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# THE NEW JUSTICE

A RADICAL MAGAZINE

Vol 1—No. 2

MARCH 1, 1919

### JUSTICE

(Written for The New Justice)

"Justice is all we ask, and all we need!"  
The people cry it with a voice long drowned,  
The people shout it, and the swelling sound  
Shall smite upon the ears of fattening Greed  
Until the dullest shall at length give heed  
And, startled, terror-stricken, gaze around  
Upon the acres of his slave-tilled ground  
To ask who sowed this wild and lawless seed.

Aye, wild and lawless to the hardened heart,  
But to the Man of Thorns a holy song  
To make His poor lips smile, His slow tears start,  
Beholding in one vast and endless throng  
His children marching to their destined goal,  
The realization of each human soul!

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

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**CONCERT AND BALL**

Celebrating the Second Anniversary of the Russian Revolution, given by the Russian Branch of the Socialist Party, Saturday, March 15, at Blanchard Hall, 231 South Broadway. Admission 25c.

**THE NEW JUSTICE**

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., March 1, 1919

No. 2

**EDITORIALS****RED JOURNALISM**

Certain senators of the Jurassic period, and a few conscience-smitten newspapers, are greatly concerned over the increasing number and circulation of radical journals. One senator hysterically exhorted his colleagues to set everything aside for legislation suppressing revolutionary doctrines. "We are frittering our time here," he is quoted as saying—an observation that from such a source has a certain quaint humor. If radical journals are increasing—and they are—the capitalist daily press has but itself to blame. Immediately after the armistice an attempt, originating abroad, was made to mold public opinion in the United States to acquiesce in a peace plunder and a new war with Russia. What sinister interests, what slush funds, were behind this move can only be surmised. It was prosecuted with surprising vigor and amazing impudence, even going so far at one time as to attempt to discredit President Wilson. To this conspiracy the capitalist newspapers lent themselves with gusto. In consequence, their columns were flooded with a deluge of falsehoods that turned them into fathomless morasses of mendacity in which the truth could hit only by accident. The public, in disgust, turned to the radical journals, which naturally grew and prospered in the field thus neatly tilled for their sowing. The public believed that the radical publications would give the truth, and was not disappointed. The truth is in their pages, and it will continue to be found there. If the allied governments will abolish their censorship and if American daily newspapers will begin to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, an antidote for "red" journalism will have been found. However, the "red" journals are not worrying. However, in Secretary Baker's announcement that British and American forces are to be withdrawn from Northern Russia as soon as the weather permits may be seen the defeat of one of the principal aims of the cabal. It is to be hoped that the peace of plunder will meet a similar fate. C. M.

**THE RIGHT TO STRIKE**

When George Bernard Shaw declared years ago that modern governments would some day make it a crime for workers to go on strike he was dubbed crazy by most of those who took him seriously and smiled at indulgently by that greater body of folk who chose to consider his warning merely an extravagant piece of Shavian exaggeration. His prediction, however, seems now to be in a fair way toward fulfilment. It will become a fact unless a check is put to the mad torrent of panic-stricken hysteria which is sweeping the more excitable of our reactionary politicians off their feet.

A bill was introduced last week in the lower house of the Washington State Legislature making it a felony for public employes to strike. Similar laws are under consideration in other states, and, if press rumors may be believed, in the national capital at Washington. If such laws become general one of the most elementary rights of

modern political democracy will have received its death blow, and with it one of the chief grounds for belief in the possibility of a peaceful solution of the bread and butter problem in America.

It were idle to expect any departure from this suicidal policy of suppression on the part of stall-fed politicians who are unaware that the twentieth century differs from the tenth. Only an aroused and determined working class, speaking to and through such legislators as are not entirely dead to the economic make-up of the age in which they live, can stem the threatened tide of black reaction. The protest of the workers against this particularly atrocious brand of legislation will doubtless be loud and unmistakable. If it is sufficiently unanimous the vital and necessary right to strike, in public as in private industry, will be preserved. R. R. B.

**THE WORLD IS SAFE**

Now that the world has been made safe by the assistance of America's young men, it seems that our national conscience has been monopolized by William Randolph Hearst as regards our making these same young men safe from starvation as they return from overseas. Of course, there are the I. W. W., who are feeding hungry ex-soldiers in Portland, Ore., and perhaps elsewhere, but that can hardly be accredited to an outburst of national conscience. There has never been a great war that has not been followed by an economic derangement, industrial complications and seribus problems of enforced idleness as the military armies are transformed into armies of the unemployed. The United States, despite all attempts to the contrary, has not evaded the usual post bellum crisis. It is a fact that government fostered labor bureaus are sending discharged soldiers out to peddle cheap lithographs,—camouflaged soliciting of charity is hardly too strong a description for it—because there is nothing else to be found for them to do. It is a fact that discharged soldiers are begging alms on the city streets already. Discharged soldiers in San Bernardino the other day, while seeking signatures to the Hearst six months' pay petition, also asked for contributions to feed jobless veterans. "Undesirable" social doctrines have been known to find work for idle soldiers to do. If not from qualms of conscience, if not out of simple decency, at least as a measure of self-protection our pillars of society might take more interest in caring for the needs of these lads who are coming back from camp and trench by the thousands every day. H. H. S.

**'S AWFUL!**

The capitalist press has discovered a new epithet. It is Bolshevik. The ten-dollar-a-week stenographer who timidly suggests that she could use eleven dollars, the linen-counter clerk who asks for an hour off to get a tooth filled, the farmer who joins the Non-Partisan League, immediately become Bolsheviks. All loyal and patriotic workingmen are expected, and required, to feel and appropriate thrills of horror at the word, and thereupon abandon all hope of an increase in wages. We had come to understand that a man seeking employment must

be an "I. W. W." But now certain nervous journalists, striving to do twice the work for which they are paid and so avoid the stigma of Bolshevism, have combined the phrases, so that we have a strange and terrible hybrid known as "Bolshevist I. W. W." Any workingman who grows tired of increasing prices and falling wages and strikes for more pay thereby becomes a "Bolshevist I. W. W." The choice thing about a "Bolshevist I. W. W." is that you can assault him, beat him, kidnap and deport him without committing any crime. Being a "Bolshevist I. W. W." places him, at least in newspaper estimation, beyond the pale of human rights. But as any terminology so overworked as "Bolshevism" is bound to grow threadbare shortly and need replacement, we suggest, against such a contingency, the word "Jabberwockism." What does that mean? We do not know. As far as we know it does not mean anything. But it has a dreadful sound.

C. M.

### YOU CAN'T KILL IT

That dreary lie about the "socialization of women" in Russia is still doing duty as a news item in the capitalist press. A group of irresponsible anarchists at Saratov, who did not control the government, published some such proposal in their newspaper. This was a sufficient peg for some interested correspondent to hang the lie on. No such decree has ever been promulgated by the Soviet Republic. The marriage laws of the Russian Republic are substantially those of other liberal governments of Europe. They establish a system of monogamy, recognize the civil marriage, provide for divorce at the will of the parties and give the courts power to decree maintenance for the children, and the wife if necessary. They differ from ours only in refusing to recognize the validity of a religious ceremony and allowing divorce at the will of the parties instead of after one of our lewd and sickening divorce trials. This latter feature is not new. It has been the law for years in various of the smaller countries of Europe—Belgium, Portugal, Roumania, and virtually in Russia. This denial of the "socialization" lie has been published freely in the United States, but, of course, without impairing in any degree the activity of the lie.

C. M.

The wartime evolution of industry in England has rendered impossible the return of labor unionism to the pre-war basis so solemnly promised by the government and employers when the war necessities were urgent. This furnishes a perfectly lovely pretext for allowing the unions to fight all over again their battles for wages, hours and safeguards.

Mayor Hansen, of Seattle, says the workmen up there had no more right to go on strike than a surgeon has to quit a patient under the knife. He neglected to say that the patient does not go under the knife except strictly according to the rules of the surgeons' union.

Ex-President Taft is quite right in saying that mob rule is dirty. Nothing will ever cleanse the starched cuffs of the mobbers of Frank Little—a cripple. This also applies to the mobbing of ignorant and helpless negroes.

Premier Paderewski and General Pilsudski are the chief spirits in Poland. Is it any wonder that Poland is intoxicated by her new liberty?

### A SERVICE FLAG

Two blue stars on a center of white  
And all around red;  
But it's only the crimson  
That ever that ever confronts me,  
And haunts me  
Till I wish I were dead.

Two soft stars in my center of life;  
They drenched them with red;  
Now it's only a sorrow,  
And a cankering morrow  
Is left me,  
Till I, too, will be dead.

WILBY HEARD

### PLEASE, MR. BURLESON!

Oh, Mr. Burleson, won't you be  
Enamored more of Liberty—  
That gracious goddess, wise and bland,  
We fought for in a foreign land?  
Of course we never can aspire  
To freedom Russians may acquire,  
Nor speak our minds as Germans do  
Now that they also have the cue.  
But is it wrong to hope to have  
The freedom of the Jugo-Slav  
Or dream that we may get, mayhap,  
The legal license of the Jap  
Or gain expression quite as free  
As the autothonous Chinese?  
We want to be of lawful mind  
And think no though that is not kind,  
But if you'd limber up your soul  
By practicing the Camagnole,  
As every earnest statesman should,  
The exercise would do you good!

MURIEL MALONE.

## THE NEW JUSTICE

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# An Estimate of the League of Nations

By ROSWELL R. BROWNSON

Ultra-radicals and ultra-conservatives have one point at least in common. Give either of them a plan, project, platform or other proposition and you can foretell with almost mathematical exactitude what the gist of his comment will be. His mind will function in accord with certain well-defined algebraic formulas. Knowing the formulas, you know his answer offhand.

For instance, If I tell my friend A, who is an ultra-radical, that Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America in the year of grace 1919 has said a certain thing, I know in advance what his comment will be. It will be anathema, and then some. If I impart the same information to my friend B, who is an ultra-conservative, I know with equal certainty what his comment will be. It also will be anathema, and then some—though, of course, from a different angle.

But if I convey the same bit of gossip to my friend C, who is neither an ultra-radical nor an ultra-conservative, but merely an average, everyday human being, I do not know offhand what his comment will be. He will probably disregard algebraic formulas and make a more or less spontaneous attempt to judge the case on its merits.

It is simple to apply both the ultra-radical and the ultra-conservative formulas to the proposed covenant for a League of Nations, drafted by the aforesaid Woodrow Wilson and read by him at the plenary session of the preliminary peace conference on the afternoon of February 14. The comment of our ultra-radical, running true to form, will be somewhat to this effect: The proposed League of Nations is merely a piece of bourgeois camouflage. It cannot prevent war. It is not even intended to prevent war. The economic causes leading inevitably to war are inherent in the capitalist system itself and will last as long as Capitalism lasts. When the ruling classes of the various nations clash in their mad scramble for foreign markets in which to unload the surplus products wrested from their respective proletariats, there will be another war, League of Nations or no League of Nations. And so on, ad infinitum. The comment of our ultra-conservative, running equally true to form, will be to this effect: The League of Nations is unconstitutional. It will involve us in entangling alliances with foreign powers. It may possibly conflict with the Monroe Doctrine. At any rate, it is a dangerous experiment. We should let well enough alone.

But what of the average, everyday human being who is neither an ultra-radical nor an ultra-conservative? What will he glean from all this pothér about our much mooted league? He will glean, I believe, certain facts—among them these:

First, the judgment of our ultra-radical friend is both true and false, as are most of the snap judgments formulated by enthusiastically partisan minds. To be sure, the League of Nations will not remove the economic causes of war. It will, however, lessen the probability of free and unrestrained war making on flimsy and made-to-order pretexts. In this it will be ably assisted by a deep-rooted aversion to further bloodshed on the part of those who have borne the brunt of the slaughterfest just ended. A sergeant in the trenches, writing to the New Republic, says: "We doughboys cannot tolerate even a suspicion of further warfare." There is not the slightest reason to

doubt that this is the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the men who have fought the greatest and bloodiest war in all history. Their opposition to possible future warfare will be a tremendous leaven in the loaf of Reconstruction, economic tendencies to the contrary notwithstanding. It will be something for jingos to reckon with, foreign markets or no foreign markets. In any coming conflict between the human aversion to international war and the automatic, impersonal urge of economic forces, we will cheerfully back the former. This, to our hidebound economist, is, of course, the rankest heresy. But let it go at that. We never were very strong for orthodoxy anyway.

So much for the cut and dried comments of our ultra-radical. Our ultra-conservative friend doesn't cut so much ice. He is, at best, a back number, in spite of the fact that just now he is making lots of noise and enjoying a brief sojourn in the limelight. We haven't the least idea whether he is right or wrong when he asserts that the League of Nations is unconstitutional. If he is right the constitution is perhaps due for a little amendment. Seventeen eighty-nine isn't 1919 by a long shot—even if our friend does think so. As to his other objections, we should worry. "Entangling alliances with foreign powers" has, to be sure, a dire and fearsome sound. As an antidote it might be well to scrap the telegraph, the telephone, the submarine cable, the wireless and the airplane. In that case we might enjoy a brief respite from the danger of foreign entanglements. Offhand, I can't think of any other way.

But seriously, to us who can but view all public questions in the light of their bearing on the one big issue of today—the transition to Industrial Democracy—the proposed covenant of the League of Nations leaves much to be desired. It is a pity that the document contains no clear-cut, thorough-going declaration guaranteeing to all nations absolute freedom from outside interference in internal affairs on any pretext whatsoever. It is a pity that something along the lines of the Monroe Doctrine, forbidding states to use military force to collect the private debts of their citizens in foreign lands, was not included in its provisions. The insertion of these two features would have rendered the League immune from possible misuse as an instrument of reaction in the hands of Tory interests.

Still, taking it by and large, the proposed covenant is an advance over anything that governments have yet devised as a regulator of their relations with one another. It can at least function as an official echo of the worldwide popular clamor that wars shall be no more. And so, good luck to it.

If the war-check upon population shall now be happily eliminated and if the Bolshevik hobgoblin shall continue to gobble, that delectable condition, "a plentiful supply of cheap labor," may become a not unmixed blessing. Mr. Comstock by this time having doubtless progressed to a plane sufficiently remote to prevent his hearing of the apostacy, we may yet witness the spectacle of capitalism sending out upon speaking tours a few Senators and Congressmen advocating birth control as a panacea for its unemployed problem.

# The Adventures of a C. O.

By HAROLD HADLEY STORY

It has been some years since hanging Quakers was a popular sport. If one is not too consistent one may be a Quaker and yet be eminently respectable in these liberal times. Hanging Socialists is an amusement still indulged in by the unrefined in certain provincial districts. But one may be suspected of Socialistic tendencies and at the same time make a tolerable show of respectability in most communities if one be extremely careful and diplomatic. But to be both a Socialist and a Quaker is to invite oneself to a thrilling and uncertain fate in war times. Being by birthright attached to the traditions of Quakerism, by choice enrolled in the comradeship of Socialism and by temperament inclined to preach whatever I endeavor to practice, it was natural that sooner or later I should land in that civil purgatory known as the East-side Stockade. The State Supreme Court smiled when it heard all about it some months ago and said it was a mistake, but by that time I was involved in a mistake of such heroic proportions that the joke of those forty-eight days in the municipal "louse ranch" was completely lost in the huge humor of my new situation. Which is to say, I was enjoying myself as a conscientious objector in the national army.

The draft unlocked my prison doors on the morning of June 24th, 1918, and, guarded by two husky, well armed detectives of the "war squad," I was hustled to the troop train in an automobile. That guard was my first delight as a conscientious objector. Naturally slight of build, weighing but 125 pounds at the time, and not more than medium stature, I was even less than usually formidable that morning when, pale from the prison shadows, weak from lack of exercise and nervous from the suspense of days of uncertainty, I blinked in the June sunshine and stepped out of jail between those two human dreadnoughts. Besides, being a perfectly good adherent to the philosophy of passive resistance and a rotten marksman, I wouldn't have attempted to hurt them anyway.

En route to camp I sabotaged the Y. M. C. A. by using some of its free writing paper for the purpose of addressing to the camp commander my declaration of conscientious objection and an announcement of my refusal to wear the uniform. I had already learned from the National Civil Liberties Bureau that such a declaration, properly prepared and presented, would bring me under certain War Department orders which gave my conscientious scruples a legal status. I filed the statement with the commander of my provisional recruit company immediately after reaching camp. Three days later a call for all C. O.'s went out through the 6000 conscripts who had arrived within the week. Nineteen of us were discovered and assembled for the first time. Perhaps there should have been more, but there had been five suicides in the camp already, so it is possible some had taken the shorter way out.

We were gathered in one place to be taken before the judge-advocate and while we waited we had an opportunity to acquaint ourselves with each other and with our several positions. It was then I first noticed Sol.

"What is your religion?" some one asked him.

"Haven't any," he replied.

I turned and saw it was a little Jew who thus puzzled his interrogator with such an answer, and before I thought

I interrupted with "What are you, a Red?"

A minute later it was "Glad to know you, Comrade!" and from that time Sol and I were pals until the day we were discharged together, seven months later. Sol won't admit that he has a religion, but every day that passed he stood more religiously by his convictions.

Before the judge-advocate I orally repeated my statement of conscientious objection to all forms of military service, my refusal to wear a uniform and my willingness to be furloughed to an American Friends Reconstruction Unit for civilian relief work in France or Russia. The examination was brief and matter of fact but for two rather amusing little incidents. One was when I received for the first and last time during my whole army experience the apology of one of those superior beings known as officers. He was making the usual inquiry as to my ancestry—seeking the German taint, of course—and when I replied "English, Welsh and Irish" the major smiled noticeably.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am part Welsh myself."

I'm too remotely Welsh to know what the joke was, but it was evidently a good one.

My turn to smile, inwardly, was when I outplayed the major and his assistant on knowledge of the War Department orders, quoting glibly from them, with reference to dates, sections, and paragraphs,—obviously to their consternation, for they rummaged through the papers on the desk in confusion to verify my claims, and finally excused themselves by deciding that their copies of the orders were filed away somewhere. I could have supplied them from my pocket had I not felt it would be a bit too presumptuous.

The judge-advocate gave us neither assurance or denials at the time of the examination. Most of the fellows consented to wear the uniform and perform non-combatant service, and their consent was made a matter of record. The four of us, another Quaker lad, two Dunkards, and I, who would not be argued into such a position were sent away without any understanding as to what would be done with us. The next day uniforms were issued. I took the outfit given to me, at the same time telling the company commander that I could not wear it, and packed it away in the barrack bag. With it I put the toothbrush, soap, and towel that had been issued by the Red Cross, still tied up as I had received them. When the other recruits put on their uniforms I was left rather uncomfortably conspicuous and soon my position, as well as my pre-conscription activities, was known to the entire camp. From that time commenced the vile insults and personal abuse to which I was forever subject so long as I was under military authority. But from that time, too, commenced the secretive whispers of sympathy and encouragement that came not infrequently from the men in khaki.

I customarily wore my hair rather long, and during my residence in the stockade I never cared to submit myself, for sanitary reasons, to the jail barber. So, I admit, I was rather unkempt tonsorially when I reached camp. My fellow conscripts, feeling it their patriotic duty to show a violent disapproval of me in some way or other, selected my curly locks for the object of their detestation. On the fifth night after my arrival in camp, a little

while after I had rolled up in my blankets a mob of about twenty-five rushed into my tent, upset the cot on which I was lying, gagged me so tightly that my lips were cut, and threw me face downward upon the ground. Then by the light of an electric flash lamp they proceeded with the poorest job of hair cutting to which I was ever treated. Perhaps they used scissors, but I think the weapons were grass clippers. Anyway, the barber swore when I went around to get the job finished. And the company commander threatened summary court martial to anyone who should further participate in such patriotic demonstrations.

Finally, the seventh morning after my release from jail saw me again under guard—this time that of a Military Police who kept me marching twenty paces ahead of him while he followed behind with his belt full of wicked looking cartridges and a young cannon strapped on his hip. I was scheduled for a private interview with the judge-advocate, I was told. I confess that I was a bit nervous that morning as I set out for the camp headquarters, twenty paces ahead, gun at my back, prisoner of war. But I was not half so much disturbed as was that M. P. Scarcely had we got beyond charing of the M. P. station when he violated his orders by starting a conversation with his prisoner. First he told me how much he disliked having to make me walk ahead of him, and how much he hated to 'hold a gun on any man.' Then, painfully serious and deeply concerned, he warned me to be very careful of what I said to the judge-advocate, because he feared I was 'in for it' and he didn't want to see me 'sent up for ten years,' and while this 'conscience stuff' was well enough in its place it wasn't worth ten years at Alcatraz,—or perhaps it would be twenty,—and just think, I would be an old man when I got out. The ridiculousness of the situation was not lost to my sense of humor, but I could hardly be cheerful when that poor M. P. was so gloomy. His anxiety was depressing and I told him so. I like guards to be stoical when they have me under arrest.

Ushered into the presence of the judge-advocate I was curtly informed that I had been reported for spreading propaganda in camp. I denied the charge, admitting that I had been a Socialist propagandist in civil life but had not been and did not intend to be engaged in such activities in camp. I explained, moreover, that my 'criminal record' was known to the whole camp and that I must necessarily be subject to suspicions against which I could not easily defend myself. I was surprised at the readiness with which the major accepted my denial and explanation, and was well pleased when he told me that I was to be transferred that afternoon by his order to a small segregated recruit camp for volunteers and casuals, where I would be under a captain whom I would find sympathetic, and in the midst of men who would not know me. And with a warning that I must be careful not to propagate any pacifist ideas in camp, the major dismissed me. As I was going out the door I paused to ask if I should continue attendance at the class which was being conducted by a chaplain with a view to converting C. O.'s into good warriors.

"You mean the parson's class?" he said. "Oh do as you damned please about that!"

I admitted a curiosity to know what "the parson" might have to say and said I was willing to take the chance of being converted.

"Certainly, go to his classes if you want to," said the major. "Maybe you can convert him to a C. O.!"

"Nothing doing," I replied. "Do you think I want to get myself strung up for spreading propaganda in camp?" The major laughed. "Anything you say to him will not cause you any trouble," he said.

That afternoon I was sent to the old recruit camp as the major had promised, and with me the two Dunkard boys. The other Quaker had gone to the hospital with the mumps in the meantime. We turned in our uniforms before being transferred and I never had but one other bit of army clothing, a pair of overalls, issued to me. We were held in that camp for about six weeks, never being required to drill during the whole time, receiving decent treatment, and performing only our share of the kitchen and other necessary labor about our quarters. I had lots of time to engage in friendly, but sometimes furious, arguments with my two Dunkard associates on matters theological, political, and social. Theologically they were of the oldest orthodox type, fire-and-brimstone-hell, pearl-gated-golden-paved-heaven, patriarchal Jehovahs, and all of the rest of the furniture. Politics, being a Thing of the World, was not for their eternity-seeing vision. And social ideas beyond their own church communities they had none. But they were interesting lads, nevertheless, and under the circumstances mighty companionable. The nearest I ever came to utterly despairing of them was when the one with the whiskers blandly rejected my notion that stars are planets and suns, with the assertion that the Bible didn't say anything about them being other than just stars.

While we thus waited, the division into which we had been conscripted was ordered over seas. It departed, and with it, as we learned later, went all the records of the conscientious objectors. So we were left behind, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' and what was worse,—utterly forgotten, with no credentials to identify us as duly recognized C. O.'s before the new camp officials. Then commenced trouble. The whole number of objectors was rounded up, shifted from one command to another, subjected to almost daily threats, and frequently ordered to do things which were impossible for us to perform consistently with our conscientious viewpoints. Many boys were thrown in the guard houses and stockade on the flimsiest and most illegal pretexts, and confined from a few hours to as much as thirty days without any charges being preferred against them. We were constantly hounded,—"ridden" as they say in the army vernacular,—by the non-commissioned officers, some of whom were youthful brutes.

I cannot explain satisfactorily to myself even yet, how I escaped serious difficulties. It required all of my ingenuity and foresight to avoid them,—of that I am certain. The nervous strain of preserving the delicate balance between my own convictions and the open defiance of authority left me worn out at the end of each day. And not only was I representing my own interests in those days, but since I was the only one of some forty C. O.'s who had the slightest knowledge of our legal rights or of military procedure I gradually became the informal advocate for the whole lot, until they dubbed me "captain of the C. O.'s." The climax of this period of my adventures came when I was one afternoon ordered to report to the major of the battalion. The stage was set for my arrival,—the major in his private office, attended by an adjutant specially sent from the camp headquarters, and a stenographer concealed, presumably, behind the desk. For an hour I stood at "at attention" in the

(Continued on Page 13)

# The Truth About

# Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY  
... J. H. RYCKMAN

## COLLAPSE OF GERMAN AUTOCRACY

### THE PART PLAYED THEREIN BY BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA GRAPHICALLY PORTRAYED BY ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS BEFORE THE SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Last Saturday before the Senate committee investigating lawless propaganda, Albert Rhys Williams, well known in Southern California and recently returned from Russia, gave interesting information. He said:

"After the signing of the armistice (the Brest-Litovsk treaty) Trotzky addressed an appeal to the toiling masses of Germany to rise in revolution. The president of the American Red Cross mission in Russia, Raymond Robins, stated he would give 49,000 rubles for printing that and getting it into German hands. He suggested that I should approach Trotzky. This I did, bringing down upon my head the wrath of Trotzky, who threatened to arrest me as an agent of American capitalism who was trying to bribe him.

"Immediately after this, however, there was opened up a Bureau of International Revolutionary Propaganda, with an appropriation of \$980,000 to be spent upon newspapers, fliers and pamphlets in the languages of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires.

"I had no official position in this bureau, but co-operated in the production of the illustrated paper which explained to the Germans how to make a revolution. Ultimately all this had its effect.

### AIDED GERMAN COLLAPSE

"Douglas Young, British consul at Archangel, said Bolsheviki propaganda had as much to do with the sudden collapse of Germany as our military operations.

"For the time being, however, it did not avail to prevent the drive of the German army upon Petrograd. I joined the army that was being hurriedly recruited to stop the advance. For my many months' service I got \$135—the pay of a regular soldier. The whole motive of my course in Russia was to keep the German imperialists from destroying the Soviet Republic and strangling the Russian people.

"Some gentleman has stated here that I had been appointed a representative of the Soviet Government; that he had it on the highest authority from a Russian whose name he would not disclose lest he should be killed for it.

"This is shrouded with terrible mystery—something which has been everywhere proclaimed openly as a fact. In May, 1918, there sprang up the idea of a Russian Bureau of Public Information in America, on the pattern of the American Bureau of Information operating in Russia. I was given credentials for the formation of such a bureau. I presented this matter to Arthur Bullard, head of the American bureau in Russia, who said it would be for the mutual interests of the two countries and he would use his influence for it.

"In Washington I was informed that there could be no Russian Soviet Information Bureau because that government was not recognized. Thereupon I regarded that incident as closed and held my status to be that of an American citizen telling the truth as I saw it.

### FOUGHT IMPERIALISM

"I have fought every imperialistic design among the

allies and Germany that would throttle the Russian peasant and workers. To that end I have presented reports to members of the State Department, Justice Brandeis, Colonel House, and through him to the President.

"My one idea has been to present the positive achievements of that government, with the aim of promoting a closer co-operation between America and Russia, and an understanding of what has happened in Russia in order that we may avoid the violence and cruelties of a brutal class war here."

The witness suggested to the committee that it call the following, whom he said held the same view about the Soviet Government as he did.

Colonel Raymond Robins of the Red Cross, Gregory Yarros, formerly translator for the Associated Press at Petrograd, Jerome Davis of the Y. M. C. A., Bessie Betty, editor of McCall's Magazine; Dr. Charles F. Kuntz of Ise-lin, N. J.; W. G. Humphries and Major Thomas D. Thatcher.

## PRESENT POLITICS AND FOOD IN RUSSIA, AS TOLD BY LOMONOSSOFF

The food situation is very bad in sections of European Russia, but not in all parts. There is no "starvation of millions," but there will be a great increase in infant deaths in the big cities. This is due mainly to the armed forces of the allies, which are cutting off Russia from her grain regions in order to starve her present government.

Trotzky and Lenine disagree about certain fundamental matters of policy, but the difference is friendly and political. Lenine is more moderate than Trotzky.

These, in general, are the reports received by Professor Lomonossoff, sent to this country by Kerensky as head of the Mission on Ways and Means of Communication, and now detained here by the United States government because of his sympathy with the Soviets.

### COALITION OF RADICALS

"What about these stories I read of trouble between Trotzky and Lenine," I asked Lomonossoff. "We hear that they are putting each other in jail."

"All lies," said Lomonossoff. For Trotzky to put Lenine in jail sounds laughable to any man who knows; just like Mr. Bryan putting Mr. Wilson in jail. Lenine is a big statesman; Trotzky is a very good speaker for meetings.

"It is true there are two tendencies within the Bolsheviki party. But they are friendly political differences. No true Russian could have any differences but friendly ones with Lenine. They are certainly both very honest men, there is no question of that.

"Lenine has now an opposition, or a left wing, in his party," Lomonossoff chuckled. It amused him, as a good Menshevik, to see even Lenine pushed into the position of a moderate. "Lenine says it is now time for a coalition of radicals. The Bolsheviki, the Mensheviki, the Internationalists and the Left wing of the Social Revolutionaries should all unite in the governing of Russia. He believes in giving government posts to capable men of all these groups—to every one except Cadets and counter-revolutionaries.

"The vital difference between Mensheviki and Bolsheviki was on the question of continuing the war against

the German kaiser. Now that the German revolution has come, it is possible for these to join forces, thinks Lenine. It is like your pro-war and anti-war radicals of this country.

### OFF WITH HIS HEAD

"But Buharin, the editor of Pravda, is strong for the dictatorship of the poletariat. And he means by poletariat ever more and more radical workers. 'Stand no nonsense,' he says. 'Off with the heads of the enemies of the Revolution.' Trotzky follows Buharin. He is not so cool-headed as Lenine."

"How is the food situation?" I asked. "Is it true that millions will starve?"

"Many children in Petrograd, it is true," he said, sadly. "The government gives only one-quarter of a pound a day per person. No eggs, no sugar. There is other food that people can buy, but it is expensive, and hard for poor people.

"The Moscow situation is much better. Down in the Samara district along the Volga it is good. The harvest of 1918 was a very good harvest. But all districts that depend on railway transportation have little good, because the fighting with the allies has stopped the transportation."

### STATEMENT CONFIRMED BY SCOTCHMAN

More details on the food situation were furnished by Frank Keddie, a young Scotchman just back from Russia, where he has been working with a Friend's Reconstruction Unit.

"When I was in Petrograd," he said, "I got a piece of

## SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND WORKMEN, ATTENTION!

Labor will look after you. Organized labor is behind you and it demands that you be treated on the square. Knowing that hundreds of thousands of workmen will be thrown on the markets to compete for jobs, thus lowering the wages and increasing the hours of toil, knowing that conditions will become more and more oppressive for the working class, Labor has taken the initiative and become an aggressive instead of a defensive force.

Jobs must be found for returned soldiers and sailors, but labor, understanding the capitalist desire to use the returned men as scabs, has taken up the issue and from now the 6 hour day for \$6 pay will be the slogan of Labor.

A soldiers, sailors and workingmen's committee is already formed in Los Angeles. Look out for advertisement announcing its first public meeting.

The shipyards of Seattle were to open on Monday, as the Seattle Metal Trade strike was broken.

The shipyards did not open!

WALTER J. MITCHELL.

"The streets will run red" is a favorite bugaboo with speakers against Bolshevism. Their horror and anxiety would be more convincing were they not supporters of the principles of trade rivalry and industrial exploitation which have so recently made the world run red.

bread four inches long, half an inch thick and two and a half inches wide. That was the ration from the government for the day. It was given very cheap as part of the government plan of grain control to keep the very poor from starving.

You could also buy bread at the outside market, from village speculators, at higher prices. The government tried to stop this and to secure all the wheat to divide among all the people. But it was not entirely successful. You could buy lots of fish, potatoes and game, but of course these also were expensive.

"In Nijni Novgorod the situation was bad also. The boats weren't running on the Volga because the war between the Czecho-Slovaks stopped transportation there. In Omsk, where many formerly rich people have taken refuge, after fleeing from Russia, there is also much poverty and lack of food. The American Red Cross and the Friends Society are helping there.

"In Odessa things were also bad for a time. Muravoyov tried to sell out the Bolsheviki and was shot. The sailors under him went to all sorts of length. But after his death matters improved, and probably are not bad now.

"In the country districts and villages the situation is not bad from the point of view of food, bearing in mind the low standard of living to which they are accustomed."

### CAN ONLY SEND TO KOLCHAK

"How about the various attempts to get money to help Russia?" I asked Lomonossoff.

"The allies shut off Russia from your help," he said. "Until the withdrawal your goods got only to Kolchak, the monarchist dictator."—Anise, in Seattle Union-Record.

## LOS ANGELES SOCIALIST HEADQUARTERS

After March 1st the headquarters of the Los Angeles City Central Committee of the Socialist Party, and the headquarters of the International Local of the party, will be at Burbank Hall, 542 South Main Street. All business and propaganda meetings of the committee and the local will be held at that place.

The nation calls naively for 20 business men to engineer a social revolution in the United States—said revolution to have as its goal a genuine, honest-to-God Industrial Democracy. Who said the optimists are all dead?

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

## "More Truth About Russia"

It is a successor to the popular pamphlet, "The Truth About Russia," compiled by J. H. Ryckman, of which the entire edition of 15,000 has been exhausted, with orders still pouring in. This pamphlet is compiled by the same authority and is worthy of the first. Among other things it contains the Constitution of the Russian Soviet Republic.

Price Five Cents. Order from

THE NEW JUSTICE

921 Higgins Bldg.

Los Angeles

# The Seattle General Strike

By LENA MORROW LEWIS

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,  
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf in his den.  
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;  
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.  
They ask but leave to labor for a taste of life's delight,  
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses watertight.  
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands,  
They who have bodies like knotted oaks and patience like the sea sands.  
And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy,  
Not all your laws can strangle that right nor the gates of hell destroy,  
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,  
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled Thrones.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The high point in this passionate cry in behalf of labor is the demand for the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—and it was the keynote of the call that brought upward of 60,000 wage workers in the city of Seattle from shop and store and street to protest against the denial of this right.

The Daily Union Record says: "Thousands of workers who have quietly done their work during the war and refrained from striking against unbearable conditions because of patriotic motives, revolted when the war was over and demanded something more nearly their due if they were to continue their labor."

This briefly states the condition that led to the "Seattle Strike."

Grim fairy tales, smacking of blood and thunder experiences, have disgraced the front pages of the daily press of other cities, and perhaps no event in the history of Labor's struggle in this nation has been more viciously misrepresented than has the story of the recent strike of the city on Puget Sound.

It was the most complete walkout ever known in this nation. Practically every worker took a week's vacation, and theatres, department stores, restaurants and all industries closed down. So completely did the strike spirit permeate the city that even the school children became affected by it.

One young lad asked his father why he couldn't go on strike, and was told "You don't strike by just one person wanting to. If you want to strike you have to get every one together, all the persons concerned, and talk it over and vote on it. And if the majority votes to do it, then you strike."

This evidently was done, for in one of the public schools at 10 A. M. on the Thursday of the week of the strike the newsboys got up and walked out. As they filed out of the room the teacher hysterically remarked: "There you go to join the Bolsheviki when I've tried so hard to make good Americans of you." We wonder if this instructor ever heard of or read a couple of documents known as the American Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. A careful reading of these might reveal the fact that these young lads were acting according to the highest type of Americanism.

The far-reaching subtle work of the master class is seen in the fact that many of the teachers were used "to set children of strikers against the strike as if it were a wicked thing and a thing to be ashamed of." And

on this point the Union-Record aptly says: "We are not going to get this attitude changed until organized labor takes a more intimate interest in the education the children are getting."

The newsboys early in the strike discovered that the Star and the Times and the P.-I. were not telling the truth about the strikers and, loyalty to their class would not permit them to sell these papers. Consequently the publishers had to depend upon policemen and such scabs as they could find to distribute their papers.

Seattle newsboys are extremely class-conscious and it was with a little difficulty that some of them were withheld from literally cleaning out the Star and the out of town papers. But the labor guards persuaded them to be quiet, and with minor exceptions succeeded admirably.

For the first time in the history of this country we have had a demonstration of the superiority of reason over clubs and guns in maintaining peace and order. Labor's War Veteran Guard issued the following statement relative to its plan of action:

**"The purpose of this organization is, first, to preserve law and order without the use of force.**

**"Second—No volunteer in this organization will have any police power or be allowed to carry weapons of any sort, but to use persuasion only.**

**"Third—To keep clear of all arguments pertaining to the strike and to keep others out of them also."**

While the workers' committees were inaugurating these plans and were instructing the Labor guards to disband groups of strikers wherever they might be gathered (which the guards found was an easy thing to do for the reason that the men themselves did not wish to give the police a chance to start a riot), Mayor Hanson was ordering machine guns and militiamen to spill blood on the streets of Seattle. A search of the police record during that time of the strike shows that not a single person has been arrested because of any disorderly conduct on the part of a striker. "Entire absence of disorder or disturbance of any kind on account of the great general strike is one of the most admirable features of the walk-out of the 60,000 union laborers in Seattle," says the Union-Record.

Among the many funny things that happened during the strike was the tantrum which Special Assistant Clarence Reames cut up when the reporter of the Union-Record tried to interview him. The matter has been taken up with his superior officers and we are anxiously waiting to learn whether or not the official mouthpiece of organ-

ized labor may get information from a public office.

Ole Hanson, the Mayor, tried several times to call off the strike, but made a miserable failure of it. When the strikers got ready they went back to work; at least the workers who went out on a sympathetic strike.

In commenting on the situation, the Union-Record says:

"Most of the employers took the matter well. Some of them even defended the action of the union men, which

cost them much money. The majority shut up shop, took a vacation with the men and opened up again when the strike was over. The strikers have had a wonderful experience. They have faced big, new problems to shoulder with other labor men. Their sense of power and ability of a united labor movement has been strengthened and so has their sense of responsibility. They are all conscious of having done their best and have a serene and clear conscience."

## SEATTLE STRIKE SQUIBLET

L. M. L.

Calling up advertisers and telling them that the Daily Union-Record will not carry their "ad" any more is one of the latest stunts of the enemies of that paper.

"Do not be misled by the beating of tom-toms and the clatter of tinware tied to the tail of the mad dog in the City Hall."—From editorial in Union-Record.

Major-General J. F. Morrison testified before the conference committee of the strikers that in his forty years' experience in the army he had never yet found such an orderly lot of men as the Seattle strikers. The General stated that he was amazed at the efficient work that had been done during the strike by the labor war veterans' guard, composed of over 300 returned soldiers.

Sixty thousand strikers were out for seven days and there was not even a fist fight among them during that time.

One hardware dealer in Seattle said that he had had 400 requests for guns and ammunition from a laboring man. Another dealer in the same business said that he had received many requests for guns, and most of them from business men.

## Smart Suffragettes

By ALICE PARK

More than a hundred women have served terms in prison and hundreds have been arrested for asking for democracy, while the President has written eloquently of "Democracy" and how "close to his heart is the appeal of people for self-government."

So "Democracy Limited" is an excellent name for the train which is carrying 24 women around the country, women who have come out of jail to tell their stories and to say democracy begins at home.

The suffragettes cannot be dismissed by being called "wilful women." The Connecticut editor who said in early January that "it begins to look doubtful whether the militant suffragettes will let Washington have a happy year," cannot be disputed. Calling names and imposing jail sentences won't stop them. The men know there is only one way to stop them, and that is the final passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

So the men think. Especially the men office holders and the men politicians. Especially the men in the democratic party and their acknowledged leader, the President. Especially the republican congressmen, who see a party advantage in declaring their devotion to equal suffrage and who count forward to March 4, 1919, and their balance of power. Especially the working people, who are rebelling against their own heavy burdens.

And the women of the National Women's Party and their leader, Alice Paul, the Quaker, are wise. They take no sides with either party. They hold the party temporarily in power, wholly responsible for failure to pass the federal suffrage amendment. They harass the democratic party today, but they are ready to harass the republican party and whoever is the republican leader March 4, and to continue publicity demonstrations until they get votes.

Banners quoting the President's rhetorical declamations about liberty and the rights of people to self-government have been flaunted in his face at the gates of the White House, and only the refusal of passports to certain women prevented their flaunting similar banners in his face at the gates of the Paris conference.

Somebody says that the militant women are lashing the air. Contrast their tactics with those of men who seek freedom for themselves. Men lash and shoot each other when they fight. Women lash the air and carry brilliant banners. Women hunger strike and come out of prison singing songs about "Woody Wood," and playing on combs as musical instruments. They burn speeches and an effigy of the President who left them to struggle on toward freedom at home while he went afar off to talk about freedom in the abstract.

Who will say that men's murderous methods are preferable? Who will say that more could have been accomplished in six years by fighting on other lines?

The publicity stories of pickets at the White House gates, unjust arrests and burnt speeches have been told across the country, and they have done what 65 years of organized effort, beginning in the great revolutionary year of 1848, did not do.

Sixty-five years went slowly by, and at the end of two generations the suffrage movement was said to be in "a state of moribund respectability."

Then there rose up a great number of wonderful young women with fresh enthusiasm and a small number of wonderful women of the earlier days whose patience had been exhausted by humble petitions, and the National Woman's Party began a new policy of aggressive tactics along political and publicity lines. Their success has

been steady and rapid. For six years is short in comparison with the 65 preceding years.

The National Woman's Party has kept the home fires burning both figuratively and literally. But the fires are those of a new era when words are burned and action demanded.

Lou Rogers, the cartoonist, has drawn a picture she calls "The International Joke." It shows Mr. and Mrs. Europe laughing at the contrast between Wilson's European speech about "fighting for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government," with the reality in the background of the picture, womanhood in figurative chains.

The chains were not quite figurative in the case of Lucy Burns, the gentle, beloved leader of the militants. The jailers put handcuffs on her and fastened them to the grating of the prison door. Well may Mr. and Mrs. Europe laugh at the international joke, words of freedom contrasted with chains of bondage. And well may the suffragettes burn the words in public in order that people may see the chains.

Then there are the dramatic court decisions after women have served sentences in prison, when the Court of Appeals declares that the prisoners did not break any law, but that the arrests, trials and sentences were illegal.

Promptly, suits for heavy damages are filed by many women.

All this is most embarrassing for the government, especially for the democratic party and the democratic leader.

But arrests continue to be made, tho the cases have to be continued from day to day, to give the lawyers and courts time to discover what the victims were arrested for, and what law was broken.

Suffragettes have sat in court and refused to give their

names when called upon, and refused to stand and recognize at all, a court in whose establishment and laws women have had no voice.

Then the judge has adjourned the court to give him time to decide what to do with silent women, and opened it again with a personal appeal to the accused women to stand. They have remained seated, deaf, and dumb.

Finally those whom the police could identify have been sentenced, each one held up on her feet by two bailiffs, and the others whose identification was impossible, have, perforce, been freed.

The sentences have shrunk from six months to five days because hunger strikes have made more than five days inconvenient.

Who wins in cases like these? Surely not the judge and the democratic party. The women win every time. They win their appeals and their acts are pronounced lawful. They win increasing consideration from politicians of every shade. Lookers-on blame the militant women because they themselves lack a sense of proportion. They think a bother is bigger than a principle. They don't know a world struggle when they see it.

The National Woman's Party continues to ask, "How long must women wait for liberty?" They have waited from 1848 and the first declaration of rights drawn up by the great women of that day. They have waited from 1878 and the introduction into congress by Senator Sargent of California, of the Susan B. Anthony amendment. They have waited while, state by state, the suffrage map grows free in the West, and even Rhode Island grants presidential suffrage. They have waited while even German women, as well as Russian women and British women and Australian women and many others have votes. And for six years they have said that patience has ceased to be a virtue.

The National Woman's Party says "Suffrage first," and it means suffrage first.



THE INTERNATIONAL JOKE  
From "The Suffragist"

(Continued from Page 7)

presence of those two officers while they administered the "third degree." Question after question they shot at me, attacking my attitude from every conceivable standpoint. My sanity, honesty, and sincerity were all subject to inquiry. Answer after answer I fired back. They examined, argued, coaxed, and threatened. I quoted military law and War Department orders. Finally I was ordered, pointblank to receive a uniform and permit myself to be enrolled as a non-combatant. Pointblank I refused.

"Will you put on the uniform, or will you got to the guard house!" shouted the enraged major.

"I will go to the guard house, sir," I replied.

With that he dismissed me, ordering me to go to my tent until I should hear from him again that afternoon. It was three weeks before the major sent for me again.

In the meantime I was acquiring a reputation as being extremely well educated,—a reputation which grew by leaps and bounds until I was quite overawed by the knowledge I was presumed to carry about in my head. I suppose it started from the fact that I frequently wore an old blue sweater upon which was sewed my college forensic monogram. Men of more than the slightest education were rare in the battalion,—even some of the officers did not have enough education to hurt them. So to be known as a college man was to be somewhat conspicuous. Furthermore it was known that I had books of poetry, and plays by Bernard Shaw, from the camp library. So it was whispered about that I knew a most amazing lot of things,—so much that I might be an officer myself if I chose,—and the tale grew and grew as to how much I had learned, until when the whisperings came within my hearing I was scarcely able to recognize myself in the midst of the aura of my reputation. I think I was somewhat protected from the unjust treatment to which others were subjected by this notion which they had acquired about me. I know the officers, from lieutenants to major, heard the rumors and gave them credit, and frequently officers or non-commissioned officers approached me about some matter with an introduction like this: "Now Story, you are a well educated fellow,—etc., etc." It was all very funny, and since it seemed valuable as well, I just let the thing go as it would without any of the interference which modesty and the facts might have otherwise demanded.

About that time I was given a little job painting some signs to be set up about the camp: PARK AUTOS HERE, TAKE THE ROAD TO THE RIGHT, and the like. Those who are not familiar with military forms can scarcely appreciate the joy which the order to make those signs gave me. It was written by the battalion adjutant and came to me through the supply officer. It read something like this: "Request the following signs to be made." So it was really not an order at all, but a "request" from battalion headquarters to a C. O. that he do a favor for them. Requests are not usually made by officers,—abrupt commands being the usual form. Whether the adjutant had really forgotten himself into politeness, or whether he had thought it best not to arouse "that damned C. O." with orders, I couldn't guess, but it amused me anyway, and I always liked to daub about with paint, so I made the signs.

Then, after a couple of weeks of lull the storm broke out again. The company was reorganized with some new and ambitious young lieutenants who set themselves to breaking in the conscientious objectors. They were taken out to do physical drills that were so violent as to be little

less than torture. Hard labor for them to perform was difficult to find, so they were often set at useless and foolish tasks. I was painting signs all of this time, so I escaped. But the question of wearing uniforms came up again. It was after evening mess, and I had gone over to the library. Returning late, I was told that I was wanted at the supply tent. I found that my two tent mates, one of the Dunkard boys and a Mennonite lad who had joined us a few weeks before, had been ordered to take uniforms and appear in them for drill the next morning. And they had been bullied into accepting them. I went to the supply tent and was met at the door by the first sergeant of the company. He said, "Story, we have been ordered to issue you a uniform."

"Well," I answered quietly, "I will take one, but I will not put it on."

The sergeant turned to the little lieutenant who sat at the desk. "Sir," he said, "this man says he will not wear a uniform."

The officer whirled about and fairly roared, "He WILL wear a uniform,—if I have to put one on him! Why won't you wear a uniform?"

I said that I didn't have to wear it, and had been excused from doing so by the judge-advocate, Major H.

"Major H. orders you to wear a uniform," the lieutenant shouted.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," I answered. "Major H. has not been in camp for a month."

"You will take a uniform and report for drill in it tomorrow morning!" cried the lieutenant.

"I am painting signs," I replied, "and do not drill."

The sergeant interrupted with a confirmation of this. The lieutenant hesitated a minute, and I could not guess what was passing through his mind, but he dismissed me in a way that was something of an anti-climax compared with the short but fiery exchange of words that had preceded.

"Well," he said, "I won't give you a uniform now," and he added as an afterthought, "But you'll never get out of this company without one."

The next morning the Dunkard boy awoke early, and when I opened my eyes he was wearing his uniform, and sat on the edge of his cot looking very gloomy. The Mennonite dressed as usual in his old faded overalls. Both were in a desperate mood, and were plainly suffering agonies of indecision more real than any physical tortures. It was painful to see that fine, big Mennonite farm lad, sincerity and simple good will written all over his face, so wrung by the battle between conscience and expediency that he cried like a child. While we sat there and talked matters over a sergeant who had been kindly disposed toward us and inclined to take our part in controversies came into the tent. He assured the boys of his sympathy, but tried to argue them into compliance with the orders as the easiest way out of trouble. He said he feared that they would be subject to serious violence and would be compelled under force to wear the uniforms if they did not put them on willingly. Finally he offered to put the khaki on the Mennonite boy himself, saying he would rather do it than to see some of his non-commissioned associates exercise their brutality on the task. So the Mennonite was dressed.

Two or three days later the same sergeant warned me that a mob was to be organized to make a raid on my tent during the following night, steal my civilian clothing and put a uniform on me by force. So I found it convenient not to be at home until well after midnight that night.

The next move on the part of the new lieutenants was to issue guns to the C. O.'s. Again my work as a sign painter kept me out of trouble, and gave me an excuse to remain in the tent when the others were ordered out to receive the weapons. The game this time was to blandly promise that the guns were to be taken and kept clean, but the C. O.'s need have no fear of being required to use them or drill with them. So all but two, one of the Dunkards and Sol, took the guns with more or less reluctance. The former was put under arrest and confined to quarters, the latter was taken to the guard house. I wrote a letter to the Civil Liberties Bureau, ridded myself of such correspondence and papers as I didn't want found in my possession, and prepared to join Sol the next day, when I expected to be offered a gun.

But the next day the major sent for me. I don't know what had happened to him, but he was not the same major I had met three weeks ago. He was so pleasant that he was almost chummy. In a most conciliatory manner he informed me that he had never really understood my position or the grounds upon which I made my claims, and as he thought it was having a bad effect on the other men in the battalion to see me around without any uniform and performing no military duties, he was anxious to find out just what I wanted and see if he couldn't fix it up for me. So I was instructed to take the afternoon off and write in the form of a personal letter, commencing: "Dear Sir,"—which, by the way, is most terrible military etiquette,—a complete restatement of my position, my conscientious beliefs, and my legal claims, and present the letter to him to be taken to the division chief-of-staff the next day. A few days before I had learned that all records of conscientious objectors had been lost, and of my own volition I had prepared a new statement and already put it into the hands of a chaplain to be taken to the camp headquarters. But without mentioning this I complied with the major's desires and my two statements reached the chief-of-staff the same day. Two days after, a telegraphic order from Washington listed myself with fourteen other C. O.'s for immediate transfer to another camp to be examined by the Board of Inquiry. Those who had received guns returned them, Sol and the Dunkard boy were released from their confinement, a Quaker who had refused to do guard duty was freed from the stockade, and we set out on a four day journey, unguarded, and without even a corporal in command. Our only orders were to report to the headquarters of the other camp as soon as possible, train schedules being left to our own discretion.

We arrived at the new camp in due time, were assigned to a special detachment consisting then of some two hundred other C. O.'s, and our serious troubles were over. The first big experience there was when, a few days after our arrival, practically the entire detachment was called out and shipped by night some eighty miles across the country in auto trucks to fight a big forest fire. The special detachment had frequently been drawn upon by the Forest Service for such duty during the summer, some of the boys having been out as much as three months altogether, and had distinguished themselves as fire fighters. This "campaign" lasted for a week, and was my only experience on the "firing line." It was a service willingly performed,—the efforts to save those magnificent old trees, as well as the valuable timber.

Shortly after our return from this expedition we were called before the Board of Inquiry, a commission consisting of one officer from the Judge-Advocate General's staff,

a federal judge, and a law school dean, with authority to examine and determine the sincerity of conscientious objectors and recommend a settlement for their cases. Their handling of the religious objectors was as just and reasonable as could be expected. If one came into the room with a Bible under his arm and a dozen pious texts on his lips, he usually was promised his farm furlough without much argument. But the political objector did not get off so easily. Having urged both religious and political grounds for my convictions, my case is a fair sample. Having answered as to my religious affiliations and asserted my willingness to do civilian relief work in France, the board was about to dismiss me without further question, when one of the members looked at a card which he held in his hand and said, "Wait a minute. You're a Socialist also, are you not?"

I confessed, with the result that I had to debate in defense of my position for a quarter of an hour, and give a complete oral autobiography to which all of the gentlemen gave strict attention. At last they agreed, "We will recommend you for furlough to the Friends Reconstruction Unit,—if they will have you. Frankly we don't think they want your kind." And in this connection I may say that sometime afterward I received a complimentary letter from an F. R. U. official assuring me that "my kind" was quite acceptable to them.

It was in the special detachment that I received the big reward for my experiences. This was the friendship with as fine a group of young radicals as could be found in the country. The radicals in all were about ten percent of the entire detachment, most of the other C. O.'s being ultra conservative on political and economic questions. They included Billy,—erstwhile Unitarian minister and Socialist candidate for Congress, Jim,—our wonderful little world-rover "Wobby,"—a Hindu revolutionist whose only scruple against being a warrior,—he was a Sikh,—in the United States uniform was that he refused to lose his national identity by doffing his turban,—"Crowbar," a Stanford law student, who for months before the establishing of the special detachment had been voluntary advocate for all of the C. O.'s in camp just as I had been in the other camp,—H., a most companionable fellow, even if he was adorned with advanced university degrees,—and our musician, S. Then there were many interesting fellows not of our particular group. There was a frowsy, scraggly bearded, Koreshan "Scientist" who maintained that the world was hollow and we lived on the inside of it, and that the moon was a disk of mercury,—and he would prove it if you would let him. There were the "Russelites," with whom I did not part ways so long as they did not try to mystically interpret the Great Pyramid or explain the prophecies of Daniel. And there was the Dunkard who united with the "Wobby" in "panning" me because I held some shreds of belief in political action. There was the "Holy Roller," who was a C. O. under an assumed name because he was afraid he would be found out and have trouble getting a job when he was discharged. His friends were rather few among us. The Seventh Day Adventists also took a position that was difficult for some of us to understand. They objected strenuously to being called C. O.'s for the most part, disliked being classified with us. They wanted it to be strictly understood that they were non-combatants and were willing to perform any military service up to the point of actually pulling the trigger, and they wore the uniform with unconcealed pride.

The worst trouble that we had to meet in the special

detachment was the food problem. Much, or most of the time our food was poorer than prison fare. While the government allowed us the same rations as soldiers, which we legally were, the mess sergeant who could save money on the C. O.'s was obviously a candidate for the approval of his superiors. On several occasions the meals were so poor that protests were made and investigations from headquarters resulted, which improved matters for a few days each time. During the influenza epidemic it was said that the detachment had the highest sick rate of any group in the camp. Investigation after investigation was made by the puzzled medical officers. Sanitation and ventilation were examined and reported in the best of condition. At last they commenced to question the C. O.'s themselves and were speedily informed that they could not expect undernourished men to be healthy. An immediate improvement both in the quantity and quality of our food resulted. Nevertheless, I never saw milk put on the table that was not plentifully watered. Once in a long while we had eggs,—cold storage of course,—usually made into omelets well adulterated with corn starch. But the worst I recall was "soup" served one noon to fifty-four men at a total cost of ten cents! Where is the housewife who can beat that,—or wants to?

The keenest suffering to which I was subjected was something which did not come to me as a conscientious objector, but was an experience which other boys had to go through, as well, in many instances. It was the cruelty of a heartless Machine. It came to me when I received a telegram from home, twenty-four hours delayed, saying that my only brother, three years younger than myself, was dying. It took them four days to consider my application for a furlough and grant it,—and I had a three-day journey ahead of me though I traveled by the fastest trains. It was a week of agony, and I reached home four days after he was in his last resting place. But there were others,—soldiers,—who had that kind of an experience.

It was in this camp that I first had direct evidence of the inhuman treatment which many C. O.'s experienced, particularly in the earlier drafts. I met and became well acquainted with boys who had been dragged from their beds in the night by irresponsible mobs of soldiers and thrown bodily into the icy lake. I knew a fellow who had been beaten, and then stripped naked and roasted before a roaring bonfire until his flesh was blistered, and finally thrown into a gutter and held under the foot of an officer of high rank. I knew those who had been confined long days and weeks in the guard houses and stockades, who had been informally sentenced to a bread and water diet, and who had been required to perform exhaustive punitive labor.

But I want to be fair, and I want to say that I did meet and had experience with men and officers in the army who did all in their power to make the way of the C. O. as easy as possible, and secure for him all of the rights and immunities which President Wilson and Secretary Baker so finely granted.

And I want to pay my tribute to the National Civil Liberties Bureau. It was a life saver to many, with its sound and sensible advice, with its untiring pleas for us in Washington, D. C., and with its kindly personal interest in every case that came up. And I want above all to pay my tribute to Roger N. Baldwin, the man who fought untiringly for us as long as he could, and then did not hesitate when his turn came to represent the cause of free conscience behind the bars.

Long before the red tape which could furlough me for the reconstruction work had unwound itself we were all up for discharge due to the signing of the armistice which ended the bloody carnival of Mars. I was returned to the camp into which I had been drafted, in a filthy troop train. There, after a few days of waiting, I received my discharge, almost seven months to the day from the time I had been conscripted. That certificate of discharge I have put away with my college sheepskin and other prized documents in a safe place, to be exhibited only on state occasions. Hasten the day when it shall be a relic of a past era! Let me quote:

"This is a conscientious objector, who refused to wear the uniform or to perform any service whatsoever."

Again:

"Unfaithful in service."

And:

"Not recommended for reenlistment."

But best of all, to one who hasn't a wicked habit except swearing, and never says anything stronger than "damn,"—to one who was discharged among a lot of booze fighters and gamblers who had their characters set down as "Very Good," is the delicious morsel:

"Character: Fair."

Such is my story. I came through alive, and the richer for the experience, no doubt. I was fortunate. Those hundreds of other lads who are behind prison walls today as conscientious objectors to warfare are there because they took, for the most part, a position identical or very like mine. But it was their misfortune to meet a more uncompromising set of authorities, perhaps, or to have been drafted before the final lenient provisions were made for C. O.'s, or to have been ignorant of their rights or inept in asserting them. So they are facing entombment in prison vaults for indeterminate periods, or for five, ten, or twenty years of their lives just for being unfortunate,—unless something is done. I want to do something. Who is there to help me and join me?

## Song of the Siege

It is I who beat upon your gates,  
It is I who beat upon your gates with wings of fire,  
It is I who beat upon your gates—consuming them!

Well may you tremble, oh, smug and well fed ones;  
Well may your tremble, oh, masters of men;  
It is I who beat upon your gates!

I, the companion of outcasts and rebels;  
Of all the poor and disinherited;  
Of all the broken ones upon the earth;  
I beat upon your gates!

It is useless to seek to hide yourselves  
In the rags of your governments and creed;  
It is useless to seek to hide yourselves  
In the trappings of your state.  
Yet but a little while  
And your strong wall shall be no more!

It is I who beat upon your gates!

RUTH LE PRADE.



# THE NEW JUSTICE

A RADICAL MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO—

1. SELF-DETERMINATION FOR RUSSIA AND OTHER REVOLUTIONARY LANDS.
2. THE PUBLICATION OF THE TRUTH ABOUT THE VICTORIES OF THE WORKING CLASS.
3. AMNESTY FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS.
4. RESTORATION OF CIVIL LIBERTIES.
5. INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, SOCIAL JUSTICE, UNITY OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

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