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The NEW JUSTICE

OCTOBER, 1919

THE REVOLUTION NON-RESISTANT

By Fanny Bixby Spencer



LESSONS FROM THE ACTORS' STRIKE

By Walter Prichard Eaton



BLEEDING MEXICO

By Linn A. E. Gale



TWO GRIPPING STORIES

By C. A. Moseley
and Georgia Kotsch



TIMELY EDITORIALS



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THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., October, 1919

No. 15

Editorials

THE NEW JUSTICE A MONTHLY

The editors of The New Justice deem it advisable to place frankly before our subscribers and friends the financial condition of the magazine. It was found impossible to bring out the issue of September 15, owing to lack of money. The present issue, which appears by the grace of some contributing friends, is no guaranty of continued publication. Indeed, unless a plan of adequate support for the magazine is promptly put into effect, this issue will be the last. If support is forthcoming we can continue to live as a monthly. Our subscription price has been lowered accordingly, and all current subscriptions will be extended in conformity with the new rate of \$1 a year.

It is with deepest regret that we are forced to make this announcement. We believe that The New Justice has a promising field of usefulness before it, and that, once apprised of its existence and quality, a sufficient number of subscribers could easily be secured to place it upon a self-sustaining basis. The difficulty now, as always, is to reach our public. The magazine has had much loyal and generous assistance, but more in other directions than that of the needed financial subsidy.

To continue publication as a monthly, a maintenance fund of approximately one hundred dollars a month is necessary. If twenty friends will pledge five dollars a month, and pay it, our problem will be temporarily solved. If in addition to this each of our subscribers will get for us one new subscriber per month for the next ten months, our problem will be permanently solved. The magazine can pay a satisfactory commission on new subscriptions, but no maintenance fund can, or should, be made to carry the burden of its own collection. For this reason, a few pledges of substantial amounts that are paid, are better than a multitude of small pledges that are not paid. When the magazine attains a paid circulation of five thousand copies, a maintenance fund should no longer be necessary.

If you believe that The New Justice is deserving of perpetuation, that it has aided in the cause of human freedom and is capable of still greater service, and that you yourself have an obligation and an opportunity in the matter of its support, we ask that you communicate with us, either in person or by letter, and share with us the burden and the hope of our endeavor.

—The Editors.

THE ERA OF THE STRIKE

While the war came before capitalism had reached senility, and therefore failed to work its immediate destruction, while, indeed, the system has shown rather remarkable recuperative powers, there is no question but that the war operated as a great forcing process, advanc-

ing social progress in a few years as only equal decades of peace could have done. It has, for example, brought the position of the working class in the United States abreast of that reached by the English working class just prior to the war. There is the same tendency to gigantic trade-union organization, the same growing sense of proletarian power, and the same disposition to use power and organization for compulsory betterment.

As a consequence, we are on the eve of a period of tremendous strikes which must rock the old order and its government to their foundations. Some of these, such as the Seattle general strike, the strike of the Boston police force, the present strike in the steel industry, have already illustrated the tragic days that lie before the capitalist system in the United States. Other threatened strikes, such as those of the coal miners and the railroad brotherhoods, disclose even darker possibilities for the system. Not that there is, as yet, any distinctly revolutionary purpose behind these uprisings. So far, they merely operate within the stale round of the old system, seeking a better slave market, more favorable terms in the barter of human flesh for gold. But the revolutionary implication is there, nevertheless, and may become conscious and purposeful at the touch of any creative wand of circumstance.

Two factors, in particular, may touch these blind rebellions with revolutionary light. One is the possibility, even fair probability, of a proletarian dictatorship, whether peacefully or violently attained, in England. Events in America will necessarily follow close upon what is still largely to us the mother country. The other is the ever mounting cost of living, which the Washington government is both unable and unwilling to check. The greatest revolutionary propagandist in the world is unaccustomed hunger, and hunger is abroad in America today. The immediate future is surcharged with electric possibilities, which will be viewed with terror or hope, accordingly as the eyes fixed upon them look down from the heights of privilege or up from the depths.

C. M.

HOW IT HAPPENED

The amiable old gentleman who greeted the Los Angeles crowds with uplifted hat and theatric smile evidently did not know that the packed masses of humanity were there chiefly out of curiosity, and that the mild applause which accompanied his car was a friendly courtesy and by no means the voice of political approval. He did not know it because, however profound his intellect or wide his culture, Woodrow Wilson is pitifully lacking in practical penetration. One glance at the President makes perfectly understandable what happened at Paris. Accustomed, with the helplessness of the obtuse, to surface estimates, wholly unconscious of the bottomless morass of intrigue that lay beneath, the president accepted the ready agreement with his "principles" which his associates yielded, as ample evidence of their good faith, and trustingly confined to them the task of making those

principles effective in detail. The result all the world, except the president, now knows. The one slip made by the crafty Lloyd George and the astute Clemenceau was in accepting the president as a fair sample of the American people. There are men in the United States, even in the United States Senate, who can see through a millstone,—if it has a hole in it.

C. M.

PROLETARIAN POLITICS

Practical issues unite people, theoretical issues divide them. The splitting of the socialist political movement into some half dozen petty and impotent organizations,—the Social-Democratic League, the Socialist Labor Party, the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, the Communist Labor Party, and who knows what else besides,—is too deplorable to be amusing and too preposterous to be taken seriously. It is the last word in that disorganization which can be effected by perfectly honest men whose heads are wrapped in the clouds of theory and whose feet fail to find the solid earth.

In sharp contrast to this disorganization is the new Labor Party, which has behind it the most radical, aggressive, and powerful elements in the A. F. of L., notably the United Mine Workers, and which is reaching out with overtures of union to the Non-Partisan League and the cooperative societies. Here is a proletarian political movement, to be modeled on the famous British Labor Party, which is of the utmost import both for the radical theorist and the practical politician. It is idle to declaim against it as non-revolutionary, because, in the first place, it is not at all certain that it is so, and, in the second place, it is useless to declaim against a fact. We may declaim against ideas. We should study facts. Certainly this new development will profoundly interest every friend of working-class progress.

C. M.

PROJECTILES

Can it be possible that the President has outlived his usefulness?

Thus far our benevolent autocrat in the White House seems to have had no greater success dealing with the food profiteers than he had with the political profiteers at the peace table.

The solution of the High Cost of Living problem is very simple: eat less, wear less, live less.

Education consists largely in learning to perform simple tasks in a complicated manner and vice versa.

Feed your mind on wholesome thoughts and you will not contract mental indigestion.

Bury fear in a deep grave and plant thereon the tree of self-confidence.

It is just as futile to be overcome by your experiences as not to be able to profit by them.

Every time we make a concession to a present consideration we sacrifice a bit of our future liberty.

The most costly sacrifice is the sacrifice of principle.

A CAPITALIST CATECHISM

Question: What is the chief end of man?

Answer: To work, eat and sleep.

Q.: What should the worker be paid for his work?

A.: As little as he will accept.

Q.: How many hours a day should he work?

A.: As many as he can stand.

Q.: What should the employer receive?

A.: All he can get.

Q.: What is meant by free speech?

A.: Speech which is free from antagonism to capitalism.

Q.: What is the right of assemblage?

A.: The right to peaceably assemble for any purpose except that antagonistic to capitalism.

Q.: What is organized labor?

A.: An institution in restraint of trade.

Q.: What is a Chamber of Commerce?

A.: An institution to promote peace and war, wealth and poverty, education and ignorance, happiness and misery.

Q.: Where is heaven?

A.: Wall Street.

MAGNUS ARNOLD.

The article, "Bleeding Mexico," which appears in this number, was written especially for *The New Justice* by Linn A. E. Gale, editor of *Gale's Magazine of Mexico City*. We are fortunate to be able to present to American readers this intimate view of the Mexican situation by an American radical who is actually on the ground and in close personal touch with Mexican affairs.

Our Truth About Russia Department was unfortunately crowded out of this issue by pressure of other matter. It will appear again in the November number.

If only Mr. Wilson's covenant didn't take so many apologies and explanations.

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EDITORS:

Roswell R. Brownson Clarence Melly

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

J. H. Ryckman, David Bobapa, Agnes H. Downing, Georgia Kotach, John D. Barry, Lena Morrow Lewis, Alice Park, Chaim Shapiro, Paul Jordan Smith, Fanny Bixby Spencer, Chas. Sprading, Robert Whitaker



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Phone 62412



Bleeding Mexico

By LINN A. E. GALE

The United States sways back and forth, unsteadily, on the edge of war with Mexico. Unless the Radicals, Liberals and peace-loving people generally, north of the Rio Grande make an almost superhuman effort, their country will be plunged into another blood-bath within a few months or even a few weeks.

Nothing short of Social Revolution in the United States or England, can permanently prevent intervention, for intervention is the inevitable next move on the program of imperialistic capitalism. Intervention in Mexico, war with England, war with Japan and God only knows what next—they are unavoidable, sooner or later, unless Wall Street's government or Lombard Street's government topples down.

But, while only the Revolution can permanently prevent intervention, it is possible for organized public opinion in the United States to bring such powerful pressure that it will be delayed a year or two. And during that year or two, in all probability, England will have an upheaval. One is imminent there now. It is too early to expect anything like that just now in the United States but Bolshevism in England would hasten the Great Change in North America and affairs might easily get so serious for capitalism in the United States that Wall Street would have its hands full at home. In such a case, intervention would never take place and Mexico would be free to work out her own destiny.

The chief reason why Wall Street wants intervention is, as everybody knows, told in the one word—"oil." It cannot be said, however, from the standpoint of bourgeois governmental procedure, that Carranza's taxes on oil properties have been excessive or "confiscatory." Compared with the rates in Texas and Oklahoma, both rentals and taxes are moderate. The total value of petroleum exports for 1918 was about \$70,000,000, American money, and the official tax for that year, according to Mexican government figures, was \$5,560,198.95, American money, or about 8 per cent of the value of the exports. Hardly an unjust tax, when it is remembered that 54 of the oil companies pay an annual rent of about one dollar an acre, these 54 companies occupying 7-8ths of the oil land under exploitation, and the other 24 oil companies own their own land in fee simple and pay no rent.

However, it is not the tax itself that has stimulated the intervention movement. The petroleum magnates don't like the tax, to be sure and probably it would be reduced some under American rule, but the tax is not the real trouble. If that were the only difficulty, a few grumbles would be all that would ever come of it.

American capitalism is far less concerned about the oil tax than it is about the fear that "Bolshevistic tendencies" are lurking behind it. What Wall Street is really afraid of is, that if it lets the oil tax stand and virtually acknowledges the principle of eminent domain which the Mexican government has proclaimed with regard to oil wells, mines, etc., that same government will some of these days seize the wells and mines and operate them itself.

Carranza is not a Socialist, nor is his Secretary of State, Manuel Aguirre Berlanga, but their sympathies are with

the common people rather than with capitalistic exploiters. They know what foreign capitalism has done to Mexico. They can see every day in Mexico City what Wall Street did when General Diaz was President—how it erected elegant public buildings that cost millions of dollars wrung from a long-suffering people, how alien contractors received staggering graft on every one of these buildings, how helpless peons were paid niggardly wages for working on them, and how two mammoth unfinished structures, the National Theater and the Legislative Palace, with now rusty iron beams and sinking abutments, testify to the thievery of those capitalists and to the profligate extravagance and corruption of Diaz.

It would not take much to swing Carranza and Berlanga into open espousal of Socialism, or to at least make them put into practice a mild form of state Socialism. That is, if it were not for outside pressure. Just at present there is little danger of any such action because the Carranza government is struggling for its very life. But under ordinary circumstances, there would be a tendency in the direction of more Radicalism that would be at least distinctly uncomfortable for outside capital invested in Mexico.

This is the **real reason** why Wall Street raves and rages at Carranza and wants American gunmen hustled at once to the border. Morgan, Hearst, et al., do not want to take any more chances with such a government. Who knows but Bolshevism may sweep across another country or two and Carranza may catch the disease and do a little Bolshevizing himself? Such a possibility is too terrible to be considered with complacency. Such a government is too dangerous potentially to be left alone. It must be overthrown and some form of a stable "protectorate" substituted. So reason Morgan and Hearst—and quite properly from their standpoint.

This uneasiness on the part of the American money kings has been increased not a little in the past few months by certain symptoms that are clearly indicative of growing Radicalism among the Mexicans. William Gates, who wrote a series of articles of a very abusive and unfair nature for the **Worlds Work**, mentioned reproachfully in one of them: "Before me lies a recent Mexico City newspaper with photographs of a poster advertising copies for sale of the Bolsheviki constitution on the walls of the government buildings in Mexico and a clerk at the window of the Chamber of Deputies, selling copies. My current Mexican papers are daily filled with increasing numbers of notices of Russian Bolsheviki propagandists." Gates is not the only fossilized foreigner who has been perturbed by the fact that Bolshevist propaganda is for the most part unchecked in Mexico.

Just the other day, Secretary of the Treasury Luis Cabrera, who is considered the second most influential man in the Republic below Carranza—Secretary of State Berlanga ranking first below the President—was interviewed by a reporter for **El Democrata**, a Mexico City newspaper. The reporter asked Carranza if he did not think Bolshevist agitators in Mexico ought to be imprisoned or deported. Cabrera said, "No," and remarked

that Bolshevism was an ideal social system but Mexico was not yet ready for it. Perhaps Cabrera would not have made that latter statement if it had not been for the Damocles' sword of intervention hanging over the head of the government of which he is an important part. But even if he really made it in all sincerity, the preceding remark is sufficient to show that he is not a "safe" man for Wall Street to permit to have charge of the finances of a large, rich and fertile country like Mexico—that the Mexican government is not a "safe" government when it tolerates such a Secretary of the Treasury. It is not enough that he thinks Mexico is not ready for Bolshevism—just now. Wall Street won't stand for a chancellor who thinks Mexico will ever be ready for it!

A worse thorn in the flesh of Wall Street than Cabrera—and Cabrera has been honored by being called "pro-German" by New York newspapers—is Secretary of State Berlanga. During the war, Berlanga was everlastingly opposed to any participation in it and some think he, even more than Carranza, was responsible for Mexico's flat decision not to listen to the siren song of the Allied Committee of Public Information, the oil magnates and American vested interests when they pleaded with the government to help save democracy. All American capitalists consider Berlanga "pro-German"—much more so than they consider Cabrera. Perhaps he was a little "pro-German" in the war. If so, his position was undoubtedly the same as that of not a few Mexicans who told me they wanted to see Germany win, not because they liked the kaiser or the junkers, but because they felt that with Germany victorious, Potsdam would keep Wall Street from gobbling up Mexico—one set of thieves would balance the other and meanwhile Mexico would have a chance to live in peace. If the United States won, they maintained, Wall Street would immediately prepare to seize Mexico. In the light of present events, the idea was not as far wrong as it may have seemed.

Be this as it may, it is an undisputed fact that Berlanga is the bitter enemy of alien exploiters. He is a lawyer by profession, a student by inclination, and a temperamental pacifist and democrat, hating alike military trappings and official obsequiousness. The gaudily uniformed soldiery of Diaz and the pomp and display of the Diaz regime are still nauseating memories to him. All thru his career, his hostility to anything militaristic or imperialistic, has been evident. If Mexico is free from coercion in the presidential election of 1920, he may succeed Carranza. There is little doubt that he is Carranza's preference. If he became President, the Mexican government would be still less kindly disposed toward the oil and mining magnates. In fact, Berlanga might decide, some fine day, to make an alliance with Lenine. He might and he might not. Nobody knows. But Wall Street cannot afford to take any such chances and let Mexico elect such a man as its chief executive. Another reason why intervention is necessary.

Two little happenings lately furnish additional proof of which way Secretary Berlanga inclines. One of them concerns myself. I was arrested by order of the Mexico City health department for publishing a Spanish edition of Margaret Sanger's birth control pamphlet, "Family Limitation." There is no law in Mexico against contraceptive information but the health department, which is under the influence of Allied capitalists who particularly hate me, construed a certain paragraph in the book to

mean approval of abortion and also claimed that an advertisement in the book of a suppository violated the patent medicine license regulations. I was fined \$500, Mexican money, and sentenced to a penitentiary term if I did not pay the fine. I appealed to Berlanga and Berlanga summoned the secretary of the health department before him. What happened, I heard from a witness who said that Berlanga gave the frightened secretary a lecture that he will not soon forget, warning him to take no more orders from foreign capitalists or the American embassy! I was already in the penitentiary, having been railroaded there as quickly as the health department could get a policeman to take me. I did not stay long, however, for very shortly thereafter, the health department was compelled to revoke its penalty and order me freed. This action by Berlanga was taken in the face of a storm of savage articles in *El Universal* and *Excelsior*, the two principal newspapers in Mexico City under the control of Allied money.

The other incident in which Berlanga showed his hand lately, was that of Dmitri Nikitin, who was arrested in Monterrey and conducted to the city of Victoria, en route for Tampico, where he was to have been deported for being a "pernicious foreigner." Nikitin is a Russian by birth, lived in the United States 10 or 15 years and is, of course, a Bolshevik. He is a "slacker" and was conducting a school of languages in Monterrey with his wife, a Mexican lady. He also sold radical literature and advocated Bolshevism. American capitalists "framed" him, getting the police to arrest him in the belief that he was a supporter of Villa. Friends appealed to Berlanga and Berlanga communicated with the governor of the state of Tamaulipas who ordered Nikitin's release. He is now free to pursue his own inclinations and will be—unless intervention comes. These are only little incidents but they are significant.

Another and very important reason why American capitalism wants intervention is the fact that Mexico provided asylum for nearly 30,000 "slackers" from the United States during the war. Nobody knows the exact number but there were probably 30,000 who came to this country. Many have now gone back, many others went to South America and quite a few went to various European countries, hoping to eventually get to Russia. Today there are not more than 5,000 here—probably much less. But the fact remains that these political exiles who refused to participate in what they regarded as an unjustifiable war, were protected by the Carranza government. A few near the border were returned by local Mexican officials who sold out for the \$50 a head offered for deserters, but this was not done with the knowledge or approval of the Mexico City government. Not only were the "slackers" protected from extradition, but they were allowed to engage in Bolshevik propaganda to their heart's content. Allied firms that discharged men on learning just why they were in Mexico, had to pay damages under the Mexican law which forbids discrimination by employers for political reasons. Allied stores that refused to sell goods to "slackers" were forced to serve them or pay a fine. Sanborn's Drug Store of this city was visited by ex-Governor Breceda of the Federal District and a delegation of Mexican soldiers a few minutes after one of the waitresses refused to serve "Jack" Johnson an ice cream soda, and "Jack" thereupon had all the sodas he wanted. Pugilist Johnson is neither a "slacker" nor a radical, having left the United States on account of a

charge under the Mann white slave act, but this is another instance showing the attitude of Mexicans toward fugitives from other countries. Johnson's color was probably the reason for his chilly reception in Sanborn's; and color discriminations are not tolerated.

There is still another reason why intervention is wanted—a big and influential reason. The Roman Catholic Church. Probably no man on earth is more hated today by the Pope at Rome than President Carranza of Mexico, because he confiscated vast church estates and exiled many priests who were robbing the ignorant masses. The anti-Catholic policy of the government has moderated a great deal in the last year or two, in an evident effort to stop the Catholic clamors for intervention. Lately many of the exiled priests have been allowed to return to Mexico, but the church knows that Carranza still detests it and would not hesitate to completely crush it if his government were free from outside coercion. Therefore, the Catholic Church of foreign countries is, almost to a man, loudly for intervention, and the Catholic hierarchy of Mexico, with its thousands of illiterate, degraded followers, stands ready to stab the Mexico government in the back while Allied capitalism attacks it from the front.

The stories of atrocities committed against foreigners in Mexico may be dismissed briefly. Foreigners have been treated no worse than Mexicans by the bandits. And if Carranza had been left alone during the years of his administration, there would be few bandits in the country. The cancellation of enormous land grants to political heelers and grafters of Diaz, the division of these lands into small tracts and their restoration to the people, the proper taxation of mines and oil wells and the socialization of certain industries that would have taken place, would have eliminated most of the terrible poverty that is the logical fruit, not of Carranza's policies, but of outside interference. Non-interference would have enabled Carranza to remove extreme poverty and thereby eliminate the banditry arising from it. The other kind of banditry, which is the bigger share of it, would have disappeared almost instantaneously, for it is traceable directly to foreigners who supply the brigands with guns and money.

It is common knowledge that oil men in the Tampico district pay \$200,000 a month to Pellaez, king of the bandits of that section. When L. J. de Bekker, an American newspaper man, asked an oil man why he did not refuse to pay this blackmail and appeal to the Mexican government for protection, the answer was: "We can't. Pellaez would blow up our wells if we did. Besides, the State Department at Washington knows each and every payment we make to Pellaez and approves it!"

The simple truth is that the bandits in Mexico get their

ammunition from American sources—there is no other place from which they could get it. In some cases the ammunition is sold them in cold-blooded commercial transactions. In other cases it is given them and money is also paid as a bribe, besides, to protect the property of the donors. The same aid given Carranza soldiers would probably protect the givers of the guns and dollars amply, but they would rather help cut-throats, ruffians and robbers than to help a government that tho faulty and weak, is honestly liberal and honestly making a hard struggle against uneven odds. **The Pellaez bandits in the Tampico region, who protect the property of the oil magnates never neglect an opportunity to dynamite a government railway train or kill Carranza soldiers!**

There are a very, very few gangs that loot and murder and that do not get help from foreigners. It is such as these that commit the crimes like the killing of Correll and the others that fill the American newspapers. But, in the first place, these gangs are no more numerous than were similar gangs in the early days of the United States; in the second place, there are more lynchings, "patriotic" outrages and the like committed in the United States, considering population, than there are crimes of these gangs in Mexico; in the third place, if the Carranza government were given the aid that foreigners now give its enemies, the government would be able to exterminate such outlaws; and in the fourth place, the members of many of these gangs are peons who have been cheated by foreigners and who seek revenge by attacking every "gringo" they see. If foreigners had not wronged them in the beginning, they would not be outlaws now.

After all, no matter what Mexico's offenses, they are the offenses of a child, unlettered, abused and enslaved. They are offenses that no nation that is genuinely great and no man who is truly human, can refuse to forgive. Her whole life has been a pitiful series of serfdoms, violations and tortures. A toy, a mistress, a thrall—this was her role for centuries. At last, freed by revolution, she has been beaten and bruised almost from the very moment she drew her first breath of freedom's air, and her newfound emancipation has been but a ghastly mockery.

Unjust and unrighteous as all wars of capitalist society have been, war with Mexico will be the most wicked and wanton that was ever waged. "War" is a misnomer. It will not be war but rape—brutal, vicious, lecherous, fiendish rape, committed against a nation that has suffered as no nation ever suffered; that is slowly and painfully climbing the steep slopes that lead toward light and liberty; and that, in spite of enforced ignorance and degradation, has never lost the love, laughter and music in her heart nor the democratic dreams in her soul!



The Revolution Non-Resistant

By FANNY BIXBY SPENCER

One hurricane has passed. The great world war is over. The wreckage lies before us. Lost thoughts, shattered hopes, crushed ideals, broken promises lie in debris around us like the fallen walls and the riddled earth in the trail of the actual conflict of cannon and bomb. As the mutilated bodies of men have been buried in the blood-fertilized sod where they fell, so the war-time emotions of men are being buried in the germinant demands of living time, but the death-march has left its hideous mind-zone through which the surviving multitude must plod uncertainly and unsteadily for many years. What next? This is the absorbing question now. We are all asking it silently or aloud, for there is a feeling hovering over the every day course of life that something is going to happen, —something tremendous—maybe not just yet, maybe very soon, but any way sooner or later something is going to happen which will route us all out of our grooves. From the top of society to the bottom, whatever our occupation or situation in the ordered scheme of things, from ruler to pauper, we are all insecure. Old classifications are shifting as the sands before the ocean tide, and to hold to established formulas of life is to be at the mercy of the elements.

Something is wrong with the world. If this were not so there would not be so many remedies offered, so many plans of reconstruction advocated by the accredited leaders of the time to preserve the broken, rudderless craft of civilization. Universal military training for the protection of our national prestige, the League of Nations for the enforcement of the peace of Versailles, peace-time sedition laws and anti-strike laws to save us from the menace of Bolshevism—these and innumerable lesser theories of social rectification are spread before us by the current press, from which we may take our choice as a working basis. Yet on we rush toward the crisis, for the heroic efforts made to save the sinking ship are not in proportion to the swiftness and power of the currents that lash it, and lo, the revolution is upon us. In this the latter part of 1919, peace treaties having been duly signed by kings, presidents and premiers, peace is not here but the revolution is here.

We may well tremble as we consider this fact, for revolution portends dark skies before the radiant dawn; and with the sudden thought that we may in our generation have to meet it, we ask: What is revolution? Instinctively the answer comes: It is the sudden breaking of truth through age-hardened crusts of hypocrisy. It is the turning of the trampled worm unexpectedly vitalized from within. It is the thunder-song of the oppressed reverberating into action. It may be violent, it may be mad as the crashing of the storm waves against the cliffs; and whatever it is and whatever it may become it is upon us today. The great epochal change is already in process, well-developed in some countries, embryonic in others, but every where alive and potent.

What shall we do, we who believe in peace and order? Shall we try to forestall it? Too late, too late, my gentle friends. Have we not read of the beautiful days of hope and royal benevolence before the storming of the bastille,

of the temporising of parliament in colonial legislation before the declaration of independence? Compare these conditions with the false promises of our day. This is what we read in the newspapers: "A great wave of prosperity is coming, millions are being raised to combat Bolshevism, prices will be reduced as soon as is compatible with sound business, work will soon be plentiful." And yet strikes continue, radicalism is spreading, prices are going up, and unemployment and want are rampant.

The world is bewildered after its orgies of blood. War has demonstrated itself merely a destructive force, building nothing upon which the world may lean. Its monuments are hollow glory founded upon death, not life. All the flaunted phrases of fighting for democracy, national ideals, the liberation of humanity, etc., lie prone upon the scrap heap of warrant for they have proved themselves hypocrites. Autoeracy, national shamelessness, brutal inhumanity have ruled the course of events and nothing permanent has been settled by the shifting of national boundary lines, the doling out of prizes in territory as a reward of might and the imposing of staggering indemnities. Militarism has been popularized, profiteering has become the fashion, and disease and hunger stalk the earth even in those regions where the press of war has been felt least. With all our concentrated efforts and mad sacrifices to win the war, whether of the victor or the vanquished nations, we have gained nothing but death, destruction, mental stagnation and moral perversion. Out of this condition of affairs revolution is being born, inevitably, justly, a generic entity in every organized state of the world.

The certainty of the revolution lies in its internationalism. Past revolutions have been for the most part local in scope though not in influence, but the revolution of today, although manifesting itself differently in different countries, like the protestant reformation recognizes no boundaries in its fundamental sweeping changes. Moreover, the stupendous upheaval will not be repressed until the universal revolution has been achieved. The question no longer is, How shall we avert the revolution? The question now is: How shall we guide the revolution into righteous consummation?

We who are not lulled to sleep by the easy hopes of the standard press know that military victory is not peace and that a governmental league of nations is not internationalism. Peace has never come through war and never will, for war is the antithesis of peace. Military victory is moral defeat, the alternate link in the endless chain of war, forged of the same metal as military aggression, making peace merely preparedness, or static war. True internationalism is not a league of nations held together by the force of armaments, but an interconnection of all races, which needs no league to bind it, because it is in itself cohesive, a self-generated unit. It is the repudiation of the guarantees of force which logically develops the sluffing off of patriotism. Victory being the object of force, the renunciation of the idea of victory is the highroad to internationalism.

On all sides are evidences that the world will be torn

during the next half century by two currents of violence, universal militarism on the one hand, leading to greater wars between nations than have ever yet been waged, and on the other hand armed resistance to the oppression of governments. Of the two, the latter is undoubtedly the lesser evil, for popular uprising is an explosion from within, while lawful war is an enterprise of governments. The one is in response to the inner urge, the other to outer authority. The issue of a conflict instigated by the people—a popular demand for popular rights—is necessarily more unselfish, more just and more pure than the issue of lawful war which is never without the element of national aggrandizement, no matter what its professions of noble motives may be. A part of the national aggrandizement may be the pomposity of professed noble motives. In a war of revolution the passion for freedom from tyranny is the clarion call to action, while in lawful war the country calls and the patriots follow as sheep after the bell-wether. The state tyrannical reaches its acme in military conscription, the appropriation of the life of the individual to the ends of the state. That is one reason why the revolution has so often followed a war in which this method of raising armies has been resorted to.

The mechanism of the war-machine has become so familiar to us during the last four years that we of no military training can understand it. The efficiency of the machine lies not in the will of the military leaders, nor in the will of the people. The efficiency is in the reciprocity between them. The war makers whose interests are served by war, institute a campaign of war enthusiasm upon any tangible excuse, generating fear and hatred within the ranks of the people by a systematic propaganda of lies which the people accept as truth, all means of disseminating the truth having been blocked. The primitive blood-lust latent in the average man is suddenly awakened, and by a subtle appeal to personal heroism and the reward of glory to be placarded by military decoration, the man power is raised, with or without the aid of conscription, according to the intensity of the emotional appeal and the imminence of danger fancied or real. Whetted through the three popular agencies, press, pulpit, and in these days the moving picture screen, public sentiment is enthralled and military orders are obeyed. Thus the war machine is put into operation. In the detailed working of the machine the officers are bound to the soldiers and the soldiers to the officers as the small wheel and the large wheel of a power machine are bound together by a leather belt which runs from one to the other in ceaseless rotation. The dynamo having been started, the machine will continue to operate until the power is turned off or the belt is broken. When the dynamo of the war machine—the twin passion of hate and fear—has generated enough power it will continue to effect its purpose until through the turn of circumstances it loses its generating force, or until the belt, which in the war machine may be said to be national patriotism, is broken. National patriotism is the binding force upon which the success of war depends. The dynamo would work to no purpose without the belt. During times of peace the war machine is kept in order as carefully as in times of war that it may be ready for use at any moment. Particular attention is given to the belt, keeping it free from dry rot or mould, through the teaching of patriotism in the public schools, through military training, compulsory or recommended, through veterans' patriotic orders,

ladies' auxiliaries, war literature, war pictures, war toys, soldier monuments, cannons in the parks, and every other insidious means that can influence psychologically the human mind especially in the adolescent stage.

In order to understand the real significance of the sentiment of patriotism, let us analyze the meaning of the word. The derivation of the word from the Latin "patria" meaning fatherland would make its meaning unquestionably filial love for country, connoting a subjective state of mind as of a child to a parent. Filial love for a natural parent is ennobling so long as it remains natural, but when it develops into filial piety, worshiping the parent or his memory as a divinity, it ceases to be natural and ennobling. So with patriotism. There is a natural love of country in the heart of man, a sense of comradeship with the people of one's locality, a feeling of responsibility toward the community in which one happens to find one's self. This feeling may be great or small according to the natural sympathy of the individual or the extent of his known domain. This is patriotism in its freest sense, the kind of feeling that may grow to include a fraternal love for the whole human race, a conscious interresponsibility with man as man in a domain limited only by the limits of man's globe. As it grows it quickly passes from filiability to comradeship and in strict etymology cannot be called patriotism at all. In the exact sense patriotism is national, stopping at the line on the map, balking at the color of the skin, and when it passes beyond ordinary intensity, the worship of dead men's bones. My country right or wrong is the logical philosophy of the national patriot. The divine right of king or of dominating law is the religion of the national patriot. Hence freedom of conscience is incompatible with strict patriotism, and the soul alight with the fervor of a humanitarian ideal instinctively rejects it. If men are jailed in this age for failure to be patriots, time will exalt them, for so were Socrates, John the Baptist, Savonarola and the rest of the mighty company of martyrs for conscience sake. Tolstoy, the greatest moral teacher of modern times, calls patriotism an artificial sentiment induced by fraud which leads to every kind of evil action. The Buddhist religion makes no virtue of patriotism; and as for the ethics of Jesus Christ, if real Christianity had any place in the present day church, the names of the men behind the bars would compose its honor rolls.

Revolution peaceful or violent is swift motion. It is not the slow normal process of evolution, but the accumulated momentum of steady evolution leaping across the epochal divide. It is the fever-point of evolution, the crisis, the moment of change from one system of life to another. In political history it has been the sudden wrenching of government from the hand of the constituted tyrant. But political revolution is only one phase of revolution. Mental, moral and industrial changes are necessarily coincident with political revolution. The crucial hour of revolution has in the past often been accompanied by social hysteria, producing great violence of action, but this need not be, not even in that operative moment when the old order shall have held its final watch and the new order shall enter with commotion and demonstration.

The failure of past revolutions to bring about lasting benefits has been due to violence subverting the righteous ends of revolution. The fever-heat of the culmination of

age-long causes has produced insanity in leaders and populace. The human mind is often fanaticized by crises in life which are not foreseen and prepared for. Revolution might as easily be fraught with order and sanity as with chaos and ferocity, if the majority could grasp the situation and fortify their minds against the frenzy of sudden liberty. Non-resistance is the very essence of revolution, because it is thought-motion, a change in ideas and ideals as well as in systems, a fundamental change in method which is revolution in itself. It is the reconciliation of means and end, which alone accomplishes permanent results, for means is a part of end, as the flute is a part of the notes that it produces. Many past revolutions have failed through the cracking of the flute and the consequent discordance of the notes which came from it.

No violent revolution has ever borne fruit, unsusceptible to the decay of reaction, except as the seeds of creative thought have been able to grow in spite of and apart from the bloodshed and fury. What might have come out of the French revolution had it not been for the silencing guillotine is a boundless speculation. As it was, the reign of terror passed easily into the Napoleonic empire, followed by a reversion to the divine right of the Bourbon dynasty before France became a semi-farce republic nearly a hundred years after the great revolution. What our country might be now if she had thrown off the yoke of the mother country without the killing of brother by brother is a subject worthy of reflection. As France now languishes, weak in the hands of reactionary statesmen and threatened with social decadence, so our own United States of America, which for more than a century boasted of the freedom bought by the blood of our forefathers, now turns her face back toward the middle ages, back toward the days before she was born, when men were chained in dungeons and tortured to death for their religious beliefs. It is a fact of current history, known to an indifferent public, that although the war is over, there are between two and three thousand political prisoners in the American prisons, that Conscientious Objectors are being held in dungeons fed on bread and water for fourteen days at a time, that several have died as a result of torture and privation, and that the court martial sentences range from one to thirty-five years. With these blots on our soul we chatter day by day in our drawing rooms, schools and periodicals of "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Without so much as a declaration of war as an excuse, we are turning our guns on the freedom-seekers of Russia, hand in hand with the nation from which we freed ourselves with bloodshed. If our boasted freedom had been gained by the higher methods, it might have lasted more than a hundred odd years. Vacillating moral conceptions are the natural result of the program of blood and steel.

In times past political freedom has been the object of revolution. In more remote times religious freedom was the motive. Now we are seeking primarily industrial freedom, for industrial slavery is the crying bondage which the age has produced. Industrial freedom is the new necessity, the result of the invention and introduction of labor saving machinery, which has separated the workman from the ownership of his tools, creating a small class of industrial masters and a large class of wage slaves. The wheels of industry are great and powerful; human cogs are necessary, but human cogs are plentiful, so plentiful that they may be attached, replaced or

thrown out at will or whim by the manipulator of the machine. A chance to keep going, subject to the terms of the wheel driver, or a chance to perish through the failure of the cog to hold to the wheel is in general the position of the individual workingman today.

The problem of how to change this intolerable condition is the present disquieting concern in all countries. We may dismiss without discussion all plans of reform and conciliation between employers and employees, because such plans are not directed toward industrial freedom, but toward a less oppressive slavery. Besides, the industrial revolution is already here, and mollifying is of no use. A proletarian dictatorship has been organized in Russia to which the whole world is looking, either with hope and enthusiasm or with fear and contempt. So far as we are able to analyze it from this distance, over the barrier of a lying press, it would seem to be a system of most advanced democracy. If the term proletarian dictatorship frightens many, and the charge is brought that it is class rule and therefore not democratic, the American Declaration of Independence should clarify this point in the statement that all men are created equal. In other words class is an artificial status. Divergence in natural talents, mental capabilities and moral qualifications is in no way menaced by equality in class. All men are born with proletarian responsibilities whether they exercise them or not, and when all men recognize this truth the proletarian class will be the only class extant. Labor whether of brain or muscle has its place in the proletarian dictatorship on its real merits, being as a rule unified into labor of both brain and muscle, for the two elements are necessary to free and responsible labor. The soviet system provides, as no other has yet done, for the expression of thought and feeling in the different groups of laborers. Representation through the bond of common labor is a more natural representation than through the bond of locality in these days of intercommunication, specialization and craft skill. Details may be left to time and conditions, but the Russian soviet system is a general model which all revolutionists may follow, and which the revolutionary world is following at the present time.

Now comes the question of the best method of spreading over the world the ideas which Russia has conceived, and of bringing to perfection the system which Russia has instituted. Violence is the foundation of insecurity. Ideas melt in violence as iron melts in a furnace. Great enterprises fall through their own precipitancy more easily than from external attack. If Russia has failed to live up to all the principles of her greatest seer, Tolstoy, it is her weakness and her loss, just as it is our shame and our defeat that we are attacking new Russia from without, attacking her not only with armies, but with slander, misrepresentation and malicious disdain. War is the greatest crime of humanity, for it leaves humanity unsensitive to the method of violence. The sudden turning of the passions of mankind into the channels of international war has no doubt changed the character of the world revolution. It has brought about a situation which demands a greater and different kind of revolution than has ever yet taken place, for it has multiplied the causes of revolution and has made violence more imminent by example. We have been taught that to kill men under certain conditions is worthy of the greatest praise and glory. If under some conditions, why not under others? It is hard sometimes even for pacifist revolutionists to remember that to fall not into the snare

of the methods of violence under stress of circumstances is transcendental wisdom and supreme courage.

The revolution which the time demands is super-heroic, a revolt of conscience, a rebellion of the popular heart for the popular weal. In includes all the political, industrial and economic changes that have been advocated continually since the beginning of the present revolutionary movement, and it adds a stupendous supplement, the overthrow of all forms of war. The great war has proved that war does not end war. Only the revolution of thought, of moral values, can annihilate the seeds of oppression and war. It must be of the spiritual leading to the material, the material changes being the inevitable result rather than the purpose. The old school revolutionist has conceived the revolution on too materialistic a plane. The new school revolutionist is, however, not in conflict with his old-line comrade. He would not lessen his revolutionary ardor, but he would offer him a new light on the science of revolution. He would prove to him that machine guns, clubs, pikes and all the instruments of force are but boomerangs and mill-stones. All social revolutionists are seeking certain definite material ends, the complete socialization of land, the proletarian control of industry, free opportunities of education and refinement, and a non-militaristic internationalism. The old revolutionist looks upon method as unessential; the new revolutionist considers method intrinsic.

Revolution cannot come through the ballot, you say. Perhaps not, but right political action cannot hinder it. Every advanced political movement is revolutionary propaganda. A socialistic referendum appearing on the official ballot is educational even though it is lost by an overwhelming majority. Appealing to the intelligence of the masses by political agitation is a thoroughly practical method of disseminating knowledge. The emotional appeal is also practical. War propaganda awakens the emotions of hate, lust and fear, but buried deep in the human heart are emotions of altruism, justice and mercy. All that is needed is the artist to play on these higher keys of the soul. Such artists are among us today, soul-prophets of the new age, but in our haste we do not listen to them, and they return discouraged to the silence of their own thoughts. Leaders of a movement are created by the demands of the people as well as through their own initiative. In the reciprocity between leaders and people a movement becomes powerful. If through the emotional demand of the masses and the response of idealist leaders, a propaganda of bloodless revolution could be launched, it would transform the earth. Emotionalism is susceptible of extremes, and the fever of love may rise to the same heat as the fever of hate. The war emotions which mankind has so lately indulged to the limit have failed to bring about the redemption of the world. Revolutionary emotions can bring about social regeneration if they are of the higher order. Let leaders beware of losing ideals through an undercurrent of lower emotions besetting them from the mass-emotions. Let the people beware of the subtle infection of the nimble but poisoned tongue.

Governments as they exist today must be overthrown, but to rise in armed insurrection can at best bring but transient relief at a cost that nullifies the gain. Arise and acclaim the revolution! Ah, we hesitate, we of gentle thought, because we fear innovation. We cannot disentangle ourselves from the tendrils of tradition; we still look up to the prestige of social position; we center our

ambitions on wealth or worldly honors; we hope that the storm will blow over without upsetting things; we cling to empty institutions trying to persuade ourselves that they contain life when they are reeking with decay and death. If reason tells us that certain public necessities belong to the whole people and not to the vested owners, why do we not acquire these things by the force of the public will and hold them by the might of common consent? The taking over by the people of what belongs to them by the right of having produced it may be called confiscation, but it is simply the return of the booty. We hold back in reverence for special privileges as the French held back in reverence for an hereditary monarch till the revolution burst into the September massacre, changing the righteous course which it had originally undertaken, bringing on the reign of terror which culminated in extreme reaction and retarded progress for nearly a hundred years.

Let us first emancipate ourselves from the ambitions of private wealth and the reverence for traditions. With these personal limitations of thought overcome, with national patriotism discarded, with a distinct idea of social construction in mind, with the desire for vengeance supplanted by the motive of service to mankind, the revolutionist is armed and ready to advance. He must conscientiously close his sensibilities to the jibes of his adversaries, which is to put on the armor of righteousness. Then the appellations of traitor, slacker, jellyfish, bloody anarchist will not prick his skin, and he will pursue his non-resistant revolutionary course with the sweetness of the inner light which shows him that to be slack in evil is to be tense in good, to be a traitor to falsehood is to be a champion of truth, that a jellyfish is more beautiful than a man-eating shark, and that a "bloody anarchist" whose heart beats with brother-blood is not a wooden automaton. It is a most magnificent thing to be misunderstood. All great prophets have been misunderstood by their generation. The non-resistant revolutionist is the most positive force in the world. He is the stone wall that yields not to attack. He is willing to live his ideals through ridicule, slander, torture, or desertion of friends, ever turning the other cheek and freely going twain for one enforced mile.

Revolution is not in itself the hope triumphant of the human race. It is merely the gateway to hope. As the higher revolutionary thought permeates the general mass-consciousness the lower expressions of revolution—the accidental breaking out of violence under pressure—will be transcended and the wounds healed. So let us not run from the revolution, hiding like children till it drag us into the light of its fires and scorch us with its leaping flame. Let us face it squarely, admitting its reality with calm frankness, daring its uncertainties, chanting the music of its ideals in the perfect key till the world shall be vibrant and the new order shall stand before us achieved by the force of mind and spirit without bloodshed and insanity. The powers of plutocracy have prepared their own course of destruction. A flood is gathering upon the mountain. Will the stream burst all bounds as it plunges down the steep, washing away all that lies in its path whether of value to mankind or not; or will we in the valley prepare for the great influx of life-giving elements and be equipped with mighty aqueducts capable of guiding the stream so that the valley will be made more fruitful by the torrent?

The revolution non-resistant is in the words of the

scriptures the resurrection of the dead, dead minds, dead souls awaking upon a fecund earth, speaking the lost word of righteousness. Aggressive, self-abnegating love is the dynamic force that impels it, the Origin of Love, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, in truth the Living God. Thus shall it penetrate into the unrecorded future, developing realms of thought and feeling unlimited beyond the conception of us who struggle today in the throes of the great change. Like the rays of the sun piercing through the fog, it is breaking now upon a prostrate but throbbing world.

GENE DEBS GOES TO JAIL

So they have taken him whose soul
Knows naught of man-made boundaries,
Whose fiery words oft rode the winds
From zone to zone and carried fear
To tyrant, king, and oligarch,
Whose sympathy o'e-stepped all bounds
Of clime and race and sought to touch
The hand of every son of toil—
And shut him up within a space,
All walled and barred, eight feet by six,
To make a stricken world more safe!

The folly of it all! Do we
Not know there ever are some men,
With grasp upon the Universe,
Who living cannot suffer jail,
As dying cannot be entombed?

Though you may take his aged form,
As rugged as the soul, and make
It sleep upon a convict's cot,
And stand it up, with pewter plate,
To get its dole of prison food,
To sweep and scrub its narrow cell,
And line it up with earth's outcasts
In turn to empty its night-pail—
You have but reared another Pym
Or given us a Hampden.

Unbridled power does thus make gods
Of these who else might be but men,
To walk erect, full-armed, and free
Among their puny captors.

—C. A. Moseley.

INFORMATION DESIRED

In Bevan's satirical books, "**The Truth About the Medical Profession**" appears reference to a favorite toast given by Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet: "**Here's to the day when the last king will be strangled with the entrails of the last priest.**" While we know that Burns was a deadly enemy of organized Christianity, in common with all clear-visioned poets, there are many things that have appeared in print said to have been uttered by him that may have no basis in fact. This toast is said to be "famous". Will students of this poet, familiar with his works and utterances, kindly point out where mention of this toast may be found. **Address R. P. L., care of New Justice.**

TO LIVE ON LESS THAN LESS

Take a nice jar of strawberry jam,
Seal it up tightly, as tight as a clam,
(Let no one taste it, by threat of a slam)
Then it will last till you get to Siam,
Whether you travel by plane or by tram.

Get some shoes black, tan, white or grey;
Get them too large, or too small, let us say,
And when no one's looking, pack them away
Where the devil can't find them till judgment day;
And there in full comfort, why just let them stay.

Pick up some clothes that maybe would sell,
Place mothballs about them, fold them up well,
And trunk them or shelf them, where no eye can tell,
Then put on the airs of a genuine belle—
And you'll find those clothes lasting, lasting like—shell.

Gather some fruit from hen and from tree,
Preserve it or can it, whichever it be,
Add vegetables of every degree,
(Now, listen, I trust you're following me?)
And sink it a thousand leagues under the sea.

Just do this, my friend, regardless of price,
First do it once and then do it twice,
(Let nothing your sound thrifty ardor entice)
You'll find the good habit growing like rice,
To save for the future, we all know is nice.

And after a hundred short decades or more,
You'll find that no longer you'll class with the poor.
You'll dwell like a God on a vast golden shore,
While angels will putter in glee 'bout your door.
(I'll try this myself, if I don't die before.)

—Wilby Heard.

IT PAYS TO DRESS WELL

Once there was a dirty ill-clad thief walking along a lonely street and he met a well-dressed thief whom he did not recognize as a thief. Drawing his gun he held up the well-dressed one and relieved him of a small roll of bills. The well-dressed thief, however, taking advantage of the other's turning away, struck him fiercely in the back of the neck and felled him. Then expertly going through his greasy pockets, he recovered the roll he had yielded up and also made himself possessor of a large roll which the ill-dressed thief had been carrying.

Citizens were coming up now, and the well-dressed thief explained to them that the thief on the sidewalk had set upon him and robbed him and then he had been fortunate enough to fell his assailant and recover his lost money.

"But now he has robbed me!" moaned the ill-dressed thief.

"Ha! You are lucky that I do not ask for your arrest," said the well-dressed thief as he airily pocketed his loot. Because he was well-dressed and the other thief was ill-dressed, the citizens believed his story and thought him very geenrous not to ask the prosecution of his assailant.

Young men in business should know that it pays to be well-dressed.

—H. H.

Lessons From the Actors' Strike

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

The Actors' strike, which has been a seven-day wonder in New York, and not without its amusing and picturesque features, has, of course, won the sympathy of Labor, and also, pretty generally, the sympathy of "the public." The Actors' Equity Association, which is behind the strike, recently became affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, being, unless I am mistaken, the second important society of so-called "brain workers" to ally itself definitely with Labor. The Musicians have for a long time been organized and affiliated. Two or three years ago the proposition to affiliate the Authors' League of America was put to referendum vote of the membership, but so much opposition was developed that the executives of the League did not need to wait for full returns to realize that affiliation would break up their organization. A good deal of this opposition among authors was traced to the familiar jargon (heard from certain of the actors, too,) that "Art cannot be unionized," that "the dignity of art" does not comport with "hod carriers," and so forth and so on, ad nauseam. But some of the opposition, including that of the President of the League, Mr. Winston Churchill, was based on the sincere conviction that affiliation would in some subtle way bind, or at the least influence, the pen of the writer, hamper his freedom. For this conviction there is some basis, no doubt; and its sincerity and honesty are praiseworthy. So the authors did not join the A. F. of L. It fell to the lot of the actors to be the next association of "intellectuals" (if that term can rightfully be applied to stage artists) to affiliate with Labor. Soon after came the news that certain university professors and instructors in Illinois had affiliated—but the movement is not yet considerable enough to be taken very seriously, though it may be a straw pointing the wind.

The reason some of us in the Authors' league hoped the authors would affiliate was that we thought such action would increase the knowledge and sympathy of writers towards the working classes. But, of course, if the League had affiliated, it would have been because it felt that by so doing it could strengthen its own hands in defending the rights of authorship. Similarly, nobody really believes the actors have, in effect, joined the A. F. of L. because they want to understand the problems of Labor better. They have joined because, by so doing, they have the musicians, the electricians, the stage carpenters, the scene shifters, even, in possible cases, the transportation workers, on their side in their battle against exploitation by the managers. The managers, be it noted, have the power to exploit them not because of superior artistic ability—God save the mark!—but because they own the theatres. It is all very well to talk about acting in a tent; but the actor today has to have a theatre success-

fully to perform in, and he is just as helpless without it as the shoemaker or the weaver is today without his factory to work in. Society has reached a stage of development where it demands good seats, electric lights, comfort, display, in its theatrical entertainments. It cannot go back. Just as the factory rests on the worker, the theatre rests on the actor—and in both cases lack of control of the physical plant has forced this necessary element, the worker, the actor, either to organize and fight for his rights, or be exploited.

So Art has nothing to do with hod carrying, eh, with manual labor? It is to laugh. You don't dodge an economic and iron law quite so easily as that! The actors have simply reached the point, under sheer economic pressure, without any sentimentality or any sympathy for Labor as such, where they have been driven suddenly to realize their absolute kinship with the workers, their need of the same organization and methods. New York is still smiling at the Actors' strike, without yet realizing, I think, that it is all of a piece with the whole modern development of society and an inevitable step in the process of swinging more or less all the brain workers into line with Labor. Such writers feel, of course, a certain natural dignity, setting them apart from "hod carriers" and lathe turners. It will need, in each case, such direct economic pressure as the actors felt to show them the true case—to show them that they are as helplessly the victims of exploitation as any wage slave, however much more comfortable they at present appear to be. But when that pressure is directly applied, they, too, will swing into line and realize the world's great need of cooperation. All signs point to a speedy coming of the day.

One interesting product of the Actors' strike may be cooperative theatres, or cooperative productions, made by the actors themselves, of course. It is quite absurd, when you come to think of it, that a few real estate speculators (which are all most managers can truthfully be called), should, by owning the theatres, dictate what, when, and how an actor shall act. The actors ought to be quite capable of looking after their own affairs. Belasco insults them by calling them "those children of the theatre"—and too often they have been childish in the past, perhaps, but if this strike wakes them to a realization that three out of four managers are even more useless to the theatre than stock brokers are useless to society, and that they are capable, by cooperative action, of guiding their own destinies and better serving the public at the same time, their strike will have been a long step forward in more ways than one. More power to the Actors' Equity!



Two

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

I think I may say that Oldport was proud of the old grey wall which formed its eastern edge. Bleak and forbidding, it was still Oldport's one point of interest. Like the little tenement girl who, having no other accomplishment, made the most of a cough, Oldport took its infrequent visitors out and called their attention to the obvious landmark.

Mary Hilton took the little cottage almost within its shadow. The neighbors peered from between their curtains as she passed, a ceremony observed in behalf of all new-comers. Callie Martin found out her name and when she told them they all said, "Oh, what a pity," and went back to their curtains with sharply whetted interest.

"Shall you go to call on her?" Callie asked Margaret Deane.

"Yes, Callie, if she seems to want visitors."

"You always were a brave woman, Margaret," said Callie.

It began when Mrs. Deane was working among her roses in the front yard. She talked with her new neighbor over the dividing fence; talked in neighborly fashion about the roses and the weather. She skirled far and wide the thing which everyone knew.

"What is she like, Margaret?" whispered Callie at the first opportunity.

"Like you and me, only maybe better. I know I am not as courageous as she."

"Did she mention it?" said Callie.

"No. But her face, oh, Callie, her face. It haunts me."

After that the others worked among their roses and lilies as Mary Hilton passed, and greeted her with the same exquisite tact. Gradually they got to taking over to her dainty bits of their cookery—ever a woman's consolatory offering. This with many neighborly subterfuges and deprecating comments upon their excellent culinary productions. Would she try the dessert and see whether it was good enough for the expected luncheon guests? And she must use some of the strawberries. The garden was running wild with them. And the currants made more jelly than ever the family could use. Surely she could take a glass or two. It was all as apparent to Mary Hilton as it was kindly in them. Some people were so good—and some so terrible.

Those first weeks she came and went briskly, a little middle-aged woman with black hair plentifully streaked with gray. There was a hurried look about her, as though there was much to do and the days were too short. She never went into a neighbor's house, but welcomed those who came to her, the strained lines of her face always relaxing into a wistful smile.

It was a year that she lived thus among them—a year commonplace enough to Oldport, but to Mary Hilton, moving about like a little dark shadow and almost as noiseless, it was a mad rush of days; a relentless procession of sunrise and sunset which she reached out futile hands to stay. One day she burned her calendar, but she got another, and wetted her dry lips as she noted each day.

For long the wistful look and the taut, hurried air were the only signs she gave of the tremors which harried her

by day and the terrors which awakened her at night. If momentarily her mind wandered to another thought it was only to be recalled by a precipitation of inward quakings harder to bear than unbroken woe.

But in these days she had an object, a great task for which to prepare. Moreover, she was not without a tenacious hope of its successful outcome.

As the day for her supreme effort approached her eyes took on an unhealthy brightness and incongruous red spots burned high on her thin cheeks. She wrung her hands nervously when she sat down to her lonely meals, then ate dutifully. She must keep up her strength for the day, when, in her simple soul, she thought perchance a word, a tone, a look, might weigh in the balance.

The morning came. Pushing fear from her and taking hope, as it were by violence, she walked down to the railroad station. "He must be a good, kind man," she kept saying to herself, and over and over again: "He will find a way. I know he will find a way."

None of the women worked among their flowers that morning. They watched again from behind their curtains. "Let's pray for her today, Margaret," said Callie Martin, wiping the unrestrained tears from her eyes.

That evening a big automobile drove up to the little cottage. The chauffeur backed and turned and buzzed in an ostentatious effort to be matter of course. A large, professional-looking man almost lifted Mary Hilton to the ground and led her to her door. There was about her the shrunkenness of humiliation, the daze of sudden and utter defeat. The man shook hands with her and with bowed head went slowly back to the car.

"I am afraid she has failed," said Margaret Deane.

"If she had ever spoken to us about it—," said Callie.

"No matter. We cannot leave her alone like that, Callie. Come."

They never forgot how she looked. She had dropped upon a straight chair and sat staring with wide, horrified eyes at the wall. It was the first time she had failed to muster the poor smile of welcome. Mrs. Deane went and took her cold hands and she leaned her head over against them, rocking stiffly back and forth with a low, moaning cry: "O, there is no help. Oh, Oh, Oh!"

Margaret Deane stroked the troubled gray head. "Keep up heart, dear. Something may happen yet."

Callie hurried to make a cup of tea and fill the hot water bag. Together they put her to bed and wiped away the sweat that stood out on her cold face. They sat with her through the night. In the morning she got up and began dressing to go out.

"I am afraid you are not strong enough to go today," said Mrs. Deane softly.

"I could never forgive myself if I missed today," she said.

After that she went on as before. She forced the brave, pitiful smile. But they could see that she was growing weaker. Her despair by day was impossible to veil. The desolation of the darkness they could only guess. They knew she was up late at night. Sometimes they could

see her shadow going restlessly about the rooms. She dreaded sleep because of the access of torture at waking and because it meant one more of the fearful nights would be gone and the sun would rise upon one more of the hoarded days. In the dreadful gray of the relentless mornings she would sit before a cup of black coffee, a piece of dry toast in her thin hand, until toast and coffee were cold.

Sometimes, deep in the night, she awakened with a horrible smothering sensation, as though the blood were bursting out of her head and face. She would cover her mouth with the folds of the quilt lest she should scream and arouse the neighbors.

Once only she cried out. The afternoon sunshine was sifting through the vines into the white kitchen where Callie was testing some plum jelly. Through the peaceful air came a short, sharp shriek. Callie saw Mrs. Deane looking anxiously from her back porch, and pointed questioningly in the direction whence came the sound.

"I am afraid so," said Margaret Deane, answering her thought, and together they hurried over to Mary Hilton's.

She was lying on the floor by an open trunk, blessedly unconscious.

"It seems almost wrong to bring her out of it, Callie."

Callie was taking from Mary Hilton's hand a bit of white lace.

"What is it, Callie?"

"A child's collar," whispered Callie.

The racked body began to stir and moan: "O, my baby, my baby. O, his tender little neck."

"Hadn't we better send for Reverend Huntley?" said Callie weakly.

"Maybe so. You tell Sam to go for him."

He came and talked of divine love and mercy. To Mary Hilton his words were as sounding brass. He prayed and the heavens were brass above her head. She had never begged sympathy, never sought to burden others with the load which was crushing her; but now

she said: "Why did this thing come? I tried to do my full duty. Nobody ever tried harder. I worked and I watched—but the other things—they were too strong for me."

And now—tomorrow, the Day was coming. Inconceivably monstrous as it was, she knew it must come. O, God, how would she pass that night and all the nights to follow! Surreptitiously they put a soothing powder in a drink of water and she tossed miserably upon the bed for a few hours. Aousing as morning dawned, she saw a strip of light below the window shade. Shuddering, she went and pulled the blind far down, as if so she could prevent the sun rising. She was oblivious of Mrs. Deane and Callie and went about wringing her hands and saying to the dead walls, "My God, my God, my baby! Is it over I wonder?"

As the first shaft of the determined sun shot over the grey wall and thrust itself past one side of the window blind she gave a dry gasp. The skin was stretched blue over her cheek bones.

"She's bad, Callie. Help get her to bed," said Margaret, quickly.

Instinctively they straightened her limbs and laid her hands by her side. One bony hand shot up to her throat. Her eyes opened wide as though they would burst out of her face. There was a gurgling noise and a long quiver relaxing the tense body.

Callie began to cry.

"O, no, Callie. Thank God, God, she is at rest," said Margaret fervently.

They stood still a moment, reverently.

"You had better go and tell Sam, Callie."

Samuel Deane was sitting on his front porch. He laid down the morning paper and blew his nose with a loud blast. He was getting up stiffly as Callie came around the house wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron. He cleared his throat a little and looked the other way.

"I see they hanged the kid this morning."

MICHAEL

My lover's ship did not go down:
It sailed into the setting sun.
I watched across the sands from town
Until the golden goal was won.

Upon a sea of molten glass
It sailed across the world's red rim;
With spreading sails I saw it pass
Into a glory none shall dim.

Yet there are those that wring their hands
And will not cease their doleful cries. . .
I look across the blazing sands,
And smile into my lover's eyes.

VINCENT STARRETT.

Common Cause

By C. A. MOSELEY

Young Bill Lloyd came into the flat one afternoon, at the end of his day's work, to find his still younger wife, Amy, industriously stitching away at a very diminutive garment. It was now several months since the momentous secret had been whispered into his ear, and that and the four weeks' strike at the plant, which has been fought and won, had somewhat tamed his boyish spirits.

Having washed up and changed his clothes, he came into the living-room again, sat down by his wife, and curiously and awkwardly fingered the small piece of needle-work. "Hanged if it don't make me feel funny around the gills," he exclaimed, "to see you making these things. Now what part of the kid's outfit is this supposed to be, a pocket handkerchief or a nightshirt?" Amy laughed. "You aren't expected to know too much about these things. In this case you are only the innocent by-stander."

"I used to think," he said meditatively, "that I knew a whole lot about women and was a reg'lar star performer in love-making, but in the eight months that I've been married I've decided that I ain't out of the kindergarten yet."

"That reminds me," said the young wife, "that when I was out shopping today I bought a little book at the Radical Book Shop. It's one that I used to hear Miss Emerson talk about over at the Settlement."

"What book is it?" Bill asked.

"It's Edward Carpenter's 'Love's Coming of Age,'" she replied, "and there are some things in here that you ought to read. They'll help to get out of the kindergarten class. Now just listen to this, Billy Lloyd: 'Man, the ordinary human male, is a curious animal. While mastering the world with his pluck, skill, enterprise, he is in matters of Love for the most part a child.'"

"That's me," ejaculated Bill, "except that I haven't mastered the world yet, nor even got it by the tail on a down-grade."

He took up the book which his wife had laid down, and glanced at the preface. "This ought to be interesting," he said, "it says that five or six publishers refused it because it was too radical."

Amy, whose education had gone farther than Bill's, smiled knowingly. "I am going to get you weaned after a while from the sporting page and the Friday Evening Hitching Post," she said.

"Suppose you read some of the book to me tonight—what do you say?" he suggested.

"No," she answered, "but if you are a real good boy and help with the dishes after dinner, I'll let you read to me while I sew."

"If that ain't a woman's bargain!" he said with a laugh.

Dinner over and the dishes washed, they were about to leave the small kitchen when Amy exclaimed: "O, Bill, I'm sorry, but you'll have to do an errand. I forgot to get a loaf of bread when I was out, and the cream isn't going to keep sweet until morning. You'll have to go over to Peter's Delicatessen and get a can of condensed milk and a loaf of graham bread."

Bill went into his pocket and drew out seven cents, with

a rueful smile. "I'm clean broke," he said. "That comes of giving you most of my pay check. You'll have to dip into the family bank if we are going to stock up with the eats."

Amy opened the drawer of the table in the living-room, and from the money in what had been a candy-box produced a two dollar bill.

"I understood you to say," remarked Bill as he pocketed the money, "that I was to keep the change."

"You did not," she answered.

He put on his cap and went out. It was not a desirable neighborhood in which they lived, though their flat was cozy enough. It was four blocks over to the business street that intersected the district and he strolled leisurely, enjoying the mild evening air. The purchases made, he started back by a somewhat longer route, as it occurred to him to stop at a news-stand and buy the current number of a radical magazine which he had been reading regularly ever since the strike. In front of him he noticed a girl walking with suspiciously slow steps. Several times she looked back over her shoulder and finally stopped to gaze into a show-window in which there was obviously nothing of interest. Bill knew the symptoms and was about to pass, but curiosity prompted him to look at her and she accosted him.

Bill gave a hurried glance up and down the street and then stopped. The girl was young and still had much of the freshness of youth. The touches of cosmetics and the halting air of brazenness seemed but recently assumed and ill-worn. The youth surveyed her frankly. "Say, girlie," he said "this is pretty early in the evening for you to be playing the game. The Morals Squad is pretty active just now and the cop on this beat is one of the reg'lar props to the Pillars of Society. He's fierce on strikers and on—girls."

The girl flushed under her rouge and muttered something that he only half heard.

"You've tackled the wrong guy this time, girlie," he said good naturedly. "I used to fall for your kind, but honest to goodness I'm a reg'lar married man now, and walking the straight and narrow path of rectitude and virtue. I'm homeward bound now and running on limited schedule. Say, you must be new at the game to tackle a fellow carrying parcels. A young sport, looking for a lark, don't go out loaded with a can of milk and a loaf of bread—even if the country has gone dry."

The mild bravado that the girl had worn melted. Something about her caused Bill to tarry a moment longer.

"Some girls is lucky," she said, "to get a good man like you to take care of them."

Bill laughed kindly. "I don't know about my being so very good at the time I induced a swell girl to marry me. The first time she saw me in my sleeveless, she didn't discover any wings a-sprouting on my shoulders—but I'm improving. * * * Say, what's a swell kid like you doing on the streets anyway?"

She gave him a glance, half timid, half defiant. "I've tried most everything," she said. "I've worked in laundries, slung hash, and stuck frosting on cookies in a biscuit factory, but it don't pay enough. If I was living

at home, it would be different, but I have to pay my own way, board, room, and everything, and I was sick three weeks last Summer. So I'm trying a new trade—I'm hustling on the street and that's all there is to it."

"Are you broke?" he asked

"I got about three blue nickels and two red coppers—and that's God's truth," she said.

Bill's big heart gave a twitch and by a reflex action his left hand went into his pocket, where the dollar which he had received in breaking the bill at the delicatessen lay with the smaller change. He pressed it into her hand. "Here, girlie," he said, "that will help you out for tonight. Now get off this street before the fly cop on this beat hauls you before His Honor in the interest of Good Society. So long!"

Arriving again at the flat, he found Amy comfortably fixed in a big chair by the table-light in the living-room, sewing away at the small garment.

"As an elocutionist," said Bill, "I'll never take a prize at a country fair, but if you can stand it, I'll just read some of this man Carpenter. But wait till I fix myself ship-shape."

He removed his shoes, which alone puts a man in a more spiritual frame of mind. He loosened the belt about his twenty-eight inch waist which ended the taper from a chest that he liked to call his "perfect thirty-seven," and removed his outer shirt, running his hands over the firm, smooth muscles of his bare arms. He emptied his pockets of money, knife, and a bunch of keys and laid them on the table near the light. Then he picked up the book and stretched himself out on the Davenport, recently bought on the installment plan.

"This is a pretty comfortable thing," he commented, "and will be more so when it's all paid for. Let's see; 'Chapter One, The Sex-Passion.' Say, are you sure this is a perfectly proper book for a young fellow to read to his own wife?"

He read well, in spite of his self-depreciation, commenting in his whimsical and slangy way between paragraphs. Occasionally he paused to read a portion silently before doing so aloud. Along in the second chapter, he said: "Get this: 'Assuredly it is no wonder that the more go-ahead Women (who have come 'round to the light by their own way, and through much darkness and suffering) should rise in revolt; or that the Workmen (finding their lives in the hands of those who do not know what life is) should do the same.' Now what do you make of that?"

"It means," she said emphatically, "that the cause of the women and the cause of the workmen are the same. Women in general are the victims of the same system as the workers—they are in the power of the men who control their livelihood."

"Is that what made you such a rebel?" he asked.

"It's one of the things," she said. "And I'm glad I married a pretty good man and caught him young enough, so I can teach him a few things on the Woman Question."

"That reminds me—" said Bill suddenly, and then as suddenly stopped.

"What were you going to say?"

"I've forgotten now," he lied gracefully.

He began browsing through the book again. "Here's another one: 'A half grown man is of course a tyrant. And so it has come about that the rule of Man in the world has for ages meant the serfdom of Woman.' Gee! that's hitting us pretty hard."

"That don't mean you or other workingmen," asserted Amy. "That hits the men who control society." Then she added: "It's time to go to bed; I must put the oat-meal soaking."

She got up and laid her sewing on the table. In doing so she saw the money lying there. "Bill Lloyd, you've short changed me. I gave you a two dollar bill; where's the rest of the money?"

"Are you sure it wasn't a one dollar bill?" he asked with an innocent air.

"I know it was a two; what else did you buy?" she demanded.

"Let me see," Bill reflected. "I went around to Fitch's news-stand and bought a magazine. Gosh! I didn't either; I started to go and something made me forget it."

"Say," she expostulated, "you are getting into deep water, Bill. The magazine that you didn't buy wouldn't have taken the rest of the first dollar. You are short a whole dollar. Tell me what you did with it and I'll believe you."

"Suffering Moses! That's what I'm afraid of—that you'll believe me if I tell you the truth. I gave the dollar to a street-walker."

"Billy Lloyd! you did not!"

"My life is saved!" he exclaimed. "My wife don't believe me." He grabbed her playfully, sat down in a chair, and pulled her into his lap. "Now listen, kid, and I'll make a clean breast of it." He told her the story of meeting the girl and of giving her the dollar. "All right, wasn't it?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she answered hesitatingly. "Do you know, Bill, ever since we set up this little home, and especially since I began sewing for the other one that's coming, I feel sorry for every unfortunate girl I hear of. But it isn't scientific to give charity; you know that. Prof. Clement says it only keeps the system alive; says it is giving drink to the crucified."

"I know it ain't scientific," he said. "For all I know she may have fooled me and had more money in her lisle thread bank than I draw down in two weeks. But a fellow can't always be scientific. Sometimes we have to keep the milk of human kindness from curdling."

"Bill, you are a great, good-hearted boy," she said fondly, giving him a resounding kiss. His chest expanded two inches.

"If the kid don't grow up to hate the system as bad as I'm getting to hate it," he said thoughtfully, "I'll spank him."

"But he may be a girl," Amy suggested.

"Gosh! that's so," he asserted. "That's so, as the case may be, and sometimes is. I hadn't thought of that. If he is a she, worse yet. It's a darned hard world for lots of women, specially the women of the poor."

"And the cause of women and the cause of the workingman are the same," she quoted. "Carpenter hits it off about right."

"And," quoted Bill, "Man, the ordinary human male, is a curious animal." Then he added: "When do you think the Social Revolution will come?"

"I think, Bill," she replied, "that when I see Man, the ordinary human male, giving as much time to sociology as he does to the batting averages, I shall look for the Social Revolution just around the corner."

A TIMELY POEM

Louis Michel, the Los Angeles poet, has expanded his hundred-line poem on "The Tortured Negro" into a work of six hundred lines, which he has published in attractive pamphlet form.

The president's frank admission at Spokane that unless the peace treaty was ratified Europe would be plunged into chaos, is pretty conclusive proof that the fundamental purpose of the League of Nations is to suppress proletarian revolution.

The naivete with which trade unions usually announce some weeks in advance that they are going to strike, received a severe disfigurement at the hands of the Los Angeles switchmen.

TO LOUIS THE LIMIT

Though a demagogue rare fans the ambient air And insists that all black is still white, And peddles his notion that all this commotion Is a peace in which nations delight,

But the people are shy of a silk-hatted guy Who makes promises new every day, Who throws a smoke-screen o'er his precious Fourteen, While he barter's our birth-right away.

Napoleon the Little must surely belittle The fiasco he made at Sedan, When he looks at a dub who has had a rough rub And struck himself out on a fan.

C. A. M.

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