

JUNE 1922

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# LIBERATOR



DOWN THE COAST FROM GENOA

Tchicherin, Rakovsky, Vorovsky, Joffe, Krassin —  
and Max Beerbohm by Max Eastman

THE OILY SCRAMBLE — BY WILLIAM GROPPER

THE NEEDLE TRADES CONVENTIONS by MICHAEL GOLD



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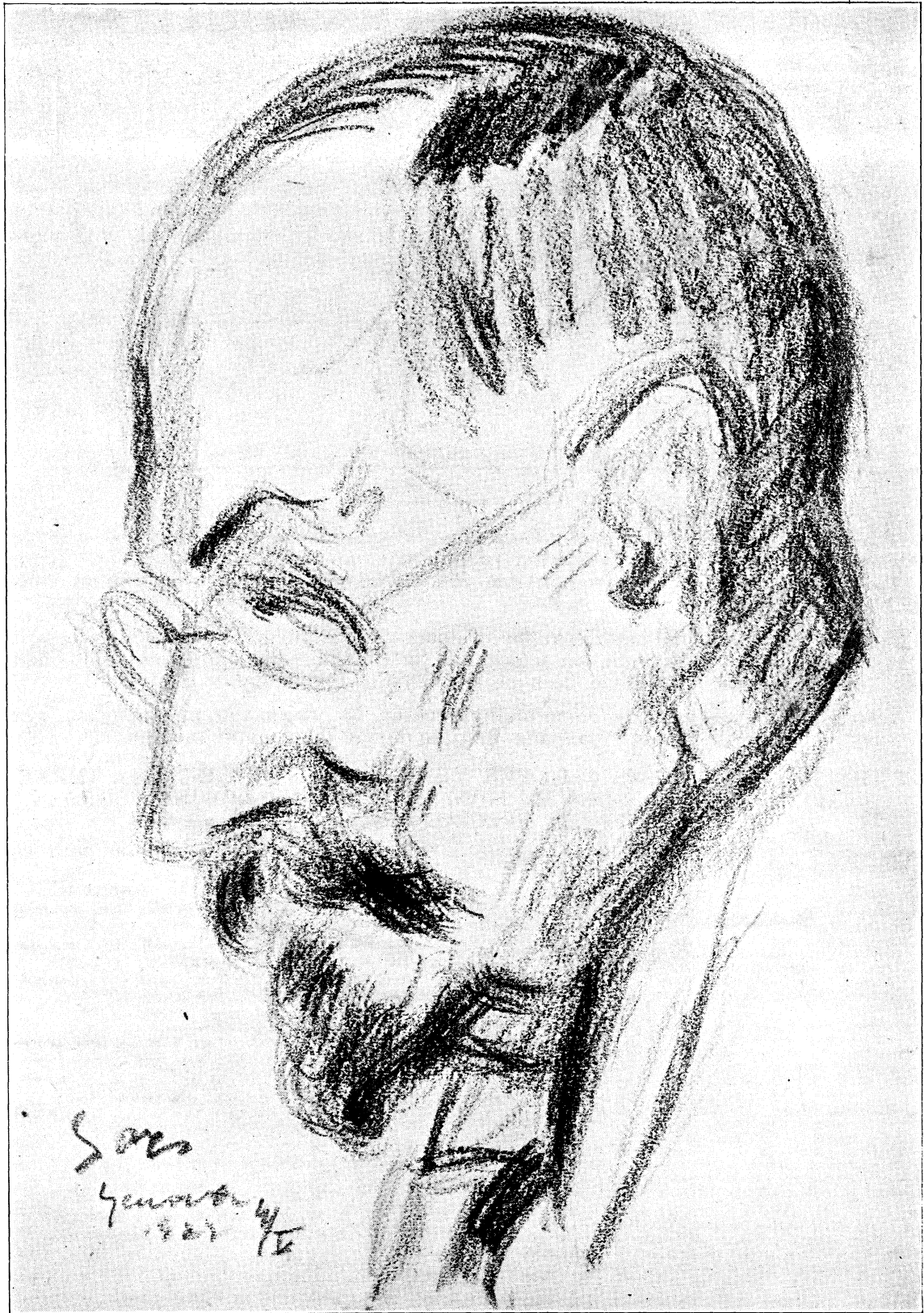
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Sors

Tchicherin



# THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 5, No. 6 [Serial No. 51]

June, 1922

## Down the Coast from Genoa

By Max Eastman

*Caricatures by Sors and Crispi*

IT is twenty miles down the coast to the little leisure-class hotel where the Russian delegation is quartered—twenty miles of vivid excitement for the eyes. The coast is a steep, long hillside, that has been carved for cultivation into a gigantic stairway going down deliberately to the sea, trailing its blossoming vines and fruit trees and long grasses—wisteria and azalia and roses and black iris and daisies and oranges and cherries and sweet-smelling lemons and figs and pomegranates, and over them all the soft blue-grey mist of the olives. A Garden of Gethsemane without sorrow. It is not verdurous; there is always the dry earth in Italy. But it is luxurious, and even now in early spring-time full of summer. The houses and barns are as lovely in their soft bright plaster-colors, as lovely and old and proper to their place as flowers in nature. The churches and the little villages with their high light bell-towers, are like old pictures. Nothing so mellow, and so akin to soft melodious laughter, is to be seen or can be imagined in America. And nothing so blue as the blue Mediterranean, far down below, so richly cool, so tranquil, showing a little foam at the foot of the brown bluffs.

At the end of eighteen miles the road darts inland through a tunnel, reveals the black valley that lies behind this happy southern garden, and then swings back again, round a bold promontory, and down the trailing stairway to the little town of Santa Margherita by the sea. Here, in a rather modest hotel that is like a sanatorium, but named by the irony of fate—or of the Italian Government—"The Imperial Palace"—our friends from Russia are at last enjoying the courteous hospitality of their neighbors. The Italian Government spoke of them as "the guests of civilization." Civilization having waged a barbarous war on them for four years, and got disgracefully whipped and driven into this hospitality by the bayonets of the Red Army, the Bolsheviks naturally do not feel overwhelmed by the condescension. They regard the situation here with the unclouded humor of those who win. The Imperial Palace with its fine food and drink and service, an Italian nobleman there to symbolize the king's hospitality, and the king's pretty soldiers nursing their safety with such elaborate precautions—it would all be entirely delightful if so heavy a question were not hanging in the balance, if hard starved service to their ideal had not sobered these big men and made them a little older than they are.

Their names have made their way to the front line in the news of the last five years for reasons that are apparent

when you see them. It is force more than ability that distinguishes big men from the nearly big. It was Napoleon's will that made him a symbol forever of the heroic in mankind. At whatever hour Napoleon woke his purpose was the same. It never flagged. It never questioned. It never looked upon itself, but always upon its object. There is something of that quality in these five men chosen by the force of the revolution out of a hundred and eighty million, to represent Russia at the Congress of a continent. They are strong, quiet, unexcitable men.

Tchicherin, I believe, is the most unusually gifted among them. He is the most like a prodigy. His mother kept him in dresses, they say, until he was fourteen years old; and perhaps that is why he is so quietly content to live in his mind, and in the little acts of grace that make so quiet a life beautiful. Though he is not restless, he never rests. He is always either reading or at work, or concentrating his thoughts upon some gentle kindness. When he comes into the Soviet work-room in the Hotel de Gênes—it is the inner chamber of the bridal suite, where some of us have been able to lend a hand in translating documents—he does not fail to greet with his solemn, respectful courtesy each person who is working there. And when he goes out, he turns and says a general "good-bye," even if everybody is too busy to hear him. One would never guess from his modest and slow manner, the ironic wit and keen logic and very amazing knowledge that Tchicherin has at his command. One would never guess it from his appearance. There is something baby-like about this extraordinary man. He holds a pen in his hands like a baby. His hands are small and not agile; he has no "build"; there is no tone in his voice. And his perfect unity of color—moustache, goatee, eyes, eyebrows, hair and freckles, all exactly the same sandy red-brown—conveys for some reason an impression of comely innocence. It is only when you begin to question his position that the hard, clear mind, and the metal his will is made out of, become apparent.

He does not let you go away with any mistakes in quoting him. He cares vitally about the truth. It was almost pathetic to me, when all the press of the world was splashing abroad those irresponsible lies about the "plundering of the churches" in Russia to see the care with which Tchicherin corrected my cable telling the truth about it to the New York World.

"It is a gradual collection and sale," I read to him, "in co-operation with the local church authorities, of jewels and



treasures unrelated to religious ceremonial. These treasures have been hoarded in the churches for centuries. . . ."

"You must not say 'unrelated to religious ceremonial,'" he interrupted. "That is not true. Say 'unnecessary to religious ceremonial.'"

Rakovsky is a more magnetic and winning man than Tchicherin, a man whose abilities are more obviously at hand. He has a "build," a bearing, a clear-singing voice and energetic utterance. You remember his strong face and brilliant warm eyes with a perpetual half-smile in them, as you remember a friend. I suppose Rakovsky is more loved than any other man in the Communist movement except Lenin and Trotsky. He was born in the No Man's Land between Bulgaria and Prussia—an internationalist predestined. And for years he was the inspired leader and orator-teacher of the whole Socialist movement of the Balkans. Now by a shifting of the cast which only an international revolution could make possible, he has become the Premier of the Ukraine. In Genoa, in addition to all the labor that falls to him in that capacity, and as a chief member of the Soviet delegation, he has taken upon himself the function of interpreter of the revolution to the press of the capitalist world. He meets them every day at six-thirty in a little white lecture-room in the old, old University of Genoa—a room with blackboards and rising tiers of benches.

Those benches are always filled to overflowing, and Rakovsky always dashes in a little late with a bulging manuscript case, like a busy professor. He makes a brief statement of the principal events and problems of the day from the Soviet point of view. Then he sits down at his desk, picks up a pen, and says with a humorously expectant smile:

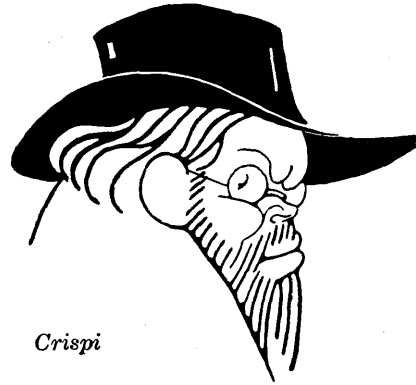
"Now, gentlemen, there are perhaps some questions that you would like to ask?"

He takes a long paper and copies out all the questions with great care—they growing more and more weighty, of course, as the opportunity to make speeches is fully comprehended by the press.

Rakovsky enjoys these speeches; he never stops them. He believes in the newer methods of education. When they are finished he takes another sheet of paper and classifies the questions. Then he gets up and replies to them, all in one speech, patiently, frankly, if possible, usually with a little humor, and always with the illumination of some historical parallel, or some unexpected bit of the general science of society. He is particularly happy when he can drive a French reporter into defending Poincaré's politics and the glories of the French revolution at the same time—for in the history of France, as well as the French language—he is an adept.

He is a man whose energy sustains the feelings in your heart. Nobody ever seems to want these lessons to end. And I am sure Rakovsky would gladly settle down here and teach these promising students the science of history and the wisdom of things in general, for the rest of his days.

They were finishing up a diplomatic communication of the most lofty importance one day at the Hotel de Gênes. It was one of those letters destined to save the conference and alter the whole course of European history. Rakovsky had composed it in French, and the rest of the delegation gave it their approval, and went off to Santa Margherita, leaving Rakovsky to sign it after it was translated into English. It was late in the afternoon, and he seemed to be in a terrible hurry. He paced back and forth like a nervous tiger. His mood communicated itself to those who were typing the letter, and they of course filled it full of mistakes.



*Crispi*

**Charles Rappaport, Marxian, keeping an eye on the Russians**

Well, he wouldn't wait. "Fix it with a pen!" he said.

It was fixed with a pen, and it looked something like a communication from a Russian news-dealer to the business manager of the *Liberator*. Then it was folded wrong and wouldn't fit the envelope. Somebody tried to fold it to fit the other way, and still it wouldn't go in. The whole room

threw up their hands then, and declared it would have to be done all over again.

"No, sir!" Rakovsky said, grabbing it and folding it a third way, so that it began to look like a worn-out spit-ball. "That's good enough! They can read it. I must go to the University!" He smiled at his own eagerness.

"Come on! My pupils are waiting for me!"

There is something of the teacher in all the Bolshevik leaders. There is some teaching that they have to do in order to get on a basis of practical discussion with these merchant-politicians, who seem to them to understand so little of the science of history or economics, or the more simple science of why they came here and what they want. Joffe, with his firm, thick lips and Oriental features and the long pointed black beard like a rabbi, would be entirely himself sitting on a mat with a little circle of devout pupils around him. His head is too high and too beautiful for politics. His poise is like Buddha's. He is infinitely patient. He would be teaching philosophy to those who really wanted to understand it. Krassin, too, has in his manner that very great gentleness, a half sorrowful gentleness, that we associate with the wise teacher of children. He has the same quiet firmness, and the same sorrow, that you can see in St. Gaudens' statue of General Sherman at the entrance of Central Park. He looks like that. And Vorovsky is the very image of the kindly friend and advisor who taught geography and morals in the little village school because he was not strong enough in health to go and live in the city. He is the only one of the Bolshevik delegation I have seen who does not seem physically powerful. He is as thin-wristed as a sick man, and as hollow and meditative in the sounds of his voice. His slender face and pointed beard are a little hidden under the big brow, which he keeps always modestly lowered, except to look up occasionally with a good-natured nervous laugh.

I remember one thing that Vorovsky said to me, which will convey an impression of his wisdom to those who are wise enough to be impressed. I had asked him whether he found any very able statesmen among the bourgeois delegates.

"In order to be a statesman," he said, "it is necessary to be in a condition of growth. None of these men are growing."

We were sitting on the balcony of the Imperial Palace, looking down the hill to the sea, and as I was not doing much of the talking, those words had an opportunity to impress themselves upon my mind. They rose strangely, with their Emersonian serenity, out of a long informative conver-





*Crispi*

**Charles Rappaport, Marxian, keeping  
an eye on the Russians**

sation about debts and roubles and loans and productivity and dollars and francs and guarantees, and all that matter which constitutes the usual preoccupation of the conference. I remembered them later in the afternoon, when we had left the Villa Bolsheviki and continued our journey a little farther down the coast from Genoa.

I remembered them because a very peculiar and almost metaphysical thing happened to us that afternoon—a thing which might tend to throw doubt upon the reality of time, or the very possibility of growth. It was still early when we said good-by to Vorovsky, and walked down the gravel pathway to the sentried gate. And as Comrade Erlich—the redoubtable “Chief of the Tcheka” so highly colored in the press—had given us a little magic pass which seemed able to open a path through the whole Italian army, we felt very much at home in Santa Marguerita, and in no hurry to go back to our hotel. Comrade Erlich is armed with the most genial smile and the blackest looking revolver I ever encountered, and there is a distinction about his hospitality which made us very proud. We decided to take a little ride and come back again in the evening.

We were not two minutes away when we came to the little village of Rapallo, the twin sister of Santa Marguerita just around the hill. Rapallo—the name recalled us from our political to our literary selves. For we all three of us, George Slocome and Ernest Hemingway and I, belong in the ward of those who are afflicted with a dual personality.

“Let’s go and see Max Beerbohm!” we said.

And so it was that, with a little help from destiny and a good nerve our painted tin automobile at 250 lire the day, was converted into a time-machine, and carried us in less than four minutes from the gate of the revolutionary future back into middle of the last half of the nineteenth century. For here was Max Beerbohm himself, exquisitely dressed and at leisure, sipping a little delicate Marsala on the uncovered terrace of his villa, looking out over the blue water, and feeling quietly happy because he had just finished a series of deft and devastating caricatures of the life of King Edward the Seventh!

He was most cordial, most warmly cordial, considering the abruptness of our arrival from so far off in the future, and with no excuse whatever but a desire to talk with him.

“Not about politics!” was his only demur, and to that we agreed so heartily that before long we were all talking politics with great candor and abandon.

I was impressed at first by the neatness of the British gentleman in Max Beerbohm—the exquisite fit of his grey suit, the trousers not too slim, but perfectly cut. I was impressed by the nice round shape



*Crispi*

**Tchicherin**

of his tanned features under the new grey felt hat, and the small grey moustache that fits in over his lip almost as deftly as that of Lloyd George. Everything in his study was neat, too. It is a small, square plaster hut of one room, in the middle of a high, open concrete terrace, like the flat roof of a house. As I faced its open doors from where we sipped wine on the terrace, it seemed more like a stage-set than a human habitation. The

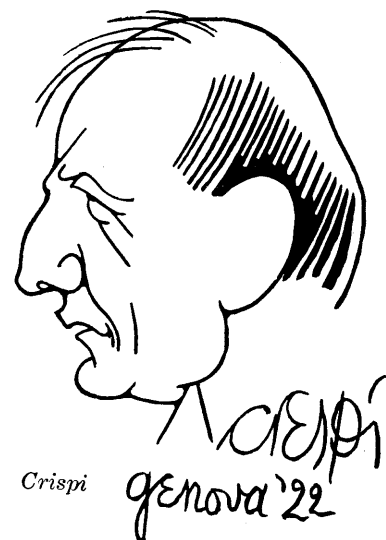
inside walls are painted in pure ultra-marine, the most intense of colors; and yet that color seems cool, because of the whiteness of the Italian sunshine. A shelf of books runs all the way around the walls at the height of the eyes—on top of that a few small pictures in slender frames at nice intervals, and in the center a desk, with its blotter and pen as classically arranged as those in Wanamaker’s show-window. There is nothing else—or so nearly nothing that the impression is as simple as that. There is, I remember, a shining new kerosene heater, and a cabinet from which later the wonderful pictures emerged.

They have a new beauty, a new subtlety of laughter in their native colors. They are delicately merciless. They are not like any other pictures, and their spirit of humor is not like any other spirit in the world.

It took more than a moment to perceive that spirit in Max Beerbohm himself. I do not know exactly why. I have noticed that a peculiar displacement of the light rays is produced when the chilly atmosphere of the British first touches that of the warmer-mannered peoples, and for a while nothing very much on either side is visible. It may have been just that natural phenomenon that made it difficult to see Max Beerbohm in the perfect gentleman who welcomed us. It may have been his dread of a political interview. At any rate it was not until we got on the subject of policemen that the miracle of mutuality actually took place in our conversation. We were talking of the differences between America and the continent of Europe, and I remarked—as I shall again in the course of this correspondence—that the chief difference is to be seen in the character and conduct of the policemen. In America a policeman is a big, bad-mannered, almighty, authoritarian giant, who has to be bribed. In France he is a courteous human-being of ordinary size and social emotion, who will accept a tip. It seems that in London he is even more human and delightful—actually superior in charm, according to Max Beerbohm, to the rest of the British species.

“When I go to London I am always struck by the policemen,” he said.

We told him we might express in almost the same language our experience of the policemen in New York, and



*Crispi*

*genova '22*

**Rakovsky**





*Crispi*

*CRISPI  
genova '22*

**Rakovsky**



*Crispi*

**Tchicherin**



that amused him and made him laugh. He got up very energetically and started to walk. It seemed as though he were going away on business, but in six steps he was back again with a new interest in the conversation.

"Have you any younger men writing books in America who really amount to anything?" he asked. He had been reading a book by Joseph Hergesheimer—"an excellent book, full of old lace and crinolines and all those interesting fittings very properly arranged. It was very skilful. I really wanted him to be an artist, he seemed to be trying so hard, and doing so well on the whole, considering the effort."

We reminded him of a few other names, and told him it was England's fault that so many inferior writers become established in America as great men. "Whenever you see anything rather bad, but showy, coming out of America, you say, 'Ah, this is the great native American art! How different from great English art! Distinctly American!' Our critics take everything you say for gospel, and the result is that one skilful performer after another gets fixed in our firmament as the great American genius."

"Yes, maybe you are right," he said, "but there is a difference, is there not? It seems to me that all American writing is a little loud and exaggerative. There was James Huneker, for example. Now if he had gone to school at Eton or Harrow, somebody would have patted him on the head once in a while in a kindly way and said, 'There, there, James, it's all right! You needn't shout so loud! In due time you will be heard. And even if you are not, it won't matter. It will be all right. Just speak quietly and let things take their course!' That would have saved him, you see. But as it is—well, he is dead now. . . . It is all very sad."

He was walking away again. When he got back, the question was whether the high prices paid to popular writers in America are not the real cause of the trouble.

"Perhaps they are paid higher, the louder they shout!" he said, as though he were making a discovery.

We were on common ground now. We supplied him the data for his hypothesis. We described our dollar-a-word culture.

"Well, I am saved from that," he said, "by the lack of talent. If one of your American literary agents arrived here and offered me a large sum of money for some future work I should say, 'Why, yes, my good man, that's all very fine! I accept your offer, but I shall never deliver the goods!'"

And so we drifted naturally to a discussion of the Masses, the *Liberator*, the struggling efforts that have been made by poets and artists in the twentieth century, to stem that tide of commercial journalism, that clutches and sweeps along in its drab current every little jet of pure utterance that is born. And he told us how they had been trying the same thing in his century, too, in the *Yellow Book*. He made his debut as an artist in that magazine, under the sanction of his friend, Aubrey Beardsley. But it is gone now, and he no longer offers his drawings for publication at all. If they are reproduced it is by accident. For him they have achieved their destiny when they exist, and are enjoyed by the few who may be able to reach them in an exhibition. He is not troubled by the restless thought of democracy—the sense of the multitudes of men, and the multitudes of authentic values that their wills create. He lives content with his own values. He is a serene and undisturbed aristocrat, the kind that lasts right up to the day when revolution appears in his own kitchen.

He showed us his caricature of the prime minister of "the proposed Labor Government" in England greeting M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador—one of the pictures which brought him a denunciation from the *London Daily Herald*, and gave rise to that humorous correspondence of a year ago. We liked the picture, and he was surprised. He was disposed to defend it a little by telling us that after all the labor leader was "really a good fellow."

"He is just exactly the kind of good fellow who will run things in a labor government," we told him, "and he will run them just about as you imply." He was puzzled, but it was growing late for explanations. "Come over to the Imperial Palace," we suggested, "and we will show you the kind of people who run things in a revolutionary government!" He said that he was afraid he would feel a little vexed if he went over there—the "mess they have made in Russia," the "diagrammatic minds," the "ignoring of obvious facts of human nature."

"But no doubt you are right, I should enjoy them. I am sure I should like them better than our own delegates. I always enjoy a charming fool better than a British gentleman who happens to have his head screwed on just right!"

I believe he would feel a little vexed. But it is not because they have diagrammatic minds, or ignore facts, or because they have made a mess in Russia. It is because they have minds equal to his own in point of humane culture, and superior in the scope of facts their science comprehends. It is because in order fully to understand what they are doing in Russia he would have to make a very youthful effort of intelligence. He would have to lift himself forward over a good span of years. He would have to put himself to school a little to those Bolshevik teachers.



Sors

George Slocombe, Correspondent  
of the *London Daily Herald*

## Alone

**T**HERE is no wisdom in your ways for me.

I walk with you; my mind is far apart.

You have no magic power, no mystery.

To draw the fire out of my burning heart.

I see you trying with your little hand

To reach my mist-wrapped world and touch and hold

My flaming soul you cannot understand,

And scorning you I turn to stone, death-cold.

Oh like a nimble child that seeks his toy,

When fagged of brain he turns from thought outright,

I come to you for rest and simple joy,

Descending from the solitary height,

To pleasure with you, serving to fulfill

The lofty purpose of my driving will.

Claude McKay.

# THE LIBERATOR



*Sors*

**George Slocombe, Correspondent  
of the London Daily Herald**

# THE LIBERATOR



*Sors*

**George Slocum, Correspondent  
of the London Daily Herald**



# An Open Letter from Charles W. Wood

To Hon. Richard Enright and Hon. John F. Hylan

Gentlemen:

This is not an attack upon either of you. I don't feel sore at either of you personally, and I think you are both fairly representative of the intelligence of New York City.

But neither is this a bouquet. Ask me what I think of the intelligence of New York City and you will understand. But I want to make myself plain. I have no sympathy whatever with the sort of propaganda which attempts to blame you for all the disorder in New York. It is quite possible that we might have a better mayor and police commissioner, it is equally possible that we might have worse. The ignorance of New York City is bound to be well represented at the City Hall and I don't expect much improvement until a few simple truths which few people now grasp are more generally understood.

Now, to the facts. A few nights ago I attended a most interesting entertainment and dance in Bryant Hall. I can't dance, but I enjoyed this evening hugely. Had either of you been with me and had I been able to point out to you the things which I saw, I am quite sure you would have enjoyed it, too. You are both human. You are both rather generous in your sympathies. You are both rather fearless, it seems to me, in doing your duty as you understand it. You may not be able to understand very much, intellectually, and you are doubtless as bigoted as the average citizen; but you have a certain capacity to feel the pulse of the people, and I am sure you would have been interested in what I saw at Bryant Hall.

There are all sorts of dances in New York. There are dress-suit functions in our leading hotels, where the hooch

flows freely and any number of things happen which would make your pure souls have a fit. But these are private dances, exclusive affairs, and you cannot interfere. Not that I want you to interfere, but I am quite sure you would like to if you could. You are built that way. These dances are for the rich; and it would rather please you, I fancy, to shut down on some of the orgies of the rich.

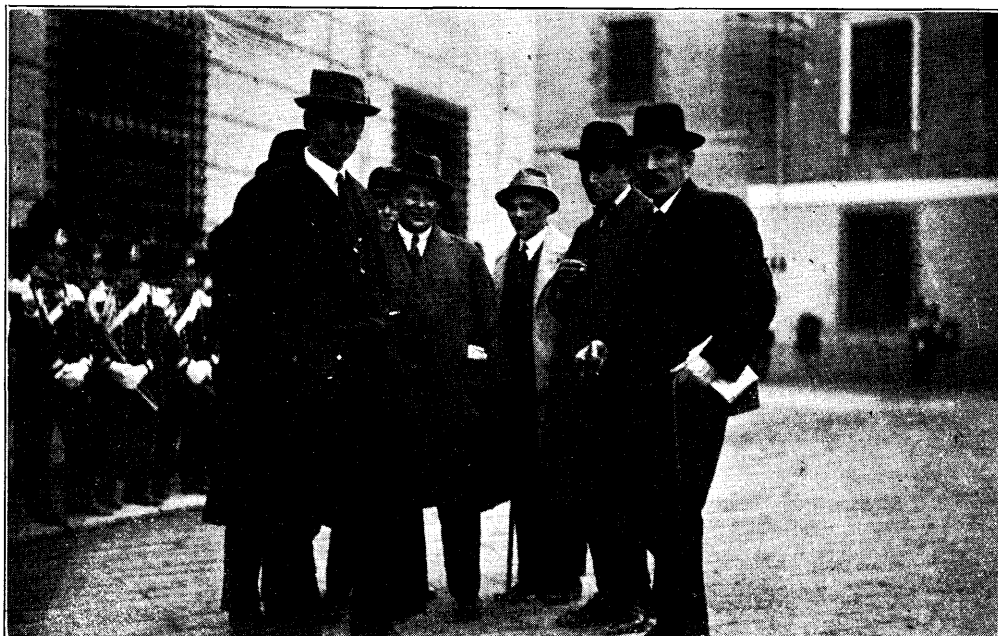
But you can't do it. The most you can do in this line is to shut down on the orgies of the poor. You can and do hold strict supervision over the public dance halls. The halls, that is, where *poor* people dance.

This dance in Bryant Hall was a semi-public dance. It was exclusive only in the sense that it was known to be a "Liberator" dance, and only those who are more or less in sympathy with liberal or radical ideas would be expected to attend. But it was an important social gathering just the same. It was one of those gatherings which made me rather hopeful of America and almost proud of the city in which such a dance could occur.

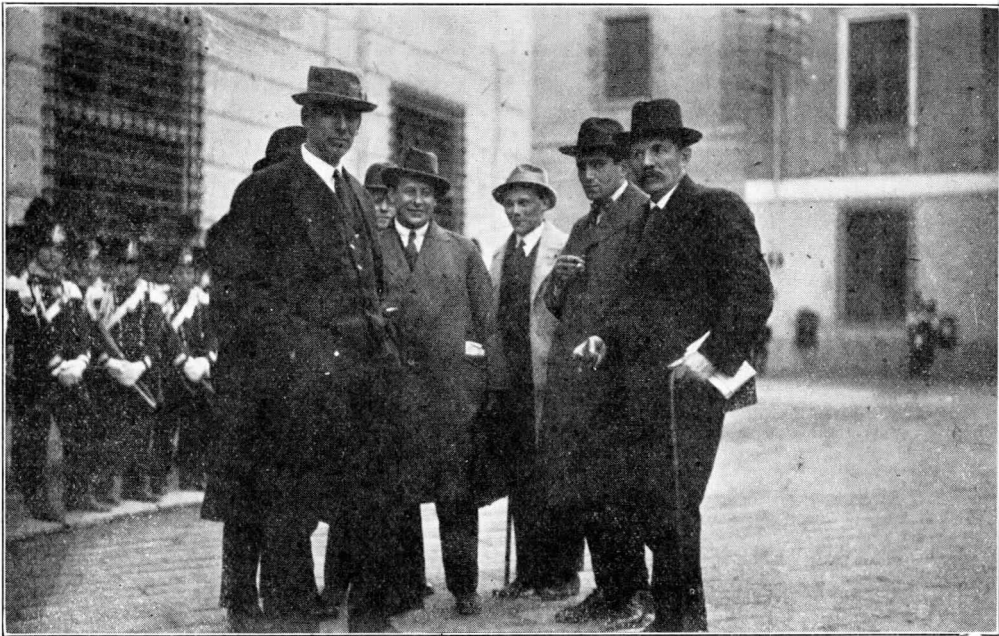
In the first place, my commonest criticism of radicals is that they lack a sense of humor. They are good at sledgehammer sarcasm and cutting satire, but they seldom play. They haven't learned the art of kidding themselves. But they did kid themselves beautifully at this entertainment. Floyd Dell had written a sketch of a "Busy Day at the Liberator Office" and it was played in part by the Liberator staff. The day had evidently been so busy that the actors didn't have time to learn their lines, but Mike and Claude were so bad that they were positively good. Everybody laughed at them, of course, but they responded in a way that

won everyone's affection. There was real humor in the idea of these boys leading "The Revolution" in America, but that they were able to enter into the laugh gave us a lot of confidence in them.

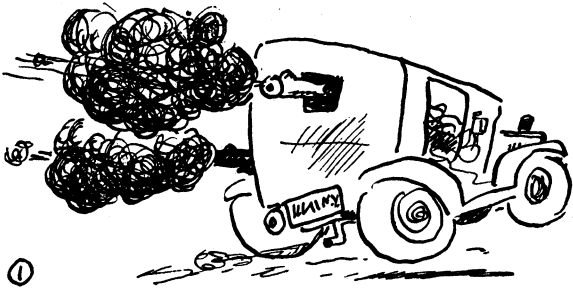
I don't know that you can get this point, but I want you to try. There is a certain humor in your own positions as mayor and police commissioner of New York. Do you ever take time to laugh at yourselves? It would do you a world of good, I am sure, and you would be no less efficient as mayor and police commissioner. This pretense of dignity, this eternal championing of the pee-pul against the interests—doesn't it ever occur to you how funny it all is? You must know, if you stop to think of it, that you are very ordinary persons; if you weren't, you would never be elected to the position of



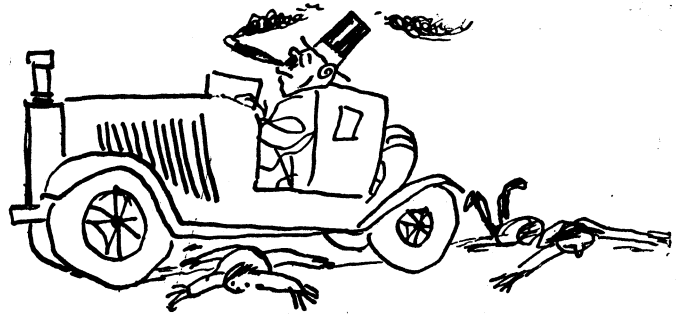
Max Eastman (left), Marcel Cachin (right) and Correspondents of *Isvestia* and *L'Humanité* in front of the Palazzo San Giorgio at the opening session of the Genoa Conference



**Max Eastman (left), Marcel Cachin (right) and Correspondents of Ivestia and L'Humanité in front of the Pallozo San Giorgio at the opening session of the Genoa Conference**



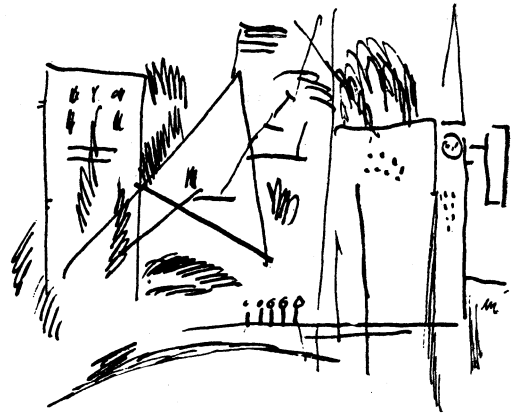
①  
A taxi unloading ammunition down Broadway  
(No cop in sight)



④  
(No cop in sight)



②  
(No cop in sight)



⑤  
Puzzle — (find a cop)



③  
Opium Smokers  
(N. C. I. S.)



⑥  
To the Liberator Ball

# The Crime Wave

By William Gropper

*Willy Gropper Jr.*



mayor or appointed by such a mayor commissioner of police. This is nothing against you. If the world is ever going to be improved, ordinary folks must do the job. But the pretense (which we call dignity) which attempts to set a few people off as great—why, that is one of the funniest things about our civilization.

But there were other fictitious lines demolished at this particular entertainment. There were rich and poor at this ball: none very rich perhaps, but a number who could be extremely "exclusive" if they wished to—people who are so up in the social scale that they have their names in the telephone directory; and none very poor, perhaps; for the entertainment, including the dance, did cost seventy-five cents. But there was a breaking of class lines nevertheless to a degree which you will seldom find in New York at places where people are having real fun. You'd like that about it, I am sure. You remember the Armistice Day celebration—the greatest day New York ever had—when everybody seemed to forget everything except that mankind is fundamentally human and, that being the case, let's celebrate. Well, there was just a touch of that at this ball. It was great.

Then, there were the high-brows. They danced with the stenographers so that you could hardly tell them apart, except that the stenographers were the better dancers. There may have been hooch, but I didn't see it. It didn't seem to be needed. Economic, social and intellectual differences were forgotten and folks were folks. It's great to be just folks. It's the greatest experience in life. It's the things that divide us that make us unhappy—money, class, prejudice, intolerance and things like that. You know how it is. It must bore you to death to be forever called upon to "receive" great visitors from abroad. Big, celebrated, special personages are so everlastingly tiresome. They have to be. It goes with the job. It's only when they lose their dignity that any of them are really interesting.

But there was one feature of this ball which went beyond anything that I have mentioned. It thrilled me more than I can tell you, for it had to do with the greatest shame of the United States.

Did you ever feel ashamed of the United States? I have. And you would be too if you had been in my place. I was in China, and several times I ran across highly cultured Chinese who asked me to explain lynching in America. I couldn't do it. America is the only country I ever heard of where human beings are burned alive for the crime of having certain pigments in their skin. Sometimes the victims have committed crimes; sometimes they haven't. That doesn't seem to matter. Somebody has committed a crime, so the whole white population of the county comes out and burns a "nigger." Of all the horrible superstitions I know of, this is the most fiendish. But the United States permits it. That is, the United States does not stop it. It has been going on now for half a century. I dread to pick up my paper in the morning, as there is a big chance that it will tell of one more lynching horror.

It is argued that the United States cannot stop this. I don't know. I am not much on the use of force. Perhaps it would not do to send marines to Georgia, as we would do if outrages equal to this were perpetrated in any other country on the American continent. But there is one thing that can be done. The people might be educated to look upon human beings as human beings instead of looking upon them as whites and blacks. Any movement in that direction arouses my enthusiasm and I am sure it would arouse yours.

But you can't educate people by simply telling them things. People learn not what they hear, but what they do. If we were to send a weekly bulletin to every white person in the country to the effect that every colored person is hereby pronounced human, it would do no good. Only by treating them as human beings can we get the idea across.

And this is what I saw at the Liberator ball. I saw the color line vanish. It wasn't merely that colored people were allowed to come in and look on. They weren't "allowed" anything. People didn't notice that they were colored. They took them for what they were, individually, just as we take each other. Claude McKay wasn't the "Negro Poet." He was just Claude McKay. If people liked this man Claude McKay they chatted with him. If they enjoyed his line of talk, they stuck around. If they found that he had the sort of culture which appealed to them, that he was colored seemed to mean no more than if he had been bald-headed.

Now, wasn't that fine? I am sure you must get what I mean. Suppose, instead of people being lynched in this country for the color of their skins, it were customary to lynch them for the color of their hair. Suppose all red-haired people were in danger of being burned alive any time that some unknown person had committed a crime. You would be thrilled, wouldn't you, at any demonstration of the actual abolition of that color line.\*

But suppose, Mr. Mayor and Mr. Commissioner, that your police should step in at just this time and break up the demonstration. Suppose they should confess that they were doing this because the color line had been forgotten. That is exactly what happened at this Liberator Ball. The police not only broke it up, but they made exactly that announcement.

It may be argued that they had a right to close the affair when they did because it was one o'clock Sunday morning and there is some ordinance by which balls are supposed to be closed at that hour. But that ordinance is no longer enforced. It is a dead letter.

The police — *your* police — came into this ballroom and looked around. They saw the color line broken. They saw folks dancing with folks, regardless of the color of their hair, their beards or their skin. AND THEY SAID THAT THAT WAS THE REASON THAT THEY FORCED THE BALL TO CLOSE.

What do you think about it? Can you claim that such an act at such a time was moral, decent, human? Or are you such bigots that you are willing to commit any injustice so long as it seems to concern only the "radicals"? If I thought you could understand it, I would go deeper into the philosophy of this thing. I would argue that the great question of human rights is involved, regardless of how you happen to disagree with me on questions of conduct. I would argue my own personal right to ask a Negro girl to dance with me. I would argue my right to marry her, if we were marriageable, and we loved each other enough to forget the color line. I would even argue my right to sin, so long as I do not break the law; and I would try to show you that the right to sin—the right to do something that somebody objects to your doing—is the only right which counts. But this is probably too deep for you. As it is, I shall leave the whole question with your own conscience. *How do you like your part in helping to maintain the superstition by which, in the United States, folks are burned alive for the crime of being colored?*

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. WOOD.

\*It may not be generally known that Mayor Hylan is ginger-haired.

# The Wobblies Raid the Seamen's Union

By Dick Orson

"**M**ORE than half the men manning American ships are members of the I. W. W.," Andrew Furuseth, president of the International Seamen's Union of America, told a joint congressional committee in Washington a few weeks ago. "The ships are flooded with red literature."

And "Andy," who, for more than forty years, has fought the battle of the men who go down to the sea in ships, is struggling furiously a considerable distance below the surface of the flood. He is struggling to save from the engulfing seas the wreck of the ship he has so long piloted, the ship which sailed so staunchly over many seas. His ship was unseaworthy; it strove to hold its own against faster and abler vessels, ships which sail new seas into which Andy could not steer his craft. And now Andy's ship has been towed into harbor, tied up to the dock and dismantled.

And all the sailors are leaving it. To the average lay mind there is a glamour about the sea, about ships, that is as old as the sea itself. Sailors are adventurers, wanderers—broad-chested, clear-eyed, tanned. Their life is thrilling, hard, clean. They stand on decks and throw their arms out to the winds.

But sailors feel differently; they know that they are sailors, workers. They must eat, and often the food is bad; they must sleep, and sometimes find their own bedding; they must support others, and their pay is low. They find precious little time to stand on deck and throw out their arms in a grand gesture to the skies—too many of them work in stoke-holds, anyway. In the strange ports they visit the most sensible thing for them to do is to get drunk as expeditiously as possible in order to forget the weariness of many eighteen-hour days. But there is little money to get drunk on.

The sea is romantic, to those who do not follow it. To those who do it is a trade, and a hard one. It is a fight to live—and not to live worse. A year ago the fight came to one of its crises in the Seamen's strike. Shoulder to shoulder the men fought and, still shoulder to shoulder, they were beaten. And as men are beaten their gods topple. Andrew Furuseth, who, for forty years, has been the International Seamen's Union, has toppled. The seamen no longer burn incense at his feet—there is even some talk of substituting fagots.

A year ago there were at least 25,000 paid up members in the International Seamen's Union. Probably there are scarcely more than a fifth of its former members in the ranks to-day. Those who remain are wavering.

Undoubtedly, the loss of the strike had much to do with the startling desertion. Furuseth and his lieutenants, notably T. V. O'Connor, now on the shipping board, are blamed for that failure after months of effort. The rest can be traced to the growing power of the Marine Transport Workers' Union, an I. W. W. organization, and to the nature of the fight Furuseth has carried on against it. Underlying all the causes is the increasing demand of the seamen for a program which will carry them beyond the "fair day's wage for a fair day's work" slogan, and they have found the I. W. W. programme more satisfying to their aspirations.

Against the growing power of the Marine Transport Workers the old leader of craft unionism has fought bitterly, with the bitterness of a man who fears. The "boys" are getting away from Andy, perhaps he fears that they will not return; perhaps that he no longer understands them. But, defiant to the last, he is fighting—and alienating the men he used to lead by the nature of his warfare.

Furuseth, the men say, has betrayed them. "Andy" has become a stool. A report made by Furuseth to the Sailors' Union of the Pacific and contained in the minutes of



Andy's Ship

Groppe

that organization is quoted in *The Marine Worker*, an organ of the Marine Transport Workers. In part it reads: "The ship owners have refused to grant passes to officers of the Union to go on board ships for the purpose of identifying expelled members of the Sailor's Union and notorious wobblies. A letter has been written to the American Pacific Steamship Association and to the Shipbuilders' organization of the Pacific Coast dealing with the apparent combination between shipowners and the 'wobblies.'"

And in a published pamphlet "You Have Been Fooled" Furuseth writes: "They, the I. W. W. leaders, evidently received money from some shipowners, or from somebody interested in the destruction, first of the seamen's organization, then of the Seamen's Act." Of course, Furuseth knows that the I. W. W. platform, on principle, is against legislation discriminatory to the workers of any country.

And the I. W. W.'s retort that Furuseth has offered the services of himself and his organizations to the employers as "wobbly spotters."

They assert that he appealed to the prosecuting attorney at San Francisco for a drive against the I. W. W. under the criminal syndicalist law of California, offering to identify known advocates of the "one big union." They add that the city attorney refused the offer, saying that he would prose-



Andy's Ship

*Gropper*



cute no more men for mere membership in the Industrial Workers of the World.

So, among the wobblies, "Andy" has been branded as a stool. The men of his organization are leaving him because of that brand; the other leaders of the A. F. of L., who never liked Furuseth any too well at best (because of his honesty, they say in the M. T. W. hall), have turned from him, afraid to sanction his tactics. He is fighting alone in his Washington office, beset by enemies with whom he cannot cope.

In the South street hall of the Marine Transport Workers in New York (a large room with low ceiling and chairs on all sides set against the walls) the seamen sit around reading, chewing and smoking. At the long table in the center a few are writing letters. Some are on shore leave, others are looking for a ship. They swap stories.

A slender, blue-eyed man talks of the seamen's organization, of the treachery of Andrew Furuseth and the activities of the Marine Transport Workers.

"We're about ready to write the obituary of the International Seamen's Union," he laughs. "In fact, we're working on it now."

"Did you see this?" They had a convention in January. They admitted they were losing members. Hanson, the secretary-treasurer of the Seamen's Union, told them they had lost more than 75,000 members since 1919. You know

where they are going?" He answered his own question.

"We're getting a hundred new members a day, many of them former members of the International Seamen's Union. They're flocking to us."

"Sentiment on the ships is all with the Marine Transport Workers. The Brooklyn port delegates interviewed five hundred men and found only seven who were paying dues into the old International Unions or were talking in their favor. Four or five men on every ship paying off were lined up in the M. T. W. In each group one of them is selected as job delegate and provided with literature and supplies for lining up the ship.

"They're coming into the Marine Transport Workers. On one ship we found a man who was keeping the whole crew supplied with our literature and he wasn't a member of the organization. He joined as soon as he got a chance and half the crew came into the I. W. W. with him. The Seamen's Union hasn't a hundred to one chance of coming back."

"Didn't Furuseth do anything to better conditions through the International Seamen's Union?"

"Yes. But not what he says. He says it forced the bosses to treble wages. Wages went up during the war, yes. They went up everywhere. And since the war they've come down again."

"Wages have gone down, way down. Men on sailing ves-



Steam Shoveling

*Reginald Marsh*



Steam Shoveling

*Reginald Marsh*

sels who were getting \$100 a month draw \$30 now. Men work on coal steamers from eighteen to twenty hours for \$50 or \$55 a month. In most instances they've cut out overtime, especially since the strike failed. The men have to furnish their own bedding. The crews are cut to the minimum."

"How about the Seamen's Act?"

"Not enforced. Andy's lieutenants said at Chicago last winter that it cost the Seamen's union \$40,000 to defend the act during the last four years. The shipowners virtually ignore it."

"How about it, Mike? What do you think of the Seamen's Act?"

He turned to a man writing at the table.

"Don't know. I don't see nothin' of it."

The passengers of Furuseth's struggling ship are making for the newer craft of the Marine Transport Workers which has more modern equipment, faster engines and is bound for a better port. The native-born Americans are going in the greatest numbers—which must be something of a shock to the "one hundred per centers."

Of the crew, the stokers listen most readily to the Marine Transport Workers' organizer. The dock hands come next, then the marine engineers. The stewards last.

"Don't ask me why, the stewards come last," said the blue-eyed sailor, "I don't know."



Stuart Davis

Low Tide

## The Case of Nickolay Mansevich

THE case of Nickolay Mansevich is about the biggest thing in Detroit just now. If the Government can deport Mansevich it can, and probably will, deport almost anyone. This is what Detroit folks are saying. The Government in the Mansevich case happens to consist of two special agents of the Department of Justice, two inspectors of immigration, and a few secret informers.

Of course labor and several clear-headed, class-conscious friends of labor have led in the long and dramatic fight for Mansevich's freedom. But scores of bourgeois liberals have sat up nights drafting telegrams to the Secretary of Labor and to the members of the Michigan delegation in Congress, who must have rubbed their eyes. The Detroit Labor News, organ of the federation, has told the Mansevich story frequently and well.

Nickolay Mansevich, born in Grodno, arrived in Detroit eight years ago and went to work at the Ford Motor Company. He worked there until last September 2, the last three years without missing a day. But September 2 he was arrested on the job by two Department of Justice agents and taken to the Department of Justice office to be questioned. There was some *fol-de-rol* about "the papers," a special Peter Kropotkin number, or something of the sort, of something or other, and then Mansevich was told to sign a document which, he learned later, was an application for a passport to Poland.

When Mansevich left Grodno years ago, it belonged to Russia, or rather to the Czar. But the place is in the hands of the Poles now. And Mansevich, who does not want to be deported at all, certainly does not want to be deported to Poland. He protested that he had not known what he was signing, when he learned of the trick that had been played on him. Mansevich knows only enough English to suffice him at the factory and the grocery store. But he was then confronted with still another document bearing his signature. It was his "confession," written in the best Department of Justice English. In this "confession" he threatened immediate death to almost everyone but his own wife and three children.

When the time came for Mansevich to prepare for deportation, four of the ablest lawyers in Detroit offered their services to him. They were not allowed to see the records of the hearings which resulted in Mansevich's conviction. But the Department of Labor was induced to grant a rehearing of the case, and the date of deportation was fixed for February 22, George Washington's birthday. Another hearing was staged, behind closed doors of course, but with the four attorneys and a "friend" permitted to attend.

At this hearing the Government case was breaking down. At the eleventh hour an emergency witness was rushed in and out again, remaining in the room just long enough to "convict" the prisoner of selling him one of "the papers." It seems this paper which this most unfortunate informer charged Mansevich with selling to him was printed in Russian.

"I bought it of Mansevich and put it in a trunk at home," the informer testified, trembling with nervousness.

"Did you read the paper?" one of the attorneys asked him.



Low Tide

*Stuart Davis*



"Oh, yes; I read it."

"All right; read this passage which the officers have marked in the paper in evidence. It also is in Russian, the same language."

The informer, his hands trembling, started to read. The interpreter looked at the agent of the Department of Justice who understood Russian. Mansevich's eyes were fixed in consternation and contempt on the face of the witness. After a few lines had been read, the agent snatched the paper from the witness' hands. The witness was unable even to pronounce the words of the Russian language.

Walter Nelson, one of the four attorneys, immediately began a sharp cross-examination of the witness. He was getting close to the secret of his connection with the case when P. L. Prentis, immigration inspector in charge, stepped forward and exclaimed, "I'll stop this right here!"

Prentis explained that the identity of the secret agents had to be protected at all costs.

That ended the hearing but not the case. The Department of Labor refused to reverse its decision and the sentence stood. Mansevich was ordered deported April 30. On the night of April 29 he was having a farewell dinner with a few of his friends, four or five of the Russian boys and several members of the Detroit committee of the Civil Liberties Union. It was a sad little gathering. The wife and three children on the following day would become public charges, either of the city of Detroit or of Hamtramck, the industrial suburb where Mansevich lives. At the time of Mansevich's arrest he owned a \$1,500 equity in a \$3,800 home, paid for month by month out of his savings. Following his arrest he lost his job and had to sell his equity for \$400. Now the \$400 is gone.

Mrs. Mansevich was not at the dinner because Jenny, 4 years old, was sick in bed. And Mrs. Mansevich and the other two little girls, Mary, 5 years old, and Anna, 7, were about sick too with grief and discouragement. If they went with Mansevich to Grodno they would only suffer hunger and cold, perhaps starve; better to stay in Detroit, their friends said. So they were to say good-bye to Mansevich, perhaps forever, Mansevich who was certainly the gentlest father in all Hamtramck.

But as the coffee was being brought in, by a kind little Spanish waiter at the restaurant where they sat, the word came that the Department of Labor had granted a further stay of sentence of 30 days. A cheer went up and Mansevich almost cried with joy. He could not speak, he was so astonished and so happy. His big hands jerked and shook like those of a three-months-old baby when it laughs. He got red in the face. He looked from one to another of his friends who had been so faithful to him. When he tried to express his joy his English words became so involved with his Russian that no one could understand a thing he said. But no one cared. It was a great moment.

And it was only a moment. The ecstasy was soon gone. Mansevich rode home that night to a sick little girl and a penniless home. He had quit his job six hours before. He spent the night at Jenny's bedside. And though he did not spend May Day at Ellis Island he spent it tramping factory districts in a fruitless search for work. His problems there at home were so tremendous that he was almost totally unable to rejoice, after the passing of the first sudden paroxysm of happiness, at the reprieve.

There were nearly 300 cases like this after the Palmer raids of 1919-1920. But those were war days. Detroit's eyesight is a little improved. And the Mansevich case is



*Hannah*

### Consolation

furnishing more education to Detroit than all the war-time cases combined. Thousands are reading about it, in the labor and capitalist press, and are judging it on its merits. When the Detroit Federation of Labor held its big May Day mass meeting in Cadillac Square, little slips of paper were passed swiftly through the great crowd, reading as follows:

#### "LEST WE FORGET:

"Two years ago to-day 250 men were being held at Fort Wayne as a result of raids by the Detroit agents of the Department of Justice and the bureaucratic, passive co-operation of the local immigration inspectors.

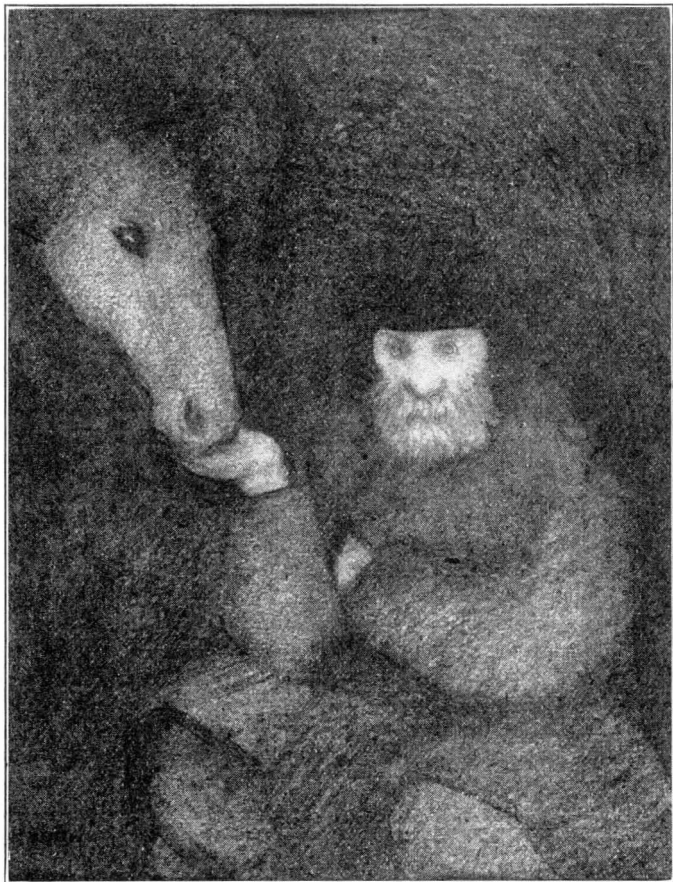
"The same thing is going on to-day, here in Detroit. Nickolay Mansevich was arrested by the agents who made the arrests of 1919-1920—Joseph Apelman and Thomas C. Wilcox — and he was ordered deported on the recommendation of the bureaucrats of the immigration office who in 1919-1920 held hundreds of workers in almost unbearable conditions of captivity—P. L. Prentis and Robert W. Gangewere.

"To-day, on May Day, Mansevich is being taken from his home here to Ellis Island, there to be held for deportation, while his wife and three little girls remain destitute in Detroit."

And because of the Mansevich case the red flag is fluttering in many, many more hearts.

STANLEY BOONE.

**T**HE cover picture is from a painting by Maurice Sterne, courtesy Bourgeois Galleries.



Consolation

*Hannah*

# Red Roses for Hillman

By Michael Gold

CLEVELAND is dull. It is as meaningless, architecturally, as a fishball. It is a spiritless, flat American arrangement of buildings and pavements, and the sky and the houses were gray when I came there, and the coal smoke stuck in my throat, and the crowds of sober, Godless, devilless, mindless, soulless, colorless, uneventful and unimportant prosperous Middle Westerners moved for some reason along the streets, and it was all dreary as an afternoon in a Presbyterian church.

Cleveland is a large edition of one of Sherwood Anderson's melancholy small towns. It made me sad, this capital of Ohio mediocrity; and inside the Locomotive Engineer's auditorium, three or four blocks away from the vast gray sweep of Lake Erie, there was something that made me sadder still. I wanted to cry for boredom at what I found there! I wanted to shout, stamp, rage, or shoot myself like a Russian hero out of sheer ennui.

For the most dreary and mediocre performance in the world was dragging its way to a finale in the auditorium. The stales melodrama in recent American history was being repeated by a fourth rate stock company. The biennial convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' union was being held there, and the Socialists in charge of the convention had just spent a week in preserving law and order, in hunting out witches and expelling radicals, in sniffing out Communist agitators and wild-eyed young rebels.

Think of it, they had spent a week throwing the "alleged self-styled and so-called" Communists out of the union. The garment workers of the nation had sent their delegates here to decide and legislate on all the important principles that would guide the lives and destinies of 135,000 men and women for the next two years. They had paid out thousands of sweatshop dollars for hotel bills and railroad fares and auto rides and entertainments.

And a week had been spent in bloody execution of the Communists. That is all the delegates had to show for their time and money. A committee of kosher 100 per cent Socialists had examined the credentials of all delegates. Whenever they found a delegate who was not strictly kosher and Socialist, this delegate was recommended to the firing squad. Then the matter was brought up on the floor of the convention, and there were hours and hours of debate. What an uproar! What excitement and confusion!

All this clamor, this heart-burning, this bitterness, because there were forty "alleged, so-called" Communists in this convention of two hundred men and women! And most of these "Communists" were young, and most of them had long, honorable records in the union, and most of them were unambitious, and loyal, and idealistic, and most of them had new ideas for the vitalization of the union that they wanted to see worked out, and that they had come here to plead for.

If they had been dirty hack A. F. of L. politicians scheming for jobs for themselves they would have been respected and listened to. But no, they were clean, young, ultra-idealists, and so the Socialists threw them out. "Rebels! Mischief makers! Down with them! Down with them!" as Abraham Cahan shouted, Abe Cahan, the editor of the great

Yiddish daily, Vorwaerts, the veteran Socialist and rebel and mischief maker of an elder day.

And Charles Ervin, editor of the Call, the Socialist newspaper that was suppressed several times during the war for disruption, revolutionism, mischief-making and rebellion, came on the platform and howled like a Jeremiah at the young rebels in the convention.

"Feather-bed revolutionists!" he called young men and young girls who work eight hours every day in shops, young workers who starve in the slack season and wear themselves to the bone at the machines when there is work. "You are dominated by outsiders who use you for their selfish ends!" he, an outsider, shouted at them, at these men and women who were daring to risk their jobs, their union standing, everything they lived by spiritually and materially, that certain ideas might be promulgated.

Then Warren Stone of the Locomotive Engineers was brought in to attack the young rebels. Stone receives \$25,000 a year for his heroic stand on labor unionism; and he too told the young leftists that they were a bunch of paid disrupters, spies, and mischief-makers.

And then, as a grand climax, old Sammy Gompers was brought in creaking, Gompers, who wants no changes made in the perfect A. F. of L.; Gompers, who supported the United Garment Makers when they scabbed on the Amalgamated; Gompers, who only the other day called again for the destruction of the Russian people; Gompers, the member of the National Civic Federation, and the friend of presidents, bankers, generals and politicians.

And Gompers, of course, joined in the chorus against the disrupters and rebels, and pleaded for the re-election of his old friend Schlesinger.

It was a grand, triumphant demonstration of Socialism, unity, solidarity and clean idealism, against all that is dark, diabolical, disruptive and Russian. Of course Socialism won; three or four of the girls were unseated, and a few of the men. Some of the left wingers were also scared into acquiescence and were afraid to vote according to the instructions they had brought with them from New York. It was a great victory.

There were a great many other things done at the convention—progressive things, necessary things, but I cannot remember them at all. I chiefly remember that the Socialists spent over a week in throwing out the "so-called leftists."

I went around to some of the leftists to get from them the real reasons as to why they had been so denounced and persecuted. I called on a group of young girls who had been the leaders of the opposition. Two of them, Rose Wolkowitz and Ida Rothstien, had been unseated; the others had voted and fought on the floor of the convention.

I spoke for hours with these disrupters, these paid agents, these rebels and mischief-makers. There were six of them, and they were living together in a big room at the Central Y. W. C. A. of Cleveland, where they were charged seventy-five cents a night for their board. All the other delegates stopped at the fashionable Hotel Statler, and ate most of their meals there. It is done at every convention, this high



Demonstration

*O. Nagel*

living. These girls could have done the same, but they chose not to; they did not want to run up a big expense account against their local unions.

The girls, none of whom was over twenty-three or twenty-four, were all Russian-born and had worked in American shops for five and six years. They were busy night and day at the convention, but here at the "Y" they joked and laughed and were just sweet, healthy, spirited brave girls.

Ida Rothstien, one of the girls, had a long record of devotion to the union. She had weathered the storms of many picket lines, and had been arrested often for the union, yet she had been the chief victim of the Socialist Luskers. They charged her with disrupting a local meeting, and she had defended herself calmly and simply, telling every one at the convention not to vote for her personally, but for or against her principles.

She was a tall, thin girl, with a mop of coppery hair, blue calm eyes, and a calm, slow smiling manner of speaking. The other girls took the expulsions tragically at times, and became bitter and excited. Ida only smiled and told them not to be sentimental. At a lavish banquet given at the Statler one night for the delegates, Lena Goodman, another

of the girls, suddenly burst into tears and went home. The banquet was costing four thousand dollars; and there was a strike of garment workers on at that very moment in Cleveland, she said.

Ida only smiled and shrugged one shoulder, and said, "Lena is young—she is still sentimental. When I was first arrested for picketing they beat me and put me into a cold, dark cell. I can't tell you how I wept to think that someone should beat me. And I cried the second and third time I was arrested, but then I began to understand that I was in a great fight, and could not be sentimental. We must always keep our heads; we must not care about our feelings of what happens to us personally, we must think of the Cause and not be sentimental."

Ida Rothstien looked tired and pale; the girls told me she was tubercular and had had to live in the country all the previous summer. But she had been forced to come back to work in a shop in the fall and winter, for she has a mother to support. She developed a bad cough and fever at the convention, and had to go back to New York at the end of the first week, though she hated to leave—the tall, calm, brave, devoted girl, the obscure soldier of justice, the mother





# The Oily Scramble

Sammy: Don't Uncle, it's the Czar's, Leave it to John Bull

of all the exquisite righteousness that is yet to settle on this blinded, bloody race of man.

Rose Pessata was another of the girls, a bright-eyed Spanish looking girl whose golden cheeks were ruddy with life. Rose Wolkowitz, one of the unseated delegates, was more of those brooding, still Jewish women whose deep feelings reach like roots into eternity, and in whose fine, mournful eyes the history of a race is written. She too refused to be sentimental, and took her expulsion with a smile. Miriam Levine was also practical and bright and busy, but little Lena Goodman burned with rebel fire. Her large eyes blazed like lightning.

I saw her go up to several of the men delegates and denounce them and make them hang their heads in shame because they had not voted as they had promised to.

"Men are cowards," she cried in her impatient, rough, sweet voice; "they are all cowards because they are politicians, and are always working for some sort of job in the union. We girls know that we'll always work in a shop and belong to the rank and file, so we fight."

These were the girls that the head of the American Federation of Labor and the head of the Locomotive Engineers and the editor of the powerful New York Call and the editor of the more powerful daily Vorwaerts and other great,

strong, veteran, speechifying Socialists had been brought in to attack and help expel.

What had the girls done? They told me that for the past two years the "left" groups had been preaching the shop delegate system for the union and amalgamation of all the needle trades into one big organization. Schlesinger had opposed all this, and so they had decided to make a campaign against Schlesinger on principle, though they all said he was the most capable leader the union had. It was a fight for principles.

The shop delegate system, as they explained it, was a means of getting more of the rank and file active in the affairs of the union. It was a means of creating a greater number of fighting unionists, with a keen and intelligent interest in all the union's business.

And they wanted the International Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers to fuse into a great combined union that would have twice the power each of them has now. There would be 350,000 members in this new union; it would be one of the forces in America's industrial life.

Schlesinger did not want an amalgamation; he believes in a federation of the two unions. The girls said a federation had been tried and did not work.



Storm in Connecticut

Wanda Gag



Storm in Connecticut

*Wanda Gág*



Storm in Connecticut

Wanda Gág





Vintage Girl

Maurice Sterne

They differed from Schlesinger and the Socialist officials on the union tactics, and so they were criminals. Yes, they were criminals, for before the convention was over, Salvator Ninfo, an Italian labor politician who was elected first vice-president of the union at this convention, brought in several resolutions that were the creamiest, rarest, finest, juiciest samples of Luskism these aged eyes have ever beheld.

Here are the resolutions presented by a valiant champion of democracy who does not believe in the dictatorship of the Russian proletariat over the Russian bourgeoisie.

Here are the resolutions of a man who probably thinks Lenin and Trotzky are tyrants for having crushed the armed opposition of the Social Revolutionaries and Cadets.

Here are the resolutions of a great free spirit who supports the Call and the Vorwaerts in their fights for free speech, who fights capitalist judges when they sentence labor propagandists.

Resolution 190, introduced by Salvator Ninfo, provides that "any member who is found guilty of having associated with others in conspiracy meetings with aims of undermining the organization, shall be punished by expulsion."

Resolution 191, introduced by Salvator Ninfo, provides that the "General Executive Board shall have full right for

taking over the management and conduct of any local union which, in the opinion of the board, is mismanaged, or which is working against the policies of our International Union."

Resolution 194, introduced by Salvator Ninfo, provides that any member who "deliberately disturbs" a union meeting, or spreads circulars of a "vile and slandering nature," can be expelled by the General Executive Board.

Oh, yes, I forgot Resolution 189, introduced by the sterling democrat, Salvator Ninfo, which provides that "the general executive board shall have the right to try any member for working against the International, even if his local union did not find it necessary to try such a member."

There were other resolutions of a like nature introduced by this clever imitator of Senator Lusk. They all provided that the central officials of the union be given enough power to kick out any poor, lone, idealistic rank-and-filer who dared to say a word against the hierarchy. Obey the law and keep your mouth shut, that was the idea.

Fortunately, President Schlesinger is a little more enlightened than his aides. He tabled the bills. They will probably never be heard from again.

I had a long talk with Schlesinger before I left Cleveland. Schlesinger is an important figure in American life; more important than a hundred congressmen or five thousand movie actors and actorines; he guides the destiny and daily life of thousands of men and women. But as he sat in the hotel lobby speaking to me, his deep-set, suffering eyes burning in their hollow sockets, his lank, moist hand moving about nervously, resting on my sleeve, or clutching at my coat lapel, there was something sad about him, something that wounded one to sympathy. Schlesinger, with his deep eyes and gaunt face, seems a type of the eternal Jew, the suffering Jew who forever wanders and can find no peace.

He went into a clothing factory when he was twelve; he worked at the machine until he was almost thirty; he was always unhappy and sensitive, and now, even as president, he is unhappy and sensitive. Why? Why are there Jews who seem always to bear upon their frail shoulders the burden of all time and space? Schlesinger must not be taken for a mystic, however; he is shrewd and capable, he is the best executive head it would be possible to find in the union now; sad though he seems, he is a force to be reckoned with.

I asked him about his views on amalgamation of the two big unions in the needle trades, and he gave me many reasons why he thought it was not feasible. They were the reasons of a craft unionist. They were the reasons any one could find who did not want amalgamation to happen. Schlesinger is against amalgamation, that is all there is to the matter.

I asked him about the shop delegate system, and he was against that. There were other questions I wanted to ask him, but there was not the time.

#### The Convention at Chicago.

The convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers at Chicago was dominated by one man as completely as the convention at Cleveland had been dominated by Schlesinger. It is inevitable that a real leader dominate his organization; it is and should be the basis of his power that he is gifted enough to be able to dominate.

But Hillman, President of the Amalgamated, has not become entangled in the strange fears and machinations of the political Socialists. He is a sane, intelligent industrial unionist; his first thought is for his union, and how to keep it strong, flexible, progressive and victorious.



JUNE, 1922



**Vintage Girl**

*Maurice Sterne*

Hillman is one of the great labor statesmen of America, and he does not allow the Leftists in his organization to smoulder and struggle dissatisfied in the ranks. He goes out to meet them, and their programmes and criticism. If the time is ripe for some new form of progress, Hillman will fight for it, and will not look whether it is left or right that is supporting him. He has no prejudices. He has no Socialist party to maintain. He will fight with God, man or devil beside him for the sake of the union.

That is why his convention was not a long, bitter wrangle between lefts and rights like the Cleveland convention. That is why the Chicago convention was a beautiful, thrilling mass demonstration of working-class solidarity; a legislature where great schemes were crystalized and high enterprises mapped out for the next two years; a festival of proletarian joy, where worker embraced fellow-worker after the fighting and isolation on so many scattered fronts during the past two years.

The needle trades are not one of the basic industries of our fair republic, though it is important enough that 350,000 men and women work in them, and are united in strong unions. If all the miners struck for six months or the railroad men for one month, everything in America would totter; the cities would starve, the industries would close down, captains of finance would go mad with helpless rage, and editors and senators and ministers would weep like strong men in pain, they would curse God and die.

But the needle trades are not basic; we could all go without renewing our pants and coats and vests for one year, two years; some of us have done it often. What makes the needle trades watched so closely by students of the class struggle in America is that these unions are populated and led by radicals. The internal fights in the clothing workers' unions are mostly fights on labor fundamentals. Social experiments are made here that ultimately the rest of American labor will profit by. And interesting above all is the fact that these unions are a living monument to the hope, the beauty and the strength that comes to workingmen when they form efficient organizations.

Ten years ago these men and women were tortured slaves. These sad Italian and Jewish immigrants worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day in putrid sweatshops, and starved while they worked. Now they have conquered for themselves a new dignity and freedom (no, the settlement house ladies, the organized charity statisticians, the patriotic aldermen and congressmen did not get it for them, the clothing workers formed a union and fought).

Now they have the forty-four hour week, a decent living wage, sanitary conditions, and control in the shop against Napoleonic bosses and foremen. They carry their heads proudly now before the gaze of the American world that once despised them; it is no longer a disgrace to be a clothing worker, it is an honor. They are aggressive and self-confident, they are impatient to move on. They have accomplished a revolution in their lifetime, and they are ready for another.

The convention of the Amalgamated was held in a Masonic consistory, a dark, solemn-looking temple, airless as all churches are, with tall pillars, a choir loft, and Gothic windows. The temple faced a block of green grass and trees, a little park known in Chicago as Bug-House Square, the meeting place every fine evening of all the suppressed orators, messiahs, self-made philosophers and pork-chop propagandists of the city. Every day the sun shone warm and yellow during the convention week; one came blinking

out of the great electric-lighted hall, and saw groups of the delegates with their badges pinned on them, walking up and down in the lovely May sunlight, smoking and talking.

"We came to this convention with a family of 148 local unions and sixteen joint boards, in thirty-six cities, in fourteen states and two provinces of Canada, and with twenty-six nationalities represented, outside of native-born Americans," said General Secretary Schlossberg, in his opening address. "We publish newspapers in eight different languages. And all of this great family, speaking different languages, coming from different parts of the globe, is united in the great struggle for justice and liberty which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has been carrying on since its inception."

Yes, it was a great joyous family united in that dim Chicago temple. There is something strong and deep and rich in the soul of the Amalgamated. It is more than a union for raising wages and fighting bosses, though it does that successfully enough. It is a brotherhood of earnest men and women—workingmen and women—who are waiting and striving and hoping and dreaming, preparing themselves for the red dawn of Labor.

The platform was a scented jungle of flowers, huge floral wreaths brought here by different Chicago unions, baskets loaded with tulips and jonquils and peonies and red, red roses. The officers sat against this odorous, painted background; Hillman, steady, virile and keen, his alert eyes missing nothing behind their glasses; his boyish, compact body poised like a boxer's for swift decisions and action; then Schlossberg, dark and emotional, a true Jewish type of realist-idealist, handling millions of dollars yearly, conducting a vast correspondence and editing several papers; a man of details who could burst out into grand prophetic flights of oratory; Potofsky, his assistant, slim and blonde-bearded and blue-eyed, a busy man who never stops working, and blushes like a girl when he is forced to make a speech, a practical man of affairs who looks like a Dostoevsky character; then Frank Rosenblum, of Chicago, and Lazarus Markovitch of Boston, and Frank Bellanca of New York. August Bellanca, his brother, a fine, deep-souled Italian who is a member of the Executive Board and a veteran and beloved fighter, was not present; he was sick in New York, sick of overwork and the disease he had caught in the old sweatshop days; the convention sent him greetings and cheered his name.

Out on the floor of the convention I could see Antony Capraro, a husky, brave, poetical young Italian who is a general organizer, and has been in many startling adventures; Antony Ramuglio, another young Americanized Italian organizer from Boston; and little Ann Washington Craton, the plucky, blue-eyed, hard-headed, big-hearted lineal descendant of George Washington, who now organizes Jewish and Italian clothing workers into revolutionary unions. I could see Alex Cohen, and Paul Blanchard, and so many, many others.

What fine, decent human beings in this hall! And every day of the week, at least twice a day, the convention would be interrupted by delegations of the rank and file of Chicago. Whole shops would come from their work, 500 to 2,000 strong; the men with bright red carnations in their lapels, the laughing, sweet young girls of the shops with red fillets bound about their foreheads. They would bring their union's brass band with them, and a new huge floral offering to be added to those already on the platform. An earnest, embarrassed man from the shops would make a speech to the

convention; the band would play the Marsellaise and the Internationale; every one would stand on tables and chairs, and sing and cheer; and this happened twice, three times, four times every day.

"It's just like Russia," said William Z. Foster, who sat quietly in a balcony seat throughout the entire convention. "It's like what I saw in Russia—the same mass spirit, the same mass feeling for a cause. It's a spirit that wins all the battles it goes into—and it's a beautiful spirit."

There were many things discussed at the convention. There was the question of unemployment, that curse of the clothing trades. The Amalgamated is to inaugurate an insurance fund against unemployment for its members. They voted money to working-class newspapers, to the defence of political prisoners, to the aid of the Russian famine sufferers and to the miners and other sufferers of the open shop war in America. They voted to establish an Amalgamated Bank, that would take labor's savings out of capital's hands, and use them for labor. They voted to build many Amalgamated Temples to house the unions in the various cities. They voted to enforce equal pay for women who work in the shops. They voted to organize the sheepskin coat-making industry, and to appoint a new group of women organizers, and to establish locals among the shipping clerks, and the bushelmen, and the overall workers, and the boy's wash suit industry; they voted to establish children's nurseries for the mothers in the union who have to work; they voted on a plan for labor education and a host of other matters.

But there were two great matters that were discussed and voted upon at the convention, and that illuminated with a clear white ray the difference in the leadership of Hillman and Schlesinger, the difference that came out in these two conventions composed of the same type of advanced workers, and made one an arena of bitterness and factionalism, and the other the stage for a beautiful mass demonstration of working-class faith.

One was the question of the amalgamation of both these great needle unions into one immense body. It is an important question. It is a question of power and efficiency—it is a revolutionary question, a problem that confronts all of American labor and must be solved if labor is ever to go free.

In the needle trades unions there has been for years a strong rank and file movement for amalgamation. But Schlesinger, honestly and blindly enough, says the thing is not yet possible. He wants a loose federation.

Hillman made an impressive speech, showing that a federation had been tried in the needle trades, and that it did not work. He said it never worked, and instanced the case of the Triple Alliance in England, that broke down at a crucial hour and betrayed millions of workers. A federation only scared the bosses into a greater show of power, without adding an iota of real strength to the unions; and the convention sustained him in this argument, and voted to call a joint convention of the two organizations to attempt an amalgamation.

There was one other matter that furnished an observer with a yardstick by which to compare the leadership of Hillman and Schlesinger. Both men took a trip to Russia last year. Both went there as impartial reporters for their unions, with no preconceptions or dogmatic hostilities or affiliations.

Russia is dear to the hearts of the needle workers, as it is to most of the radical workers of the world. One must

not speak of the Russian Revolution lightly, even though one may not think its leaders always correct in its tactics. Right or wrong, it is a holy thing; it is the first great labor government in the history of Man; it is the promise that some day men will be free, and that some day there will not be sweatshops and bosses any longer, picket-lines, jails, T. B. sanatoriums and starvation.

But all Schlesinger had to tell his convention about Russia was this: that a Communist named Leo Bogratchov had been sent from Moscow to threaten Schlesinger if he did not join the Third Internationale. The president kicked the red bully out of his office, of course, after he had become quite abusive. The villain went away muttering in his whiskers dire threats to "tear wide open not only our union, but all organized labor bodies in this country."

"I am positive that Bogratchov is behind the radicalism in labor organizations of this country, that the anti-democratic reaction in our own organization is the result of his work, and that the workers in this country must fight not only the greed and selfishness of American capitalists, but also the red menace of Russia," said Schlesinger, parroting an older and more experienced defender of American virtue, the pure and radiant Civic Federationist, Samuel Gompers.

Hillman did not mention a word about Bogratchov. Evidently the red gangster from Moscow has been so busy plotting against the Ladies' Garment Workers Union that he has had no time to drop around to the Amalgamated, to force it also to join the Third Internationale, under threats of rape, assassination, excommunication and circumcision.

Hillman had another report to give his convention on Russia. I wish I could reprint it here—it was one of the greatest speeches I have heard, and a true picture of this man's clean, beautiful, humane, sharp thought.

He told of what he had seen in Russia—the suffering there, and the creative effort to establish a new labor world amidst that suffering. And he said that he was not a partisan, neither a Bolshevik, nor an anti-Bolshevik, but that he was convinced of the sincerity and the power and the intelligence of the Russian leaders. And he said that Russia must be helped, for the sake of the world's reconstruction, for the sake of the millions of famine victims, for the sake of world labor.

"Let me tell you," Hillman said, "that when I went into Russia I was trying to answer the question in my mind, Is there a way for constructive help? Our union had given the Russians thousands of dollars for relief, but could we help them constructively and permanently? It is as if a starving worker comes to our union for help. We can give him \$500 as charity, but it would not help him much; or we can give him a job, and that is real help."

And Hillman found a constructive way for helping Russia. He proposed to the convention a scheme whereby a million-dollar corporation would be established by the Amalgamated union, to take over a five-million-dollar concession in Russian clothing factories, and to run them on American lines. This would give work to thousands of Russian workers, and stimulate others of the industries to new effort. It was real help—it was proletarian help to proletarian Russia.

Hillman spoke for over an hour. He is generally a firm, stern, unemotional speaker, who deals with facts and never utters a useless phrase. He is an executive, and never orates, and he did not orate now. But as he spoke of the dying babies and women of Russia, and as he described the great hopes and dreams that are being halted for the want

of a little bread, a great pathos seemed to shake his frame, and his voice vibrated with pity and love. Every one in the hall had known Hillman for years; and they felt now the deep passionate humanity of the man, hitherto unspoken, but breaking like fire through his usual control. A strong man must love the people before they can conquer, and a strong man was telling of his love. There was a solemn religious silence in the temple as Hillman spoke. When he had ended the delegates broke into a marvelous spontaneous cheering and singing that lasted for twenty minutes. They could not stop; and men and women wept, and an Italian "leftist" from New York leaped on the platform and kissed the pale, trembling president on the cheeks, and Schlossberg, with tears in his eyes, kissed the president, and showers of red roses were thrown at the platform, and the Internationale was sung again and again. Five minutes later Hillman had recovered, and was putting motions and questions in his customary decisive manner.

Hillman's way of leading a clothing workers' union seems a better way than Schlesinger's. He does not fear or expel the Leftists; he leads them when he is convinced their path is the path of humanity's progress.



O. Nagel

### A Drawing

## April

**T**HERE is a peasant in my blood and bones  
Who wants to plunge his hands deep down in soil,  
To walk at night across the fields alone  
And smell the cool earth odors after toil.

My hands feel empty that would greet the spring,  
I open them and close them in the sun;  
But they are white, they hold not anything,  
They are not aching when the day is done.

Now robins break the silence from a limb,  
And I would lead gray horses down a lane  
And, singing, plow, until the day grew dim,  
Brown waves of earth and golden dreams of grain.

I do not want the barter and the trade  
But only springtime up around my knees,  
Blue starry flowers and cattle in the shade  
Of willows, songs, and sudden wings in trees;

All these and labor for the winter store,  
At last the free barefooted hours of morn,  
At night the songs of friends outside the door  
And whispers from the haunted aisles of corn.

O wages won from towns, O factories,  
O streets, the lure of your loud tumult stills!  
When April comes my fathers live in me  
And I would be with April on the hills!

When April comes my fathers live in me  
And floods run down the old forgotten trails,  
As when my fathers logged a Scottish tree  
Or tended flocks upon a hill in Wales.

Stirling Bowen.

## As Might High Ladies

**T**HE girls walk down the long Polishing Room  
To wash their hands in the bright tin basin.  
They are slender-hipped; shadows show  
Where dark hair meets their curving necks.  
They walk dreamily as though men's eyes  
Were not piercing the soiled aprons  
That hang from sloping shoulders.

Dreamily the girls walk down the room.  
Dust shifts in the sunlight, shining blue and ochre;  
Metal bars flash; wheels whirl and scream,  
Spraying with thin, gray powder the faces of the girls  
Who walk drowsily down the narrow room  
To dip their hands in slimy water. Perfume  
Trails them, Mary Garden, and strange, sharp musk  
And lilac like a drenched night in spring  
With the south wind blowing. Men half turn  
From humming machines and watch the girls  
Go slowly down the room as in a dream.

Wheels whirl and scream and the girls  
Move as might high ladies  
Down candle-lit corridors before kings.

Francis Murphy.



*O. Nagel*

**A Drawing**



# Explanations and Apologies

By Floyd Dell

I HAVE got myself into trouble again. This time it is because I have publicly referred to one of my editorial colleagues, Comrade Mike Gold, as a member of the middle class. Comrade Mike is off attending conventions and reporting strikes, so I don't know how mad he is about it. But some of his fellow-editors are considerably upset. For if Comrade Mike is a "bourjooi," so are they. And this they deny vehemently. You would have thought, from their reproaches to me at the editorial meeting the other night, that I had called them counter-revolutionists. "Middle-class" is evidently a fighting-phrase, and only their personal regard for me prevented them from inviting me into the backyard to settle the matter at once. As it is, I have been given this opportunity to explain, apologize, and retract, which I do in the following manner:

Of course, Comrade Mike is a member of the middle class. And so is Comrade Claude, and Comrade Hugo, and Comrade Bill, and Comrade Max, and all the rest of them; and so, of course, am I. The only difference is that I know it, and they don't. I regret the fact that I belong to such a ridiculous class; though it has its advantages, too. But tell the truth and shame the devil! When I used to work in a factory, I was a proletarian. When I got a job on a newspaper I became a member of the middle class, and I have remained such ever since. Roughly speaking, any one is a member of the middle class who gets a salary instead of wages. The salary may be, and frequently is, smaller than the wages. Comrade Mike probably makes a great deal less than the miners he has been writing about. But, just the same—let me quote a passage from Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methusaleh," in which Lubin (Asquith) and Joyce-Burge (Lloyd-George) discuss the same question.

Burge: "I am a man of the people."

Lubin: "Don't be ridiculous, Burge. You are a country solicitor, further removed from the people, more foreign to them, more jealous of letting them up to your level, than any duke or any archbishop."

Burge: "I deny it. You think I have never been poor. You think I have never cleaned my own boots. You think my fingers have never come out through the soles while I was cleaning them. You think——"

Lubin: "I think you fall into the very common mistake of supposing that it is poverty that makes the proletarian and money that makes the gentleman. You are quite wrong. You never belonged to the people. You belonged to the impecunious. Impecuniosity and broken boots are the lot of the unsuccessful middle class, and the commonplaces of the early struggles of the professional and younger son class. I defy you to find a farm laborer in England with broken boots. Call a mechanic one of the poor, and he'll punch your head. When you talk to your constituents about the toiling millions, they don't consider that you are talking about them——"

There are some differences between the facts in England as Mr. Shaw describes them and the facts as we know them in America, but in certain respects the parallel is exact enough. Comrade Mike, I think, really cherishes the romantic delusion that he belongs to the working class. But

the fact is that Comrade Mike is a literary man, an intellectual, and a member of the salaried middle class. That his literary tendencies are, like Zola's, in the direction of describing the lot of the poor and the oppressed, that his intellectual sympathies are all in favor of the working class in its struggle with capitalism, and that his salary, such as it is, comes from a revolutionary journal, do not affect the facts of the case as I have stated them. The poet Wordsworth was, in early life at least, a revolutionist, and throughout his life he lived on something like three hundred dollars a year. He was not a workingman for all that. He was a poet, a member of the intelligentsia, and a "boorjooi." And so is Comrade Mike.

And so are we all, in our degree. And, if you ask me, there is nothing to be ashamed of in that. In that fact, it seems to me, lies whatever value we may have to the world, including the revolutionary movement. By a happy accident we have been set free from the necessity of toiling eight to fourteen hours a day with our hands. We are set free—for what? For what ever we choose. If we choose to make use of our freedom—supposing us to have abilities of that kind—to exploit our fellows, then our relation to the revolutionary movement is almost necessarily a hostile one. If we chose to make use of our freedom to defend the present system of society, we are active enemies of the revolutionary movement. But we haven't chosen to make such uses of our freedom. We wish the revolutionary movement well. We would like to help it along.

Well, what can we do? It happens that none of the group to which I am referring are conspicuously possessed of abilities as organizers, and so are useless in the most immediate and practical way in which we might be of use. What then? We can explain, encourage, and teach. We can put in words or pictures, persuasively or eloquently, the thoughts of the workers. We can be in some sense their spokesmen. And if we are really of any use in that direction, it is precisely because we are not workers ourselves. It is because we have had leisure to devote to the art of writing or the art of making pictures, so that we can do such things well. If we can't write better articles or draw better pictures dealing with the miners than the miners themselves can, we have no business writing and drawing pictures. We ought to be in the mines ourselves, or washing dishes in a restaurant, or doing something useful.

And what of it? This. That we are, I think—at least I am sure that Comrade Mike is—doing this peculiar task of ours very well indeed. And I think he ought to be proud, and not ashamed, of himself, as a member of the middle class. He can look a striking miner in the eye and say, "The leisure you have given me hasn't been misspent. In fact, if you'd pay more attention to our magazine, and boom our circulation so that I could have a decent salary, it would be money well invested." But Comrade Mike is for some obscure reason ashamed of not being a workingman. At least, I deduce that from his conversation and writings. And so he is in awe of the workingman when he meets him, and says extravagant things in praise of him.

It is that that I take issue with. If it were as glorious

to work twelve hours a day as Comrade Mike appears to think, there would be no need of a revolutionary movement in this country. And if the proletarians before whose working-ability Comrade Mike has been rhetorically abashing himself in awe and worship were half as anxious for leisure as Mike and I are, there would be a revolution next week. Comrade Mike has come back from the strike region in a religious mood. He tells us that we are a lot of poor aesthetes, and that our habit of sitting around and talking, talking about ideas disgusts him. Well, for my part, I want workingmen to have a chance to sit around and talk and talk about ideas. I want them to become aesthetes. I am not in the least awed or worshipful about the strength that can endure twelve hours of hard physical labor. I have done just enough labor to know that the less of it there is, within reasonable limits, the better. I most emphatically do not wish to become like those proletarian heroes that Mike has been telling us about. And I most earnestly do desire that they may become more like me—and Mike.

And — what I think Comrade Mike fails to observe — that is rather what they want, too. They are envious, and quite properly envious, of our middle-class leisure.

They want less hours, higher wages, better conditions of work; and in so far as they succeed, they will become more like the existing middle class. That is what they want to be—like the middle class. And that fact doesn't bother me in the least. Enough of them, I trust, will become in their ideas like such middle-class idealists as Comrade Mike and the rest of our gang to want to change the whole system. You see, I have a class-egotism—the egotism of the intelligentsia. I know where our class is deficient—in the energy to put our ideas into force. The workers have that energy.

But unless one has this class-egotism of which I speak—unless one rates thinking and talking at their proper value—one is subject to a peculiar middle-class emotion. I mean, shame at enjoying the leisure thus provided by somebody else's hard work. Comrade Mike has no reason to feel such shame, but apparently he does. He idealizes the human strength that is involved in such labor, and at the same time he idealizes the materials, with which that strength deals. He falls down in prayerful awe before Steam and Steel and Mother Earth, and Mud, and Heat, and Noise; and such things.

This, it seems to me, is very middle class of him. Very. A man who works with these things as conditions of his labor thinks about them as little as possible. He ignores and forgets them, so far as he is humanly able to do so; and as soon as he gets away from them, he puts them altogether out of his mind. He doesn't idealize them. Not a bit. He puts up with them.

#### THE HAIRY APE

Eugene O'Neill wrote a fantastic and muddled and poetic and pseudo-realistic and clumsy and beautiful and absurd play called "The Hairy Ape." Comrade Mike admires this play, and I think for the wrong reasons. There is a scene in the stoke-hold of a ship, with a very talkative intellectual, a sort of minor poet, for the hero; in Eugene O'Neill's mind, apparently, and also in the opinion of Comrade Mike, this minor poet is a typical workingman, perhaps because he is big and brawny. At all events, this brawny person is shoveling coal when in comes a fragile young millionairess, dressed in white. Confronted by the spectacle of this brawny stoker, she screams, "The hairy ape!" and is dragged

away fainting. The rest of the play deals fantastically with the hurt feelings and subsequent behavior of the talkative minor poet who has been thus insulted by the young millionairess. But the point I wish to make is that in representing the young millionairess as horrified, the playwright exhibits a conventional mind. What the young millionairess would have done, after crying out, "The hairy ape!" would have been to add, "The darling!" She wouldn't have been horrified. She would have been delighted. Such, at least, is my own impression of the habitual reactions of young millionairesses—formed, I must confess, at a considerable distance. She would, I am sure, have gone up on deck and talked about nothing but the magnificent chest of that stoker for the rest of the voyage. For the up-to-date part of the middle class is in love with Strength, Steam, Steel, Noise, Dirt, and Impressive Ugliness in general. Not that a brawny chest is necessarily ugly. But the chest of the actor who plays the part ain't what you might call pretty, in comparison with the sufficiently manly chest of a Greek discus-thrower as represented by the sculptors of his time. As I saw the play, the actor's chest was white and clean; that was all wrong—it should have been smeared with coal-dust. And then the young millionairess would have swooned from delight.

Well, I don't want to push the comparison too far, but it seems to me that Comrade Mike is exhibiting some of the same middle class delight as my (not the playwright's) young millionairess. He has come back from the stoke-hold talking about how beautiful Strength and Steam and Steel and Noise and Dirt are. If so, I say, why abolish capitalism?

### Kokomo Arraigned

"If I was a judge," said the Kid Kokomo—  
The bailiff adjusted his frown,  
The deputy nudged a spittoon with his toe  
And the judge put his glasses down.

"If I was a judge I'd close the pen  
And I'd put the boys away  
By makin' the mob of 'em Congressmen;  
And I'd give 'em a long-time stay.

"I'd make 'em sit in on the bull that they throw  
Without any chance to shift gears.

"If I was a judge," said the Kid Kokomo—  
His Honor said: "Twenty years."

Ralph E. Goll.

## THE LIBERATOR

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Cornelia Barns

## Ginger Ale Jazz

## The Constant Reader

**F**RANCE, says the N. Y. Tribune, is spending 175 millions a year on war preparations, while the American total is 300 millions. "How absurd for us, then, to throw stones!" Some people think it's a little absurd to throw away all that jack.

**A** DAMAGING admission from the N. Y. Times: "In reality, of course, the pre-war era was not a Golden Age at all." Only German silver.

**P**ATROLMAN POHNDORF, says the beloved American, "was the fifth policeman of that station to be shot by Negroes in the performance of duty since January 1st." When duty whispered "Lo, thou must," the Negroes tried to make good.

**T**HE N. Y. Globe, speaking of Jack Dempsey, the famous traveler, achieved a new record in damning with faint praise. "He isn't half so grotesque a figure as many others who travel solemnly about frock-coated and silk-hatted and pass as great men."

**A** BROOKLYN magistrate has sentenced two brawlers to go to church every Sunday for six months, "rain, hail or hurricane." When will our authorities learn that excessive punishments do not cure crime?

**A** CCORDING to John E. Edgerton of the National Association of Manufacturers, too many people are engaged in distribution in proportion to the number of consumers. Distributors should be taken in hand and yelled at: "Consume, darn you, consume."

**S**ENATOR NEW of Indiana got licked by Beveridge. They are trying to make out that it is a slap at Harding and a knock on Newberry, but it looks more like a victory for the wets.

**O**LD Joffre had a pleasant trip through the United States and the nicest thing about it all was that no bones were broken in the rush to see him.

**T**HE European nations met at Genoa to borrow money from each other, but after they have picked each other's pockets for a while they will go sadly home. The only pocket worth picking didn't come.

**T**HERE has been a lot in the papers lately about Grant. He did a great deal, no doubt, to make the thirteenth amendment possible, but from what we read he would never have done a thing for the eighteenth.

**A** JUDGE out in Pittsburg told two foreigners he'd let them be citizens if they'd stop striking and go back to the coal mines. There's one good thing about not being a citizen; it keeps you out in the open air.

**A** BOY in Lexington, Kentucky, gets \$5,000 at twenty-one if he doesn't smoke or swear. After this, if you ever see a good boy from Kentucky, you'll know he is a professional.

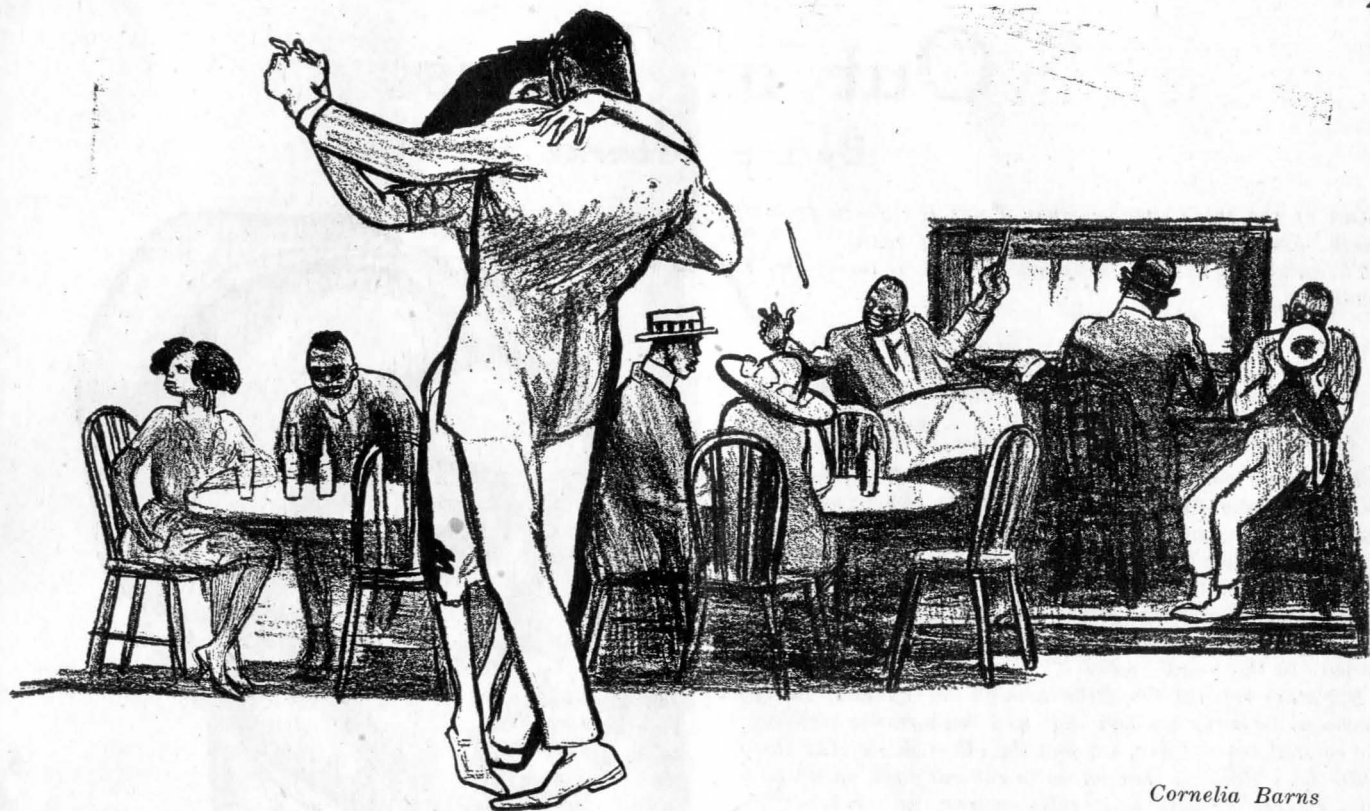
**P**RESIDENT HARDING should not be censured for refusing to receive those "publicity seeking" children of political prisoners. After seeing a lot of Gishes, Astors, "Babe" Ruths, elks, eagles, moose and laughing hyenas, he simply had no time left.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Ginger Ale Jazz

*Cornelia Barns*



Ginger Ale Jazz

*Cornelia Barns*



# Out of Texas

By Lucy Maverick

*Out of the thick shadows that divide the South from the North there sometimes pierces a shaft of truth.*

*The great Northern newspapers carry their terror-striking headlines:*

*Negro Lynched for Terrible Crime*

*Riddled with Bullets—Burned at Stake*

*Attempted Rape or Rape of White Girl or Woman*

*The proud cultured reader, although loathing the spectacle of lynching for its horrible features, unconsciously accepting the prejudiced newspaper reports of lynching at their face value, feels little sympathy for the victim—the black brute that dared to desecrate the sacred flesh of white womanhood. And the average person, whose mind is cobwebbed by the ancient superstitions of sex, regrets his inability to participate in the grand sport.*

*But other reports, too, filter through the shadows. In Negro gossip and among the bad type and incongruous make-up of the colored newspapers, we find the other side of the story—white men blacking themselves to commit rape on white and even colored women, and white women, in terror of their males, squealing like trapped rats when caught in the arms of their colored lovers. Incredible, O proud white reader, but nevertheless true! Anything may be true of the strange, warm, colorful South about which the smug, powerful North knows and cares so little.*

*The following account of legal justice in Texas, written by a white woman of the South, is a significant sign of truth crying out of the shadows of the South.*

HE was hanged on January 6, 1922, in the county jail of Bexar County, at San Antonio, Texas, protesting his innocence with his dying breath. Denying firmly that he had committed the crime of which he was accused—that blackest crime known to a Southern people—the crime of raping a white woman. He was nineteen years old and till the last strong in his faith that right must prove triumphant, happy in his belief that God would protect the smallest of His children, sure that Justice was not blind. I want to tell you the story.

"Yes," said his mother, "his name was George McKinley Grace. But he was always called McKinley because of his father being George, too. That was why, when the police came and asked me for 'George,' I said: 'He is in Beaumont.' My husband was in Beaumont. And when the police came at five o'clock in the morning I was sleeping in this room, and the boys in there, and the girls in that back room there, and I was slow to let them in, and I said: 'What has my husband done?' And they said: 'We have come to get George Grace. Open the door at once. We are officers of the law.' And I said again: 'George Grace is in Beaumont.' But I let them in, and we were all awake by then, and frightened because they did not tell us what they wanted, and never in all my life had I had a police officer in my house before. No, never, for my husband, myself or my thirteen children have we had any trouble with the police. And they asked the names of



Niles Spencer

## Negro Girl

the boys at home, and which boy worked at the Katy yard. That was McKinley. And they asked where he had been the night before and we told them, and they seemed satisfied and went out to their automobile, and talked a little, and then two came back and said: 'Mrs. Grace, we are going to take your boy down to the station and ask him some questions. But don't get frightened. He won't be long. He will probably be home by this afternoon.' That was two years ago. And he never came home, my McKinley!"

"I know McKinley did not do what the woman said he did," said McKinley's young sister, "because I was helping mamma finish off two new dresses for the little girls, and McKinley came in and went to bed in that room there before eleven o'clock and was there when I went to bed at one o'clock. He could not have got out and back without our knowing it! Mamma and I have both sworn the truth at the two trials. McKinley was here in bed at the time that woman says he did that awful thing.

"No. I don't mean we know why she should say this horrid thing if it were not true! But we do know that she has said it, and it is not true."

"The finger prints of the man who committed the crime at the Howard home, and the finger prints of George McKinley Grace are not the same," swore Sam Street, the Bertillion expert employed by the State.

"I had rather believe it of any other nigger I know," said Ellison, for whom McKinley had been working eight months, car cleaning at the Katy yards. "He is the gentlest, most refined Negro boy I have ever known. Why," continued Ellison, "he was so shy about women—all women—that the men were constantly teasing him and asking him when he was going to grow up. The whole family is a nice family."

"He worked for me in my apartment house for eight years," said Mrs. Ripps, "and I had—like everybody has who keeps a rooming house—all kinds of women there and never in those eight years was there one complaint about McKinley. He was never impudent or cheeky or in any way forgot his place. He was gentle, timid and thoughtful for his mother. Why, he had his mother's telephone put in so that he could let her know if he happened to be late. I never knew any boy who loved his mother more than McKinley did. He was a nice boy—even if he was black."

"He used to look after the house for us when we were away," said Mrs. Gaenslen, wife of the architect, Fred Gaenslen, "and did gardening for us sometimes. He seemed to love gardening and was always busy at something. He was so gentle in his manner, and once when I was sick he



Maurice Sterne

Caucasian Boy

waited on me and looked after me like a nurse! When I moved to Houston he helped me to pack up. I never knew him to be the least bit impudent. His mother had brought him up so well."

"I cut my hand early in the struggle—before the man accomplished his purpose—and was all blood from my head to my heels," swore Mrs. Howard, when telling the court on two trials how she was criminally assaulted between half-past eleven and half-past twelve at night by George McKinley Grace, "and the man was fully dressed all the time, and that is the man, and those are the clothes he wore."

The man was George McKinley Grace, and the clothes those he wore on the night in question. But there was no blood on the clothes. None on the trousers, none on the shirt, none on the coat. Dr. Stout, pathology expert for the State, swore that the stains on the front of the shirt, which he cut out and chemically examined, were not blood stains. But when the police took the boy to the police station they stated that they found three drops of blood—the largest not as large as a dime—near the knees of his under-drawers. He suffered from nose-bleed (as dozens of people could and did swear) and slept in his drawers!

"Two juries have found him guilty," said the Honorable Governor Pat M. Neff, "why should I interfere? Let the burden rest where it lies—on the juries. I refuse to assume it." That is the verbal story.



Hugo Gellert

Negro Boy

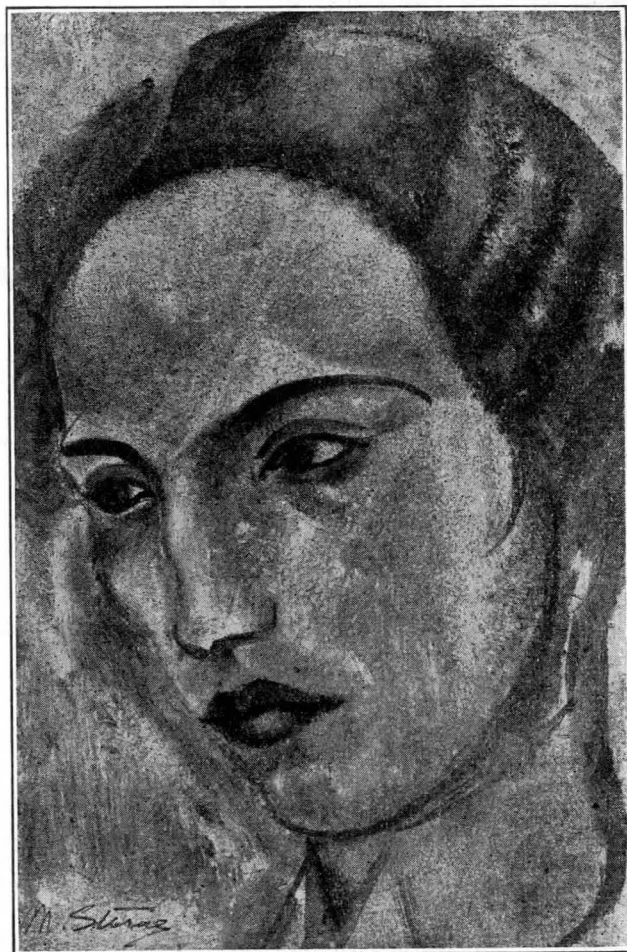
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Now let me add that Mrs. Howard's husband worked at night and was an employee of the San Antonio "Express"; that Grant, the editor of the "Express," is of opinion that character counts for nothing in cases involving "Negroes, Mexicans, and poor white trash"; that two doctors who attended Mrs. Howard the morning after the alleged assault found no bruise or mark of violence on or about her body (they were told by a nurse that she had a cut finger) and no mental or other symptoms "such as one would expect to find after an experience of that kind"; that Mrs. Howard had told these doctors that she could not identify her assailant because it was too dark; that her positive identification of McKinley did not precede, but followed the extortion by third degree of a written confession on the day of his arrest, and which the boy on the following morning and up to the last moment of life repudiated.

The alleged confession was typewritten, and the boy was told if he would sign "something" they would save him from a gathering mob which wanted to burn him out in the square! Linden, the lawyer appointed by the court to defend the boy, had to go armed to protect himself from violence. Two years after the crime the jurors, when interviewed, begged that their names be kept secret "because they did not want to be mobbed. We would have been had we returned a verdict of 'innocent' in this case. The mob was waiting for us!" The Light newspaper, in a leading article published nearly a week after the poor, innocent victim was hanged, said "there would most probably have been mob violence if Governor Neff had been so ill-advised as to intervene!" Women belonging to the oldest families in San Antonio, and against whose reputation there has never been a breath of scandal, were threatened with tar and feathers for asking Governor Neff to commute the death sentence to that of life imprisonment "in the hope that some day this boy's innocence may be proven."

I suppose that it was necessary for Mrs. Howard to tell a story. There must have been urgent necessity. Perhaps it

was the fancied arrival of a suspicious husband. The light is broken and her hand cut! "A Negro came through the window and closed the dining-room door which I had left ajar. He shook me and woke me and said: 'I am George.' He threatened me and my five-year-old child asleep on a bed beside me. I was frightened. I cut my hand. He smashed out the light which I tried to turn on. He accomplished his purpose. He got up, opened the dining-room door he had previously closed, and came back by my bed and went out through my bath room onto the back screened-in porch and moved a chair I had against a door, and out in the yard and back around into the street in front. The window he came in by was still open and was but a short distance from the street. My child was not awakened at all. The Negro was light skinned."

McKinley happened to have lived for thirteen years of his short life at the other end of the street in which Mrs. Howard was weaving her desperate romance! His name was "George," though nobody ever called him that, and he was light skinned.

"We did not believe Mrs. Howard's story," said six of the twelve of the jury at the last trial, "but we thought that the boy was there with her consent, and that it was better to hang him. Her story was never contradicted by Linden, the boy's lawyer. We never had any reason given us why she should tell such a story—unless this Negro was there with her consent and she thought somebody had found out!"

"I have never believed myself," said Sheriff Tobin, "that the Negro is guilty."

"The proof will be," said Judge Anderson in whose court the two "trials" were held, "just before he is hanged. He will confess."

And the Third Degree had something to work on—the helplessness of the victim, the fury of the mob fanned by an ignorant and vicious press, and the apathy of the general public.

## The Poet Seeks a New Beauty

I SHALL not sing pale sonnets to the moon,  
Or pipe thin lyrics to the nightingale  
For now these old things fail  
And I must travel soon,

Away remotely, where I shall not see  
The old beauty that men worship so  
Moonlight in Italy,  
White Grecian marble through Time's afterglow.

I need a beauty newer than the snow  
Fallen on purple-pointing mountain heights,  
Newer than violets that bud and glow  
Through damp cool April nights,

And newer, fresher, stranger than the dawn  
Of covert love within the awakening mind  
Or the swift ecstasy of a bridal morn  
More intimate, more kind.

For the old beauty is too dusty now,  
Greece perished and old Rome is passionless  
To sanctify and bless  
The sharp fruition of the discovering heart.

Therefore I shall depart,  
From the old sonnets and the rigadon  
Sung to a sallow moon,

Where beyond alien seas  
Lie undiscovered, vaster Italies.

Marya Zaturensky.

## Mortgage!

MY love was mortgaged long before you came.  
How many kisses, tears, and smiles I spent  
And to how many casuals I lent  
Love still unborn, betrayed the very name.  
I was impatient, having heard its fame—  
However passionately I repent,  
Something is gone. You came, the triflers went.  
I paid and paid, and still the bankrupt's shame  
Remains. The shadow of my creditors  
Falls on the door. If they can leer at me  
And croak me as their own, I must be vile.  
What is the ransom? How shall I be free,  
Nor fear my heart, if it but barely stirs  
Will waken memories to mock your smile.

Florence Tannenbaum.



# ECONOMIC PRIZES

## *Nineteenth Year*

**I**N order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, a committee composed of

**Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman**

**Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University**

**Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Washington**

**President Edwin F. Gay, New York Evening Post, and**

**Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, Columbia University**

has been enabled, through the generosity of Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1923 four prizes for the best studies in the economic field.

In addition to the subjects printed below, a list of other available subjects proposed in past years will be mailed on request. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it.

- 1 **A critical examination of the work of the Shipping Board**
- 2 **The Pittman silver act**
- 3 **The facts and underlying theory of the present German monetary situation.**
- 4 **The present position and future prospects of unionism in the United States.**
- 5 **The effects of a protective tariff on farm products in the United States**
- 6 **The crisis of 1920 in Japan, the United States and Europe.**

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**TRIUMPHANT PLUTOCRACY**, by ex-Senator R. F. Pettigrew. Academy Press.—A great indictment of the Capitalist State. Review later.

**SECRET DIPLOMACY**, by Paul S. Reinsch. Harcourt Brace & Co.—Review later.

**AWAKE, CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS**, by Alice M. Caporn. Four Seas Co.

**THE PERSONAL TOUCH**, by Emma Beatrice Brunner. Brentano's.—A novel.

**ELINOR COLHOUSE**, by Stephen Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.—An English novel.

**REVELATION**, by Dulcie Deamer. Boni & Liveright.—A novel of old Jerusalem.

**KIMONO**, by John Paris. Boni & Liveright.—An Englishman's indictment of Japanese customs, put in story form.

**THE ROAD TO THE WORLD**, by Webb Waldron. Century.—A strong, strange and different novel.

**HE WHO GETS SLAPPED**, by Leonid Andreyev; translated by George Zilboorg. Brentano's

**THE POETIC MIND**, by F. C. Prescott. Macmillan.

**HARLEM SHADOWS**, by Claude McKay. Harcourt, Brace & Co.—Review later.

**THE TRIUMPH OF AN EGG**, by Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch.—Review later.

**THE HOUSE OF SOULS**, by Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf.

**THE SIN OF MONSIEUR PETTIPON, and Other Humorous Tales**, by Richard Connell. Doran.—Dickensy satires and burlesques done in a graceful, intelligent manner.

**SLABS OF THE SUNBURNT WEST**, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co.—The man who has written batches of Great American Poems collects a few more in this volume. The Chicago bard shows large streaks of mysticism these days, but Walt Whitman did the same in his time. Review later.

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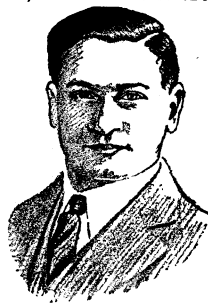
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