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JANUARY

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The New Justice

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THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., January, 1920

No. 17

Editorials

RETROSPECT AND FORECAST

To all liberty-loving people, to all champions of ordinary, every day fair play, and to all who believe in the possibility of a sane, orderly solution of the vexing political and industrial problems which confront the American people today, the events of the past few weeks must appear as a well-nigh unbelievable nightmare. To all who have hoped that out of the welter and the ruck of the terrible war just closed there would emerge a world in which bereaved and distracted humanity might find a freer field for the expression of its yearning towards a better social order, the chaos and the madness of the recent past bring a load of perplexing doubt which sorely taxes one's faith in the inherent sanity of the race and one's belief in the ability of human beings to work out their destinies in ways befitting the Twentieth Century. To all of us who hold that the battle of Man against Mammon may yet be won by use of the moral and intellectual weapons of civilized humanity, the last few weeks give comfort scant indeed.

Looking back over it all, it would almost seem as if the stage had been set in advance for some such monstrous carnival of hatred and intolerance as has marked the past few weeks. Early in November the newspapers announced with screaming headlines the discovery in the city of New York of a plot of what appears at most to have been a paltry few hundred Russian workmen to overthrow the United States government and set up—overnight, as it were—a soviet republic in America. Complete details of the projected plot were said to have been found among papers seized in the headquarters of the alleged organization—also quantities of high explosives and other paraphernalia of violent revolution. In normal times the very preposterousness of the thing would, after its timely discovery and prevention, have caused it to be laughed off as a piece of comic-opera madness on the part of a handful of crazed fanatics whose power for evil had been happily nipped in the bud by a vigilant police. Even in these far from normal times most people soon ceased to think about the lurid episode and life, apparently, began to resume the even tenor of its way.

And then came the Centralia horror. On November 11 four returned veterans of the world-war were shot and killed by members of the I. W. W. during the progress of an Armistice Day parade in the little lumber town of Centralia, Washington. That night an I. W. W. member named Wesley Everett, himself an overseas veteran, was taken from the Centralia jail by infuriated fellow veterans and lynched. Meanwhile, the Associated Press had sent broadcast over the country a story to the effect that

the parade had been deliberately and wantonly fired upon by members of the I. W. W. as it halted before the headquarters of that organization; and it was on the strength of this report that the torrent of blood-lust and mob violence which forthwith swept the country broke loose. A couple of days later, after the flood of passion and hatred had gathered a momentum which rendered its immediate checking impossible, one of the Armistice Day paraders testified at the Coroner's inquest that as the parade halted in front of the I. W. W. headquarters a number of the marchers, himself included, started to raid the hall and that no shots were fired until the door had been broken in by the raiders. But before this testimony was given, a nation-wide storm of organized terrorism had broken loose and was already well under way.

It is idle to speculate now on how much less of a storm there might have been if the Associated Press had in the first place sent out a true story of the Centralia horror instead of waiting forty-eight hours until it was compelled to do so by the sworn testimony of a reputable physician. Perhaps there wouldn't have been much less of a storm, after all. With passions inflamed and nerves set on edge by a year of hysterical press-hounding of all the liberal and radical movements throughout the land, it is possible that the blood-lust would have had its hour even if our orthodox news-distributing agencies had been careful to show fair play in a moment of supreme and vital crisis. But be that as it may, the storm broke loose—a storm of brutal, violent intolerance that will go down in history along with the riots, mobbings and lynchings that preceded and followed the Civil War. Here in the West the storm was particularly acute and exceptionally vicious. Mobs of men, in some cases with the thinly-veiled approval of sworn officers of the law, rode ruthlessly over the most elemental rights of unoffending American citizens. They raided peaceful gatherings of law-abiding men and women, mauling and intimidating those whom they found in their way. They bludgeoned unresisting men with heavy monkey wrenches. Here and there a dash of humor was injected into these otherwise drab proceedings, as for instance when persons unknown made a night raid on the rooms of a sedate ladies' literary club in Los Angeles and confiscated a quantity of New Thought literature—presumably because the offending books happened to be bound in red.

At this writing the wave of physical violence appears to have pretty generally subsided. By far the greater part of it, in fact, ran its course during the week or ten days following the Centralia horror. It had not been long under way before appeals for sanity and lawfulness—some perfunctory, others obviously sincere—began to be issued by persons in more or less high places throughout the land. Notable among these was the spontaneous and manly statement given out by the commander of the Butte (Montana) post of the American Legion at a time when certain misguided members of that organization were committing deeds of which it is to be hoped they are

now heartily ashamed. Commander Bassett, after condemning the Centralia raid in particular and all other illegal raids in general, said: "If the officers of the law cannot stop these raids, perhaps the resistance of the raided may have that effect. . . . Anyone who becomes a party to a mob bent upon unlawful violence, cannot expect the truly patriotic men of the American Legion to condone his act." This statement, coming at a time when hysteria was still rampant, showed uncommon moral courage and a fine and handsome valuation of the principles in behalf of which Mr. Bassett and his comrades are supposed to have fought in the bloody trenches of France. It is "100 per cent Americansim" in a very genuine sense of the term. It is one of a few bright spots in a somber tale.

With the subsiding of mob violence comes the hope that some sort of mental order may assert itself—that some clearness may be established as to what is lawful, and what unlawful, in the United States of America today. Just now there appears to be a sad condition of uncertainty as to this moot point. Practically every State in the Union has within the past year passed laws aimed at "sedition," "criminal syndicalism," "criminal anarchy" and what not. As a result the jails of the country are filled with men and women who are under indictments based upon utterances of a sort which for a generation have passed as the current give-and-take of political and economic discussion. It is highly desirable that the winnowing process attending the trials of these men and women may give us a workable and more or less definite knowledge of what are to be the limits of free speech and political agitation in the days ahead of us. Without some such knowledge, or at least some fair-to-middling approximation thereto, it is difficult for anyone to know just where he gets off at—to use the homely phrase. It is to be hoped the courts of the country will settle this vexing question with some degree of clarity—and wherever any of these new laws are found to be capable of being so stretched as to endanger the right to agitate for peaceful changes of however sweeping a character, it is particularly to be hoped that the laws thus stretchable will fail to meet the test of constitutionality in the higher courts. Such a consummation will take us a long way on the road to returning sanity and will give renewed hope of a peaceable solution of the problems which confront us today.

R. R. B.

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

Almost simultaneously with the decision to return the railroads to private ownership, the Senate passed the Cummins bill, which would deprive the railroad workers of the right to strike. It is unthinkable that this piece of reactionary legislation can be made to "stick." It is almost unthinkable that it will be favorably reported out of the joint House and Senate committee in whose tender mercies it now reposes. But as a gauge of the political enlightenment of the present Senate, the passage of this prize bit of anti-social legislation is illuminating.

Nearly a year ago THE NEW JUSTICE foresaw and commented on the then nascent tendency towards anti-strike legislation of this character. We then called attention to the cardinal danger of such legislation—namely its quality of rendering more difficult a peaceful solution of the bread-and-butter question in America. We can but

repeat the warning now. Protest against the enactment into law of the Cummins bill, or any similar legislation, should be so sharp and wide-spread as to leave no doubt in the minds of twentieth century law-makers with tenth century brains as to how the great masses of the American people feel about this particular manifestation of Western Hemisphere Czarism.

The Cummins bill will not become a law if the people will only let Congress know what they think of it.

R. R. B.

WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO?

The United States Congress stands today in a peculiar, not to say, anomalous, position. Last year the sovereign people of a Wisconsin district elected to Congress a man whom, in their wisdom, they wished to represent them in the national legislature. Whereupon the members of said national legislature, disapproving of the gentleman thus duly elected to sit among them, voted to refuse said gentleman his seat. Then, at the special election required by law in such cases, the sovereign people of the Wisconsin district re-elected their chosen representative by a neat majority of 4000 over an opponent representing a fusion of all political parties save the one to which the congressman-elect belongs. The man in the case is Victor Berger of Milwaukee. The party he represents is the Socialist Party of America. This last fact may have much or nothing to do with the case, according as you wish to look at it.

The question now arises: What will Congress do?
Echo answers: "What?"

R. R. B.

Owing to the fact that THE NEW JUSTICE, through lack of money, was unable to bring out its December issue, all subscriptions will be extended one month to compensate for the lapse in publication.

Ignorance is always on the side of established power.

THE NEW JUSTICE

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Anatole France—A Prophet of Pity and Satire

By PAUL JORDAN SMITH

"We do not remain one moment the same, and yet we never become different from what we are."

* * * *

The other day we read that Anatole France marched down the streets of Paris with revolutionists protesting against the treatment of Russia. In 1912 the same man had written "The Gods Athirst," satirising the French Revolution and laughing sceptically at revolutions in general. "Never tell me that the Revolution is going to bring equality, because men will never be equal—let them turn the country upside down to their heart's content," and "The people's ardor for regeneration grows lukewarm with time, but men will always love women." Or, "If I were your president I should appeal to the arbitrament of dice. In matters of justice it is the surest plan."

The Anatole France of "Penguin Island" and the partisan of Dreyfus is at the same time the author of "The White Stone" and "The Red Lily." But why attempt to reconcile the two attributes? Only the stupid try to remain consistent, and genius is aware that truth is not to be brought to bridle. Pity compels one to lend an ear to the cry of the unfortunate and to rage against injustice, but wisdom warns him of the futility of schemes that have high-sounding names. Poverty and opulence are distressing contrasts, but stupidity is well nigh universal: and who has dared to suggest a remedy for cultured stupidity other than extirpation?

So where one is so unfortunate as to harbor in the same breast irony and pity, what is there to do but vibrate between laughter and tears? True, Anatole France has been so moved from time to time that he has entered the lists and battled right nobly under the urge of pity, but he has always returned to the Villa Said and written a thing that tells of futility and provokes a smile.

Anatole France derives from Rabelais and Renan, Lucretius and Voltaire. But with his scepticism he brings irony and savours of Virgil and Homer. No Voltairean bitterness mars his pages, and his "Contes Drolatiques" are more delicate than those of Sterne.

A course of reading in Anatole France would in itself be an excellent conclusion to a college—perhaps a good substitute. Certainly such a course would rob the mind of its sophomoric egoism, and perhaps the heart to meet the great disillusionment. History, politics, art, literature, philosophy and religion are set forth in those amazing pages with both reverence and satire, and the initiate know both the glory and the folly of being alive.

"Life is an illusion." Very well, but illusions are the gates of escape from boredom, and even an opium dream is better than stale domesticity. True, democracy, now that we have won such a generous share of it, does not prove to be the thing that the idealists have always been hoping for, but neither was aristocracy the land of enchantment that the sentimentalists moon over. And after all, the futility lies in hoping anything of any system of things. Life resolves itself into averages so far as so-

ciety goes, and one age is no better than another. Climates are of the soul.

The bitterness of our social pessimism is a reaction from the "great principles" of the eighteenth century. Despite the hurry of change we have held with blind fetishism to Justice, Truth, Fraternity and Equality. This faith in abstractions spoils our acceptance of reality. We expect too much, and weep when the segment of life we are jostled in refuses us justice. Well, one must expect nothing of Society, and must preserve a sense of humor.

And what a subtle sense of humor has Anatole France! How it plays about ecclesiastical ambitions in "The Amethyst Ring," and the notion of progress in "Penguin Island." I have a notion that in addition to being the most humorous "Penguin Island" is the most accurate history of mankind ever written. Certainly no truer history of our institutions could be placed in the hands of the young. A less satiric, a more genial, but perhaps a more shocking humor is found in "The White Stone," particularly in that story of the Martyrdom of Stephen. The most harmless humor is to be found in "My Friend's Book" and in "At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque."

What an amazing faculty has this sceptical historian of human life for finding the ironic essentials of things. In the story of "History" he gives us a tragedy of events in three words—"Born, suffered, died"—the whole of history. And what a sense of the irony of opinions in "The White Stone" where respectable philosophers and gentlemen decide that Christianity, vulgar and proletarian, is a thing doomed to an existence of but a day! And then, when in "The Procurator of Judea," Pilate, asked in his later life of the crucifixion of our Lord, is made to reply, "I have no recollection of the man," the relativity of events is made astonishingly clear.

It is with things and the moods evoked by things that Anatole France is principally concerned. Here, despite the noises of swine and the clamor of those without taste, one may find a world of the ideal. The past may be made to yield the richest of her treasures without the ancient chaff, the present may be viewed with perspective, the future may be created without the doubt born of rough contacts. It is in the world of subjective life that one finds the deep satisfactions, and is able to triumph over the tricks of the Cosmic Jester.

Yet, even in this contemplative hour is fulfilled the scripture: "Though I fly to the uttermost parts of the earth even there thou art." For Life will not let us remain mere spectators however interesting the comments we perforce may make, nor however satisfied we may seem. The cries of the market-place hunt us out, and the sound of weeping will not down. Even the sceptic may not dwell forever in the abode of peace.

Disillusioned in his place of retirement where the intellect is anarchist, one becomes re-illusioned in the presence of the suffering multitude. For "Sceptics, too, are subject to all the illusions of the universal mirage, they

too are the playthings of appearances." It was so with Voltaire; it is true of Anatole France.

We need not be surprised if we find him covering pages with satire and then, a moment afterward, flinging himself into the futile movements that he has satirized. Futile? Yes, if one considers the results; no, if one looks at the superb gesture. For it is here that humanity challenges the fates.

Somewhere in "Penguin Island" we are told that to solve the world's woes it would be necessary to blot out this pitiful planet altogether. Again, there is the suggestion that we move in a circle, blind dupes after a meaningless dream.

But while the hand is that of Esau, the voice is that of Jacob. The dreamer is back of the disbeliever. The pages of Anatole France make us smile, sometimes bitterly, but not without the feeling of pity. And what is more they sometimes fan in our hearts the flames of revolt. Futility or not, the world is not after the fashioning of the heart, and men, whatever one may say, have the capacity of dying for their dreams. So the author of "The Gods Athirst" leads a parade of workmen down the streets of Paris on a May Day.

Life is a bundle of contradictions and the true sceptic has a welcome for them all. He weds "piety of imagination to impiety of thought," and complacently permits reverence and ribaldry to jostle one another in his pages. He makes the sign of the cross and scruples not to sit down with the priests of Isis; he holds converse with Venus Pandemos, and does homage to Our Lady. For pages do we read of St. Aquinas and still more pages of Spinoza, and then with Anatolean suddenness, we come upon a discourse upon the making of an omelette. Why not? We simply find in these fascinating pages a resolving of the contradictions between romance and reality.

In his political views the author of "The Revolt of the Angels" is a bit disturbing to a good American. He seems to find no marked distinction between democracy and vulgarity, and betrays no enthusiasm over the popular ballot. He does not know that universal suffrage will settle all things, nor does he share our faith that art and literature thrive best in a republic. Concerning prohibition one may not even suggest his prejudices—the world is so damned safe! So for safety's sake, I will turn away from politics to sex!

Although, in a way, Anatole France is a follower of Lucretius, he does not dismiss sex as did the Latin poet. He knows that sex dismisses us, and he enjoys the joke. Sex appears in his stories as in Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" when it interrupts a classic meditation and wrecks a career all in a moment. But he does not after the manner of Hardy take the matter seriously. Being French, he sees the humor in it all. And yet, while he does not take sex seriously, he sees it as one of the serious facts of life—Hunger, Sex, Religion—these three. And the greatest of these? It depends upon the situation and the mood. Certain it is that when the human is fed, love and religion are the most permanently interesting things in the world. And the Frenchman pays his respects with courtesy, and then laughs.

In America this attitude is hard to understand. To laugh about sex is here equivalent to being coarse, and signifies approval of commercial vice; to be a sceptic here is to make suggestive remarks about clergymen and to abuse the Scriptures. Hence Rabelais, Boccaccio and Pierre Louys must be clothed in lurid colors and shelved

with "smut," and our droll stories are made nasty and divorced from humor and relegated to smoking cars.

This sentimentality betrays life, creates absurdly pathetic relationings, and results in the domestic brawl. Sex becomes absurdly, needlessly prominent, all out of proportion and really funny. The Tess Durbeyfields and Jude Frawleys are conceived in puritanism and born in prudery; they end in tragi-comedy. The Gods must chuckle over these things.

But whether talking about sex or omelettes or St. Mael or Pythagoras, the charm of Anatole France lies not alone in his humor or irony, but also in his leisurely manner of telling things. He violates the unities with fascinating frequency and wanders enough to do credit to Laurence Sterne. One ambles through pages, taking time to explore all the by-ways. And the asides are always delightful. No serious preoccupation with a dry scholarly theme and yet there is enough scholarship dropped by the way to more than surfeit a score of academicians.

One sets out browsing among the book stalls on the Quai Voltaire, gets into an argument over an old folio covered with blind toolings, talks theology with a jovial priest, goes to a tavern and recites Lucretius or Boethius, has a quarrel about politics, becomes afterwards a warm friend of one's opponent, takes a walk in the Luxembourg, gossips with an old apple woman, returns home and, sitting down among vellum manuscripts, discourses on the meaning of life to an understanding mongrel who taps his tail in approval.

Where there are fields and forests they are suggested rather than described, and one is made to sense the "little people" who hide beneath the leaves, and the hamadryads who peep down from the foliage of the oak. In a word, one is taken away from the realism and dull actualities into a world where there is fantasy and miracle, and is conscious that in that realm Truth is more apt to find her dwelling than in sanitary bungalows or squalid industrial centers where the photographers of life, with their accurate journalistic sense insist on taking us. For facts and truth bear no necessary relation. Facts walk with leaden feet; truth has wings. Any honest person can relate facts—the genius divines truth. And the genius in the land of gnomes finds ecstasy, and, if we are to believe Arthur Machen, where there is ecstasy there is art.

While I write these things I am wondering whether there is not going to be made manifest yet another phase of Anatole France, whether he is not going to give himself, out of sheer misery over the desolation of his country, to the "illusions" of reconstruction. Perhaps the last mood of this genial old sceptic is going to be serious and hopeful. At any rate here is what The Manchester Guardian reports of a recent speech of his to school teachers:

"The state to which a devastating war has reduced France and the world imposes upon the teachers duties of exceptional complexity and difficulty. Without hope of obtaining help or support or even consent, you have to change elementary education from top to bottom in order to train workers. There is no room in the society of today for any but workers; the others will be swept away by the hurricane. And you must train intelligent workers instructed in the crafts that they practise, knowing what are their duties to the national community and to the human community. Burn, burn all the books that teach hatred! Extol labor and love. Train for us men capable of trampling under foot the vain splendors of barbaric

glory and of resisting the sanguinary ambitions of the nationalisms and imperialisms that have annihilated their fathers.

"No more industrial rivalries! No more wars! Only labor and peace! Whether we like it or not, the time has come when we must either become citizens of the world or see the whole of civilization perish.

"Reason, wisdom, intelligence, force of the mind and heart, you that I have always piously invoked, come to me, aid me, strengthen my feeble voice, carry it, if that be possible, to all the peoples of the world, and diffuse it everywhere where men of good will are found, to listen to the beneficent truth! A new order of things is born! The powers of evil are dying poisoned by their crime. The covetous and the cruel, the devourers of the peoples are perishing of a surfeit of blood. Sorely smitten by the fault of their blind or villainous masters, mutilated, decimated, the proletariats yet stand erect."

WOMAN DEMOCRAT BALKS AT ARMY BILL

Persistent efforts on the part of the Democratic National Committee to lasso and bring back into the reservation "the lady from Ohio" who jumped it a few weeks ago in protest against Secretary Baker's universal military training bill, have proved unsuccessful up to date. Miss Florence E. Allen, the Ohio member of the Woman's National Democratic Committee and a prominent woman attorney in Cleveland, has replied as follows to overtures from the Democratic headquarters in Washington:

"My decision is final. I agree with you that being a Democrat is more than skin-deep. There is something in me deeper than party affiliation, however, and that is the determination to fight the causes of war wherever I find them. To my mind compulsory military service is one of those causes. I still fail to see how I could speak my mind upon it and hold the position I occupied, sponsored as the measure was by Mr. Baker and unrepudiated by President Wilson.

"I do not consider that I have left the party. I have resigned a position in the party but I expect to work with the Democrats if, on the whole, they maintain Democratic principles. But compulsory military service is so subversive of the whole structure of our democracy that I cannot understand how a Democrat can propose it."

Miss Allen lost a brother in the war, Lieutenant Clarence Allen of San Francisco.

N. Y. SOCIALISTS WIN BIG VICTORY

Five aldermen for New York City, five Assemblymen and a total city vote of over 126,000 for James O'Neal, candidate for president of the Board of Aldermen—this is the result of the municipal elections on November 4. The total vote is the largest ever recorded by the New York Socialists, barring only that of Morris Hillquit in 1917, when many non-socialists voted for the mayoralty candidate. The vote is regarded as especially significant in view of the fact that this was an "off-year."

The successful candidates are: Aldermen—B. Charney Vladeck, re-elected; Alexander Braunstein, re-elected; Abraham Beckerman, re-elected; Edward F. Cassidy and Abraham I. Shiplacoff. Assemblymen—August Claessens, re-elected against fusion; Louis Waldman, member of the assembly in 1918; Samuel A. DeWitt, Samuel Orr, and Charles Solomon, re-elected.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

There are more people in jails than in colleges.
Few workingmen have private chauffeurs.
Overcoats are unpopular at the equator.
There are no labor unions in the isle of Yap.
Joshua made the first use of injunctions when he commanded the sun to stand still.
The Sahara desert is dry territory.
Saw dust makes an ideal substitute for breakfast food.
A handsome evening gown can be made from afternoon newspapers.
An axe is a handy tool for cleaning windows.
Milk is thicker than water.
Natives of China never tasted chop suey.
More people die from gout than from brain lesion.
All red headed people are not radical.
There are 657,892 laws in the United States and ignorance of any is no excuse.
There are 10,000,000 persons here who cannot write but try to convince publishers that they can.
There have been no strikes for longer hours and shorter pay.
A dollar is worth only 30 cents.
Water is a good substitute for near-beer.
If all the injunctions issued against labor in the past few years were dumped one on top of the other, they would reach higher than the Masonic Temple.
If all the coal that wasn't mined this week were gathered into a heap ten feet square, it would make an awful big pile.
Pouring molasses on your head is not guaranteed to cure baldness.
Scientists have not yet been able to discover an excuse for the shimmy.—The New Majority.

TO HORACE TRAUBEL

Over the lands, the mountains, seas and plains,
Heart unto heart and soul to soul we all
Cherish your love, for that is all remains,
Soldier of death has sent to you his call.

Years you have been our chum and friend—
Now is the end?
Years will elapse with you in sleep—
Your love shall keep!

Over the nations they have heard your plea;
Answering you in toilers' unity;
That was your dream, the Brotherhood of Man,
Yet when you died your work, in truth, began.

Comrade, be our companion still in our fight,
Lend us your hand for strength and give your thot's fo
Light.

Stir us to bring about what ought to be,
Your life-long hope, the world Fraternity!
—Harold Roland Johnson.

Mention the Devil and folks laugh; mention God and they draw a long face. Why?

Most people are better than their religion simply because they are more human.

The Ethical Factor in Social Progress

By JOB HARRIMAN

Looking backward, along the trenches and over the battlefields, where ambition and hate and greed ran riot for four long years; where shot and shell, gas and shrapnel, tanks and tornadoes of fire turned earth into hell, mangling and murdering millions of the flower of the world, one is compelled to admit that knowledge, however thorough, of economic and mechanical laws alone, is not sufficient to solve the social problem. The psychological and ethical factors are also involved, and must be taken into consideration.

The laws of economics and mechanics are true. But they are not all that is true. Likewise the psychological and ethical laws are true. But neither are they all that is true. Without the proper spirit the economic and mechanical laws become adders' fangs and tigers' claws in the minds of those who understand them; while the ethical and psychic forces run riot in mysticisms and idiosyncrasies without the knowledge of economics and mechanics. The one is an ever increasing hurricane, the other a floundering ship without a rudder. It is apparent from our recent experience that the knowledge of the one without the other has made of this world a charnel house of savages the like of which the jungle cannot match.

Indeed, we know so much of the laws of physics that this very knowledge, devoid of spirituality, is hovering like a vast vampire over the nations of the world. Who knows what hour the patriotic chemist, whose heart is reeking with hatred and revenge because of the apprehensions imposed upon his people by a more powerful nation, may develop typhus or other cultures in his secret laboratory and scatter the deadly germs throughout the cities of the enemy. This is indeed reported to have been practiced during the late war, and it is consistent with the spirit that inspired and dominated that terrible calamity. While that spirit remains we may expect that sort of conduct to follow extreme provocation.

This civilization has reached the summit. It must spiritualize its knowledge, its life, or it will relapse into a semi-barbarous state. Nor can it spiritualize its life without a knowledge of both the economic and the psychological, ethical laws. Without knowledge of the laws of physics, China, with her 400,000,000 people, is easily at the mercy of England; while England, without a spiritual life, is rent with internal dissension and civil strife.

It is argued with much force that where economic interests are identical the spirit will take care of itself. This is a half truth. It leaves the spirit of the man, and hence of the age, a negative quantity. Hence its fallacy.

The spirit of the man is the man. It is a potentiality. It is a persistent force. The law of that spirit is love. Violate the law and you have hate, greed, ambition and all the passions. These characteristics are found in every man whose selfish instincts are abnormally developed. Such men will take from their fellow-men without rendering an equivalent for what they take. And taking is a positive, not a negative attitude. It induces hatred, greed and ambition on the part of him who takes and rebellion on the part of him from whom is taken. This is too largely the spirit of the age. It is a delirium of greed

that flows from the urge of self-preservation. Dominated by ambition, and unconscious of the higher ethical urge, it forges on uncontrolled until it takes so much from so many that the rebellious forces become greater than the forces that take. At this point the crisis develops, and from this cause civil strife and international wars arise.

On the other hand, love flows from the urge that preserves the species. It also is a positive attitude. It does not take. It gives. It grows by giving: It is this that has lifted man from the depths. Love is not an idea to be imposed; it is a quality to be induced, an attitude to be cultivated and sustained.

Man is a gregarious animal. His physical, moral and ethical welfare depend upon the welfare of his fellows. His evolution demands the abandonment of the mailed fist. His soul cannot find poise under an iron heel. It finds its poise, its power, its highest expression, only in such service as contributes to the social fund of scientific and ethical knowledge, and to their practical application to life.

Evolution has brought us to the gates of a new age. Ambition and greed, though armed with the world's vast store of knowledge, cannot enter there. Knowledge in such hands becomes a destructive force, ever increasing as greed grows. Greed and knowledge combined will, if persisted in, force this civilization to relapse into ignorance and barbarism, as they have forced the relapse of so many former civilizations. The unfoldment of the individual must be induced by harvests that may be reaped by social effort. This responsibility lies at the door of every citizen.

We cannot find this course by guessing. We cannot, by shutting our eyes in passion and hate and persecution, find the path. Sweet water does not flow from bitter fountains. Knowledge does not flow from benighted souls. If this civilization would live, man must set the social welfare above the individual, and in the spirit of service accept all knowledge that leads to that goal. With this knowledge, happily, the libraries of the world are flooded.

The spirit of the man is the man. The spirit of the age is the age, after all.

ANARCHY FROM ABOVE

When anarchy raises its head from below it seldom constitutes a grave danger to society. Civilization has developed ample and sufficient laws to deal with it. But when anarchy commences to stalk abroad in the name of law, order and government, then it is high time for a people to sit up, take notice, and organize its forces so as to stem the onrushing tide of evil.—Weekly People.

THE MERRY PHRASE-MONGER

A correspondent asks for a definition of Mass Action. We're sorry to say we can't give the desired information. However, we understand that this wonderful discovery is more important to the human race than Nuxated Iron and more necessary than Pinkham's Pills.—The Proletarian.

One Bigger Union

By ROLAND D. JOHNSON

At this time we are playing a big game. Let us then play it in a big way. Every one of us comes in contact with one or more organizations or movements, each of which claims the only genuine brand of Millenium is packed and sold under its exclusive trade-mark.

If competition in industry is pernicious and a detriment to the commonwealth, is it not possible that it is also pernicious in the Millenium market? If reform be considered a commodity, the manufacture and disposal thereof may be termed an industry and a legitimate field for organization. We have organized. The millennial industry is fully unionized, but its units are craft unions, and the day of craft unionism has passed. Let us then merge our propaganda craft unions into one big industrial union.

A difficulty, some say, arises from a few of the alleged milleniums being incompatible. A thorough investigation should dispel this notion. The fact is that they are all but phases of the one big reform.

As an instance, our orthodox Socialist and our single taxer often belittle the mission of each other's reform, when both are fundamental.

Our single tax friends assure us with perfect veracity that land monopoly is the root of all social and economic evils, but they often add, given a free earth, socialism will be unnecessary. They are wrong. As Mr. Ross, president of the Great Adventure League, says: "It opens the door to complete socialization if the people want it."

To consider, however, the logic of the statement, that land monopoly is the root of all social and economic evil, let us hear Henry George's words on the subject: "In all our long investigation we have been advancing to this simple truth: That land is necessary to the exertion of labor in the production of wealth, to command the land which is necessary to labor, is to command all the fruits of labor save enough to enable labor to exist." Again he says, "Material progress cannot rid us of our dependence upon land; it can but add to the power of producing wealth from land; and hence, when land is monopolized, it might go on to infinity without increasing wages or improving the condition of those who have but their labor. It can but add to the value of land the power which its possession gives." If Henry George does not suit as an authority we will read from the Law and the Prophets of Socialism, the Communist Manifesto, where in Section II, the first of ten measures to secure the ends of Social Revolution, is "Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes. Absolute Single Tax—no more no less."

Again, how will Single Tax open the door to Socialization of industry when it merely frees the land? Under the single tax the private individual may have private possession of such land as he may care to pay the taxes to the State on, and since all taxes are collected on land values, irrespective of improvements, it will be a financial impossibility to hold it out of use. Certainly a dead horse does no work. Further, Single Tax enables the State (upon the will of the people) to take any portion up to 100% of the ground rent for community purposes. 100%

is complete single tax and as such is confiscation of private property in land, and in perfect sympathy with Marxian teaching. At 100% the community (state or nation) becomes the owner, leaving the private individual in possession as long as he cares to pay all the ground rent into the public treasury.

Of course the first purpose for which this tax is levied is to pay the expenses of government and public works. Its next use would be the socializing of what are commonly called Public Utilities—railway, light, power, etc. Of this, our single tax friends are certain. Then, the community having considerable funds at hand may, upon further demand of the people, socialize all industry, by purchase of existing facilities and construction of additional ones. Then, if any person or group of persons engaged in any industrial enterprise should oppose the will of the majority and attempt to block socialization, they can be gently but firmly frozen out by the community. The community by obtaining the right to own the land may also dictate to what use the land is to be put.

In our present condition where private property in land is sacred, exploitation is practically beyond restraint, for the land is necessary to all industry and the absolute ownership morally permits one to do about as he pleases with it. Attempts at coercion by violence on the part of the workers only result in calling down the wrath of the government upon their heads, for the government is committed, as now constituted to the defense of private property. Given some moral and logical right and the community may restrain or socialize at will—and single tax supplies that will.

Concerning the franchise tax and other taxes abolished by single tax, I assert that franchise tax is a humbug. The Socialist worries because it is proposed to untax monopoly which he believes should be taxed to the hilt. They should consider the effect of taxing any corporation that produces, sells or transports anything the people need. The corporation merely adds the tax and a collection charge to the price and the people pay the tax—and pay the corporation for collecting it. Clever is it not, worthy of Bourgeois intelligence, this corporation tax? The Railroad Commission not only includes but is required to include tax costs in fixing rates for the companies. Take a big building. Tax the building, and who pays it? The landlord passes it on to the tenant and he passes it on to his customers. Everything is passed on to the ultimate consumer, nine times out of ten the workers. That which Single Tax taxes is a community created value and therefore attaches to the land and cannot be effectively passed on. The community merely takes what the community creates, and landlordism will perish by starvation.

There should be no controversy. Whichever reform comes first it will hasten to put the other in effect of necessity. Socialism can't manage the land question without Single Tax and Single Tax can't manage industry without socialism.

We must gain unanimity if we wish to avoid bloodshed and violence. Push, then, for an industrial union of the millenium makers.

The Truth About

ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM RUSSIA

In spite of the censorship imposed upon the news from Russia by the powers of darkness, enough has leaked through the past few weeks to hearten the friends of human freedom everywhere. Kolchak and his straggling and broken forces are in rapid and demoralized retreat toward Vladivostok, and the latest dispatches indicate the retreat has become a rout—an irretrievable disaster for the monster who, to be most charitable, has long duped the Allies to support him with men and money in his vain attempt to restore the monarchy in stricken Russia.

Amazing admissions of the complete collapse of all opposition to the regime of Lenine are contained the last week or two in scores of capitalistic newspapers. The Allies profess to have discovered all of a sudden that Kolchak is a monster of cruelty, a despot and a dictator, bent upon placing the people of Russia under the iron heel of autocracy and so they announce the withdrawal of all Allied support. But the truth is they do this at this late day only to excuse themselves to the world for the base part they have played in Russia, opposing that brave people in their endeavors to rise from the valley of disaster into which they had been thrust by the Czar.

Lieut. J. Walter Besing of the 31st Infantry has just landed in San Francisco, having been detailed to study conditions in Siberia. His report to his Chief, Major General Graves, confirms everything the radical press has from the beginning said about Kolchak. We give only a few meagre excerpts sent out by the news agencies:

"We found that Kolchak officers took an old blind man and asked him where his sons were. He could not tell. He was beaten, bound and strung to the ceiling by the arms. Then they seared his body with white-hot steel ram-rods which they heated in the fire. The old man fainted and they dropped his body to the floor, breaking both arms. They shot him the next morning.

"Another man with a wife and five children and who had lost one foot in the war, was also asked where the young men had fled. He could not answer, and was tied up by the wrists, whipped, and dropped, with the result that his arms broke at the sockets. The man fainted, was thrown in a corner and shot the next day.

"Another man was hanged by the muscles of the neck and under the chin. Then he was beaten and soaked in boiling water. He was shot next day.

"A man was taken, thrown over a large home-made loom, and the loom turned around, so that his face was crushed with each turn. He, too, was killed next day.

"When the men were shot at Gardeavka, ten in all, most of them could not stand up. Those that could stand were shot in the legs so that they fell, and then three volleys were fired into them. One man survived to tell that part of the story.

"In other near-by towns Kolchak's officers committed the same cruelties.

"Inhuman cruelties also occurred in the town of Brownithi, where the Kolchak officers took a sixty-year-old man who could not tell them where his sons were, poured ice cold and boiling water over him alternately, and then roasted the soles of his feet.

Strips Young School Ma'am

"At Milnitzke they took the wife of the school teacher, a refined young woman of the 'intelligentia', beat her and threw her naked in the streets. The next day, when they departed, they took the woman with them as a 'camp follower.'

"Other cases of violation of women by the same Kolchak officers were also testified to before me by the women themselves. The circumstances are too horrible to relate.

"The outcome of all these cruelties has been the uprising against Kolchak of the Siberian natives."

Kerensky, now living in London, the predecessor of Lenine as President of the Russian Republic, and formerly opposed to the Bolsheviks, says:

"There is no crime that has not been perpetrated by agents of Kolchak against the population such as I have illustrated, the barbarous conditions in which the people are living under these savages. In Siberia there are not only individual cases of execution and torture, but whole villages have been flogged, not excepting school teachers and intelligentia.

"The administration of the country is reduced to a shameless and unpunished system of pillage. Co-operative societies, zemstvos, and town councils are persecuted or suppressed."

One day when Omsk fell and the Red Army took possession, the Czechoslovaks who had been compelled by the Allies to co-operate with Kolchak against soviet Russia, rose in rebellion in Vladivostok and delivered a note to the Allies declaring:

"The military authorities of the Government of Omsk are permitting criminal actions that will stagger the entire world. The burning of villages, the murder of masses of peaceful inhabitants and the shooting of hundreds of persons of Democratic convictions and also those only suspected of political disloyalty occurs daily. The responsibility for this before the peoples of the world will fall on us, inasmuch as we, possessing sufficient strength, do not prevent this lawlessness."

The New York Independent, an ultra-conservative weekly, in an editorial last week on "The Fall of Omsk" says:

"The chief center of opposition to the Bolsheviks for the past year has been the government set up at Omsk by Admiral Kolchak. He received hundreds of millions of dollars worth of military supplies from Great Britain and other Allies. Japanese troops said to have numbered 80,000 put down risings in his rear. The Kolchak soldiers deserted to the Soviet side by the thousands, and little opposition was offered to the advance of the Bolsheviks toward Omsk. On November 1st, Kolchak called a mass meeting and made a patriotic appeal for support, declaring that Omsk would never pass into the hands of the enemy for if it did all the work accomplished in the hope of restoring Russia would have gone for naught. He promised the peasants and soldiers immediate elections for a constituent assembly and distribution of land to the people. But these concessions came too late. Already as he spoke the Government departments were being removed to Irkutsk, 1526 miles eastward, and the trains were jammed with refugees. The retreat became a rout and the rout a stampede. The Russian soldiers abandoned

Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
... J. H. RYCKMAN

EVOLUTION

Evolution, not Revolution.

Revolution is but a moment's work in eternity. Evolution is eternal; it always was, always is, and always shall be. Revolutions have come and gone, but Evolution is always here, faster, or slower, but always here. Let us then be Evolutionists rather than Revolutionists. Let our minds and hands, let earth itself, be ever growing, for God has wished it so. Let us not be men of the hour, but men of eternity; let us evolve. Upward, onward, ever moving, let progress never halt.

For ages man had naught but hands to do with and to work with; with but his hands man conquered the beasts, and became their king. To be the mightiest, wisest creature was not enough; and tools came to be, born of man's restless evolving mind. With hands and tools man became a supercreature, and conquered even the things. Dumb, inert clay became wondrous vessels, the forest tree a canoe. Wonders, countless wonders, tools have brought to man.

Yet man is weak of body, small of stature; but a pygmy of muscle, yet with mastodontic mind. What man has wanted, man has taken, and so when more muscle he wanted, to the brute brothers he turned. The brute brothers came to live with him as servants of his will. Now, no longer footsore, man in state a-horseback rides. The horse, the ox, the camel, all the patient crew, carry, fetch and haul for man. He rides, he plows, he thrashes, he hauls, but with a hundredfold more muscle than before, for the beasts do his bidding.

Beasts at best are beasts and always die. Man searched for a servant with greater strength and longer life, and with his hands, and his tools, and his beasts chained the rushing torrent, the whistling wind, and heat as well. Again multiplied in strength, man is stronger than before, yet on and on he toils.

At last as seeming climax to his power, man has captured the Giant Lightning, and made him turn the wheels of man's ceaseless industry. At first rebellious and unruly, now the giant is as docile as a lamb. He gently stirs a cake, or with mighty strength shoves a train upon the rails, without murmur of fatigue or complaint.

Still with boundless energy at hand, there be few men but toil as hard or harder than in the bare-handed days. Of what avail all these wondrous conquests, if man still be slave to man? To man came the question, asked at first uncertain, but at last with firm demand. Now man in answer flings the challenge: "The people shall be free."

On the morrow, emancipated, free man shall stand. With the lightning to do his bidding, man at last is master of the highest, master of himself. True, we shall labor, in honor, for eons yet to come, but to toil in slavery never more. Behold, as on the morrow, the workers stand all-powerful, the earth within their grasp. God grant they use the sacred trust—for EVOLUTION.

ROLAND D. JOHNSON.

Recent events have doubtless strengthened George Bernard Shaw in his long-standing belief that the inhabitants of other planets use the earth as an insane asylum.

their impediments and threw away their guns and commandeered locomotives and trains in order to make their escape. The railroad soon became blocked by wrecked cars and fuelless locomotives; 15 trains bearing officers and their families were caught by the Red cavalry and 8,000 of the wives and children of the officers fell into their hands. The Bolsheviks captured in Omsk eleven generals and 1,000 other officers and 39,000 of the Kolchak troops, as well as 2,000 machine guns, 30,000 uniforms with overcoats, 4,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 75 locomotives and 5,000 loaded cars."

The complete collapse of Denekin and Yudenich is also in sight and the Russian Soviet Republic is about to emerge, intact, puissant and triumphant into the sisterhood of modern states—the exemplar of human brotherhood—the leader in world democracy—the Knight errant among nations, snatching from the burning, as it were, the fourteen points of President Wilson and demonstrating to a perverse and wicked world their complete practicability over an area embracing one-sixth of the earth's surface and one-eighth of its population.

J. H. RYCKMAN.

AMERICANS IN COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY PLOT?

Cloak room gossip in Washington has it that a sweeping investigation into the conduct of certain officials of the Department of State, on duty in Russia, may soon be made as a result of the disclosures of William C. Bullitt, who returned to the peace conference at Paris with a definite proposal from Premier Lenine of the Soviet Republic for the conclusion of hostilities between the Entente and Russia. The following excerpt of Bullitt's testimony (page 1267 of the printed hearings), said by Bullitt to be a section of a letter sent by him to Gordon Auchincloss, son-in-law of Colonel House, will probably be made the subject of special inquiry:

"The life of Russia depends upon its railroads; and your demand for control of transportation by the commission can hardly be accepted by the Soviet government which knows that plots for the destruction of railroad bridges were hatched in the American consulate at Moscow."

LEARNING BY DOING

More than sixty millions of the Russian people are directly dependent upon the Russian Co-operative Unions. The Consumers Unions have twelve million members (heads of families). The credit societies have four million members. The producers and marketers societies have four million members. Beginning with one co-operative society in 1865 Russia at latest reports can boast of some forty thousand co-operative societies of varying strength.

Russia is engaged in the greatest economic experiment of the age—an experiment aimed to demonstrate the capacity of the workers for self-government. As a background for this experiment the Russian workers have built up a system in which millions are engaged, as a part of their daily routine, in the processes of active co-operation which enables them to learn by doing.

The Man That Was Lost

By C. A. MOSELEY

One day in early spring, a moving-van stopped in Wilkins Street before a small, dilapidated cottage that had stood vacant for some time. The big, raw-boned driver jumped from the seat, followed slowly by an elderly man of perhaps sixty years, who upon reaching the ground rested slender, delicate hands on a cane of undoubtedly gentle pedigree and gazed about the neighborhood with the perplexed look of one who had missed the way. He wore a dark gray suit, fashionably tailored but old and worn, a soft grey hat, and shoes that gave an added touch to an approaching shabbiness.

The few pieces of furniture which the driver began to unload and carry into the house, after the old gentleman had found the door-key in a search of several pockets, were of a type never before seen in Wilkins Street, as Mrs. Swartz, who lived next door with her son, a young mechanic, had informed a dozen neighbors before night-fall. Some of it was upholstered in a rich brocade; all was massive and heavy. A barrel of kitchen utensils, a number of boxes closely packed with books, three or four oil paintings in deep frames, rolls of rugs, and two trunks followed the furniture into the house.

As the driver had picked up a small book-case of black walnut, almost too heavy for one to handle alone, the old gentleman darted forward to steady it.

"Be careful not to mar it", he said. "I had this for years before it happened."

"Before what happened?" grunted the driver, as he exerted his powerful strength; but the old man did not answer.

Wilkins Street was one or two degrees above the tenement district in the factory town in which it was located. Inhabited by not the very poorest of the workers, it afforded at least the advantage of detached houses, many of which had been made over by thrifty landlords into two-flat dwellings. Crowded though the houses were on small lots, there were yet vestiges of grass-plots, an occasional window-box of flowers, and on the whole an air of tidiness struggling against the general decay of the buildings and the unkept condition of the streets.

"There's an old man moved in next door this morning", remarked the Widow Swartz to Charles, commonly known as Chuck, her son and support, as they sat at supper, "and I believe there aint no woman nor no one else with him."

"That so?" replied the good-natured Chuck, a big blond of twenty-two, as he reached for another slice of bread.

"And I'm just thinking", continued the mother, "that you better take him over a bowl of this soup and some of this meat and tell him as how we thought something hot might be welcome."

Chuck shifted his legs uneasily under the table. Generous by nature, an act of formal kindness on his part always made him feel awkward and embarrassed, but, when later his mother brought him two covered dishes, he laid down his pipe, put on his cap, and went across the tiny yard to the cottage next door. As the occupant opened in response to his knock, young Swartz noticed in

his face that look of childish perplexity which had impressed the driver of the van.

"Mother thought you might like something hot—you just moving in," he said in a confused way.

"Thank you! Thank you! Come in!" said the old man. He placed the dishes on the table, motioned his caller to a seat, and himself sat down in a large arm-chair. With his stately dignity and grey hair, he reminded the youth dimly of the judge on the occasion when he had found himself in court after a strike-riot.

"Are you all alone?" the caller asked hesitatingly, as he surveyed the scattered furniture.

"Yes, all alone. I've been very much alone—ever since it happened."

Swartz was about to ask what had happened but thought it might be impertinent. The face opposite him again looked bewildered. So he said: "Can't I help you get settled? I've nothing particular to do tonight."

"Why, if you would be so kind. Of course you will let me pay you for your trouble?"

"Wouldn't think of it!" declared the young fellow heartily. "We are neighbors, and that's enough. You sit down and eat the stuff before it gets cold, while I get off my coat and see what I can do for you."

"I don't know just what to make of him," Swartz told his mother when he returned later in the evening. "I've fixed him up for the night, anyway. He hadn't done much toward getting settled, and he is all alone. I shouldn't say he's exactly crazy, but he acts to me like a man that's lost."

The mother laughed softly. "Folks don't get lost with a whole wagon-load of furniture."

"Just the same," reiterated the son as he lit his pipe, "he looks for all the world like he was lost."

Thus the stranger began his life in Wilkins Street, where he soon became a familiar figure, with his worn grey suit, his soft slouch hat, the wisps of silvery hair, and the ebony cane. His look of constant perplexity was broken only when he spoke or was spoken to. Then he appeared to have come suddenly out of another existence and to be swiftly and intelligently aware of his present life and the happenings about him.

It was evident that he had a small income, very small if measured by his meager purchases at the shops in the neighborhood. Occasionally a portly man of prosperous appearance, whom rumor designated as a lawyer, called at the cottage, remained a brief time, cast a disparaging glance at the surroundings, and went away.

The housekeeping arrangements of the old man were precise and orderly, but pitifully inefficient. Mrs. Swartz, with varying pretexts at first, and later as a matter of course, carried in many a substantial or tempting dish. Periodically she would appear with bucket and cloths to wash the windows, or with broom to tidy the rooms. Mr. Burdick—for that was the stranger's name—became more and more the care of Mrs. Swartz and Chuck.

"It is terrible," remarked Mrs. Swartz to the son, "to see that old man trying to get his own meals and sitting down all alone to eat what little he fixes up for himself. I'd like to invite him in for a meal now and then, but he

might not think we were his sort of folks, and I know he is too polite to refuse."

The young man became strangely attached to Mr. Burdick. Once drawn out of his apparent detachment with his surroundings, the strange resident of Wilkins Street would display an intelligence and sympathetic interest which the younger man found companionable. Books became a source of attachment between them. "I used to have so little time to read," the old man had said plaintively one evening, "and now books help me to create a new world, so far as that is possible."

Strangely enough, as difficult as Mr. Burdick found the management of his own simple affairs, he revealed a keen insight into any business problem that presented itself in conversation with others. His mind would come back with a snap to practical affairs. "I'll bet," said the corner grocer, "that he was a first-class business man in his day."

"They tell me you are an excellent mechanic," the old man said to his young friend, as they sat one evening at the big library table in the cottage.

"I've tried to learn my trade," the other answered, "and I am thinking now of opening a little shop of my own. I have the promise of some work that I can count on for a start."

Instantly Mr. Burdick became alert. He asked intelligent questions, went into details, took a pencil and paper and began an estimate of probable expenses. Amused at first at the interest shown, Chuck soon was bending over the paper, feeling that he was in fact receiving sound advice and valuable suggestions.

"Of course," said Chuck apologetically, "it won't be much of a business to begin with, but I think I can clear more than wages."

"But it will be your own! There's the point! Ah, yes! And it will be useful work. You'll be giving value received. It's fine to be useful, to do something the world needs to have done, and to get your reward. Possessions! Possessions!" muttered the old man, and again the vacant look came into his face.

"There's another reason, too"—and the youth colored. "As soon as I have the business going, I expect to be married. I'm going to give Mother a daughter-in-law."

Again the old man came back to earth. "Going to be married.—Yes, yes! Of course. That's the way of youth." And as Chuck was leaving, he followed him to the door, laid a hand affectionately on his shoulder, and said: "I hope you'll have luck, my young friend."

"In business?"

"In business—and in love. Possessions! Possessions!" he murmured.

The months slipped by. Chuck was established in his venture and absorbed in watching his little business grow. Mr. Burdick took a keen interest and occasionally visited the shop. "You are doing well, doing well," he commented. It was evident that he was failing in strength. In his growing feebleness he showed more pleasure when the young man came in for a chat of an evening, but would often say: "Now, my boy, do not think you must stay, for I know you have a girl to take your attention, and a business on your hands, too."

Very soon it was plain that the odd life was running to its close. The portly lawyer came and went away, to be followed in a few hours by a nurse, for whom Mrs.

Swartz volunteered to cook.

"I do not think he will last out the night," the nurse whispered to Chuck when he came on the third evening after Mr. Burdick had taken to his bed. "Are you going to stay for awhile?" she added.

"Yes."

"Then I'll go for a little fresh air."

He entered the sick-room and sat down near the bed. The old man lay, propped up with pillows, with eyes closed. The outline of a wasted figure showed under the light coverings. His white, blue-veined hands scarcely contrasted with the snowy coverlet on which they were folded. When he became aware of his visitor's presence, he smiled but did not speak. His eyes wandered over the youth, drinking in the details of the fine head on the strong neck, the broad shoulders, the muscle of arms and torso that the thin white shirt failed to conceal, the well-knit limbs; and then passed to his own weak hands and the outline of his own frail body.

To break the silence, Chuck inquired if he were not better.

"That's not to be expected," he replied faintly. And then he asked abruptly, "How is the business?"

"Going well."

"And the girl?"

The youth colored. "We are to be married day after tomorrow."

"Ah!" exclaimed the sick man. "Business and love. Possessions! Possessions! That's what I lost." With sudden strength he pulled himself further up on the pillows.

"How old are you?" he demanded.

"Twenty-three now."

"Yes, yes! I had forgotten. A good age to marry. You are young, attractive, strong. And you will grow up with your children. See that there is a child; tie her to you with a child."

"I hope there will be a child.—But you will tire yourself if you talk. You should rest."

"It doesn't matter; I want to talk to you. I must tell you how it happened with me. Listen!" He was talking now with animation, but with visible effort. "Listen, boy! We men go out into life, looking for possessions. We may not be materialists, but we want love; and to get love and keep it, we try to surround ourselves with possessions. We work, we plan, we scheme in business—but it's for the woman—for the woman we seek or the woman we already have. And we want to give our woman everything, as much as other women have, or more than other women have. And there are only twenty-four hours to the day, and only seven days to the week, and a man can't make a dray-horse of himself and take time to be a lover."

"You are tiring yourself," interrupted the listener.

"It doesn't matter. Listen! You are young. What a thing it is to be young—to look forward and not back! Sometimes we keep our possessions, and then life is full. Sometimes we lose them, and then life is empty—so empty! Listen! Sometimes you lose your wealth and sometimes you lose the love of the woman. It is bitter to lose both. I did—both—and in one day."

The voice was growing husky with emotion and effort. The fingers worked nervously at the coverlet, as if seeking to grasp the things unseen.

"How I worked for years to give her everything! How

little time we had together! I married too late in life; I was over thirty-five. I knew I was in danger of losing her love. She was younger than I. And there was another man—a man with possessions. He inherited his wealth. He had time, plenty of time, and a way with women. But I refused to see it—to believe it. I had to work harder than ever; my business was slipping. Things were going wrong; but I kept it from her. I was desperate—determined to keep my possessions, all of them, business, home and wife. It isn't easy to make legitimately all the money that a man can lavish on a woman, the woman you want, the woman you are in danger of losing. At the last I took long chances—speculated."

"You mustn't try to tell me all this," said the young man gently.

"Listen!" commanded the sick man. "The crash came one day. I failed; went down in a heap. But I had courage left. All the way home, I planned how to make a fresh start with the little I could save from the wreck. I planned over and over again how I should break the news to her, how to shield her from hardship, how to ask her to stand by me and help me to build again from the bottom up. When I got home, I found that she had gone. She had left a note. No, don't think that she deserted me because I was poor. I had kept it all from her; she could not have known that I was not prospering. It was just the irony of fate that I lost everything in one day. Possessions! Sometimes we lose part of them, but something is left in our lives, something to battle for. And sometimes we lose all—all at once—and go down in a heap." He was silent for several seconds. "That's how it happened to me. That was fifteen years ago. I worked for a while to get on my feet financially; I kept the home, thinking perhaps that she would return. Then I heard that she had died. The most of what I had left slipped away from me, and I came here to live—to exist, until the end."

When the nurse returned from her walk, Chuck met her at the door. He was pale and there was a trace of moisture in his eyes. He spoke huskily. "The old man is gone," he said simply.

"I am not surprised," she said in a professional tone, and then added sympathetically: "I imagine he had not a great deal to hold him to life."

"No, not much," answered the youth. He went out into the cold night air but did not turn in at his own cottage next door. He was disturbed and restless. He was filled with a great hope and a great fear. He felt that he had been a boy on the night when he had carried the bowl of soup to the new neighbor next door; he felt that it was a man who had walked out of the room of death. He strolled by his little shop and looked in through the windows. He felt courage and strength coursing through his body. He turned a corner and walked for several blocks. It was late, but a light still burned in an upper room of a little home. An outline of a figure was silhouetted against the window shade for an instant. A wave of tenderness, a surge of passion, rushed over him.

"Possessions! Possessions!" he thought.

UNFAIR

His better-half (regarding him from the bedroom window): "Where you bin this hour of the night?"

"I've bin at me union, considerin' this 'ere strike."

"Well, you can stay down there an' consider this 'ere lockout."—Tit-Bits.

CITY BOUND

My life is cast in such a petty way

That what I dreamed to do I have not done,

And what I hoped to win I have not won.

My little tasks are fixed from day to day,

Each somber year wears on to slow decay.

In narrow streets that scarcely see the sun,

Within dead walls the weary moments run;

The stifling city holds me in its sway.

Oh, I would live as Titans lived of old;

Laugh with the crackling pines and thunder's roar,

Race with the lightning's flash and whirlwind bold,

Drink dry the torrent stream and ask for more.

My night song would be music of the spheres,

My span of life would be a million years.

—Esther Yarnell.

RISKING LIFE FOR A PITTANCE

When men have had a chance to bargain for pay (a right that should never be forfeited), they have frequently received \$5000 and even \$10,000 for performing dangerous tasks at the risk of their lives.

The custom of paying soldiers little or nothing was justifiable in tribal days and among the early frontier settlements in this country, when the entire group faced the loss of their winter's hoard or perhaps complete extinction, unless every able-bodied person took up arms without reward, whether in defense or offense. Then, the battles were waged for each and all alike, but in highly organized nations when wars are fought for profiteers, it is the height of folly for the soldiers, and a matter of heartless greed of a Wall-Street-owned-government, for men to go into the trenches for any less than "their share" or less than they would agree to accept for some equally hazardous undertaking.

It is a most grave responsibility for a government to take men from their homes and occupations and place them in the battle line. Instead of repaying such sacrifice and devotion by turning them loose with a paltry six months' or a year's bonus, a rational and just government would guarantee each man pay and employment until he should find something better for himself.

With army cantonments re-equipped as homes for the men and their families, with billions of war profits in the coffers of the war exploiters; a million acres of swamp lands to be reclaimed; two million acres of arid land to be redeemed and thousands of miles of public highways to be built; why should any returned soldier be discharged unless he wants to be, and why should not each one and his family, if he has one, be given work and a good living by "the grateful government," instead of merely organizing employment bureaus in his behalf? Why? Because the administration is in the hands of a pirate band of tightwad profiteers. That is why.—Parker H. Sercombe, in "Civilization."

REFRESHING FRANKNESS

If frankness be a jewel, as well as consistency, then Oakland, California, is gaily adorned. An item in the Daily News of Oakland tells that the city council has passed a special ordinance forbidding any meeting at which there is any discussion of "advanced doctrine." The Oakland "fathers" are right, there is only one way of remaining in a past century, and that it—burn the books! —Weekly People.

The Committee of Forty-Eight

By J. H. RYCKMAN

A voluntary association of several thousand men and women, representing all phases of liberalism in the 48 states, met at St. Louis December 9, for their first national conference. About 300 delegates were present for the 4-day session at the Hotel Statler. Among those of national reputation in attendance were J. A. H. Hopkins, chairman; Allen McCurdy, secretary; Amos Pinchot, John Haynes Holmes, Lincoln Colcord, Albert J. Nock, Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Swinburne Hale, all of New York; Herber Bigelow, Cincinnati; George L. Record and E. Yancey Cohen of New Jersey; Carl Thompson and Otto Culman of Chicago; H. H. Willock, Pittsburg; Mrs. William York Stevenson, Philadelphia; Lynn Haines, editor of the Searchlight and Gilson Gardner of Washington, D. C.; Frank Stephens of Arden; Edmund Vance Cooke, Cleveland; Duncan MacDonald, Springfield, Ill.; Chas. Zueblen, Boston; and William Marion Reedy, editor of the Mirror. Prominent among the single-tax group of about 100 were G. A. Briggs and George A. Schilling of Chicago; J. H. McGill, Valparaiso; Theo. T. Thieme, Ft. Wayne; Western Starr, Washington, D. C.; James A. Robinson, New York; Robert C. Macauley, Philadelphia and George Edwards, Youngstown, O. Several members of the Committee of national prominence were unable to be present. Among these were Glenn E. Plumb of Chicago, detained by speaking engagements on behalf of the Plumb Bill for government ownership of railroads, now in Committee in Congress and known as the Sims Bill; Dudley Field Malone of New York, detained defending the Soviet Russian Bureau in New York against the attacks of the Lusk Committee; Frederick C. Howe, kept away on account of his work as chairman of the Plumb Plan Committee, and H. R. Mussey of The Nation. The conference before the opening came in for a greatly increased amount of newspaper publicity because of the activities of the American Legion. The committee had contracted with the Hotel Statler for headquarters and the big convention hall on the 16th floor to meet in. On the morning before the conference was to open, five young men wearing the button of the American Legion walked into the offices of the Department of Justice and announced that there would be no conference of the Committee of 48 in St. Louis if they could help it and that if the Hotel Statler allowed the conference to go in the hotel, it would be forcibly broken up. Many of the members of the Committee of 48 are lawyers. In common with the other members they believed they were there for a lawful purpose and they employed one of the best lawyears in St. Louis, Charles P. Williams, to find out what our rights were in a court of law. An application was made to the Court for an order restraining the American Legion and the management of the Hotel Statler from interfering in any manner with the conference. The order was immediately granted and the episode was at an end. Then the conference got down to business and the committees went to work, especially the platform committee, composed of the ablest men in the conference, who on Thursday evening reported the following platform which was adopted without dissent:

Public ownership of transportation, including stock-yards, large abattoirs, grain elevators, terminal warehouses, pipe-lines and tanks. Public ownership of other public utilities, and of the principal natural resources, such as coal, oil, natural gas, mineral deposits, large water powers and large lumber tracts.

No land (including natural resources) and no patents to be held out of use for speculation to aid monopoly. We favor taxes to force idle land into use.

Equal economic, political and legal rights for all, irrespective of sex or color. The immediate and absolute restoration of free speech, free press, peaceable assembly, and all civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution. We demand the abolition of injunctions in labor cases. We indorse the effort of labor to share in the management of industry and labor's right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing.

In addition a number of splendid resolutions were adopted. Among them was one demanding the lifting of the economic blockade of Russia and the immediate withdrawal of men and munitions from Russian soil. Another demanded that all political prisoners and all imprisoned in violation of their constitutional rights should be released at once. Another declared that Congress should not declare war or the existence of a state of war unless authorized by vote of the people, except in case of invasion by force and that Congress should provide immediately for determining the sense of the American people in such a contingency.

Word coming from Washington that the Esch or Cummings railroad bill was in imminent danger of passing, a committee was appointed to go to Washington forthwith and make protest on behalf of the conference against such action, because those bills are rank class-legislation and provide enormous subsidies to the owners of the roads at the expense of the people and further demanding that the railroads be not returned to private ownership for at least two years. Every plank of the platform and every resolution passed was in strict harmony with the platforms and principles of the Labor Party lately promulgated at Chicago and of the Non-Partizan League, now organized in 13 states. Both of these organizations were ably and numerously represented. Gov. Frazier was unable to be present but sent regrets and felicitations. The Non-Partisan League headquarters in the Hotel Statler always presented a busy scene. Seemingly tons of literature were given out boosting Governor Frazier for President in 1920 and his pictures and streamers and buttons were seen on every hand. The Labor Party people were not boosting any one specially for president next year but Frank P. Walsh for president and Lynn J. Frazier for vice president make a ticket that in the opinion of many would get together under one banner the liberal and progressive and radical sentiment in the country and make General Wood and his chairman, Mr. Hays, sit up and take notice. The Democratic party or the fragment of it remaining and going by the name of the Wilson party was not mentioned audibly at the conference and no one inside the conference or out could be found after diligent

search to admit he had voted for Wilson. The explanation of this situation is not printable under the espionage law.

The conference was notable for the high level of its program. Mere rhetoric found no place. Political oratory of the kind one expects at an old party convention was never heard—or hardly ever. Some of the high spots in the speech-making were Herbert Bigelow on the direct use of the ballot to register the popular will; B. P. Wadia, delegate from India to the International Labor Conference, on True Democracy; Pethick-Lawrence of the British Labor Party on the Labor Situation in Britain; Duncan MacDonald of the American Labor Party on the Coal Strike and the Program of the Labor Party; Captain Swinburne Hale on the Lusk Committee and the Fight for Free Speech in New York; Lynn Haines on What One Sees in Congress under His Searchlight; Lincoln Coleord on Freedom of the Press; Chas. Zueblin on Reaction in America; Gilson Gardner on Journalism under the Censor; Robert C. Macauley on the Single Tax, and Carl Thompson on Public Ownership. California was represented by William Tempelton Johnson of San Diego; J. S. Edwards, Single Taxer, orange grower and banker of Redlands; John E. Wilson and wife, Single Taxers, of San Francisco; A. P. Warrington, vice-president of the Krotona Institute of Theosophy and the writer from Los Angeles. The conference of the Committee of Forty-eight was a distinct success and will figure in the political activities of 1920.

THE THINKER

When the time is ripe for new ideas and no new ideas are forthcoming, then degeneration sets in. In the "Thinker", by Rodin, is shaped a human being who has attained full physical development, a figure of idealized brute qualities—flesh, strength, ferocity. The man can go no further physically; he has reached the turning point where he must either degenerate, or advance into the realm of higher intelligence. He is at the evolutionary climacteric; all his brute energies are for the nonce in abeyance—will he go forward or will he turn back?

The pose in every detail depicts puggling uncertainty—what is to come, what is in store? The figure is contorted, constricted, uncouth, yet not entirely rigid; there is a suggestion of laxness in the muscles; there is evidence that the mind is laboring, groping, struggling, and the posture is a logical reflex of the confused state of mental activity. Here, it seems, is shown the dawn of thinking as applied to the human plane coming next after savagery.

The statue might well be called "The Birth of Higher Intelligence." The impression is given that this is the very first time that the man has tried to think in terms beyond his physical needs or desires. He is groping for an illusive something of another world, the world of intellectual enlightenment where men rise to the power of working, fighting, living for ideals. The savage must make sacrifices to enter the new kingdom; he must sap his physical strength somewhat to feed the greater needs of his mind; he must subdue his animal nature to liberate his soul.

—Magnus Arnold.

IN THE GALLERY WHERE THE FAT MEN GO

In the gallery where the fat men go
They're exhibiting our guts,
Horse-betrampled in the ruts,
And Private Tommy Spout
With his eye gouged out. . . .

They adjust their pince-nez
In the gentle urban way,
And they plant their feet tight
For to get a clearer sight.
They stand playing with their thumbs,
With their shaven cheeks aglow.
For the Terror never comes,
And the worms and the woe.
For they never hear the drums
Drumming Death dead-slow,
In the gallery where the fat men go.

If the gallery where the fat men go
Were in flames around their feet,
Or were sucking through the mud;
If they heard the guns beat
Like a pulse through the blood;
If the lice were in their hair,
And the scabs were on their tongue,
And the rats were smiling there,
Padding softly through the dung,
Would they fix the pince-nez
In the gentle urban way,
Would the pictures still be hung,
In the gallery where the fat men go?

—Louis Golding, in the Cambridge (Eng.) Magazine.

THE SOCIALIST REVIEW

Of exceptional interest in Socialist and radical circles is the appearance of the long awaited first issue of "The Socialist Review," a monthly record of social progress in thought and action the world over. The Socialist Review does not pretend to be a propagandist organ. Its aim is to become a record and survey of significant industrial and political occurrences, by which our present effete social system will eventually be changed to one more worthy of human effort. In this fact will lie its value and service.

The Socialist Review is happy in its list of contributing editors and special writers. Among the former are such well known radicals as Louis Boudin, Stuart Chase, Arthur Gleason, Freda Kirshway, John Haynes Holmes, Florence Kelley, Bruno Lasker, James H. Maurer, Wm. P. Montague, S. Nuorteva, James Oneal, Harry A. Overstreet, Vida D. Scudder, Charles P. Steinmetz, Caro Lloyd Strobbe, Norman Thomas, Louis Untermeyer and Sidney Zimand.

The first number of The Socialist Review, that for December, is typical of its future style and purpose.

The talent for work may amount to genius, and work can accomplish miracles.

Anything which enriches the mind, warms the heart or elevates the soul is beyond price; why then are we so reluctant to invest dull money in the fine arts?

With the Books

JURGEN—BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL (New York. McBride.)

There have been a few distinctive stories in American fiction: Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter", James' "Tragic Muse", Arthur Coslitt Smith's "Monk and Dancer", Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger",—and now, beside these, James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen".

Mr. Cabell has done a dozen or more books that are clever, but here he touches genius. Here, too, he gives us a story lass vague, and, without losing the mediaeval flavor which is one of his principal charms, more forceful. It is a genial satire told by a poet.

Jurgen is a poet turned pawnbroker and married to a shrew. One fine day he voices his protest against a too harsh condemnation of the Devil, whereat, in token of his gratitude, the Devil spirits Dame Lisa away. The tale has it that Jurgen, out of a spirit of chivalry, goes forth to seek his wife among goblins and devils, and hamadryads, clean to the mountains of the moon. He is condemned by the Philistines, who demonstrate his non-existence, to the hell of his father's imagination, where he discovers the origin of enlightened democracy. He goes to the heaven of his Grandmother and pays tribute to the kindly dreams of loveable old people who are too beautiful to need wits, and holds high converse with St. Peter, who is a gentleman, and to whom heaven has grown tedious because of middle-class clergymen, unctious and over evangelical. Jurgen is let out of Paradise and comes back to earth where Koschei, anxious to preserve the kindly soul from the sharp tongue of Lisa, offers him in her stead Guenivere and Helen of Troy; but Jurgen is disillusioned and old, the poet has been too long mastered by the pawnbroker, and above all he has the habit of being abused. He longs for the harsh voice of his wife. So home he goes, led by the ear, and on the way he remembers that he has forgotten the butter.

Jurgen has wonderful passages. It is simply unbelievable that Mr. Cabell is an American and a Virginian. I am delighted that he is, but I have to keep reassuring myself. For the book has the touch of an Anatole France or a Jonathan Swift in its satire, and it even breathes an erotic atmosphere that might do credit to Giovanni Boccaccio. For example that story of Jurgen and the Anaitis where—shh; Go and buy the book before the ghost of Anthony Comstock begins to stir.

—Paul Jordan Smith.

RUSSIA IN 1919

(B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

Would you like to take a trip to Soviet Russia? Would you like to see the machinery of the Bolshevik State in actual operation? Would you like to attend the meetings of the Executive Committee—the sessions of the Moscow Soviet—listen to what an expropriated capitalist has to say about the Revolution—hear Bucharin denounce the Allied imperialists—see Charles Dickens played in Soviet theatres—witness the deliberations of the Committee on State Constructions—watch Bill Shatov, an American I. W. W., make the trains run on time—

talk with Lenine about Bernard Shaw, revolution in England, capitalism in America and problems of Soviet reconstruction—behold the arch-antimilitarist, Leon Trotsky, proudly don his uniform and drive back the counter-revolutionary hosts of Kolchak and Denikine—converse with Pokrovsky about education, with Timriazev about science? Would you like to have witnessed the dramatic formation of the Moscow International?

Of course you would. But most of us are not revolutionary enough to be deported. So the next best thing is to buy Arthur Ransome's book of sketches—"Russia in 1919."

Arthur Ransome is a delightful writer, and his book is all the more delightful because he makes no effort to be formally coherent or precise chronologically. "Russia in 1919" is a diary of vivid word pictures and pen-portraits snatched here and there as the exigencies of his journey permitted.

Ransome is blessed with an open mind. His profound sympathy with this vital experiment in industrial democracy does not prevent his recording the harsh as well as the pleasant. He describes the cold and hunger and privation in Russia. But, like the great reporter he is, he sees, above all the incidental qualor of the Revolution, the dynamic force of human progress latent in the Soviet structure. And despite his evident effort to maintain an almost cold impartiality, his descriptions show the accomplishments of the Bolsheviki to lie overwhelmingly on the credit side of the political ledger.

"My general impression that the Soviet Revolution has passed through its period of internal struggle and is concentrating upon constructive work so far as that is allowed by war on all frontiers, and that the population is settling down under the new regime, was confirmed." So wrote Ransome in February, 1919, and subsequent happenings prove this "settling down" of the revolution to have deepened. The only thing that prevents the Bolsheviki from creating a co-operative commonwealth that will command the admiration of the world is the murderous ring of steel that threatens to garrote her.

Ransome shows conclusively that the "Red Terror" in Russia today is not half so "terrible" as the campaign waged daily against thieves and murderers in the United States by the police. And even during the "terror" of the early days of the revolution, not a tenth of the opposition was killed as was killed by the Yankees in our Civil War to settle the less important issue of chattel slavery,—an issue, by the way, which will have to be fought all over again.

And has Lenine lost his popularity? Listen to this:

"Then Lenine spoke. If I had ever thought that Lenine was losing his popularity, I got my answer now. It was a long time before he could speak at all, everybody standing and drowning his attempt to speak with roar after roar of applause. It was an extraordinary, overwhelming scene, tier after tier crammed with workmen, the parterre filled, the whole platform and the wings. A knot of workwomen were close to me and they almost fought to see him, and shouted as if each one were determined that he should hear her in particular."

After the orgy of lies and calumny heaped on the Bolsheviki by the paid prostitutes of Allied journalism, it is revivifyingly refreshing to peruse Arthur Ransome's assurance that the Bolsheviki are perfectly human beings like ourselves—but with far more daring idealism than dollar-ridden Americans have yet dreamed about.

ALANSON SESSIONS.

"THE DUGOUT" SUSPENDS

"The Dugout," our local contemporary in the monthly magazine field, has suspended publication and its editor, Sydney R. Flowers, is under indictment for alleged violation of the new State "criminal syndicalism" law. Flowers, who is president of the Allied War Veterans, was wounded and gassed while fighting with the allied forces in France. His magazine, which circulated largely among veterans, was of a decidedly progressive character and it is to be hoped, in the interests of liberal thought in the West, that its suspension will not be permanent.

The Northwest District Defense Committee has opened offices at Butte, Montana, for the purpose of collecting money to defend the ten members of the I. W. W. who are charged with murder at Centralia. All funds should be sent to George Williams, Secretary-Treasurer, 318 North Wyoming St., Butte, Montana.

VENUS DE MILO

What think you her white arms were doing when
This marble was a woman all complete?
Poor amputated arms! Did they entreat
Immortally a mortal lover, then?
Or did they cry Adonis dumb farewell,
With poignant gesture, past all sound or speech?
Vanished white arms that seem still to beseech
Compassion for this chaste cold citadel.
Did they cry welcome, or a last good-bye;
Pity or passion in their mute distress?
Time-lost white arms of maimed loveliness. . .
Did they but raise a wine-jug shoulder-high?
Not in her perished arms the secret lies,
But in the flame behind those sightless eyes!

VINCENT STARRETT.

GALE WENT TO MEXICO and down there, where there is neither conscription, extradition nor a Jefferson Market Prison, he resumed publication of his fiery journal.

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