied, and for most part emaciated looking men spitting continuously the consumptive dust of the stones they were forced to inhale. He addressed them one memorable evening in the tongue they understood and the following week, a strike was declared. For six weeks the strike, punctuated by frequent clashes between police and strikers dragged on uneventfully, until one morning a cyclonic event blew in with the dawn of a cool October morning, which was later destined to echo in every corner of the globe.

Extra! Extra! Big Murder! cashier for the Wilton Company shot from behind by a masked bandit who escaped with the payroll, by running thru the woods. Detectives, working on case, arrest momentarily expected. Gossip—and wagging tongues soon had all of Utica seething with excitement.

The following morning, Dante Secato was taken from his home by two deputy sheriffs and held without bail as the killer. Circumstantial evidence convicted him of murder in the first degree. He was heard to say the day previous that unless he could raise some money the strike was doomed. That counted heavily against him in the hurried trial. Besides, he was seen in the woods at the time of the murder. Also, a button, supposed to have been missing from his coat was found in the office. A girl, an eyewitness, swore that his was the coat the bandit wore, tho she only had a glimpse of him.

It was in the unforgettable wave of reaction that swept thru this country in the Palmer red-baiting period, that Secato was caught in. The same tempestuous winds that blew down the unprotected barriers of "justice" and swept in its wake, such unfortunates as Billings, Sacco, Vanzetti, Mooney and others.

The local newspapers made capital of the affair. "Labor agitator murders cashier to raise money for strike. Red conspiracy seen in killing of cashier," read some of the headlines. It was whispered about at the trial that the indicted was a Communist and an alien; therefore an undesirable citizen—a destroyer of American ideals, a free lover; no doubt—a breaker of homes, a social leper—deport him—hang him, rang the cry—only separate him from the decorous children of the National Security League. The prosecuting attorney laid stress on that point and the jury, twelve efficient, one hundred per cent American worshippers of the great god Dividends, brought in a just verdict of guilty.

IT was now 11:30 and at midnight he was to walk to his death. He

sat quietly on a hard pallet lying over an iron cot in "Murderer's Row," as the "death house" is commonly called, listening nonchalantly to the prison chaplain preparing his soul for the Creator. His eyes seemed wan and restless and his cheeks, hollow from the long confinement, were coated with the inevitable prison pallor. His face, shorn of its placid calm, was buried in the pains of his hands, and his thoughts lost in an overwhelming emptiness that animated his features. A half smoked cigarette was dangling between his dry lips. He wasn't thinking. He had already reached that stage where a man ceases to think. Mere phantoms of conceptions that once were ideas darted slowly thru his head. Beside him lay an Italian translation of Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment," into which he would peep occasionally and turn dejectedly away.

He was now waiting for the prison keepers to pass along and draw the heavy green curtains over the cells; in an attempt to cover the fatal procession from the view of other prisoners. What a humanitarian thought! This idea of hiding the death march from curious eyes. Worthy to be an offspring of William Jennings Bryan's noble cause.

Grey clad guards, their faces lined with indifference would then enter his cell and lead him thru a little green door into the bleak execution chamber. A silver haired priest, with head bowed, will walk slowly behind him. His thin hands clasped together and his mumbling lips will offer a litany to his inviolable Gods. While in the anteroom, his friends, comrades, in the movement for a better world will weep for him. They were there now, a whole delegation of workers come to bid him good bye. How they worked to free him. Labor thruout the world rallied to his support. He had read of protest meetings held in his behalf. Funds were raised for a fruitless appeal and resolutions passed by workers condemning the decision. No effort was spared to save him. His friends pounded heavily against the steel wall of justice only to find their knuckles bruised and bleeding from the effort. He spared them the pain of seeing him now; a ghost, soon to ride out of this world a corpse, on the wings of illusion.

In the vault-like death room, the guards will stand idly by as others, paid valets to the pet upholder of law and order will strap him to that high wooden chair. What an interesting procedure? Worthy of our philosophers' attention. Funny how they slit the lower part of your trousers with a keen edged scissors and then leather straps go winding around your chest, legs and wrists, as if they'd think you'd run. Before his eyes will be bandaged by a black cloth, an official witness, as sensitive as a Mussolini hangman, will step over and ask him whether he has anything to say. Yes, he would have something to say. He'd tell them that the blood of innocent men add fuel to the fires of unrest; that he was ready to die for his cause. Then the priest will step over and place an ivory crucifix to his lips, so that he may kiss the effigy of Christ and die contented. Finally a coper-lined death cap will be fitted over his head. That cap! God, how men feared to wear it! After that he'd know—yes, he'd know no more, and in such manner do men retrace their steps to oblivion.

A sudden dimming of the electric lights in the other cells will act as a silent signal to the inmates whose turn to walk thru the little green door had not yet come, that the death voltage was on. A few seconds later, a second and then a third and final dimming will inform the occupants that another cell is waiting to be filled.

An uncanny silence will then overwhelm over the unfriendly stone walls. Since he was confined to the death house, he had seen many unfortunates die before in this very manner. Now the calendar marked him next to go. Next, next. There was always a next.

The death house chambers, where those marked for execution waited for the "call," was smaller and darker

than the prison cell. In one of the grey walls was a small window, heavily covered with iron bars, thru which a faint glimmering of light entered. An iron cot and a small table holding a bouquet of flowers, some books and pamphlets, were its only furnishings.

The doomed one lifted his head, his eyes fell upon a food laden tray lying on an opening in the iron door. It consisted of pork chops, fried potatoes, a thin vegetable soup and rice pudding. A cigar wrapped in silver foil was included in the bountiful offering. It was his meal which had remained uneaten where it was placed.

It was now 11:45. Only fifteen more minutes to wait. He heard footsteps marching in the hallway. An aguish chill ran down his spine, not from fear but from the gruesome monotony of waiting. His legs began to quiver silently inside their black trousers. "They're coming to take me," he soliloquized in Italian. His lips, pregnant with unspoken words, moved like those of a child learning to talk. He listened. The footsteps passed—they were not for him. He again buried his freshly shaven head in his hands and continued waiting. Waiting to hear the rumbling of a heavy key turning in the door lock. That would signal the end—oh, the end, will it never come? The tense agony of waiting—waiting—always waiting. First it was for an appeal, then for a reprieve that never came, and now for the end; that was sure to come. He arose to the stone floor and looked at a clock hanging on a nearby wall. Only ten more minutes, but those minutes—like so many never ending nightmares. Christ, how he wished it was all over, soon now—very soon it will be. He wondered vaguely. Would he blink his eyes, lose his nerve and vomit with fright as others before him had done, or would he die stoically, determined as he planned. Would he? He wondered. The maddening yells of the man who died the day previous rang anew in his ears. It was a young physician who murdered his shrew of a mother-in-law by purposely applying an overdose of ether as she lay on the operating table. He was to operate upon her for appendicitis. The doctor had grown violent in his cell waiting as he was now waiting. He slashed

his wrists with an improvised knife he made from a piece of steel which he picked up in the yard, and dashed his head madly against the walls. He was finally overpowered, and carried bodily away, bleeding and raving like a frightened maniac to "that chair."

THE governor, seated comfortably in his study, had just been awakened from his sleep by a phone call from the district attorney. He was attired in a silk bathrobe under which protruded a pair of pajamas. He reclined leisurely in his chair and grasping a telephone, lifted the receiver and called "Ossining 108."

"Hello, hello, Sing Sing. Connect me with Warden Lewis, please. Hello, warden, Governor Grey speaking. 'Stay the execution of that Italian radical, Dante Secato. He may be innocent, there is a confession from what seems to be the actual murderer. Yes. What—Good God, governor, you don't say,' came the staccato reply over the wire. "Oh, my, he was just led into the execution room. Wait, wait, hold the wire a minute. I'll see if I can stop them yet."

The governor pressed the receiver to his ears and listened. He kept puffing nonchalantly at his cigar, allowing a smile to spread over his immobile lips.

Hmm, funny how fate shuffles her cards. Fate, yes that was it, why surely he mused. What a subterfuge this thing called fate is a giant hedge always ready for every misdeed to hind behind.

Some minutes later the receiver began to buzz in his ear. The governor leaned forward. "Hello, governor, Lewis speaking. You called just a few seconds too late.

"Yeah, they just turned the juice on—too bad, too bad. They tell me the wop died game, too."

END.