

Would You Like to Be a Bolshevik?

Just for a little while, of course, to see how it feels! Would you like to get inside one, to know what he thinks, what he wants—what's the matter with him?

Gertrude Atherton, a bitter opponent of Bolshevism, had that experience, and found it useful. She writes: "I have been intensely interested in 'Jimmie Higgins,' because it gives me a point of view that I could not get elsewhere, and I get the whole picture owing to your skill, with no effort on my own part."

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From "The Candidate"

I have just finished reading the first installment of "Jimmie Higgins" and I am delighted with it. It is the beginning of a great story that will be translated into many languages and read by eager and interested millions all over the world. I feel that your art will lend itself readily to "Jimmie Higgins," and that you will be at your best in placing this dear little comrade where he belongs in the Socialist movement. The opening chapter of your story proves that you know him intimately. You are painting a superb portrait of our "Jimmie" and I congratulate you.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

From a Teacher

Have just finished reading "Jimmie Higgins." The tears are still in my eyes, tho' the laugh got mixed up with them when I got to Eleeza Betooser! (I give "lessons to foreigners" during the winter, whose experience has given point to that mix-up.) I became so absorbed in Jimmie that the newly kindled fire in my little air-tight went out for lack of attention to the draft, and when I got to the end of Debs' speech, I discovered that I was hugging a tepid stove.

BLANCHE WATSON.

From Mrs. Jack London

Jimmie Higgins is immense. He is real, and so are the other characters. I'm sure you rather fancy Comrade Dr. Service! The beginning of the narrative is delicious with an irresistible loving-humor; and as a change comes over it and the Big Medicine begins to work, one realizes by the light of 1918, what you have undertaken to accomplish. The sure touch of your genius is here, Upton Sinclair, and I wish Jack London might read and enjoy.

CHARMIAN LONDON.

From a Socialist Artist

Jimmie Higgins' start is a master portrayal of that character. I have been out so long on these lecture tours that I can appreciate the picture. I am waiting to see how the story develops. It starts better than "King Coal."

RYAN WALKER.

From a "Jimmie"

Well, the October Magazine is O. K. and Jimmie Higgins 100 per cent. To a fellow that carried a Red Card 14 consecutive years it seems like reincarnation.

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No. 8

EDITORIALS

OUR POSITION AS TO RUSSIA

In some of the very welcome comment for which THE NEW JUSTICE is from time to time indebted to the daily press, purposes and policies have been attributed to us which show the usual snap-judgment of our friends the enemy. For instance, in a recent article in the Los Angeles Times, our magazine was referred to as "the organ of the Los Angeles Bolsheviks." A passion for accuracy prompts us to call attention to the fact that this statement is not true. THE NEW JUSTICE is a magazine of nation-wide scope and circulation. It is not the organ of the Los Angeles Bolsheviks or the Los Angeles anything else. Equally, it is not the organ of the Bolsheviks of Los Angeles or the Bolsheviks of anywhere else. It is not the organ of any organization or of any group. It is not an organ at all, unless a journal which strives to interpret the social and economic tendencies of the day in the light of the steady, inexorable drift toward industrial democracy can be said to be the organ of those tendencies. This, by the way, gives rise to an interesting inquiry: Can tendencies have an organ? If so, we are it!

In thus calling attention to the fact that we are not "the organ of the Los Angeles Bolsheviks" we are not in any way attempting to sidestep what the Times doubtless considers the odium of a hideous charge. Far be it! We are simply displaying our customary modesty in disclaiming an official status we don't possess. Were we to lay claim to the aforesaid status, even in so far as the acquiescence of silence might imply, we would not be surprised if some of our good friends of "the Los Angeles Bolsheviks" descend upon our office with indignant demands for an explanation.

The position of THE NEW JUSTICE in regard to Russia is so well defined that it ought to be unmistakable to anyone who reads our columns with a tithe of the attention we strive to merit. It has been repeatedly stated in the published summary of our ideals and, we hope, faithfully reflected in our pages throughout the four months of our existence. That position is **self-determination**—just that and nothing more. If the Russians want another Czar, let them have him—without the aid of foreign bayonets. If they want Menshevik rule, let them have it—without the aid of foreign bayonets. If they want any other kind of government, let them have it—without the aid of foreign bayonets. Just now they appear very earnestly to want Bolshevism. And so we want them to have it—without the hindrance of foreign bayonets. If this attitude be that of an "organ," well and good.

The telling of the truth about Russia, in so far as that truth can be had today, involves the patient and repeated refutation of perhaps the most stupendous propaganda of falsehood that the world has ever seen. Any journal engaged in this task is compelled to adopt a pretty good imitation of a partizan attitude. Such an attitude is quite naturally designated as that of an "organ" by the gentlemen who are so strenuously vying with one another in the merry indoor sport of swapping lies about

the Russian Bolsheviks. THE NEW JUSTICE purposes to maintain this attitude in the future as in the past—even though it is not an "organ."

The Editors.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

With the coming of peace, the Espionage Act automatically goes out of existence, along with other repressive legislation due to the war. That a calculated and powerful effort will be made at the present session of Congress to replace it by equally drastic, if better considered, legislation, goes without saying. No hint of such an attempt will probably be allowed to escape into the daily press. Darkness, silence, every devious method of deception and of escaping responsibility will characterize it. But, unless each lover of liberty keeps sleepless vigil, such a bill will be put through. Nor can a President who has sanctioned the performances of Gregory and Burleson be relied on to veto it. Once a law, the "white terror" of which the American people have had a slight taste during the war will be in full and dreadful and permanent operation. Already many States have passed nightmare legislation of this sort, and it has been done so easily, so securely, with such safety to the politicians responsible for it, that the reactionary elements in Congress have every encouragement to undertake a like treasonable service to capital. If free speech, a free press, freedom of assemblage and organization, and freedom of opinion and criticism, are to be preserved even in some slight degree the time to guard them is now. The old maxim that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty was never truer than at this moment. C. M.

WILL GOVERNOR STEPHENS ACT?

There is little doubt that if Tom Mooney is still in prison on July 4 a general strike of national scope will be called by a considerable body of the organized labor of powerful corporate interests by his militant activities of a man who is coming to be more and more clearly recognized as the innocent victim of what appears to have been an unprecedented miscarriage of justice and a wanton persecution of one who had incurred the hatred of powerful corporate interests by his militant activities in behalf of the radical labor movement. If this strike takes place it will be the first strike to be called in America for purely political ends. As such it will mark the opening of a new epoch in the history of the American labor movement—an epoch which, once inaugurated, can scarcely fail to be fraught with portentous developments of a sort not yet seen as actual facts on the continent of North America. The immediate dawn of this epoch can, it now appears, be prevented only by the granting of a gubernatorial pardon to Tom Mooney.

The sensational disclosures of the vicious methods used to secure Mooney's conviction on the preposterous charge of complicity in the San Francisco bomb outrage of 1916 are not as widely known as they would be if the daily press of the country had not elected to give the facts scant space in their columns, save insofar as these facts could be colored in the interest of the prosecution. Still, the

patient agitation of those rare souls who for nearly three years have been fighting the battle for justice and fair play in the Mooney case has borne its fruit to this extent—that Labor at last is firmly convinced that Tom Mooney is the victim of a frame-up. In most cases where local labor bodies have decided against the strike it has been stated that this action was taken because of disbelief in the general strike as the proper weapon to be used in the premises and not because of any doubt as to the injustice done to Mooney. The recent action of the Los Angeles Central Labor Council is a conspicuous case in point.

Men and women of high standing and national repute have taken up the cudgels in the fight for justice to Tom Mooney. Judge Franklin A. Griffin, in whose court Mooney was convicted, has pleaded with both the attorney general and the governor that Mooney be given a new trial. Attorney General Webb has seconded the plea, as has President Wilson himself, in a letter to Governor Stephens. The governor has acted to the extent of commuting Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment, in reply to which Mooney has pointed out that if he is guilty of the atrocious murder of nine persons he deserves no commutation, while if he is innocent he obviously deserves nothing short of complete vindication. As matters stand it appears that the courts are closed against him as far as the possibility of a new trial is concerned. This puts the matter squarely up to Governor Stephens. Will the governor act?

R. R. B.

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE

Ribbons, it appears, may not be tied to the ends of sticks and used for decorative purposes in the city of Los Angeles—leastways, not if those ribbons are red. At a picnic in Schuetzen Park a man and a woman, in a spirit of May Day merriment, procured some hair and dress ribbons, which happened to be red, tied them to the end of a stick and proceeded to lead a sort of jovial impromptu parade about the picnic grounds. A police officer objected and the man and woman were arrested. In police court the other day they were convicted of having violated a city ordinance, recently passed, which provides certain dire penalties for those whose tastes run toward the color red. For waving their red ribbons they were duly sentenced to four months apiece in jail.

The daily press has pointed out as a matter deserving careful attention that many of the women at the picnic wore red carnations in their belts. This act is not yet covered by statute; but it may be inferred from the importance attached to it that legislation making it an offense may be enacted. If this is done it will surely be advisable as a matter of post-bellum thrift to pass further legislation penalizing the growing of flowers of a crimson or scarlet hue. Otherwise much unnecessary waste would ensue from the production of horticultural commodities for which there would be no market.

The validity of the Los Angeles ordinance is to be tested in the higher courts. Meanwhile ordinances similar to the Los Angeles one are in effect in other cities in America. So far as we are aware these ordinances are an exclusively American product. Thus, as always, does America lead the world in the matter of enthusiastic local legislation. The study of civic problems in these picturesque reconstruction days promises to be an exhilarating pursuit.

R. R. B.

EMPIRE!

At the beginning of the war that great trading corporation, the British Empire, dozed in satiate ease, so rich, so secure, that it had grown careless of the future. The war roused it to new and undreamed of opportunities for gain. It was confronted by two powerful commercial rivals, Germany and the United States, the one in arms, the other in an attitude of anxious neutrality. It has demolished the one, and virtually annexed the other. It has doubled its colonial empire. Egypt, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, German East and West Africa, Northern Russia, and the German colonies in the Pacific, have fallen into its hands. Through the League of Nations, where it has five votes to any other nation's one, it dominates the Latin world. All the waterways of the earth are in its control. The seven seas are its private fish pond. In a word, it emerges from the war the most stupendous imperialism ever chronicled in human history.

Moreover, it is an imperialism that possesses peculiar elements of stability. It is both immune from external attack, and would seem to be singularly safe from the only force that could destroy it, namely, internal revolution. Not only is the British working class too often misled by a spirit of compromise, but the capitalist rulers of the Empire, deriving their chief revenue from overseas investment, are able to placate the workers by concessions impossible to any other capitalist coterie. Assured power, vastness, and splendor, have ever fascinated the human mind. Americans may take a servile and barren pride in the contribution they have made to the creation of this colossus.

C. M.

MR. WILSON ON LABOR

It is difficult to conceive how anyone standing for the continuation of the capitalist system of industry could have gone further in the direction of Socialism than did President Wilson in that part of his recent message to Congress which deals with the question of labor. He certainly could not have gone further without definitely abandoning the very last trench of the liberal-reform point of view and coming squarely over into the Socialist camp. True, his words will probably not be heeded to any noticeable extent by the present Congress. Possibly he does not hope that they will be heeded. But be that as it may, the words themselves (or rather, some of them) seem scarcely to differ from the utterances of the most thorough-going industrial revolutionist. For instance:

"The object of all reform in this essential matter must be the genuine democratization of industry, based upon a full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare or the part they are to play in industry."

Standing alone, these words amount to an almost classic expression of the position of the out-and-out industrial unionist. Unqualified by other words which tend somewhat to "take the curse off," they would reflect the aspirations of the revolutionary Socialist with a faithfulness that would leave nothing to be desired by the most irreconcilable Red that ever mounted a soap-box. Unspoiled by an emasculating context, they would satisfy Bill Haywood. This also is fairly strong for a bourgeois statesman:

"By the question of labor I do not mean the question of efficient industrial production; the question

of how much labor is to be obtained and made effective in the great process of sustaining populations and winning success amid commercial and industrial rivalries. I mean that much greater and more vital question, how are the men and women who do the daily labor of the world to obtain progressive improvement in the conditions of their labor, to be made happier, and to be served better by the communities and the industries which their labor sustains and advances? How are they to be given their right advantage as citizens and human beings?"

These utterances are illuminating signs of the times. There will be more and more such utterances, from Mr. Wilson and others, as the lines tighten and the industrial problems of passing capitalism become more and apparent to progressive statesmen of the Old Order. That epoch is dead in which any man in public life can hope even to get a hearing on the platform once so dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart: "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The day of unrestricted dog-eat-dog individualism is gone forever. The day of State Capitalism is at hand. And just beyond that day lies the far brighter dawn of the day of free labor in a free world which shall know an exploiting class no more.

Meanwhile, the workers of America are learning the lesson of industrial solidarity with a speed un hoped-for by any but the most sanguine in the days before the war. As their aspirations for a different and a better order crystallize, they will note with interest the effect which their determination to realize these aspirations will have upon the minds of statesmen who, like Mr. Wilson, are not entirely deaf to the young voices of the age in which they live. And, while so noting, they will go on methodically and painstakingly organizing their own political and economic power—thus moving steadily forward to the Industrial Republic of free labor.

R. R. B.

AMERICA LOSES THE WAR

That a nation should lose in diplomacy what it has won at arms, is not a new thing in history. But it is, we believe, new in American history. When, however, the President of the United States journeyed twice across the Atlantic and spent five months on foreign soil with no particular result except to effect a slight change in the terminology of plunder, America encountered this new experience. That imperialistic greed should be forced to "accept a mandate" for territory which it would ordinarily annex, is a shabby gain for the American blood spilled at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne. Yet all that high idealism, a world "safe for democracy," "peace without victory," "a just, democratic and lasting peace," everything, in short, for which the American people were told they were fighting, has been forgotten or made ridiculous in the peace of Paris.

It is not necessary, nor, at the present moment, would it seem to be just, to ascribe any insincerity to President Wilson. The opportunity which confronted him was measureless not only for success but for failure, and, as the event has proved, the task was beyond his strength. From the moment when he consented to abandon his first principle of "open covenants of peace openly arrived at," and thereby shut himself off from the constant reinforcement of public opinion, his defeat, and the defeat of America, were assured. The personal humiliation which must have been his as the grotesque treaty was handed the German delegates at Versailles is shared by

every true American who so confidently followed his light and leading. But we must continue to believe that he meant well. Only in the unlikely event that he should undertake to defend the thing that was done, could he be fairly charged with hypocrisy.

It is not necessary to waste much pity on Germany. There has been no true revolution, as yet, in Germany, and the capitalist clique which rules through Schneideman as it ruled through Hohenzollern, in both cases with the apparent approbation of the German people, is only receiving the fate it provoked. What has been sacrificed is something far higher even than mercy to the vanquished. It is the hope of humanity in a warless world, the dream of peace made lasting by justice, the faith of human brotherhood, that have been lost. The Anglo-Latin alliance of bankers and diplomatists, mis-called a League of Nations, is a much greater menace to world peace than any mere coalition in ancient form to preserve the balance of power could possibly be. Almost every paragraph of the constitution of the League, as well as of the entire peace treaty, is pregnant with sinister possibilities. And in each of these the United States is now entangled. Were there any probability that the Senate would repudiate the whole wretched business the American people might still hope for personal safety. But there is scant likelihood that the Senate will do this. Presumably, it will confirm the treaty, thereby confirming the loss of the war.

C. M.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

What, from grim battle fields shall we return
To labor in that selfsame slavery
That builded up our monumental dead?
Shall we again be taught that industry
Wherein but future profits soar, and shorn
Of what we do produce, shall we be fed
The sight of groaning markets that must bar
The path of human progress? Shall Vulcan
Swing his iron hammer until its clan
Rewakes the drowsing Thor? Shall war's red ban
In cycles be renewed, and will its fang
Be velvet clad in times of peace, or can
It be alternately the hush and clang,
War and peace without surcease, peace and war.

WALTER J. MITCHELL.

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Neo-Paganism

By JAUL JORDAN SMITH

In one of Walter Pater's strangely beautiful essays he tells us that paganism is the great foundation of all religions, and that it is so persistent a thing because it grows out of every soul. And that is a truth we know so well and yet one which we seldom phrase to ourselves because in our natural moments it seems so obvious. And the other moments, though they press upon us with such persistency in this artificialdom, do not really matter.

The gods have been put to flight. In the old days when we lived beside the sea and looked untroubled on the waters, we peopled the waves with wild folk and saw Neptune with his horn summoning his cohorts from the sea weeds; or in some leafy dell we created out of the silence wood nymphs and pixies. When we were peasant folk the very clods spoke to us a poetry of nature, and we were untroubled of moral dogma and innocent of sin. The Eden of our fathers was a pagan thing, and in the unspoiled soul of simple folk it lingers still. The beautiful have not yet eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

But the cities, and science, and St. Paul, and Martin Luther, and puritanism have spoiled all that, and beauty is made to cry aloud in waste places. Even childish toys are graven in the image of things as they are, thanks to science, and the minds of the young need imagine no more. The chapels where we pray are shorn of things that make our eyes to shine, thanks to Luther, and the worshippers are distracted no more from the tasks of ignoble thought. The places where we walk to and from our daily tasks are covered with the symbols of the marketplace and our ears are addressed with the music of traffic in tin trays, and our feet are on solid cement, thanks to progressive city life, and we are called upon to meditate upon fauns no more. Through public journal and private morsels of town gossip our minds are made obscene by thoughts of a moral sense, thanks to the Puritans, and we need rejoice no more. For to live abundantly is evil.

In the Greek world man had little to do with conscience, and his religion was simply the peopling of the world of things and personalizing the realm of passions in such a way as to make the spirit of man "at home" in a beautiful world. For conscience is simply a bundle of crystallized prejudices handed to the unwary by the unscrupulous.

And yet how little the Greeks had need of consciences. There was tenderness then and magnanimity, and love and even justice! Despite the death of Socrates, who was no doubt old and ugly and argumentative, trials were perhaps just as fair in the days of paganism as they are in the days of Chambers of Commerce. Despite the poetry of Sappho, women were just as chaste and men as upright as in these days of the Mann Act and the purity squad. Greek slavery or not, men were even better, for there was a greater frankness, a downright simplicity, uncomplicated by those vulgar themes of formal ethics which rob the world of charm and give a base meaning to every throb of life.

It is not a hard thing when we fly to the mountains, to forget the artificial self and become a pagan. The theories of things pass away, and once more we see face to face, and the world is clean. It is not so simple a task

when we are caught in the net of human relationing where adjustment and compromise are compelled by social forces that are themselves already made evil through sinister captains of the mob who drive men more hardily, though less romantically than did the Caligulas of olden days. We wonder what the crowd will say, and things good in themselves, working no pain to any of the natural world, are made to be awry and are blackened by the soot of scandal.

We cannot go back to the Greeks nor the Romans nor the peoples back of them. We cannot turn to the hills and rid ourselves of it all. Nor is it given to us to live in forgetfulness of the tissue of modern life.

For we are possessed by a different sort of consciousness. We are made aware of a sense of relationship such as the Greek could not know. The world has grown small since the day of Pericles, and the doings in Warsaw cause senators in Washington much apprehension. The making of things needful, as well as the creation of things beautiful has come to be a task not more confined to Tyre than to Timbuctoo. We are grown conscious of ourselves but also of the whole world of movement, and we feel dependent upon our fellows. Whether these be evil things or whether they be good this is so: the world knows that it is one.

But the more personal relationings—the things we more commonly speak of as morals—have also changed and made man place upon the altars of Demos many of his ancient privileges. The new religion, which came to the world two thousand years ago, has done something to stay the egocentric passions of the human animal, and in the world of letters, at any rate, made pity a word more used. The sensitiveness which comes with long exposure to civilization, the almost neurotic self-analysis which follows culture,—these have made the old paganism a thing perhaps to be longed for, but a thing which, under civilization may not be realized.

And yet, without gainsaying the charm of Christ, we, after twenty centuries of the religion of his followers, are coming to worship Apollo also. Some, too, there are who, now and then, even in the turbulence of a commercial world, silyly turn aside to sport before the altars of Dionysos.

For Protestantism, conceived in the image of the puritan and born in ugliness has, in common with all movements, sown the seeds of its own destruction. Private investigation corrupts good morals. And the research of the moderns, carried on in the name of the scientific spirit by spinsterish middle-class persons who hope that while uprooting religion they may save respectability for the young, has led to the unearthing of acts which destroy the thing they seek with such pitiful sanctimoniousness to save.

Ancient lore, and tribal song and the taboos of medicine men, when they were catalogued, brought us the news that private mortals did not come to the world by the mandate of the gods, but grew as the grass of the field. The particular things that men do vary even as their modes of fashion. Conscience changes with the climate. The thing that satisfies the followers of Mrs. Grundy in Boston horrifies her disciples in Honolulu, and the re-

spectability of Fifth Avenue shocks the conventional radicalism of Greenwich Village. Nietzsche and Spencer and Westermarek and Lester Ward have given us revelations of the way men have lived with such a force as to make the young rise up and say "my good and my evil."

The present generation perceiving morals to be fluid, and goodness a thing that is relative, has decreed the right of private judgment in private morals. Self sacrifice for a questionable abstraction is intolerable to one tutored in the modern school.

Puritanism shackled joy, nursed dark suspicions against life and had a penchant for plainness. Perhaps that is why our American puritans forsook the hills of New England after a while and sought the plains of the Middle West. Nymphs might well be hidden in the hills.

But the neo-pagan will not merely restore to man the right to private judgment in the realm of ethics; he will counsel him to joy in the things that he does. Given, in a sane society, the freedom to do, man is to labor and not to toil. Toil is degrading, while labor, if it be undertaken in the spirit of the love of the beautiful, is an act of worship. The pagan would set us to making beautiful books and placing upon their very covers the symbols of a world set free; to the weaving of tapestries that would make us forget care; and to all tasks that give expression to the self. And he would see to it that whether in work or play or love there should be joy.

For there is pain enough in the very texture of things. Birth and uncertainty, the thwartings of fate and the final call must come attended with enough of sadness without the tamperings of the ethicist or the harsh preachings of the exponents of efficiency. The forces of our natural passions will see to it that we are not surfeited with pleasure nor cast down with abundance of joy. Democracy or not, all peoples must have their woe, and there is enough bitterness in the cup without the added drop of the old puritan.

We long for a greater sense of freedom for our daily lives. Why are we compelled to keep a rigid silence about the things that make the very birds to sing? Why the deadly constraints of righteous respectability? Is civilization, then, a lie?

The Elizabethans were franker and happier than we, for all our sanitation. What we need is ethical and social sanity. A little Rabelaisian laughter, a little of the candor of Casanova might cure those perversities that are born of suppressed desire, and those hypocrisies that are the refuge of the decent. It might cure, too, the over-romanticism of those who are the victims of their own virtue.

We may not, perhaps, share the enthusiasm of the ones who dance before Dionysos on the hills. Self restraints have fallen on all save the Latins. Scepticism modifies all too much the passions of our lives, but we may set free to some extent our minds, and refuse to sell our souls to statistical experts.

Freedom may indeed intoxicate us and we may well be betrayed into some grotesque gesture that will prove how unfit we are to come into the presence of the high gods. We have dwelt among the pachydermatous so long, and there is contagion abroad.

Well, there is discrimination, and that is the last word in ethics after all. Taste is the only guide to life that is ultimately worth while. To select wisely, and with a fine sense of choice in the days that we have is the sum of wisdom. Hour by hour the world has new responsibilities for us, but when those have been provided for we still

must live, and have played upon us the forces that have urged our fathers of all generations. The drama is staged for us, with certain shifting of the scenes, in the same way as for them. We may not see all of the pageantry, but we may behold with lingering eyes that which has the most of joy for us. And if the modern spirit of the world makes us to be aware of illusion after illusion, the sense of the shortness of the play makes it more imperative that we grasp such reality as we can and take such illusions as will make more of joy in our house of life.

The pagan will choose finely, and prepare himself with reverence to be an instrument for receiving the beauty of the world. It is even as Pater says: "Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

THE CYCLE

He strolls along Youth's care-free path
And flicks the ash from cigarette,
As nightly casts he to the winds
The sordidness of Labor's debt.
Lightly, with scorn, he turns away
From fervid speech and rebel mob;
And naught cares he for loud protest,
For he is young—and has a job.

Time slips along. Life is the same
Dull round of work and meals and bed.
Love, romance, passion, spirit, all,
Have passed from out his life. Instead,
He has the job,—sometimes at least,—
When there is work and he is well.
"Why don't the youngsters fight?" he thinks;
"Were I but young, I would rebel!"

C. A. M.

SOME DIFFERENCE

One of the mayoralty candidates in Los Angeles was allowed to speak at a certain club provided he would answer questions. The introduction of this Socialist custom into capitalist campaign meetings is very hard on candidates. Being questioned by a bright Socialist woman he admitted he had said he would shoot rioters down. She then asked him what he would do with grafters and corruptionists. He declared virtuously that he would surely bring them to trial and if found guilty they would be punished. She then turned to the audience and said: "You see. He will shoot rioters but he will give corruptionists a trial." G. K.

With this issue, we are pleased to add to our list of contributing editors the name of John D. Barry. Mr. Barry is one of the best known radical writers in the United States. For many years he has been associated with Fremont Older, first on the San Francisco Bulletin and latterly on the San Francisco Call. His article in this number is timely and valuable.

Since the clocks have been forced to join the Ananias Club the Bolsheviks and the sun dial are about all that is left of candor in the world.

In putting your shoulder to the wheel be sure you do not block it.

Must Tom Mooney Stay in Prison?

By ROSWELL R. BROWNSON



THOMAS J. MOONEY

Thomas J. Mooney

In these portentous days when organized labor throughout the length and breadth of the land is voting on the solemn question whether or not to inaugurate the first general strike for political ends ever seriously contemplated in America, a brief review of the facts which have given rise to the consideration of this step can scarcely fail to be timely—even though these facts have for nearly three years been shouted from the housetops so that he who runs might read. In spite of an appeal to the public conscience unprecedented in its dramatic power by any other such appeal since the world-famed Dreyfus case, there lies in San Quentin prison today a man whom the great bulk of the working people of America—and indeed of the world, for the case is known throughout the world—regard as the innocent victim of as sinister a persecution as is known in the history of courts and laws. So firmly is this conviction fastened in the minds of the toilers of America that the determination to strike if necessary appears beyond all reasonable doubt to be general from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico.

One thing can avert the threatened strike—a pardon

for Tom Mooney. Further judicial procedure has been rendered impossible by the Supreme Courts of the State of California and of the United States. In spite of the fact that President Wilson himself added his voice to the chorus of appeals that a new trial be made possible for the Dreyfus of the American labor movement, Governor Stevens has once already refused to pardon Mooney. Is it too much to hope that this refusal may yet be reconsidered?

On July 22, 1916, a preparedness parade to stimulate military preparation in the United States was held in San Francisco. As the parade was passing through the downtown section of the city, a bomb exploded in a crowd of spectators on the sidewalk, killing nine persons and in-



RENA MOONEY

Mrs. Rena Mooney

juried forty others. A few days later warrants were issued for the arrest of Thomas J. Mooney, Rena Mooney, his wife, Warren K. Billings, Edward J. Nolan and Israel Weinberg. The first four had been actively identified with the militant labor movement on the Pacific Coast for years. Weinberg was a jitney bus driver.

At the time the warrants were issued Tom Mooney and his wife were absent from the city on a brief vacation trip. As soon as Mooney read in the papers that he was

wanted by the San Francisco police he started to return to the city to give himself up. On his way to San Francisco he was met by police officers and detectives, who rushed him to the city in an automobile, thus preventing him in a spectacular manner from following out his intention of voluntarily surrendering himself. Mrs. Mooney was arrested at about the same time and for a period of some two days was subjected to the third degree.

Billings, Nolan and Weinberg, having meanwhile been taken into custody, grand jury indictments charging murder in the first degree were found against the five. Billings was first brought to trial, and, greatly to the surprise of those who had taken an interest in the case, was found guilty. On recommendation of the jury his sentence was fixed at life imprisonment. The youngster—he is only about twenty-three years old—expressed manly disgust at the leniency accorded him, declaring in a straightforward manner that if guilty of the atrocious crime charged against him he should be hanged, and that if innocent he should be freed.

In due course of time Mooney was brought to trial. He was represented by able counsel, among whom was Bourke Cockran, a lawyer of national reputation, who had become convinced that Mooney was innocent and who offered his services gratis in defense of the man whom he believed to be the victim of a frame-up. Mr. Cockran crossed the continent from his home in New York in order to conduct the defense.

Mooney was convicted after a hard-fought trial. The most damaging testimony offered against him was that of one Oxman, loudly touted at the time as the "honest cattleman from Oregon." Not long after the trial details concerning the methods used by Oxman in an endeavor to obtain corroborating testimony from friends of his in the East led Judge Franklin A. Griffin, in whose court Mooney was convicted, to declare, in a letter to Governor Stephens, that if the facts brought to light in the Oxman disclosures had been known to him at the time motion for a new trial was heard he "would unhesitatingly have granted it." Judge Griffin also sent a letter to State's Attorney-General Webb asking him to confess error before the Supreme Court in the Mooney case and have it remanded back for retrial. Mrs. Mooney and Weinberg were brought to trial after the disclosures concerning Oxman's activities had been aired. They were speedily acquitted. Nolan was not even tried.

Tom Mooney, duly sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead, was sent to San Quentin prison to await his felon's death. An appeal to the State Supreme Court was taken on a record which, as it concerned only the proceedings had in the actual trial of Mooney, and as the hearing of the motion for a new trial, could not be made to show the evidence of Oxman's activities. For this reason, because there was no legal showing of these circumstances before it, the Supreme Court declared itself powerless to do aught but affirm the conviction. This action was taken despite the Attorney-General's stipulation that a new trial be granted. The Supreme Court of the United States refused to interfere in a matter held to be exclusively within the jurisdiction of the State of California. Thus the entire machinery of conventional justice was found ineffective to right an admitted wrong.

Meanwhile the case was brought to the attention of President Wilson, who became so concerned over the matter that he wrote a personal letter to Governor Stephens in which he urged that the execution of Mooney's sentence be postponed until he could have a fair trial on one

of the other indictments still pending against him. At the same time a group of earnest men and women throughout the country were keeping up a persistent agitation for the purpose of arousing public sentiment in Tom's behalf. Many of these men and women were people of national prominence in sociological and humanitarian work.

Constrained by this official and unofficial intercession, Governor Stephens, in December last, commuted Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment. Mooney received the commutation with the same high spirit and disgust of compromise that Billings had shown when sentenced to undergo the same punishment. He declared upstandingly that he wanted no commutation but desired to be either a free man or a tragic victim.

So far this alternative has been refused him.

JUDGE GRIFFIN TO GOVERNOR STEPHENS

The letter of Judge Franklin A. Griffin to Governor Stephens, asking that Tom Mooney be given a new trial, is such an appealing human document that we reproduce it here in full:

"San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 19, 1918.

"Hon. William D. Stephens,
"Governor of California,
"Sacramento, Cal.

"Your Excellency: You may recall, and the record is now before you, that subsequent to the trial of Thomas J. Mooney, and after an appeal from my order denying his motion for a new trial, I addressed a letter to the attorney general, in which I requested him to take such action as would send the Mooney case back to my court to be tried anew.

"I believed then that simple justice and fair play demanded such action, and from that position I have never for a moment receded. On the contrary, that stand has been by later developments greatly strengthened, and, if I may, I would trespass upon your valuable time to put before you, as briefly as the circumstances will permit, the reasons why I so firmly believe a new trial of the Mooney case should be had.

"In the trial of Mooney there were four witnesses, and four only, who connected him with the explosion which occurred at Steuart and Market streets. They were John McDonald, Frank C. Oxman, Mrs. Mellie Edeau and her daughter Sadie. Of these, Oxman, and McDonald placed Mooney at the scene of the crime, and the Edeaus testified to his presence at 721 aMarket street, from which point, the prosecution avers, Billings, Weinberg, Mooney and his wife drove in Weinberg's jitney with an unidentified man to the place of the crime.

"Oxman was by far the most important of these witnesses. His testimony was unshaken on cross examination, and his very appearance bore out his statement that he was a reputable and prosperous dealer and land owner from the state of Oregon. There is no question but that he made a profound impression upon the jury and upon all those who listened to his story on the witness stand, and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the testimony of Oxman was the turning point in the Mooney case and that he is the pivot around which all the other evidence in the case revolves. It was because of the extreme importance of this witness and his naive simplicity on the witness stand that when the disclosure of the letters he had written to Rigall and his mother, which are before

(Continued on Page 12)

The Truth About

Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
... J. H. RYCKMAN

RUSSIANS IN AMERICA INVITED TO AID

L. A. Martens, Representative in the United States, of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic, has issued the following statement addressed to Russian citizens now residing in this country:

In answer to numerous inquiries emanating from individuals and organizations in regard to the question as to how to utilize the desire of the Russian citizens in the United States to extend to Soviet Russia technical aid, I consider it necessary to issue the following statement to the Russian citizens in the United States.

Difficult is the inheritance which fell to the share of the Soviet Government. Russia was devastated by war and the inability of the czarist as well as of the provisional governments. The cultivated area had decreased 40 per cent, half of the live stock consumed at the front. The railroads were in a state of paralysis, factories and shops remained without fuel and raw materials. Such was the condition of Russia, when the Russian proletariat took the power into their hands. At the first step they met with the sabotage of the bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia, which complicated the situation still more.

By heroic effort the Soviet Government has overcome these obstacles and proceeded to constructive work aimed at the reconstruction of Russia upon the basis of communistic socialism.

One of the principal tasks of the Socialist revolution in Russia is the creation of a new social system of a higher order than the capitalistic system, the raising of the productivity of labor and the creating of higher types of the organization of labor.

The Soviet power is constantly striving to solve the problem of the most perfect methods of work.

The possibility of Socialism in Russia is determined by the measure of success with which the Soviet power is able to utilize the whole technical and organizing experience of capitalism for its own purposes.

It is therefore a very important task of the Soviet power to attract to the work in Russia experienced men in the greatest possible number, specialists in all fields of technology and science.

During the short period of my activity in America in the capacity of a Representative of the Soviet Government, I have had an opportunity to convince myself that among the Russian citizens in America there is left a keen desire to put at the disposal of Soviet Russia the knowledge and skill which they have acquired in America.

Being fully conscious of the importance of these tendencies and of the enormous good which they may render to Russia, I propose to call for July 4-6 a conference at New York of representatives of organizations and experts for a deliberation and decision upon the following questions:

1. The ascertaining of the approximate number of emigrants who are ready to offer their technical abilities to Soviet Russia.

2. The ascertaining of the number of such persons along the lines of specialization, as, for instance, on dirt-roads, on agronomy, agricultural construction, on re-enforced concrete, and the like.

3. Which organizations are occupied here with the preparing of such specialists?

4. The elaboration of a program for their preparation along lines of specialization.

5. The creation of centers for the unification of this work.

6. Whether there is necessary for their preparation and for their transportation to Russia any assistance of the Soviet Government and to what extent?

I address all organizations and persons interested in these plans with a request to send to the Technical Department of my Bureau not later than June 15th all those reports, plans and propositions which they deem necessary to present before the conference.

It is expected that all transportation expenses of the delegates and their stay in New York will be covered by the organizations and persons taking part in the conference to be called.

THE PEACE AT VERSAILLES

The Russian Soviet Bureau has issued the following statement, dated May 8th:

The peace treaty as published in the papers today, has all the characteristics of old-fashioned diplomacy of "give and take" and of "balance of power." It can not bring peace to the world. It is very eloquent in respect to what it does not say. It studiously avoids the Russian question.

While the rest of the world is being prepared for peace, the Allies seem determined to continue that war against Russia which has never been declared, which not only has not been approved by nations or other countries, but, on the contrary is bitterly opposed, whenever the rank and file of the peoples have an opportunity to express their opinion.

The peace treaty provides that the Brest Litovsk peace treaty be abrogated. The Brest Litovsk treaty has already been abrogated by the Russian Soviet Government itself. They were compelled to sign it only because they had no other alternative, and because the Allies refused to aid Soviet Russia against the designs of German imperialism.

The decision of the Allied powers at the Peace Council to terminate the Brest Litovsk treaty, however, is not only superfluous, but certain other conditions of the new peace treaty, in fact, mean a continuation of the strangling of Russia started by the imperialists at Brest Litovsk.

"German troops at present in territories to the east of the new German-Polish-Russian frontier shall return as soon as the Allied and Associated Governments deem wise." This, translated in terms of the actual situation means that German troops are to remain on Russian territory to prevent the workers there from asserting their rights to self determination.

"They (the German troops) are in no way to interfere with measures of national defence," says the Russian clause of the peace treaty. This apparently does not mean that they shall not interfere with measures undertaken by the majority of the people in those parts of Russia, namely the workers whose aim is to unite with the Federal Soviet Republic of Soviet Russia. It means on the contrary that they shall aid the small reactionary cliques of aristocrats, who under the guise of Lettish, Lithuanian and Esthonian nationalism are bitterly fighting the Lettish, Lithuanian and Esthonian workers.

President Wilson once said that the attitude which the Allied nations are going to take in respect to Russia is the acid test which will determine the nature of their ideals. The peace treaty presented at Versailles has undergone that acid test and the result is not encouraging to idealism.

The sixth of the fourteen points announced by President Wilson on January 8, 1919, reads as follows:

"The evacuation of all Russian territory and such settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing."

Nothing of the promises contained in this clause has been kept! There will not be an evacuation of all Russian territory. There will be no "cooperation of the other nations in the world in obtaining for Russia an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for an independent determination of her own political development and national policy." The very mentioning of this promise in view of the actual policy of the Allies toward Russia is a bloody irony. Not only do the other nations refuse to cooperate with Russia, but they deliberately destroy supplies owned by the Russian people. They refuse to allow any goods to enter Soviet Russia,—goods which Soviet Russia is willing to buy with cash and to transport at her own cost. The only thing which the Allies permit to enter Soviet Russia is weapons of murder, supplied to those little groups of reactionaries who want once more to enslave the Russian people. In place of bread the Russian people gets bullets, in place of cooperation, the Russian workers are being hampered and harassed in their heroic efforts to reestablish their economic life. In place of an "unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own development" and a "welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing," the Allies seem to be ready to continue their illegal warfare against Russia, for one purpose only—in order to impose upon the Russian people institutions which are not of their own choosing.

The rest of the world shall have peace. So the conference at Versailles decrees. But not Russia! The murderous henchmen of German imperialism, who have not changed although they have put on themselves the guise of so-called democracy, are found good enough to be officially received at Versailles. The peace treaty finds it necessary to protect or at least to pretend to protect their most vital economic needs. The German prisoners are to be returned. Trade is to be resumed with the German empire. But Soviet Russia, millions of whose sons have fallen in a struggle into which they were led by the Czar for the furtherance of policies which now victoriously determine the peace policies in Paris—she shall not only be left more isolated from the world than Imperial Germany ever was, but she will have to continue to defend herself against renewed attacks. Russian prisoners of war are still kept in Germany, and in France; thousands of Russian soldiers not only are being prevented from returning home but they have been sent by the hundreds to slavery and death in Africa, only because they dared to express

their sympathy toward the aspirations of the workers in Russia.

There seems to be not a scintilla of justice and common sense left when the attitude of the Allied Governments toward Soviet Russia is being determined. It is being announced today that armies of occupation are to be withdrawn from Germany by August 31st. Simultaneously it is being announced that thousands of new troops are to be sent to Siberia. Shiploads of munitions are also being sent there. Bullets in place of bread! Hatred in place of friendship! Imposing of hateful institutions on the Russian masses—in the place of a "sincere welcome under institutions of their own choosing."

It has been said repeatedly that there can be no world peace if there is no peace with Russia. It offers war and new sufferings.

Soviet Russia stands ready today, as she has been many times before, to make a peace with all other nations. She has offered repeatedly to make such a peace. Yet—while the representatives of German imperialism are received in gala at the Assembly at Versailles the Russian masses have not even received a reply to their oft-repeated peace offers.

It is an acid test.

THE LATEST PROPOSAL OF LENINE CONCERNING PEACE

London, April 15.—The Paris correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" writes that the propositions of Lenine brought to Paris by the American delegates had been approved by the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets. The terms of the proposition are significant:

"The Bolsheviks consent to stop fighting, to recall their troops from the frontier countries, to permit the various parts of Russia to make a choice between a Soviet regime or any other they should prefer. They demand the retirement of our troops and the reestablishment of commercial relations. If so, every official propaganda would stop."

The "Manchester Guardian" adds: "How can the Allied Governments defend their policy? Have they imposed conditions more rigorous even than those which the Czar would have applied, if he should be in power? I know that there are many sensible people who are convinced that if the Allies refuse to go in for such a compromise, the refusal would be equal to a real declaration of social war which would be provoked in all countries by the joining of Lenine with the Internationale."

President Wilson has taken a magnificent stand for free speech—in Paris.

Good morning. Which way are the fourteen points pointing today?

The seats of the mighty are mighty uncomfortable these days.

To insult and hound people is not the best way to make them loyal.

The first thing that strikes one is the number of words in the peace terms.

A Traveler From Russia

By JOHN D. BARRY

He had just come back from Russia in something of a hurry. As an American correspondent he had supposed he would be allowed to go where he liked and to say what he pleased. Now he realizes that he ought to have known better. At this moment, like many another, he is on his way back to the small city in the Middle West where he lives and where he will be content to settle down quietly for a while. He is disappointed that he couldn't stay in Russia longer; but he finds comfort in the exhilaration of what he saw there. Not that he thinks that Lenine and Trotsky have achieved the millenium. He is altogether too level-headed for that. But he does think that Russia is giving an extraordinary demonstration of a longing to establish a better order of society than the world has ever known before. He doesn't expect this longing to justify itself in a few years or in many years. He won't be surprised if it ends in failure. Even then it will be something to be forever remembered.

"How could you tear yourself away from such a drama?" I asked.

"I didn't want to tear myself away. I was torn away virtually by force. I reached the place where my passport gave out, so to speak. Though I had plenty of credentials, I found that it would be more prudent for me to return to this country than to stay in the country where the allies are so busy. Not that I blame the allies. From their point of view putting a quietus on Bolshevism is absolutely necessary. If they can block a correspondent like me they feel that they ought to do it."

"Why is it necessary for the allies to block Bolshevism? To safeguard the big loans of France and England to Russia?"

"Those loans aren't the whole story by any means, though, of course, they're an important part of the story. There's something else. You know, Lenine said a little while ago that Bolshevism couldn't last in Russia alone and that if it is going to last it must spread through Europe. He was confident that it would spread. I imagine that he counted on it spreading much more rapidly than it has done. He was probably disappointed by what happened in Germany. On the other hand, he may have known the Germans well enough to foresee that he couldn't expect them to reach more than a rather mild kind of socialism just now. The allies must have had a similar thought to Lenine's. They represented the established order of things, with capital in control. The example of Russia was a menace to the established order. Do you catch the drift of my thoughts?"

"It's plain enough. But with that thought in mind will you tell me how you explain why the Kaiser was so crazy as to encourage revolution in Russia?"

"He did it simply and solely as a desperate measure. He wanted the Czar and all that the Czar represented. He didn't know that when he was bringing on the war he was tearing down his own house. When the German propaganda started in to encourage the revolutionary spirit among the Russian soldiers the Czar was in an extremity. He may have thought that if he could get the Russian Government where he wanted it to be, under his heel, he could restore order among the people. The conditions were too much for him. The revolution could never

have been successful if the war had not made the Russians frantic. When they once got going they weren't satisfied till they had torn everything down, under the leadership of Lenine and Trotsky and the extremists around those two. They didn't want a modified revolution, represented by men and women like Kerensky and Madame Breshkovskaiya, or Babushka, the "grandmother" of the Russian proletariat. They could be satisfied only with a clean sweep. The moderate revolutionists, fine people as they were in spirit, were out of it altogether."

"Why have most of them stayed out of it? Why haven't they followed the example of Gorky and got in?"

"Ah, that brings up a nice psychological point. I suspect that those moderates weren't entirely free from jealousy. Unconsciously they had come to feel that the revolution belonged to them. At any rate, they were its custodians and leaders. Suddenly, to their utter amazement, a revolution such as they had never dreamed of came out of the depths and bowled them over. They haven't recovered yet. They don't seem to be able to get their bearings."

"Was it weariness of the war that caused the Russians to turn against the authorities, even against Lenine?"

"Partly. They were sick of death of fighting and Kerensky wanted them to fight on. But you must remember that weariness of the war was associated in their minds with horror of the way the war had been conducted. They believed they had been betrayed by some of their greatest generals. There was the battle of the Masurian Lakes, for example, one of the most horrible occurrences in history. To this day the Russians are convinced that some of their own generals were in a conspiracy with Hindenburg and led their men into those swamps. While the men were struggling in the water the Germans stood above them and took shots. Some of the Germans went mad at the horror of the situation. The battle of the Masurian Lakes had a lot to do with what is happening in Russia now."

"Do you really think that what they are doing there is an improvement on our civilization?"

"Our civilization! That's a queer expression. People use it as if they thought it meant something fine. Our civilization has gone on for a good many hundreds of years now. In 1914 it brought on the most terrible war ever known. Why from Russia alone, five millions of people were killed. Through a large part of Europe life was made ghastly. Well, if that's what our civilization can do, I can't see that it's much to boast of. And whatever Lenine and Trotsky may do in the way of building up a new social order I don't believe that social order can ever compete with our civilization in the way of ghastliness. No, I think we must hand it to our civilization. In its way it's a peach. Let me see, when I was a school-boy I used to be taught something about action and reaction being equal. If that's true there must be two sides to the story of our civilization and to the story of the Russian revolution."

"But we are repeatedly told that the Russian revolution isn't doing anything constructive. The reports that

come to us from Russia show that the work is fearfully destructive."

"Well, the work of our civilization is destructive, both in war time and in peace time. In fact, there's a terrible slaughter of the innocents going on from year to year. We don't hear much about it; but everyone who looks over the statistics of infant mortality is perfectly aware of the situation. I suppose it's true that the Lenine Government isn't as constructive as it might be. But it's pretty young yet. No one can help acknowledging that it has made a very interesting beginning. It has knocked a great many parasites, gentlemen of landed estates, off the backs of the people. It has swept aside all titles to land on the theory that the earth is the natural heritage of all who are willing to work in order to make it productive. The land suitable to production it has divided among the workers. It has established measures to safeguard the interests of children, the most important members of society."

"But isn't all that work associated with a great deal of injustice? And is it really practical?"

"I suppose there is a great deal of injustice involved. There usually is in a social cataclysm. It's generally believed that there is some injustice in our civilization. And as for the Russian revolution's being practical, I don't know whether it is or not. That's one reason why it's so interesting."

With the projected repeal of the war-time prohibition measure a potent cause of threatened revolution will have been happily removed. Thus again will the country be saved—for a while, at least.

In the struggle to acquire a competence men often become incompetent.



Another Scrap of Paper?

Drawn by Harold W. Miles

LA VIE LITTERAIRE

Then,
For the last time, he dipped his pen
Into his heart, and wrote
"The End." It seemed a bugle note
Cried, as he moved his hand across the sheet,
And something swelled and rattled in his throat.
Ah, it was sweet!
Yet, in his heart the pain still lingered on;
A dull gray memory of agony,
Of turmoil and of tortured reverie,
Often from dark 'til dawn;
The bittersweet of truth revealed, confessed—
It was himself he wrote into the book;
The wounds were his, they raged yet in his breast;
He was the victim of the rack and cross,
The torn, bruised thing he painted; his the loss,
The gain, the doubt, the joy, the sorrowing.
Let them but look
Into his pages who had eyes to see,
And hearts to understand and sympathize,
And they would know his secret agony,
His fears, his courage, and his suffering.
These were not lies,
Decked out with tinsel trimmings and fine lace
To while away an hour of idleness,
But the dark record of a great disgrace,
And victory born of a great distress. . . .

And so the book went forth into the world,
Hurled
Into the maelstrom of contending wit
And specious fancy; lone as any leaf
Blown down the tides of commerce, and in time
He read what they who criticized had writ. . . .

One said it was a litany of grief,
And gibbered of its melancholy splendor;
One from the paper jacket stole a phrase,
Agreeing that the love scenes were most tender,
While one who thought to praise,
Although annoyed,
Spoke learnedly about himself and Freud,
And turned a clever rhyme.
A charlatan of brilliant reputation.
Declared the fellow lacked imagination!
—VINCENT STARRETT.

THE STEEL MILLS By Anna Spencer Twitchell

Heavy and dull of eye, as they who know
How hopeless is the fate to which they go,
This morning in the early light I saw
Them pass into the great mill's fiery maw.
I saw its burning eyes that never sleep,
I listened to its hoarse voice, clamorous, deep;
I felt its hot breath beat upon my face,
Its fangs were bared in hideous grimace;
It crouched expectant, hungry, gory-lipped,
With lolling tongue from which the slubber dripped,
And all the place reeked as a wild beast's den,
That cries to heaven with the blood of men.

O mock of freedom! empty travesty!—
We hold our millions yet in slavery,
While in they name, O Liberty, we feed
With quivering human flesh the beasts of Greed!

Only a Pauper

By JIM SEYMOUR

He was an old, old man; thru the biblical three score years and ten he had passed. Back in the distant but never-forgotten days he had been a strong youth and later a stronger man. He had worked hard and steadily, but the arrangement of things was pretty much the same then as now and someone else had grown fat on the product of his toil. True, he had put by a little for a rainy day, but sickness had taken it all and old age had caught him penniless in a land where the dollar is God.

And so the old fellow became an inmate of the county poorhouse, a recipient of the grudging charity of the public—of you and me. And in his spare moments, when he was not compelled to pay for the charity of the public—of you and me—he sat and dreamed of the old sweet days of long ago—those dear days when Jennie met him at the door at eventide and welcomed him with a loving kiss. Jennie had gone into the great unknown many years ago, yet even now he could see her incomparable eyes, shining with undying love and affection, gazing into his and blurring his senses with a flood of delicious emotions. Then Jennie walked away to attend to some household duty and the old man decided to go to town and select something to give her on the near-coming Christmas day.

But suddenly came bitter realization, Jennie was dead! She couldn't use a present, nor could he buy one anyhow; he was only a ward of the public charity—the charity of you and me. Great tears welled in the old man's bleary eyes, and his withered, worn-out frame quivered with the accumulated sorrow of months of worry and ill treatment.

Ah, yes, Jennie was gone. But he could at least go to town and look at the things he would buy for her if only she were alive and he were not dependent upon the galling charity of the public—of you and me. So the tottering old man started out to walk to the town. Arrived on the

main street he looked in the windows and sighed. Jennie would have liked that dress; she would have appreciated those ribbons. And that sheet music; she would have enjoyed playing it on the old melodeon. Over there lay one piece bearing a picture of an old couple by the fireside. What was its title? Oh, God! "Silver Threads Among the Gold!" Jennie used to sing that, and he—used to sit and listen, and—wonder if—

But this would never do. He must be getting back to the public infirmary—the infirmary of you and me. So the old man started on his way, his feeble rheumatic legs aching and throbbing under the strain. In the old days it would have been no more than pleasant exercise, but he was young and strong then and ate three good meals every day—four, if he wanted them. But now the road stretched away over an interminable distance, afar off into the nothingness of space. On past the end of space it went; and beyond that—he could see it there—stood the poorhouse, the home that had been given him by the public—by you and me.

He must reach it—he MUST. He forced his protesting feet onward, but slowly and ever more slowly they dragged, until, just a few yards from the gateway, he heard Jennie's voice; then his head reeled and he sank insensible to the ground.

He was carried into the public infirmary—the infirmary of you and me. And we—you and I—stood around the bed and lookt pityingly at the dried-up body. Some of us even sniffed suspiciously and made furtive use of old handkerchiefs, but none of us ever thought that poor old Uncle Charlie should have taken his trip on the car. Or if we did think of it we said nothing, for his riding would have taken a nickel from the pocket of the public—from the pocket of you and me.

TOR SMITH OF THE OAKLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT, CAPTAIN PETERSON OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, FORMER CHIEF OF POLICE OF OAKLAND, AND LIEUTENANT GOFF OF THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT. * * * *

"I do not intend to state the testimony of John McDonald. It is brief and doubtless will receive the careful analysis of yourself or your secretary. I DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY, HOWEVER, THAT IN MY JUDGMENT, McDONALD IS UNWORTHY OF BELIEF, AND IN VIEW OF TWO INDISPUTABLE FACTS WHICH ARE ESTABLISHED BEYOND ALL PERADVENTURE OF A DOUBT, HIS TESTIMONY IS WORTHLESS. These are, first, the time of the explosion, 2:06 p. m.; and second, the time Mooney is first shown on the roof of the Eilers building, 1:58. The first of these facts is established by Captain Duncan Matheson, in charge of the bomb case; the second, by the photograph, subsequently enlarged, taken by the young man employed by the Eilers Music Company. Bearing these facts in mind, the testimony of McDonald demonstrates its own falsity and is itself unanswerable evidence that what he claimed to have seen could not have occurred.

"Since the trial of Mooney, two other of the bomb defendants have been tried in another department of this court and each has been acquitted of the charge. In these trials McDonald and Mrs. Edeau and her daughter have been witnesses. Oxman has never been produced. There were submitted to each of the juries in these cases all of the matters which have been developed since the trial of Thomas J. Mooney, except, of course, the Oxman letters, with the result above indicated.

"THE SITUATION OF MOONEY IS THAT HE STANDS CONDEMNED TO DEATH UPON EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE TRUTH OF WHICH, TO SAY THE LEAST, THERE HAS ARISEN A VERY GRAVE DOUBT. Since his trial facts and circumstances have come to light which seriously reflect upon the credibility of three of the four witnesses who link him with the crime of Preparedness Day and which shake the very foundation of the case upon which the people rely for his conviction. * * * *

"It was my judgment and opinion that Mooney should receive a new trial upon the Oxman letters alone. In that judgment and opinion I was not alone, for upon examination of the record the attorney general concurred therein and stipulated in open court that the case should be reversed. The Supreme Court of the state held, however, that it was without power to act upon such a stipulation in a criminal case.

"Since the Oxman revelation many other circumstances, these few of which I have vainly attempted to skeletonize, have arisen, which has strengthened and made more firm my belief that to carry into execution the judgment now existent against Mooney would be a travesty upon justice and a blot upon the administration of justice which this state cannot afford to bear. * * * *

"I have not touched upon the many circumstances which today are matters of common knowledge and public notoriety, and which add enormously to the total of doubt and uncertainty now surrounding the result of Mooney's trial, but have merely dwelt upon these indisputable outstanding facts, themselves now matters of public record, and I can only say, as I said to General Webb, * * * *

"Right and justice demand a new trial for Thomas J. Mooney, in order that these facts, so material and of such importance to the issue of his guilt or innocence, and unavailable to him at the time of his trial, may be presented to a jury for consideration and determination.

"Yours very respectfully,

"FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN."

AN INTERVIEW WITH VICTOR BERGER

By Julian Pierce

"The voters of the Fifth Wisconsin district elected me to represent them in Congress by the emphatic majority of 5,560 votes over Joseph P. Carney, Democrat. Seventeen thousand eight hundred and twenty-two electors voted for me, and 12,315 voted for Carney. I am therefore the regularly elected Representative from that district. The Government of the United States as outlined in the Constitution is a representative Government. If the members of the House of Representatives still believe in representative government and the integrity of the Constitution, they will raise no objection to my taking my seat with the mandate from the duly qualified voters of

the Fifth Wisconsin district. If the members of the House of Representatives unseat me, the voters of the Fifth Wisconsin district will re-elect me, and with an emphatic majority, just as soon as the special election is called."

Victor L. Berger, Socialist Congressman from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, recently made this straight-American declaration regarding the bluster and the impertinence with which certain anti-Socialist Congressmen expressed their determination to slap the Socialist Party in the face by preventing the representative of 1,000,000 American Socialists from taking his seat.

Berger was recently sentenced by Federal Judge Landis in Chicago to serve twenty years in the federal penitentiary for having written Socialist editorials in the Milwaukee Leader during the war.

Berger stands today right where he stood when war was declared, and right where he stood when Judge Landis gave him twenty years for printing Socialist editorials. He insists on his right under the United States Constitution to discuss war, the causes of war, methods of financing war, methods to abolish war, and all other public questions connected with war.

"I was exercising my lawful rights in all that I wrote and published and in every word that I spoke from the platform concerning the war," said Berger. "Citizens holding opinions contrary to mine had an equal right to speak and publish their opinions, so that the public might hear both sides.

"Neither I nor my opponents had the moral or the constitutional right to suppress the free utterance of any citizen's opinion with regard to governmental acts and policies which vitally affected the welfare of all citizens."

Although the Socialist-hating officials of the Department of Justice charged Berger in the indictment with having conspired to interfere with the armed forces of the United States, the Socialist Congressman charges that the entire trial proceedings at Chicago conclusively demonstrated that he was not being tried for alleged interference with the armed forces of the United States, but rather for his pronounced views in favor of the abolition of individual ownership for profit of the socially-necessary means for the production and distribution of wealth and the substitution of social ownership, with its consequent indictment, trial, conviction, and execution of labor exploitation. It is Berger's impression that the jury which convicted him was dominated by the prevailing psychology of the anti-socialist and plutocratic newspapers, whose owners believed that the time had come when, for the continued safety of the capitalist regime, a representative Socialist must be sent to jail. This atmosphere resulted in a jury being picked composed of anti-socialist retired farmers and real estate dealers—a jury which knew about as much regarding the constitutional rights of American citizens and the fundamental principles underlying democratic forms of government as a Hottentot.

"It is significant," said Berger, "that under the espionage act, according to the report of the attorney general himself, not a single man was convicted of being a paid German spy, or even convicted of trying to find out military secrets. So far as there is a record, those accused of such offenses under the espionage act have been either acquitted or interned without imprisonment, because they were not citizens. But American citizens, on the other hand, have been sentenced to as high as twenty years in the penitentiary for remarks made in private conversation about the war."

(Continued from Page 7)

you, was made, I deemed it my duty to address the attorney general as I did.

"The testimony of Mrs. Mellie Edeau and her daughter, Sadie Edeau, was, that on the day of the Preparedness Parade, Mooney, Mrs. Mooney, Billings and Weinberg were together at 721 Market street, from which point they drove away in the direction of the ferry in Weinberg's automobile jitney. They were the only witnesses who claim to have seen the Mooneys at that point, and their testimony is important in that it corroborates Oxman's statement that the same four people arrived at Steuart and Market streets in the same conveyance a short time after its departure from the Edeaus' observation."

"At the trial of Billings the Edeaus did not disclose in their testimony then given that they had seen Mooney and his wife. This in itself was a suspicious circumstance, but as it was developed at Mooney's trial and thus was before the jury for consideration, I do not comment upon it. BUT THE TESTIMONY OF THE EDEAUS HAS NOW BEEN ENTIRELY DISCREDITED BY INSPEC-

With the Books

Labor is no longer something to sell—it is “a commodity come to life.” Frank P. Walsh (who, by the way, is soon to publish a book on the labor problem through B. W. Huebsch) explains to Mr. Wood the workings of the machine that gives labor its due. Charles M. Schwab of big vision gives an explanation that will reconcile to friend and foe his attitude towards the new order—one can't write much these days without that important word New—get the habit, comrades! The Schwab chapter is worth the price of the book (\$1.50 net) for its clear insight into the changed order of affairs. But at that it is no better than the other sixteen chapters. “The Great Change” is a book of vision—a volume for quick, easy reading to go right along with “Americanized Socialism.”

And may we shift with the changing winds to still another fellow-straw. “After the War—What?” This happens to be the answer to President James H. Baker of the University of Colorado. I don't know him, but just at a hazard wouldn't expect much friendliness to labor. I'll venture his vote is for the C. F. & I. every time. All the more reason you should at this point read his little book. (The Straford Co., Boston; \$1.00 net.)

The chapter on Socialism and Labor will naturally hold chief interest. You will be surprised at the vision of this observer from the academic heights as he quotes from the British Labor Party and from H. G. Wells. Well does Dr. Baker point out that “class hatred and violence” in any organization will result in failure.

The good old Prof. is a bit shy of this socialistic stuff, but he recognizes that it is here, and he is getting closer than he ever thought he would to an acquaintanceship. He still jumps back when it shows its teeth—as it does occasionally in its young kittenish days. I mention the book mainly as an indication of what “our friend the enemy” recognizes as to the coming of Socialism. Quite a readable little treatise and one that will do you good.

Whenever I doubt humanity in the past I turn to Buddha, Christ, Voltaire, Tom Paine and such good old scouts. Today such prophets as Gene Debs and Karl Liebknecht show the unbroken line of the professional of prophets.

“The future belongs to the people.”

No need to tell my readers that Karl Liebknecht proclaimed this truth before the enthusiastic revolutionists of Germany while Mr. Hohenzollern was hunting a neutral spot where “scraps of paper” were held sacred. “The Future Belongs to the People” is the title of a collection of speeches and letters of Comrade Liebknecht during the war, edited and translated by S. Zimand. Of course at this stage nothing like a comprehensive collection could be hoped for, but the group assembled by Comrade Zimand gives a hopeful message—an inspiring picture of the bravest man in all Germany. It is inconceivable that such utterances should have been made by any man under the circumstances. There is an appreciative preface by Walter Weyl, one of the best-informed writers on the modern trend of social and political development—a man, by the way, whose books I can heartily recommend to those standing consciously at the threshold of a New Society. The vision that was Liebknecht's and Debs'

yesterday will tomorrow be given to the people, for “the future belongs to the people.” Your part and mine is to spread the gospel of brotherhood—the seeds of truth, that the Reconstruction may proceed with most speed and that the Revolution may not have been in vain. Liebknecht's book sells at \$1.25 (Macmillan Co., New York).

In conclusion, let us pause for a moment at the heights—for the new age is one of idealism as well as one of intense practicality—the blending of the two elements in the flaming crucible of Love.

There is the keynote of the New World—Love. And under socialism will Love find its way into the heart of the big world. The prairies are typically American. Did you not thrill with the bigness of Hamlin Garland's “A Son of the Middle West”? Or have you dreamed with William A. Quayle through “The Prairie and the Sea”? William Allen White is a son of the prairies. I remember him first when I was a kid in the grades—how I laughed and cried my way through “The Court of Boyville.” A cheap reprint is on my shelves now—I must read it again, by the way, for sometimes I feel a tendency to get grown away and want to paternalize Bob—only he isn't built along the lines to stand it. Well, to return to W. A. W.—he isn't a Socialist—but, Comrades, he is of the New Order. He is one of the men you and I have been working with to usher in the revolution—only he didn't call it the revolution, perhaps. But he has sensed America and has drawn a panoramic picture of epic dimensions of the America from the close of the Civil War to the present. “In the Heart of a Fool” he calls it—for who but such a fool as Dr. G. Henri Bogart or Gene Debs or De Lysle Cass could see idealism coming—could have enough faith in the dawn to live it? But there have been lots of us fools of varying degrees. “Wisdom is to them that perish foolishness,” said an ancient “fool.”

William Allen White in “The Heart of a Fool” takes us home with him to his Kansas prairies—those prairies of which Lincoln Phifer sings in his “Dramas of Kansas.” I hope my Hoosier friends will pardon me when I say there is something symbolical in the phenomenal development of Kansas—it is an epic state. In the Kansas town of Harvey was enacted the human round of tragedy, love and development that may be found in a thousand cities and towns—for the national life is the aggregate of its millions gathered in multitudes of centers large and small. Upon the screen Mr. White (I wonder if he would mind and if my fellow radicals would mind—if I say Comrade White—the big all-inclusive comradeship of Love that will do away with the class war by making humanity one?)—this big-visioned Kansas editor, I say, throws upon the screen the village hog who grows wealthy as the village grows into a city; the dreamers, Amos and Mary Adams, editors of the paper, always looking for the dawn to break; the lawyers, the profligates, the politicians—the whole cast necessary for staging the American Drama. It is a plot of many threads, all intertwined and all running in the one direction of a New America. What was the matter with Harvey—with America—in those old days we are just leaving? “They thought in terms of democracy—which is at bottom a spiritual estate—and they acted like gross materialists. So they fooled the world, while they deceived themselves. For the soul of America was not reflected in that debauch of gross profit-making.” There is a lesson—a vision into the New America—in “The Heart of a Fool.” It seeks every hidden corner of our political, economic and social life for fifty years back and pauses with today, peering

HOBO PHILOSOPHY

The many friends of Roger Payne, both in Los Angeles where he served as a Socialist Party official some years ago, and all over the United States wherever his excursions have taken him, will be interested in his little volume, “The Hobo Philosopher, or the Philosophy of the Natural Life,” just published by the author from Fellowship Farm, Puente, California. It is an artistic little book, illustrated with sketches and half tones, presenting the essence of Payne's philosophizing rambles afoot throughout the country during the last five years. Opening with a discussion of the Social Problem, the author follows with a presentation of the radical program as the social solution for that problem, and then devotes the rest of the book to telling how he as an individual, escaped, even if he did not solve, the problem, by the open life on the book to telling how he as an individual escaped, involved in the high cost of living, his explanation of how he got enough to eat on fifty cents a day is illuminating. The purpose of the book is stated in the Conclusion, thus: “While this little booklet is not written with the expectation of converting all the world to the Hobo life, the writer nevertheless hopes, at least, that the reader will be lead to think, and to realize, that there is something in life beyond the mere drudgery of working for the necessities of life.” H. H. S.

The Blue Danube has been sung in a local theatre without causing a riot. Are the hate-makers loafing on the job or is the old world really getting sane again?

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into the sunrise that has come, the Revolution we looked for so long. (Macmillan Co., \$1.60 net.)

Coats off! To arms, ye brave! March on! March on! The other half of Socialism. The revolution gave us the socialization. Ours the task to build into the reconstruction the other half—Democratization. —D. BOBSPA.

Dr. Paul Carus died February 11, at his home in La Salle, Ill. He was one of the profoundest scholars of his age. Tho a bit ponderous at times and lacking in humor, he did a great work in the unification of the fields of science and religion. He found time to edit “The Open Court” and “The Monist,” to look after the publication of hundreds of the best philosophical and scientific treatises in English and to write scores of books and pamphlets himself. He was the rugged forerunner of the new day. I have just been looking over two of his later books (from the Open Court Press). “The Rise of Man” is a sketch of the origin of the human race in which Dr. Carus upholds the divinity of man from the standpoint of evolution. He sketches briefly the anthropoid apes and evidences of prehistoric man, closing with a protest against Huxley, claiming that man has risen to a higher level not by cunning and ferocity, but by virtue of his nobler qualities. The book is excellently illustrated.

Far more interesting, however, is Dr. Carus' treatise, “The Mechanistic Principle and the Non-Mechanical.” Extracts are cited from Dr. William Benjamin Smith, Dr. James Thompson Bixby and other opponents of the mechanistic principle; while the support of the theory is upheld by chapters from La Mettrie (author of “Man, a Machine,” and pioneer of this theory; a one-sided philosopher ignoring the non-mechanical), and from Mark Twain. Dr. Carus has done a good service in editing Mark Twain's long and dreary essay on “What is Man” to get at the meat of it. This essay is as ponderous as “The Mysterious Stranger” is spontaneous. One gets the full portent of Twain's gloomy and pessimistic misunderstanding of life from the ably edited condensation.

I like, in the main, the solution of Dr. Carus, who unreservedly accepts the mechanistic principle as applied to motions, but holds that it does not apply to things that are not motions. “The essential feature of all higher organized life is the appearance of purpose,” and the author sought a solution of the problem how purpose is possible in a mechanically regulated world. The debate between the mechanistic and the non-mechanical is just the philosophical phase of the old metaphysical dispute about free will and predestination. Extreme views in either direction are absurd, and the mind has not yet been heard from that is able to predicate the adjustment between the two principles on the basis of conflict. It is only when we examine them as twin forces in a dimly-understood cosmic growth that we get the true balance, a balance which is helped by the researches of Dr. Carus.

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