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By UPTON SINCLAIR

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Address: UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

THE NEW JUSTICE

APR 15 1919



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921 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., April 15, 1919

No. 5

EDITORIALS

RUSSIA THE DESIRABLE

Almost over night, a surprising change has come over the Allied attitude toward Russia. From being the pariah among nations, hated, derided, anathematized, blockaded, beleaguered, starved, Russia appears as a courted Cinderella, surrounded by a solicitous circle of obsequious admirers. The reason is simple. It has at last dawned on the rheumy vision of the elder statesmen at Paris that if Anglo-Latin capitalism doesn't make an alliance with Russia, Teutonic socialism will. Against a Bolshevik bloc composed of Germany, German Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States and Russia, backed by the inexhaustible man power of China, the Anglo-Latin league of nations would become about the most pathetic and helpless thing on the map. With the arrival of the German emissary, Karl Kautsky, at Moscow, and since Lenine's ultimatum to the Allies has reached Paris where its contents are suppressed in the interest of open covenants of peace openly arrived at, the situation has become acute. So now, it seems, Russia is to be admitted to the league of nations on practically her own terms. With this, comes a distinct promise of better things. The league of nations may yet swell to a real world league holding a definite promise of permanent peace, and the amiable idealists who are interpreting human aspirations at Paris may yet send the starving babies of Petrogard something to eat.

C. M.

MORE-WAR?

In the summer of 1914, the German ruling class was confronted with two dread alternatives,—domestic revolution or foreign war. They chose war. Today, the governments which opposed Germany are themselves in a not dissimilar predicament, but, with the exception of the United States, are all too exhausted to dare the German choice. In this country, however, the elements of reaction, having tasted irresponsible power in the passion and confusion of war, and perceiving that since the war is over liberal thought is again finding voice, are looking longingly to renewed bloodshed in some quarter or other to restore their prestige. Japan is the most convenient and safest subject of large scale aggression. In Japan, a precisely similar situation is manifest. It is useless to deny that two entirely innocent and friendly peoples are in grave danger of being hurled at each other's throats in a fresh carnival of world-wide murder.

In this country, certain noisome politicians are ready to lend themselves to such a conspiracy, for their own profit. There are some Republicans who see in it an opportunity to discredit the league-of-nations idea. In California, there is the lamentable spectacle of a United States senator endeavoring to cover up four blank years in Congress by an appeal to the basest, most stupid, and most atavistic of human emotions, the passion of race prejudice. Not many who lust after office, even in America, would be thus willing to toy with national disaster in the petty and selfish hope of re-election. And there are always

newspapers whose thirst for scare heads and special editions blunts them to all sense of public obligation.

Los Angeles, which has three times the Niponese population of any other city in the United States, knows, likes, and esteems the Japanese. Speaking with authority, therefore, we say that there is nothing whatever in the present relations of the two peoples which cannot be amicably settled by fairness, decency, justice and good will. As soon as politicians and reactionary imperialists understand that the American masses will tolerate no other attitude toward their neighbors across the Pacific, so soon will the Japanese war bogey be laid permanently to rest, and some hundreds of thousands of American mothers be spared the agony of apprehension with which mothers from the beginning of time have seen their sons go forth to battle.

C. M.

REVOLUTION IN KOREA

It is too early to judge the outcome or meaning of the Korean revolution. Perhaps it is the immediate result of some insidious foreign influence which seeks to thus attack the Japanese power. Very probably it cannot amount to anything more at present than the establishment of Korean national autonomy. But accepting it at its face value, it is the most splendidly idealistic political movement ever witnessed, and whatever it may accomplish, it is the most significant in the means it adopts of any of the revolutionary causes that are rebuilding this woeful world. The Proclamation of Liberty, issued on March 1st, is a document poetical as well as powerful, and marks a new period in the literature of revolutionary declarations. It is startling, but refreshing, to find a statement like this in the heat of a rebellion: "Our urgent need today is the setting up of this house of ours, and not a discussion of what has broken it down, or what has caused its ruin. * * * Let us not be filled with bitterness or resentment over past agonies, or past occasions for anger."

And this, too, is unusual but acceptable: "A new era wakes before our eyes, the old world of force is gone, and the new world of righteousness and truth is here. Out of the experience and travail of the old world issues this light on life's affairs. The insects stifled by the ice and snow of winter awake at this same time with the breezes of spring and the soft light of the sun upon them. It is the day of the restoration of all things, and we step forth, without delay or fear."

The concluding article leads us to suspect that the human race may be at once sensible and determined,—something we had not guessed before. These revolutionary Koreans, in the third moon of the 452nd year of the Kingdom of Korea, have agreed: "Let all things be done decently and in order, so that our behavior to the very end may be honorable and upright."

H. H. S.

T. R., Jr., announces that he is going into public life, and awaits the call of the people. Thus far, however, only eloquent silence has assailed the ears of the Crown Prince of Oyster Bay.

THOSE IN PRISON

The fond expectation entertained by some liberals that with the end of the war the federal government would proclaim a general amnesty for all political prisoners, is destined to disappointment if the present policy of the government remains unmodified. Some of the more barbarous sentences, those that recall the days of Jefferies and the Bloody Assizes, are to be modified, but there is as yet no disposition on the part of officials to treat political offenses with the leniency shown abroad, or as other than heinous crimes. There is to be no drop of mercy in the libation offered to the stern demon of antique justice.

The same rule is apparently to be applied to the soldier boys who have been the victims of courts martial. The daily press chronicles such incredible sentences as those of ninety-nine years imposed on a mentally defective hunchback for military desertion, fifty years on another soldier for a minor breach of discipline, fifteen years on a soldier who absented himself without leave to see a destitute wife and children, and so on. If such atrocious abuses of judicial power are to be corrected, it will evidently be only as a consequence of an aroused public opinion expressing itself in far more emphatic fashion than has yet been done.

The confessed collapse of the judicial system of California in the case of Tom Mooney has had its logical consequence in the calling of a general strike for July 4, for the entire United States. The whole machinery of government, both state and national, having admitted its inability to do justice in this case, an inability that to some extent, at least, is wilful and perverse, the working class has no other alternative than a resort to industrial action to compel justice. The general strike has heretofore been unknown in America. Any strike for merely political ends has also been unknown. The flagrant outrage of the Mooney case has brought both of them as practical realities to this side of the Atlantic. July 4 promises to be an epochal date in American history.

Is it possible, in view of all this, that the government does not realize that its obduracy in the matter of granting political and military amnesty is merely a challenge and solicitation to the people to resort to the most drastic measures at their command? Nothing has operated so forcibly to drive a wedge between the government at Washington and the people of the United States as the extreme character, and ill-considered and ruthless enforcement, of war-time legislation, of which the utterly reprehensible Espionage Act is a typical example. General strikes for political ends are the kindergartens of revolution. Is the government going into the business of promoting general strikes?

C. M.

“THE LEAST OF THESE”

Charges under the Espionage Act, that were pending against John Reed, were recently dismissed upon review by the Attorney General's staff. President Wilson has asked that a report and an opinion on the Debs' case be forwarded to him at Paris. Bill Haywood has been admitted to bail. But still we cannot feel that the agitation for a general amnesty should be halted or for the smallest part lessened. There are conscientious objectors in military prisons in various places who are still subject to shameful conditions, while others who took identical positions against military service have long since received

their discharges—“without honor.” A mitigation of the persecution of prominent radicals here and there will almost certainly lessen the demand for general amnesty, but those less prominent, unknown and unnoticed silent sufferers for conscience may very easily be lost in the machinery of justice, and, forgotten, by the radicals of the country, they may serve out their ten or twenty or thirty years,—or life. “The least of these,” must not be forgotten!

H. H. S.

Lieut.-Col. Whittlesee, hero of the famous “lost battalion,” is quoted as having declared that the Bolshevik regime in Russia constitutes the most important social experiment since the American Revolution of 1776. This should furnish valuable thought-food for those who still roar that it is “un-American” to display the slightest tolerance towards the Russian left-wing Socialists. They'll have some job, we fancy, if they try to make that charge stick in the case of the doughty colonel, who, by the way, is himself an International Socialist and proud of it!

Eight hundred American soldiers and sailors, it appears, cheered the Russian Socialist Republic meeting in New York the other day. Who says the world isn't moving?

We don't oppose the present system any more than the present lack of system.

The Socialist Party is raising funds for a national headquarters building. We suggest that it would be cheaper to petition the U. S. Government to send Debs, Germer, Kate Richards O'Hare, Rose Paster Stokes, Berger, et al., to the same penitentiary.

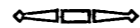
Two wrongs never make a right; therefore, just because it is legal for the masters to boycott and blacklist does not legalize striking or picketing on the part of the workers.

THE NEW JUSTICE

A Radical Magazine



PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST AND
FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH AT
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



EDITORS:

Roswell R. Brownson

Clarence Meily

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Harold Hadley Story

BUSINESS MANAGER

Earle G. Clarke

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

J. H. Ryckman, David Bobspa, Agnes H. Downing, Georgia Kotsch,
Ruth Le Prade, Lena Morrow Lewis, Alice Park, Chaim
Shapiro, Paul Jordan Smith, Fanny Bixby Spencer,
Chas. Sprading, Robert Whitaker



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BUSINESS ADDRESS, 921 HIGGINS BLDG., LOS ANGELES

Glimpses of the “Old” Justice

By HAROLD HADLEY STORY

As a newspaper reporter I had an opportunity to know jails about as intimately as one may from the outside, but it was as a pacifist in war time that I had my education completed with an ample opportunity to know jails about as intimately as one may from the inside. And I am expecting that not the least of the benefits that will come from the imprisonment of so many anti-war enthusiasts and radicals during the last two years will be a keener understanding on their part of the rottenness of our penal institutions, and a more vigorous agitation for a complete revolution in our penal system, that will result in nothing less than its abolition as such. Our penal institutions and the system of criminology upon which they are founded are both filthy. A clergyman friend of mine who has spent years in working for jail reforms told me not long ago: “The only way to clean a jail up is to burn it down.” And the only way to reform our penal system is to abolish it.

We are usually under the impression that in this democratic country an accused man is innocent until he is proven guilty. But in practise it is a fact that an accused man is treated as though he were guilty until he is proven innocent. We are under the impression that an accused man is entitled to a speedy trial, and by jury if he demands it. But just get yourself arrested some time, and accused of something, and notice how quickly you dispense with such fanciful impressions. Plead “not guilty” and ask for a jury trial. The judge will grumblingly put your case on the calendar for sometime next month, fix bail in amount according to whether his digestion is good or not that particular day, and if you can't produce the said amount you will discover that you have sentenced yourself to some weeks in jail by your protestations of innocence and your foolish insistence upon your ancient Anglo-Saxon rights. And after you have had your trial and been reported “not guilty,” have you any redress? Not so you could notice it. I understand that benighted Germany did have some system of automatic redress in its barbaric days. But perhaps it has been abolished even there, since the world has been made safe.

And we are under the impression frequently that the police department and the city prosecutor are in existence for the purpose of determining the facts about cases, and securing justice. Again, not so you could notice it. Their business is to get convictions. Guilt or innocence have little to do with it. Still, I don't blame them much at that. It is a commercial proposition with them, and they will get you convicted, if they can, regardless of your guilt or innocence, just as readily as an office supplies salesman will sell you a check protector, if he can, regardless of whether you have a bank account. What difference does that make? Business is business, and convictions, not justice, are their business.

Our penal system and its institutions are indictable on three grounds. Most fundamental of these, is that they are founded on a false idea. Associated with this accusation is that they deal with those who fall into their jurisdiction, not as the individuals they are, but as a herd of types all cut from the same pattern. And finally, but most immediate in its demand for a vigorous remedy, is

that both the system and the institutions, are grewsomely and degradingly dirty.

The penal system is based on the notion, and its institutions are operated on the theory, that crime can be eliminated by vengeance, that disease can be cured by punishment, and that society can be protected from anti-social abnormalities by treating them anti-socially. If such a doctrine were true, “Wingy,” alias “Army,” who resided in the middle tier of the bunk next to mine at the Eastside Stockade for some weeks, should have been a model of respectability. But I'm afraid he wasn't. Amazed at his reminiscent recitals, I inquired one day as to the number of jails in which he had been an involuntary guest. “Wingy” hesitated and made some mental calculations. “Well,” he said finally, “I reckon somewhere between four and five hundred!” It is incomprehensible that any human being could have had such an experience, or that any civilized society could subject one of its members to such an experience, as being thrown in jail for from a few hours to a few months some four or five hundred times! And the only improvement it seemed to have made in him was that he wore a Red Cross button, and on special occasions a red, white, and blue ribbon. “Wingy” was very loyal to his country. He was not a vicious fellow. His jaw didn't project bristly, nor did his forehead slope back abruptly from his eyebrows. He had been jailed frequently for drunkenness, but his real shortcoming was that he had lost his right arm in an accident, and with it his chances of finding any steady employment. So by far the most of “Wingy's” sentences were technically for vagrancy,—actually for having but one arm.

Nor did the punishment theory seem effective in the case of old “One Eye,” a venerable white whiskered old reprobate who made me think of Michael Angelo's “Moses.” He was “doing time” when I took up my abode in the stockade, but finished his term about a week after my arrival. He was gone for a couple of days, then came back with a fresh sentence which kept him caged up until a week before I was released. The morning I left, he was back again, to commence the third sentence upon which he “did time” during the seven weeks of my imprisonment. He, too, was usually jailed as a drunk or a “vag,”—his real “crime” being that he was old and blind in one eye.

These are samples of the dozens of instances I might relate in which misfortunes, or irremediable neuropathic and psychopathic conditions, or inevitable results of a chaotic economic condition, have been dealt with as crimes to be avenged and punished.

Which leads me to my point that our penal institutions are abysmal failures, indeed actual social menaces, in their neglect to deal with their inmates as distinct individuals with distinct problems to be solved in each case. Of course to carry out such a scheme as that would necessitate the handling of criminals, and those classified as such, by trained scientific experts, by physicians, by idealistic educators, and by broad-minded humanitarians, instead of by a gang of uniformed “bulls” (I use the vernacular with malice aforethought) themselves recruited from a potentially criminal class. But I would not object

to the change. At present in by far the majority of city and county jails not the slightest effort is made to separate or prescribe specific treatments in the various cases. Drug fiends, inebriates, and sick people—all fit subjects for the hospitals rather than the jail, constitute a large proportion of the regular "clients" of the municipal and county prisons. The congenitally feeble minded, fit subjects for asylums, make up a full third of the petty criminal class. Pauper cripples in all degrees of disability are constantly a part of the lot, fit subjects for decent care. Migratory workers, who have committed no crime other than belonging to that great class which the present system of industry requires for its operations, but which it refuses to employ but a portion of the time, make up most of the "vag" element. These last are fit subjects for a social and economic revolution. As an exhibit of the first group I recall the "Halfbreed," a sallow, tubercular "hop head," who was left in our cell, sick and unable to care for himself, until his cell mates insistently demanded that he be taken to the hospital. By that time he was so weak that he had to be carried out in the arms of the under jailor. "Jimmy" was a representative of class two, degraded by inhuman blundering from a natural moron to a foul, semi-human, epileptic wretch. Of the third sort "Wingy" and "One Eye," whom I have already mentioned, are specimens, but not the most conspicuous ones by any means. On one occasion I found in a tank in the Los Angeles Central Police Station jail, a man who was totally blind and for two days had been unable to find his way down the stairs at meal times. And at the same time in the same tank there was a deaf and dumb Frenchman who did not have the remotest notion of why he had been arrested. For a while at the Eastside Stockade there was a prisoner who had lost both of his legs above the knees, but was locked up with others in a cell and left to shift for himself or be taken care of by his cell mates. The members of the "army of unemployed" are too familiar to everyone to require description.

But the most unpleasantly vivid thing about the jails I know is the dirt. It is not clean dirt. It is putrid, grimy, slimy dirt—the dirt that accumulates in damp and dark places, horrible dirt, dirt that leaves an indelible stain, dirt that reeks with disease and crawls with vermin. It is dirt that dims the vision, and chokes hope, and clings to the souls of those who associate with it. It is the dirt of decay, and it inoculates with decay all whom it touches. The very air itself is dirty. Why shouldn't it be dirty, with our jails located in the most noisome parts of town, with little or no cleansing and antiseptic sunshine penetrating most of the cells, and with from twenty to thirty men often caged in a room twenty feet square, dark, poorly ventilated and plentifully supplied with stench from an open drain and toilet in the corner? I have observed that the jails in Los Angeles are infested with not less than six varieties of vermin, to-wit: rats, mice, two species of cockroaches, bed bugs, and lice. There are plenty of each sort. Once at the Central Station I watched two trustees undertake to reduce the cockroach population in the jail pantry. They cleared the shelves of eatables, then proceeded to drive the pests into the open with gasoline torches. For nearly two hours they thus attacked the "enemy" with "liquid fire," and for nearly two hours cockroaches crawled out of the cracks and crevices and swarmed by the thousands up the wall above the cupboard. The floor was heaped with cremated bugs. And at the end of the two hours the cockroaches were making their appearance as abundantly as ever, for all I

could see. Anyway, the trustees gave up the job and put the food back on the shelves. Perhaps this bit of narrative will spoil your luncheon, and I don't care if it does. I didn't go to "chow" that afternoon myself.

While technically out on parole, I was left to the tender mercies of the war squad for the last two days of my incarceration, and they decided to keep me in custody. So I was transferred to the Central Station from the stockade, so that I would be at hand. Mind you, I had already been in jail for six and a half weeks, so I had had ample opportunity to get over being squeamish. But when I took a look at the bunks in that place, and contemplated the blankets which were changed but once a week, however many men might roll up in them during that time, and saw some of those blankets mysteriously wriggle unassisted by any human agency—well, when night came, I took off my shoes and turned up my coat collar, and found an old library book for a pillow, and slumbered as best I might on top of the long table that occupied the center of the tank. Another "criminal" who was transferred to the Central Station with me, decided to take his chances on a bunk, but when I awoke in the dull grey hours of the next morning he was snoozing more or less peacefully on the other end of the table. Something had changed his mind during the night—he didn't say what!

The system is just as dirty as the institutions it operates. An example: "Crip," who was in the same cell with me at the stockade, was a "dope" user. The other day I met "Crip" on the street and paused to talk with him—oh, yes, I would stop to talk with "Crip" as readily as I would with an old college mate—we're not the least bit exclusive, either of us, and since we were under sentences for like periods—that is, "the limit"—we both belonged to the jail aristocracy. Well, I stopped to talk with him, and he said he had been released on parole shortly after my departure. After a week or so of freedom he was halted on the street one day by a "bull" who made a proposition that "Crip" should do a little stool pigeon job for him. "Crip" refused flatly. Whereupon the officer promised to "get even." Some days later "Crip" was arrested by the same "bull" and taken before the parole officer, who searched his pockets and found a package of "dope," very much to "Crip's" surprise. It seems that the "bull" had put it there, en route to the station, with the result that "Crip" was caught with the goods. And he went back to jail to finish his sentence—which was "the limit."

I speak from experience of the rottenness of jails. I have never been in a penitentiary. But neither have I been in the movement as long as 'Gene Debs. Give me time. However, the fundamental objection to penitentiaries is the same as that which makes jails so abhorrent. They are founded on the wrong ideas—on a hopelessly tragic idea that can never bear anything but danger and sorrow to society—the idea the human beings can be altered for the better by inhuman treatment. The prison walls and the iron bars still proclaim that the world still believes "Might Makes Right." The sentence "to hard labor" still proclaims that society still believes in slavery. The hangman's noose still symbolizes the fact that society still perversely dedicates itself to death rather than life.

The abolition of the present penal system and the utter destruction of its vile institutions is an inseparable part of the program for the new justice and the new freedom, for

"Not until All are Free, are Any Free."

Internationalism or Antinationalism?

By DAVID BOBSPA

Thru rhythmic heartbeat of Nature has the thot of God written into actuality during unfolding eons. The brotherhood of nations is but a natural step following the grasping individualism of capitalistic civilization, now in senescent death struggle.

Surge and resurge, outward and inward the sweep of development. Evolution were unthinkable without its complementary involution. The protistic mite of physiochemic protoplasm was pregnant within its own being with potentialities of infinity and eternity.

Protista became protophyta and protozoa. The one cell developed until further improvement were waste of cosmic energy. Then it was the thorofied cells (highly finished entities) grouped themselves into an imperfect co-operative experiment—Nature's first step on the road to the United Universes of Infinite Mind.

Imperfection yielded to perfection of multi-cellular colony until again the swing of the pendulum called for further coalescences.

Step by step has evo-involuted alternating unit and group-thot of Nature. Individuals of the human race have long developed by evolutionary urge. Further development of the cell-federation known as man leads to the Superman, the Blond Beast—and madness. Mankind has reached the high water mark of individualism (tho not of individuality). We stand, indeed, at the threshold of Humanism. The nations, or whatever type the group-units may form, will later begin a new stage of evolution.

Co-operation will be an actualized dream in the United States of the World. I cannot predict the details along the rough pathway. Certainly, however, that pathway leads thru a United World, welded together by cohesive power of voluntary co-operation, and when the first one-celled citizens of the world obeyed their evolutionary urge, acquiescent to Nature's dictum.

Do Socialists and industrialists want Internationalism?

It is a new phase of the movement, if true, for under the name of internationalism the majority of socialists have striven for antinationalism, which is quite a different matter. Ideas of league of nations and of internationalism alike are predicated on the existence of the national unit in its broader federated expansion. There is no evading the question and radicalism must decide whether it will work for the next step of internationalism or for what will perhaps be an ultimate step—antinationalism.

Internationalism has received a new interpretation in the light of quickened thot produced by the events of the past four years. What do we really want? From either aspect we may still unite on the platform that "the world is my country"—a world operating with or without national units. Neither of the two forms of world-union involves, necessarily, the question of the existence or abolition of the state.

Socialist writers in general before the war spoke of true internationalism. Listen, also to what some of the clear-

est exponents of our philosophy have set forth in the past few years. The most logical authority in economics writing today is Bertrand Russell. In his "Political Ideals" he says:

"In the relations between states, as in the relations of groups within a single state, what is to be desired is independence for each as regards internal affairs, and law rather than private force as regards external affairs. But as to groups within a state, it is internal independence that must be emphasized, since that is what is lacking; subjection to law has been secured, on the whole, since the middle ages. In the relations between states, on the contrary, it is law and central government that is lacking, since independence exists for external as for internal affairs." . . . A nation is constituted by a "sentiment of similarity and an instinct of belonging to the same herd." . . . For "national sentiment is a fact, and should be taken account of by institutions. When it is ignored it is intensified and becomes a source of strife. It can only be rendered harmless by being given free play, as long as it is not predatory. . . . National feeling, as we know it, could not exist in a nation which was wholly free from external pressure of a hostile kind . . ."

"There cannot be secure peace in the world or any decision of international questions according to international law, until states are willing to part with their absolute sovereignty as regards their external relations, and to leave the decision in such matters to some international instrument of government. An international government will have to be legislative as well as judicial.

"The matters in which the interests of nations are supposed to clash are mainly three: tariffs, which are a delusion; the exploitation of inferior races, which is a crime; pride of power and dominion, which is a school-boy folly."

And then follows (emphasis mine):
 "What is desired is not cosmopolitanism, NOT THE ABSENCE OF ALL NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS that one associates with wagon-lit attendants and others, who have everything distinctive obliterated by multiple and trivial contracts with men of every civilized country. **Such cosmopolitanism is the result of loss, not gain. The international spirit which we should wish to see produced will be something added to love of country, not taken away.** Just as patriotism does not prevent a man from feeling family affection, so the international spirit ought not to prevent a man from feeling affection for his own country. But it will somewhat alter the character of that affection, the wish to advance mankind being greater than the patriotism for the country."

What Andreas Latzko did in picturing the horror of the late war, Paul Richard achieved on the constructive side in "To the Nations," the most vital book I have read since the war began. His work is introduced by Tagore, who discovered the young Frenchman in China. He brings a universal message to us. His word is to humanity. Of the twelve pregnant chapters one in particular applies to

our topic. Writing of "The Charter of the Nations," Mr. Richard says:

"What man is in the nation, the nation is to Humanity. Having the same duties as man, it has also the same rights. And those rights that France formerly had the glory to proclaim for the citizen, must now be proclaimed for the nations, citizens of the world. The three principles that she inscribed on the frontal of modern life, summing up the character of the individual, must now be inscribed on the threshold of the coming time, to sum up the charter of the nations.

"Liberty! Free to grow, each after its kind, to evolve each after its own genius. Let all nations be. And let them be what they will. Let them form groups and organize themselves as they please, as long as each of them or each of their groups, however great it may be, serve that which is greater than itself: the common mother-country, Humanity!

"Equality! All nations are equal in rights.
"Fraternity! He alone loves his country with a true love who sees in it the living image of Humanity. Outside this Republic of free, equal and fraternal nations, there is in fact no alternative save the construction of a few tremendous and despotic groups. Pan or Moloch!"

International Socialism or leagues of nations?

Comrade Richard rises to a sublime plateau in his discussion of Humanity. One brief extract hardly does justice to his treatment:

"Until now the highest duty was that of man to his mother-country. But there is, above all the others, a mother-country, greater and nobler and more immortal, more misknown, too, more disinherited; possessing fifteen hundred million inhabitants, yet counting but few citizens; a mother-country without lovers. Henceforth it is towards her that man will have his highest duty. For she is the supreme Mother-country: Humanity.

"In the course of centuries of progress he had learned to place the national and patriotic interests above his family interests, to love his country more than his family, to sacrifice himself and his family for the mother-country. He must now go further. **He must learn to place human interests above patriotic interests,** to love Humanity with a love yet wider and purer than that which he has for the mother-country; to sacrifice himself not to what is his country, but to what she must be to Humanity."

I wonder if I dare quote George D. Herron? Most of my readers will, like myself, disagree with the attitude of Comrade Herron on many points of late years. Aside from evidences of a peculiar panic of fear which seized him, Herron's war books are at once an inspiration and a disappointment. But I enjoyed them. In "Woodrow Wilson and World Peace," we read (page 11):

"Until now the internationalism of propagandas which have claimed such distinction has been but a doctrinal fiction, a pretentious and sterile abstraction. It has always been an internationalism based upon a fatuous and fatal denial of nationality.

"One of the several causes of the Socialist debacle at the beginning of the war was this inhuman and unimaginative confusion of antinationalism with internationalism—this mistaking the former for the latter. The socialist movement has never been inter-

national; it has been antinational. The notion that national entities are unreal, that the nation is an arbitrary economic creation, is not internationalism; it is the exact negation of all that gives internationalism its name or reason for being.

"For the nation does exist; and it is probably as permanent as the world itself. It will rise, this true internationalism, not from the obliteration of national lines, but from their vivid and fraternal definition. Its mission will be, first, to procure for each people, however small, an adequate opportunity for self-discovery and self-affirmation, and then to coordinate all peoples in one resolute and irradiant progress, one satisfied universal family."

Cora L. Williams in "Creative Evolution," with introduction by Edwin Markham, treats nationalism scientifically from yet another angle:

"In the book of the Cosmic Order, the chapter entitled 'The Evolution of Man' is drawing to a close. Written in terms of individual achievement, its pages are fraught with vital interest to us; but while we linger to decipher a line, to interpret a passage, another chapter is in the writing. Even while man visions himself as the end and goal of its course, evolution is passing on to greater things—nations and civilizations are becoming its concern.

"We stand today at the meeting of two evolutionary periods—the periods of the man-unit and the period of the group-unit. Evolution is not the continuous process for the development of organic life that it postulates itself. The mathematician must needs mark what the scientist has overlooked—the change in the operand. This change may not be accounted for on the basis of variation, the social unit is not the derivative of the individual unit that it displaces in the Darwinian process. But as the struggle for existence passes from that level whereon man competes with man, to the higher level where nation competes with nation, there is manifestly a change in the unit of operation."

This study of involution and the rhythm of development would bring the nation as the next logical group-unit. Antinationalism seems hardly likely in view of this scientific aspect of the problem. Internationalism fits nicely into the theory.

Walter E. Weyl in "American World Policies," thinks "an internationalism, which will bind the nations together in one economic unit, can be secured only as a result of further political and economic development, limiting the power and autonomy of the several nations. Powerful forces are at present in the world slowly making for an economic internationalism to supplant the economic nationalism which today makes for war."

K. K. Kawakami, one of the founders of the Socialist party in Japan, writes in "Japan in World Politics" of yet another phase of internationalism:

"In order to hasten the dawn of the new age—the age of International Socialism—certain conditions must first be altered or removed. Speaking in general terms and disregarding exceptions, the West, the powerful imperialistic West, looks upon the feeble, resigned East as an entirely different world which must occupy an inferior position in the scale of world communities. Here is a chasm which must be bridged before we can honestly advocate Socialism, with its corollary, Internationalism. When So-

cialists in Europe and America pledge themselves to Internationalism they are thinking only of Europe and America."

These are but a few of the many typical writers who have expressed themselves in terms of the newer interpretation of internationalism as opposed to antinationalism. Many of our best internationalists are good nationalists. Jim Larkin is a good Irish nationalist, and so was the late Cornelius Lehane, but that never affected their internationalism. James Connolly was willing to give up his life in the struggle for Irish nationalism. The Jew is the world's greatest internationalist, but the Jewish national ideal has persisted for centuries without a country.

Of course, these comrades who are interpreting the new—the real—meaning of internationalism are not basing their conception of the new society upon the modern arbitrary national lines, but upon nations composed of willing groups of people. The schools I have attended, the offices in which I have worked mean more to me than others because of the associations and the big family relationships. I do not think Indiana better than other states, but I love Indiana better than any other commonwealth. This trait is admirably portrayed by O. Henry in "A Cosmopolitan in a Cafe." E. Rushmore Cogan, the true world citizen, had been discovered. He spoke not in terms of nations; the world was truly his country. All zones and lands were alike to him. But in the end he had to be ejected from the cafe for engaging in a fist fight. In the words of the waiter, he "got hot on account of things said about the water supply and bum sidewalks of the place he come from." The world-citizen was originally from Mattawamkeag, Maine, and "he wouldn't stand for no knocking the place."

We may speculate on the course social development will take, but we need not really worry greatly about it. Give the peoples a free earth and they will determine from generation to generation what form of administration they shall have—unless we accept Mark Twain's gloomy mechanistic philosophy, in which case the radical world is taking itself entirely too seriously. We must assume the magnimity of Byron, who in a burst of generosity exclaimed, "Roll on thou ocean." It is still rolling.

The adjustment of our thots is not going to affect the workings of evolution nor of involution, but it will help us very much if we work with the stream of progress instead of counter to its currents. There are, perhaps, some real antinationalists. Perhaps the world will reach that stage in time; perhaps not. We need not worry about that step. Internationalism means the existence of nations. Do we want independence? I think not. There is another word, bigger and better—INTERDEPENDENCE. And interdependence can best be carried out at present from a plane of nationalism.

FERRER SCHOOL FOR LOS ANGELES

An organization has been formed for the founding of a Ferrer Modern School in Los Angeles, along the lines of the Ferrer school now in operation in Stelton, N. J., under the principalship of William Thurston Brown, who recently delivered a series of lectures in Los Angeles. The organization already has a number of members and a growing fund. It plans to open the school within six months. Parents or others who are interested in advanced educational methods should communicate with the corresponding secretary, J. Klein, 2542 Fairmount street, Los Angeles.

COPPERS

By Scott Nearing of the Rand School

The get-rich-quick amateur must experience a feeling of profound respect when he reads the record of the war activities of the twenty-nine leading copper producing companies in the United States. The total surplus of refined copper in June, 1919, will probably be 1,500,000 pounds. A quarter of this in the hands of the British, French and American governments. These facts have caused the price of copper to drop from 26 cents to around 15 cents. Nevertheless "the tremendous prosperity of the copper companies during the war has strengthened their financial condition to a point where they can now blink the fact that copper is temporarily unsalable." (A bond house circular).

"Tremendous prosperity" is the only phase that describes the war experience of these twenty-nine copper producing companies which, during the four-year period of the war, earned \$1,023,000,000 net. The companies distributed to their stockholders 540 millions in dividends, spent 229 millions in improving their plants, and added 223 millions to their cash surplus; so that in addition to disbursing among their stockholders more than a billion dollars in four years, the twenty-nine companies are richer today by 462 millions than they were just before the war.

There are three examples of war prosperity in the copper industry—Calumet & Hecla paid in cash dividends during the four years of the war \$26,500,000, or \$265 a share. It expended, in addition, \$1,500,000 for betterments. After all this outlay, its net quick surplus on January 1, was \$10,626,485, comparing with \$6,553,964 in 1914.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company paid \$65,275,000 in cash dividends during the past four years, or \$26.50 per share. It also paid off a funded debt of \$15,000,000 in the same period, and invested besides \$54,466,703 in betterments. After this outlay, totalling \$134,741,703, it had on January 1st, of the present year, a net quick surplus of \$39,926,029. This compares with a net quick surplus of only \$4,688,204 in 1914.

In the past four years the Utah Copper Company paid in cash dividends \$63,761,233, or \$39.25 per share. Contemporaneously, it expended \$17,257,666 for betterments. After disbursing the total of \$81,018,899 for dividends and betterments it retained at the end of the four-year period a cash surplus of \$30,265,957. In 1914 Utah's cash surplus was only \$2,917,573.

There are many things that the American business men have left undone during this period of world crisis, but certainly no one can accuse them of any failure to convert the anguish of two continents into ample dividends, property improvements and liquid surplus assets.

Sydney Webb was advocating government ownership a quarter of a century ago. Now he is advocating a labor government for England. The world do move—or at least Sydney Webb does.

If there is one thing we love it is law and order. The truth of this is borne out by the Night Riders among the tobacco raisers, the lynching mobs of the South and the noble vigilance committees elsewhere. Perhaps you have not heard much about these loyal lovers of liberty—that's because you are so busy learning the truth about the I. W. W. and Bolsheviks from the impartial press.

The Truth About Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
... J. H. RYCKMAN

A BASE SLANDER ON RUSSIA

The most persistent lie disseminated by the capitalistic press about Russia is about the nationalization of women. This base slander has been refuted time and again upon the most reputable authority, and still it persists. Numberless other falsehoods about Russia and her people so bravely struggling for freedom have been refuted and laid to rest, but this slander on Russia lives, and has been taken up and spread broadcast by editors of whom better things were to be expected. Just recently two journals of nation-wide circulation have given currency to this base slander; one is the Christian Science Monitor published in Boston, and the other is the Woman Citizen, published in New York. The editorials in the Christian Science Monitor are venomous and vituperative in the extreme. They are a disgrace to journalism, and drag the name Christian into the mire. The article in the Woman Citizen is copied from the Philadelphia North American, and has aroused a storm of indignation among hundreds of women in Southern California, as the writer knows of his own personal knowledge. This latter article reads in part: The leaders of Russia "are men of intellect, vision and audacity. They know that their system cannot prevail, their class despotism cannot be established until the institutions of the home and family organization are obliterated. Therefore they propagate the hideous doctrine that a woman is the mere chattel of a bestial government, with no voice in her own fate, or her own mating, to be compelled to submit to the promiscuous embraces of the first men who file claim to her, the number being fixed by the arbitrary decree of the Soviet. This carries with it the doctrine of state-owned children and the abolition of the fundamental relations of society." The black heart and ignorance of the writer of the foregoing is further shown when he says: "but let it be understood that her family is to be invaded, her home violated, her children imperilled, and there will be awakened in her a passion which is the heritage of remote ages—she will perish before she will see that sacred threshold crossed by a profane foot. Give her the ballot and let Bolshevism rave, for it will be able to do no more."

And this too, in face of the fact that on July 10th, 1918, the Constitution of the Russian Socialist Republic secured to all persons, including women, the ballot as soon as they reach the age of 18 years, provided such persons acquire the means of living through labor that is productive and useful to society.

To set this foul rumor at rest, Alice Stone Blackwell interviewed Babushka, the dear old grandmother of the Revolution, in New York last February, when Madam Breshkovsky with great indignation and resentment exclaimed: "Women have more freedom in Russia now than they ever had before. One or two small soviets proclaimed some such foolishness as the nationalization of women. It was never proposed for all Russia, and it was never carried out anywhere." Babushka, be it remembered, is strongly opposed to Bolshevism and was a supporter of the Kerensky regime.

In The Independent for March 15th there is an article by Jerome Davis, for some time Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in Russia, who had exceptional opportunities for knowing whereof he speaks. He says he saw such a decree at one

time posted in the city of Samara. He took special pains to investigate the matter, and states positively that the poster had been printed by certain forces antagonistic to the Soviets, and it was done by the enemies of the Russian Government of Samara to discredit the Soviet regime of that city. He says that afterwards he met a rich Russian who admitted that the decree, so-called, as published in the New York Times of February 18th had been prepared as a sort of a joke by some of the younger, formerly well-to-do men of that locality. Of another similar decree alleged to come from Vladimir, Mr. Davis says after full investigation: "I am absolutely certain that leaders of the Central Soviet Government, such as Mr. Lenine and Mr. Tchicherin would be absolutely opposed to anything so preposterous as the nationalization of women. I am sure every American Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. worker who knew these two leaders will agree with me in that statement. In all my stay in Russia I never met anyone connected with the Soviet Government with whom I talked on the subject, who was not only violently opposed to any such immoral doctrine, but who did not also think it was too ridiculous to discuss."

George Lansbury, former member of Parliament, editor of the Herald, the "National Labor Weekly" of London, is a man of international reputation and well-known in the Christian world as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He ran this vile rumor down for his own personal satisfaction and says tales of the nationalization of women in Russia are pure and simple lies. No one who has read Lansbury's beautiful book, "Your Part in Poverty," would for a moment question the conclusion he arrived at in this matter.

Oliver M. Saylor is the dramatic critic of the Indianapolis News. He has recently returned from Russia. He is not a Socialist and not in sympathy with the program of the Russian Socialist Republic. At the request of the editors of "The New Republic" he wrote for that paper an article which is printed in the issue for March 15th, in which he gives the quietus to this infamous slander. He says: "Whatever else the Russian Bolsheviki must answer for before public opinion today and the bar of history tomorrow, they cannot in truth be held responsible for the so-called decree concerning the nationalization of women, which in one form or another has been printed and reprinted during the last few months in our newspapers and press. Whatever its source, the whole incident of the decree is a sardonic commentary on the inaccuracy and the meagerness of our information about Russia. I wish to kill off this ghostly and ghastly wraith still wandering over the columns of our press, so that we may devote our attention to the more important and far more insidious aspects of Bolshevik class rule. In fact I can think of nothing that would please the Bolshevik leaders more than for us to absorb our minds and waste our indignation in attributing to them these ideas concerning the socialization of women. If Lenine and Trotzky are aware of the interpretation which has been almost unanimously placed on this decree in the United States, they are probably laughing deeply in their sleeves. To the extent that we are dissipating our attention on such misinterpreted episodes like this we are playing directly into the hands of Lenine and Trotzky and the Red Guard."

The exigencies of space forbid further quotations in this connection. Columns could be filled with most indubitable

evidence that this story about the socialization of women in Russia is a baseless fabrication circulated by the kept and shameless press of America to discredit the Russian Socialist Republic. The marriage and divorce laws in Russia are the most humane, reasonable and advanced that the world has seen. They are modeled upon those of the most enlightened countries of Europe. They most carefully safeguard the rights of women, and the care and education of children, whether natural or born in wedlock. In every line these laws relating to the marriage relation give evidence of the most tender solicitude for motherhood and childhood, having always in view the most lofty conception of citizenship. Prospective mothers draw a liberal pension from the State for thirty days before confinement and for ninety days thereafter. Education is compulsory until the age of 21 is reached. No child is exempt from school attendance for any reason whatsoever until the age of 16 is reached and between 16 and 21 only extreme conditions justify absence from school. Wages of teachers were trebled and quadrupled in many cases as soon as the Revolutionary Government was established. The Bolshevik movement is the most powerful, humanizing movement the world has ever seen. The state church has been disestablished, the power of the priests lessened, but this does not remove the strong spiritual instincts of the people, for there is no ban on the preaching and practising of religion of any kind in Russia. The Soviet Republic now is what the American colonies were founded for, that is, freedom to worship, and freedom of conscience, and where there is freedom of conscience, and freedom of speech, and freedom of press, and freedom of assembly, as there is now in Russia, and the ballot in the hands of all men and women, without distinction, who perform some service to society that is truly productive and useful, motherhood and childhood, chastity and continence will take care of themselves.

J. H. R.

MENSHEVIKI CONDEMN ALLIED INVASION

"Humanite" of Paris publishes the following in a recent issue:

The Menshevik Social Democratic Party, in spite of the declarations by which it has hitherto seemed to renounce its policy of opposition to the regime of the Soviet Government, still confronts the latter with an attitude of hopeful neutrality. This, however, does not prevent the Central Committee of the party from issuing the following manifesto against the policy of the Allies in Russia:

"In spite of the fact that the Lenine Government (word missing) consents to take part in the Princes Island conference and offers to the allied governments a peace based upon the payments of loans, the renunciation of revolutionary propaganda, and the satisfaction of the economic interests of the allies by means of concessions and even territorial cessions, the allied governments still continue to hold over the head of revolutionary Russia the Damocles sword of military intervention, still continue to nourish the hopes of the Russian counter-revolutionists, and still continue to strangle the country with famine.

"Confronted with the refusal of the counter-revolutionary governments of Koltchak, of Krasnov, and the socialist Tschaikovski, traitor to the revolution of (word missing), Russia demands, if the Entente does not wish to play ab-

solutely the role of a declared enemy of the Russian revolution, that it establish diplomatic and economic relations with the Soviet Government and accept the proposition to settle peacefully litigious questions.

"Nevertheless, the preparations for a military campaign against Russia continue. French and English military missions are seen everywhere. They organize counter-revolutionary Russian forces, occasioning by their presence all sorts of inhuman measures of repression, shootings, hangings, and tortures. (Word missing.)

"At the same time, with the direct approbation of the Clemenceau government, the Polish Republic, with Paderwiski at its head, monopolized from the day of its birth by Polish clericals and nationalists, is preparing to furnish considerable military forces to strangle revolutionary Russia. After having concluded an armistice with the Czechs and the Ukrainians, after having obtained, thanks to the presence of the Allies in Germany, the authority to pass its troops through territories occupied by the Germans, reactionary Poland is preparing to realize its plans to annex Lithuanian, White Russian, and Ukrainian territories as a reward for the role it played as 'gendarme for the counter-revolutionary bourgeois of Europe.'

"The arrival of Varsovie and Noulens and the principal leaders of the counter-revolutionary policy of the allies in Russia shows sufficiently what the forces are which inspire the Polish nationalists. By means of a similar reward the reactionary government of Finland expects to obtain the conquest of Petrograd and all the territory bordering upon the Gulf of Finland.

"If we add to all these appetites the Roumanians, who for a long time have been consumed with the desire to make Odessa their port of commerce, and the 'patriotic' treaty of Admiral Koltchak with Japan, by which he ceded to that Government control over the routes to the Orient, it becomes clear that the aggressive plans of the imperialists with regard to the Russian Revolution have in view a new dismemberment and a new pillage of Russia and the renewed subjection of the Russian peoples to the domination of their most reactionary enemies, foreign and domestic.

"The laboring masses of Russia will defend themselves to the bitter end against this prospective dismemberment and against the forces of social reaction which only hope to secure power by the aid of the Polish, Finnish, Roumanian, and Japanese reactionaries.

"The establishment of order by such means will only result in the shedding of new oceans of blood and will end in destroying a country already sufficiently tortured. But a new dismemberment of Russia and the restoration by foreign (word missing) of the police, the landlords, and the capitalists will never be accepted by the working masses of Russia, who by a series of new (word missing) will reconquer their liberty and their national unity. Such dismemberment, however, is the end which the European bourgeoisie is striving to attain. Do the French bourgeoisie desire that the strong sympathies which the Russian people have for them shall be destroyed? Yet that is what will happen the day the Russian people acquire the conviction that it is the French Republic which directs the campaign of the landlords and capitalists of Poland, Finland and Roumania, whose desire is to restore in Russia the abhorrent ancient empire and to pillage its territory.

"Will the proletariat of Western Europe consent that

these reactionary governments created in the states resuscitated or reinforced by the world war, after having crushed, thanks to the White Guard, their own workers, shall be commissioned as international gendarmes to strangle the working class of the entire world? Will the proletariat consent that the armies of Paderwiski, Brantania and Mannerheim shall become the armed police force of this Holy Alliance of capitalists who wish to make the League of Nations a league of imperialist brigands?

"These are the questions that loyal democratic Russia presents to the public opinion of the entire world. It tells the world once more that in protesting with all its energy against foreign military intervention it speaks as the representative of that portion of the working class of Russia which opposes the bases of the Bolshevik regime as disastrous to socialist policy. (Editor's Note.—The French text reads: ". . . la partie de la classe ouvriere russe qui s'oppose aux bases du regime bolchevik funeste a la politique socialiste.")

"Its protest against foreign military intervention and against the endeavors of the reactionary Russians arises from its belief that such an intervention, and the refusal of the allied governments to come to an understanding with Soviet Russia, will only serve to prolong and intensify the crisis which is killing the people. This protest comes from the conviction that the counter-revolutionary mobilization cannot fail to accentuate the terrorist tendencies of the working masses. On the contrary, give to Russia the possibility of developing itself in peace, suppress the blockade which is smothering her—these are the measures which will inevitably result in arresting at their base the terrorist tendencies by giving to those elements of the working class not psychologized by maximalist and anarchistic illusions the means to successfully fight for the purification of the political regime of Soviet Russia, for the re-establishment of political liberty, and for the triumph of an economic policy corresponding to the social conditions of our country.

"The Menshevik Social Democratic Party makes an appeal to all Socialist parties and to all labor unions for an agreement by the Entente governments with the Lenin government.

"The Social Democratic Party presents its most cordial felicitations for the decision reached by the Socialist parties (at Berne) to send a delegation to Russia to study the situation of the country, and it hopes that the arrival of the authorized representatives of the Western Social Democracies will bring to the Russian proletariat a moral aid essential in its attempts to find an escape from its intolerable situation.

"The Central Committee of the Social Democratic Party firmly hopes that the active intervention of the international proletariat will protect the Russian revolution from the dagger raised against it.

"Down with armed intervention!

"Hands off Revolutionary Russia!

"Long live the international struggle of the united proletariat!

"The Central Committee of the Social Democratic Party:

"MARTOV,
"PLESKOV,
"SEMOVSKI,
"TCHEREVANINI."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the official copy of this manifesto which the Central Committee of the Social Revolu-

tionary Party sent to the editor of Humanite certain words were either deleted by the censor or illegibly written. The French text indicates these deletions by the insertion of "word missing." The translator has followed the French text.—Julian Pierce.

SOVIETS BUILD 2046 VERSTS OF NEW RAILROADS

Also Undertake Great Dredging Operations on Inland Waterways. Dirt Roads Constructed and Improved, and Military Operations Facilitated by General Improvement in Transit Conditions.

The Peoples' Commissar of Public Works of the Soviet Republic of Russia presented to the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets a report from which we quote as follows:

In September the Committee of Public Works completed constructing and opened to traffic the "Arzamas-Pikhrany" Railroad Line, enabling us to dispatch over it six military trains every day.

At the present time the Committee is completing the construction of a railroad that is of great strategic importance, namely, that from Kazan to Yekatreinburg, which, including the Votkinsky Branch Line, is 929 versts in length.

We have completed the 355 versts of the "Nizhny-Novgorod Kotelnich Line," on which traffic is maintained by means of a bridge we have built across the Volga. The "Savelovo-Kolyzin-Kashin" Line, and the "Iga-Rybinsk" Line, important in a military way, are approaching completion. Under instructions from the War Department, the Committee of Public Works is at present constructing railroads of a total length of 2046 versts. In view of the imminent occupation of the City of Orenburg by the Soviet troops, and the consequent union in this manner produced with the Tashkent Railroad, the Committee of Public Works is studying the question of bringing about a railroad connection between Central Russia and the Turkestan Region. With this object in view, the Committee, because of the impossibility of undertaking the construction of the Sisrensky Bridge at the present time, is projecting a roundabout railroad line by constructing a branch-line from the Sergyevski Station to Surgut, for the purpose of connecting with the Simbirsk-Ufa Line. Simultaneously, the Committee of Public Works is collecting the materials and the working forces for laying down a road between Uralsk and Elets, so that the work on this line may be prosecuted as soon as the town of Uralsk is taken by the Soviet forces, which may be expected in the immediate future. The importance of the above-mentioned lines is self-evident, as they guarantee a connection with Tashkent and a supply of raw materials from that place, which will be of great value to our industries.

It is important from a military standpoint to connect the terminal stations of Romanoff and Nizhny-Novgorod by means of a permanent bridge across the river Oka. The plan for this connection is now being worked out by the Committee of Public Works.

There is also another problem that is now having the attention of the Committee of Public Works: It is the construction, for the needs of the army, of another type of transportation, namely, of dirt-roads, and highways. It is clear how great is the importance, to the army, of reconstructed, or at least temporarily improved, dirt-roads and highways, as well as new construction of such. The

plan for the work on dirt roads and highroads made by the Committee of Public Works, is distinguished by the large scale of the proposed operations: fully 15,000 versts are to be either constructed new or repaired.

At the present time the labors of the military section extend over the entire territory of Soviet Russia and are being pursued in the most intensive manner.

Notwithstanding frequent difficulties presented by local conditions (insufficiency of foodstuffs, small number of workers and vehicles' difficulties in the delivery of materials, supplies, etc.), the greater part of the work in connection with the military roads program will be finished within the time prescribed by the War Department.

In addition to the above dredging and deepening operations were carried out on the River Svir, at the point of its emergence from Lake Ladoga.

The channel of the River Svir was considerably deepened, thus greatly facilitating the means of communication over this waterway, the importance of which, both for the military and the merchant fleet, will be evident when we consider the fact that the River Svir connects the Baltic Sea, through the Neva and the Tikhvin Canal System, with the Volga.

The carrying out of these dredging operations on the Svir permitted the sending from the Baltic to the Volga, immediately after their completion, of a naval flotilla consisting of the mine-layers "Grozny," "Ryeshitelny," and "Bystry" (Dangerous, Resolute, Speedy), 7 squadron-mine-layers, 4 simple mine-layers, 4 submarines and 3 supply-ships, which distinguished themselves by the splendid role they played in the taking of the city of Kazan by the Soviet troops.

The Committee of Public Works is giving particular attention to the question of the connection between Central Russia and the front, and has therefore directed its activity chiefly to the construction of the new and the improvement of the old means of communication, railroads as well as dirt roads, wherever they may have been of strategic, supply, or other importance for the welfare of the army.

Izvestya of the Central Executive Committee.
Northern Commune, Dec. 8, 1918.

Raids on I. W. W. branches and dragnet arrests of members are coming to be almost daily occurrences all over the country, it is stated. Wherever signs of I. W. W. activity crop out, the local authorities resort to any means in their power to try to stamp it out. The Chicago office of the organization has been recently raided three times in quick succession, the members found there being arrested without a warrant and quantities of literature and office supplies confiscated. Similar illegal raids and arrests are reported from Springfield, Mass., Bridgeport, Conn., Newark, N. J., Kansas City, Mo., Portland, Ore., Seattle and Spokane, Wash., and many other points. Efforts are made, by threat of arrest and prosecution, to intimidate new members and get them to renounce their connection with the I. W. W.

The New York Defense Committee of the I. W. W. has been reorganized and has mapped out an energetic money-raising and publicity campaign. The labor organizations of New York and vicinity and radical groups and individuals throughout the country are going to be appealed to for help in meeting the financial demands of the situation.

The cover design for this issue, with the sketch of Leon Trotsky, was drawn by Harold W. Miles.

ARMISTICE

The face of the child of Cologne
Looked just the same
As the face of a London child,—
Or Paris, Rome, New York—Eastside,—
When he raised his head and smiled.
—Frayne Williams.

BATTLE

A cannon flamed at the red of day
In a voice of passion that rocked the hills.
A cannon answered—and then the fray—
(Christ, is not he thrice damned that kills?)

And the clamor of battle rose around,
Where the squadrons surged like an angry tide;
And the pale day lighted the crimson ground....
(O, what will you say of the men that died?)

And the sobbing earth soaked in the stain;
(O war wine spilled by the sons of men!)
And the women garnered their futile slain,
With eyes that groped in an occult ken....

A bugle sang in the starlight clear,
And an answering note rang sweet and far....
(And, O, I dreamed that it was a tear
Dropped from the farthest, aching star!)
—Vincent Starrett.

THE BEACON BEARERS

By Charles Bruce

Once they were weak and puny, staggering as in childhood, harmless and ineffective, a frail foundation of hope; Now they are strong as great men are strong, filled with the flood of life; the steel beams of a rising structure:

Once they articulated in faint whispers to be heard only in the quiet, restful hours, a feature of environment without emphasis;

Now their voices roll and roar like the thunder voice of nature in turmoil, purifying the atmosphere, refreshing parched and arid lands:

Once they gestured with wavering hands, uncertain and afraid, timid with fear as a swimmer beyond his depth or as a blind man on a crowded street, the cause of quiet scorn and laughter;

Now they move with strokes of unleashed power, rerouting destiny, tipping world balances, moulding a future, reconstructing a falling universe.

Once they held conclave in cellars and secret places, people to be persecuted, objects of abuse and ridicule;

Now they throng the palaces of dethroned monarchs, revising laws and national policies, the last court of appeal, feared, honored, and respected, solicited to attend international councils;

Once they were but few among many, a grain of sand in a mountain, an atom in an ocean;

Now they are increasing by states and principalities, an ever-growing and irresistible body.



"OPEN COVENANTS OPENLY ARRIVED AT."—PRESIDENT WILSON.

(First of the Fourteen Points.)

Drawn by Harold W. Miles.

A Tourist Sees the Sights

Being a Letter to Californians

As an introduction let me say that the writer has visited a great many public institutions all over the world. When I want to find the soul of a community I do not go to its temples but to the places where it takes care of the less fortunate. May I tell you Californians how I find your institutions?

Your county hospital with its daily population of over a thousand is better than the average I have seen. Your county home with its seven hundred and fifty inmates is unusual. It has both system and a soul.

Your Los Felix hospital with its forty-five young women prisoners suffering from venereal diseases is better than in most cities. These prisoners are good looking, keen, alert. They are not good or bad. They are simply products of our civilization, treated like convicts, while men equally guilty and equally diseased are free to infect ignorant women and innocent children.

When men make laws which interfere with the laws of nature these women are the results. In Los Angeles today there are thousands of men and women who seek companionship and amusement. But man has monopolized the land and other necessities of life so that it is like putting one's head into a noose to marry.

Now let's go on to your city jail, which Upton Sinclair christened the "louse ranch." If I were to pray, my prayer would be, "O Lord, put all the Los Angeles clergy including the Christian Science readers into that jail over night."

Your county jail is somewhat better. It is cleaner, but its structure is also out of date, especially the women's part. They keep twenty-seven women where there is only room for ten. It seems strange that no matter what jail you go to women always get the worst of it. I had hoped that in a state where women voted, things would be different. Los Angeles, called the City of the Angels, has eighteen dog hospitals and such jails for women!

You go into hysterics because of the reported treatment of women by the Bolsheviki. I pray you dry your tears. I defy you to find any place where they treat women as inhumanly as you do in your Los Angeles jails. You talk to me, a tourist, about your beautiful climate and wonderful mountains. Yet you keep your own women, those who were born here, in a jail where they cannot possibly see the great outdoors or get any ventilation. One of the young women in the Los Angeles jail told me she had been in that hell-hole two hundred and twenty days. She may have seen some of the display of wealth by the big profiteers from the East who came here to spend part of their loot. She may have seen the picture of the wife of one steel magnate with her \$75,000 coat. She had read in the society columns of the women who spend thousands of dollars for dogs. She saw the effects of money, of gold as it flows through your veins—gold seems to be your God. She also took a little. And she has already served two hundred and twenty days. It must be a wonderful inspiration to this young woman if she perchance sees your daily papers, which tell us that some of your highest officials, the men who are paid to see that justice is done, are either fleeing or being arrested, because they had their hands in the dough.

Why this young woman should be made the goat, when-

there are so many big crooks running around is beyond my comprehension. I do not think that you are all insane, but your sense of justice is awfully funny. I wonder sometimes if all this sunshine does not affect your brains. You seem so dull and stupid. You have no sense of humor. You spend millions of dollars to convert the heathen who live outdoors. You jabber to them about doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. I sometimes wish there was a hell, for if God is just, he will tell you people who have been quoting these biblical verses, if you have been contented to live in a place where there are two discontented halves, that you are not fit for a place where there is one harmonious whole.

What I want to call especially to your attention is your Juvenile Hall. In my home city, Grand Rapids, Mich., we had one similar in its danger. But like you, we paid no attention. We had a fire. Then we picked seven little charred bodies from the bars where they clung after the fire. I want to go on record. When you have a fire, you will have more charred bodies. Your guards will tell you that they can unlock so many doors in so many minutes. We heard that before and it cost us seven little lives.

Our guard unlocked the door of a small room. In it was a little boy about five or six years old, all alone. He was trying to sit on the window sill. With his hands on the bars he was looking onto the playground. And we were told that all children when they first entered this institution were locked up by themselves for eight to twelve hours while those in charge take their throat cultures and blood tests.

When I looked into the eyes of that child, I could not help but think of the wounded bird I had picked up the morning before. I had felt its heart beat and its eyes looked just as pitiful and helpless as this little boy's. I have a grandson just about the age of this little fellow. Supposing that this morning they have taken him or your little son away from his home and friends. I don't care how bad the surroundings might have been; it meant home and friends to him. And a strange man or woman took him away to a strange house with an ugly high-board fence. And after unlocking and locking dozens of doors, they made him open his mouth for a throat culture and submit to a blood test.

After that he was locked up in that little room all by himself with heavy wire screens over the bars. You ought to have seen the look of expectancy in the eyes of that child when we entered. Were you ever five or six years old? Can you remember the things that happened to you? Will you teach this little boy that we are sending our soldiers into the darkest of Russia to make the world safe for democracy? Are you going to teach him to stand up when we play our anthem? Are you going to teach him to doff his hat at the passing of the stars and stripes? In behalf of this little boy, I ask you Californians, is your treatment of him a sample of your culture, your religion, your patriotism?

Sometimes I feel the earth tremble; you call it an earthquake. When I look at your jails and juvenile homes and your million-dollar temples, I wonder if that tremble is not caused by the laughter of the devil or the wrath of some just god.

You Chamber of Commerce, you captains of industry, you masters of efficiency, do you know why that high-board fence, all these locks and keys and heavy screens? It's economy. To have some one stay with that little boy out in the sunshine all day would cost probably \$2.00; and you probably need that \$2.00 to advertise the beauty of your city.

It seems to me that the only real benefit we may derive from our overcrowded public institutions is not the char-

ity they dole out, but the lesson that those who try to live up to the golden rule are apt to die in the poor house, while the selfish survive.

And in order to practice what we preach we will have to rebuild our social structure. When we look at what we call civilization, we know that it will have to be changed before we can become human.

Yours for a Better World,
GERRIT J. JOHNSON.

The Trend of Modern Art

By JOSEPH BENTON NICHOLS

Art is long, but most variegated. A history of art seems, at first glance, a collection of unrelated and opposing movements, rather than a continuous development. A tendency in one direction proceeds to a certain stage, and is then replaced by a further burgeoning of some previous and supposedly defunct movement.

Venturesome, indeed, does it seem to attempt a chart of the future; to prolong a present tendency indefinitely. However, there is no reason to presume that the present movement has reached its final state, or even its first resting place. It is certain to develop much farther than the present unchecked, and then, if superceded by some reaction, will merely lie dormant for a century or so and then, in the hands of another school, take up its course of life anew, changed, yet the same.

Art, in its present stage, in pictures, sculpture, music, is proceeding in the elimination of form, in the disregard of photographic or geometrical considerations. The field is full of a multitude of schools, each clamoring that it is the real and only exponent of ART. But this numerous throng represents really one movement germinating in the minds of all kinds of people. It is the multitude of fore-runners of a single impulse, which in time will stand out, stripped of its fortuitous and apparent differences, as a unity—the dominant art of the twentieth century.

For our purpose, then, it is useless to give a critical exposition of the different schools, post-impressionist, cubist, vortecist, and what not. The tendency stated above, the rejection of form, the expression of artistic emotion in formlessness and pure color, is the same in all. It is necessary to merely point out whither this tendency is leading us.

The first point is that a new medium of expression is necessary. Paint on canvas is most unsatisfactory, leading eventually back to the decorative didoes of Fragonard and his kind, or, from its invitation to attempt perspective and photographic reproduction, to the pictorial effects of Alma Tadema or of David. Oil painting is a continual temptation to reaction. Sculpture, in stone or bronze, is even worse. To express formlessness in pure form is, at present, impossible, and it will take generations of genius to attain that triumph. A new medium there must be—the question is, what?

A few sporadic and futile attempts, hardly worth mentioning, have been made so far to supply the answer. It is doubtful whether the profile of wire with glass eyes, recently exhibited, can be considered in that light. Experiments with the scale of synthetic scents, or with lights thrown on screens, are foredoomed to failure.

And yet the medium is at hand. It has existed for ages.

That its predestined use has not, as yet, been perceived, must be due to the fact that the obvious is always the unnoticed.

The answer to the riddle, the medium of the art of the future, lies in the material now left only in the hands of culinary experts. In short, it is food.

At first glance this conclusion will be decried and condemned, but after the matter is given fair consideration, I am sure that the truth will be recognized.

Even though artists have disdained the kitchen for the quarry and the dry goods department, food itself has undergone an evolution. Prepared at first merely to make the human fuel more edible, the esthetic interests of culinary workers have been expended on decorative effects. In Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," a description of a medieval banquet is given, in which one may correlate the tendencies in the preparation of the food with the general artistic trend of the time. At the present, the pictures of salads and puddings, even when lithographed in uniform colors, form the most artistic section of some modern ladies' magazines, far exceeding in esthetic appeal the reproductions of famous paintings, or even the illustrated lingerie advertisements. The skill of the chef is spent on the appearance of his viands. If this can be done by inartistic and prosaic caterers to the stomach, what might not be accomplished by an artist of genius! Consider in imagination a salad by Picasso, a pudding by Mattisse. How much would Manet have excelled in this line, giving us entrees ravishing in pure color, and far exceeding his lop-sided masterpiece of portraiture or his block landscapes!

And let it not be objected that art is not useful, in the vulgar or material sense. The utility of food is the business of the domestic scientist. It is a matter of calories and balanced rations, of proteins and carbohydrates. The utility of food in this sense leaves off where art begins, in the ravishing appeal to the eye, the sense of odors, and the palate. This is the region of esthetic consideration solely, and has nothing to do with food-value or digestibility.

It is an impressive thought that that which feeds the body should also satisfy the hunger of the soul; the material which supplies the foundation of life, which ministers to the oldest instinct of all living things, is also the medium of the highest expression of that same life, of the loftiest bud on the tree of being. It is almost a parable of the mystic union of soul and body.

Consider, then, the usefulness of food for our purpose. Lending itself to infinite variations of pure color, with a minimum of form; having also an appeal to the nostrils,

a significant fact in connection with the experiment in scents mentioned above. The evanescent and varying shades of green in a lettuce salad, the numberless possibilities in a gelatin pudding, the chaste coloring of a cup of cafe au lait—it is impossible that an artist should fail to feel overmastering enthusiasm at the bare thought.

It is a possible objection that these creations will not endure. Nothing endures. The marble crumbles, the paint fades, in a few years more. What is a short difference in time to art?

It is necessary that art should be freed from these trammels of temporality. Why should these works endure? Still, as far as preservation is concerned, there remains the fruit of scientific research, the cold storage plant.

All relevant objections have been met and disposed of. The new medium is discovered and its fitness demonstrated beyond a doubt. So in the future the aspiring student and the ardent worshipper will perform pilgrimages to wonder, to adore, and to imitate, at the kitchen of the master artist.

OVER THE LIBRARY TABLE

BOOK REVIEWS

By David Bobspa

To study John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World" is to feel the thrill of the Russian November Revolution. For John Reed was not merely a correspondent who happened to be in Petrograd during all the days of the transformation—he was a delicately acute instrument whose whole being was attuned to the thrill and the complete understanding of the events transpiring in the most significant revolutionary movement of recorded history. An eye witness—a trained writer who went behind the scenes, "mixed" with the leaders of all factions, heard the speeches, walked on terms of intimate friendship with the historic comrades—and then was able to set forth a vivid picture of the "days that shook the world." Yet the book is written without passion or hysteria; devoid of hyperbole or partisanship. It is calm and dignified in tone, the historical poise of the trained writer—one of the most remarkable documents of any such world-event. Here is a book of source-material to which historians will turn as they do now to the Domesday Book and Caesar's Commentaries.

The electric thrill of comradeship is in these awakening chapters as the truth of the November coup and the final birth pangs of a free Russia is given to the public.

Comrade Reed—doubtless the best informed man in America concerning Russian affairs—prefaces his personal experiences with two chapters of concentrated background, information essential to an understanding of the rapid crystalization of the revolutionary ideals long in the formative fires. Somehow, the Revolution ceases to be a faraway affair after going over John Reed's narrative; the men who engineered the forces of revolt seem very real as we hobnob with them in their unending councils. There is an understanding of what the people wanted and how they got it after getting thru with John Reed. He quotes freely from the actual speeches, reproduces documents and details little incidents about which hinged important phases of the liberation.

This is the most significant volume that has yet made its appearance on the Russian situation. May I be allowed just one word about the publishers—Boni & Liveright, Inc.—the liveliest firm in America today, the publishers of Trotsky's "The Bolsheviki and World Peace," and of Latzko's "Men in War," the most vivid of all war books; and the dispensers of the best past and present-day literature at proletarian prices; the sponsors of such significant messages as "Americanized Socialism" and "The Great Change."

It is difficult to write of "Ten Days That Shook the World" without trite and extravagant praise. It is a book that should be circulated among non-radicals. If you would anticipate your descendents by an appreciation of future classic authorities in history, begin with John Reed's personally conducted journey thru the November days of 1917 in the liveliest spot on the globe.

(Boni & Liveright, New York; \$2.00 net).

"Proposed Roads to Freedom: Socialism, Anarchism, and Syndicalism," like all that Bertrand Russell writes, is logical, practical and readable. "Justice in War Time," "Why Men Fight," "Political Ideals," and "Roads to Freedom" clinch Russell's title as the profoundest thinker and clearest writer on economics in the British movement. He has neither the tedious cumbersomeness of Wells nor the erratic scintillations of Shaw, but a clearer conception of the economic trend than either of them.

Russell's opinion is "that pure Anarchism, though it should be the ultimate ideal to which society should continually approximate, is for the present impossible, and would not survive more than a year or two at most if it were adopted. On the other hand, both Marxian Socialism and Syndicalism, in spite of many drawbacks, seem to me calculated to give rise to a happier and better world. . . . I do not, however, regard either of them as the best practicable system. Marxian Socialism, I fear, would give too much power to the State, while Syndicalism, which aims at abolishing the State, would, I believe, find itself forced to reconstruct a central authority in order to put an end to the rivalries of different groups of producers. The best practicable system, to my mind, is that of Guild Socialism, which concedes what is valid both in the claims of State Socialists and in the Syndicalist fear of the State, by adopting a system of federalism among trades for reasons similar to those which are recommending federalism among nations."

The development of the above-outlined opinion occupies several chapters that are as well worth reading as anything dealing with the present crisis. The system Bertrand Russell advocates is "a form of Guild Socialism, leaning more, perhaps, towards Anarchism than the official Guildsman would wholly approve." He demands of Socialism that non-economic goods be "valued and consciously pursued." Altho the jail opened for Comrade Russell just as he completed his "Roads to Freedom," he closed his book with a vision of "a new and younger world, full of fresh hope, with the light of morning in its eyes."

(Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50 net.)

Patrick MacGill is just a little above the average as a war writer. He does not reach the high note of the "Children of the Dead End," "The Rat Pit," and "The Songs of the Dead End," in the five books about the great con-

fict in which he served from the beginning. But there is no glorification of carnage in his stories and poems, and one gets a good picture of camp and social life of the fighters and the uselessness of it all—Pat is strong on this feature. Still the art of Latzko is not there. The one volume of "Soldier Songs" I like the best on the whole of that of any individual poet of the war. "The Red Horizon," "The Great Push," "The Brown Brethren," and the latest, "The Doughboys," are merely "good." And Pat MacGill has written the best proletarian protest of any man on English soil. It is only by comparing the "great" war books with the greater war books that we feel disappointed.

"The Doughboy," like its companion, "MacGillites," is a readable little bit of war fiction. But I cannot help wishing Pat may turn his pen once more to the class struggle which was so real to him when he wrote, almost literally with his own blood, his deathless songs and novels of the drab happenings of the dead end.

(George H. Doran Co., New York; \$1.50 net.)

And what are the wild waves saying, Mother? How would you expect a royal personage from Russia to write of the situation there? Are you surprised that Princess Catherine Radziwill should pen a volume on "The Firebrand of Bolshevism"? Here is "the true story of the Bolsheviki and the forces that directed them," meaning the greatest game of underground plotting ever attempted. "German diplomacy," announced as "a true record of tempted." The princess really takes seriously the idea that German money made Bolshevism. The book has the merit of being illustrated by good pictures of revolutionary leaders and of being written in an interesting style and containing some first-hand information that is valuable, if the author's interpretations are ignored.

(Small, Maynard Co., Boston; \$2.00 net.)

Georges Clemenceau looks like the missing link, and while possessing all the craftiness of the jungle, knows no more of the real meaning of the present social trend than a bull gorilla. From a historical viewpoint his words are of interest, for he is one of the midwives of Bungletown, helping the new order forward by his ignorant support of the old. His speeches and articles have been collected into 400 pages of evidence under the title of "France Facing Germany," translated into English by Ernest Hunter Wright, with analytical introduction by the premier himself. I have no comment to make.

(E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$2.00 net.)

"Songs of the Great Adventure" embody the soul of the fighting genius of Luke North. In "The White Flame" and "The Rubiyat of Life" we see the pure poet. For Luke was essentially the poet, the lover of beauty; at the same time he was the propagandist, the unswerving and unrelenting fighter for human rights. The blending of the two sides of his nature found expression in his Songs carefully polished in the cloister at The Dell in the few quiet hours Luke allowed himself during his years of conflict. The Songs are not ephemeral; they breathe the spirit of everlasting revolt. "Give Labor the Vision" is the poet's plea in one of the most significant appeals ever given to the hosts of workers of the Western movement. Life itself—naked life—is held forth in the light of revolutionary vision. There is trust in humanity pulsing in the Songs, a faith in the victory of The People that sustained Luke North during the years

when he turned the currents of his poet soul into the difficult work of making this a fit world for the development of poets—a world which will make poets of us all. Many of us disagreed with Luke as to methods and programs—but we joined hearts with him. "The Songs of the Great Adventure" was suppressed during the war, but a limited edition is now on sale. Whether for the treasuring of memories of hours spent with Luke or for the sake of the wealth of inspiration and beauty they will unfold, the comrades should read these Songs.

(The Great Adventure, 203 Tajo Building, Los Angeles; cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00).

TAILORS ON STRIKE

Sixty members of the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America, formerly employed in the retail ready-made clothing establishments of Los Angeles, went on strike April 3, demanding an 8-hour day, \$30 per week for men and \$20 per week for women, and recognition of their organization. Firms affected by the strike are: Mullen and Bluett, F. B. Silverwood, Desmond's, Harris and Frank, Scott Bros., Wood Bros., and The Hub. Eagleson and Co., have settled with the strikers, and they have gone back to work for that firm. Bushelmen in Los Angeles have been receiving from \$13 to \$22 per week for a 10 to 12-hour day, and their working conditions have been notoriously bad.

PROJECTILES

Alas, fellow citizens, we must not overlook the sad fact that our Liberty Bell is cracked.

Says the loyal international business man: Just because the soldiers and people suffer from war is no reason why business should suffer.

If you stand up for your principles you are a traitor; if you don't stand up for your principles you are a traitor likewise. It is safest to be a hypocrite.

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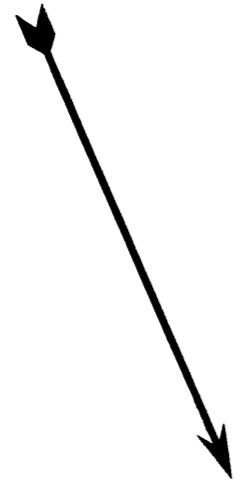
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Bryant

The Mystery Solved!

After making some rather impolite and uncomplimentary remarks about the NEW JUSTICE, the "Buffalo News" propounds editorially these great problems:

"Questions naturally arise. Are not such journals inciters of revolution? How many such are there? Whence comes the money for their support?"

Mysteries indeed! But if you won't tell the "Buffalo News" we will let you in on the secret. The answer will be obvious as soon as you have properly filled out and mailed this little thing right down here



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