

# NEW MASSES

25<sup>c</sup>

APRIL 1928



FRANK M  
WALTS

# DEBATE



**SCOTT  
NEARING**



**NORMAN  
THOMAS**

## COMMUNISM vs. SOCIALISM IN AMERICA

*Chairman:* ROGER BALDWIN

**FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 30TH**

**AT 8:15**

**COMMUNITY CHURCH**

34th Street and Park Avenue

**TICKETS**

**\$1.00**

**\$1.50**

**a few at \$2.00**

For Sale at

COMMUNITY CHURCH	34th St. and Park Ave.
RAND SCHOOL	7 East 15th St.
JIMMIE HIGGINS BOOK SHOP	106 University Pl.

*or by mail (send check or money order) from*

**NEW MASSES**

39 Union Square,

Algonquin 4445

NEW MASSES

39 Union Square, New York

*Please send me ..... tickets for the Scott Nearing-Norman Thomas Debate.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

I ENCLOSE (CHECK OR MONEY ORDER) \$.....

**Enlist With Sandino**

FOR the first time in the history of the United States, a conference was held last month not only to protest against this government's imperialist policy in a foreign country, but to make common cause with the "enemy" in meeting the attack of the United States marine forces.

According to the American marines, General Sandino and his forces are bandits and enemies, so the All-America Anti-Imperialist League might be accused of treason in that it is giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But war has not been declared by the United States. The marines are in Nicaragua only "to insure a fair election" and they are there as a consequence of Colonel Henry L. Stimson's "peace pact." Therefore, in spite of the fact that hundreds of Nicaraguans have been killed, their homes burned and their crops laid waste, it is officially declared that the United States is at peace with Nicaragua.

The conference was held by the All - America Anti - Imperialist League to consider ways and means of meeting the Nicaraguan situation and to set up a permanent New York Branch of the All - America Anti - Imperialist League (United States Section).

The conference rendered direct aid to the Nicaraguan army of liberation by passing the hat then and there for funds to buy bandages and medical supplies for General Augusto Sandino's forces.

Since then the league's drive for funds has been going on full force. Twenty-five thousand circulars have been sent out all over the United States; nurses', physicians' women's and trade-union committees have been formed to carry on the campaign; and mass meetings are being called in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx.

"Enlist with Sandino!" is the watchword of the drive. "This campaign gives everybody a chance to enlist in the army of liberation," said Manuel Gomez, secretary of the League, "and to become part of the fighting forces at least behind the front lines, taking care of the wounded and helping to maintain the morale of Sandino's gallant little army."

According to a letter received from Sandino by the Hands-off-Nicaragua committee in Mexico City he is plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition taken from the enemy but his men "are dying like dogs on the roads" for lack of bandages and medical supplies.

According to Carleton Beals of the *Nation*, the United States has placed an embargo on medical supplies entering Nicaragua for General Sandino. So the contributions asked by the league must be in the



Courtesy Galerie Neumann, Berlin From a Painting by Ernest Neuschul

# NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 APRIL, 1928 NUMBER 12

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

**CONTENTS**

Cover Design, Portrait of Fania Marinoff—by Frank Walts.....	Page
Kossuth Dishonored, Drawings—by Hugo Gellert.....	4
God Put Another One In—by Grace Lumpkin.....	5
Advice, A Drawing—by Otto Soglow.....	6
Blind, A Drawing—by Louis Ribak.....	7
Photograph—by Tina Modotti.....	8
Any Way You Look At It, A Photograph.....	9
Drawings from Moscow—by William Gropper.....	10-11
Goodbye Bourgeoisie—by Carl Haessler.....	11
Two Virtuous Birds, Poems—By James Rorty.....	12
Triton, A Lithograph—by Louis Lozowick.....	13
The Spectre of Unemployment—by Burnham P. Beckwith.....	14
Too Perticular, A Drawing—by Wynn.....	14
Have You a Fairy in Your Home?—by Kenneth Fearing.....	15
Cafe Royal, A Drawing—by Effim Sherman.....	15
Wind, A Story—by Ivan Beede.....	16
Oh, To Be In England—by Raymond Fuller.....	17
Poems—by Hal Saunders White.....	18
He Shall Lead Them—by Joseph Vogel.....	19
Pier 53, North River, An Etching—by Harry Sternberg.....	19
Portrait—by Andree Ruellan.....	20
They Also Dance—by Robert Wolf.....	21
Prize Fight, A Drawing—by Heinrich Grosse.....	21
Back Porch Studio, A Drawing—by Wanda Gag.....	22
Road Camp—by Walter F. Barber.....	23
Poems—by Michael Gold.....	24
Trouble, A Story—by Mikail Soschenko. Translated by Vera Edelstadt.....	25
Begin at the Bottom, A Drawing—By Wynn.....	25
Eugenic Baby—by Frances Binkley.....	26
The Marker—by Louis Colman.....	26
Habanana Oil—By Howard Brubaker.....	26
Hoboken Blues, A Review—by Kenneth Fearing.....	27
Jazz, A Drawing—by Jan Matulka.....	27
Coeducation, A Drawing—by Art Young.....	28
Main Street, A Poem—by Ed Falkowski.....	29
Book Reviews—by Solon R. Barber, Ed Falkowski, D'Arcy Dahlberg.....	28-29-30-31

EDITORS: Egmont Arens, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, William Gropper and Michael Gold.

EXECUTIVE BOARD: Egmont Arens, Jacob Baker, Helen Black, John Dos Passos, Robert Dunn, Max Eastman, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, Michael Gold, William Gropper, Paxton Hibben, Robert L. Leslie, Freda Kirckwey, Louis Lozowick, Ruth Stout and Rex Stout.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Harbor Allen, Sherwood Anderson, Cornelia Barns, Carlton Beals, Ivan Beede, Van Wyck Brooks, Don Brown, Howard Brubaker, Stuart Chase, Glenn Coleman, Miguel Covarrubias, Stuart Davis, Adolph Dehn, Floyd Dell, Robert W. Dunn, Waldo Frank, Wanda Gag, Arturo Giovannitti, I. Klein, John Howard Lawson, Claude McKay, Lewis Mumford, Scott Nearing, Eugene O'Neill, Samuel Ornitz, Lola Ridge, Boardman Robinson, Rita Romilly, Art Shields, William Stegel, Upton Sinclair, Otto Soglow, Genevieve Taggard, Louis Untermeyer, Mary Heaton Vorse, Eric Walrand, Edmond Wilson, Jr., Robert Wolf, Charles W. Wood and Art Young.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Eva Ginn. CIRCULATION: Grace Lumpkin. Published monthly by NEW MASSES, INC., Office of Publication, 39 Union Square, New York; Cable Address, NEWMASS, New York; Hugo Gellert, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President and Treasurer; Ruth Stout, Secretary.

Copyright, 1927, by NEW MASSES, Inc. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission.

Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month. The NEW MASSES is a cooperative venture. It does not pay for contributions.

shape of funds to be sent to the Hands-Off-Nicaragua committee in Mexico, which has been carrying on a similar campaign for sometime. The committee in Mexico is working in close cooperation with the Nicaraguan Red Cross and in turn makes its shipments through Senor Froylan Turcois, the accredited representative of General Sandino.

Checks and money orders should be made to the All-America Anti-Imperialist League and sent to the National Office at 39 Union Square, New York.

**Detroit Is Detroit!**

THE following contribution comes from Detroit, stronghold of the open shop. It was written especially and without pay for the NEW MASSES by an anonymous benefactor. For two strenuous years we have edited, read proof and paid printers bills; and now comes a greater reward than editors dare dream of—the complete justification of our efforts. It is with deep joy and pride, therefore, that we print this letter:

Editors, NEW MASSES:

I want to compliment you on turning out the greatest piece of bunk to be found in America today. Why shout about Scott Nearing vs. Norman Thomas? Pray tell me what has either one ever done? Furthermore I wouldn't go too far in the columns of your piece of rot about a man of the type of Calvin Coolidge. Some persons of filth who shout from the housetops too long, are forced to go back to the countries from which they came from.

Most of your contributors, I see, are either such that they couldn't return to any decent civilized country, or else have fallen in with others who will soon prevail upon them to commit crime, etc. Such a paper as your NEW MASSES could only be read by the mob—the scum—the festering sores that call themselves humanity.

To allow such an advertisement in your columns as that of the *Daily Worker* is worthy of tar and feathers. Who cares, tell me, if the *Daily Worker* exists? Do you favor another war? Yes, it might dispose of a few more doddering fools such as head your columns. Are you in favor of the miners' union being smashed? Yes. It would help to quell the RED spirit of most of the scum of America. Do you endorse the Coolidge Policy? Yes. Not only I do, but tens of millions of others do too. Go ahead and shout your nonsense and see of what avail? There will be Coolidges running the U. S. A. and men of his like after you are dead and gone. There will be monuments placed to their memory—what will be erected for you?

A good dose of tar and feathers will be the best I know of for you and such as you. Don't think that such a thing isn't possible. I wouldn't advise you to attempt too much—over 500 personal letters will be posted within the next thirty days to the postal department to prevent the use of the mails for such stuff as NEW MASSES.

Come to Detroit some day. You may meet with some prevailing conditions out here where a few real Americans still exist. I can assure you of a hearty reception.



*Courtesy Galerie Neumann, Berlin*

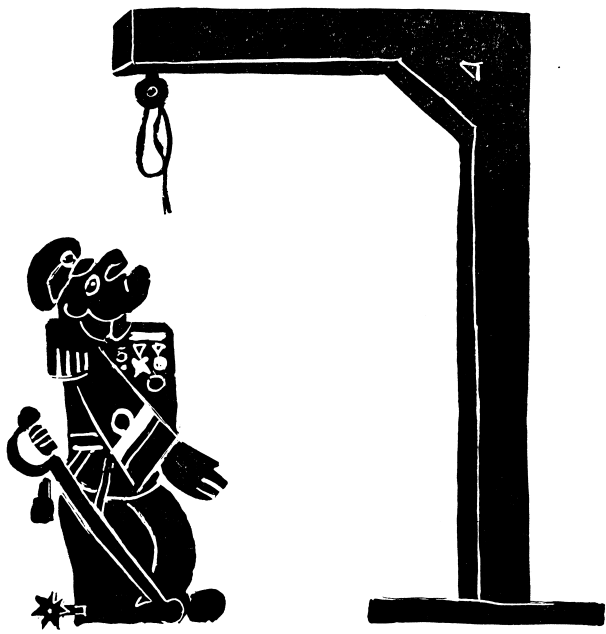
*From a Painting by Ernest Neuschul*

# NEW MASSES

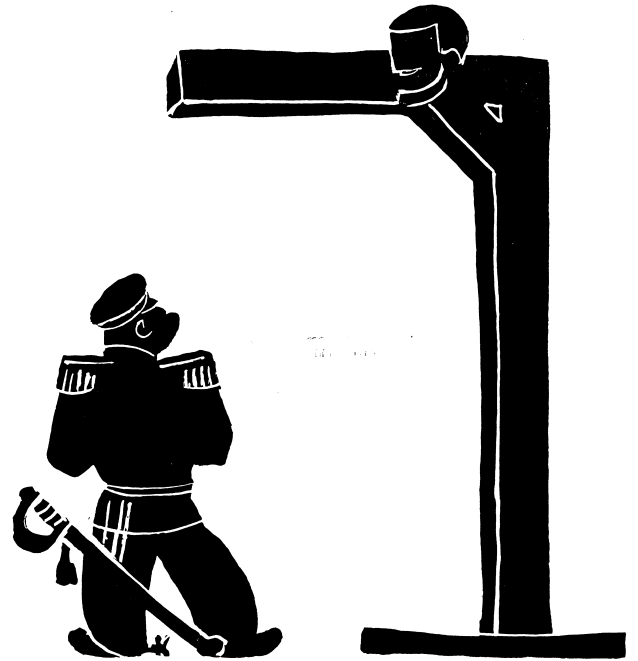
**VOLUME 3**

**APRIL, 1928**

**NUMBER 12**



"We can't get far in America with this thing. . . ."



". . . but we'll fix it up a little."



"It's beginning to look better."



"This is more like it!"

**HOW DICTATOR HORTHY MADE A MONUMENT FOR  
KOSSUTH, THE LINCOLN OF HUNGARY**

# GOD PUT ANOTHER ONE IN

A STORY—By GRACE LUMPKIN

ALL the people who lived on lower Blossom Street in Corinth, West Virginia, knew Mamie because she was the daughter of the Salvation Army Captain and they all said it was too bad about her teeth. She was a pretty girl even if she did have a sallow complexion and thin cheeks. Her eyes were blue and her hair was real gold. The kind that would shine under the electric light when she was singing with the Salvation Army Band. But it was too bad for a girl of nineteen to wear false teeth. They told Mamie's Ma that and she said it was but the doctor and the dentist both said it had to be. Mamie's Ma blamed it on the pellagra that Mamie had when she and her Pa and older brother were working in the cotton mill down south. But Mamie said her Ma would blame a little toe ache on that pellagra. She had got the disease when she was ten and working in the Olympia mills, the largest cotton mills under one roof in the world. When they were living down south there were three younger children and the older brother who died later, but now there were three more children making seven with Mamie. Pretty soon after Mamie got well of the pellagra her Pa joined the Salvation Army and he was so good at it they made him captain just before the last baby was born.

They thought it was better than the factory even though Corinth wasn't much of a city and made up mostly of coal mines and factories except across the bridge where the rich lived. There weren't many people that would come to meetings or gather round on the streets when the band sang *Love Lifted Me* or something else or when Mamie's Pa preached. Half the Italian miners couldn't speak English and those that were religious believed in the priests they had out there at the settlements.

Mamie's Ma didn't like it much that Mamie went such a lot with Rosa, because Rosa's uncle that she lived with was a miner and Italian, too, though Rosa was just half Italian—her Ma had been English and that helped some. Mamie's Ma came from English stock herself, way back, and she was proud of it. Of course Rosa was a smart girl. Mamie's Ma had seen her and Mamie working at the laundry together. They'd stand in front of the machine and before two kids could slap out "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold" they'd snap a sheet from the rollers

and fold it into shape for the wrapper. Even Mrs. Newsome who owned the laundry thought they worked together fine. The forelady told Mamie's Ma that. Mamie's Ma said yes, and Rosa was helpful round the house, too. Every Friday when she spent the night with Mamie she'd help put the kids to bed and wash the supper dishes before she and Mamie went to the Y.W.C.A. for the meeting of the Four Leaf Clover Club.

And now Mamie was saying she wouldn't go any more to the club meetings, not while her teeth were out and if Mamie didn't go then Rosa wouldn't because Rosa didn't like it much anyway, but went because Mamie did, and because after the meeting they had dates to go to the movies with Jake and Bill who were drivers for the laundry. When Mamie said they wouldn't go any more the Y.W.C.A. Industrial Secretary begged them not to leave the club because they were leaders and their leaving would break it up. Mrs. Newsome helped to support the Y.W.C.A. and the Board would say the Secretary wasn't any good even though she had worked so hard to get the Fine Finish Laundry girls interested and went once a week to eat lunch with them down in the cellar of the laundry where the girls had their meat and bread at noon time. But Mamie said she just couldn't go, not with her teeth out.

When they were away from the Secretary, Rosa asked Mamie if she was sure she wouldn't go to the Four Leaf Clover Club meetings and Mamie said no, she wouldn't, not with strangers around in the halls, and the Secretary and Miss Flora, the president of the Board, coming to meetings. "I'd feel like I was Trixie," she said. They laughed at that because Trixie was Miss Flora's old dog, a mixture of pug and bull dog and so old she didn't have any teeth. But Miss Flora loved Trixie and everywhere fat Miss Flora waddled right behind her came Trixie waddling just like Miss Flora.

Then Mamie got ashamed of laughing and said sort of reproving to Rosa, like she did sometimes, "Miss Flora is sweet to us," and Rosa said if sweet meant one of those everlasting Y.W.C.A. smiles and a pat on the head then Miss Flora was sweet. And Mamie said, "Rosa, you know you really like the Y.W.C.A." And Rosa said she did not. She said, "What do we do? Go up there and sit

around like ladies and sing songs hope and one is for faith and one is for love you know—and God put another one in for luck . . ." She asked Mamie what could be like that one about one leaf is for sillier than that, and please not get her started on the Y.W.C.A. Mamie said that was exactly what she didn't want to do, and to talk about something else. So they did.

Mamie had to stay away from work three weeks while her teeth were being taken out. She had fever from the stuff the dentist put in her jaws and was in bed for part of the time. While she was out Rosa got fired from the laundry because without Mamie to hold her down she told Mrs. Newsome some things. Mrs. Newsome was getting after the girls because they had let the Four Leaf Clover Club break up, and Rosa told her why didn't she give them eight hours instead of ten to work and then maybe they'd have time for clubs. And Mrs. Newsome said well if she did what would they use it for—not the Y.W.C.A., but most probably the movies or maybe the Triangle.



W. F. McCartin

The Triangle was a place across the River where a triangle was made by the railroad tracks and the river and on the land of the Triangle were lots of little hotels and red light houses and a public dance hall, the only one in Corinth.

When Mamie got better she went back to work, but she lagged at it and then begged the forelady to get Rosa back. So the forelady talked to Mrs. Newsome and Mrs. Newsome said take her back then, but it seemed awful to have a troublemaker like Rosa in the laundry. She was sure it was Rosa who made the girls look away from her, and whisper to each other when she came. And she did so want her girls to be happy. She thought of their happiness just like

she did her own daughters' happiness. But Rosa wouldn't appreciate it. That day when she took a lovely poem and read it to the girls down in the lunch-room—a poem all about the sanctity of labor—Rosa had snickered in the most beautiful part and Mamie had snickered, too, copying Rosa. So would the forelady speak to them? The forelady promised she would.

A good while after that the Y.W.C.A. had a Board Meeting. They had the Secretary up and talked to her about the Four Leaf Clover Club. Miss Flora sat behind the table to preside and she got up and said they must keep after the girls—that they were at impressionable ages and must be prevented from going wrong. "There are girls right now over there," she said, pointing to the Jail that was across the street from the Y.W.C.A., "who would be in their own homes happy and contented if the Y.W.C.A. had got them soon enough." She said there were many pitfalls for young girls in Corinth. "I have only to mention The Triangle and you ladies will understand," she said.

They talked some about it all together until Miss Flora made them hush. Then she told the Secretary they must get the Fine Finish Girls back because just a few days before she had gone to Mrs. Newsome for some money for the Y.W.C.A. and Mrs. Newsome had said what was the Y.W.C.A. doing for her since there wasn't a club any more. So Miss Flora had an idea and that was for her and the Secretary to get Mamie to go with them to see Mrs. Newsome and get Mamie to promise her to start the club again.

When Mamie told Rosa about going, Rosa said, "Mamie, why do you want to help beg money of her?" Mamie said she thought the Y.W.C.A. did some good, and Rosa said maybe it did even if she couldn't see it, but she hated to have Mamie go begging off a rich woman who ought to be paying Mamie higher than \$9.50 a week so she could pay off her dentist bill sometime before she died. She said that Mrs. Newsome lived in a big house with four layers of carpets on her floors and she could afford to pay. Rosa had seen the carpets one Saturday afternoon when Jake had taken her on the wagon and they had carried Mrs. Newsome's laundry round to the back and the cook had let her see inside the house because Mrs. Newsome and her two daughters were out.

Mamie said she didn't see any



*W. F. McCartin*



"TAKE ME ADVICE, EDDIE. NEVER TRUST A COP."  
 "YOU SAID IT, THEY'RE NACHERLY DISHONEST."

*Drawing by Otto Soglow*

harm in her going with Miss Flora and the Secretary, and at least she would have a chance to go in the front door and sit in the big chairs and see the rugs. "Are you sure it's four layers?" Rosa said she thought so. There was one that covered the whole floor and it was an inch thick, and then a big square one at each end of the long room and on top of them some little ones. "I guess it was three layers, but that's enough, ain't it?" Mamie said she thought it was enough, and she hoped they hadn't taken any away, because she'd like to see them.

There was one thing Mamie hated about going. She had just got her teeth and they felt uncomfortable. The dentist said to come back in a week if they didn't feel good, and she was going back because they didn't. She wanted to

put off going to Mrs. Newsome's but the Secretary said they couldn't wait. So it was fixed for Saturday morning. The Secretary had asked the forelady to let Mamie off for an hour. Mamie's pay had to be docked for that hour of course, but the Secretary said wasn't it worth it for Mamie to help provide pleasure for other girls, because Mrs. Newsome's money went into the Y.W.C.A., and it was for all girls.

So they went up to Mrs. Newsome's on Saturday morning. Mamie was scared but she tried hard not to show it and kept the new teeth shut together so as to be sure they would stay in. The maid showed them into a library with books. It wasn't the room Rosa had told her about, but it had lots of rugs in it. Mamie counted them after she had said howdy to Mrs.

Newsome and sat down over in a dark corner. The rug that covered the floor was one, and two big square ones made three, then,—one, two, three, four, five little ones made seven in all,—three layers and seven rugs. She slipped her foot over and pressed it on the little rug that was by her chair. Then she heard Miss Flora say, "You will, won't you, Mamie?" She jumped because she had been counting the rugs and it was a surprise to hear Miss Flora ask her something, and when she jumped the top plate started coming out, so she couldn't talk. She coughed and turned her head away and the plate fell right out on the floor. It was so dark she couldn't even see it down there. Then she coughed some more to show there wasn't anything wrong and the other plate came out into her hand that she

had put up to her mouth. She was so flustered by then she let it go and got her handkerchief and held it to her face. It happened in just about a minute, but by that time they were all three looking at her and she was very glad she had gone into the dark corner. But she had to answer so she said yes, through her handkerchief to Miss Flora. Then the Secretary and Miss Flora asked some more questions—wasn't the Four Leaf Clover Club doing lots of good, and wouldn't it be a success when she and Rosa went back, and she said yes to everything.

When they got up to go she stepped behind and while they were talking in the hall she tried to go back to the chair and find the plates, but Miss Flora came to the door and said, "We're going, Mamie," so she had to leave. Outside





"TAKE ME ADVICE, EDDIE. NEVER TRUST A COP."  
"YOU SAID IT, THEY'RE NACHERLY DISHONEST."

*Drawing by Otto Soglow*

they told her goodbye, because they were going on out to Corinth Gardens to see some other rich people and Mamie went back to the laundry still with the handkerchief to her mouth.

She told Rosa about it right away, and Rosa said not to worry that she would go with Jake that afternoon to deliver and they would get the cook to let her look for the plates.

So Rosa went with Jake. The cook wasn't there, because she had every other Saturday afternoon off, but the back door was unlocked, and while Jake waited in the kitchen Rosa slipped into the hall. She was looking for the door to the library full of books that Mamie had told her about when Mrs. Newsome came down the stairs and saw her. For a minute she got scared and slipped back in a hurry to the kitchen. She told Jake and they went right out so Mrs. Newsome wouldn't see them. They were laughing because they had run so fast but when they were in the wagon driving off Rosa got sorry about not getting the teeth for Mamie. "Why didn't I walk right up to her and ask for them?" "I guess you was scared," Jake said. Rosa said she was but she was ashamed. There wasn't anything to be scared of. "Let's go back," she said. But Jake wouldn't, so Rosa had to find Mamie and tell her she didn't get the teeth.

She said that on Monday they could ask the Secretary to go after the plates, but Mamie said her Pa was mad enough already, because he was helping pay for them, and couldn't they do it right away. So they went to the minister's house next door to the Y.W.C.A. where the Secretary lived, but she had gone away with Miss Flora to a Conference at Morgantown. When they came out the men up in the jail yelled at them as usual—they always did it when the girls went to the Y.W.C.A.—and this time it made Rosa mad. She said "Damn that Y.W.C.A."—everybody called the Jail the Y.M.C.A. Mamie thought it was right bad for Rosa to curse like that, but Rosa didn't care because she was mad at everything, herself, too. "What are we going to do now?" she said. Mamie thought they'd have to wait until Monday afternoon when the Secretary would be in town again.

But Sunday morning Mamie's Pa got his dander up and went to Mrs. Newsome's right up to the front door. Nobody was at home except the cook, so he asked her to look for the plates, but she couldn't find them. The cook said the maid had cleaned up there that morning, but she was at church and she would ask her when she came back if she had found them,

and would send word by her husband.

But she didn't send word. And the reason she didn't was that there was some excitement at Mrs. Newsome's. One of her daughters said she had left a box of jewelry on the table in the library on Saturday morning just before she went to Morgantown to a dance at the University. She had laid the box on the table while she put some rouge on her lips and then in the excitement she had forgotten it, because they were honking for her outside. Besides some other things the box had a diamond and platinum necklace in it that her mother had given her last Christmas. The necklace had twelve diamonds besides being made of platinum, so there was a lot of trouble over it.

Rosa and Mamie didn't know about that and they were going to ask the Secretary to go after the teeth just as soon as they could leave work on Monday. But they didn't do that because at eleven thirty, while they were at work in the laundry, a policeman came in and arrested them both. They found out about the necklace when they got to Jail. Mamie was crying but Rosa was scornful and that didn't make the police any nicer to her.

Mamie and Rosa were put on the top floor of the Jail where the women were. They could hear the men in the cells downstairs. Mamie was afraid of the women up there so she went to the window and looked through the bars at the Y.W.C.A. But Rosa stayed on her cot and sat there without looking up. The matron brought some clothes that Mamie's Ma sent so they had night gowns to wear, and the next day Rosa's uncle brought some clothes for her, and food her aunt had cooked.

While they were waiting for a trial the Secretary and Miss Flora came every day, and they got after Rosa for moping so much. Miss Flora said of course they were not guilty. Mamie said would she be likely to throw away her teeth, and where were they if she hadn't lost them at Mrs. Newsome's. Miss Flora said not to worry, that Mamie's Pa had a lawyer for them and everything would be all right. Rosa's uncle came and said that he had collected some money from the miners for the defense, but they couldn't give much because they were all out on strike. Mamie's Pa came and had them down in the Matron's office and prayed over them. Rosa wouldn't pray so he said she was a stubborn girl and he made Mamie join him in singing *Almost Persuaded* to make Rosa feel close to Jesus. When they sang one verse, Mamie cried so she couldn't do any more. The tears poured into her mouth

because it was so flabby from not having any teeth she couldn't keep them out. But her Pa kept on with the verse ending up with "Oh, sinner, come."

He looked at Rosa when he sang but she wouldn't come. And he was very much troubled and sad over it. He knew God could prove that they were innocent, but if Rosa held out like that maybe God wouldn't. He felt bad toward Rosa, and Mamie was sorry, and tried to get Rosa to repent. But Rosa said "What of" and Mamie didn't know.

One day Mrs. Newsome came to the Jail and wanted to see them both down in the Matron's office. Rosa said she wasn't going—she sat on her cot, so stubborn Mamie almost got mad with her. She said all she wanted was to get out of there. "I'll do anything to get out." Rosa said she would, too, but not that. Then Mamie said she was afraid to go by herself, and she cried, so Rosa went.

Mrs. Newsome was very sweet. She shook hands with them and asked how they were. Mamie said they were all right except they couldn't sleep for the bed bugs, and some of the women having nightmares and yelling. Mrs. Newsome said she was grieved about the whole matter and if Mamie and Rosa would confess and tell where the necklace was she'd have everything hushed up because she and her daughters weren't anxious to go into court. When she said that Rosa got up and walked out past the matron and up the stairs.

Mamie cried and said they hadn't done it. It was her teeth they wanted and that was all. She knew she hadn't done it and Rosa hadn't either. Mrs. Newsome could asked Jake. Mrs. Newsome asked Mamie how she knew Rosa hadn't done it. And Mamie said she didn't know she could just feel, and please believe her. She was telling the truth, she could swear before God. Mrs. Newsome said she wanted to believe Mamie and she really thought Mamie was innocent. She said Mamie was such a good girl, the kind who would cooperate with the person she was working for, and Rosa wasn't, and more than anything else that made Mrs. Newsome think Mamie wasn't guilty and—she hated to say it—that Rosa was. And that if Mamie could swear that she hadn't taken the necklace Mrs. Newsome would believe her and withdraw the charge against her. Then Mamie said, "And Rosa, too?" But Mrs. Newsome said no because anyway she had no confidence in Rosa and wouldn't believe her even

if she swore, but Mamie was a real Christian girl—she sang with the Salvation Army and did good to the poor.

But talking about Rosa made her think of a warning she wanted to give Mamie. There were people like Rosa, she said, who were always disgruntled and unhappy. If you put them in a palace they would be complaining about something. One reason for this was that Rosa didn't have a sense of humor. That was something all real Americans had, thank God. They could see something humorous in any trouble, and it kept them sane and sweet. But foreigners were different. They took things so seriously. Mrs. Newsome said she had had her own share of troubles and afflictions. She knew what it meant to be poor. She had been a girl in a laundry just like Mamie, and had married the foreman's son who had been to col-



Drawing by Louis Ribak

herself,  
ent.  
y sweet.  
em and  
mie said  
pt they  
d bugs,  
having  
Mrs.  
grieved  
l if Ma-  
fess and  
as she'd  
because  
en't an-  
hen she

said she  
st feel,  
was tell-  
year be-  
said she  
and she  
s inno-  
as such  
would  
she was  
n't, and  
at made  
ie was-  
o say it  
that if  
e hadn't  
ewsome  
thdraw  
en Ma-  
" But  
because  
ence in  
er even



Drawing by Louis Ribak

lege. They had come to Corinth and started a little laundry of their own with nothing but a few dollars and some credit and abounding faith in God. That was twenty years ago. She had worked in the laundry and had even helped her husband deliver the wash to the back doors of the people of Corinth. It had been a hard pull. Her husband hadn't been much of a business man and she had to urge him along all the time. But she had her duty to her children and she didn't let anything stand in the way of that duty. After her husband had died and she had gotten over that terrible sorrow she had plunged in and managed the business herself and now they had branches in two other cities.

It was because she had prayed and done her duty as every American mother and wife should that she had gotten where she was. She said her sense of humor had helped her all along the way. Whenever the women of Corinth had looked down on her, she had just laughed about it, and thought of the time when she would have money, too. She said the Bible truly said that "to him that hath shall be given" because when her business got to be successful the very women who had almost insulted her began to invite her to their houses. And her daughters went out with the most exclusive set of young people. She said of course she had told Mamie all this in confidence and she knew she wouldn't betray her confidence. Mamie said she wouldn't.

Mrs. Newsome said everybody could do what she had done if they persevered and had faith in God's mercy. But she wanted Mamie to know that she understood suffering, because she had suffered herself. But she understood the other thing too—the bitterness that Rosa had, and it never got anybody anywhere. She said she wished when Mamie got out of Jail she wouldn't have anything to do with Rosa again, because Mamie had a sweet character, it was her chief charm, and the reason people loved her. But a girl like Rosa could work on her and make her bitter, too. Mamie said she didn't think so that she and Rosa were friends and Rosa was always good to her. Mrs. Newsome said was she so sure that Rosa was her friend. Is anybody a friend who will try to make somebody like Mamie discontented and miserable? Did Rosa go to church? Mamie said she didn't know—she never saw Rosa on Sundays. Mrs. Newsome asked Mamie if Rosa helped with the Salvation Army and Mamie said no, she never did.

Then Mrs. Newsome said she must be an atheist, a person who didn't believe in God at all or in

religions and was that the kind of friend to have? And was Mamie sure that Rosa didn't take the necklace? Was she there with her on Saturday afternoon? Mamie said no, but Jake was, and Mrs. Newsome said that didn't prove anything because Jake was in love with Rosa and a girl could do about anything with a man if she wanted to, especially a clever girl like Rosa. And she herself knew that Rosa was in the hall, and since she was there she might have been anywhere in the house for all they knew—and she had slunk away like she was guilty. Mamie said, yes, but . . .

"Now, about your teeth," Mrs. Newsome said. "We can probably get you some new ones right away. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Mamie said it would. Then Mrs. Newsome told Mamie she would get the District Attorney, who was a friend of hers and make it all right. "I'm going to arrange matters so I can take you to your father and mother tonight," she said, "so go upstairs and get ready."

When Mamie got up to the women's room Rosa was sitting on her cot. Mamie told Rosa that she was getting out and would work on the outside for her. She felt that because Mrs. Newsome had suffered she would understand that Rosa was innocent when Mamie told her all about it.

Rosa helped Mamie get her things together. It was getting darker every minute and the only light they had was a small one in the corridor so they tried to hurry. But Rosa was so heavy and slow in moving about they were not ready when the matron came. Mamie made Rosa keep one of her night gowns so she would have an extra one. When they were through Rosa went to the door to tell Mamie goodbye. Mamie put her arms around Rosa and felt her body shake with crying and when she took her arms away she saw that Rosa's mouth was swollen and red. Her arms were hanging at her sides and her back was bent over like she had smoothing irons in her hands pulling her down. The matron was very sorry for Rosa and she tried to close the steel door softly but it was heavy and slipped from her hand and clanged to behind her and Mamie jarring the steel bars all along the corridors so they gave out little sounds like dogs whimpering in their sleep.

After Mamie left the Jail Miss Flora stopped coming, but the Secretary kept on. One day Mamie came with her and the Secretary went away and left Mamie with Rosa. Mamie said her Pa wouldn't let her come before but this time she slipped off. They talked

some and then they got quiet. Rosa didn't talk free like she had and Mamie was sort of strained. When they had been quiet a little Mamie said, "Rosa, you didn't do it, did you?" Rosa said "What did you say?" like she was dazed, and Mamie asked her again if she had taken the necklace. Then Rosa got up and Mamie was scared, she looked so fierce. Rosa said, "You think I took it, do you?" Mamie said no she didn't, not exactly, but they all talked like she had, even Miss Flora thought she had done it now and Jake was in the kitchen so he couldn't be sure—nobody could be sure, not even the Secretary—it was all so mixed up for Mamie. Mrs. Newsome kept asking everybody who took up for Rosa if they were in the library Saturday afternoon while Jake was in the kitchen and if they weren't how could they be sure she wasn't guilty? "Well," Rosa said, "you know me, don't you?" Mamie said yes she did, and because they were friends wouldn't Rosa tell her if she had done it. All of them, Miss Flora and Mrs. Newsome too said it would be all right if Rosa would confess. Rosa lay down on

the bed and put her face in the pillow for what seemed a long time to Mamie. Then she sat up and told Mamie she thought she'd better go. Mamie said she wanted to help Rosa and she tried to take her hand, but Rosa doubled up her fists and put them in her lap and was so still Mamie was afraid to touch her. Rosa said, "Seems to me if it was you I'd say she isn't until I knew something else and I'd say it so hard they'd believe me, instead of me believing them." Then she told Mamie again to go. She said, "You'd better go before I call you Trixie." When she said that Mamie got up and went on out without stopping to say goodby or anything because she knew Rosa meant she was waddling after Miss Flora. Rosa had been so quiet all along that the women up there were scared when they heard her scream, and saw her crouch down by the cot and beat her fists on it. They got her some water, but she wouldn't take it, and was quiet again right away.

The next day was the trial. They made Mamie tell about her teeth and Jake said Rosa had been out of the kitchen just a few min-

Desde la cabeza  
a los pies, tenemos  
todo lo que requiere  
un caballero para  
vestir elegante.

**ESTRADA HNOS.**  
23 BRASIL 15. 14 TACUBA 15.

Photograph by Tina Modotti, Mexico

THE BILLBOARD READS: "FROM HEAD TO FOOT WE HAVE EVERYTHING A GENTLEMAN NEEDS TO DRESS ELEGANTLY."



Desde la cabeza  
a los pies, tenemos  
todo lo que requiere  
un caballero para  
vestir elegante.

**ESTRADA HNOS.**  
2 & BRASIL 15. 1 & TACUBA 15.



*Photograph by Tima Modotti, Mexico*

THE BILLBOARD READS: "FROM HEAD TO FOOT WE HAVE EVERYTHING A GENTLEMAN NEEDS TO DRESS ELEGANTLY."

utes. The maid told about how she had found the teeth mashed into the carpet when she had cleaned up Sunday morning after the party. Mrs. Newsome's daughter testified about leaving the necklace on the library table, and Mrs. Newsome told about seeing Rosa in the hall Saturday afternoon and how she had slunk away like she was guilty when she saw Mrs. Newsome.

The forelady at the Fine Finish said that Rosa was a good worker but had a grudge against Mrs. Newsome because she was rich. Then the District Attorney had two girls from the laundry and they told some things Rosa had said about Mrs. Newsome.

When that day was over Rosa was right sick. They called in a doctor and he gave her some medicine but it didn't do her any good.

The women didn't pay much attention to her because there was some excitement in the Jail all night. In the afternoon five hundred miners that were striking had marched down the river road right into Corinth trying to make people see they were in earnest about striking and the police had gone after them and knocked them down and then brought four hundred of them into the Jail. All the citizens got excited and took out their guns and stood guard all over town to protect it from the miners.

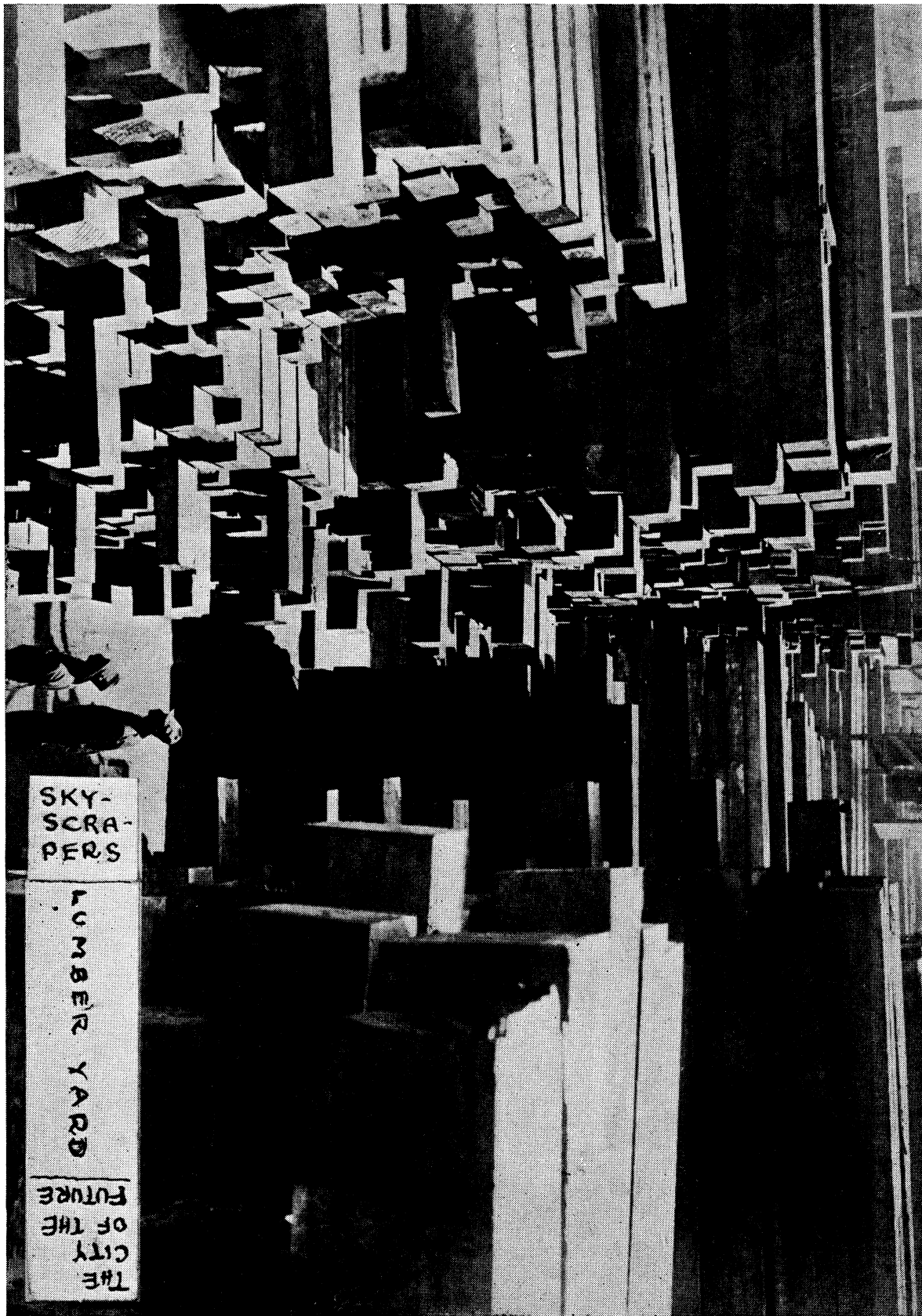
If Rosa hadn't been so worn out she would have been excited when those four hundred men were brought to the Jail. After they were put in they tried to sing but the police went in and hit some of them with their clubs—so they stopped.

The next morning the Secretary came over to see Rosa. She wanted to know if she could do anything. Rosa said no, but she was much obliged anyway.

Rosa's case came up later on that day. She had to answer some questions and the District Attorney asked her if it was true that her uncle was a striking miner and she said, yes, it was true.

When the trial ended the jury said Rosa was guilty. The Judge gave her two years which he said was a very short sentence because she was only twenty-one years old.

The day Rosa was to be taken away the Secretary came up to see her. She said she had left Mamie over at the Y.W.C.A. Rosa asked how Mamie was, and the Secretary said she was feeling fine because she had gotten her new teeth that morning—a gift from Mrs. Newsome, but she was worried about Rosa and wanted to see her. Rosa said she thought she couldn't see Mamie right at that time. Then the Secretary brought out a note from Mrs. Newsome. She read the note out loud because



**ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT**

*Courtesy Lawson & MacMurray*

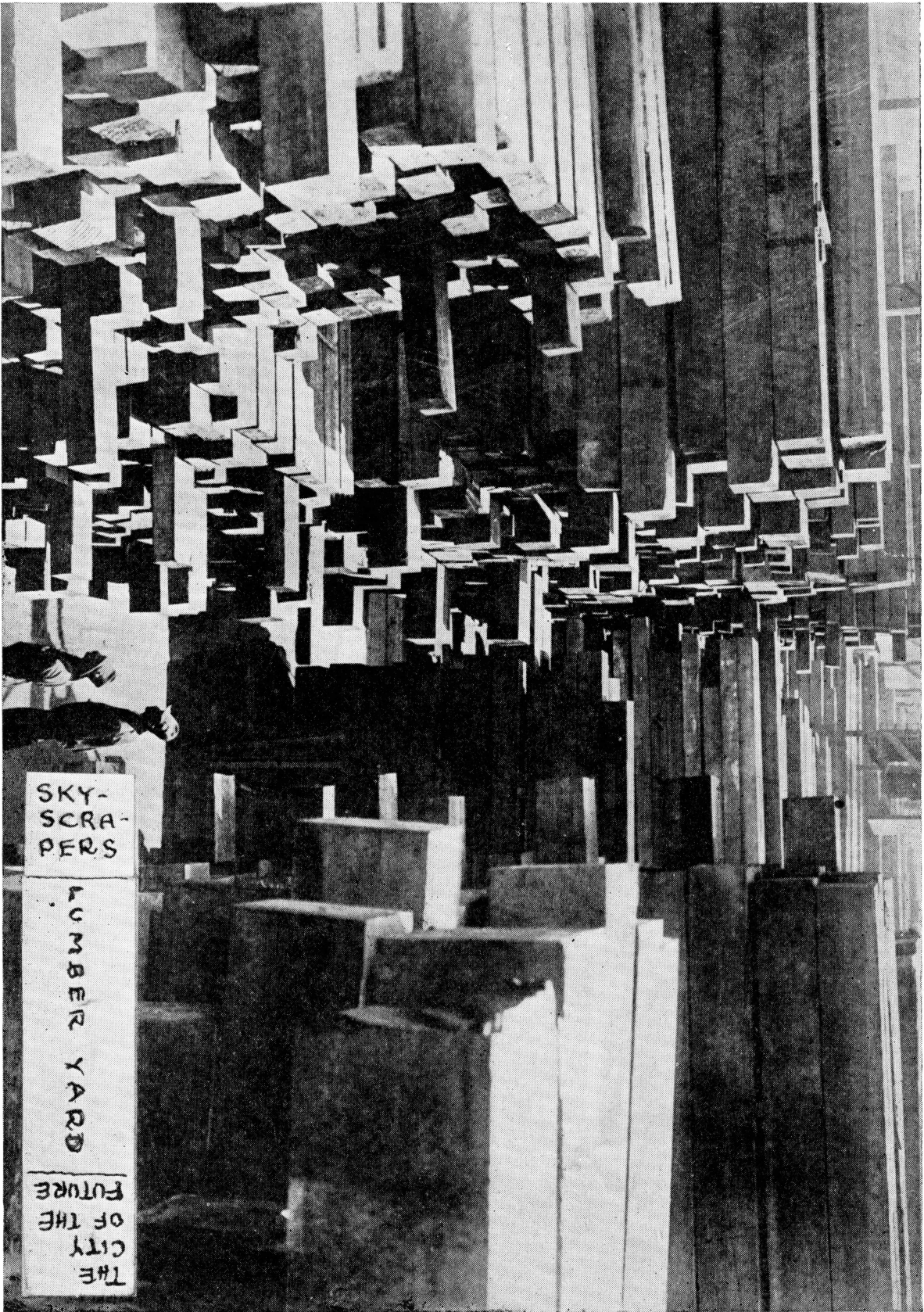
Rosa didn't seem to want to take it. The note said that even if the necklace, which was a gift from Mrs. Newsome to her daughter, was gone forever, Mrs. Newsome would feel kindly toward Rosa and forgive her for the sake of her own girls. She hoped Rosa would learn something from this experience and for her to remember that "blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

The Secretary asked Rosa if

there was any answer and Rosa said no. So they shook hands. But when the matron had let the Secretary into the corridor and closed the door Rosa said "Wait" in a hoarse voice. The Secretary turned back and Rosa went up to the door. She held on to the bars and looked out between two of them. "Tell her," she said, "They're taking me up for two years—but I'm coming out, and I'm going to begin right where I left off. Tell her there's

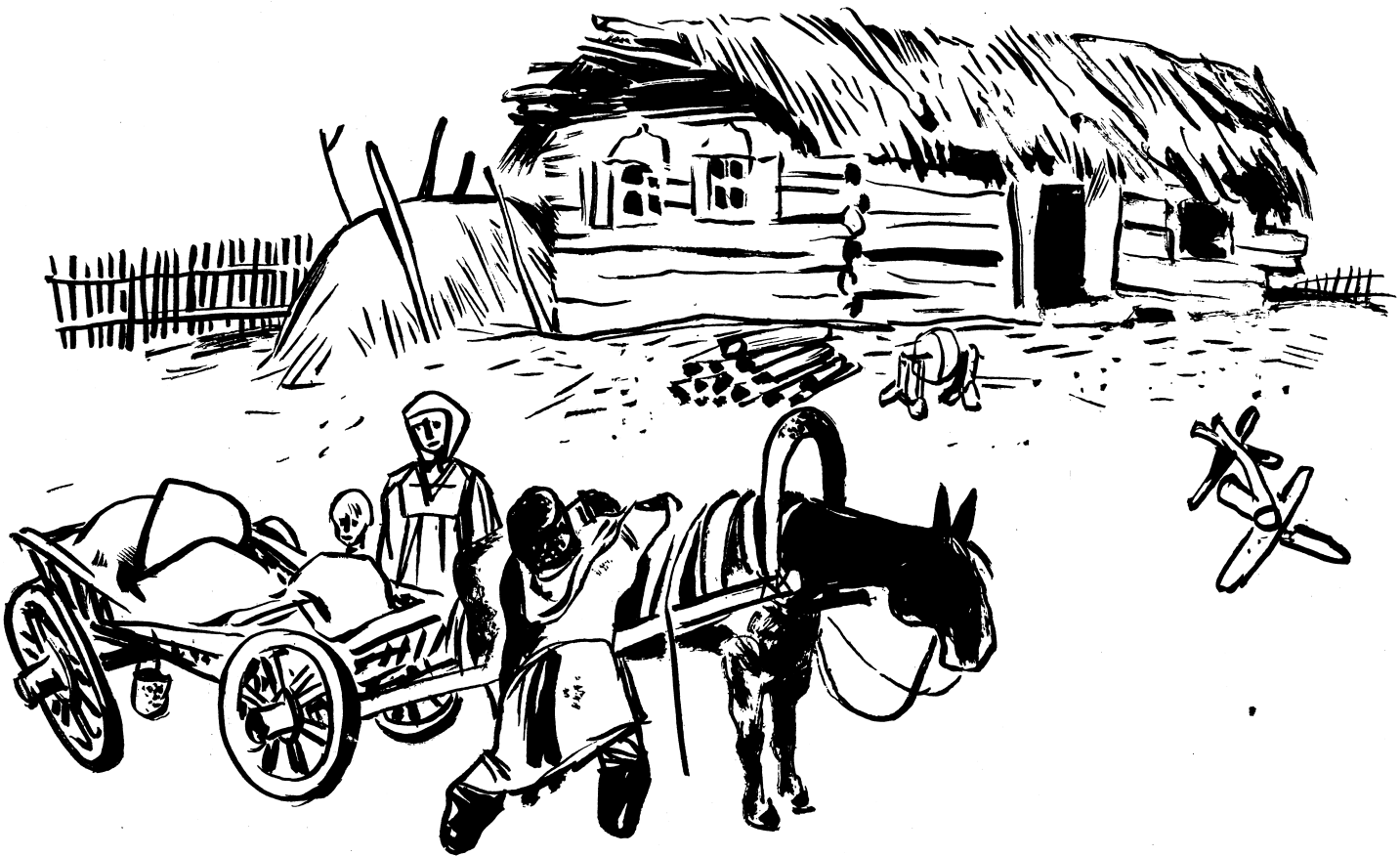
a war going on and she and me are on different sides." She was crying, so she walked away and looked out of the window to keep them from seeing. The matron took the Secretary on downstairs.

In a little while through the window Rosa saw the Secretary go out of the Jail and Mamie come to meet her down there in the middle of the street. She saw Mamie open her mouth to talk and the sun shining on her new teeth.



ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

Courtesy Lawson & MacMurray



*Gropper sends us these drawings from Russia to give us an idea of what the politicians mean when they speak of the "peasant problem." Almost 90 per cent of the Russian masses were not much better off than their own animals when the Revolution came. To such as these belongs the future.*



*This peasant isn't going to wait for the future. With all his earthly belongings on his back he is going to the big city where the workers rule. Hundreds of thousands like him have caused acute housing shortage in Moscow and Petrograd.*

*If this little old woman sells everything in her basket today, and tomorrow, and next day—pretty soon she'll be a little capitalist herself. If that should happen on a large scale, the revolution would have to be fought all over again. It's problems seemingly so simple which keep the Marxian leaders sitting up o' nights.*





# GOODBYE BOURGEOISIE!

By CARL HAESSLER

LIKE a spavined horse, sick beyond recovery but still seeking aimlessly to dodge the roaring motor trucks and cars of a new order, the Russian bourgeoisie slinks and limps sadly over the scenes of its pre-revolutionary eminence. Its self-confidence has vanished. Its moral justifications of the rent, dividends and interest it used to rake in are no longer heard. The class, though temporarily saved from complete extinction by the ingrafting of Nep glands, has come to realize the brutal truth—that it is an excrescence on the new Russia, unlovely and unnecessary. The roots of its self-respect have withered.

While the transformation wrought by the class revolution is deep-going and fundamental there are a number of superficial indications, plainly visible to the foreign visitor, that show how thoroughly dispossessed and powerless the old exploiters have been rendered. The indications are the more impressive because they apply also in many respects to the Nepmen, the new tolerated bourgeoisie that is living a precarious though often profitable life on the outer edge of Soviet economy.

Our party from America had come from the Finnish border to Leningrad just in time to help celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. The trade unions who were our hosts quartered us in the Hotel Europe, a favorite haunt of the foreign business man and concessionaire and also, on normal days, of the Russian profiteering Nep. But on these Soviet holidays the Nep were nowhere to be seen in the hotel. The great cabaret on the top floor where they customarily swanked their money gains was filled with rollicking children and their worker parents. Toys and fruit were distributed to the children, entertainment was provided on the cabaret stage and a young workers' band played the International and other radical airs.

Our guide explained that on Soviet holidays the bourgeoisie was told to keep out of sight as the holidays were not intended for them. They had to stay in their rooms or wander through the street while the hotel entertainment facilities were placed at the disposal of the families of the hotel employes. So chambermaids and waiters, cooks and porters gathered in what had been the exclusive haunts before the revolution of the grand and the rich. The children of the

workers were enjoying what the children of the exploiters once looked upon as their own.

The Metropole Hotel, leading hostelry of czarist Moscow, now flaunts across its blocklong facade the legend in huge terra cotta letters: WORKERS OF ALL LANDS UNITE! and the profiteers as they enter the hotel can't help seeing that triumphant slogan. Should they seek to forget the unpleasant impression of that greeting by a resort to the restaurant they would be served, as likely as not, on Soviet china bearing the inscription baked on the dish: *Communal Eating is the Path to Social Unity*, with the hammer and sickle to boot. Perhaps they can find refuge in their hotel room. Alas, on the writing table in every room, inevitable as a Gideon Bible in American hotels, is a cast-iron inkwell with hammer and sickle and again the hated inscription about the workers of the world.

The same hammer and sickle have replaced the imperial insignia in the grand opera house over the proscenium arch and on the old imperial box in the center of the first of the great horseshoe balconies. The royal red of the upholstery now represents the revolutionary red of the workers' republic.

The old bourgeoisie still resident in Russia seldom has money enough to go to the opera. Its daughters, educated in western Europe and commanding several languages, serve obscurely as interpreters and clerks, keeping their social origin a bitter secret so far as possible. Now and then one will unwittingly reveal it as did a shy, subdued, competent girl of 25 in Moscow who told me she had been in a girl's school in Rome a year before the world war broke out. But she would say nothing more about her pre-war experiences.

The sons of the bourgeoisie seek also to sink their old identity, some joining loyally in the technical advance of the new civilization, some less enthusiastic but adaptable nevertheless. The old folks find it the hardest.

A youth of 21 came to our table in a downtown Moscow hotel after the theatre one night and started talking English though without making himself understood. His French was little better but his German excellent. So he cut loose, lashing the Soviet order without restraint.

We finally asked him, "What are you, white or red?" He look-

ed surprised, answering "White, aren't you?"

We told him we belonged to the American labor delegation and by Russian standards would class as red, certainly not white.

"But you have good suits on," he exclaimed, "how can you be for labor?"

It developed that he was of bourgeois stock with a good cultural background of the old sort but was now a student in the Soviet engineering school.

But the education system under the Soviets is rotten, he declared, because it places every educational advantage at the disposal of worker students instead of favoring those like himself who were better qualified to profit by it and more deserving because of their higher social class. When we differed with him he told us we would learn nothing about the new Russia because we could see only the show places and that we knew nothing about worker conditions in America because we plainly belonged to the bourgeoisie ourselves.

We spiked that by telling how we made our way unescorted and unannounced through the streets of the Russian cities, particularly Moscow and Leningrad, and we told him that several of us had seen the inside of American pris-

ons for a couple of years apiece, where conditions were concededly worse than among workers. But his former education was not equal to that information. He looked at us incredulously and slowly gasped:

"But you wear silk ties! How can an American with a silk tie be put in prison!"

It's the new bourgeoisie that has money to spend in the cabarets and can afford to live in the expensive hotels. They are in a curious social position. They know they are despised by the active trade unionists and Communists who are the mainsprings of the new regime. They know they are social outcasts, marked for scavenging as soon as possible. Yet their old capitalist standards of respectability and social stratification, their better dress and their greater income keep whispering to them that they are higher than any worker, no matter how highly placed in government or trade union or party position that worker may be.

Their demeanor is a mixture of haughtiness, deprecation and fear. Dignity of cash position clashes with resentment at the excessive

Drawing by  
William Gropper



of the Russian cities, particularly Moscow and Leningrad, and we told him that several of us had seen the inside of American pris-

*Drawing by  
William Gropper*



prices they have to pay to enjoy that position. While a male Nep is highhatting the waiter in the cabaret who presents the staggering bill for an evening's refreshments and entertainment—an intriguing sight, inasmuch as the waiter knows that the profiteer's days are numbered—the social dignity of the situation is ruined by the female Nep who hastens to stuff into her bag the pieces of fruit which she and the male Nep have paid for but have not consumed during the evening. Then both waddle out, noses in air, while the eyes of waiter and doorman twinkle.

Some of the petty bourgeoisie have survived at their former occupations. Among these was a cheerful, drily philosophical custom tailor near the Kuznetsky Most in Moscow. He repaired my overcoat while we chatted in German. He employed 3 journeymen tailors. He had no illusions about a capitalist comeback.

"This country will become a worse place for the private employer every year," he said, without bitterness. "They do not want us and they plan definitely to squeeze us out. For us it is becoming a graveyard. Our day is done and soon there will be darkness."

Down in Tiflis we had a somewhat similar experience. Wandering through the bazaar we were accosted by a boot pedlar, one boot slung over each shoulder. He was a tall well-built man with a fine bearing somewhat crushed by circumstances. When he discovered that we commanded German he began complaining in unmeasured terms of the new dispensation. The people work only 8 hours a day, sometimes even less, instead of the 10 or 12 they had to work under the czar, he said. Men of good blood and merit, like himself, instead of ruling the land and guiding its political and industrial destinies, were reduced to selling boots for private cobblers at \$30 a month in the alleys of the Tiflis bazaar. His father, it turned out, had been a soap magnate near Tiflis and the son had studied in German universities and expected to take his place in the czarist bureaucracy. But the revolution had killed both the private soap graft and the public job graft for the bourgeoisie. We counseled him to lie low for a couple of years until things got quieter and then he could get a job as a teacher.

"Nothing doing," he replied. "I am branded as a bourgeois and besides I wouldn't teach that dirty worker rabble even if they did give me a chance. Ah, times were wonderful under the czar!"

Perhaps they will return, we suggested in consolation.

"No chance," he declared violently. "Those days are gone forever."

In sharp contrast to this mourn-

ful hasbeen were three youngsters of 13 or 14 we encountered in Baku, the oil town near the Asiatic frontier on the Caspian. They were standing in front of the New Europe Hotel, attracted by the

Cadillac, Studebaker, Mercedes, Stoeber and other cars mobilized for the visiting delegations.

As I walked up they smiled and asked, "Amerikansky?" "Da, da," I answered, proud of the few Russian words I had picked up.

There followed the customary questions about how much my overcoat, galoshes, hat, tie, etc. cost. Then with the help of a worker who understood German we talked about America. Pretty good country in some respects, they ventured, and when I agreed they shot back:

"But comrade, how about Sacco and Vanzetti?"

I had to admit that blot on the American labor movement and, thinking of Rockefeller's murder of miners in Colorado and of Gary's and Mellon's murder of steelworkers in Pennsylvania and Indiana, I summed up by saying in Russian with an expressive gesture:

"American capitalists strangle the workers."

The youngsters grinned and without a moment's hesitation retorted:

"The workers strangle the capitalists here!"

This automatic, practically reflex response pictured for me indelibly the effect of the radical education on the rising generation in the Soviet Union. It was more than a superficial wise-crack. It was the instinctive reaction of a socially trained youth to the realities of economic life in their advancing country in contrast to the black abysses of American capitalist society.

Does their flashing answer correspond to the immediate situation in Russia? All the figures on the decrease of wholesale trade in private hands, now down to 2%, and of retail trade, now below 20%, bear them out. The following incident is not in itself conclusive but it shows the spirit of the present ruling group in the Kremlin.

The German Social-Democrats in Moscow during the November celebration of the Bolshevik revolution obtained an audience with Secretary Joseph Stalin of the Russian Communist Party. Their leader asked maliciously:

"Is it true, as the expelled German Communists charge, that you are leading the Soviet Union away from Communism and back to capitalist reaction?"

Stalin sized up the questioner for a moment, then answered with level eye: "Yes, it is true! And it is also true that we have nationalized our women and devour our children every morning for breakfast!"

## TWO VIRTUOUS BIRDS

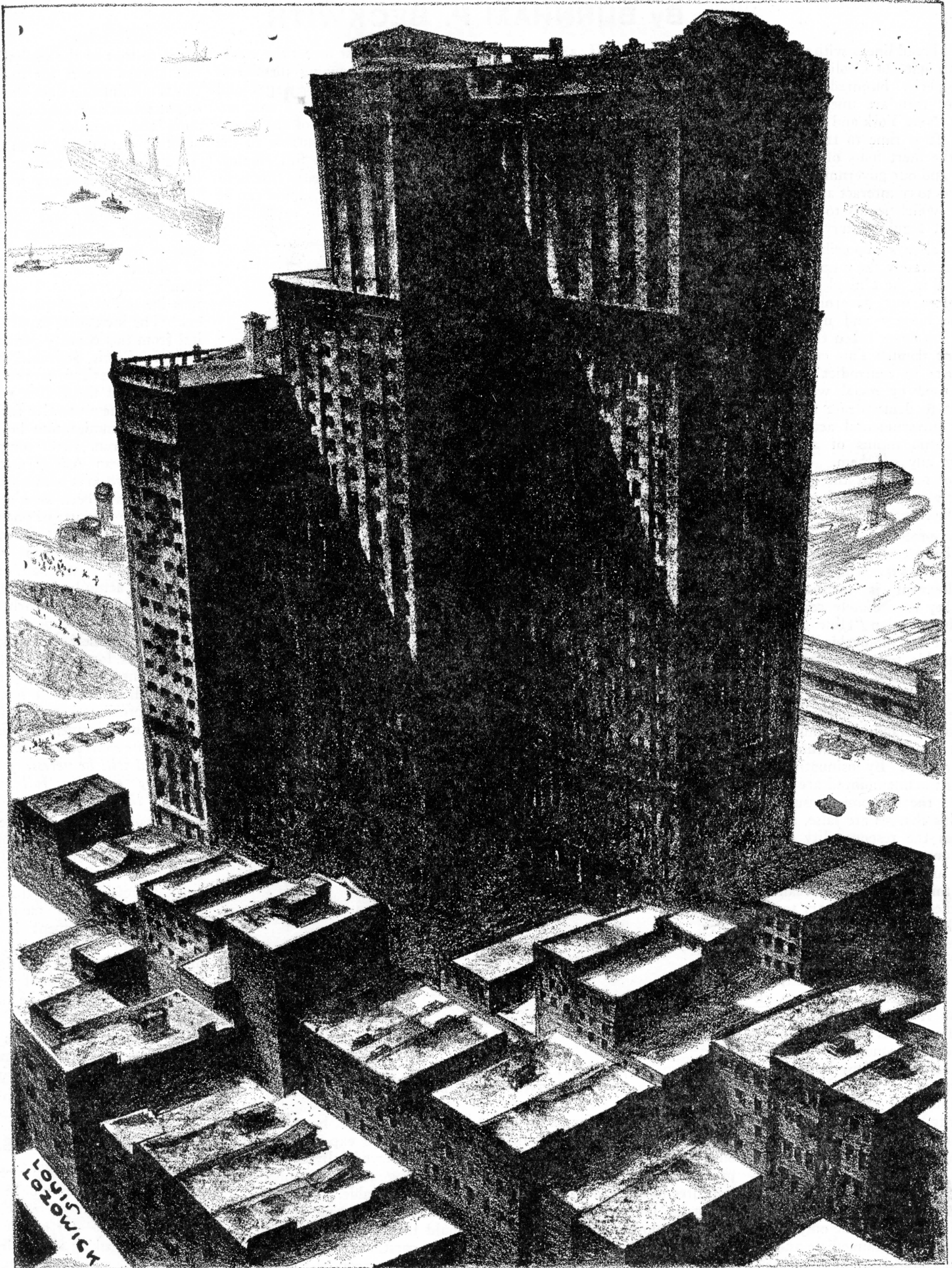
By JAMES RORTY

### THE THANKFUL TURKEYCOCK

I looked pop-eyed  
At a turkeycock,  
I looked and I sighed  
"How can anyone mock  
At a creature whose feed  
Has so well agreed  
That he's happy and proud  
And gobbles aloud  
In innocent glee,  
A gobbler, that's me.  
Some people are shy  
So I'm thankful that I  
Am equipped to provide  
Vicarious pride  
For such as are born  
So meek and forlorn  
That their lives are a nexus  
Of sordid complexes.  
To watch how I place  
Each foot after each  
Must certainly teach  
A lesson in grace.  
In heaven the meek  
Will have little to seek.  
But this is the life  
I say to my wife.  
I say it, I feel it—Oh, what a delight  
Even scholars must tremble, while critics turn pale  
At the flash and the flare of my beautiful tail."

### THE DUTIFUL GULL

I looked slant-eyed  
At a mendicant gull  
Who slouched with his trull  
On top of a pile.  
And I said, "That's my style—  
A waterfront bum  
Who's recently come  
Leering in from the sea."  
"It's my duty to be  
Loud and lecherous, free—  
That's me.  
For I make you content  
With what God has sent:  
Wife and kids, and a car  
And no liquor, no bar,  
But a smooth little track  
To the office and back.  
You are better than I,  
With no home but the sky,  
No fear, and no wish—  
Except now and then—fish.  
I follow the ships  
And drop a few quips  
And I make you feel warm  
And protected from harm.  
It's my duty to be  
Insofar as I can  
Coarse and lecherous, free,  
A salty, adulterous,  
Frankly most villainous  
Family man."



*From a Lithograph by Louis Lozowick*

**TRITON AMONG THE MINNONS**

# THE SPECTRE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By BURNHAM P. BECKWITH

**T**HE bread line is with us again. In spite of Coolidge's hymn to prosperity hundreds of thousands of men are unemployed in Boston, New York and other large cities. It is time to try again to rouse the inert mass of American society and our government to take measures to counteract an economic malady which seems to afflict the nation at regular intervals.

It is always impossible to estimate accurately the number of unemployed in the United States. So little does our government care for the hungry and unemployed that it has never taken the trouble to count them. This enables the capitalists to contradict any estimates used by social workers or radicals to demonstrate the necessity of governmental action since there is no means of absolutely proving any of them. But this does not mean that the employers are not aware of and thankful for unemployment.

Our professors of economics teach that a certain fraction of the laboring class is unemployable. If unemployment is mentioned to them they immediately come back with the question "How many of them are unemployable?" They seem unable to realize the unemployable are even more of a social problem than the unemployed and that the state has recognized this fact by establishing numerous though insufficient institutions to care for them. By insinuating that most of the unemployed are unemployable the economist insults labor if his charges are false, and he increases the responsibility of the state towards this group of citizens if his charges are true. If you really think the business man believes these charges just try to persuade him to double the capacity of state institutions for the aged, the infirm and the feeble-minded.

But there are other equally defective arguments which one encounters if the extent of present unemployment is suggested to the professor of economics. His second question is "How large is unemployment normally?" When you admit that perhaps there are ordinarily a million men out of work he concludes that the present situation is not so abnormal after all and therefore deserves little attention. Logically, of course, the very fact that unemployment is to a certain extent chronic only intensifies the need of immediate and intelligent consideration of the problem.

*The truth of the matter is that the employing class desires and benefits from this condition of chronic*

*unemployment.* If a portion of the working class is jobless those who do have jobs work harder in order to hold them. In times of prosperity such as 1919-20 the employers complain that the "efficiency of labor" has dropped. The employers must resort to personal leadership and reason to maintain control of their employees in such

Unemployment forces the workers to compete among themselves for jobs and thereby wages and working conditions. Chronic unemployment of 10% of the working class is more profitable to the employing class than full employment since it perpetuates this fight for the job. Surplus capital can be exported and used to exploit less

equal to that of the capitalist who can always export his funds, but this is unthinkable since the present organization and operation of our store and factories depends upon absolute dictatorship from the top. To maintain this military system of control in industry it is absolutely necessary to retain the old threat of hunger and deprivation as a means of enforcing the decisions of the boss. Nothing would so conduce to the growth of economic democracy as a surplus of jobs instead of a surplus of workers. The increasing export of capital from this country prevents the arrival of this desirable state of affairs. American workers have long deluded themselves with the belief that the protective tariff and, today, the immigration laws, protect them from direct competition with European, Asiatic, and South American workers whose standards of living have been kept at a low level by the pressure of population. The enormous export of American capital, however, has recently demonstrated that the American worker is actually in direct competition with the world labor market for the use of the wealth which he himself has helped to amass. As long as a certain degree of unemployment is profitable to capitalists they will send their capital abroad rather than use it to abolish unemployment in this country. *Some control over this export of capital will be necessary to permanently maintain full employment in this country.*

The breadlines which we see in the streets now are the result of what the economists term a "mild fluctuation" in business conditions. A real depression will throw far greater numbers of men out of work. Unemployment insurance is one of the most practical means of meeting such a contingency. Such a measure should be compulsory and it should be national in scope.

Progressive labor leaders would do well to make unemployment insurance one of the planks in their platform.



"GUESS I'M TOO PERTICULAR. LOOK AT WHAT THE LITTLE BIRDIES EAT."

Drawing by Wynne

periods. They prefer to rely on the threat of discharge and this is only effective when it means deprivation and hunger. For the last three months now financial and industrial journals have been advising employers that the present is a suitable time for lowering wages and weeding out the more inefficient and undesirable—those who agitate for a union or for political revolution—of their work-

progressive people, but surplus labor cannot be exported and will not be employed fully in this country as long as chronic unemployment is profitable.

Complete full time employment would threaten the powerful position of capital in our economic system. For as soon as the working class is released from the fear of unemployment and hunger its bargaining power will be really increased. It might even become

## ORIGINALS FOR SALE

Many of the drawings reproduced in the *NEW MASSES* may be purchased at five, ten, twenty-five dollars—a good investment—for some of these artists will be asking and getting hundreds of dollars in a few years. Think what distinction an original Gellert, Gropper, or Gag, properly framed, would add to your library! Write us for prices.



*Drawing by Wynn*

“GUESS I’M TOO PERTICULAR. LOOK AT  
WHAT THE LITTLE BIRDIES EAT.”

# HAVE YOU A FAIRY IN YOUR HOME?

By KENNETH FEARING

IT IS our national characteristic, the speed, efficiency, and illogic with which we turn our spontaneous emotions into patented sentimentalities. Doubtless there are other people who do the same thing; but none of them convert their emotions into institutions as relentlessly as we do, nor do they, the instant *rigor mortis* has occurred, market the cold body in such subtle and profitable ways.

No one can estimate the amount of money for which Mammy, in various disguises, has been sold. No one can compute the sum of money turned over annually by the sale of innocence. Outraged innocence, as exemplified let us say by a Bishop Manning or a Peaches Browning, must, when the ramifications of its use and sale in tabloid, church, and vaudeville are considered, turn over quite a tidy sum. And proceeds from the sale of tolerant, questioning innocence, through the medium of fake controversy—(*Is the Younger Generation Really Immoral?* sold in novel form, in the pages of the *Forum*, or from a club platform)—the figure reached by the sale of this type of innocence alone must be staggering. Even the less innocuous emotions have their value. Horror can be turned into grotesque toys and peddled on the streets. Ruth Snyder, condemned and awaiting execution, ceased to be news; she became an institution.

But these examples are the little ones, most of them ephemeral; like thieves at a fair, they operate busily for a time, then vanish when the star performers move on. Small institutions like prosperity speeches, the latest ax-murder, clean-minded prize-fighters, the honorable sentiments of a millionaire, these after all can be measured and defined by the amount of money they cause to change hands. But our greater institutions cannot be measured in this simple way alone. When they involve the lives of individuals, and the course of the state, these sentiments, no longer sold directly in tins and capsules, become as universal and as indefinable as air. To measure the power of an institution such as Bolshevism vs. Decency, or Uncle Sam the Santa Claus, in terms of dollars and cents alone as we measure trifling institutions like pyorrhea, Bruce Barton, concentrated culture, etc. is to dwarf the dignity of those larger institutions and to underestimate them grossly.

Almost, the nation had a new major institution in the person of Col. Charles Lindbergh. It may not even now be quite clear in just

what manner Col. Lindbergh is failing to fit the requirements for that institution. The nation needs him. It is always hard up for a Galahad. It has always needed, most desperately, a sort of mad, handsome, modest, daring, amorous, gallant Prince Rupert of Hentzau. "The best swordsman in Europe." With a touch of the boy who stood on the burning deck.

Lindbergh's flight established him at once as the best aviator in Europe—two Frenchmen had just tried the flight, and died. Circumstances made him somewhat similar to the boy on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled—other aviators tinkered and postponed and posed, but did not seem to fly. Thus, half of the picture was filled in at once.

Upon the indisputable courage and daring of Lindbergh the nation spontaneously showered applause. But the courage the people applauded was not altogether his. In fact, most of it was theirs—the valor they possessed in dreams, but seldom in reality. That was why they needed him so desperately. And, though hero worship is restricted to no nation, I think the process of turning a hero into an institution, a process that began immediately in Col. Lindbergh's

case, is peculiarly American.

The people could not bring themselves to let go of this convenient substitute for personal romance, nor could the demagogues forbear to use him as an instrument upon the people. To the flight itself, plainly little more than a brilliant stunt, were attributed a hundred fantastic purposes, significant meanings, nobilities of achievement. All of this was, of course, the American method of harnessing and controlling an outburst of emotion that would otherwise slip away and die a natural death.

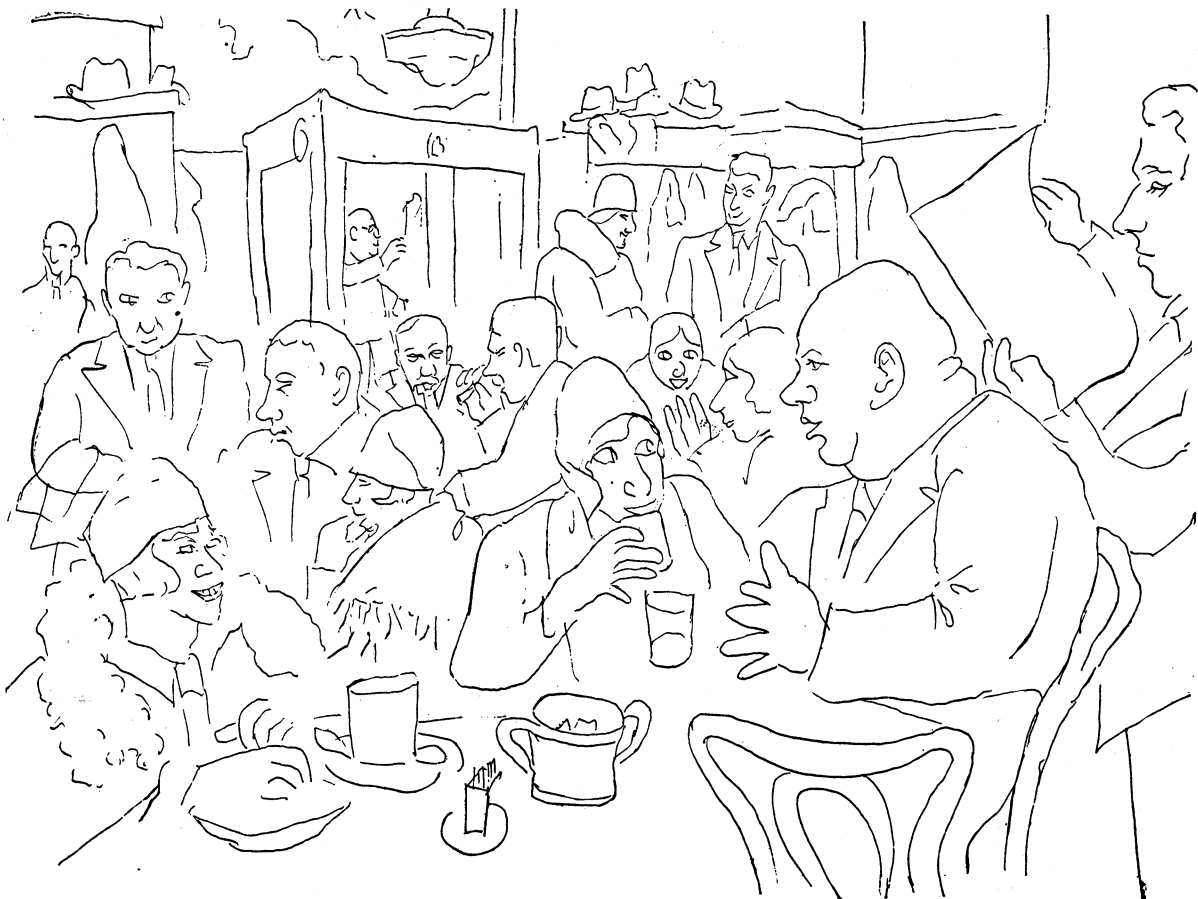
Then Lindbergh did something incredible. A young man without much money, he refused offers of fabulous wealth. It was not the right thing, he seemed to say, to make vaudeville of himself, his feat, and aviation. Well! It drove them crazy, this people who never, never in their loftiest sentimentalities could dream of doing such a thing in fact. It bowled them over. Lindbergh, refusing to turn himself into an institution, was the hottest institution that had ever happened.

They got the poor guy while his mind was turned the other way, they got him like a lollypop. In no time at all he was America's

portable (and inexpensive) expression of America's good-will to all, a living proof of her essential virtue and unselfishness. Next the Colonel was back in the states, touring the provinces "in the interests of aviation." There is no doubt that he himself believed in the importance and seriousness of these and subsequent missions. One can only hope that, in spite of himself, he received an adequate ransom from the kidnappers.

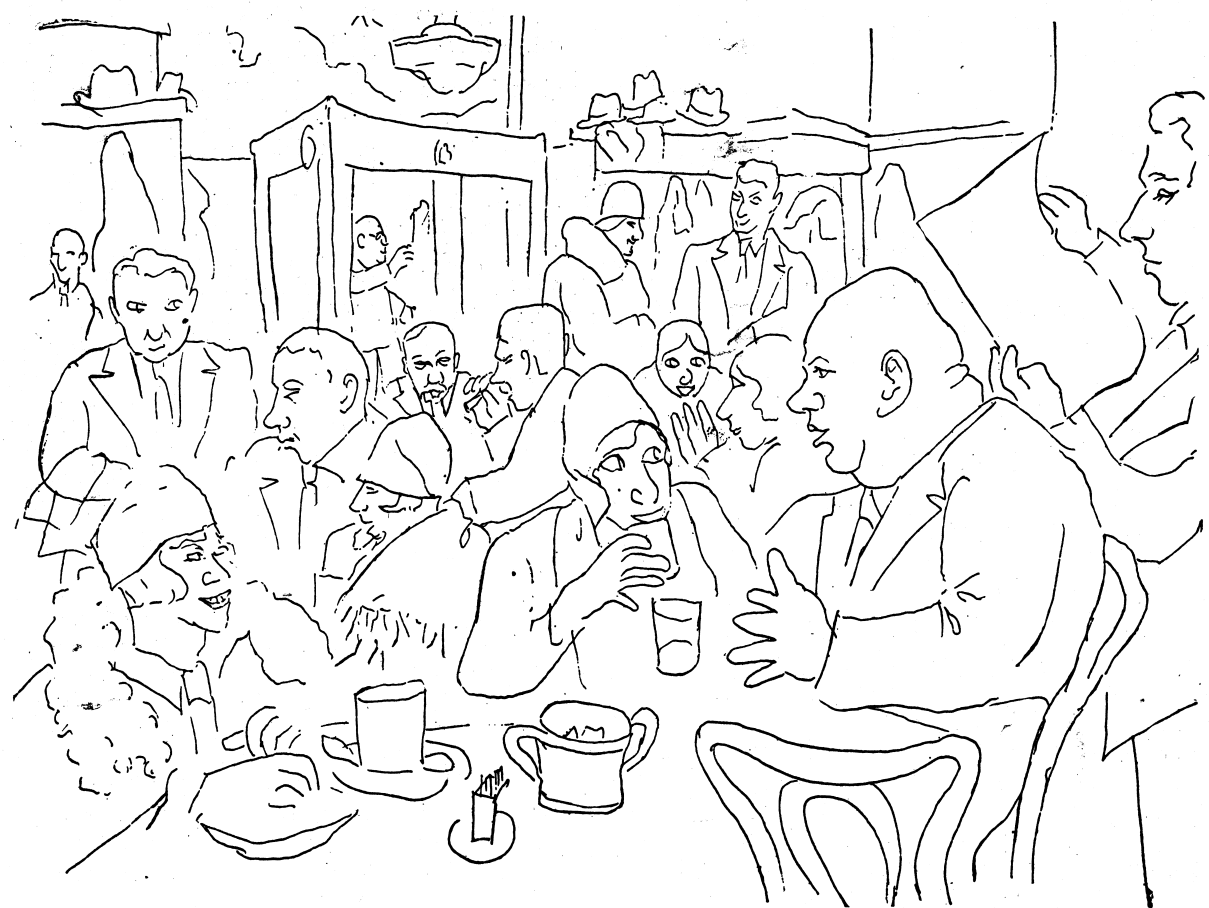
At the moment of writing Col. Lindbergh is functioning in South America as a "Good-will ambassador from the United States." It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that in another year he will be in Russia, lecturing on the value to aviation of Standard Oil products.

But as an institution, he is beginning to diminish already. That is one of the failings of institutions. Founded on shaky logic, and the people of the United States being no duller than the people of any other nation, the institution begins to wobble and exude a faint odor. The only thing that can revive Col. Lindbergh as a major institution—one hates to mention it—is for him to get drunk in Honduras and beat up the American consul. Or to smoke another cigarette.



Drawing by Effim Sherman

CAFE ROYAL—SECOND AVENUE



*Drawing by Effim Sherman*

**CAFE ROYAL—SECOND AVENUE**



# WIND—A STORY

By IVAN BEEDE

YOUNG JAKE LEMLEY and his uncle Will McClure, for whom Jake was husking corn, rode in from the field together on a wagon piled high with ears. They had just passed through the gate when McClure swore, tossed the reins to his nephew, and jumped to the ground.

"Hold the lines a minute boy," he shouted above the wind, and ran toward the steel windmill, which stood on the boundary between the barnyard and a little orchard in the rear of the house. Soon Jake saw what was wrong: the mill was going full tilt, but unconnected with the pump. He supposed the fans had been forced open by the wind, and could not understand his uncle's anger.

McClure jammed down the lever which controlled the wings, then began to yell at the top of his voice.

"Clara!" he shouted. "Clara! Where are you?"

"Aunt Clara's going to get blamed for this too," the boy thought. "I wish he would leave her alone."

A minute later the kitchen door opened and Jake's Aunt Clara limped down the steps.

"What is it Will? What's the matter?" she called, her faint voice carrying to him on the wind.

"What's the matter? What did you turn on the windmill for?"

"Nothing Will."

"Nothing!" he yelled, glaring at her. Then: "For the love of God leave the windmill alone."

"All right, Will."

She remained a minute uncertain, holding down her hair with one hand, while the wind blew her clothing about her stooped form. Then she limped slowly back to the kitchen.

McClure returned to the wagon red in the face, and his voice, always loud, was raised to a shout.

"I knew it was her the minute I seen the wheel going," he said. "She's always up to something like that. It's a wonder I don't lose a hold of myself."

Jake had been squirming all this time. He hoped his poor "peculiar" Aunt Clara has not noticed his presence. It hurt him to hear her scolded by this brute of an uncle, whom he despised.

"Maybe it's the wind, Uncle Will," he said appeasingly.

He had driven the wagon up to the granary and they were unloading, shovelling high up under the eaves, for it was almost full. A round picket fence had been laid

out nearby, which was to serve as an overflow bin.

"What's the wind got to do with it?" his uncle demanded.

"I mean probably the wind's got on her nerves. What else did she turn on the mill for? She just couldn't stand it no more."

McClure stopped shovelling and regarded his nephew, a questioning look in his eyes.

"Don't it get on your nerves too?" Jake said. "It does on mine. I can't even remember when it



G.T. Hartmann  
George Hartmann

started to blow, and it keeps up just the same, day and night. It makes my ears want to crack."

The doubtful look in McClure's eyes changed to contempt. "No," he said at last, "it don't bother me. . . . You're just like your ma and your aunt, ain't you?"

Jake paled at this. "All the same," he said bitterly, "She don't look well to me. She looks . . . sick."

McClure remained silent until they had emptied the last of the load in the overflow bin, but as he turned the horses around he said:

"This wind does beat anything I ever seen. I never knew her to blow so long or so steady—not so late in the year. You kin feel her when she hits your chest, can't you?"

They were standing on the bottom of the wagon, bumping along the hard road, with the breeze full in their faces. Not only could they feel it through their thick clothing, but it came so full and so even that it curled the brims of their hats with scarcely a tremor.

As the wagon passed the house Jake caught a glimpse of his Aunt

Clara. She was at the kitchen window, her face pressed against the pane. His discovery of her was so sudden and her expression was so strange that he almost jumped.

Before they entered the north road he looked back again. He could no longer distinguish her, but saw the house in perspective, a little square box house on the open plain, across which the wind blew in one even, endless breath. The house seemed so tiny and the airy plain so vast that it made him shiver.

When they entered the cornfield they met Jake's two older brothers coming in with a second load.

"You guys are slow," Jake said manfully. "Wait and see what we do this time. Ain't I right Uncle Will?"

Uncle Will did not answer, and he began to work in silence, but soon made Jake regret his words. It was just like McClure to do such a thing. He husked so fast and kept the wagon so far ahead that, in spite of his humiliation, the boy was forced to beg for a rest.

McClure laughed at his discomfiture, then a sad, morose look came over his trampish face, and he approached into the shelter of the wagon to talk.

"You ain't exactly made for farming are you kid?" he asked in a solicitous tone. "Well, don't you get mad about that. You're a lot better off. There's nothing in this here life, not even for me. Wouldn't I quit if I had the chance? If I could sell the place for a decent price . . . boy, do you think I wouldn't clear out of here?"

"Quit farming?"

Uncle Will spat out a large stream of tobacco juice and wiped his stubbled chin on the sleeve of his blouse. "Well, it's your aunt I'm thinking of," he said confidentially. "It's about time she has a rest. I've been thinking for more than a year now I'd like to buy a house in town. A house with a porch on it and a rocking chair, so she could rock herself to her heart's content, by God."

"You too Uncle Will?" Jake asked evasively. "You want to be one of these 'tired' farmers?"

McClure laughed deprecatingly. "Your aunt ain't had a bed of roses, and I know it. She ain't had the looking after your ma has had, now has she? And she's feeble, just like your ma."

Jake thought he heard on the wind the sound of the other team approaching, and climbed up on the wagon to see.

"Cripes," he exclaimed. "Here they come back and we ain't half done yet."

"Don't you worry about that," Uncle Will said, and started out so fast that Jake was soon puffing once more. But their load was ready by the time the other wagon arrived.

"What a wind," called Thor, Jake's oldest brother. "It's a wonder it don't blow the roof off that so-called barn of yours. It started your windmill going."

McClure straightened up. "My windmill was going again?"

"Yes," Thor said. "The wind must have started it. It wasn't hitched up or anything. Don't worry, I turned it off."

McClure turned to Jake with such a savage look on his face that the boy trembled.

"There's no need your coming in," he called down from the wagon seat, but Jake paid no attention to him. He put his foot on the hub, and climbed up the wagon without a word.

They rode in silence, the horses walking slowly with the heavy load. The creaking of the wagon, the stirring of the wind, the harsh breathing of his uncle, made Jake's knees shake. He looked straight ahead, carefully avoiding a glance at McClure, thoroughly frightened. And all the time he kept repeating to himself: "You ain't going to hurt her are you Uncle Will? Because if you hurt her, by God—" And his heart seemed to float away as he tried to think of what in that event he would do.

The sun was lowering, but the wind had not diminished. It came steady, unending, across the fields of pale yellow, high up across the sky of thin blue. When they turned in from the north road Jake saw the little box house again, sitting on its bare lawn, with its pear trees, its mail box, and lonely staring windows. And rising behind it, like a symbol against the plains, stood the steel windmill.

Uncle Will swore. The windmill was going again.

"By Christ!" he yelled, his voice almost a whine. "By Jesus Christ! She wants to give the wind something to do, does she? I'll give her something to do. Oh! I'll give her something."

He beat the horses with the ends of the reins, cursing them the while, until they developed a fast walk. For the rest of the way in he was so furious that he seemed on the point of bursting into tears. Jake held tightly to the wagon seat beneath him, trying not to stir, his face blanched, his lips pressed together in desperation. Something terrible was going to happen, something in which he was going to have a part.

They caught sight of Clara the moment they turned in at the gate, and both were stunned by what



G.T. Hartmann 1887

*George Hartmann*

they saw. She had turned on the mill, attached the pump, and hitched on the pipe which led to the watering tank. The tank was overflowing, her dress was dark with water, her hair scattered in the wind. But this is what held them transfixed: she was dipping a chicken again and again in the tank, as if commanding it to drink up the overflow. The hen cackled forlornly, all the other chickens were cackling, and Clara was chattering.

McClure threw the reins to Jake and ran over to her. When he arrived he stood stock still staring. Then he took the chicken out of her arms and sent it scurrying, turned off the mill, detached the pump, and came back to Clara. He seemed to be talking to her, but she paid not the slightest attention.

"Jake," he called. "Jake! Come here boy."

Jake wrapped the reins around the wagon post and slid to the ground. He ran over and stood in front of Aunt Clara. She did not recognize him—she did not recognize anything. Her eyes roved everywhere with a kind of slipping motion, seeming never to catch on.

It was strange to feel her presence, to look at her, and yet to talk as if she were not there.

Uncle Will's voice had become plaintive and confidential once

more, as it had been when he spoke of Clara at the field.

"Do you think you kin unload this one yourself boy? Just dump her on the center of the pile, that's all. And when they come in tell Thor I ast him to come in the house. Tell him . . . your aunt is sick."

Aunt Clara was there, so near that he could touch her, the same Aunt Clara he had always known; but she was as ignorant of him as if she were walking in her sleep.

"Sure I'll unload," he said. "I'll do anything you want Uncle Will. I'll do the chores tonight, shall I?"

Uncle Will nodded and led Clara toward the house. The wind stirred her wet skirts, it played freely with her hair, and as her head moved from side to side Jake saw the soft, nerveless pallor of her cheeks.

He watched until they had disappeared in the kitchen, then quick tears filled his eyes. He ran back to the wagon and led the horses up to the bin and tried to unload, but his emotions were too confused and too strong, and he began to beat the ground with the flat bottom of his shovel.

His brothers found him half an hour later, the wagon untouched, lying on the corn pile, crying.

"What's the matter kid? What's eating you?" Thor asked in his big-brother voice, taking him by the arm and turning him face up.

## OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND!

By RAYMOND FULLER

November London at noon was a chiaroscuro to enrapture the wraith of Rembrandt or the ghost of Whistler. "The City," London's Wall Street District, was to Trafalgar Square as rotogravure is to sepia: back-ground, foreground, height, depth—there were no lights and shadows—only shadows. Threadneedle Street belied its name—for you couldn't there—and lost itself past the Bank like an aisle in twilight Karnak. I paced the flags in front of Royal Exchange, waiting for a friend who was to "show" me London.

"Ex-cuse me, sir . . . might I ask . . . not intending to be inquisitive, sir, but you're from the Stites, arn't you?"

"Right."  
"I observed you wy'tin' 'n thinks I, 'ere's a chawnce t'arsk the gen'lman a question. D'ye mind?"

"No. Go ahead."  
"Ye see, I've been to the Stites meself. Went over to Canerda w'en I was sixteen . . . Know where Detroit is?"

"Rather."  
"Landed in Montreal. In Mon-

treal they 'ires me out—one o' them labor agencies does, to a farmer in Wawchetaw—"

"Wawchetaw?"  
"Acrosst from Detroit in Canerda. I stuck it for a matter of a month, then got proper fed up with it. Too blarsted 'ard fer a lad. An' I jumped over to Detroit . . . Remember that Belmore Avenue tramline extension? (No!) I 'elped lie the roadbed fer that, I did. Afterward I got into Ford's plant—they make hautos there, ye know. Then the dashed War cime on 'n I cime over in '14.—"

"What was it you wanted to ask me?"  
"Ah yes. Well, ye sigh workin' arn't no good 'ere. I want to get back to the Stites—if I can get a sityvation. Me 'n the chief's just 'ad a discussion, n' I said as how a chap 'd 'ave ta 'ave work witin' there to get a passport to leave England—"

"If you came in under the quota and had \$50 in your pocket."

"Fifty dollars! That'd be a matter of ten poun's.—Blime me, ten poun's!"

"What kind of work are you at now?"

"Helectrician's elper. Witin' fer 'im now ta come back from noon hour. 'E picks me up 'ere the whiles we're workin' be'ind 'Change . . . I sigh, could you give a chap some likely farmer's nime in the Stites, anyone I could write to? Mibe I could get some manner o' farm work if I hinqired a bit."

I concluded by now that I was not being panhandled. "What pay are you getting?"



Drawing by Dorothy Owens

"Nothink to speak on. Hits blinkin' 'ard to get work in Lunnon. I cawn't get only 45 shillink a week . . . Ten poun's ya said, just now, in a chap's pocket. Love me! Arn't I been tryin' ta get meself a pair o' winter boots these two months, a pair o' heavy boots wot now costs two poun' four. Cawn't get enough a'ead to do it. Ten poun's—not likely!"

Without meaning to, we both glanced down at my \$15 American "boots."

What could he do on a farm?—Milk, plow, care for horses, handle a "haxe,"—he seemed well broken in to farm work. I jotted several addresses down, wondering if he would ever write.

"Come erlong, Bill!" The "chief" had vanquished his beer-and-beef. A coil of insulated wire wreathed his shoulder. He handed Bill a box of bulbs. "Mind yerself with them globes, mite!" And he started on.

"Thanks, mister, thanks very much. . . . See you in the Stites someday." And Bill with his bulbs crossed the street, and sepia noon took him for her own.

\* \* \*

Outside, the Tower clocks changed two. We stood agape before the Crown Jewels, Coronets, maces, orbs, scepters, diadems, orders, insignia—and on down to sacred saltcellars! The petty make-

believe of all that useless magnificence was already casting its glittering spell over us; almost were we persuaded that here indeed were the habiliments of real Glory.

"Rank, office, title, wealth, and all the solemn plausibilities of the world" lay symbolized before me. Caesar's Eagles and S.P.Q.R. were here replaced by 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' Above this priceless hoard hovered the wings of "power, pre-eminence, and all the large effects that troop with majesty" as Lear put it. Yet, I couldn't get Bill's boots—two poun's four—out of my head: pre-war prices doubled. I shaded my eyes again at the Koh-i-nor and the Cullinan Diamond; blinked again at Victoria's coronation diadem possession of which unaided would proclaim anyone regent over half the earth. . . . Three months trying to get enough ahead for a pair of boots—a soldier of Ypres and the Somme! England had invaded every land on the footstool, yet her own slums were fortresses she had never dared to breach. Did she never darken her workingman's door except to bring him musket and uniform? "By Grace of God, Defender of The Faith" boasted fifty medals before me. —*What faith?*

A terrific explosion! And its reverberation slapped as viciously back from a hundred nearby walls. Another deafening detonation! Ah . . . the Tower guns were speaking! And why? I rushed excitedly to a window.

"Queen Mother Alexandria's birthday, sir," volunteered one of the red-and-gold-frocked 'beef-eaters' beside me. He added impressively: "They fires sixty-two shots fer a royal birthday—the largest number as is fired fer hany occasion, sir."

"Sixty-two!"  
He glanced around, then at the cuffs of my New York trousers. "Six ud do as bloody well" was the astounding *lese majeste*. This from one of the befeater clan which had policed the Tower for generations! Surely something had changed.

"Does seem as—" The guns were thundering on—one could scarcely hear a word.

"Oh, a course, sir, it do give work fer some men somewhere, Hi suppose, to burn all that powder."  
"What d'you suppose each shot costs?" I Americanized.

"Not so much—wear-an-tear an' a matter o' two poun' four, H'im told, sir."

### DON'T DELAY!

Buy you tickets now for the Scott Nearing-Norman Thomas debate. The subject: Communism vs. Socialism in America. The date: March 30th, at 8:15 p. m. The place: Community Church, Park Avenue at 84th Street.



*Drawing by Dorothy Owens*

# POEMS—BY HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

## NOVEMBER

November came upon him like a smoke over the hills.  
 The purple asters stood above the tangled grass;  
 Slow apples fell  
 And all the valley farm waited the first snow.  
 A gentle strictness in the quiet air  
 Muffled the barnyard voices to a slumberous tone.  
 Hens ruffed themselves.  
 The housecat was a shadow in the grass.  
 And now the farmer harnessed the staid mare.  
 His fingers tingled with the touch of frost  
 That struck from buckles and the clinking chains.  
 The blue farm wagon rattled through a gate  
 Into the upper meadows  
 Till the bedded stones and the earth-clinging juniper  
 Joined the dwarfed cedars and the stunted pines  
 That topped the hill.  
 The axe haft warmed itself along his palm.  
 The bright bit glittered in a swinging arc.  
 The curving branches toppled like green waves  
 And broke with little whisperings of wind.  
 The morning hill was flooded with the scent  
 Of the sweet, bitter, resinous broken boughs.  
 A little further gleamed the cleanly birch.  
 The grey squirrel shook the branches in her flight;  
 The crow spoke warning  
 And the bite of steel took hold upon the whiteness of the wood.  
 Sweet, gleaming chips fell in the crisping ferns,  
 And there was whiteness bending, pausing, falling.  
 The grey squirrel glittered through the brake  
 With harvest in her mouth for secret store  
 Against the eddy and white wash of snow. . . .  
 Downward the staid mare stumbled half asleep.  
 The rocky meadow swallowed up the sound of weighted axles.  
 November came upon him like a smoke over the hills.  
 Frost grew along the wood pile  
 When the sun had gone only a little way behind the hill.  
 The barnyard voices slumbered into night  
 And all the valley waited for the snow.

## THE ASCENT

Our trail leads upwards between canyon walls.  
 Light falls upon our faces in a shaft  
 That leans from the snow pass.  
 The horses breathe and blow;  
 Lunge upwards mightily against morning.  
 Smoke of their nostrils fumes  
 And stands behind them when they pass.  
 Bear-grass and laurel in the ground mists  
 Hold, on leaf and stem  
 Grey water. . . .  
 Downwards strict vapors weigh upon the world  
 Brimming the dizzy precipice with sleep.  
 Above, along the slide-rock  
 Stunted pines hold silence up.  
 Firm water burns on needle and cone  
 Cobalt and amber in the thrust of day.  
 . . . . .  
 Our eyes are eagles above the snow peaks. . . .  
 Somewhere beyond the ice rims  
 The earth's edge, buckling, stirs an avalanche—  
 Dim sterterous slumber here;  
 Shadowy worlds that crumble into sleep. . . .  
 The grains of silence murmuring in a shell.

## OLD MEN

We are old and wise.  
 The feet of sparrows  
 Cling to a limb  
 In a bent wind's progress.  
  
 The sea that strikes with a great plam  
 Landward;  
 The lifted line of a high plateau;  
 Fire on the shins  
 Of a man in a cabin,  
 These are the limbs  
 For clinging to. . . .  
 We are old;  
 We are wise as the sparrow's claw.

## REALITY

Not for alien fulfillment—  
 Serviceable cattle fodder—  
 The long grass withers into a dry sound.  
 Man's thewed body:  
 The ripple and bend of muscles  
 Under white skin,  
 The bright torso's turning,  
 Is for no glory but its own shining.  
 The light behind faces;  
 The fiction, purity,  
 Illuminates no darkness but its own.  
 Song is its own conclusion:  
 The voice of water upon water,  
 The echo returned on itself  
 From the alien walls.  
 Why have we broken god in vanity?  
 Cool April grass in quiet anarchy  
 Compasses a green reality;  
 White stems of August  
 Whisper the thin dry whisper of themselves.

## MATED

She was his little bird in the chair beside him—  
 Her side sleek feathered, silken and compliant.  
 But her eyes were quick and her throat beat riot.  
 The beak of an eagle, bitter, defiant,  
 Headed the ship of her mind  
 That sailed circling his rocks in the shallow harbor. . . .  
  
 He leaned in his armchair.  
 Carpet slippers eased his feet; eased his mind.  
  
 She heard the wind through a broken pine  
 Batter the rocks of a lonely aerie . . . .  
  
 His flesh was warm and his voice was kind:  
 "And shall we go to the movies, dearie?"

# HE SHALL LEAD THEM

By JOSEPH VOGEL

## GENOA

"LET'S go in here and buy some prunes."

"I'd rather have an apple."

"Prunes are better for constipation," says Wassen. "Eighteen days of spaghetti twice a day would stuff even a mule. Damn that Italian ship!"

"I'll buy that large apple there," I say. "It helps me more than prunes." And we enter.

"*Quanto costare?*" We point, he at a box of prunes, I at a basket of apples. The Italian utters a ridiculously high price. He must think we want the whole box of prunes and the entire basket of apples. "No, no, hell no. *Poco, poco, mezo kilo, una lire.*" Christ, we're helpless with this Italian language.

"We'd better start back to the port," Wassen mumbles as he stuffs his mouth with prunes. "The ship's going to change its position tonight. It's bad enough sleeping on the hatch; but a bench in the city is worse."

Women stop us on the way. They place arms on ours. First they address us in Italian, and when we profess ignorance of the language they speak in French. "*Vous voulez venir avec moi un moment, non?*" Ghostly smiles.

"Not now dearie. *Nous avons fini, il n'y a qu'une heure.* Not tonight," and we disentangle ourselves and pass on. The same performance and words under nearly every street lamp until we step upon the dark pier. We stumble past high black coal heaps, leap over holes, carefully grope our way along the water edge. Wassen loses patience and swears bitterly. "That bastard Mussolini is saving on electric light so he can buy more mules for his army."

"The hell you say," I exclaim, and stop.

"What ye stopping for?" he yells back after he has walked a distance and realized that no footsteps are following him.

"Sweet Virgin Mary! I never thought of that."

"Thought of what? Say, where the hell are you?"

"Why, I never once thought that the mules we brought over were for Mussolini's army."

"You're not the only dumb fool in this country. You've got piles of company. PILES! Christ, start walking, will you? I'm beginning to cherish that hatch more and more as a bed."

When we finally reach our ship's location—there is no ship.

"The ship's gone. Damn that ship!" bellows Wassen, and he scratches his head.

We start back to the city.

\* \* \*

We find a small park with several benches near the docks. I stretch out on one and make ready for a sound nap. Wassen is staring at me in a curious manner. "What are you doing?" he asks.

"Blessed saints, do you think I'm praying?"

"You'll pray in jail if you sleep that way," he informs me. Wassen has been in Genoa twice before and must therefore know what he's talking about, so I don't damn him at once. "What d'ye mean?" I say, but without moving.

"Sleeping in parks isn't allowed here. You'll be asked for identification papers if you do, and most likely even if you don't. Every Italian has an identification card, and if he's caught without one . . . a suitable explanation or to jail he goes. Mussolini means business."

"All right; then I'll go to jail. I'd like to see what the inside of one looks like," and I start to

snooze off. Wassen starts quietly roaring with twisted laughter. "Oh, oh," he laughs in pain, "a jail filled with garlic smelling dagos and lice as big as your teeth, Oh, God he wants to sleep in an Italian jail!"

I sit up at once. This time I damn him with religious fervor. But I keep sitting and trying to sleep that way.

\* \* \*

I suddenly awake. A heavy hand is tapping my shoulder. When my eyes come to, I see a soldier bending over me. Wassen has already been awakened by another soldier. Italian words pour from their mouths. Good thing we can't understand. I shake my shoulders. "No copisco, sorry." They persist, and I can't help understanding that they want to see our papers.

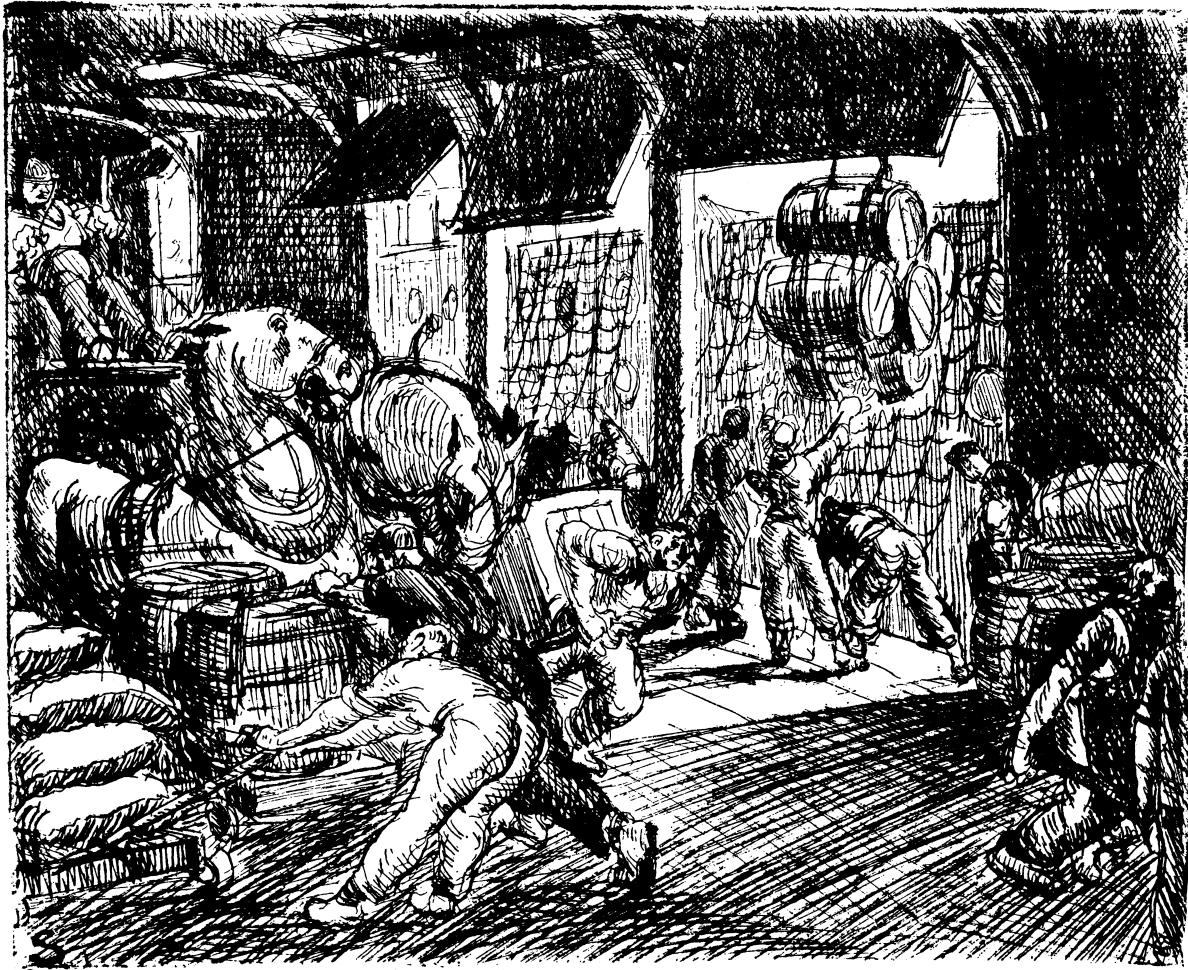
"*Peut-etre vous parlez francais,*" I ask, and then feel like kicking myself. These Italians see murder when you mention the French. If this guy thinks I'm a Frenchman he'll stick a knife into me in the name of God and Mussolini. One sol-

dier says he speaks the language, in a fashion. So I make explanations. "Just landed in Genoa this afternoon and the police took our seaman's papers at once. We're all right, sure as hell. Yeh, we're excellent fellows . . . just brought mules over for Italy's army. Not so bad, eh you old soldier? Now you'll be able to lick hell out of the French. Ha! ha!" I remember that on the Italian merchant ship, the *Lucia*, which brought us across the first mate said that if he had an only son, he would send him to fight against the French in case Mussolini declared war. The third mate had damned the French. "They take all the credit for winning the World War. I'll enlist tomorrow if war is declared, and I hope it is. We'd show them!" The captain of the *Lucia* had smiled in an ugly manner on one occasion when I mentioned the French to him. And only that afternoon in Genoa, when I addressed a young girl in French to inquire directions a frown crossed her face and she asked, "You, a Frenchman?" When I told her no, her features relaxed and she



From a Etching by Harry Sternberg

PIER 53, NORTH RIVER



*From an Etching by Harry Sternberg*

## **PIER 53, NORTH RIVER**



## PORTRAIT

Drawing by Andree Ruellan

spat out, "Glad to hear you're not one of that dirty race."

The soldiers are finally satisfied that we are not dangerous characters, so they make ready to leave after telling us to move on. But Wassen stops them. He has discovered that the soldier who awakened him speaks German, so he quizzes him. "What pay do you receive? How come that conditions for the workingman are still so terrible here, that he has to work all week for the price of a pair of socks, and considers himself lucky if he can find work at that? Do any women here work at all, be-

cause old and young sell their bodies by night and day on the streets at low prices."

The soldier's face turns heavy. He is a small man, and despite the hot Italian sun his face is pale. His cheeks are sunken and his body frail. He sighs, shakes his shoulders hopelessly, turns his pockets inside out. They are empty; not even tobacco in them. His life is bitter, he says. He is paid miserably and not even furnished with bad wine. Ah, if he were only out of this cesspool and in America!

"But Mussolini?" asks Wassen. "What's he doing to help the

working class? Is he doing anything except prepare for war and stuff Italians with propaganda in its favor?"

At the mention of Mussolini, the soldiers' faces light up, actually become radiant. "Oh, Mussolini is a great wonderful man. He has done wonders for Italy. He will lead the people to a splendid future. Italy will become the greatest and richest nation under his leadership."

## TRIESTE

We have been in Trieste three days now, transferred to the *Mar-*

*tha Washington* and held prisoners on board the ship. The Consulich Company has contracted to care for us until we are returned, and in order not to take any chances of our getting drunk in the city and causing them trouble and perhaps expense, they have placed armed guards over six of us. The first day three of us tried to fight our way off the ship, but force was used against us, potentially armed force, and we were compelled to return. Wassen, with one of his bitter smiles, suggested that we shout to the two American destroyers—in port to prevent trouble that might arise over the Sacco-Vanzetti case, so a drunken American sailor confided to us one evening. Finally, on the third morning, a friend appealed to the American consul for us, and in the afternoon our guards miraculously disappeared.

Misery, wretchedness of the working class in Italy, holy Popish poverty in the name of the most merciful God. Whenever we landed in an Italian port, men with burlap wrapped around their feet, with torn and sparse clothing came by to beg the sailors for a morsel of food. The barber who came on board the *Lucia* in Genoa—he had once lived in Brooklyn and spoke broken English—deplored and lamented working and living conditions in Italy. "Worst country there is to live in. Strikes are illegal. I have to work and save a whole month to buy a pair of shoes. Hundreds of thousands out of work."

Prostitutes, unemployed, beggars, pimps, galore! "Oh, if we could only go to America! But they won't give us passports."

"What about this Mussolini of yours? What has he done for you, and what will he do?"

At the mention of this man's name, a strange transfiguration. Men and women who only a moment ago wept at their condition and the state of their beloved Italy, appear to undergo a marvelous incomprehensible metamorphosis. Forgotten their plight, unthought of other means, economic-political means of bringing about better conditions . . . common sense evaporates. Like religious fanatics their eyes glow, a tint of red flows into their wan cheeks, weak spines straighten, sunken bellies fill with air: "Oh, Mussolini, our only hope! He is a wonderful man. Everything is excellent now in Italy compared to what it was before he stepped into power. He has accomplished marvels for us. He will lead us to glory."

Yes, Mussolini shall lead them, his flock of dumb sheep!



# THEY ALSO DANCE

By ROBERT WOLF

THE Dom Gerzena is to Moscow what Sam's and Lee's are to the Village, and what the Cafe du Dome is to Paris. It was named after Alexander Herzen, the friend of Hegel—h becomes g in Russian transliteration, and H. G. Wells becomes Gerbert Wells.

The Dom Gerzena is at 23 Tverskoi Boulevard, in a yard well back from the street—I always associate it with the blue-black Moscow nights, and the snow in the park between the double roadways of the boulevard. The building is "owned" (rented, of course), by VAPP (The All-Union Association of Proletarian Writers), and its two upper stories are filled with offices of the different subsections of Vapp. I had to go to one of them when I registered my kino scenario, and am now the proud possessor of a card in the Moscow Association of Dramatic Writers and Composers, which entitles me, when I return to Moscow, to belong to Vapp.

That is another story—the little red card of the Writers' Union (open to foreigners and Soviet citizens alike), the privileges it conveys (like all other trade union cards) of summer vacations in the country, the right to join the co-operative and thereby in more or less time (rather more than less in the case of the Writers' Union) to acquire a new apartment on the outskirts with four rooms, kitchen, and bath, for seven dollars a month. I took Sunday dinner in one such co-operatively built apartment (the banks supply the capital)—in Brooklyn or the Bronx its rent would be ten times as much.

But to return to the Dom Gerzena. Its upper floors are filled with offices of writers' associations and magazines — Lef, where Treichakov—big and debonair and well-dressed, does most of the work, and Mayakovsky, at least as big if not so debonair, still gets most of the credit (as sometimes happens in other countries — in Russia they call this "individualism") — Proletcult, and finally a new magazine whose name I do not yet know, for fiction, poetry, and criticism by foreign left-wing writers, of which Joe Freeman, I believe without his knowledge, has been made American editor. . . . And make no mistake about it, children, this magazine is not to be run on the slippery financial basis of the NEW MASSES—it will pay for contributions, and pay exceedingly well.

But all this is not why I associate the Dom Gerzena with blue-black Moscow nights. Downstairs, in three large rooms, filling the whole of the basement, is the Writers' Union cafe. Meal hours in Moscow are very different from in America—you eat breakfast (tea, bread, and eggs if you want them) when you get up, you arrive at your office by nine, or if you are late, before half-past nine. Then you work straight through (with tea at eleven at your desk) until half-past three when you are finished. It is a much more efficient work-day than the American office-worker's day—and you never need wonder what time your man goes out to lunch. Sometime between half-past three and five you eat the second and largest meal of the day—then, unless you are a Party member, you are free to amuse yourself. If you are a Party member you have clubs,

classes, trade union meetings, nucleus meetings, on all but one or two nights a week.

Theatres open at eight, and at about eleven the cafes and beer halls commence to fill up. You can eat supper in the Dom Gerzena, from four-thirty to nine. It is a good meal but rather expensive by Moscow standards—it may cost from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Most of the crowd arrives after eleven, and by midnight the place is full of people dining, dancing, and drinking.

People drink in Moscow—especially artists, writers, and actors—almost as much as in prohibition New York. But they drink much better liquor. They also dance, in spite of counter-revolutionary rumors to the contrary, and in the Dom Gerzena chiefly American dances. *Hallelujah* was the most popular dance tune this winter when I was there. They fox-trot

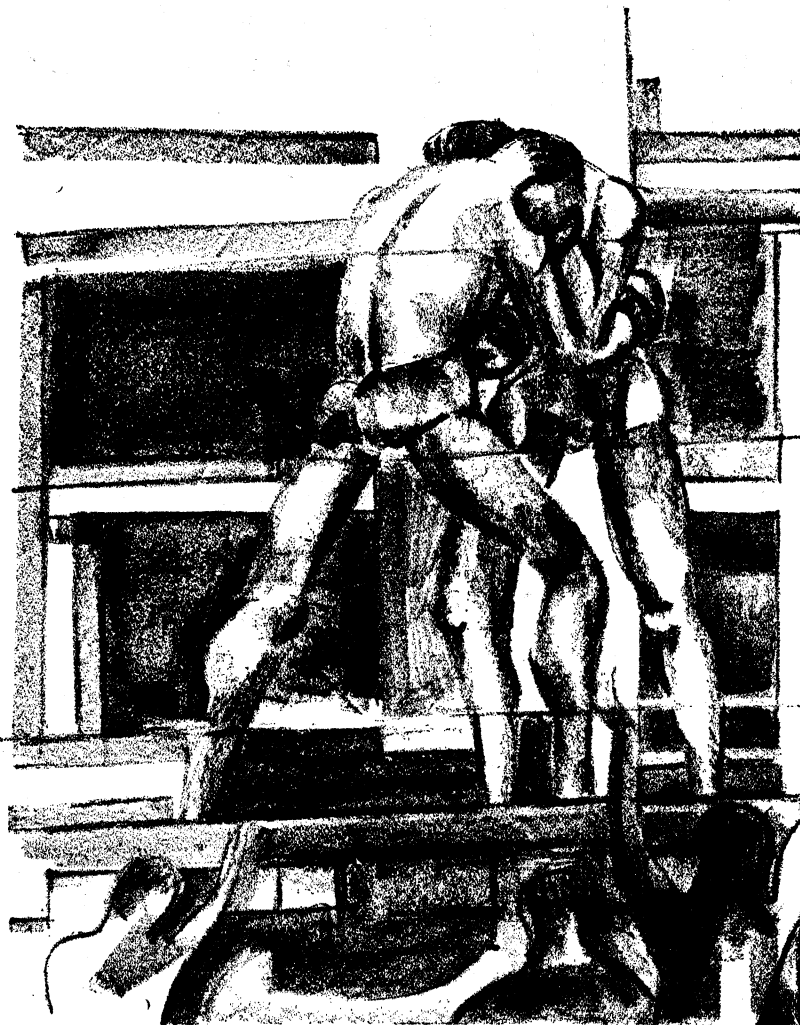
and Charleston rather more vigorously and jerkily than we do—influence of their own peasant dances—an American dancer in Moscow is considered rather dead. Every once in a while the girl who plays the piano breaks out of jazz and into Russian peasant music—Peter, I forget his last name, from the Bolshoi Theatre, or Ludmila, from the Mejrabpom studios, threads in and out in the intricate, charming, acrobatic and not in the least sensual steps of the Russian country dance.

Across the room is perhaps Dinamov, editor of the Anglo-American section of Gosisdats, the State Publishing Trust, and leading authority in the Party on Anglo-American literature — at another table five Hungarian poets, good-looking boys, all of them, considerably better off here than with their necks in Horthy's noose. Next table, with his wife, Kashkin, a young red-headed poet, who edits *Nash Put* (*Our Way*) a magazine printed in English, for the teaching of English to Russians, who reprints Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, and has a news-stand and subscription circulation of seven thousand a month. And painters, and movie actresses (the Mary Pickford of Russia, who—being a member of the Party — draws a salary of one hundred and twelve dollars a month)—and historians, and biology professors, and writers, writers, poets, novelists, critics, dramatists, and one or two laughing and excited foreign spectators like me. And finally, Pava, the life of the place—Pava, composer of Comsol songs, perhaps the most popular girl in Moscow, black-haired, square-set, straightforward, an amazingly good fellow, perhaps a bit of a Puritan, who supports her child, her sister, her mother, her father, and herself, on her earnings banging the piano here and at a movie in the afternoon.

She sits for one minute — not more—at our table where I am talking about her to a Chinese Kuomintang delegate, and a little brown poet from Morocco.

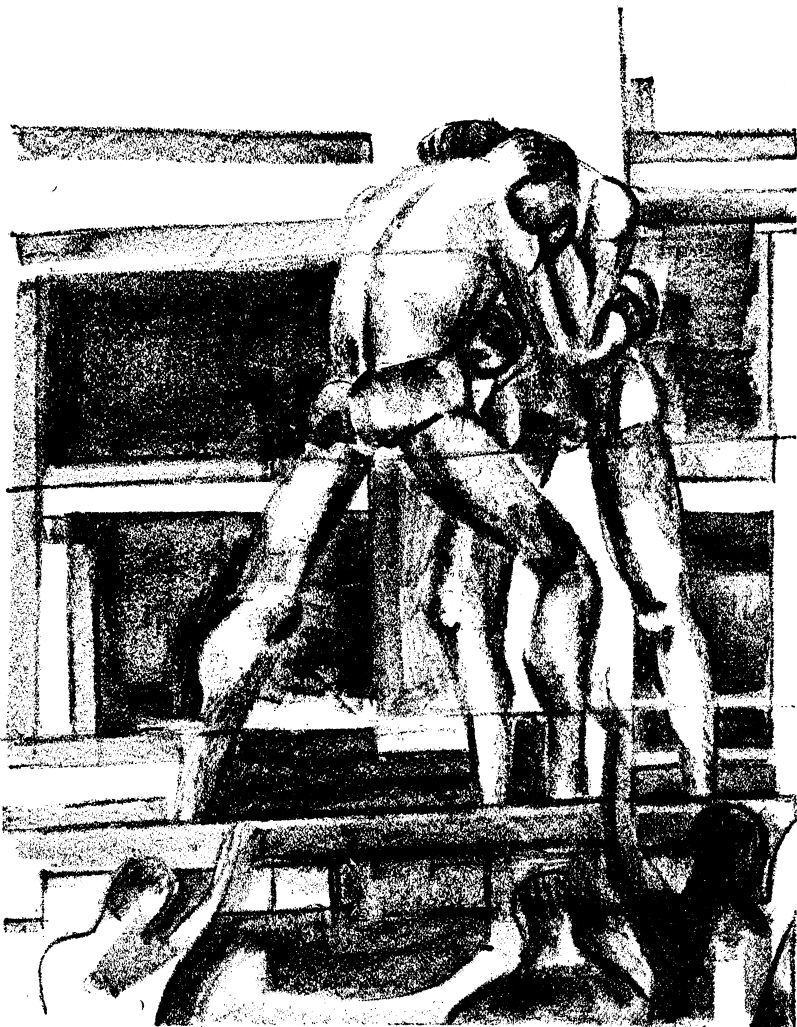
"Was it five years or four, Pava," I say, "that you were a soldier in the Red Army?"

"Four," says Pava. She pours herself a glass of thick, syrupy Russian white wine from our bottle, and bounces up to crash the piano again.



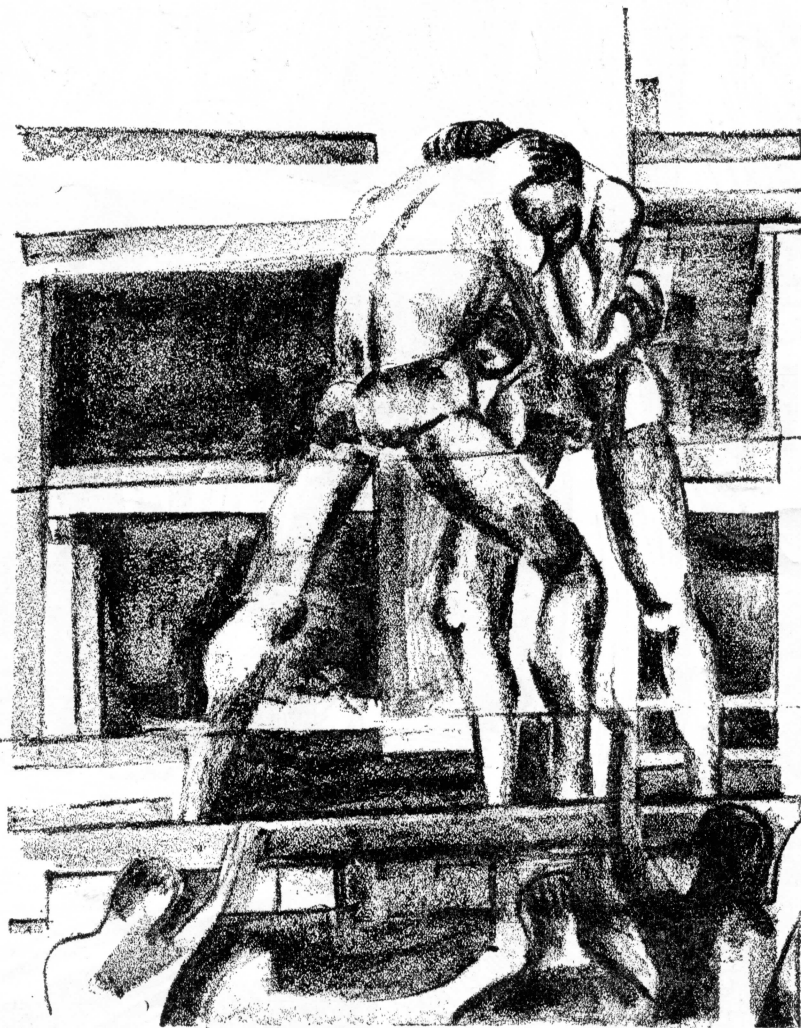
Drawing by Heinrich Grosse

PRIZE FIGHT



*Drawing by Heinrich Grosse*

**PRIZE FIGHT**



*Drawing by Heinrich Grosse*

**PRIZE FIGHT**



*Drawing by Wanda Gag*

**BACK PORCH STUDIO**

## ROAD CAMP

By WALTER F. BARBER

WE clattered through Nevada in a box car the middle part of November. It was cold. The kind of cold when there's no snow on the ground and the streets are hard as granite and blown as smooth. From the hills to westward came gusts of fine red sand which trickled through the cracks, filled our eyes and throats and gritted in our teeth when we clamped them down. A red sun, glaring impotently through a dirty haze like a rheumy-eyed drunk, afforded no warmth. We rode right in to the depot at Caliente. There was no one about, not even a watchman. A flat-sided structure, unpainted, with SALOON spread across the face of it in crumbling letters held promise of heat and we hit for it.

Rose was setting 'em up. I was just a kid and didn't know what Rose was. She looked to me like a big full-faced Russian, swarthy and bold as hell but big-hearted. She was painted up a bit but for all I knew she may have been a waitress in the Depot Cafe having her time off. She was setting 'em up though and nobody was turning her down. Whiskey and soda. More soda than whiskey to keep the stuff from burning the lining out of your gullet. I took mine in a stiff claw and washed the sand down with it. It hit my stomach and started to circulate. Then I had another.

There was a poker game going on. Eight or nine sober faces around a green-topped table. I stood behind one of the faces and watched the others. I could have charcoaled a face on the slick pate of the one I was behind. It would have been a funny face. Sick looking with a mouth that drooped at the corners. And lips . . . I would have needed a piece of purple crayon to put the lips in. I grinned at my own thoughts but the faces paid no attention to me. They didn't even move their lips, not even their eyebrows. They were playing chance with the money they had slaved for up in a road camp. They would play all night and part of the next day. Then one of them would lose nerve and try to plug one of the others. That would break the game and they would have to quit playing and start drinking.

Over at the next table there was a strange face all alone. This one was sober too, more sober than the poker faces. It wasn't looking at anything, just peering. Its eyes were senseless and vacant. The face was dead, the color of an unburied corpse. I looked to see if

it was propped up from the rear. I thought it was a dummy until it grunted and started to mumble. And then it smiled, smiled sweetly as hell and kind of gazed at something a million miles away. It twitched and a scrawny hand shot up and fed it another sniff. It was the first time I had seen "snow" and I got kind of excited.

Rose was going. Everybody gathered round for the last set-up. I leaned against the bar and drank mine slow. Afraid I'd choke if I drank it fast. Rose came up and looked at me, looked at me hard and nudged me in the stomach. Her eyes were frank and cold and I cringed a little. I was pretty young and hadn't learned how to look women in the eye. She called me a kid and told me to come up to the house and see the girls. Then she nudged me again and laughed and pulled a wad of bills out of her stocking to pay for the drinks. The barkeep wouldn't take her money, said the drinks were on the house. She laughed again and went out bidding the boys a breezy good-night and telling them she would see them up at the house. Then I noticed she had a big dog on a leash. And after she had gone I remembered the quality of her voice. The barkeep said she was going down to the express office to send a bunch of jack home to her old lady in Saint Paul.

I was dizzy. I sat down on a bench and watched a couple of hands from the road camp play pool. One of them was an ape, a bullet-headed ape with a fringe of the blackest hair I ever saw around a sunburned pate. He had hands like a blacksmith and when he gripped his cue I watched for it to crack. He didn't talk much, maybe because the lump of tobacco in his mouth kept him from getting many words out. Steady with his cue and grim, like he was playing a game for big stakes. The pool balls began to propagate, one would divide and make two, then four. They would race around the table chasing each other and I knew I was pretty well gone on Rose's liquor. I was going to go out and get rid of it but the ape came over and looked at me. He said, "Hello, Abe Lincoln," and I blinked. I had a border of dusky fuzz around my chin and jaws and my face was kind of gaunt. Maybe I did look like Abe Lincoln. I guess I was as homely but not so honest. Anyway the ape put one of his blacksmith's hands on my shoulder and damn near crushed it. He let go of the lump of tobacco and started to talk. He shot questions at me.

Some of them I answered thickly but I was still clear-headed enough to keep from telling him too much. He said they needed a flunky for the cook outfit at one of the camps and I could go along with him because he was the boss and would give me the job. I looked around for the rest of the boys but couldn't spot them, so I went with him. The word "food" sounded good.

It was cold going up to the camp, even colder than in the town. The impotent sun had gone down and left a dull red blaze plastered on the western sky. We were going up a canyon, following a small stream where at intervals we could hear cattle splashing and oozing in gluey mud. The ape was on the seat of the wagon with the other man trying to keep the mules keyed up to an incessant jog-trot. My ears heard three things distinctly, the monotonous beat of mule feet on frozen road, the gruff mumbling of the men in conversation and the chattering of my own teeth. The chattering of teeth being nearest sounded loudest and somehow added to the chill. My mind, not yet cleared of the effects of Rose's liquor, reacted grotesquely and began to make tunes of the noises at hand. I found myself counting the rhythm and trying to arrange the beats. One two, one two, one two. But soon I grew tired of this and in an effort to keep me occupied my brain unrolled a thousand thoughts. Thoughts of home. Why had I left. . . .

We arrived at the camp soon after midnight. It was situated in what had once been a meadow near a stream, from which muddy water was pumped by hand to supply men, mules and dish pans. There were ten or twelve pyramid-shaped tents scattered about in flat places and in the center a long square structure, half boards and half canvas, which was the kitchen and dining room. From the tents came the heavy snoring of men which mingled with the grunting of the mules in a corral reared too closely to the cook house. These were not my thoughts when I climbed stiffly down from the wagon because I was so tired and cold that I would have gladly slept with mules, but thoughts that came with observations made later when the dung and flies from the mule yard blew into the kitchen and stifled and blinded me. The ape helped me out of the wagon and as I had no blankets he pushed me into one of the tents and nodded toward a bunk where a big lump was blowing fiercely through clogged nostrils. When I saw the lump's face in the light of a coaloil glim my stomach revolted and I had to stagger outside and do away with what remained of Rose's whiskey, but

I crawled back and eased myself under the blankets. I fell asleep and dreamed of being planted with my boots on.

Dawn came like a shot out of a cannon. I had only had time to dream one dream and a hairy hand was mauling me in the ribs. It was the ape. He wanted me to get up. It wasn't time for the lump to get up. He was buried in the blankets, face and all, and making a hell of a lot of fuss trying to get some air into his lungs. The ape was waiting for me and looking kind of sore so I crawled out and went with him. Outside the air was frosty and a low heavy mist hung across the meadows beyond. The mules were crunching oats and a fat kid was heaving at the pump handle. He grinned at me and I didn't grin back. The ape took me into the cook shack and yelled through a door at somebody who was shaking ashes out of a stove, "Here's your flunky, Swen. Start him going." Swen didn't like me. He looked at me and grinned sardonically. He thought I was a punk I guess. But he told me to grab a cup of coffee and then shoot the dishes on to the table. I did. Swen mixed up a lot of batter for hotcakes and told me to ring the bell. The bell was an iron bar hung up on the corner of the shack. I beat it with a smaller bar and it yelled like hell. I liked the din so kept on beating it. Then Swen came up out and asked me what the hell I was trying to do. Pretty soon the ape came in and sat down at the head of the table. Then the men began to file in. Some of them hadn't washed and had sleep in their eyes. All of them were shaggy. Two or three were chewing tobacco which they got rid of outside the door. They were all morose and surly like a bunch of big dogs. All except the lump and he was grinning like a hyena. He said, "Hello punk, ya slept with me last night didn't ya?" The ape snickered and my face burned under the glare of twenty pair of newly awakened eyes. I knew what a punk was. Some boe on the road had told me about punks and I thought I ought to get sore at the lump for talking to me like that. But the ape said, "Shut up, Red, ya damn fool," and snickered again so I cooled off and went about my business. Swen came in with the hotcakes stacked up along his arm like somebody doing a trick with cards. He flinched his arm and the cakes flopped onto the table. Some of the men growled at this but most of them just grabbed a handful of cakes and slapped them on their plates. I poured coffee.

The ape's name was Dave but most of them called him Blackie. He was a hard cuss but the men

liked him. After breakfast he came up and talked to me. He said, "Well, Abe, don't be scared to eat if you can stomach this lousy grub," and then he grinned at the cook. He told me not to mind the lump. He called him Red and said he was a little nuts but a damned good feller if you treated him right. I told the ape I would treat him right but wouldn't sleep with him any more. I didn't have to sleep with him anymore because they rigged up a bunk in the cook shack and I slept there.

Mornings, after I had washed the dishes and thrown the slops into the mule yard, I would go out on the road and watch the men work. The ground was frozen hard as iron. Each man had two or three extra picks, pointed needle fine by the blacksmith. They worked to keep warm. Hacked away in what seemed a futile effort at building a slope. Some of them grumbled when the steel connected with rock and sent jabs of pain through their cold hands, but most of them joked. Red, the half-witted one, talked of women and what he could do to them. Tom and Paddy, Irishmen from nowhere, laughed at him and teased him about his professed ability. Someday, they said, all of them would go into Caliente and pay Rose a visit. Then Red would see which one could give her the best time. Red said Rose could go to hell. He liked Grace better, up in Pioche. When the camp moved up there they would have some real going. They leaned on their picks and argued. Somebody built a fire and they were gathered round it when the sound of an automobile came to them on a gust of wind. This startled them. Red grabbed his pick and began to dig. Paddy, Tom and the rest of them stamped the fire to death, kicked the ashes over the slope and fell to. The ping of cold steel on flintlike earth smothered the purr of the approaching motor. Chips flew and polished metal glinted in the sun. Dale, the contractor, rounded the curve and applied the brakes. He got out stiffly, a grim-faced fellow with white hair showing beneath the rim of his fur cap. Old hands said his hair had been brown at the beginning of the job. He was losing money. He wasn't a road builder. He would have done better building bungalows. You could tell he was worried when he spoke.

"Jesus Christ, what you muckers doing, cutting up the road like that? I want a slope, not a bunch of holes. Where the hell's Dave?"

Red spoke for the muckers: "Dunno, Mr. Dale. Down with the mule outfits I guess."

Dale said, "Jesus Christ!" climbed into his machine and drove on. Paddy said, "The bastard,

why don't he grab a pick himself?" They all leaned on their picks again and cursed the old man. They'd had enough of his god-damned driving. Leave him to build his own road and sleep in his lousy bunks, eat his rotten grub. The inspectors had condemned all of his camps and this one was the worst of the lot. Two of the men threw their picks over the slope, picked up their coats and started sullenly for camp. Tom and Paddy looked at each other, then went back to the little holes they had chipped out.

## POEMS BY MICHAEL GOLD

### A BUSY OFFICE

**Six have headache—20 girls the steno's backache—only 8 feel good—their sweeties kissed them last night—but hell—the madhouse rattles along—the typewriters bang—you'd never guess who was sick—the kids are game—**

**The Chief Clerk never knows—he struts up and down the aisle like a President—the letters get done—all's well—**

**Because the kids are game—they frisk at lunchtime—hang out of windows, eating ice cream—flirt with the clouds—they look down at 100 skyscrapers standing like Chief Clerks with pompous vests—**

**See a million whitecollar fools chase up and down Nassau street—then the harbor—a big silver thing shining—and boats leaving for Paris, France—**

**And the Statue of Liberty—she holds an ice cream cone in one hand—a big bankbook in the other—enlightening the world—no backache—a convenience for rich tourists to Paris, France—houp-la!**

### THE KID IN A BOWERY MISSION

**The bums do it for a meal—they curse as they sing the hymns—and the preacher's a fat liar—smiles like them smooth railroad dicks just before they slug you—yet the music makes you sad—you feel sad to be broke in a strange city—and you long for your mother in Little Falls, Ohio —**

**Listen, buddy—New York is the biggest city in the world—but don't come near it if you haven't money or a good job—you'll lay awake in a lousy flophouse—50 lonesome bums stinking and coughing around you—or you'll sing hymns for free soup in a mission, panhandling God in New York—where men are tough—and only your mother cares for you—and you deserted her in Ohio—**

**The skyscrapers will run you through like a chicken on a spit—and you'll hang there in the sky—naked for everyone to laugh at, Buddy—everyone with money and a job—**

### PICKET LINE

**The bosses are asleep in big beds—but their gunmen are out to kill us at \$15 a day—and the sun is up, too—pale shabby old worker, too sick to live, broken down and all in—Annie, old kid, you're freezing—so am I—**

**We march two by two past the millgates—little Annie, don't look so scared each time we pass that monkeyface gunman—hate 'em harder, Kid—it helps—hate them cops leaning on fences—pieface—foxface—meatface—and Judas—warm yourself hating 'em—**

**Let's spit at the big coffin with factory windows—spit at Lorn-order, that biggest scab of all—godamn their flowered cretonnes—we won't weave them no more, Annie—**

**Up and down the picket line, up and back—world of gunmen's bullets, of snow and ice—America of hardboiled dicks and gunmen—gee, ain't this their country though—and ain't we freezing in it, Kid—**

Dave came around the curve swinging his arms ape fashion. His face was clouded. He walked up to where the men were working and looked at them silently for a while. Then he said, "Olsen, what the hell's wrong here? The old man comes down with blood in his eyes and tells me this bunch of muckers is digging up the road bed." The bunch swung around ready to argue but they saw the grin on Dave's face. He knew how to build a road. He knew how to handle men. They liked Dave. Olson said, "We're doin' it just like you showed us, Blackie, and if the old man don't like it he can shove the whole goddamned caboodle down his throat," Dave laughed and said, "Go on you bastards, you're doing O.K." Then he walked away.

I heard Swen holler so I lit out for the cook shack. The wagon had come with supplies. A chunk of beef had fallen off the load into the dung from the mule yard and Swen was telling the driver what he thought of him. He was going good when Dale walked up. I saw the contractor and ducked but Swen went on cussing. He was saying, "The goddamned meat is lousy enough without you dragging it in the muck. Half rotten when I get it. And where's the butter and the ham? Didn't bring any! What do you expect me to feed these guys, mule dung?" The driver mumbled something about the old man buying the groceries and Dale stepped up. He put his hand on Swen's shoulder. Swen wheeled around quick and faced him. His face went white. Dale's face was damned near purple. I felt sorry for the poor devil then. He spoke: "Swen, you can get out. I've had enough of your goddamned hollering." That's all he said and walked away. Swen came silently into the cook shack. He sat down for a minute and then said, "Kid, I'm going and you're going with me. Go up to the road and tell the boys to come down and take a last look at a good cook." He laughed a little. I ran up to to the diggings and told the boys about it. They followed me back. After they had gathered round the table, Big Tom stood up and spoke. He said, "Boys, me and Paddy's got a stake and so have the rest of you. What do ya say we go south." Every man agreed and that night a strange procession tramped down the road they had built into Caliente. Twenty big feet in hobnailed boots left their marks in the frozen clay. Ten husky voices sang a marching song: *I had a good job but I quit, I had a good job but I quit, A dollar a day is damned good pay*

I brought up the rear.

# TROUBLE—A STORY

By MIKAIL SOSCHENKO

Translated by Vera Edelstadt

EGOR IVANITCH GLOTOFF, a peasant from the village of "Putrid Ponds," for two years was saving money for a horse. He subsisted on very little, gave up Machorka, and as for homebrew—he forgot even the taste of it—as though it had been cut off with a knife—he could not remember the taste if you killed him.

Naturally the memory of it teased him. But the peasant steeled himself. That is how badly he needed a horse.

"I'll buy that horse," he thought, "and then I'll show them, don't worry."

For two years the peasant saved, and on the third he counted up his capital and began to prepare for a journey.

Before he left, a peasant from a neighboring village came to Egor Ivanitch and proposed that he buy a horse from him. But Egor Ivanitch declined this offer. It even frightened him a bit.

"What's the matter with you, Buddy," he said. "For two years I fed on straw, looking forward to this purchase, and now, out of a clear sky, to go and buy your horse! Why that wouldn't be any kind of a purchase. . . . No, don't upset me, Buddy. I'd better go to town. That'll be the real thing."

And so Egor Ivanitch got ready. He fastened the money in his leg-cloth, put on his boots, took a stick in his hand and set out.

And at the market-place Egor Ivanitch was suddenly attracted by a horse. This horse was just an ordinary peasant horse with a bloated belly. Her coloring was indefinite—dried brick-clay and dung.

The dealer stood near and looked as though he was not the least bit interested in whether anyone bought the horse from him or not.

Egor Ivanitch twisted his foot in his boot, felt the money and looking longingly at the horse, said: "Say, this horse, Old Man. . . . I mean, she's for sale, eh?"

"Horse?" said the dealer, indifferently. "Yea, I'll sell her, I guess. Sure, I'll sell her."

Egor Ivanitch also wanted to give the impression that he was not particularly interested in a horse, but he could not constrain himself and said eagerly: "It's pretty necessary for me to have a horse. For three years, Old Man, I fed on straw, before I could buy one. That's how badly I need a horse. Well, anyway, what will be the

price of your horse? Let's talk business."

The dealer told him the price, but Egor Ivanitch knew it was not the real price, only a bluff, according to the rules of bargaining; nevertheless he did not argue with him. He began to look the horse over.

He unexpectedly blew in her eyes and in her ears; blinking and clucking with his tongue, wagging his head in front of the horse's nose, he so frightened the quiet mare that although she had been calm all this time, she now began to prance around, not trying, however, to bump into Egor Ivanitch.

When the horse was looked over, Egor Ivanitch again felt the money in his boot and, winking to the dealer, said: "So this horse is for sale, eh?"

"I'll sell her," said the dealer, a bit offended.

"Then what will the price be, for that horse?"

The dealer told him the price and the bargaining began.

Egor Ivanitch slapped his boot-top. Twice he took off his boot, pulled out the money and twice put it on again, swore, wiped the tears with his hand and said that for six years he had fed on straw, that he was maddeningly in need of a horse. The dealer cut the price a little.

Finally they came to terms. "All right, take it," said the dealer. "It's a good horse—and the substantial coloring—just notice the color, how alluring it is." "Color . . . mmm. From the point of view of horse coloring I doubt it, Buddy," said Egor Ivanitch. "It's not an interesting color—a little weak."

"And what do you need color for?" said the dealer. "Are you going to plow with the color?"

Overwhelmed by this argument, the peasant, in a panic, looked at the horse, threw his hat on the ground, stamped on it and cried out: "All right, let it go!"

Then he sat down on a rock, pulled off his boot and took out the money.

Long and sorrowfully he counted it over and over, handed it to the dealer, and gently turned away his face. He could not bear to see the twisted fingers unfolding his money.

Finally the dealer hid the money in his hat, and addressing him with more respect, said: "The horse is yours. Take her."

And Egor Ivanitch led her off. He led her triumphantly, clucking his tongue and calling her Marushka. And only when he had crossed the market-place and found himself in a side street, did he realize what an event had happened in his life. Suddenly he threw down his hat and began stamping on it gleefully, remembering how cleverly and shrewdly he had bargained.

Then he walked on, swinging

his arms gleefully and mumbling: "I bought it—the horse. Holy Mother, I got the best of him—that dealer."

When the glee subsided a little, Egor Ivanitch, smiling cunningly down his beard to himself, began to wink to the passersby, inviting them to take a look at his purchase. But the passersby walked on, indifferent.

If only there was a woman from his village to feel with him. If only he were to meet a neighbor woman, thought Egor Ivanitch.

And suddenly he saw a peasant from a distant village whom he knew slightly.

"Friend," cried out Egor Ivanitch. "Come over here, quick!"

The dirty looking peasant came up unwillingly and without a word of greeting looked at the horse.

"Look, I have a horse—that one—I bought it," said Egor Ivanitch.

"A horse?" said the peasant, not knowing what to say, and added, "Evidently you didn't have a horse before."

"That was it, Buddy. I didn't have any horse. If I had, I wouldn't have made myself so miserable. Let's go. I want to treat you."

"You mean we should drink to her?" asked the peasant, smiling. "All right. It's possible; what's possible is possible. Let's go to The Berry, huh?"

Egor Ivanitch shook his head, slapped his boot-top and drew his horse after him. The other peasant walked on ahead.

That was on Monday. And on Wednesday morning Egor Ivanitch was on the way back to his village. The horse was not with him. The dirty looking peasant accompanied him as far as the German settlement.

"Don't worry," said the peasant. "You had no horse before—and that wasn't much of a horse. Well, you drank her away—what of it? You had a big celebration for it, Brother. There's something to remember."

Egor Ivanitch walked silently, spitting long yellow spits. Only when they got as far as the settlement and the peasant started to say good-bye, Egor Ivanitch said quietly; "And I, Buddy, fed on straw for two years—for nothing."

The peasant, angry, turned away in disgust and walked off.

"Stop," cried out Egor Ivanitch in a pathetic voice. "Stop, Old Man . . . Buddy!"

"What do you want?" asked the peasant, harshly.

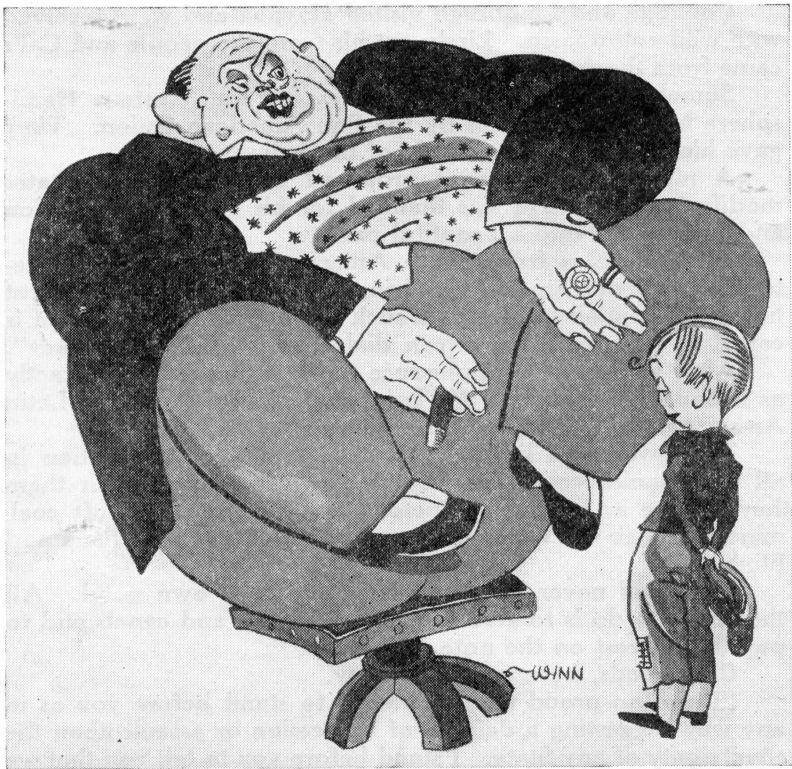
"Old Man . . . Buddy . . . Brother," said Egor Ivanitch, "how about it? For two years I fed on straw—what do they want to sell wine for?"

The peasant left him in disgust and went back to town.



Drawing by Wynne

"NOW MY BOY, HERE'S SOME GOOD ADVICE. DON'T BE AFRAID TO BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM."



*Drawing by Wynn*

“NOW MY BOY, HERE’S SOME GOOD  
ADVICE. DON’T BE AFRAID TO  
BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM.”



## EUGENIC BABY

### By Frances Binkley

A DELIGHTFULLY "vital" substitute for the collection of antiques or Italian whatnots is suggested to wealthy woman aesthetes in the eugenic baby whose recent arrival in Bank Street caused a flurry of more or less tolerant discussion. The mother in the case, according to press accounts, had desired a child of her own, and with a certain admirable directness selected a young man of excellent qualities to be its father.

Apply to this reasonable arrangement, in all its simplicity, the subtle imagination of the feminine-connoisseur, and a question arises. If one child by an arbitrarily selected father is desirable, why not more? Why not a whole gallery of children of selected sires? It may be that children conceived according to this plan will come into vogue as collectors' items.

In fact there is a rumor that a noted English educator, on visiting this country, was actually approached by a certain woman who asked him to father a child by her. She aspired, as the current phrase goes, "to reproduce his type." If this sort of thing becomes general we may hear some wealthy amateur remark modestly, "My little family was fathered by five famous musicians," whereupon a rival in the field may refer to her own assortment as the sons of seven statesmen. Children created to reproduce one's favorite characters may appeal, as *objets d'art*, to women of the leisure class. An old question, this—how to make use of the leisure class. To some thinkers the answer is very simple: the leisure class is to be put to work. But then, of course, it ceases to be a leisure class. Is there not a way in which something of social value could be squeezed from this class, without destroying it?

That most whimsical of American social theorists, Thorstein Veblen, has acquainted us with the working of the leisure class mind. He shows us that this class has no special predilection for idleness or for wastefulness as such. Primarily it is interested in proving itself different from the class next below it. Since others must be frugal, it is conspicuously wasteful, since others must toil, it displays conspicuous leisure. Since others are bound by a narrow morality, it must throw convention to the winds. But so many of the old ways of displaying conspicuous leisure are no longer effective. The millionaire dines at the Ritz, but at the next table sits a traveling salesman on a spree; the woman of leisure goes to the Riviera, and

a conducted tour of school teachers uses the same boat.

Surely we can devise some means by which the leisure class, deeming itself wasteful should be actually productive; thinking itself idle should be effectively laborious, and while admiring its own aloofness perform a necessary human task. Certain tendencies in their interests might well yield to redirection. Notably there is the interest in collecting, and the desire to be critically sophisticated. To be a collector and a connoisseur is the normal desire of members of the leisure class.

What might not be the result if wealthy women of the leisure class should "take up children", not in the sense of the bourgeois family, nor after the manner of the social worker, but in the spirit of the connoisseur; and make the collection of many-fathered assortments of children a means of distinction between the classes.

## THE MARKER

### By Louis Colman

AT the head end of the sorting-table stood Axel Borg, the marker. On the chains before him all night long the lumber passed, and with a lumber-pencil, he marked on each piece a letter, or a figure, or some other mark. Axel, with beautiful, mad, wild, and dark-blue eyes, set above a thin-lipped mouth with tiny, white, and lacy teeth. The lips curled back when he spoke, the teeth remaining tightly clenched, loosened sometimes with a small click for a small second when a consonant demanded it.

Axel's assistant was quite a contrast to the skinny, mad Swede. He was a burly Slovak, with black wisps of hair falling across his forehead, and mean, narrow eyes. He stood or sat to one side when Axel marked, and checked off orders, or he relieved him for a while

when Axel went into the mill to tack up new orders on the boards beside the various sawyers. His name was Jim.

Sometimes when the lumber came very fast, both markers stood beside each other and graded the lumber, what the first missed being marked by the second. Sometimes, when one of the Somers brothers stood close by and watched the lumber, Jim would cross out the mark Axel had made on a piece of lumber, and put a different one on it. Axel looked sideways and saw this, and his lip curled back as if to speak, or bite, and the whites showed round his mad blue eyes, but he said nothing. When Axel had no snuff he never asked his assistant for any, but went to the table-boss to borrow some. And Jim never borrowed snuff from Axel, either.

One day the resawyer quit Somers Mill and went to work on the day-shift somewhere else at better wages. Next night he was around, saying goodbye to the men he had worked with, and giving each one a big pull from the bottle of moonshine on his hip.

He came to Axel, who disappeared a minute in the little office behind where he stood, with the bottle, and reappeared. The resawyer mentioned to Jim to go in and get a drink, and stood to one side to talk with the table-boss.

At the moment Jim went through the door, John Somers, one of the owners of the mill, appeared, to speak to Axel about some orders. Axel's eyes glinted white all round, and his lips twitched.

"The book's on the desk in the office," he told John Somers hurriedly.

John Somers entered the office just as Jim lifted up the bottle to his lips. Right behind him came Axel, saying:

"I forgot, here's the book in my pocket."

John Somers looked from Jim with the still tilted bottle, inside, to Axel, nervous, biting his lips, outside.

"Get your time in the morning, Jim," he said, inside.

Then, turning to Axel: "You wouldn't double-cross a Swede, would you Axel? I guess I'll give you a Swede to work with, starting tomorrow."

Axel's nervous, strong hands moved feverishly, marking lumber, though the lumber was coming easily, and there was no need to work fast. When he looked up, the white showed completely round his mad, blue eyes, and his eyebrows moved with little, twitchy movements. His lip was curled as if to speak, his teeth clenched tightly inside, but he didn't say anything.

## HABANANA OIL

### By HOWARD BRUBAKER

**THANKS to the eloquence, tact and venerable whiskers of Charles E. Hughes, the United States has won the right to intervene in the affairs of any Latin American country which is too weak to keep us out. This is the greatest victory for American diplomacy since the discovery of banana oil.**

**The conference was held in Cuba, a nation which greatly prizes its independence from the United States and thinks it has it. Twenty-one countries were represented, all of them important and powerful except twenty.**

**Over thirty troublesome questions arose but the Yankees had them put on the ice for future conferences, if any. This is the famous Nordic principle of "manana".**

**Coolidge and Lindbergh visited Havana and were received with wild enthusiasm. Lindy got his from the people and Cal's came from the Associated Press.**

**Somebody moved that the rules for the Western Hemisphere be made after this by the Pan American Union. They gave him the gate and a bottle of Bacardi.**

**A man from Argentina proposed that the United States modify its tariff. He was thanked for his gracious suggestion and thrown out into a beautiful park.**

**The delegates from South America came to Havana determined to put an end to Gringo intervention. They went home determined to give us a sock in the jaw. This is what is called in our quaint American dialect, "goodwill diplomacy".**

**After six weeks of applesauce the situation was left exactly as it had been before. We kept our privileges and the Latin Americans kept their pants and shirts.**

**This gives us a license to peddle American civilization in all the Spanish countries. Before we get through with them they will be as happy, prosperous and contented as soft coal miners. Their elections will be as pure as those of Indiana and Illinois.**

**They will never be shot except for their own good. All they have to do is to give us bananas, coffee and canals and to pay the interest on the note.**

**Clap hands, here comes Charley.**

**"I am too proud of my country to stand before you as in any way suggesting a defense of aggression or assault upon the sovereignty of any State. I stand before you to tell you that we unite with you in the aspiration for complete sovereignty and realization of complete independence."**

**Grandpa Hughes made a noise like Santa Claus, but all the Caribbean boys got out of him was a new set of marines.**

# HOBOKEN BLUES

MICHAEL GOLD has called his play "A modern negro fantasia on an old American theme", and it is exactly that; it is not, in the ordinary sense, a play at all. It is not a play, of the kind that makes and defines and finally solves a plot, a character, or a problem. I make this point because it is both obvious, and difficult to grasp; and it is absolutely necessary to any understanding of the play.

In *Hoboken Blues*, then the "negro fantasia" is the black man's careless, vegetable temperament; and the "old American theme" is the relentless, many-masked pressure of money that either breaks or converts him. This one definition the author has made; but in *Hoboken Blues*—which differentiates it from an ordinary play—the author does not attempt to give any new shape, or grasp, or attitude toward the central problem; nor are the lives of any of the characters "solved" in the way that the Emperor Jones is "solved" by death, Candide by self-subordination, and Gertie by a wealthy marriage. It is not that Michael Gold has tried and failed to digest a group of characters as they are gripped by an alien force, as easily as Upton Sinclair ties and unties a labor-capital novel; he has written upon his theme in loops and rings, brutally, humorously, matter-of-factly.

Aside from attempting an objective analysis of a work as a whole, a critic can advance no arguments from his own reaction to a play. Baldly stated, I found most of the scenes effective, and most of them containing some touch, small but corrosive, that was just simply too bad. Sam Pickens' reception by the Hoboken police; his nightmare; the Hoboken heaven; the shooting of the negro mammy; Sam's return to Chill McGregor; the finale—these scenes, it seemed to me, were powerful without being maudlin. That is to say, they were dramatic, and with reason. But, a chorus of angels moaning, with correctly outstretched arms "Sam, Sam, pres-i-dent Sam. Good-bye, Sam. Good-bye. G-o-o-d-bye"—a young poetry-writing chap who says "Mr. Butler, money is your god, and may he reward you well"—Sam Pickens breathing "I wante die, Chill. I wander die. Cause dere ain't—dere ain't—no dere ain't—no city of Hoboken in dis world! It's a dream!"—these were touches that sent the chills down the spine, in the wrong way. They may not

look so bad on paper, but they sound like hell on the stage.

But return to the play as a whole: Considering its looseness of design—in construction it resembles a musical comedy—the fact that it steadily rolled up to a climax, and that all the time the weight of the entire piece could be felt behind the lines, makes the play unique among its irregular brothers. Most of them, as they

ist makes a poor revolutionary; and conversely, that a man who sees only his own half of the world makes an excellent revolutionist. Revolutionary propaganda, to be effective, must be one-sided and dishonest and sentimental—precisely as conservatism is dishonest and sentimental—and any play that is sentimental, no matter how effective it may be, is perishable and intrinsically not good. An ideal ex-

the directors of the theatre might themselves approve immensely, would be absolutely valueless from a revolutionary view.

Fortunately, none of the three or four plays this reviewer has seen, have been grossly sentimental. *The Belt*, containing as it did the story of a conflict which cannot, on close analysis, be interpreted in the easy terms with which the author interpreted it, was fundamentally sentimental, yet had enough sound drama to carry it off. *Hoboken Blues*, the basis of which is truly unsentimental, since the conflict is a real one and the playwright does not attempt to solve it, yet has those futile appeals here and there that weaken it.

Kenneth Fearing.



Decoration by Jan Matulka

free themselves of formality and convention, tend to become a string of anecdotes in which no force is ever assembled and, when it is, is dissipated at once.

It seems to me that it is necessary for the New Playwrights to clarify their intentions, especially in regard to the ulterior motives they are generally thought to have. Is their theatre a weapon for the distribution of propaganda? If so, how direct do they expect to be? Do they expect to be effective, or are they satisfied to win a few patronizing or annoyed paragraphs in the New York theatrical news?

It is no joke, that a good Marx-

ample of literary propaganda, illustrating both its absurdity and real effectiveness, is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It worked wonders, and it was tripe.

The New Playwrights cannot go on pretending that revolution and modernist technique and good plays are, by some curious magic, a Holy Trinity of which the members are One and the Same. It is probable that the most effective play, from the standpoint of winning new converts, would be an old-fashioned heart-breaker couched in stale language and staler form. And on the other hand, it seems likely that a play of which

DEAR NEW MASSES:

On February 10, the following item appeared in the *Havana Evening Telegram* (the only English paper but one):

The president of Cuba, General Gerardo Machado, just enough of a democratic Mussolini by nature to run the 700-miles long island so successfully, is the highest paid national executive of the American republics. He is in that respect a rival of King Fuad of Egypt for the distinction of being the highest paid constitutional head of state in the world. Fuad receives \$750,000 a year with \$50,000 "pin money" addition for Queen Hazli and another \$90,000 a year to raise and educate young Feruk, the 7-year-old Egyptian crown prince.

For governing the island of Cuba in the splendid way he does, General Machado gets a modest sum—less than half the salary of President Coolidge. But President Machado has a better paying side line.

For being "Jefe de la Loteria," that means chief of state lottery, though he delegates his power to a director general, the Cuban president has a "rake off" that is around \$100,000 a month and estimated to be close to a million and a quarter dollars a year. It is not "graft," but the perquisites fixed by law. The office of president carries with it also that of "chief of the lottery."

On the following day, its editor, John Steverding, was deported to the states by order of President Machado, or rather he was given the choice of serving a jail sentence or clearing out.

Havana, Feb. 25.

Marie Oberlander.



*Decoration by Jan Matulka*

# THE INDUSTRIALIZED SOUTH

By SOLON R. BARBER

*Labor in Southern Cotton Mills, by Paul Blanshard. Published by New Republic, Inc., for The League for Industrial Democracy. \$0.25.*

*The Changing South, by William J. Robertson. Boni & Liveright. \$3.00.*

THESE two books frankly show two different slants on a well known fact: The South is changing. Blanshard's pamphlet serves as an ironical and realistic commentary on Robertson's rather comprehensive, if flowery and somewhat naive, survey of how the South has become a country "that matches any other section of the country today, economically and culturally." Robertson shows that the new commercial, industrial, very business-like, and "cultural" South has arisen from the ashes of the rosy, romantic and chivalrous commonwealth of pre-War days. Blanshard puts the soft pedal on the romance and chivalry and makes it clear that the patriotic fervor of the "reconstruction" period has given birth to a class of pallid, white, cotton mill slaves who are still wearing the chains. Robertson points out that the South is no longer backward and lethargic. Blanshard makes it clear that the cotton mill workers are either lethargic dreamers or fools to tolerate the intolerable living and working conditions in the cotton mill towns of the newer industrial South.

The aftermath of war is often more hideous than war itself. This was the case in the American Civil War. But Robertson, in his chapter on *Reconstruction*, confines himself to political issues. Blanshard plays up the worker side of it. "The South was rising from the ruins of the 'reconstruction period', an era worse than the Civil War itself," he says. "The whites as well as the negroes were starving. The North was sweeping on to industrial supremacy. The old slave holders of the South and their sons plunged into the up-building of the cotton mills with the desperation of drowning men. They were as conscious philanthropists as a \$15-a-week clerk who bought Liberty Bonds during the World War. They were providing work for their people, restoring a devastated area. Often they actually lost money on their cotton mill investments. In many cases the cotton mill was built by the savings of the whole community, rich and poor, with little profit to anybody."

That was years ago. Those Southern cotton mills are not run with little profit to anybody today. The heroic work of the builders is bearing fruit, but only the cotton mill workers are naive enough to believe that they are still working for the salvation of "the nation within a nation" and the glory of Southern womanhood. Working for the Almighty Dol-

Southern states. The 12-hour night really means that a 16-year-old girl may stand at the machines from 6 p. m. to 6:15 a. m. with a 15-minute recess for lunch about midnight. The machine is the important thing; workers are cheap and unimportant as individuals.

Every cotton mill State in the South now has laws prohibiting



Drawing by Art Young

"I'M AGAINST EDUCATION FOR WOMEN."  
"YES. TOO MANY BOOKS SPOIL THE BROTHEL."

lar, the mill operators are generously willing to let the worker keep his noble patriotism. Are the New England and Southern textile bosses putting capital into Southern mills out of a sporting love for "the lost cause"? They are putting capital into those mills to draw profits. The profits are drawn through the noses of the workers.

Many of the Southern cotton mills still retain the 11-hour day and the 12-hour night. The 8-hour day is almost unknown, except for workers 14 to 16 years old. Some of the States, notably North Carolina and Georgia, have a 60-hour week; South Carolina has gone a step further and legally established the 55-hour week. Alabama has no limit. Women are "allowed" to work at night in all

the labor of children in the mills. The employers in most cases are supporting these laws conscientiously. There seems to be no point in hiring children under 14 when mature laborers will work for a child's wage. The South must be given credit for social-mindedness so far as child labor is concerned. This social-mindedness abruptly ceases, however, when the child reaches the age of 14 years. All of the cotton mill States allow children to work after they reach 14. Some States, Alabama for example, have established an 8-hour day for children between the ages of 14 and 16, but in Georgia they still work 11 hours a day. At 16 years the child becomes mature so far as cotton mill regulations are concerned.

Everybody works in the cotton mills. The workers are poor. As a matter of fact, they are the poorest paid workers in any sizable manufacturing industry in the United States today, in spite of the fact that they also have the longest working day. The Census of Manufacturers gives figures on the annual earnings of these wage slaves in 1923, showing that the average annual earnings of the cotton mill workers of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina were \$641.97. This is a weekly average wage of \$12.35. Blanshard quotes figures from the Bureau of Labor statistics for 1926: John South Carolina got \$10.33 a week, while William North Carolina, who represents the best paid group of Southern mill workers, received \$13.63. How do they live? They live by getting three, four, or even five, pay envelopes instead of one. Everybody works, children and all. Many individuals, and some families, get much less than these quoted averages; some get more. A Georgia professor found a woman in a cotton mill in Athens, Georgia, working 11 hours a day for \$3.50 a week. That was two years ago. Blanshard says that he has never discovered any wage quite so low as that. He did, however, find a woman in Taylorsville, North Carolina, getting \$4.56 for 60 hours' work, and also girl workers in Whitehall, Georgia, who received \$7.50 for the 60-hour week. There are many girls getting \$5 and \$6 a week. Piece work is almost universal. There is no legal or union minimum wage and no generally recognized scale of payment for any mill operation. There is a great deal of discontent with these low wages, but the workers are doing nothing about it.

The Southern mill operators defend these low wages (in comparing them with the miserable wages of cotton mill workers in New England) on the ground that the cost of living is lower in the South, and that consequently the *real* wage of the Southern worker is higher. It is true that in many of the Southern mill villages water and light are furnished the workers free, and in practically all cases rents are very low. Figures from the National Industrial Conference Board show that "the cost of living in the particular Southern mill village studied, (Pelzer, South Carolina), was actually higher than in Fall River, Massachusetts, in



Art Young

J.R.

Drawing by Art Young

"I'M AGAINST EDUCATION FOR WOMEN."  
"YES. TOO MANY BOOKS SPOIL THE BROTHEL."

spite of the fact that the Board made due allowance for free electric lights and very low rents in the South." The Board's statistics clearly show that food, clothing, fuel, heat and light and sundries, actually cost the mill worker in a typical Southern mill town (Pelzer) more than they cost the typical New England mill worker in Fall River. The Southern mill town enjoyed an advantage only in the case of shelter costs. It would seem that the Southern mill entrepreneurs are making an advertising mountain out of a molehill. Anyway, the mill workers should not accept cost of living ballyhoo in lieu of wage increases which they deserve. Now that the war is over, can the Southern mill capitalists really afford to pay their workers better wages? Blanshard quotes the opinions of well-known industrial engineers and independent investigators to prove that the Southern mills are now making excellent incomes. He shows that in the comparison of manufacturing costs in Northern and Southern mills substantial advantages lay with the latter. He sums it all up in these words, "Theoretically, it would appear from the foregoing analysis that the Southern manufacturer could easily pay as high a wage for the 55-hour week as the Northern manufacturer pays for the 48-hour week and still maintain a competitive advantage." In other words, "the Southern manufacturer could establish the 8-hour day tomorrow and pay his workers as much as they are now receiving for the longer work day without losing his competitive advantage." How large are the profits of the Southern cotton manufacturer? Nobody but the manufacturer knows. It is even dangerous to ask that question with any determination in many parts of the South, says Blanshard. "A constant flow of capital has come into the Southern mills right through the years of depression, not only for the upkeep and extension of the mills, but for the building of many new mills. Investors do not flock with such enthusiasm to an industry unless it is showing a substantial profit. Moreover, the large, exclusively Southern companies, which do not publish their financial statements, have revealed some large and steady incomes even in the years of depression." Huge dividends have been, and are being paid.

Practically all of the workers live in mill villages—company-owned, paternalistic, industrially feudalistic enterprises aimed at keeping the workers content on a wage scale which would be pathetically inadequate in most American industrial centers. The

village also keeps the workers together, under the watchful eye of the mill operator. This damaging paternalism and muzzling can explain most of the inertia and apathy of these cotton mill vassals. Blanshard says that they show less virility and ambition than other factory workers. "They look and act 'washed out.' Their 'mill parlor' is more than skin-deep. . . . I did not meet a mill worker who expressed determination or pugnacity, or a conviction powerfully held. They all talked with the genial or sullen docility of the defeated." The Southern farmers, the city people, even the negroes, call these workers "lint-heads"—"poor whites." The hell of it is, the mill-slaves have been made to like it in the name of sectional loyalty and 100-per-cent-Americanism. The church, the Southern press, the Chambers of Commerce, the operators, even the mass of workers themselves have united belligerently against the organizer, the agitator, the union man. There



Drawing by Dorothy Owens

are almost no intellectual or social influences in these towns which are independent of the mill owners. An organized protest against the 11-hour day and the 12-hour night in the mills would probably result in the immediate discharge of those who started the

agitation. The discharged worker would have no recourse to law and would be unable to find work in the neighborhood after he was fired. In most cases, he would be too poor to move elsewhere. Organizers would have no hall to meet in for organized action. What the workers need in the Southern mill towns is a recognized minimum of free speech. They need community houses where they can meet and discuss their problems. They need a new, enlightened concept of their rights as workers. They need schools controlled by the State or county, instead of by the mill owners. They need an educational program to teach them what it means to be alive. They need leaders. They need courage.

Blanshard says that today there is not a vestige of a local union in any of the Southern cotton mills. The policy of the manufacturers has been one of constant aggression against unions. United Textile Workers Union has worked under terrific handicaps in organizing these mill hands. In fact, it has never organized more than 15 per cent of the textile workers of the country, even at its most prosperous moment. "The Southern people have never been given the opportunity of judging the union as a quiet and contributing machine for peaceful collective bargaining. The union has been forced into the role of perpetual pugilist by the continued attacks of the mill owners. . . . The Solid South means security for the manufacturers."

As I have said, these are two widely different books. Blanshard's pamphlet is a realistic statement—in a way, a tocsin. Robertson's book is a conservative running story of the origin and growth of the new industrial South which has sprung from the lethargy and backwardness of pre-war days. "This change," says Robertson, "has been marked by unparalleled courage and persistence and vision. But with her progress agriculturally, industrially, commercially, mechanically, and culturally, she (the South) loyally retains a trinity of deep-rooted convictions which are as much a part of her life as they were the hour Lee surrendered his ragged troops to Grant in the little village of Appomattox . . ."

Blanshard's pamphlet makes you wonder if the change is so damn good after all. I'm sure that this "vision" has led to industrial conditions which require a realistic program to free the newer generation of white wage-slaves. There's irony in a war, fought ostensibly to free black slaves, which helps to hasten the creation of a new class of white mill-slaves.

## MAIN STREET

**A dice cup where a thousand bones of fortune rattle—  
Bones of miners, politicians, bootleggers, widows—  
Bones of fords and cadillacs spurting up and down in jets of  
hurry—**

**Bones of flaming youth seeking auto rides—  
And blind miners peddling matches in barrooms—  
These bones rattle in the dice cup of the town  
Whose movie palaces blister with red and green dots  
Calling us to moral sanitariums—  
Swimming pools of goodness.**

**Your churches aren't bad with their glistening stucco,  
Their pallid woodwork beckoning to tired corner lamps—  
Here deaf clergy drip hot rhetoric of salvation—  
Telling the cockeyed world where to get off at.**

**Moral influences are always proper and respectably dressed.  
Civic pride tips its plug hat, and hellos even stump-tailed dogs—  
Salvation wears a collar in reverse, and smirks blandly.  
The County and State puff immense stogies and talk of com-  
ing elections  
In fat satisfaction.**

**Smug houses, stores, windows signalling for eyes—  
Newest modelled clothes stuffed with wooden breasts  
Seek out heads of similiar material.**

**Joy mills grind out chips of pleasure.  
Catch a few! Be happy! Whango! Hear the peeano?  
Shake it up kid! Shake that thing! Attaboy there—shake!  
Another short one . . . Hello Jim! Have'n'n'me!  
Goddam you anyway—you old bastard—still looking good,  
ha—ha!  
Have'n'nother!**

**Not thin prayers that percolate and simmer  
In religious Coffee Pots—  
Not oily faces of salvation efficiency experts  
Railroading us to heaven via their special buss—  
Give me the goddamit air of the impossible booze joint—  
Give me the sniff of that guy's gorgeously rotten breath anytime  
Before you drag me to the showpits of anointed fakes!**

ED. FALKOWSKI.



*Drawing by Dorothy Owens*

DO YOU FAVOR ANOTHER WAR?

ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF THE MINERS  
UNION BEING SMASHED?

ARE YOU FOR GOVERNMENT BY IN-  
JUNCTION?

DO YOU ENDORSE THE COOLIDGE  
POLICY OF MURDERING NICAR-  
AGUAN WORKERS AND PEAS-  
ANTS BY U. S. MARINES?

The Daily Worker Does Not!

Join Us in the Fight!

JOE FREEMAN

MIKE GOLD

HUGO GELLERT

JOHN DOS PASSOS

FRED ELLIS

are contributors to **The Daily Worker**

subscribe to the

## DAILY WORKER

*The only fighting Labor Paper in America*

99 EAST 1st STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In New York		Outside of New York	
Per year	\$8.00	Per year	\$6.00
Six months	4.50	Six months	3.50

## NO MATTER WHAT FOR

*The Miners' Freedom*, by Carter Goodrich. Marshall Jones Company, Boston. \$2.00.

I  
THE heyday of the miners' freedom is past, Carter Goodrich assures us. Standing up his own timber, blasting his own coal,—being a piece instead of a pace-worker—sitting down when he is tired, and quitting when he's done enough—those glad days are over. Mechanical rumblings sound the end of his golden era. Fate approaches with his conveyors, wheels, knives, to displace the old coal digger who knew the language of crackling roofs, and the moods of sagging timbers.

The damp poetry of the mines will give way to the smooth prose of modern production. Machinery—the new destiny—haunts the silent underground chambers where hot silhouettes shed their sweat to the harsh tune of scraping shovels. Soon those bending figures will vanish. Their places will be taken by long belts of steel that will cut into the seams of coal. Efficiency will triumph, and modern engineering will be vindicated.

Sardonic victory of the mechanism over the last trace of traditional freedom that panted thousands of feet under the surface of earth. It penetrates even down there to devour what little is left of "a workers' rights on the job". And this is the theme that is poured into this book which is a farewell to a chapter of mining history. "Freedom" will be gone from the surface and from under the surface.

II  
Traditions walk through moldy houses, forgotten graves, old hills. Bearded memories that know the laughter of death. Death is a miner's silent buddy on the job. He hears it crackle into a laugh as a spurt of coal leaps at him from a bursting side. He knows its nearness in the cross piece that narrowly misses his neck. In his chest he feels damp fingers reach and wrap themselves around his lungs. It is Asthma—melodramatic disease—creeping into him. Death wears strange and sinister masks. Each day the miner must penetrate the secret of its disguise. No circus clown was fonder of shifting garments than Death in a coal mine. Each year 2,500 coal diggers fail to recognize it.

There are no tomorrows to a miner's life. That is why each day is its own day. He sits down when he is tired. He quits when he has a "shift" in whether it be twelve o'clock or three. He is his own judge of safety. These things are

part of his traditional "freedom".

Goodrich raises the question: "Can the miner be re-educated into working efficiently without these human frills attached to his job?" Time-clocks, moving belts, more bosses, motion charts, better book-keeping are on the way to eliminate these staid traditions. The mine is to become a "coal factory".

III  
The miners' problems are incidental dilemmas in the great insanity of efficient production. The miners may fight till the last grizzled old timer sheds his ghost, and still the machine will at last triumph. Its belts and wheels will drown the voice of protest. His rebellion will be crushed beneath billions of tons of needless coal. He will become a shovel or a motion to the right—a mechanical vibration commanding a specified rate per specified number of productive vibrations. Tradition may lose itself in the phosphorous gangways in which it first came to life in days that have slid into legend. A modern music will be heard—the rattle of endless chains, the humming of dynamos, the scrape of conveyors.

IV  
This brings up the whole question of efficiency,—the mechanization of man himself. The worker has become an appendage to an impersonal machine. The mule-driver has become the motor-runner. Now the miner who regarded his breast as a lover regards a fidgety-mooded actress whom he is trying to win—must become an operation. His old title of "miner" gives way to the ignoble one of "hand". He must work—a very certain number of hours, and give a definite amount of output.

"What for?" he will ask. "Never mind what for!" the System answers. "There is no What-For!" And who will deny that? The fantastic lunacy of mechanization goes on inevitably changing the habits of the world.

But underneath these new processes, these shining wheels and pulleys, are human beings. Within them strange things grope for expression. Some day they will peel their eyes, and look about them. They will see the exploited ones—only brothers. And the exploiters—the enemies. The issue will be simple then. And the answer will be the answer of the entire working class: "It is our past that has been a night of slavery. Freedom lies not behind us—as Goodrich suggests—but ahead of us. Let us achieve it!" In that day this book will be read with great amusement!  
*Ed Falkowski.*



# THE WOODEN INDIAN

*The Story of the American Indian, by Paul Radin. Boni and Liveright. \$5.00.*

MR. RADIN has undertaken to tell what is probably the most fascinating story the world has yet to hear. It is a story that is hard to grasp for the world of thought and feeling in which it moves is much too strange for words. To be sure, some portions of it are familiar: we can detect religious superstition, the pride of conquest, the yearning of an undisciplined mind for mystical enlightenment, the attitude of the master to his slave and the slave's attitude, the so-called religious mind that lusts for blood, all these things are to be encountered here and most of them are familiar from other ages and other races; but we meet it here, as it were, under a new and more burning sun and in a land whose boundaries are all touched with strangeness and unreality. And it is difficult to attempt an emotional reaction for an idea which one has been accustomed to think empty and barren. The American Red Man has been such an idea, to most of us. Indeed, as a symbol, he has been about as eloquent as the wooden Indians that once stood outside the cigar stores.

Three chapters in this book give vitality to the whole; the rest is but a sorting and sifting of crumbs. *The Glory That was Maya, The Reign of the War Gods and The Children of the Sun*, here is the epic! Perhaps not entirely for Mr. Radin, since he is a scholar and must poke his finger under every grain of dust to ascertain its volume and quality. But we are still

an age below his level; we only want him to throw on the flood light that we may see the mountain! That is enough for now. But Mr. Radin, being a scholar, starts us from the top swing of the pendulum with a Prologue in which he hopes to arouse enthusiasm for the dear departed wooden Indians by describing in detail the child-like customs and mystical notions of the Winnebago. And here, with an artifice that continually jars, he introduces M. Nicollet, the first French missionary to the shores of Green Bay in Wisconsin, and asks us to imagine what M. Nicollet might have observed among the Winnebago if he had been permitted to observe as much as Mr. Radin had in mind for us to imagine. It is indeed, a considerable stretch of imagination that the scholarly Mr. Radin requires of us in opening his book. It is a chilly way to start a story.

But having started with the pendulum, he sticks to it with determination and makes us walk every intolerable mile of the way down the Atlantic seaboard and when he have grown quite weary and our head has already been filled with a collection of names and data which we know we are going to forget at any moment,—then, he draws back the curtain and ushers in the blaze of light, yes, the Glory that was Maya! And M. Nicollet and the Swedish explorers who had accompanied us down the Atlantic coast relapse into the dust of history where they belong. May Mr. Radin never again invoke them! Maya, Inca, Aztec, Zapotec, Toltec, these are the invocation and, in fact, the whole show!

It is high time somebody said a word, anything at all, about the wooden Indian. Is it true that he discovered and made use of the quantity, zero, eight hundred years before it was thought of in the Old World? Did the Mayas develop a level of civilization that was not to be equalled in Asia (and Europe, of course) until seven hundred years later? These, and a score of kindred nature, are items in the epic that should be universally known, and some day will be. They are known to a group of scholars like Mr. Radin who, up to the present time, have done nothing better than to quote voluminously from each other in their dessicated tracts. We need irrigation in the field and a kindly sun of intelligent interest.

*D'Arcy Dahlberg.*

"For want of bandages and medical supplies my men are dying like dogs on the roads."—General Augusto Sandino.

## Enlist with Sandino!

### Stop the Flow of Nicaraguan Blood!



Contribute to the Nicaraguan Red Cross division of the All America Anti-Imperialist League. All contributions to this fund will be forwarded to Senor Froylan Turcios, General Sandino's official representative at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, through the Hands Off Nicaragua Committee at Mexico City, which is cooperation with the Nicaraguan Red Cross.

Help Take care of the Wounded victims of Wall Street's imperial aggression.  
Stiffen the morale of the Nicaraguan Liberation forces.

*Send checks or money orders to*

**ALL AMERICA ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE,**  
39 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

# COME TO THE RUSSIAN BALL of the Season

AT

WEBSTER HALL

Saturday, April 7th, 1928

*Given for the Benefit of*

**THE JOHN REED COLONY IN ALEXEYEVKA**  
On-the-Volga, Soviet Russia

*by the*

**RUSSKY GOLOS RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S FUND**

Russian Entertainment  
First Showing of New Soviet Film  
Russian Jazz Music  
Midnight Show

TICKETS: \$1.10; \$1.65; \$2.20

*For information about the Fund write to*

I. I. A. KITTIN, *Executive Secretary*  
64 E. 7th Street, New York City

## MARITZA

172 W. 4th St., New York City

Introducing her shoppe to the readers of NEW MASSES, announces a sale of her Russian, Roumanian and Near East hand embroidered dresses, blouses, hats, Russian smocks, Aprons, Skirts, Shawls, Samovars.

EXTRAORDINARY SALE  
OF UNUSUAL THINGS

## COMMUNIST

*Books and  
Periodicals*

All Radical Publications



Jimmie Higgins Book Shop

106 UNIVERSITY PLACE

NEW YORK CITY

Phone Algonquin 5015



*Drawing by Xavier Guerrero*

Xavier Guerrero