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THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., September 1, 1919

No. 14

Editorials

THE TRANSPORTATION STRIKE

The long expected strike of street railway and interurban employees of Los Angeles materialized on the sixteenth of August, and as this is written has been in progress a little over a week. It has been marked by unexpected strength of organization on the part of the men, and the quite expected callous disregard of all considerations save the money chest on the part of the companies. The strike was called primarily to enforce the award of the War Labor Board, which the companies had cavalierly chosen to ignore. A practically complete tieup was effected on the Pacific Electric while the service of the Los Angeles Railway was reduced all the way from fifty to seventy-five per cent. Since the first days of the strike, the companies have succeeded in slightly improving the service on the Los Angeles Railway, and considerably so on the interurban lines. The strike has been featured by the usual accompaniments of injunctions, mediation committees, and police mobilizations, all of which have been practically without effect on the main issue or its solution.

The main issue is that the men have not been getting a living wage. No harder worked, more poorly paid, more long-suffering body of men can be found in the service of a public utility anywhere than those who have driven the cars of the street and interurban carlines of Los Angeles. Occasionally a pretense of an increase of wages has been made them, usually amounting to a cent or two per hour, and these concessions have been touted as munificent generousities on the part of the companies which ought in the nature of things to quiet all clamor and make every recipient a loyal slave for the rest of his life. It is easy to juggle figures in such a case. When a man is getting thirty cents an hour, an increase of three cents is an increase of ten per cent, certainly. In a day of ten hours he will earn thirty cents more than formerly. But thirty cents more a day is not going far to solve the problem of the present high cost of living.

The most spectacular development of the strike, and the one which promises most to its success, is the sympathetic walkout of the switchmen, shopmen and trainmen on the steam roads entering the city. This was precipitated by the attempt of the steam roads to handle freight which was marooned on the tracks of the Pacific Electric. The steam railroad employees refused to touch it. The steam railroads began a falsification of way bills in order to make it appear that it was railroad freight. The switchmen walked out in consequence, and as the trainmen would not handle trains made up by non-union men, the strike spread with astonishing rapidity. At this writing, Los Angeles is completely isolated from the rest of the country so far as rail transportation is concerned. Dead engines and stranded trains are stretching back hundreds of miles from the terminus. Dependent industries are shutting down. Nor does there ap-

pear to be any authority, either in California or at Washington, which is competent to deal with the situation.

All of which reinforces the demand of the railroad employees the country over for the nationalization of the railroads. The Plumb plan, now before Congress, by which the men would become part administrators in the government management, is one not only in line with the present trend toward industrial democracy, but one which promises a fair measure of security against such suspensions of transportation as are making the present days historical in Los Angeles. Even in the present state of capitalistic development, such basic industries as transportation cannot be left subject to the paralysis and disorganization which are inevitable where the class antagonisms inherent in the system are given their full and disastrous play.

C. M.

KILL THE TREATY!

The proposal of the administration forces in the Senate to consent to interpretations of the peace treaty provided they are incorporated in a resolution separate from that of ratification, is explained by apologists among the daily press as a tactful way of leading the European powers to believe that no real changes have been made. It is said that European statesmen do not understand the division of the treaty making power of the United States, and would fail to appreciate the significance of the Senate's action. This is a polite way of saying that someone is to be gulled. Either the European powers are to be fooled into believing that the modifications are not effective when they are, or the American people are to be tricked into believing that they are effective when they are not. The future is to determine which side has been victimized. Could anything be more disingenuous or dangerous? If the treaty is to be amended, the place for the amendments is in the treaty where no question can arise as to their validity.

But the treaty should not be amended. It should be rejected in toto. The hope of a just peace has been destroyed by the stupid avarice of the Allies. There remains only an unjust peace, to which America cannot become a party without the gravest peril. Europe is a plexus of venomous hatreds, old jealousies, bitter antagonisms, racial, national, religious, dating back hundreds and even thousands of years, yet by the recent war made more vigorous and implacable than ever. In America, we have gathered individual elements from all these warring groups in the expectation of fusing them, under a fresh loyalty, into a homogeneous and fraternal citizenship. If, now, we are to take over all of these ancient animosities by becoming the official partisan of, today, the Italian, tomorrow, the Croate; this week, the Pole, next week, the Ukrainian; now, the Frenchman, next, the Englishman, afterwards, the Irishman; and so on to infinity—it can only be to the destruction of our own national harmony, and the incorporation into our national life of every evil and dissevering ghost that plagues the dream of permanent peace in Europe. Are we to tear our own society asunder, through officious meddling with hoary feuds from which our immigrant citizenship sought to escape?

Are we to set them again at each other's throats? Are we to import and nurture on American soil all the disruptive enmities and vengeful thirsts that have made Europe an abattoir for three thousand years? If not, if we are to remain in any degree a united people, harmonious, peaceful, fraternal, the iniquity done at Paris must find no sanction on this side of the Atlantic.

C. M.

A POLICEMAN'S UNION?

There is good precedent for the talked-of union of the Los Angeles police department. In every radical social movement that has really accomplished worth-while results the protectors of the "law" have become the partisans of right. The London and Irish police have learned the lessons of the strike.

Terre Haute is just now witnessing an awakening on the part of its guardians. A short time ago the city firemen issued an ultimatum to Mayor Hunter and the City Council that unless their salaries were raised they would go on strike. A prominent Republican paper of Terre Haute says, "The police department has followed close behind the firemen. Though they have issued no strike ultimatum, they have been forced to the extreme of organizing a union as a means of enforcing their demands for a living wage."

At meetings of the policemen and firemen the Terre Haute huskies "voted solidly," the reports read, to insist that the increase in pay, should it be recommended by ordinance, should date from January 1, 1919, and not from September 1, as had been proposed by a few influential politicians.

"Practically every citizen of Terre Haute," says the most important paper of that city, "is with the firemen and policemen in this controversy."

Terre Haute (where Gene Debs is loved by rich and poor alike and where Gene helped to organize so many of the pioneer unions) is one of the middle-western industrial and educational centers of great importance. A few thousand men walked out from the shops there last month—asking for a reduction of the high cost of living.

Welcome to the police of all cities to the ranks of organized labor.

D. B.

WILSON'S WAR

Unless effective protest is soon made at Washington, eight thousand United States' troops will be facing the horrors of another Siberian winter. The pretense that these troops are not engaged in warfare may be dismissed as dishonest. They are guarding a railroad which is being used primarily for the supply of Kolchak's army, and guarding a military railroad is certainly a military operation. Yet no declaration of war by Congress has sent them to Siberia, nor are they kept there by any congressional appropriation. The war in which they are engaged and in which some of them have lost their lives is, as the *Liberator* well says, President Wilson's private war, financed by misappropriations from his contingent fund, and conducted in direct violation and defiance of the Constitution of the United States.

The glamor with which popular admiration surrounded the president a few months ago, and a few tattered remnants of which may still cling to his name, has made it impossible heretofore to point out with any degree of seriousness the penalty with which Wilson's Siberian enterprise should logically be visited. Even yet there is no

possibility that such a penalty might be actually imposed. But when, next spring, further news comes of American boys having their feet frozen off because they have been shipped over Siberia in cattle cars on the orders of the generals of the Mikado, the suggestion that presidential usurpation of the power of Congress to declare war is ample ground for impeachment may seem less incongruous than it does at present.

C. M.

One way to exterminate the I. W. W. would be for the daily papers to do the handsome thing and apologize for their unjust insinuations in regard to the Lawlor case. All the wobbles would then drop dead with surprise.

The capitalistic press gives most of the credit for the prevalence of strikes to the "walking delegate." Well, he may be a "walking" delegate, but from the amount of ground he is credited with covering we are inclined to think he uses an aeroplane.

The L. A. Times wants to know whether we are going to be governed by class rule or by the people. The Times means of course the people who are ruling now.

A CORRECTION

Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding the poem entitled "The Prison" which appeared in the August 1 issue of *THE NEW JUSTICE*, was credited to Gertrude Richardson. Mrs. Richardson, it appears, is not the author of the poem, and she has asked us to make it clear to our readers that she had no intention of claiming to be such. The poem, we are informed, was written by Ernest H. Crosby. It was sent to *THE NEW JUSTICE* through a third party by Mrs. Richardson, who submitted it to us because she liked it and hoped we might see fit to print it. Owing to the indirect method of its transmission to us, the mistake as to its authorship was made.

—The Editors.

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A Midnight Chat With Socrates

By FRANK STOKES, Jr.

Every possible precaution is being taken by Dr. Albert Shiels, Superintendent of City Schools, to make sure that the teachers of Los Angeles are all loyal Americans. Dr. Shiels says there is a wave of Bolshevism sweeping over the country and he wants no advocates of radicalism teaching in the public schools.

One of the precautions taken recently by the superintendent is to have all applicants for positions on the teaching staff sign an affidavit in which they declare they are opposed to radicalism and will do all they can to suppress it.

The affidavit follows:

"The undersigned, a candidate for appointment to a position in the teaching and supervisory staff of the Los Angeles city school system, hereby makes the following declaration:

"I am a citizen of the United States. I favor the Constitution of the United States and method of democratic government provided by that Constitution. I am opposed to any changes in the Constitution or government of the United States, excepting as they may be made in strict accordance with the methods prescribed by law.

"I am unqualifiedly opposed to any philosophy or school of thought which aims or tends to destroy the form of government of the United States as now established. I shall publicly and privately oppose any person or group of persons who may give expression to language that shows agreement or sympathy with any philosophy or school of thought which aims or tends to destroy the form of government of the United States as now established.

"My allegiance I give wholly to the flag of the United States, and to no other flag whatever."

The superintendent says the idea of having all applicants sign the affidavit is original with him, and he is alone responsible for exacting it. "The schools are the property of the State," the superintendent says, "and the employees should not be allowed to do anything that is contrary to the best interests of the State. I am not opposed to changes, but I do insist that the teaching staff take no part in any changes except those brought about in a lawful manner.

"Teachers are working for the State and they should do nothing that will undermine the State. They are paid to uphold the State, and should be compelled to do so."—From the Los Angeles Times of recent date.

The clock was striking twelve when I closed the book. As I counted the strokes I became angry for I had not intended being up so late. The job I had required my presence at seven in the morning; and I had two miles to walk. This meant early rising. My days were always so very full—and I did so love to read.

"If an ordinary man feeds his body, he must starve his mind," I disgustedly remarked to myself.

"And yet the mind must be fed at all costs," a voice at my elbow replied, "for without a nourished mind of what use is a nourished body?"

I had supposed myself to be alone, so I turned in amazement. There, in the chair my wife had lately occu-

ried, sat an uncomely, little man. With nose upturned and nostrils outspread, with large mouth and coarse lips, his outward appearance—dressed as he was in the shabby costume of another day—was humble, his face almost grotesque. What distressed me most was that he seemed so like an inelastic fluid that was just at the point of melting away. Indeed, I was glad the fire had died out.

"Who—who are you?" I asked trying my best not to appear alarmed. I was going to add "What right have you here?" but the question seemed foolish for obviously such a supernatural being would claim the right to be anywhere.

"I am the shade of the man of whom you have been reading," answered my uninvited guest as he pointed to a volume of Plato's *Dialogues*. "I am Socrates.

"You mustn't be incredulous," he added, "for what do you know of life after death? You do not know, of course, that all dead men are capable of returning to earth. But of all the billions of people that have died, I know by your manner that I am the only one you have ever seen return. Most men's lives, while on earth, have been so full of misery and oppression, have been so void of happiness that they are only too glad to let their graves stand between them and the world they have left."

"Then why have you returned?" I asked.

"How can you ask such a question after reading what my friend Plato has said of me? You surely must know that I care nothing for the pleasures that most men enjoy. It is knowledge I crave. When I lived in Athens, more than two thousand years ago, I had a philosophy of my own. Most of my contemporaries ridiculed me. They called me a crank, a fanatic. They forced me to drink the fatal hemlock because of the philosophy I preached.

"Now I have returned to earth to see how my philosophy is standing the test of time. I want to learn whether men have progressed; or whether men with new ideas, new thoughts, new hypotheses are still being persecuted.

"I have stopped to talk to you because I saw you reading Plato. I felt that you would welcome me. Am I welcome?"

"You are most welcome," I answered cordially. All my fears had fled.

"Thank you," replied Socrates as he stooped to pick up a newspaper clipping that had fluttered to the floor. "What is this?"

"That is something my wife cut out of today's paper. She wanted me to read it because it pertains to our schools—and we have two children in school."

Socrates read the clipping, after which he sighed deeply. "Ah! Conditions are just the same, I see. People with new ideas are still being harassed."

"What do you mean?" I asked in surprise. "Surely you are in accord with this action taken by Dr. Shiels! Surely you must feel that our teachers must all be loyal Americans!"

"This Dr. Shiels lays much stress on loyalty," said Socrates, "so first let us endeavor to learn just what loyalty is. Let us see whether one cannot be a radical and at the same time a loyal American.

"But just what is loyalty? To be loyal one must be constant and faithful. Am I right?"

"Quite right," I said.

"One must be constant and faithful in allegiance to one's sovereign or country in order to be loyal?"

"True."

"Then one must be constant and faithful to constituted authority?"

"That is certain."

"Now what is a country? Is it not, as one of your modern Frenchmen has said, a group of men living under the same laws; because they themselves or their ancestors have been brought willingly or by force, more often by force, to obey the same government, the same sovereign, the same constituted authority?"

"That, I believe, is true."

"Very well. Now suppose the State of California were captured by Japan. Would not the State of California then be a part of the Japanese country? Would it not be a part of the Japanese tout ensemble? Would it not be just as much under the same sovereign, just as much under the same constituted authority, just as much a part of the same government as is the island of Nippon?"

"I suppose that is true."

"And yet you would be loyal to this sovereign and to this constituted authority just so long as you had to be loyal—and no longer. Am I right?"

"You bet!"

"Ah!" said Socrates smiling. "Perhaps you will agree with me then that under certain conditions loyalty is a damnable thing."

"Yes. But the condition you have just supposed would be an intolerable condition; it would be an unfair condition."

"Yet it is a condition that has existed and that exists in many places under constituted authority."

"The people of California were loyal to the United States before you have supposed them to be subjects of the Mikado. You could never expect them to be loyal to the Mikado."

"But were the people of California not loyal to Mexico before they were loyal to the United States? And were they not loyal to Spain before they were loyal to Mexico?"

"Yes."

"How true it is," said Socrates, "that circumstances alter cases sometimes without a logical reason. Well, I have merely wished to show that under certain conditions certain people are not to be condemned for not being loyal to certain constituted authorities. Such a condition as I have supposed has really existed in Alsace-Lorraine; the Boers of South Africa rebelled because of a somewhat similar condition; the people of Ireland are rebelling against established law and order, and a great many 'loyal Americans' are in sympathy with them. Queer, isn't it?"

"You seem to have kept in touch with earthly affairs," I said. "But don't you think your illustration is poorly chosen? Surely no one would expect a Caucasian people to be loyal to a Mongolian government! The two races are so dissimilar; neither could ever be assimilated by the other. The customs, the ideas, the religions, the traditions, everything concerning the two people are so unlike that loyalty on our part would be utterly impossible."

"And yet," replied Socrates, "you expect loyalty from the American Indian; you expect loyalty from the Eskimo on the farthermost shore of Alaska; you expect loyalty

from the natives of Hawaii. Are any of these people like you in their customs, ideas, religions or traditions? Here we have the case reversed; in all probability the decision is also reversed. Queer, isn't it?"

"But Dr. Shiels was not supposing any cases like the California-Japan case you have just supposed," I retorted. "He was not thinking of Indians, Eskimos, and Hawaiians although I admit they must all be classed as Americans. Dr. Shiels was probably thinking only of the ultra-American, the American of Americans, the American by inclination, by education, by environment. It is this sort of American of whom Dr. Shiels demands loyalty—"

"His kind of loyalty," broke in Socrates.

"It is this sort of American," I went on, "that must be 'unqualifiedly opposed to any philosophy or school of thought which aims or tends to destroy the form of government of the United States as now established.'"

"Can it be possible," replied Socrates, "that Dr. Shiels means that if an American citizen is not 'unqualifiedly opposed' to a change in his form of government 'as now established,' that American citizen is disloyal? Surely he cannot mean that; for none of you would be American citizens today had your ancestors held the same opinion of loyalty. When those radical, liberty-loving and freedom-demanding ancestors of yours declared themselves independent of England they must have been 'unqualifiedly opposed' to her 'form of government as then established.' Is that no so?"

"I'll have to acknowledge that it is so."

"And what do you think of the loyalists of that day?"

"I think they were disloyal," I answered.

"Ah! There you have it," said Socrates. "Now history is full of rebellion because history is full of tyranny. Do you agree?"

"Yes, I agree."

"Did not Thrasybulus and his followers rebel against the constituted authority of the Thirty Athenian Tyrants?"

"They did."

"Men of the city," Thrasybulus once said to the Thirty, "why do you claim the right to rule over us? Is it that you are more just than we? Nay, the people, who are poorer, have never tried to plunder you; but you, whose wealth would outweigh the whole of ours, have wrought many a shameful deed for the sake of gain. Men of the city, my advice to you is that you learn to know yourselves." These words, spoken by my countryman so long ago, might not they well apply today?"

"They would apply if taken verbatim," I cried, thinking of my long hours and short pay.

Socrates smiled. "Once more disloyalty and rebellion are to be commended. Once more a people, THE PEOPLE, have gained by rising up against constituted authority. The people of Athens gained just as, at another time, the people of France gained; just as, at yet another time, the people of America gained. Here we have no supposed cases, but actual, historical facts. Here we have no people of different races—rebels and loyalists in all three instances had the same customs, the same religion, the same traditions. And in all three cases the rebels were right, were they not?"

"They were quite right."

"And in all three cases the loyalists were wrong?"

"They were."

"And in all three cases the people, the masses, the commonalty, gained something by their unfaithfulness to constituted authority?"

"They did."

"Now if disloyalty is sometimes more praiseworthy than loyalty, if disloyalty is sometimes loyalty and loyalty is sometimes disloyalty, how is one to know when to be loyal to constituted authority and when not to be loyal?"

"That is just what I should like to know, Socrates."

"One likes to think of loyalty as something immutable, irrefutable, and unremitting. Do you agree?"

"I certainly do agree to that."

"One likes to think of loyalty as something solid, as solid and lasting as a thing petrified. Is that not so?"

"Yes, Socrates, that is so; and that is why your logic dismays me. Is there nothing to which a man can be always loyal? Is there nothing worthy of loyalty? Is the world so bad as that?"

"Forgive me if I have appeared pessimistic," said Socrates, "for truly I have not intended to be pessimistic. My heart is full of optimism concerning loyalty—there ARE things to which a man may be always loyal. May he not be always loyal to truth?"

"Indeed! That he may!"

"And to his honest convictions?"

"Yes."

"May he not be always loyal to himself?"

"Certainly!"

"And to his conscience which is the most important part of him?"

"Most assuredly he may."

"Now if a man is always loyal to these things to which he may always be loyal, does it not follow that he cannot be other than a good, upright, upstanding citizen of his country?"

"That cannot be denied."

"Therefore, if you are conservative in your political opinions, and if your conservative political opinions spring from honest convictions, not selfish desires; if they spring from truth, as you conceive the truth to be, not from mendacity, if in being conservative you are loyal to your conscience, loyal to your innermost self, then I should honor you for your conservative political opinions, should I not?"

"You should."

"It is my duty to consider you a good citizen?"

"It is."

"But suppose I am radical in my honest political opinions?"

"You should be honored no less than I."

"You would consider me a good citizen?"

"I certainly would!"

"You would permit me to teach in the Los Angeles City Schools—were I a capable teacher—radical though I might be?"

"I would."

"You would not make me sign away my rights in an affidavit compelling me to agree to 'publicly and privately oppose any person or group of persons who may give expression to language that shows agreement or sympathy with any philosophy or school of thought which tends to destroy the form of government of the United States as now established?'"

"I would not."

"Then you believe the right of free speech, the right of free press, the right of free thought, in other words you believe the right to give expression to honest opinions, the right to protest, is a sacred thing?"

"You have almost convinced me, Socrates, that it is the most sacred thing."

"And so it is, for without that right no man is safe. Why I once knew a man in Athens who was beaten and robbed while his friends sat chatting less than fifty feet away. He could not cry out; he could not protest—for he was dumb! Providence had deprived him of the one thing that could have saved him so he fell an easy prey to yeggmen."

"So take your political opinions," continued Socrates, "or any other opinions, and cry them from the rooftops. All I ask is that you do not contort incontrovertible facts. All I ask is that you permit me to enjoy the same privileges. If our opinions do not agree, let those that hear decide the issue. If you win, and if I still honestly believe that you are wrong, I'll go on trying for converts. If I win, the same franchise should be accorded you; for never, under any circumstances whatsoever, should the right of free speech be denied to any man. Do our convictions concur thus far?"

"Absolutely."

"It is well. Let us continue. 'I am a citizen of the United States,' says this affidavit composed by Dr. Shiels. 'I favor the Constitution of the United States, and method of democratic government provided by that Constitution. I am opposed to any changes in the Constitution or government of the United States excepting as they may be made in strict accordance with the methods prescribed by law.'

"Now how are any changes ever to be made if the right of giving expression to honest political opinions is suppressed as Dr. Shiels is endeavoring to suppress them?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that, Socrates; but you are right. Changes cannot be made under such a condition."

"Is your government democratic if it permits Dr. Shiels to do as he is doing?"

"No."

"And is Dr. Shiels' action in harmony with the Constitution which grants the right of free speech?"

"No."

"And if you oppose this action taken by Dr. Shiels, are you a loyal American or are you not?"

"Certainly that would not make me disloyal," I declared.

"You consider yourself to be a loyal American?"

"I do."

"You are just as loyal as Dr. Shiels?"

"I am."

"That is not saying that your political opinions may not be different?"

"You have made them quite different, Socrates."

"That is not saying that you might not prefer a more radical form of government than the one you now have?"

"I might prefer a more radical form of government and still be loyal—yes."

"Nor is it saying that you might not wish to change 'the form of the government of the United States as now established' and still be a good American citizen?"

"I might wish for a change in our form of government and still be a good American citizen—certainly."

"Then one may be a radical, loyal American, may he not?"

"Why, there can be no doubt of it."

"Then all this talk by Dr. Shiels is absurd."

"It most certainly is."

"Now I have spoken of rebellion against constituted au-

thority," Socrates continued. "I wish to say, lest you form a misconception, that I do not favor rebellion any more than I favor armed conflict by any other name. Rebellion is excusable only in extreme cases. Give me and every other person the right to vote and the right of free speech, and rebellion should never be necessary. But without the right of free speech the right to vote is nothing but a delusion and a fraud. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are right."

"Without the right of free speech how is an unjust law to be amended? How are we to decide whether a law is just or unjust?"

"Without free speech, it is impossible."

"And without free speech how are we to make the world a better place in which to live?"

"Impossible."

"Very well. Now let me ask this question; for surely it is as pertinent as the others. Without a knowledge of Bolshevism, Socialism, Republicanism, Kaiserism, how are we to decide which 'ism' to adopt and which to reject? And how are we to obtain this knowledge without the right of free speech?"

"It cannot be done."

"If a teacher in a Los Angeles school is not denied the privilege of voicing conservatism, then why should that teacher be denied the privilege of voicing radicalism?"

"One should be permitted as much as the other; that is self-evident, Socrates."

"After all is it not up to the student to decide whether he wishes to be radical or conservative just as much as it is up to him to decide whether he wishes to be a lawyer or a doctor?"

"Of course."

"You will agree with me that schools are institutions where people go in quest of knowledge?"

"I agree with you in that."

"Then why not let knowledge enter?"

"That is true, Socrates; and yet there are subjects that a great many schools are not allowed to teach, and religion is one of those subjects."

"Well I had rather that no religion be taught than that only one religion be taught. But if all religions were taught equally well and without bias so that the student might be free to decide whether he wanted this religion or that religion or no religion, then I should have no objection. However, the case we are discussing is different, for here we have a man who desires to prevent a radical man from teaching any subject at all. At the same time a conservative man is free to teach the science of calculation, the science which treats of the heavenly bodies, or any other science he may be able to teach. At the same time this conservative teacher is free to cry his conservative political doctrines as far as his voice will carry. Is that just?"

"It is not just."

"Your radical parent pays his taxes, does he not?"

"He does."

"This Dr. Shiels is undoubtedly a conservative. Does he hope to further his cause by keeping people ignorant of radicalism? Or is he afraid that if people learn something of radicalism they will no longer be conservative? If so I'd very much like to tell Dr. Shiels a story."

"Tell me the story, Socrates."

"A citizen of Athens," began Socrates, "was on his way to Thebes. The ship upon which he was making this voyage was caught in a storm, was blown far out of its

course, and was finally wrecked near the shores of a desolate island. The only one upon that ship to reach land was this citizen of Athens.

"Upon this island there lived an Athenian woman who had, years before, been the only survivor of another wreck. The man and the woman met; and the man fell in love with the woman, for she was both shapely and beautiful. In time he taught the woman to love him; and since there was no one upon the island to marry them they each took an oath of fidelity to the other, after which they considered themselves man and wife.

"Several seasons came and went. In spite of the fact that they both yearned for Athens, they were both happy. Twice each day the man climbed to the top of a hill to look for a ship. One day he saw a ship. It was well out toward the horizon, and the man knew that the woman, sitting in the door of their hut, could not see so much as the topsail.

"The man did not light the signal fire that had been so long prepared. Instead, he stood thinking—and his thoughts were these: 'I am no longer a young man. I am not handsome, nor big, nor strong. I have no attributes with which to compete with other men. If I signal to that ship we go out into the world; and she will see how subordinate I am. Rather had I be here with her than to live in beautiful Athens without her.'

"So the man went down the hill and lied to his wife by keeping her in ignorance.

"Ah! But that night there came a storm. The ship was blown back upon its course until by morning it was once more near the island. This time the woman saw it. Rushing up the hill she lit the signal fire.

"The first man to step ashore was the captain. He was young and handsome, big and strong.

"Well, my friend," said Socrates, rising, "we have arrived at the conclusion this evening that loyalty is to loyalty what virtue is to virtue. But one should never say what constitutes loyalty before inquiring into the actual nature of loyalty. I fear that I must go away, but do you, now that you are persuaded yourself that one may be both radical and loyal, endeavor to persuade this Dr. Shiels. And if you can persuade him you will have done some service to the American people."

I started to reply, but Socrates was gone.

"We are glad . . . to fight . . . for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience."—Woodrow Wilson.

All aboard for the Trans-Siberian railroad and the Mexican oil fields!

Dean Barrows objects to the Soviet Government on the ground that it is un-American. Will the professor please explain to us how the proposed entangling alliances with England, France, Kolehak, et al., can be construed in any sense as American?

A few more "punitive" expeditions into Mexico, and the troops will have the practice necessary to capture a few hundred respectable bandits on this side of the Rio Grande.

Can you enjoy your vacation trip when you happen to think of Debs?

The Actors' Strike

By GERTRUDE ANDREWS

The New York actors' strike is a thing of deeper significance than is generally realized. It is a particularly interesting manifestation of the great driving force which is impelling the **rights of life**—life feared, suppressed, exploited, butchered. It is a part of the effort to realize the Universal Law which is growth—a growth that has been hampered by the dead logs of an old System.

The actor's art is the interpretation of life. It is the most democratic of all the arts. All classes sit together in the same audience, and watch the same play. And now for the first time in history, these interpreters of life, of the art which is democracy, are making a concerted fight for life and democracy. They are trying to dignify their art by making it a recognized part of the world's work.

For the actor's art has not been a thing so dignified. It has been a thing ridiculed. It has not gained the crown of utilitarian dignity, but has jingled the bells of Folly. It has not been considered a thing of food, but rather an after-dinner digestive tablet. So it was a day of big significance when the Actors' Equity joined the Federation of Labor. It marked the beginning of the new social era; the impulse of which will be the development of the whole man—make him creative rather than efficient—when art and bread shall unite in corpuseles to nourish both spirit and body.

The Actors' Equity was organized six years ago to better the condition of the actor workers. And these conditions very much need bettering. Other classes of workers have had to suffer the injustice of small pay. But actors form the only class who have had to work for nothing. No salaries have been paid for the weary work of rehearsals. Companies have rehearsed from eight to ten weeks without pay. When the play is produced, if it be successful, the actor gets his salary. But very often it is not successful. It may run a week or two and close. Then the actor is not only thrown out of his job, but he has lost weeks of time and the money paid for his costumes.

He has had to work under a contract which stipulates that for three particular weeks of his season he shall receive only half salary—Holy week, the week before Christmas and election week. One of the big managers tries to book his company in Canada during our election week. By so doing he gets bigger profits in this reduction of salaries, for his business suffers no loss. No pay is given for extra holiday and Sunday performances. But if, on account of bad routing, the company loses a night on the train, then the actor is docked for the management's failure to keep him at work. But he himself must pay for the sleeper necessary for the long trip. These are only a few of the injustices.

The equity made many attempts to change these conditions, but these were all abortive until the organization finally affiliated with Union Labor. Now, as Frank Keenan said, the other night at the Equity meeting at the Hollywood Hotel:

"They can't lick Equity; for to do it they've got to lick the whole of Union Labor."

And Milton Sills sounded the spirit of that Hollywood meeting when he said:

"I'm glad of the chance to take the other workers of the world by the hand."

"Other workers" is significant.

The meeting in Hollywood was called Monday evening, August 18th. About three hundred actors, now working in the pictures, were present. George Fawcett acted as chairman. Frank Keenan, Milton Sills, Bert Lytell, Fred Niblo and William Courtleigh were the speakers.

The whole attitude of the meeting was simple, big and genuine; with no touch of theatricalism in which actors might be expected to have indulged. Neither was there any bitterness; only an occasional ripple of amused contempt. And here suggests a thing which Equity might do for Unionism—inoculate it with the actor's sense of humor.

The meeting was called for the purpose of raising money for the striking actors in New York. The response was not only generous, but fervent. Ten thousand dollars were raised in a few minutes. Frank Keenan, charter member of Equity, started the subscription with a thousand dollars. Others gave big sums. Many pledged percentages of their salaries. Immediately after the meeting the committee went to the telegraph office and wired the money on to New York where it was much needed.

It was a big meeting attended by people of big reputation, inspired by a big spirit and of big social significance. All of which should have made it big news. Yet scarcely any mention was made of it in the press. But life's opportunities of growth have been increased by it. Good news comes across the wires. Ed Wynn, now the most popular and highest salaried musical comedian, is doing picket duty on Broadway. In the evening he entertains audiences on the street, to keep them from attending the few theatres now running with scab performers. He said the other day:

"I cannot impress too deeply on the public the fact that the artists earning large salaries have left their respective shows to fight, not for more money, as the public is led to believe, but purely for a principle."

And Frank Bacon, so well known, and so much beloved, on the coast, and who made his big success late in life, said in New York to an audience of strikers:

"I'm an actor, author and manager; but when this strike began, my wife said to me, 'we'll stick to our own folks. I can still cook on a one-burner coal oil stove, if necessary, and if we go down we'll go down in good company.' So we're sticking."

"Our own folks" is expressive of the real social spirit—the solidarity spirit which gets results.

I AM AN OLD WOMAN

I am an old woman by the roadside,
Calling my wares:
Bright strips of silk, spun in the moonlight;
Gawgaws of gold and silver—touch them gently—
They were fashioned on an idle day and hang but loose together.
See this bit of sheer linen? Turn not away, young miss,
These are tear stains you see:
Two wove the bit—one cherished it. . . .
I am an old woman by the roadside,
Calling my wares.

—Emeline Hawley Brady.

The Truth About

"Unity" Schools in Russia

By DAVID BOBSPA

Along with the general soviet efficiency, there is an attention to educational life that is one of the most hopeful signs of the new republic. The motto of the Indiana board of education is "Common schools, the hope of the country." Such they once were, but now they are one of the many sources of despair of our present civilized society. Of course there are bright spots such as the San Francisco Normal training school and the Modern School movement of Stelton, New Jersey—but only too few in an educational system as inefficient as the rest of capitalistic machinery.

What the United States government thinks of the soundness of the soviet program of elementary and secondary education is shown by the report issued by the Bureau of Education on the "Unity" school "in Revolutionized Russia," with further sub-heading, "Swedish Writer Reviews Lunacharsky's 'Labor School'—Free Education, Including Shoes, Clothing, and Breakfast, to Seventeenth Year."

Further evidence of Governmental authority for the statements is found in the fact that they were transmitted by Post Wheeler, ad interim American Charge a'airs at Stockholm, as translation of an article in the Swedish journal Politiken of June 3rd, reviewing Lunacharsky's book on "The Labor School." The writer in Politiken thus describes some features of the educational plans:

"The new school form is the Unity School. That is, all children begin on the same stage and can, if they are intelligent, come equally high.

All class limitations between the schools have been abolished. Instead of public school, continuation school, and communal middle-school on the one hand, and higher elementary schools, girl schools and the university on the other, as the school forms are in Sweden, dividing the nations into two parts, only different degrees of the same school now exist in Russia. They have even abolished technical and commercial schools.

"Here are some of the regulations for the new school form:

"All children from 6 to 17 years of age are obliged to attend school. From 6 to 8 years of age the children are taught in kindergarten. The regular school begins at the eighth year. The age limitation, 8 years, can, by the management of the school, be decreased to 7 with the consent of the department for public education. From 8 to 13 years the education is called the first degree course. All education up to the seventeenth year is gratis. Even shoes, clothing and food (breakfast) the children receive free of cost.

"The school is entirely secular. There is no education in religion. The division of the teachers into categories is prohibited. All are simply teachers. The number of pupils per teacher may not exceed 25.

"This is the technical basis for Russia's unity school. Its spiritual contents are characterized by the revolutionary character of the labor school, up to now, against the school doctrines in force. 'The basis for the school work must be productive labor, not as compensation for the providing of the children or only as method of teaching, but as a purely useful work.' We must take care that the work of the children is productive.

"Russia is not greedy toward the children. Their work

must not be done as payment for the education, and this work must not be carried out when the children are in a condition of psychical or physical tiredness.

"The work must be intimate, organically united with the education, a light which with its shine helps to the increasing of the knowledge of the surrounding life."

"The children are required from their earliest age to be made acquainted with the productive work even in its most developed form. The children in the towns are thoroughly educated in industry; the children in the country mostly in agriculture. The principle is that that which is closest to the children must first be made the subject of the education.

"The basis laid for the work is a strong means of education bringing up the pupils so as to give them creative joy in the labor school. The school forms a school commune, which directly and organically through its work is in contact with real life."

"Old, formalistic school discipline, which bound the whole school life and the free personal development of the children, must not occur in the labor school. But the processes of the work itself will educate the children to inner education, without which a methodic mass activity is impossible. The children get a live education by all the processes of work in school life, where the systematical arrangements, which appear at the practicing of the division of labor, must be the most important educating part. Then the pupils will understand the ways of methodical utilization of human working energy and educate themselves to a feeling of responsibility, and for that part of work, which will be everyone's part, and for all work in general. In short, the collective, productive work and the whole school work ought to educate the future citizens for the socialistic community."

"Naturally the education also is done in purely general subjects, as geography, natural science, etc.; the first rule, however, is to make the children acquainted with labor and love it; thus the education in history is more an education in the history of work and culture.

"No home work is allowed; this is another revolutionary novelty.

"The school is open for the pupils all days of the week. It is for them a second home. Two days a week, not following each other, however, are made different from the others. One day is a holiday and is used for reading, excursions, lectures and other free activities of the children. For this purpose, special teaching forces are engaged. The second day is half working-day and used for club and laboratory exercises, explanations, excursions and pupil meetings. It is proposed that from the first of July to the first of September, December 23-January 7, and April 1-14th the children should have vacation. The school work thus goes on nine months a year, of which eight months are for purposes of usual school work according to the schedule, and one month, the last one before the great two-months holiday, 'in summer colonies, excursions, etc., to make the children acquainted with nature and life.'

"All punishments at school are prohibited. No examinations of any kind may be held.

"The decision that the division of classes must be changes to a division of groups in accordance with the special state of development of the children is correct from the pedagogical point of view.

"The management of the school is in the hands of the

Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
. . . J. H. RYCKMAN

school council, quite a different institution from that in Sweden. The Russian School Council consists of one-fourth of all the school workers (the common name for teachers, school doctors, leaders of manual work, etc.), representatives for the workers in the school district, one-fourth of the pupils from the older groups, beginning with children of 12 years of age, and a representative for the department of public instruction.

"The school collective, that is, children and school workers united, decides its internal affairs, according to special regulations."

FRAZIER HUNT ASKS FAIR PLAY FOR RUSSIA

Frazier Hunt, the noted newspaper correspondent, has taken his stand with those who for a year and more have been protesting against the allied blockade of Russia and the undemocratic and reactionary policy of intervention in the affairs of that country. Just returned from Russia, he has given an interview to the El Paso "Times" in which, while making it clear that he personally is not a partisan of the Bolsheviks, he speaks in no uncertain terms on the subject of giving Russia a chance to work out her own salvation without hindrance from without. As quoted in The Times, Mr. Hunt says in part:

"What I protest against is the stupidity of our intervention in Russia from a military standpoint and the un-American nature of the whole proceeding. We went in there as part of an allied army under British command. Major General Ironsides of England commanded. Brigadier General Dick Richardson commanded the American forces. It was undemocratic, a violation of our best traditions, an American army in another man's country under foreign control. Yet our troops were left there from last September until June 1, and they almost became mutinous.

"The situation in Siberia is the same. The defeat of Admiral Kolchak in the Ural mountains is not a surprise to me. I foretold it three months ago. The reason is simply that he is a reactionary. His support comes from ex-land owners and reactionaries and generals of the same type. He is out of joint with the Russian people. It isn't that the people of Russia are Bolshevik, but that they are in a radical mood and no leader of the other stamp can succeed. The situation is much the same as if an army of El Paso and San Antonio Mexicans of the Diaz school, exiled by the revolution, should attempt to conquer Mexico.

Japs Benefit

"Our intervention in Siberia simply means the throttling of Siberia for the benefit of the Japs.

"I am not a radical. I am not concerned about Bolshevism, but only in preserving the American tradition. I want to see Americans take off their colored glasses and look Russia square in the face. She will solve her problems in her own way in time. What she needs most is that her people be put to work. The impression that blood flows through the streets of her cities is absurd. Petrograd is as quiet as El Paso on a Sunday afternoon. Russia's great leaders are not the blood-thirsty men they are painted. They are idealists fighting fanatically for what they believe to be a better government and the rights of mankind.

"Under Bolshevik rule 95,000 new schools have been established in Russia. The appropriation for education this year is \$700,000,000. Yet in these new school districts

60 per cent of the children were not able to attend because they had no shoes.

Blockade Cruel

"The allied blockade is partly responsible for this—a blockade as cruel as the Inquisition. Physicians in hospitals in Russia told me they could operate in only the most urgent cases because of lack of medicated gauze. They have received none for two years. Thousands of children have developed tuberculosis because of underfeeding. A physician told me that one carload of American condensed milk would be almost enough to save them. . . .

Tired of Revolution

"Russia wants foreign capital. She is tired of revolution. She wants to see her factories humming and her railroads running. She is taking a new commercial outlook and to succeed she realizes that she must compromise with her Bolshevik ideas. . . .

"Our chief concern is not Bolshevism but our own homes. What we need is home statesmanship and the man who solves our difficult problem is going to be popular. I think President Wilson has shown much wisdom in handling the situation thus far."

A TRUCKER DIES

He dropped dead today,
Just a working man—
A numbered slave in a glutted market,
A trucker of steel in a warehouse.
I saw him, dark and sweaty,
On iron slab he'd helped lift from the car,
His head pillowed in dirty paper.

A wife and kids at home?
No one knew.
His name?
No one knew
In all that throng he'd been slaving among.
"Only a working man," said the crowd and passed along.
"Find his name if you can," said the manager,
As he turned away to joke.

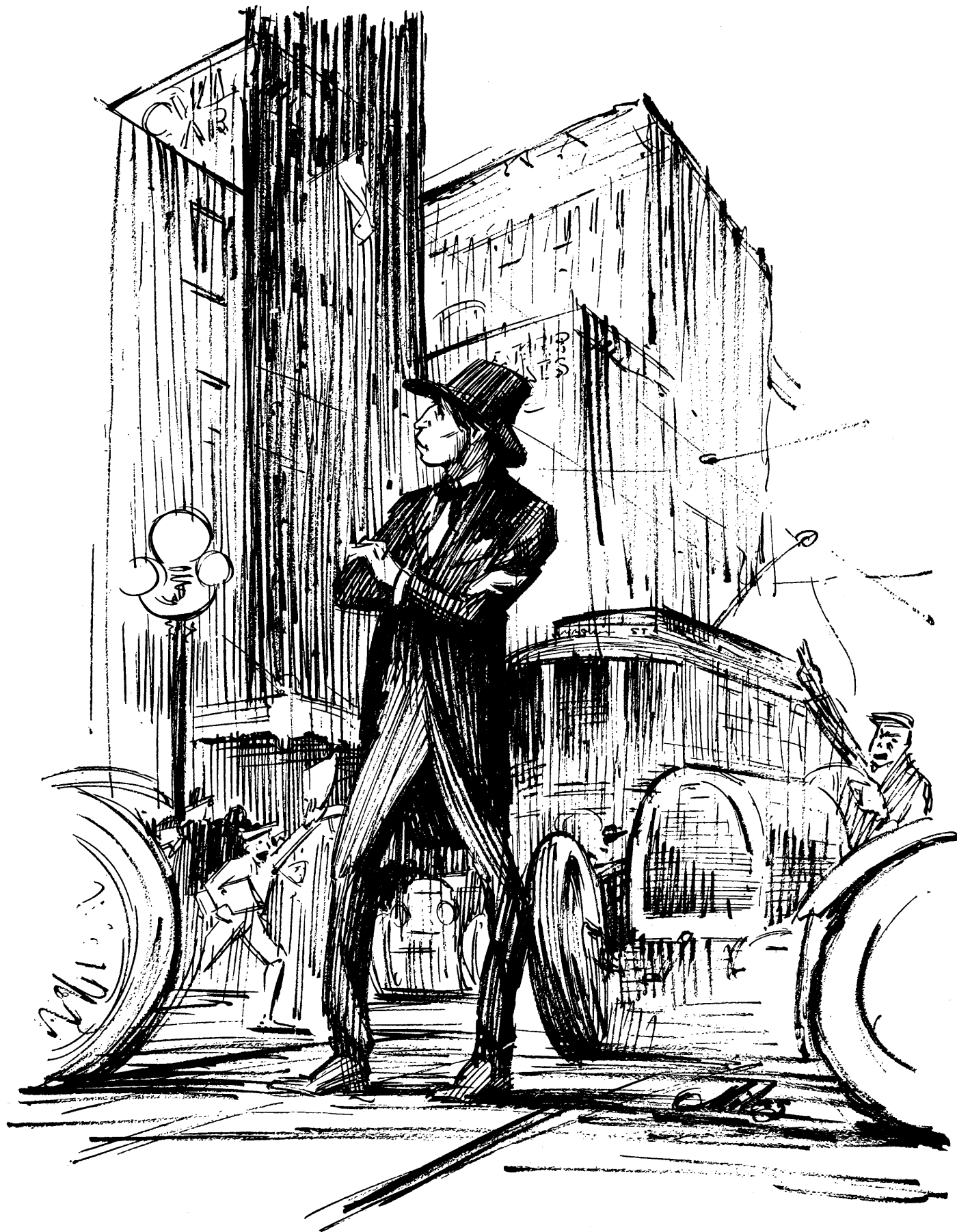
Death found him there
In warehouse overalls,
Grimed and dirty,
Too heavy a lift for a weak heart
And one conscript slave was gone.
Five minutes of rest
For idle, curious fellow-slaves
Ere they returned to their heavy burden-bearing.

Just a dead worker.
The ambulance clanged away
And work was resumed.
A nameless grave in paupers' field,
And a new slave at the warehouse truck.

—David Bobspa.

"We mean to live our own lives as we will; but we mean also to let live. We are, indeed, a true friend to all the nations of the world."—Woodrow Wilson.

Except Russia, Ireland, Egypt, India, China, Hungary, Mexico, and others too numerous to mention.



ALONE

—Drawn by Harold W. Miles.

The Gentle Art of Voting

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

It is rather best that we think of the true American citizen as a quiet, unassuming person, violent only in the manner in which he partakes of his meals and supremely patriotic to the extent that he loves his wife, his children and his home and will gladly die in the defense of these possessions. If he is permeated with the strange belief that he has it in him to be a millionaire some day he should not be looked down upon by reason of that failure since such beliefs are with us in the form of a national malady and only leave us when death slides the bolt in the door. The vagrant millions who are oppressed by the belief that they stand in danger of being president some day no longer offer to fight you if you point out the fallacy in their choice conceit. Politically your American citizen is with the side that can expend the most wind. If the democratic camp can blow out the republican camp with hot air, and the interests find it to their interest then the American citizen can see easily enough what to do so he votes for a democrat; probably because the candidate holds his nose high and can vociferate innocuous platitudes into the atmosphere as though he meant what he said. On the other hand a Republican candidate is usually completely surrounded by whiskers; and the billboards of the land are slopped over with about \$150,000,000 worth of mental swill pointing out that if you vote for a Republican the traffic in toothpicks will be brought to a conclusion and profiteering in the radish business will be vanquished. The American citizen is not only highly enlightened by this information but is glad to think that somebody at least is friendly to the radish people; so he goes to the polls and registers his sincere convictions that radishes must be freed from mental and physical slavery.

But even if a man is a democrat that is no reason why he cannot be a republican. Suppose that a democrat had promised to keep us out of war, but he didn't, then perhaps a republican might. Well, why not? All right; you vote republican; and again you have war. Is that any reason why you cannot vote the democratic ticket and expect to draw better the next time. No, I should say not. There you have it in a nut-shell. You may win and you may not. Usually you may not. Chances are there will be war so that there can be some popular songs. Peace is hell anyhow. Remember when people were singing I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.—Everybody knows they did though.

An American citizen will nine times out of ten tell you that he is a Republican or a Democrat because his father was so before him, and "what is good enough for father is good enough for me." Thus if your father was a criminal or a home breaker you should be the same. And again an American does not believe in Socialism because Socialists believe in "dividing up." Thus the average citizen with many children and deep in debt does not believe in "dividing up" because somebody else would have to shoulder half of his debts, and he would get half of somebody's else children and perhaps more debts so it can easily be seen that "dividing up" won't do.

Speaking fluently it may be said without being too harsh about it that an American citizen never loses his vote. He studies the candidates carefully to see if he can

read their thoughts as they look up at him in the paper. He wonders if this or that one ever had a past and if he can eat peas with a knife so that they won't roll off. He likes the looks of this candidate because he keeps his whiskers trimmed so as not to interfere with the progress of the soup. The other candidate, however, has a twinkle in his eye that reminds him of one of his ancestors, the Duke of Buckingham, and so he decides to vote for him.

(Note: Almost every American citizen is related to some Duke, noble, millionaire, or has in his time touched, felt or smelt an immortal).

But then anything may cause an American citizen to change his mind and candidate. All candidates must be proficient in kissing babies. The candidate who can wrap his lips around the most babies on his speaking tour may safely be said to be the next man in place; and since the women have been permitted to vote it is almost certain that the candidate well up in infant-osculating carries the country by a safe majority. One of our be-whiskered candidates while on a speaking tour boasted of having kissed 126 babies in Butte, Montana; a photograph appeared in the papers showing the mothers lined up waiting their turn to have their babies baptized. At Missoula, Montana, the candidate got the croup; and at Sandpoint, Idaho, a doctor operated on him and removed an all-day sucker which had a crotch-hold and a half-nelson on his facial foliage.

Your American citizen is very careful and attentive as to details. When the candidate is to speak he must stand in a nifty fashion by a table decorated with the American flag and a pitcher of water lined up four abreast beside a glass. The candidate takes the glass in his hand. The audience watches. Now he takes hold of the pitcher of water by the handle. Now he gracefully pours forth a stream of sparkling fluid. Now his lips are fixed to the glass. Water gone. Speech begun.

"Ladies, gentlemen, citizens and fellow workingmen: As I allow my eyes to pass over this gr-r-r-and and gil-orious gathering my heart warms and thrills at the thought that I am in contact with the cream of this city's intellect. (Applause; sound of buttons shooting out of place as chests are thrown forth; noise of a man blowing his nose in the back of the hall). I am here before you this evening (applause) to tell you how much I appreciate being with real noble and liberty-loving, high-minded and intelligent (applause) people (applause). And I wish to say that if you elect me to office nothing can prevent me from doing the right thing by you, you freedom-loving citizens, born under the folds (applause) of that bonny red, white, and blue that floats (applause), that floats over your heads and mine. (Deafening applause; sounds of a chair cracking; a man cries "You said it"). We need sewers, we need pipe-lines, we need freedom. Ah, as I allow my gaze to travel over this intelligent and thoughtful body of honest American citizens (applause) I realize how much you desire a clean administration to clean things up. Efficiency we must have. Efficiency, liberty and freedom—the matchless trinity may I not say;—and if I am elected to office I shall see to it.

that you have all these things right at home. Now I will detain you no longer (**glancing at his watch**) because I have ten other meetings to address, including the Bull-Headed Club and the Mule Society; but I will answer one or two questions before I leave."

(A man arises in the front seat, holding on to the chair arms for fear it will break away from him. He stands crouched low and glances nervously around to see if he is noticed. He finally speaks in a low tone of voice. Somebody roars "Louder" and the questioner almost has a stroke of heart-failure. Ten years later he remembers vaguely what happened at that meeting).

Questioner starts in a peeved tone: "There is a man what lives next to my house, and he keeps stacking up boxes and ash-cans and heaven knows what not in the alley. (**Wipes his brow with his handkerchief**). Well, you can't git out of that alley if you want to with an automobile, that's all. (**A voice: "Louder"**). I say, you can't git out of that alley on account of so many cans and boxes and stuff. What I want to know is: If you git to be mare of this city can I have that alley cleaned up so I can git out; and so my neighbors can git out. I tell you it's awful!"

Candidate: "Barricading of alleys must cease."

OLDER ASKS JUSTICE FOR MOONEY

San Francisco, Cal.,
August 8, 1919.

Hon. Robert M. LaFollette,
Senate Building,

Washington, D. C.

My Dear Senator:

After a lapse of many years, years that have carried me very close to the end of life, I again turn to you for help—not for myself, but for a cause which should deeply concern every American. I mean the Mooney case. You are no doubt familiar with it. Mooney and Billings are serving life sentences, having been convicted of the bomb murders on perjured testimony.

Now comes Congressman Blanton demanding an investigation of Secretary Wilson's department for having authorized an investigation of District Attorney Fickert's activities in the bomb cases. Blanton is serving, perhaps not consciously, the big interests here by trying to discredit what has been done to expose the most flagrant case of the breaking down of our judicial system ever known.

When I first published the Densmore report which revealed the inner workings of the District Attorney's office, the Grand Jury, then controlled by Fickert, subpoenaed me, their object being to try to get me to betray the confidences of the Government officials, hoping by some hook or crook to secure information that would render their white-washing of Fickert more plausible.

My testimony not being what they had hoped it might be, the stenographer who responded wholly to this corrupt group, sent Blanton a distorted transcript of my testimony, which he has made use of in his efforts to defend the Fickert crowd. The most glaring instance that I have yet discovered of the distortion of my testimony I found in the "Congressional Record," as follows:

Questioned by one of the Grand Jurors: "What is there in that Densmore report that shows that Mooney did not get a fair trial?"

Answer by Mr. Older: "Nothing."

It is impossible for me to remember the exact words of

my answer, but I know what I said was in effect that the Densmore report verified all the charges that had been previously made that the evidence in the bomb cases was "framed."

I have learned that the Senate is almost unanimously against Mooney. I can understand their hatred for Mooney personally, because of his record as a labor agitator. That can be easily accounted for on the ground of blind class hatred, but what amazes me is that they are not able to set aside their dislike for Mooney and see clearly what has happened in the courts here. In the face of the exposures of the glaring perjuries that were committed in the trial of Mooney, coupled with the statement made by the judge who tried Mooney, that the evidence was perjured, they still refuse to make any move toward bringing about a new trial for Mooney. In fact, by their silence are endorsing the efforts of the corrupt officials here, to keep these innocent men in the penitentiary.

Aside from whether or not the unjust imprisonment of Mooney has caused disturbances among the working classes of European countries, it seems to me that it is the most important matter now before the American people that we should right this wrong for our own sakes, and I am certain that you will see it as I do. It is a far more important matter to the American people and the future of this great country than Article 10, the grave of Confucius, the ownership of the Saar Valley, or any of the other questions that members of Congress love to turn into sounding phrases and roll under their tongues.

I don't imagine there is any definite thing that you can do, but I thought perhaps you would be willing to raise your voice against the efforts being made by Blanton to further justify the actions of the corrupt officials in San Francisco who have committed this terrible crime, not only against Mooney and Billings, but against the American people.

With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

FREMONT OLDER.

AT DAY'S DOOR

(With apologies to Poe)

Oft times when the dawn is lifting,
And my soul is idly drifting,
Vague and formless in its shifting,
Ere it comes again to Earth,
There come trooping eerie creatures,
Calm of mien, with kindly features,
Cast in some supernal birth.

Then they set my brain a-reeling,
Fileh away all mortal feeling,
And I know that I am dealing,
Without fear of hurt or harm,
With Death's stripped and naked wonder,
Of which priests and prophets thunder,
In a wild and wierd alarm.

Thus I tarry, gently grieving
That I know myself deceiving,
Fondly wishing I were leaving
- Earthly care forevermore.
So, between the peace of night-time
And the duties of the light-time,
Death and I part at Day's door.

—C. A. Moseley.

The Vacation Chap

By C. A. MOSELEY

Jimmie Peters, six-feet, self-possessed, and red-headed, walked into the small building which bore a sign, "Employment Office," just outside the gates of the big furniture factory of Stenger Co., Inc. He was not exactly a workingman, though the career he had mapped out for himself would a few years later put him into the class sometimes known as the intellectual proletariat. He had started his course in law at the State "U" late in the Fall before, for he had not been discharged from the tank corps in time to begin with the college year. His choice of service in the tank corps had been, as he said recklessly, because few of its members came back alive and these few were usually crazy, but as Jimmie had not gotten farther than a training camp in the South, he had come back very much alive and quite sane. At High School he had been known as a brilliant student and a clever debater. He had attacked his law course with zest, and, having been late in starting in the Fall, he had been doing some Summer work at the University, which, with the credits allowed for his time in the army, completed a year's work.

A fraternity brother, whose father had a business at St. Louis, had offered him a regular job until the Fall term opened. He was now home for four days before going to take the promised place, and, as money was scarce, he was not adverse to picking up a few dollars, enough to pay railroad fare at least, in the meantime.

"Do you need any help?" Jimmie inquired of the man in the employment office, not feeling it at all necessary to explain that his period of service would necessarily be limited to three days.

The man whom he addressed was a comparatively newcomer and did not recognize the youth as a well-known boy about town. He did need help, needed it badly, and after a few perfunctory questions, Jimmie was duly enrolled, given a number, and instructed in punching the time-clock.

Among the Summer courses which he had just been taking, for credit on his year's work, was one in Economics by the radical Prof. Hayes, an Oxford man, still quite young, who was already treading a dangerous path, having recently been denounced by the most conservative and powerful paper in the state. As the youth was turned over to Mike Hegan, one of the foremen, he had an idea that he might do a little practical laboratory work, during the next three days, in testing some of Prof. Hayes' theories, which were already proving so disturbing in some quarters.

He was put to work with a man at a saw, where lumber was being cut up. The man was of middle-age, slim and wiry, with squinting eyes and a skin wrinkled with much hard labor and contact for years with the dust from the machines. He had been with the company for twenty years, since long before the blower system was installed, and his head, as well as his lungs, were well veneered inside.

The man looked Jimmie over critically and observed the athletic figure. "You'll have to hustle at this job," he commented, and then proceeded to explain something of the manner of working.

"We have a bonus system in this here factory," he

said. "Since the old man turned most of the bossing over to the young Mr. Stenger, who's a college man and right up to date, the company has done a lot for us. Now, fifteen thousand feet, going through this saw, is supposed to be a day's work. That's about all we used to get done. But now if I put through more than twenty thousand I get a bonus of twenty per cent on the day's pay. I get \$4.00 a day, so the days I make the bonus I get a clean 80 cents extra. You can't loaf if you work with me—see? The fellow that used to run this saw put through as much as 27,000 feet sometimes, but yesterday I made it 29,000. I say that's going some."

Jimmie scratched his head, and in his mind's eye he saw Prof. Hayes, pacing the lecture platform, with his sarcastic smile and English drawl, discussing the bonus system.

"Who gets the bonus?" Jimmie demanded of his co-worker. "I'd say that the company got it. Instead of their paying you a bonus, it looks to me as if you were breaking your darned back to do almost two days' work in one shift, and getting eighty cents for the extra day's work."

The man's jaw dropped in astonishment at such heresy from a fresh youth. "A lot you must think you know about this plant, after being here five minutes. I never made so much money before as I've made since they gave us bonuses."

"How does the percentage of the increase in your pay compare with the percentage of the increase in production?" asked Jimmie in deep thought, as he dropped down on a pile of lumber. "Looks as if you about doubled production for a twenty per cent bonus."

"Get up!" shouted the man, above the buzzing of the saw. "Just let the foreman catch you a-setting down! What in thunder do I know about percentages? Stop asking fool questions and hustle yourself!"

Jimmie hustled himself; he found he had to. Trucks of lumber were arriving at regular intervals, and down the line the whirring machines were taking the pieces, cut to lengths, as he and his fellow-worker rushed them through the saw. The first hour wasn't so bad, but with each succeeding hour the monotony grew worse and his muscles lamer, though he had thought himself in the pink of condition. "And to think," he commented to himself, "that these poor devils do this day in and day out, with a bonus dangling in front of their noses, like the proverbial wisp of hay hung in front of the negro's hungry mule!"

The noon whistle blew at last. The half day's cut at the saw ran up to almost thirteen thousand. The man seemed satisfied. "Well, kid," he said amiably, "I guess we'll come pretty close to yesterday's run if you limber yourself up a little this P. M. You have done pretty good for a greeny. And I ain't such a bad fellow to work with, do you think?"

"Oh, no, you're not half bad," Jimmie said politely. "You will still be quite human when you are seventy, if you are not Taylor-systemed to death before then. But is there a cheap restaurant around here where I can eat? I didn't bring my lunch, as I wasn't sure of being hired."

The man drew himself up proudly, as if recently elected

to the directorate of the company. "You don't have to go outside to eat. The company built a club-house last year, down the yard. It's a swell place, and they feed us a good meal for twenty cents. Come along, and I'll show you the way."

The youth felt in his pockets and found he had a quarter. "My life is saved!" he exclaimed. "Lead me to the place where they can fill me up for twenty cents."

In the big dining-room of the pleasant club house, Jimmie found himself at the table next to a slim, undersized boy of about seventeen. Over the bowls of bean-soup, they scraped an acquaintance.

"You a new one here?" asked the boy.

"I am the very latest addition to the technical force," replied Jimmie. "I came this morning and am helping the man run the cut-off saw on the main floor."

"Pretty swell club-house, ain't it?" the boy next inquired. "The company built this year before last and it cost them five thousand dollars. Course it's a cheap building, or they couldn't a-built it for no five thousand these days. Besides this room where we eat, there's a gym and shower-baths. It don't cost us nothing; we only have to furnish our own balls and bats and gloves, and pay for soap and towels."

"Any union in this shop?" asked Jimmie, though he knew there was not.

The boy cast a startled look around. "No-o," he said, "the boss is fierce against unions. You better keep still about that. I won't squeak, but if some of these blokes heard you and spouted about it to the foreman, you would get the can tied to you."

"And you work nine hours a day instead of eight, don't you?" persisted Jimmie.

"Ye-es," admitted the boy somewhat ruefully. "I hope sometime they'll give us an eight-hour day."

"Give! Hell!" exclaimed Jimmie. "People that give club-houses don't give much else. Looks to me as if they wanted to do for you, but didn't want you guys to do anything for yourselves. You know if you were doing something for yourselves, you'd rather have an eight-hour day than two club-houses."

The boy grinned. "Say," he queried, "are you one of them I. W. W.'s?"

"Not yet," said Jimmie. "I am qualifying though. Got a cigarette paper handy?"

"Oh, you dassent smoke in here; wait till we gets out in the yard and we can roll a couple."

Jimmie laughed. "I didn't want to smoke now. I only wanted to do a little figuring to satisfy my curiosity."

The boy slyly produced a book of papers and Jimmie found the stub of a lead pencil in a pocket. "Let's see," he mused, "there are four hundred men working here. Working nine hours instead of eight, makes four hundred extra hours a day the company gets out of you. Then three hundred working days a year; that makes 120,000 hours. And the average rate of pay—well, we'll say forty cents an hour—perhaps it's more than that these days. But at forty cents an hour, that makes \$48,000 a year that the company clears by your not having a union that would get you an eight-hour day. Say, how many times a year do you fellows pay for this club-house anyway; that's what I want to know?"

The slim boy grinned again. "You are some shark. That's what a few of the fellows say, but most of 'em can't see it. Say, you ain't no common workingman, now are you? You are one of them vacation chaps."

"Your discernment does you real credit," Jimmie affirmed. "Just keep up your natural effort and you may learn several things not down in the 'Rules for Employes' posted on the wall over there. But tell me, while we are about it, how many of you ever use this club-house at night?"

"'Bout forty or fifty," I suppose," the boy answered. "It's us young fellows. The married men live a long way from the plant mostly, and can't bother to go home, change their clothes and come back. Some of 'em never comes 'cept at Christmas, when they gives a big party, and the kids all get presents, and young Mr. Stenger makes a speech."

"I thought so," reflected Jimmie. "You young fellows who might have enough pep to start something like a union are doped with athletics, and the old fry are too dragged out to do more than wait for the hearse to back up. I'm learning fast, but if you squeal on me my education is likely to be cut short in the middle of a promising career."

"I'll keep mum," the boy promised. "You got some head on you. There's the first whistle; let's go out and roll a couple."

During the morning of the second day, a man cut his hand badly on an edger. At noon, after lunch, a group into which Jimmie injected himself were discussing the accident.

"It's some different, ain't it?" said one man with a wart on his left cheek. "When a fellow gets hurt now, he gets his doctor's bill free and a part of his pay."

The man who spoke was the Gumshoe Man, but this Jimmie did not know. Every business establishment, from the small retail shop up, has one or more Gumshoe Men, according to its size. The Gumshoe Man is self-appointed and is as useful as a Bishop's private chaplain. He gets no extra pay for his gumshoeing, but is always expecting a "raise" in appreciation of his work as an amateur detective. The Gumshoe Man repeats all the mistakes, lapses, and indiscreet remarks of his fellow-employees, and these reports filter through the foreman to the superintendent, and on to the boss, according to their importance as misdemeanors, crimes, or High Treason against the Surplus Account and Undivided earnings.

So Jimmie innocently continued his interesting criminal career in the plant of Stenger & Co., by asking: "Are you under the Compensation Act?"

"Naw," said the Gumshoe Man, "the company gives us a better plan than that one."

"I see," remarked the intelligent Jimmie. "The lobby saw to it that the plan was optional and not compulsory; that is, the Commissioner of Labor may let a company adopt a substitute plan."

"You bet!" chanted the Gumshoe Man. "We get more than the law would give us. Under the law, we'd get paid for accidents. Under our plan we get paid for accidents and get part pay when we are sick."

"Who pays for it all?" the youth demanded.

"Why, we get fifty cents deducted from our pay every week; the office men get a dollar taken out of theirs."

"I see," said the discerning Jimmie. "Some philanthropy! Under the law, you would get paid for accidents, and the company would have to pay it or pay a liability company to carry the risk. They save that expense, by giving you more insurance than the law calls for, and letting you pay for the whole business out of your weekly envelopes."

With the Books

"THE TAKER"

The attributes which make the successful plutocrat—the combination of brute cunning, power, ambition and greed—are not economic—that is only one angle of expression of undeveloped souls. It is in the realism of that sex-lust which in the course of millions of years in an individual might evolve into love that the trait which has been a dominant one in modern civilization finds its highest expression. It is the phase which those whom Don Marquis calls "squib socialists" and "tame anarchists" affect to admire. To all such I commend Daniel Goodman's new novel, "The Taker."

Better than Dreiser or Bennett does Mr. Goodman handle the problem of the sex vagaries of the ghoulish "tired business man." There is no hero in this story (and no heroine). There aren't really many of these things in life, you know. Mr. Goodman has explained some fundamental phases of a set of people all too common. He simply analyzes their emotions and acts. We are disgusted with them, as with anything low in the scale of evolution which flaunts its filthiness before us—at least I am; but I do not hate nor despise this poor selfish man. I do not hate any of these Neitschian misfits.

Briefly, "The Taker" is the story of a self-willed kid whose mother objected to having him drive around to road-houses with an older woman; who set out deliberately to suck the sweets from life; a half-artist who gave up art for the business world, married two women and lived with a third untrammelled by such little encumbrances as marriage vows. Two of the women committed suicide; all were of an ordinary type and "Lennie" was himself far from being an intellectual light. Just the right set of types—such as could be duplicated scores of times in any big town or city of America. There is Edna Mason, the cat—you can hear her soft purr and watch the claws slip out to scratch. Leonard Vernon is a weak man, who because of selfishness, marriage to a wealthy girl and a willingness to coin the labor of workers into money with which to entice their daughters to prostitution, arrives at the frothy top of "society."

Leonard Vernon does not meet with a violent end; nor does he live happily ever afterward—for Mr. Goodman is telling the truest story in all the world—the nasty little heart beating under the raiment of Puritanical America. No—Capitalist Vernon is beyond man-made law and no outward punishments overtake him. But he is not above the evolutionary laws; and he finds that "the survival of the fittest" is the law of the jungle—that "the law of service" is the basis of the collectivity. The honey bees sting to death the drones. Vernon gave no service; he was a consistent "taker." He is at the close of the story the same discontented, unsatisfied but unchastened cad as in the beginning. It takes more than one incarnation to make a man of such as he.

There is art—and nothing to shock any red-blooded folks—in "The Taker." It is rather one of a type of stories than a book that stands out epochically, but it is one of the best of its type. This story will be enjoyed for its own sake as a well-told tale. It will be good for

The Gumshoe man scowled. "Don't get fresh around here," he threatened, "or something will hit you sudden-like."

It lacked fifteen minutes of quitting time on the third and last day of Jimmie's valuable services in the plant of Stenger & Co. He had acquired much information and a lame back. He had also, during three noon-hours, scattered about more economic data than is to be found in a High School text-book. He was just looking about for the foreman, to say that he would want his time-check, when the foreman approached him with a leer. "Say, you, Jimmie What's-your-name," he said, "the Superintendent wants to see you. Office upstairs; in front. Knock off and chase yourself right up."

"No," said the Superintendent, when Jimmie presented himself, "it isn't me that wants to see you; it's the boss himself. Your fame is spread in this shop. Go over to the office building; second floor; room marked 'Vice President.' Get along over there!"

Jimmie might have explained that he wanted his check, but an interview with Mr. Stenger appealed to him as post-graduate work in a three days' course of shop-

A queenly private secretary confronted him in the outer office. She consulted a tablet on her desk. "Are you the man Peters, number 396?" she asked. Having admitted that he was number 396, he was admitted to the luxurious private office of the young Mr. Stenger.

Mr. Stenger was a Princeton graduate, and had specialized in psychology. He had made a study of so arranging his office with massive mahogany furniture, and so posing himself in his setting, that an inferior, admitted to his presence, would be impressed with the power of the management, and the helplessness of having an idea at variance with so much mahogany and Vice President. He was duly posed when Jimmie entered.

"Young man," began the great Mr. Stenger, "what do you mean by carrying on an agitation in this plant. It has been reported to me from reliable sources that you have taken it upon yourself to criticize the management of this factory, to make slurring remarks on our efficiency system, on our insurance plan, and other features. What we demand of our employees is loyalty; understand, unswerving loyalty. Efficiency is what we are after. Production is the watchword here. And we cannot have efficient production without loyalty. To those who serve us faithfully there are positions open, splendid opportunities to work up. Get that?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie politely. "If I stay twenty years, like the man with me at the cut-off saw, might I get as far along as he is?"

Mr. Stenger gasped. "What do you mean by carrying on an agitation in this plant?"

"I was merely supplementing economic theory by gathering a little practical information," replied the unabashed youth.

"Ah!" Mr. Stenger breathed softly. "I see," he added, showing as much intelligence as the slim boy in the dining-room, "you are one of those vacation chaps."

"Exactly so," said Jimmie, "and tonight marks the possible limit of my services with you in the way of efficient production. I have to quit to go to St. Louis."

Mr. Stenger collapsed like a pricked balloon. There is no fun in discharging a man about to quit.

"You may get your pay at the office," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie politely.

some of our "radical" friends who seem to think radicalism consists of sex perversion. There is a spiritual lesson in "The Taker" that rings true. We see man evolving and struggling and, caught by the atmosphere of the novel, are able to view without prejudice the play of passions on the young souls who have wasted themselves in the ruin of a civilization which had no place for the fundamental law of service.

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DAVID BOBSPA.

THE FABLE OF THE PLUTOCRAT

Once upon a time there was a poor young man who had slaved for ten years in a factory without growing rich. At last, disheartened, discouraged, desperate, he purchased a pistol and wandered off into the mountains intending to put an end to his fruitless existence. He came to a desolate, lonely spot far from the struggle of industry—here was the place to die!

He stubbed his toe. Gold lay at his feet.

The young man did not kill himself. Instead he staked out a mining claim which eventually yielded him millions of dollars. He dug tunnels, he sunk shafts, he built smelters. He employed thousands of workers to multiply his wealth.

Wealth poured in upon him so fast that he had great difficulty in reinvesting it. In time he became the controlling factor in a hundred industries which catered to the necessities of the people. His income increased enormously with each new venture. Where would it end?

Honors were heaped upon him. Universities conferred degrees upon him; learned societies welcomed him into membership; foreign states awarded him coveted ribbons of various colors; the President made him an ambassador. Why? Because he was learned? Because he was honorable? No. Because he had money and his money could subsidize universities, finance scientific research, assist in floating government loans.

What would have happened if this man had not stubbed his toe?

MORAL: God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

MAGNUS ARNOLD.

It must be a great disappointment in some quarters that the perpetrator of the Lawlor bomb outrage was discovered, since he was not a radical.

MODERN SCHOOL FOR LOS ANGELES

Plans have been perfected for the opening early in September of a modern school for children, following the famous Ferrer plan of education. The school has been made possible by untiring effort on the part of a group of radical parents of Los Angeles. The work will be conducted by William Thurston Brown, formerly principal of the Ferrer Modern School of Stelton, N. J. Mr. Brown is a noted educator along modern lines and has made these Ferrer schools a specialty for many years.

An association, called the Modern School Association of Los Angeles, has been formed for the purpose of maintaining the school. Radical parents are urged to get in touch with the association through the secretary, J. Siegel, 917 West Thirty-fifth Street, Los Angeles.

The plan for the first year is to maintain a school for twenty-four children. Mr. Brown has already arrived in Los Angeles and final preparations are being made for the opening of the school.

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