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NOVEMBER

10 CENTS

The New Justice

IN THIS NUMBER:

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Grace V. Silver
John Paul May
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George C. Henderson
Sybil Emerson
E. D. McFadden
Hoyt Hudson
Georgia Kotsch

1

9

1

9

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149 South Main St.

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Sunday, Nov. 2, Speaker, Adolph Germer, formerly National Secretary of the Socialist Party, at present under sentence of twenty years' imprisonment. Admission Free. Reserved seats, ten cents.

Socialist Party (Local Los Angeles) meets every THURSDAY, 8 P. M. at 149 SO. MAIN ST., L. A.
Adolph Germer will speak Sunday, Nov. 2nd, 8 p. m., at 149 South Main St.

FABIAN FORUM, Blanchard Hall,
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J. SIEGEL, 917 West 35th St.

THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., November, 1919

No. 16

Editorials

OUR OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE

Half a dozen good friends have responded to the call for monthly pledges to our sustaining fund which we were compelled to make in the October issue of **THE NEW JUSTICE**. This, together with a rapidly growing subscription list, not only enables us to get out this issue of the magazine, but gives bright promise of continued publication. We are not, of course, "out of the woods" as yet. The thirty dollars monthly which has been pledged us will not cover our present deficit, but twice that sum will enable us beyond question to continue publication against the time, not far distant, we hope, when our paid subscriptions will be sufficient to render us self-sustaining.

We tender our sincere thanks to the six friends who have already responded to our call for aid. Will six more join them in the ranks of our monthly sustainers and thereby ensure the continued life of the magazine?
—The Editors.

"CRIMINAL SYNDICALISM"

Here in California the stage is set for what is certain to be a hard-fought legal battle to test the scope, the limits and the constitutional validity of the new state "criminal syndicalism" law. Some fourteen men, all or most of them members of the Industrial Workers of the World, have been indicted under the provisions of that act and are awaiting trial on charges of being guilty of "criminal syndicalism" as defined therein. Their attorneys have declared that their efforts will be centered chiefly in an attack upon the constitutionality of the statute, and it is from this angle, perhaps, that the battle will be watched with most interest by conservatives and radicals and the general public at large. Of almost equal interest is the announced purpose of the prosecution to make mere membership in the I. W. W. a felony punishable by fourteen years in the state penitentiary.

Meanwhile, the reactionary press is indulging in a veritable debauch of invective and vituperation directed against the Industrial Workers of the World. There is scarcely any known disaster which it does not in some ingenious manner strive to blame upon the "wobblies". It was even owlishly hinted that members of the I. W. W. lit the forest fires which recently swept the mountains north of the San Gabriel Valley. This yarn, however, was a trifle too raw, and it ceased some time ago to grace the columns of the daily press. Also, it must be said in justice to the newspaper scribblers that they have not yet attempted to hold the "wobblies" responsible for earthquakes, floods or tidal waves.

R. R. B.

THE FOURTH ESTATE WAKES UP

After a series of abortive attempts, extending over a period of years, the newspaper writers of America seem at last to be in a fair way toward unionizing their craft and thereby taking their stand as fighting units in the world-wide labor movement. From Boston, Seattle, San Francisco, Scranton, Pa., and Rochester, N. Y., comes the news that this section of the "white-collar proletariat"—harder, perhaps, than any other smooth-handed group to reach with the message of working-class solidarity—is finally coming to a realization of its economic kinship with rough-handed workers in mine and shop and mill. In these cities, newswriters' unions have in the recent past been organized, affiliating themselves with the International Typographical Union and setting an example that will very likely be followed soon in other large cities throughout the country.

In Rochester, where more than three-fourths of the reporters on the staffs of the four daily papers are said to have joined the newly formed union, the boys have already met the initial test of loyalty to their organization. One of the papers, thinking to nip the movement in the bud, offered its reporters the \$50 a week which the union has demanded as a minimum wage, on condition that its men withdraw from the union. The offer was promptly refused. In San Francisco the union men on the staffs of the "Examiner" and "Chronicle" have lately felt the lash of their employers' militant disapproval, a number of them having been "fired" within twenty-four hours after signing the union's membership roll. But notwithstanding this setback, the present line-up on the Bay City dailies is declared by the union officials to be: Bulletin and Daily News, each 100 per cent organized; Call, only two non-union writers on the staff; Chronicle, fourteen union members working under cover; Examiner, twelve union members working under cover.

The San Francisco newswriters have as yet presented no demands to their employers, but a proposal to demand a minimum salary of \$50 a week is shortly to be voted on. The Seattle union has already demanded a \$50 minimum. Taking it by and large, it looks as if the newspaper men of the Pacific slope were climbing into the union bandwagon with both feet and were determined to stay there despite whatever attempts the wily bosses may make to pull them out. If only the Seattle and San Francisco boys will stand to their guns—and there are no visible signs that they will fail to do so—it can scarcely be a far cry to the day when every large city west of the Sierras will have an aggressive newswriters' Union functioning as an integral part of the labor movement of the West.

And high time indeed it is. Probably no workers in the world are more fiercely driven than those who gather, write and edit the news of the day. The working life of the average newspaper reporter is proverbially and shockingly short. Surely no toilers anywhere are more in need of organized self-protection than are those of the "fourth estate." Their eleventh-hour determination to organize for immediate and material benefit is a healthy sign of

the times. The sluffing-off of their time-worn feeling of kinship with "the better class" is an even healthier sign. As class-conscious comrades and fellow-workers with the rest of toil-driven humanity, their potentialities for aid in the battle of Man against Mammon are greater far than their mere numbers would indicate. Their strategic position, as disseminators of the commodity called news, is unique. Who knows but that some day they may not become sufficiently class-conscious to refuse to color their stories in the interests of the powers that prey?

Ten years ago a hard-driven but plutocratically-minded wage-slave of the "fourth estate," discussing with the writer the possibility of a strike of street car men, epitomized his attitude with the airy remark: "Oh, I dare say we'll have trouble with them." At that time the remark was beyond question typical of the viewpoint of the overwhelming majority of the members of the news-writers' craft. The same remark, made by one of the craft to his fellow scribes today, would probably elicit the amused retort: "Whadeyameau—'we'?"

And so the old world moves.

R. R. B.

STILL STARVING THE BABIES

The ghoulish glee with which the kept press predicted the fall of Petrograd a week or so ago was accompanied by the naive announcement that immediately following the taking of the city tons of sorely needed food supplies would be rushed from allied countries to the relief of the hungry Russians. This cynical announcement throws once again into stark and glaring relief the shameful fact that America, together with her allies in the late war to establish the right of self-determination for the peoples of the world, is now withholding food from the under-nourished babies of a nation with which she is not at war—because, forsooth, the people of that nation have had the temerity to take the Wilsonian rhetoric seriously and have set up for themselves a form of government which does not meet the approval of the gentlemen who hold the reins of power in Washington, London and Paris. Red Petrograd still stands—and the babies of Red Petrograd still starve.

Why is food withheld from hungry Russia? Why should its delivery be conditioned upon the taking of Petrograd by the anti-Soviet forces—upon the victory of this or that faction of the Russian people in an internal conflict involving the affairs of Russia alone? The Soviet government has asked the world that Russia be allowed to purchase from abroad the supplies she needs in order to enable her to work out her destiny. It has given the most solemn assurances, not only that it will refrain from attempting to foist its own particular form of government on any other people beyond its borders, but that it will not even interfere with the self-determination of those parts of Russia which it does not today control. One wonders how or why, in the light of these assurances, the saving of the world for democracy necessitates the continued starving of the babies of Soviet Russia.

R. R. B.

Eliminate capitalism and every evil which depends upon capitalism will wither away.

The cartoon in this issue was drawn by Sybil Emerson, of whose work we hope to have more from time to time.

A TRAGIC FAILURE

The National Industrial Conference has ended in tragic failure due chiefly, it appears, to the refusal of the employers' group to accept the long established principle of collective bargaining as understood by the American Federation of Labor. The resolution which the employers balked at provided for recognition of "the right of wage-earners to organize without discrimination, to bargain collectively, to be represented by representatives of their own choosing in negotiations and adjustments with employers in respect to wages, hours of labor, and relations and conditions of employment." In turning down this resolution the representatives of Big Business do not appear to have displayed quite the degree of "get-together-ness" to which they have long laid claim.

R. R. B.

PROJECTILES

A person suffering from intellectual biliousness naturally secretes verbal bile.

The world's conscience seems ever to be in pawn to expediency.

As we lose faith in ourselves we lose faith in the world.

The secret of a happy life is happy work.

With this issue of **THE NEW JUSTICE**, we are pleased to be able to add to our list of contributing editors the names of Grace V. Silver and Henry H. Roser. Miss Silver's article on Jack London, which appears in this number, is particularly appropriate at this time, as it is just three years ago this month that London passed away. Comrade Roser is a well-known war horse in the Socialist movement in Los Angeles. A number of announcements of special interest to readers living in and near Los Angeles will be found in this month's "Bulletin Board" on the inside of our front cover.

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Jack London, Propagandist

By GRACE V. SILVER

Some years ago a would-be facetious biographer of Jack London, writing for the staid pages of a certain biographical dictionary, concluded his summary of London's career as sailor, tramp, gold miner, lecturer, journalist, novelist and sociologist with the words: "He is addicted to the kindred amusements of kite-flying, yacht-sailing, and Socialism." At the time, Jack London was a candidate for mayor of Oakland on the Socialist ticket. To him the study of Socialism was the study of a science and the spread of its principles was anything but a pastime. He read deeply upon the subject and reasoned clearly. He was never a ready speaker. A policeman who pulled him off the box and arrested him in Oakland received his gratitude for putting a dramatic end to a bad case of stage fright. But if he could not be a great orator, he could be, and was, a great writer.

Jack London wrote fiction because he needed the money. He strove to write great novels, not as so many authors of mere pot-boilers claim they write, for art's sake, but because the writing of great novels offered the largest financial gain of any form of writing. People pay to be amused; they permit the man who attempts to instruct them, to starve to death. Yet London, unlike most modern writers who seek to make a living by their pens, never degraded his art by pandering to popular prejudices, or by catering to the interests of the master class. No person was ever injured by reading even the least radical of Jack London's books. He dared not risk starvation by always telling the whole truth; but he scorned to make a living by lying to his readers.

His reputation once firmly established, he was able to weave more and more of the teachings of radical thinkers into the warp of his stories. "Martin Eden," in addition to being a thinly veiled biography of himself, is a profound study of the class struggle viewed from the position of one who toiled with those who slaved the hardest for the means of life. It is a record of his argumentative soap-boxing days and also a clever analysis of the economics of sex. "The Valley of the Moon," a romance of labor pure and simple, is such a masterpiece of the story-teller's art, that even nice people read it. Yet it is a story of a laundry worker and a teamster, of strike and jail, of a man and woman who walked out of Oakland "dead broke" and tramped the state of California, looking for work and a home. Dede Mason, heroine of "Burning Daylight," possibly one of his most successful novels, lectured her boss on Socialism, without the use of the word, and refused to marry him until he lost his exploiting power and became a toiler like herself. Dede emphasizes the view-point of the radical woman who scorns to be kept, more politely, supported, by her husband. "John Barleycorn" is not only a psychological study of those who drink; it is an expose of the economics of the liquor question.

Jack London insisted long before he ever sold a story that in order to be a successful writer of novels a person must read Spencer and Darwin and Haeckel and the rest of the great writers on serious subjects. To the average manufacturer of fiction these names are as unfamiliar as

to a school child. The study of philosophy led him to desire a knowledge of science; the reading of history and the study of evolution proved to him the materialistic basis of human actions and he acquired a thorough knowledge of economics. He experienced life as it is lived, not as it is seen by the writer who sallies forth, seeking "local color." To study poverty and want, he did not go into the slums after dining at a fine hotel, nor did he explore labor conditions from a Pullman coach.

Jack London became a Socialist because all of his study along the lines of evolution, of history, of science and of economics, convinced him that the wealth created by labor should belong to those who toil to produce it and that the man who produces nothing is entitled to nothing. That labor produces all wealth, was to him an axiom. That labor is therefore entitled to all wealth, was its logical corollary. Since the Socialists were the only people whose program coincided with his own views, he was necessarily a Socialist. When, a few years before his death, he withdrew from the Socialist Party, the daily press commented upon the fact of his returning sanity; they neglected, however, to mention that the reason which he gave to Local Oakland, of which he was a member, for his withdrawal, was that the Socialist Party was not revolutionary, and that "nothing could be gained without strict adherence to a revolutionary program." Nor were the Oakland Socialists very eager to advertise his criticism.

Just how revolutionary was Jack London? His works speak for themselves; by his own efforts at propaganda must he be judged. He wrote essays, stories and pamphlets, which, although published for propaganda purposes in pamphlet form, had such a sale that the MacMillan Company was glad to gather them together in two large volumes, "The War of the Classes," and "Revolution and Other Essays." In this form were published some of the most scathing arraignment of capitalism ever penned.

Take, for instance, in "The Class Struggle":

"Another interesting, and even more pregnant, phase of the class struggle is the political aspect of it as displayed by the Socialists. Five men, standing together, may perform prodigies; five hundred men, marching as the historic five hundred of Marseilles, may sack a palace and destroy a king; while five hundred thousand men, passionately preaching the propaganda of a class struggle along political lines, and backed by the moral and intellectual support of ten million more men of like convictions throughout the world, may come pretty close to realizing a class struggle in these United States of ours. . . .

"They intend to direct the labor revolt to the capture of the political machinery of society. With the political machinery once in their hands, which will also give them the control of the police, the army, the navy, and the courts, they will confiscate, with or without remuneration, all the possessions of the capitalistic class which are used in the production and distribution of the necessities of life. . . . In short, they intend to destroy present day society, which they contend is run in the interest of another class, and from the materials to construct a new society which will be run in their interest."

Or, again, note the concluding paragraphs of his essay, "Revolution":

"Now and then, rubbing his eyes vigorously, an editor catches a sudden glimpse of the revolution and breaks out in naive volubility, as, for instance the one who wrote the following in the Chicago Chronicle: 'American Socialists are revolutionists. They know that they are revolutionists. It is high time that others should appreciate the fact.'

"The time should be past for the mental attitude: 'Revolution is atrocious; sir, there is no revolution.' Likewise should the time be past for that other familiar attitude: 'Socialism is slavery; sir, it can never be.' It is no longer a question of dialectics, theories and dreams. The revolution is a fact. It is here now. Seven million revolutionists, organized, working day and night, are preaching the revolution—that passionate gospel, the Brotherhood of man. The capitalist class has been indicted. It has failed in its management and its management is to be taken away from it. Seven million men of the working class are going to get the rest of the working class to join with them and take the management away. The revolution is here now. Stop it who can!"

"Goliath," a story dealing with what seemed then a wildly improbable force, but which now appears to be a scientific possibility, was inspired by a keen desire to overturn the governments of the world. "The Tramp" dissected that phase of the labor problem as none but a man who has tramped, not from choice, but from necessity, could do. "The Apostate," taking up another phase of the same question, tells of a man who learned the gospel of work from his babyhood, only to turn to the open road, and rest with his maturity. Another labor pamphlet, "The Dream of Debs," speculates in a most foreful manner upon the possibilities involved in a general strike. Still another caustic tract was entitled "The Scab," from which the following is taken:

"But the union laborers of the United States have nothing of which to boast, while, according to their trade union ethics, they have a great deal of which to be ashamed. They passionately preach short hours and big wages, the shorter the hours and the bigger the wages, the better. Their hatred for a scab is as terrible as the hatred of a patriot for a traitor, of a Christian for a Judas. And in the face of all this they are . . . about the most thoroughgoing scabs on the planet."

Jack London was too thorough a student of history, too well grounded in economics, too relentless a logician, to be unduly optimistic. His enthusiasm for the Socialist ideal never blinded him to the sternly real obstacles in the path of its attainment. Socialists have taken as a premise the statement that industrial panics and poverty, nearly all crime and disease, great military establishments and wars, are the direct result and the inevitable accompaniment of the capitalistic mode of production and distribution of wealth; most of them have drawn from it the conclusion that such evils of capitalism can be eliminated only by the abolition of capitalism. London was convinced that the capitalistic class could, and would, do away with the major portion of such evils, in its own interest, if the capitalistic system lasted many years longer. He looked forward to a time when the earth's resources would all pass into the control of the capitalistic class, when the exploitation of labor would extend to all of the peoples of Asia and South America, and when the consequent development of capitalism would place the control of the

entire earth and of all the people upon it in the hands of one great organized power, for lack of a better term, he called "The Oligarchy of Capitalism."

Such an oligarchy would, in his opinion, eliminate the waste labor which is so prominent a feature of modern capitalism; would do away with poverty, which breeds disease and impairs the efficiency of labor; and would, in order to protect property interests, do away with international war. Upon the other hand, this oligarchy, concentrating both political and industrial power in the hands of one group, having the whole world at its mercy, would reach the culmination of its power in the establishment of the most arbitrary and autocratic political despotism, the most abject industrial slavery, both mental and physical, and the most brutal and ruthless militarism which the world has ever known. This oligarchy, predicted first in his essay, "The Question of the Maximum," and afterwards amplified in "The Iron Heel," appeared to him as the logical denouement of the capitalistic system, provided that the further development of that system were directed by the master minds among the intelligent capitalists. In other words, capitalism, once it reaches the stage in which there are no more worlds to exploit, must either fall back, crushed under its own weight, or reorganize its system of exploitation.

Most Socialists believe that the collapse of the present system of capitalism must inevitably be followed by the triumph of Socialism. London believed that the collapse of the present capitalistic system would be followed by an oligarchy of wealth, by a newer capitalism, which he termed, "The Iron Heel." He believed that the workers could, if sufficiently intelligent, avert this disaster and overcome modern capitalism before the master class succeeded in reorganizing their exploiting power upon a firmer basis. But realizing as he did the age-long stupidity and ignorance of the working class in all matters pertaining to its own interests, he doubted whether a Socialist victory could be won in time to save the world from hundreds of years of "The Iron Heel."

Of all of the works of Socialist propaganda which London wrote, "The Iron Heel" is the most notable. It is a text-book on the economics of Socialism; it is an analysis of the class struggle in all of its varied phases; it embodies the philosophy of the radical labor movement; it discloses the relentless determination of the exploiting class to suppress the growing aspirations of labor. "The Iron Heel" answers the questions which arise in the minds of the workers and the bourgeois; it outlines the programs of both the working class and the employing class. For the speaker and writer upon Socialism, it constitutes a mine of fact and argument; to the seeker after information upon the subject, it presents the simplest and most accurate resume of the principles of Socialism which may be obtained in a readable form.

In the chapters, "The Machine Breakers," and "The Mathematics of a Dream," he disposes of the ambitions of the great middle class and of the theories of the political reformers, who propose to destroy the trusts and restore the competitive system of primitive capitalism. In other chapters he demonstrates the manner in which economic forces control the teachings of church and school. He predicts the election of fifty Socialist congressmen and pictures their wholesale arrest when they attempt to take their seats, their confinement in different Federal prisons and a wholesale jail delivery which releases them all to their friends. He describes the utter crushing of civil

liberty by the government under the direction of the capitalistic oligarchy and the growth of a wide-spread, secret organization called "The Fighting Phalanx," which attempts to subvert that government. He foretells an abortive, imperfect attempt at revolution, quelled by shooting down the workers of Chicago and New York with machine guns. He pictures the oligarchy triumphant and the workers enslaved for hundreds of years to come.

It is in the chapter, "The Philomaths," that the line between capital and labor is clearly drawn. Ernest Everhard, the principal character of the story, has been invited by a millionaire's club, called "The Philomaths," to expound to them the principles of Socialism. He speaks freely and flays their class mercilessly. In part, he says:

"You have failed in your management. You have made a shambles of civilization. You have been blind and greedy. You have risen up (as you today rise up) shamelessly, in our legislative halls, and declared that profits were impossible without the toil of children and babes. Don't take my word for it. It is all in the records against you. You have lulled your conscience to sleep with prattle of sweet ideals and dear moralities. You are fat with power and possession, drunken with success; and you have no more hope against us than have the drones, clustered about the honey vats, when the worker bees spring upon them to end their rotund existence. You have failed in your management of society, and your management is to be taken away from you."

There is, of course, an uproar, and when it subsides, Wickson, replying on behalf of the capitalistic class, says:

"We have no words to waste on you. When you reach out your vaunted strong hands for our palaces and purpled ease, we will show you what strength is . . . We will drive you revolutionists down under our heel and we shall walk upon your faces. The world is ours, and we are its lords, and ours it shall remain. As for the host of labor, it has been in the dirt since history began, and in the dirt it shall remain as long as I and mine and those that come after us have the power. There is the word. It is the king of words. POWER."

"I am answered," Everhard replied. "It is the only answer that could be given. It is what we of the working class preach. We know, and well we know by bitter experience, that no appeal for the right or justice, for humanity, can ever touch you. Your hearts are hard as your heels with which you tread upon the faces of the poor."

"I agree with you. Power will be the arbiter. It is a struggle of classes. Just as your class dragged down the old feudal nobility, so shall it be dragged down by my class, the working class. It does not matter whether it is in one year, ten, or a thousand—you class shall be dragged down. And it shall be done by power. We of the labor hosts have conned that word over until our minds are all a-tingle with it. Power. It is a kingly word."

Jack London was a revolutionary Socialist.

"No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed."—Woodrow Wilson.

Hush, Ireland, hush. You're disturbing the peace.

DYNAMITING WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN INDIA

You remember the terrible crimes committed by the Kaiser's aerial forces in bombing defenseless cities and thus slaying helpless women and innocent children. You recall the torrent of condemnation which swept this country when the stories were told of the mangled bodies of the victims. Our motion picture theaters depicted the gruesome scenes and our magazines added their lurid articles to arouse our indignation. Later, it is true, we also bombed civilians and unfortified cities. All these incidents became part of the methods used and justified by the fact of WAR.

It is one of the evils of war that the weapons developed in the course of the conflict are afterwards used by the ruling class of the world to suppress the opposition. So also the dropping of bombs on defenseless and unoffending people which, even during the war, was terrible to all right-thinking persons, has become a weapon for the rulers of society.

Not content with shooting down those who object to the tyrannical rule of the English capitalists in India, the military government of that unhappy land has now resorted to the use of the bomb to terrorize its opponents. Some of the inhabitants of that English dependency have been so foolish as to take the doctrine of the "self-determination of peoples" in earnest and reached the ridiculous conclusion that they had a right to select their own officials and make their own laws. Of course, the "upah class" has no desire to relinquish its power of gouging the poverty-stricken Indians. In spite of the fact that no native of that country is allowed by law to carry as much as a stick for self-defense, the movement for self-rule became so widespread that martial law was declared in some provinces and the military fired on the people.

An Associated Press dispatch of April 15 stated that airplanes had been used to bomb the protesters, and a later cable asserted that there had already been hundreds of casualties. What has happened in the last few days is unknown, as all news from that quarter is apparently censored.

Accompanying this Nationalistic movement is also a great labor unrest. India has always been notorious for its poverty-stricken working class. Over a hundred thousand of these workers in the cotton mills of Bombay struck a few weeks ago. Other labor uprisings have occurred.

Will American labor stand idly by while its brothers in another land are put down in this ruthless manner? Remember, if the airplane and the armored tank can be successfully used against the strikers in India, they can, and they will, be used against the strikers in America. Already the capitalistic masters of this country are planning their use.

Men and women of labor: Bring this subject up in your labor meetings. Use the tremendous power of your economic organizations to prevent this ruthless oppression of the labor movement in other countries.

Raise your protest everywhere against the use of bombs and the slaughter indiscriminately of innocent women and children. Demand that the purposes for which you suffered and gave your sons shall be carried out. Self-rule for India, Egypt, as well as Ireland, and the right of the workers everywhere to control the conditions of their own lives.

HINDUSTAN GADAR PARTY,
5 Wood Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Truth About

AN INTERVIEW WITH LENINE

The following interview with Nikolai Lenine by the Manchester Guardian's correspondent, who went to Russia to study the political situation, concerns the report offered to the Paris Peace Commission by William O. Bullitt, the American correspondent who was for a time an attache of the American delegation to Paris and who was sent, he says, to Russia by Colonel House to talk with Lenine.

Bullitt, who resigned his post with the American delegation in May because of the rejection of his report, appeared before the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee early in September and made the sensational statement that Secretary Lansing had told him in Paris that he (Lansing) was greatly dissatisfied with the peace treaty and believed it would prove a failure.

Bullitt told the Senate that he had obtained from Lenine a proposal to the Allies that, if accepted, would establish peaceful relations with the soviet and lift the present blockade against soviet Russia. President Wilson, however, according to Bullitt, suppressed his (Bullitt's) report and never gave Lenine's offer a hearing at the conference.

Among the concessions which Lenine, according to Bullitt, offered the Allies were abandonment of his plan to nationalize the land in Russia, the decision to pay all foreign debts and "in other particulars to meet the western governments half way."

Manchester (Eng.), Oct. 22.—An interview with Lenine had been a matter of some difficulty to arrange—not because he is unapproachable—he goes about with as little external trappings of precautions as myself—but because his time is so precious.

But at last it was arranged and I entered the Kremlin inclosure and drove across to the building where Lenine lives.

When Lenine entered the room I found myself facing a man of middle height, about 50 years old, active and well proportioned. His features at first glance seem to have a slight Chinese cast, and his hair and pointed beard have a ruddy-brown tinge. He speaks clearly in a well-modulated voice, and throughout the interview expressed himself with a lucidity that was as startling as it was refreshing.

The guidance of the interview was left to me. I began at once. I wanted to know how far the proposals which Bullitt took to the conference at Paris still held good. Lenine replied that they still held good with such modification as the changing military situation might indicate. Later he added that in agreement with Bullitt, it had been stated that the changing military position might bring alterations. Continuing, he said that Bullitt was unable to understand the strength of British and American capitalism, but that if Bullitt were president of the United States peace would soon be made.

Then I took up again the thread by asking what was the attitude of the soviet republic to small nations who had split off from the Russian empire and had proclaimed their independence.

He replied that Finland's independence had been recognized in November, 1917, and that he (Lenine) personally had handed to Swinsufvud, the head of the Finnish republic, the state paper on which this recognition was officially made; that the soviet republic had announced some time

previously that no soldiers of the soviet republic would cross the frontiers with arms in their hands, and that the soviet republic had decided to create a neutral strip or zone between their territory and Esthonia, and would declare this publicly; that it was one of their principles to recognize the independence of all small nations, and that finally they had just recognized the independence of Bashkir republic—and, he added, "the Bashkirs are a weak and backward people."

For the third time I took up the question, asking him what guarantees would be offered against the official propaganda among the western peoples if by any chance relations with the soviet republic were opened.

His reply was that they had declared to Bullitt that they were ready to sign an agreement not to make an official propaganda. As a government they were ready to undertake that no official propaganda should take place. If private persons undertook propaganda they would do it at their own risk, and would be amenable to the laws of the country in which they acted.

Russia has no laws, he said, against propaganda by the British people. England has such laws; therefore, Russia is more liberal-minded. They would permit, he said, the British, French or American government to carry on propaganda of their own.

He cried out against the Defense of the Realm Act, and as for the freedom of the press in France, he declared that he had just been reading Barbusse's novel, "Clarte," in which were two censored patches. "They censor novels in free, democratic France," he observed.

I asked if he had any general statement to make, upon which he replied that the most important thing for him to say was that the soviet system is the best, and that English workers and agricultural laborers would accept it if they knew it. He hoped that after peace the British government would not prohibit the publication of the soviet constitution. He said that the soviet system is even now victorious, and that the proof of that statement is seen in the persecution of soviet literature in free democratic countries.

My allotted time had expired and, knowing that he was needed elsewhere, I rose and thanked him and, making my way back through the council chamber and clerks' room to the stair and courtyard, where were young Russian guards, I picked up my droshky and drove back across Moscow to my room.—W. T. Goode, in the Los Angeles Times.

A MESSAGE FROM SIBERIA

Siberia should be spelled "Sigh-beria," declared H. E. Sayers of Pasadena, senior secretary of the Russian Railroad Service Corps, in the course of a recent address before the Intercollegiate Socialist Society of Los Angeles. Mr. Sayers returned from Siberia with the transports Thomas and Sherman. He said that American boys whom he left behind him in the land where it gets 60° to 70° cold and 127° hot, implored him with tear-stained faces: "For God's sake get us out of this or find out why we are here!" The address was a truly horrifying recital.

Mr. Sayers described the marvellous natural resources of Siberia, saying: "This is why some individuals are making a strenuous effort to get it." The soil is fourteen feet deep; there is lead and iron in abundance and

Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
... J. H. RYCKMAN

great coal fields. There is more gold, he said, in ten square miles than in the whole of Alaska.

"The Russian Railroad Service Corps of 380 men, were big, handsome and brainy men," said Mr. Sayers. "Men from the northwest, railroad superintendents, train dispatchers, mechanics—men chosen because of efficiency. Some are now insane. One would sit saying 'I feel like there is an iron band around my head.' Of 35 men I brought home, 8 are dead, 8 insane, 27 consumptives, and not one at par, physically or mentally.

"Most of them were sent to Harbin. They were supposed to take charge of the railroad and keep it open to expedite the shipment of munitions of war. All is chaos yet. American engineers have not been able to do anything. They sit in idleness under military discipline in the lonesome quiet of this awful place. Some take to vodka, some to other things. They were shot up from the Philippines in summer khaki to Vladivostok, the coldest place on earth. There is no sewage in the cities. The streets are unimproved. Green scum, dead animals, flies, human excrement. And the boys must drink water from the wells in the midst of this filth. Two hundred people a day were dying of cholera when I left. They were not burying. They took them out in the fields and threw them to the hogs and dogs.

"I saw the death train and the sight will last me a lifetime. There were 2165 civil Bolshevik prisoners on it, some for merely being in the vicinity of Bolshevik activities. Forty men, women and children in a freight car. No toilet. I saw icicles eighteen inches long under the cars, red with blood. The dead were thrown out by the roadside; some of the living were eaten through with disease, from five months of agony and torture. Their faces were the faces of beasts—stark mad. For a quarter of a mile you could hear them yelling for bread. It took me an hour and a half to get permission to give them bread and when we had served a few the train left. I left Ekaterin as the Bolsheviks came in. I wanted to be a reception committee of one."

Of Kolchak and his generals Mr. Sayers reported nothing but savagery. Semenov took 72 Bolshevik prisoners out and made them dig their own graves, 18 inches deep, and then shot them. An old woman came crawling to kiss his feet and beg for the life of her Bolshevik son. He drew his revolver and shot her brains out, then called an attendant to clean the spatter of blood and brains from his shoes. Telmekoff, one of Klochak's generals who operates above Harbin, he said, has murdered in cold blood 4200 men, women and children. Five old men came to ask where their boys were. Telmekoff said, "Just as a warning we'll kill you fellows," and it was done.

Semenov has a train of the best rolling stock, some of it forcibly taken from American officers. He is half Tartar and half peasant. He was 90 days alongside me. He looks like Villa, but Villa is a gentleman in comparison. He has his own electric light plant on the train and carries with him 33 beautiful women. He is a main lieutenant of the Anti-Bolshevik movement. He robs Chinese banks and express trains and strips and beats furiously those who resist.

Mr. Sayers is bitter against the Jaanese. He describes the Jap in uniform as demonic. Five hundred anti-Bolshevik men, he said, deserted and came to the Ameri-

cans and surrendered. Telmekoff asked for the return of their horses and accoutrements. The American general refused. Then a Jap general demanded them, saying, "Our money paid for them." "We had him put that in writing to show who is responsible for the Anti-Bolshevik campaign in Siberia," said Mr. Sayers.

The speaker said he had seen 300 Russian soldiers who had wounded themselves rather than fight the Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks flew over the lines and dropped rubles with the message: "If you are fighting for money, here is plenty of it." When the Bolsheviks took Ekaterin they abolished houses of prostitution, established schools and compelled merchants to sell at reasonable profits. The Bolsheviks control the eastern part of Siberia north of Vladivostok. They would be in control of all of it were it not for the Czecho-Slovaks.

Mr. Sayers spoke well of the Chinese, saying, "We owe them more than we know."

G. K.

COSSACKISM AT ITS WORST

American cossackism at its worst was shown in New York on October 8, when a parade of Russian workers, the purpose of which was to make a demonstration in favor of lifting the blockade against the Soviet Republic of Russia, was charged by a detail of the police and the unarmed participants were ruthlessly clubbed and wounded.

It was a solemn procession that assembled in Washington Square in the late afternoon with banners and placards bearing inscriptions such as, "Save the Starving Children of Russia," "The Blockade is un-American—It Is Against All the Principles of the Constitution," etc. Scarcely had the parade begun to move up Fifth avenue in a perfectly orderly fashion, than twenty-six mounted police began what is described by eye-witnesses as "a ferocious hunting-down of men, women and children, a merciless trampling under iron-shod hoofs, an orgy of clubbing, punching, kicking, head-splitting and bone-cracking, such as New York has never before witnessed." As a result, many were wounded and two children are reported in a dying condition.

Not satisfied with having dispersed the defenseless crowd, the police turned their venom upon those who upon the first onslaught had fled into the Brevoort Hotel and adjacent vestibules of apartment houses. All of these were forced to run the gauntlet of the policemen's clubs before being permitted to depart for home.

In defending its position the police maintains that the parade was undertaken without permit.

Eight persons were arrested and are being arraigned on charges varying from "disorderly conduct" to "criminal anarchy."

THE WAY OF LIFE

"Give to each one who asketh thee."

So spake the Man of Galilee.

If any take thy goods away,

Request not either goods or pay.

Observe the Rule of Love, not Hate,

And vote the Workers' ticket, straight!

—I. D. McFadden.

Organizing the White Collar Brigade

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON

If it were possible to strike terror into the hearts of the myopic malefactors of great wealth, who are purblind to the fact that every martyr to the cause of labor wins a thousand converts, the threatening nationwide organization of policemen, firemen and newspaper reporters would certainly throw the fear of the "unknown" God into their souls. If their vision were clearer they would see in the Boston demonstrations not merely a local disturbance, but an expression of desire for freedom which is surging up in the mentalities of men the world over.

In trying to organize the newspaper men of the Pacific Coast, in order the better to get uncolored and truthful labor news before the public, I have found that the white collar working stiff is saturated with capitalistic psychology, which is seated very firmly somewhere in the immediate vicinity below their belt, where their thinking apparatus is apparently located and which terminates in their starry dome where their imitative faculties are most highly developed.

In Boston, Seattle, Scranton, Pa., and just a few days ago in San Francisco, newspaper reporters have formed trades unions, affiliated with the International Typographical Union. To the man who has been thinking along radical lines for many years this may seem to be no step in advance at all, but to those who realize that government by the people can come only by a process of slow education and development, it means a big thing. And taken together with the formation of unions by policemen and firemen, it has a big significance. The newspaper reporter should make a good agitator, especially among policemen and firemen, with whom he is likely to come into contact every day. Since the Boston news writers organized, much fairer reports of local labor disturbances are printed by the Boston dailies, according to the New Republic.

In San Francisco, where I recently had a hand in organizing a news writers union, ten reporters were discharged by the reactionary, subsidized newspapers, who, although willing enough that other people's employees should join unions, are up in arms against the extension of the union system in their own plants.

In Fresno, where I organized the first news writers union formed in California, signed a charter petition to be sent to the International Typographical Union and seated delegates at the meeting of the Allied Printing Trades Council, the papers were friendly enough until they learned we were going to affiliate with the mechanicals. Immediately they found that we would have the support of the linotypers, pressmen and the other mechanicals if we struck, they began a bitter fight on the union, bought out or coerced the president of the union, who betrayed his fellows, fired the man responsible for the organization from one of the papers and forced the reporters to sign a document taking their names off the I. T. U. charter petition. The Republican, a supposed progressive pro-labor paper, led the fight. First the president of the union was brought under complete domination and was given instructions to force the writers to remain a purely local organization without affiliations. This the president

of the union was unable to do, but he did arrange a meeting at which the reporters of the paper were brought into a room and put through a third degree examination before not only the manager and managing editor, but the directors of the paper as well. There was so much solidarity in this city that the only thing that happened to this turncoat was getting kicked out of the Labor Temple. At any rate, by buying off the executive, making use of another man who was opposed to unionism on general principles, by coercion and by raising the wages of all the reporters \$5 a week, the reporters on the morning paper were completely tamed.

The trouble was that very few of the men were radical thinkers, and they joined the union as they would have gone into anything else that would have raised their pay—not for the principle of the thing.

Newspaper men are suffering from a bad case of auto-intoxication. They are writing about big money deals and great financial successes and are continually associating with capitalists. In this way, poor as they may be, they have adopted the viewpoint of the capitalist. To them a big enterprise is a fine news story and a good thing for the city, and they do not stop to think that it may also mean the further enslavement of their brothers and a vast increase in the wealth of a man already too bloated to see his shoes.

On the other hand, a reporter would be particularly susceptible to an intelligent brand of radicalism which would set him thinking—a brand which would contract the effect of his environment and which would make him see the fat, gold-watch-charmed parasite with the black cigar as he really is. Greed is stamped all over the countenance of these men. To the young reporter, brought up on idealism and fiction, the brand is not visible, but to the men who have been in the harness, dragging these obnoxious beings toward their piles of gold through the medium of publicity for long years, the brand stands out like the warts on their noses.

ROCHESTER NEWSWRITERS ORGANIZE

A union of newspaper writers, affiliated with the International Typographical Union, has been organized in Rochester, N. Y., and demands have been presented to the publishers of the four Rochester daily papers for a minimum salary of \$50 a week for experienced reporters. More than three-fourths of the reporters in the city have already joined, and many others, including desk men, have made application for membership.

The first test of the loyalty of the men to their new organization came when one of the dailies made overtures to the scribes, offering them the increased wages demanded, provided they withdrew from the union. This the reporters flatly turned down.

It is gratifying that the League for the Amnesty of Political Prisoners is trying to dig up some of the martyrs who have for many years been buried in prison. The League is interesting itself in Rangel and Cline and their comrades. May Ford and Suhr not be forgotten.

Talking It Over

(An Impertinence in One Act)

By C. A. MOSELEY

Dramatis Personae:—

Paul Tilleson, a young clerk.

Miss Primrose, the stenographer.

(The scene is an office-room in a modern building, equipped for the conduct of a mortgage business. The entrance from the hallway is at the center rear, flanked on either side by rows of filing-cabinets. The employer's flat-topped desk stands unoccupied at the right of the room. Tilleson, the young clerk, occupies a somewhat similar desk slightly to the rear of the center, so seated that he faces the audience. At the left, facing the center, Miss Primrose is seated at the typewriter. Tilleson is a clean-cut, intelligent, well dressed young fellow of about 19 or 20 years of age, rather good looking and of a virile type. Miss Primrose is of the class politely called "unclaimed blessings." She was once young and fairly attractive, with visions of romance and an abundant capacity for love; but, having never been asked in marriage, she bears the signs of having missed something in life. As the curtain rises, the telephone on Paul's desk rings.)

Paul (At telephone)—Yes, this is Main 4562. This is Tilleson speaking now.—You say it is a two-room furnished flat, with bath and kitchenette? That's about what I am looking for. I can take a look at it after five o'clock. (Glancing at his watch.) Say in about two hours from now. Yes! Very well. Thank you.

Miss Primrose (Who has paused slightly in her work to listen, scenting romance)—Why, Paul! What are you doing? Looking for a flat! Are you going to be married?

Paul—Not exactly.

Miss P.—Not exactly! That sounds indefinite.

Paul—It is.

Miss P. (Trying not to appear inquisitive)—This must be some deep, dark mystery.

Paul—You teach a Bible-class of young men, don't you, Miss Primrose?

Miss P.—Why, yes! What has that to do with your renting a flat?

Paul—Well, what would you say if a young man of your Bible-class came to you and said that he intended living with a girl without marrying her?

Miss P. (Horried)—None of the young men of my class would tell me such a thing as that!

Paul—Probably not; they wouldn't be so frank.

Miss P. (Snappishly)—That wasn't what I meant, and you know it. I meant that no young man in my Bible-class would live that manner of life.

Paul—That might be, too. Most of them take their love affairs with less sense of responsibility.

Miss P. (Thoroughly angry)—Paul Tilleson, you are positively indecent. Unless you are joking, you are certainly not the sort of boy I took you to be.

Paul—That's it! I could sit here all day with the most vile thoughts running in my head, and as long as I kept my mouth shut you would think me quite a decent chap, because you have never seen me coming out of a cheap rooming-house with a woman at two o'clock in the morning. But when I talk about a real problem, and call

a spade by its right name you think it's rotten. Who asked me to explain why I am looking for a flat, anyway?

Miss P.—I suppose I did, and that it's none of my business.

Paul (Good-naturedly)—Quite right. Not exactly your business. But then it does not follow that I object to talking things over with you, if you can really be sensible—and forget that you are a Sunday-school teacher.

Miss P. (Again on the aggressive)—Why should I forget that I teach a class in Sunday School?

Paul—Because this isn't a case of cut-and-dried moral proverbs. It's a case out of real life. The people who write the goody-goody books make them end as they think best—and they think they ought to end with everyone walking the line of old-fashioned morality. I don't know how this story will end. It's the next chapter that's bothering me. He rises from his chair, leans leisurely against the corner of his desk nearest to Miss P., and looks at her intently. Do you care to listen?

Miss P. (Subdued and curious)—Why, yes, Paul! Let me have the story.

Paul—It is just this. A while since, at a dance, I met a little girl. She was working for the telephone company—on the extra list. I liked her. She was pretty and inexperienced—that is, in knowing how to take care of herself. I saw her several times later. Took her to one or two shows and a dance. A while since I met her again. She was out of a job—laid off for awhile—did not know when she would get back with the company. Had been hunting another job and could not find one. She was getting discouraged—and I did not like the gang she was running around with. The girl she rooms with kows too much, and the fellows who are hanging around there don't look good to me. The other night I met her and she was desperately blue—couldn't see where the money was coming from to keep up her share of the room rent. We sat out in Lakewood Park and talked it over—after I had taken her to a restaurant and forced a square meal on her. I told her I would take care of her till she got a job and was on her feet again.

Miss P. (Again outraged)—So that is your idea of taking care of her, is it? Do you think that is taking care of a good girl—to ask her to live alone with you in a flat?

Paul (Adding the trimmings)—A two-room flat.

Miss P.—Do you think that is taking care of a good girl?

Paul—But perhaps she hasn't always been—er—what you call good.

Miss P. (Still more checked)—Would you live with such a woman?

Paul—There you are! Shocked to think I would live with her if she is good; horrified at the same idea if she is not good.

Miss P.—Well, it's immoral, in either case. (She savagely slams back the coverings of the typewriter.)

Paul—But just to satisfy your curiosity—

Miss P. (Angrily)—I'm not curious.

Paul—O, yes, you are! All women are curious about

what they call another woman's virtue. (Miss P. tries to interrupt but he goes serenely on.) Just to satisfy your curiosity, I'll mention that she—well, when she was a slip of a girl back in her home-town, some doll-faced, good-for-nothing sprout took away—er—that taboo of goodness. She told me about it the other night. It's preyed on her mind ever since; I told her to forget it. Now, listen! She is without friends or family. She has no trade. It has been an uphill row with her ever since her aunt died. Her aunt brought her up. She is discouraged, I told you. And the last few weeks she has been running around with a set that I don't like the looks of. (He scowls fiercely.) She is going to the dogs, in all probability, if someone does not take care of her.

Miss P. (Amazed and stupefied)—Well, I never!

Paul (Catching her words)—No, you never—went through any such experience likely. But it is going on all around us—I mean, girls going to the bad because they can't earn enough to keep alive decently.

Miss P. (Trying to work up scorn.)—And as the price of helping her you expect to make a—(She hesitates over the word.)—a mistress of her.

Paul—Shucks! If that was what I was after I needn't be to the expense of renting a flat. A fellow—a live one—can go a long way for the price of a few shows and a dinner or two. Even a ticket to the movies will get something—not very classy.

Miss P.—Paul Tilleson!

Paul—Well, I'm telling you the truth.

Miss P.—Then you expect this will be a regular Paul and Virginia life in a flat?

Paul (Correcting her)—A two-room flat! No, I don't expect it to be anything of the kind. I'm twenty—and human. Also my health is good. But that's not the main consideration—in fact I had hardly thought about that until you mentioned it.

Miss P. (Snapping again.)—I didn't mention it.

Paul—Beg your pardon, you did.

Miss P. (Driven to a corner.)—Well, why don't you marry her then if you think you ought to take care of her?

Paul—For several reasons. I don't know that I want to take care of her always, or that she needs to have me. Then, I'm not of age—and I don't earn enough to take the risk—permanently. And how do I know that she is the girl I will want to marry when I am really old enough to think about that? Now we are getting to the problem. Why can't I help this girl, even if I do not wish to marry her? At least not marry her until we are sure of ourselves! I haven't salary enough to hand out money for her separate board and room every week. Two cannot live as cheaply as one, but I can manage for two for a while in a small flat. And—(musingly)—I would like some home-cooking; she says she can cook. And I have a lot of clothes that need mending. Besides, even if I could afford to hand her out enough money to keep her until she gets a job, I imagine she has too much self-respect to accept charity.

Miss P.—Too much self-respect! Well! And do you think she could keep her self-respect living with a man in a flat?

Paul—A two-room flat! Well, I think it depends on the man. You see, I'm not the fellow who will think I own a woman. We'll go halves. I'll furnish the money and she will do the housekeeping and mending. Have you ever read Ellen Key? I suppose not; you read Beatrice Fairfax. Well, I think a woman ought to be her own mis-

trous whether she is married or not. In this case I shall not have any claim, such as most husbands think they have. I'm not buying anything.

Miss P.—You may not be buying anything—but, you know, Paul, you are wonderfully attractive, and wouldn't—er—it be natural—

Paul—Probably it would be. I don't imagine that just because a thing is natural it is necessarily wrong. (He muses a moment.) I think it is just this way—if a man's a man, he won't be mean or dishonorable. That is, he will not intentionally harm another life. A man won't be mean with his sex any more than he will with his fists. That's been my rule.

Miss P.—Has been your rule? Then you mean to say that you, a mere boy—(She hesitates).

Paul (Coming to her rescue.)—Oh, yes! But rarely. As I said, I have never been mean about it. I have no regrets.

Miss P. (Quite tenderly.)—Paul, you do not look—really, I had never thought of you in connection with anything like that.

Paul (Looking wonderfully boyish and frank.)—But if I had been mean or dishonorable, I think it would show in my face. I am sure I should feel ashamed and look it.

Miss P.—But, really, Paul, I don't understand just what you mean by it—without being mean or dishonorable!

Paul (Moving back to his desk and sitting down.)—And I don't know that I am going to explain. (He busies himself a moment with some papers.) After all, perhaps you are right. Perhaps it's better to be just conventional. Why should I bother myself about a girl who may not be worth the trouble, and only get myself in bad, perhaps? Queered myself with you already, I suppose. Half an hour ago you thought I was a decent fellow. I suppose I may as well let the affair go hang. I'll call up that renting agency and put them off. (He reaches for the telephone.)

Miss P.—Hasn't the girl really any relatives or friends?

Paul—Not a soul. Why?

Miss P.—O, nothing! (She begins to operate the machine busily.) It's none of my affairs what you do. You are old enough to have an opinion, I presume. I was just going to say that this is Saturday afternoon, you know, and we aren't supposed to work anyway. Mr. Pratt said he would not be back and that we could leave as soon as we had our work done. I've a little more yet. Don't stay if you are through; I'll answer the telephone. Perhaps you have some errands to do.

Paul (Smiling quizzically)—Then if you say so, I'm off. I have an errand or two to do.

(Miss P. continues busily at work. Paul takes his hat and goes to the door.)

Paul—Good night, Miss Primrose.

Miss P. (Not looking up.)—Good night, Paul. (Paul goes out.)

(For a few moments nothing is heard but the steady click of the typewriter. Miss P. pulls out the finished letter with a positive snap. Takes a pencil out of her hair and thrusts it into a drawer of the desk. Out of the same drawer, takes a small hand mirror and a powder rag, which she uses in the usual manner. Takes another look at herself in the mirror.)

Miss P. (Softly to herself.)—The lucky girl!

(Curtain.)

Vamped by the Question Mark

By JOHN PAUL MAY

God! If I could only fathom
The guts of shadows:

—William Carlos Williams.

• • • • •

When I began I did not know that some day I should be wandering around in a labyrinth of science, art and literature as I sought to solve the WHY of Propaganda.

That was fifteen years ago. It has been a long, eventful fifteen years, and a great change in that time has come over the world: is the change merely in my viewpoint?

Then I was an extraordinarily wise person—hardly a wiser was to be found among men: academically I was known as a sophomore.

Excuse my pomposity at this late date, but in the good old days of "youth and youth's madness" some pumpkin was I—a leader of adolescents (and who is more important than a leader of adolescents!) for I was manager of the baseball team, even pitched a little myself, arranged the dates for the football squad, chaperoned the basketball five, gloried in the boxing gloves and made love to the pretty co-eds, who—hallelujah!—seemed to like the way I loved 'em.

Oh, it was grand and glorious while it lasted, and if the ways of life had been laid at a different angle, perhaps, I might today be King of the Bally Jazz-Hounds or Czar of the Luny Shimmy Dancers: but fate was not to allow me such good fortune; I lost the ambition to be a parasite when it was borne home to me that all history seemed to revolve about the efforts of some people to keep other people from talking too much on certain subjects related to the distribution of earth's goods.

And always the lip-stuffers were the two or three on top, and the lip-stutterers the crowd underneath.

I began with history. It led me to other fields in my effort to learn why people lie about liberty when so much slavishness is self-evident; why people lie about beauty, when the human mass preferably lives in ugliness; why people lie about wealth, when pauperism stalks her haggard head everywhere.

I met the robber-barons, saw the injustices they practiced and heard the voice of a Jewish carpenter:

"He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,

To teach good tidings to the poor,

To set at liberty them that are bruised."

What had been mere casual and forced study before, now became vengeful. I turned villain-chaser, and so intent was I on the chase that I quit athletics, dancing, games and even shimmered from off of my shoulder the perpetual chip I had placed there for the benefit of any boy who might want the sequel to knocking it off.

This inexplicable thing of academics puzzled me, and the more I read of kings ravishing their people, of proper rebellions killed through intrigues and betrayals, of luxury-loving classes indifferent to the poverty of others, who groveled for a crust of bread—how my blood did boil! Vachel Lindsay has best expressed the way I felt about it:

"Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.

"Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly,
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap,
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve,
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

"Not that they die, but that they die like sheep." Here is the result of propaganda baldly stated by a ragtime poet. What and why is this propaganda which causes men to die like sheep? What is the influence that persuades one class of men to slave in factory, shop and office so that another, comparatively insignificant numerically, may live on Riverside Drive, have a cottage at Newport or Lenox, have their personal wants attended to by a small army of servants and engage professional adventuresses for a "good time on the side?" What is the influence that hypnotizes men into submitting to the yoke of the rich? They need not submit, they do it voluntarily, they do it because they have hearkened unto propaganda circulated by an inner plunderbund.

"They set the slave free, striking off his chains . . .

Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,

He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,

He was still bound by fear and superstition,

By ignorance, suspicion and savagery . . .

His slavery was not in the chains,

But in himself.

"They can only set free men free . . .

And there is no need of that.

Free men set themselves free."

Is it strange that with such thoughts growing in my mind as a boy I should discard Henty, Alger, Dick Merriwell and Nick Carter for the classics, the sciences and the arts? Fiction, whether it be of the dime novel or \$1.50 variety, has now about as much kick for me as near-beer has for the experienced whisky-guzzler.

As I had cut off my boy friends and girl sweethearts because of this powerful infatuation for the Question Mark, so did I get rid of my teachers, handicaps of a tedious conservatism. Politics, economics, philosophy, theology, metaphysics, biology, classic literature, law, psychology, geology, climatology, paleontology and many other "ologies," with several foreign languages thrown in for idle moments—all these I found necessary to explore. Other people may have found by a less difficult route that for which I sought; but I assumed toward Propaganda the same attitude as I had toward geometry when I demanded of my perplexed teachers why a self-evident proposition was self-evident.

These academic gentlemen could not tell me why—none thought of the simple explanation that through thousands of centuries hard-working men had learned law and that therefore certain propositions, such as the shape of the

earth and a straight line, were accepted as indisputable simply to save time.

They knew only that a self-evident proposition was self-evident because it was self-evident, an explanation as highly illuminating as the famous answer of the woman—"Because." I wanted to know why, and they looked at me askance and said I was incorrigible, a disturber in the school and should be expelled for asking so many questions that hadn't been put in the book. And I was expelled.

So nothing was left for me to do except to keep up the quest alone. However, it was because of the ignorance of my teachers, who could "teach only by the book" and therefore repelled me, that I went through more fields alone than I would had I been content to listen to their palaver.

After these fifteen years I have learned enough to know there is much I never will know. At the same time I also know that the wisest man on earth is at best a cheap human imitation of a palatodental consonant. Other folk may talk until the judgment day of sedition laws, if they please, and I shall retort that a rag, bone and hank of hair is not the determinant of my fractions. The other fellow, though he may be living in a mansion grand and surrounded by sychophantic servants or syncopating ladies, is just as much prospective food for worms as I, and he awes me not a little. A Kaiser, whether he be of the Hohenzollern or Morgan house, is too small in the whole scheme of things to cause me extraordinary scruples on the show-down.

Some of us talk now of a humanity going crazy, but if the so-called intellectual leaders of the people cleaned their own minds of cobwebs they would know the chances for a sane humanity were never brighter. Several thousand years ago a priesthood, with its horrible devils and spirits and angels caused whole nations to "see things." Is it strange that infants were sacrificed to a fire god, that a priestly order for a general prostitution was obeyed, that Bacchus reigned supreme in Greece, or that Mount Parnassus was pictured as an orgy-hall of the great? Hallucinations and brainstorms were general in the early days. Priesthoods fattened because of the universal depravity. And the further away we get from priests, whether they be of the institutional church or found among any group of romancers—dancers of the mental shimmy—the more sane do we become. That is the answer to the Question of Propaganda, and we have it when we can walk in the dark without seeing ghosts.

THE LECTURER AND THINGS

"Things are all right," he said ten years ago.

"What little wrong there is will soon be righted." He beamed, told stories, ended in a glow

Of eloquence, and left the crowd delighted.

Things changed: some fifty million lives were blighted; Reddest blood flowed; and great men were brought low.

Things went on changing, and men half-affrighted Listened to him for what he seemed to know.

All this was meant to feed his eloquence:

"Ah, friends, we've learned the lesson of the war!

"God and democracy control events!

"Things are all right; we erred somewhat before."

Let him talk on. He'll get an audience

And say the same when things have changed still more.

—H. H.

A GIDDY DREAM OF BROBDINGNAG

(Editors' Note.—Starrett dared us to print this.)

I dreamed I went with Gulliver to sea,
And through the rigging blew the salty wind;
And Brobdingnag appealed so much to me
That when he left I dreamed I stayed behind.
The giant ladies all were very kind,
And one there was with elephantine hips
Who was pe-cu-li-ar-ly to my mind:
I climbed her massive knees to reach her lips.

Why Gulliver took leave I don't recall—
I think there was a scandal at the court.
Some mammoth maid of honor, wide and tall,
Was compromised (at least, so the report),
And Gulliver was blamed. He was a sport
And thought the charge an honor, he confessed.
They tried to serve me, as his friend, in sort,
But a nice lady hid be in her breast.

And when his going left me there alone—
Ye Gods! The queen and all the other dames
Were pulling straws to keep me for their own,
And every night inventing different games.
One mighty darling (mentioning no names!)
Set me astride a whopping mole, one night;
Then laughed and shook until I thought, by James,
I'd lose my balance and be killed outright!

I slid down inclines curious and steep;
Ran wild o'er ladies dark and ladies fair:
I tumbled into dimples dank and deep,
And climbed to safety by a swinging hair.
It was a very devil of a tear
Until I woke—alone at my own stag—!
But nightly now I read my Gullivaire,
And pray for dreams of vanished Brobdingnag.

—Vincent Starrett.

LARKIN RETURNS TO IRELAND

According to a message sent to the "Voice of Labour," Jim Larkin, general secretary of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, who has been an exile in the United States for several years, is about to return to his native land to continue his labors there. His message reads:

"To the Old Guard of the I. T. W. U.:
"Stand fast. I am returning. Take no side in this fratricidal strife going on in the Union. You and I will settle the matter as we solved more serious problems in the past. This quarrel is but the growing pains of the lusty young giant. While the muscle-stretching goes on plan out work for these boys, and you tell them to get it done.

"Remember what we set out to do in 1907—to organize a class—the working class, the Irish working class.

"And Save a Nation.

"To your task, then, and he who will not serve that class has no place in our ranks.

"JAMES LARKIN."

Maybe when the cow jumped over the moon she was after some of her own butter.

Truth taken into the system, like certain powerful drugs, is accumulative in its effects.

With the Books

A BOOK TALK BY DAVID BOBSPA

As a man eateth so he is. I'm not sure whether it was Eve's fault that the dietetic sins were visited upon humanity. In fact, I'm a bit doubtful if the statement about the temperance of wild animals and men in the "natural" state is not more a question of economics than of judgment. Of course these wild things are temperate—until they get where there is plenty. But that has nothing particularly to do with Alfred W. McCann's "The Science of Eating." In 400 pages of live material Mr. McCann tells "how to secure stamina, endurance, vigor, strength and health in infancy, youth and age."

The author was for five years closely associated with the crusade of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, wrote for forty-one newspapers in the largest American cities until the money-lords whispered certain advice into the editorial ears; has prosecuted more food swindlers than any other American, and has a great first-hand fund of knowledge of the inside of the great American food-graft than any living person.

"The Science of Eating" will do you good. Dr. Tilden has written two complementary volumes on health—one covering fundamentals and the other on the treatment of disease. He advised prospective purchasers that if they observe the teachings of the first they will not need the second. But he understands human nature well enough to realize that most bipeds will use the palatives to the end. So in the science of eating—if we lived rationally Mr. McCann's book would be merely a curiosity not worth wasting time on. It happens, however, that more than 99 per cent of the race lives so irrationally that the facts marshalled by Mr. McCann should be read in every home. An understanding of the facts he presents would close practically every drug store in America within twenty-four hours.

Not interested? Only after "revolutionary" doctrines? Well, isn't it something that fifty to ninety million dollars' worth of rotten eggs are used each year in the American bakeries, and you folks eat every ounce of that poisoned product. (And rotten eggs sell pretty cheap at that.) This is only one of nearly a hundred similar tricks of the baking trade. That trade is only one of a hundred that experiment on you every day. I'll venture to say that at least two out of three mouthfuls of food gulped down by the Americans is unfit to eat—either denatured or actually poisoned. Would you like the specific details of these charges? Would you like to know about the butter, the candy, the bakery products, the canned goods, etc.? Would you care to know how "business" muzzles truth—that business which is "without sentiment"? Well, Mr. McCann will tell some facts that will interest you. And you don't need to co-operate to put an end to all these evils. Of course that is the best and most effective method, but any individual, anywhere on earth, can defeat the food adulterators by refraining from touching the poisoned stuff. Hold on! I'm not asking you to live 25 per cent rational, for I know you won't do it. But if

your "radicalism" means anything at all, you will be vastly benefited by a peep into "The Science of Eating."

And oh, yes! Mr. McCann doesn't worry about calories. No matter what a man may think otherwise, I refuse to waste time on his books if he fusses about "calories." Mr. McCann is aware of the existence of these Battlecreek favorites, but wisely observes that "in nature there are no irritating tables of proteins, carbohydrates, fats or ash to vex the child," and that "High calories," though a scientific phrase, is not only meaningless but dangerous when applied to food as it is being applied today." Gasoline, he observes, has a much higher caloric value than most "foods."

(George H. Doran Co., New York; \$2.00 net.)

Of all the many nationalities it has been my pleasure to know, I want to pay my highest respects to the Russian Jew as the economic and spiritual leader of the age. The Jew has indeed been a "chosen race" through the ages. After the downfall of Jerusalem the Jews led one forlorn hope after another against the Roman might. The spark of love for liberty has always burned within the bosom of the Jewish race, ready to spring into the flame of revolt and revolution. Trotsky the Jew is a worthy successor of Marx and Heinrich Heine, the German Jews of an earlier revolutionary era.

Max Raisin, B. A., LL. D., has just written a large volume on "A History of the Jews in Modern Times," published by the Hebrew Publishing Company of New York (\$2.50 net). The work covers the many fields of politics, art, literature and business in which the Jews have made such conspicuous advances in the various countries. In the present world-crisis we will perhaps be most interested in the careers of such Jews as Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx, Morris Hillquit.

Dr. Raisin treats mainly of the activities of the Jewish race in northern, central and western Europe, the Russian Empire, the Balkan States, the American continent and colonial Jewry of modern times. There is also a chapter on Palestine, the National Revival and the Zionist Hope.

Modern History is nothing compared to future history, if we are to accept the dictum of Christopher Morley and Bart Haley in "The Sweet Dry and Dry." Here is the cleverest bit of writing I have seen arising from the dry fiasco. Briefly, the story details the conflict two years hence when the Pan-Antis, led by the venerable Bishop Chuff, come to crush the Corporation for the Perpetuation of Happiness, led by the bishop's own daughter, who finally weds the chief field agent of the C. P. H. She possesses psychic powers and in the seances of the faithful produces psychic jags by calling back the departed spirits suddenly cut off July 1, 1919. One such session is rudely cut short by an inharmonious call for buttermilk, while another seance proves a failure because of the presence of an envious manufacturer of root beer.

Bishop Chuff and his allies (in full control of national and state legislative bodies, having abolished everything else, find that Nature still persists in manufacturing alcohol. There is but one thing to do. Nature, charged with violation of the United States Constitution, is abolished. Then begins a relentless war.

A compromise is finally reached, by which the C. P. H. gives up its activities and a temple of magnificent design is built for the housing of the Perpetual Souze (elected

at large) who is to drink for the nation. The thirst of the Americans being thus vicariously satisfied, an equilibrium is reached. The bishop's daughter and her husband set up a psychic road house and live happily ever after. Bishop Chuff visits the temple of the Perpetual Souse and at once inaugurates a campaign for election in the next contest for that exalted office.

The "Sweet Dry and Dry" is cleverly written, an ironic attack on the spirit of the anti-everything crowd in control of so much of our American legislation, and a bright spot in a sombre world.
(Boni & Liveright, New York City; \$1.50 net.)

D. B.

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HE MATCHED HIS MIND!

Professor Woodpile Wilson gloated over the anticipation of matching his mind with the master minds of Europe, at the peace table.

It is well for him he enjoyed all the pleasures of anticipation. For the way in which that old man was trimmed by the other old men at Paris, beats anything that I ever read about.

Old Brother Clemenceau trimmed him into giving the German Saar Valley to France; and into pledging this country to have several million farmers and workingmen ready to drop their plows, hammers, paint brushes and things, and rush back over the ocean to crush German militarism again, whenever France said the word.

Old Mister Lloyd George—a mere Welsh pocket-edition of a man—trimmed the mighty Wilson into pledging this country to help England hold all the loot she has ever obtained by force, fraud, lies, cheats, swindles and ruthless bloodshed.

Old Baron Makino, of Japan, trimmed our Presidential sage into dismembering the Chinese Republic—our friend in the War—and giving to Japan a slice of China that is as big as Japan.

Sage old men, those diplomats were; amateur, Woodrow Wilson was. They caused him to pledge the men and all the money of this country to every European scheme of robbery and tyranny; in return, we got for the country nothing that we did not already have.

That's what comes of matching the mind of an absurdly conceited pedagogue with those of the most consummate diplomats in the world.—Thomas E. Watson in Columbia, Ga., Sentinel.

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