

*Three books on world affairs of
immediate importance to
the forward-minded*

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By JOHN BAKELESS

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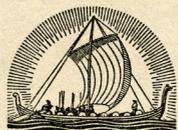
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AROUND THE MAY-POLE

(Continued from page 9)

for the materialist conception of history. Trinity Church bells clang out the Internationale. Street cleaners and fat bourgeois ladies join arms and dance the Carmagnole.

In every factory the workers look out of the windows and long for strikes, picket-lines, excitement, sunlight and freedom.

What's the use, O Cops? All your prohibitions cannot lay the spirit of May Day. It's in the air; see the red Sun, how he thumbs his nose at you, and whistles a Bolshevik song between his fat lips.

And did you think by forbidding our parade you could prevent us from celebrating, too? When in our hearts every day is May Day, and every day we hear the bugles and drums, and see the red flags flying between the skyscrapers, and march with the tramp of the happy thousands, beholding the coal-grimed pinnacles of New York ablaze with the red flame of the world's emancipation?

Meditate on, O Hamlets of the pavement, O Cops, who alone are efficient on May Day. The labor problem has yet to be solved by you, Cops!

3. PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN

I know a man; he lives in the middle west, and he is a progressive Republican.

He is a good man. Fat and kind, he sits on his porch in a big rocking-chair, and fans himself comfortably, sniffing the morning-glories.

Nothing ruffles him; he is fat and sane. He is sad at times, but is practical, and a member of the Republican Party, where things get done.

Children love him; his wife worships him; his neighbors think he is the best neighbor in America.

He sees only the good in life.

Miners' women weep when their men are blown sky-high; when miners

are locked in death caves, to writhe in death like serpents, to wear their fingers down to bloody rags, clawing insanely through a 50-foot wall of coal-face.

Painters rot slow of lead cancer. Bakers cough into the dough at night, and burn with consumption.

Five million little American children work long hours in cotton mills and oyster sheds, are raped of life by the Republican party.

Textile workers earn twelve dollars a week and live with their wives and babies in lousy, filthy, stinking rat-holes.

The cruelest, hardest Republic yet riding the world, lassoed and put the brands on Haiti, Philippines, Cuba, Mexico and other small wild nations.

I remember that day when the Chamber of Commerce deliberately castrated, then hung and shot full of bullets the body of Wesley Everest, I. W. W. workingman and ex-soldier.

But he sits on his porch among the morning-glories, and is just folks.

He is sweet, ripe and cheerful; has a good word for everyone, a good man mellow as summer clover.

No enemy to anything. A neighbor. A man making enough money, with a calm, fat wife, who cooks for him fried chickens, biscuits, and gravy; mince pie, cheese rarebits, baked beans; and she knows, too, how to serve real coffee with real country cream.

He has never missed a meal in America, or needed a warm bed. A good man. Fat. Kind. American. Pink.

He means well. No enemy. A fog. A rocking-chair compromise.

Why do morning-glories give their sweetness to this gross, cowardly, middle-west Republican? He should be smelling prison-damp, or listening to the shrieks of dying miners.

Even though he has salved his fat conscience by being not a Republican, but PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN!

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