

Would You Like to Be a Bolshevik?

Just for a little while, of course, to see how it feels! Would you like to get inside one, to know what he thinks, what he wants—what's the matter with him?

Gertrude Atherton, a bitter opponent of Bolshevism, had that experience, and found it useful. She writes: "I have been intensely interested in 'Jimmie Higgins,' because it gives me a point of view that I could not get elsewhere, and I get the whole picture owing to your skill, with no effort on my own part."

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From "The Candidate"

I have just finished reading the first installment of "Jimmie Higgins" and I am delighted with it. It is the beginning of a great story that will be translated into many languages and read by eager and interested millions all over the world. I feel that your art will lend itself readily to "Jimmie Higgins." and that you will be at your best in placing this dear little comrade where he belongs in the Socialist movement. The opening chapter of your story proves that you know him intimately. You are painting a superb portrait of our "Jimmie" and I congratulate you.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

From a Teacher

Have just finished reading "Jimmie Higgins." The tears are still in my eyes, tho' the laugh got mixed up with them when I got to Eleeza Betooser! (I give "lessons to foreigners" during the winter, whose experience has given point to that mix-up.) I became so absorbed in Jimmie that the newly kindled fire in my little air-tight went out for lack of attention to the draft, and when I got to the end of Debs' speech, I discovered that I was hugging a tepid stove.

BLANCHE WATSON.

From Mrs. Jack London

Jimmie Higgins is immense. He is real, and so are the other characters. I'm sure you rather fancy Comrade Dr. Service! The beginning of the narrative is delicious with an irresistible loving-humor; and as a change comes over it and the Big Medicine begins to work, one realizes by the light of 1918, what you have undertaken to accomplish. The sure touch of your genius is here, Upton Sinclair, and I wish Jack London might read and enjoy.

CHARMIAN LONDON.

From a Socialist Artist

Jimmie Higgins' start is a master portrayal of that character. I have been out so long on these lecture tours that I can appreciate the picture. I am waiting to see how the story develops. It starts better than "King Coal."

RYAN WALKER.

From a "Jimmie"

Well, the October Magazine is O. K. and Jimmie Higgins 100 per cent. To a fellow that carried a Red Card 14 consecutive years it seems like reincarnation.

J. W. POWELL, Alameda, California.

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"THE NEW JUSTICE"

921 Higgins Bldg.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., May 15, 1919

No. 7

EDITORIALS

THE NEW JUSTICE

With this issue THE NEW JUSTICE commences its fourth month of existence. It has made marked improvements with each succeeding number, and is growing rapidly in circulation. We are satisfied that we were correct in believing that there was a field for a radical magazine on the Pacific Coast—and the responses we have had seem to indicate that there is even plenty of room for another radical magazine of national circulation. We are commencing to realize our ambition, too, of developing through an adequate means of expression the latent artistic and literary ability within the radical movement in the West—talents that cannot be developed from eastern enterprises. But there is always an uncertainty, a struggle, for such a publication as ours—at least during the first year. It means sacrifice with little or no hope of return on the part of those most immediately connected with the venture. It means that those who really want to see such a publication succeed must give it substantial backing outright. We therefore do not hesitate to appeal to our readers and friends to give us all assistance possible either by donations to our maintenance fund, by subscribing for their friends, by introducing the magazine to others, or by constructive criticism and helpful suggestions.

HELP MAINTAIN A RADICAL MAGAZINE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

WHERE LABOR GETS OFF

Along with the Peace Conference, there met at Paris an international labor conference which was designed to "put the kibosh" on the naughty socialist conference at Berne. This labor conference, of which our own Mr. Samuel Gompers was a notable ornament, toiled for several months at framing a labor program for inclusion in the peace treaty, with such success that its doings were mentioned as much as three or four times in the news dispatches. At last it finished its task. The great armies of labor throughout the world waited, one may suppose, in breathless expectation for their new Magna Charta. Could not they trust implicitly such distinguished patrons of the working man as Baron Makino, and M. Clemenceau, and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George? Had these gentlemen ever failed them before?

The report on labor was read by that other affectionate and devoted servant of the wage-earner, Premier Borden of Canada. Right at the start, like a trumpet blast on an old calabash, it proclaimed the electric discovery that labor should not be regarded "merely as an article of commerce." Observe the force of that "merely." The men and women who labor are, of course, articles of commerce. So much is obvious.

But the "high contracting parties," saturated with idealism and bent on being affable, declare their firm belief that these people may, perhaps, be something more than articles of trade. Human beings, possibly, though the "high contracting parties" will diplomatically avoid any more definite admission on the subject. Yet, "holding as they do that labor be not regarded merely as an

article of commerce, they think"—not being quite sure of it and not wishing to commit themselves irrevocably, still—"they think that there are methods and principles for rectification of labor conditions which all industrial communities should endeavor to apply"—under penalty, no doubt, of having Mr. Lloyd George make a face at them if they don't—"as far as their special circumstances will permit"—the question whether the circumstances are thus pliable being left to the determination, probably, of Mayor Ole Hanson.

After the throes of intellectual parturition on the part of the "high contracting parties" resulting in this preamble, it may be confidently assumed, though the news dispatches are silent on the point, that restoratives were brought in by the waiters from the buffet in the adjoining room.

On resuming the sitting, certain of the "methods and principles" were pointed out which "seem to the high contracting parties to be of special and urgent importance." Note, again, the diplomatic caution evinced by the word "seem." The first guiding principle turns out to be another blast on the calabash. "Labor," it is again announced, "should not be regarded merely as a commodity or article of commerce." Not "merely." Not altogether. Chiefly, of course, and for the most part. Still not without possible qualifications. Have not the "high contracting parties" resolved to be generous and placate these persons? The fondness with which the capitalistic mind lingers on this idea of labor as a commodity is illuminating.

But the "high contracting parties" are going to be more gracious still. Among the principles which "seem" to them to be of importance is a second, namely, "the right of association for all lawful purposes." "Lawful," be it observed, lest labor should be led by this concession to acts of undue presumption. And then there are others, such as a "wage adequate to maintain a reasonable standard of life as this is understood in their time and country," a principle nicely calculated to fix standards of life against any possible improvement, and "the adoption of an eight-hour day"—wait, don't get excited—"as a standard to be aimed at."

Also we have Sunday rest, the abolition of child labor with a conveniently flexible distinction drawn between children and "young persons," equal pay for men and women, a confused and vague pronouncement that seems designed to advise against racial discrimination, and a recommendation for systems of inspection.

Such is the "labor program" of the "high contracting parties" who are assuming to engineer the fate of the world at Paris.

But is even this cheap and miserable sop to labor made binding on the nations concerned? It is not. How careful they are to dodge any semblance of obligation is shown by this concluding paragraph: "Without claiming that these methods and principles are either complete or final, the high contracting parties are of the opinion that they are well fitted to guide the policy of the League of nations and that if adopted * * * they will confer lasting benefit upon the wage-earners of the world."

After that, no green-goods man or gold-brick artist need be ashamed of his calling. All he needs as a charter

of respectability is a copy of the labor program of the League of Nations.

There is a curious addendum to this performance in the shape of a cablegram from President Wilson in which he refers to the labor program as constituting "one of the most important achievements of the new day." Says the President: "Personally, I regard this as one of the most gratifying achievements of the conference." Well, perhaps it is. But if it is, that fact will go some distance toward explaining the universal disgust and derision in which the Paris Peace Conference is held throughout a disillusioned globe.

C. M.

A CITY ELECTION

A municipal primary election held in Los Angeles the other day brought out a total of less than 60,000 votes from a population of something like 600,000. This, in spite of the fact of a recent prosecution of the incumbent mayor on a graft charge, and in spite of huge campaign expenditures in behalf of at least three of the mayoralty candidates. Eight years ago, when the city was but little more than half its present size, a particularly warm campaign brought over 130,000 voters to the polls. The dependable Socialist vote of the city has been between 25,000 and 30,000 for several years, but not 1,500 of them showed up at this election. There are two ways of interpreting the situation. One is that the people are careless of what the political system does; the other is that they are hopeless of its doing anything that they can either hinder or help by their votes. If the first possibility be true, then political democracy is on a decline. If the second be true, then politics is on a decline and democracy will have to take care of itself otherwise.

H. H. S.

SCHOOL TEACHERS ORGANIZE

The May 1st edition of THE NEW JUSTICE was mailed to every school teacher in Los Angeles city and county, and we have received from them numerous encouraging responses regarding our criticism of Dr. Shiels, the school superintendent of the city. To our accusation that Dr. Shields has used the authority and influence of his public trust to circulate gross inaccuracies about the Russian Soviet government, the teachers add the charge that he has autocratically reduced efficiency in the schools and bound up education in immeasurable lengths of red tape—has put "bush-league" men into positions of importance and suppressed initiative; in short, has tampered with the educational machinery until hundreds of experienced, able and efficient teachers with vision and ambition have become utterly disgusted with the condition. As a reaction to his administration, as well as in demand for decent salaries, the teachers are organizing a strong union that proposes to make its influence felt. We are possibly to see in Los Angeles a system of education controlled by the educators. If this be Bolshevism—make the most of it!

H. H. S.

KOLA

That marvelous natural phenomenon, the Gulf Stream, after crossing the Atlantic and sweeping past the British Isles, circles the Scandinavian peninsula and gives to Northern Russia, at Kola on the Murman coast, fronting the Arctic Ocean, the one ice-free port belonging to the great Slav people. Today the port of Kola is occupied by British troops, and with that occupation goes a British monopoly of the winter trade of all Russia.

Why is England carrying on an anonymous war against the Russian people, who have done nothing to offend her national pride or interests? The answer is the port of Kola. For a hundred and fifty years England has not fought a war that has not been inspired to a greater or less extent by the hope of expanding her overseas commerce. The Allied operations in Northern Russia are no exception. The animosities created even by causeless and brutal military aggression die out in time, but the necessities of trade are perennial. In the end, Russia must trade with the power that controls the avenues of trade. And in this matter of the port of Kola may be found an explanation of that persistent stipulation which is incorporated in any Allied proposal to send food to Russia, namely, that the Russians must first stop fighting. For if the Russians stopped fighting, the Murman coast would be annexed to England without further bother.

C. M.

BLACK TERROR

According to a United Press dispatch, the war department has called for eight thousand volunteers to serve in Siberia for three years. Seven thousand of these are to be infantrymen,—that is, men armed with guns for the purpose of shooting. Are we to understand by this that the United States is engaged in a warfare against some nation,—a warfare that requires the presence of eight thousand troops in Siberia? If so, when was that war legally declared by Congress? Is the United States interfering with Russia's self-determination? If so, what has become of the policy of self-determination with which President Wilson embarked for the Peace Conference? Is the United States actually invading a foreign land, without declaring war against that land, without necessity for defending itself against that land, just because the United States doesn't happen to approve of the style of politics that happens to be popular there? If so, let the country that has just been throwing stones at imperialism look to its own glass mansion.

Is it possible that the people of the United States realize what their government apparently is considering? If it is Red Terror every time a few lives are lost in the heat of revolution, then the colossal move on the part of the Allied intervention to crush free Russia deserves the name, Black Terror.

H. H. S.

GUILTY!

If the great food-producing industries of Los Angeles, the packing houses, the canneries, the bakeries, were charged with putting out an adulterated and poisonous product, and if this charge were printed in a magazine which circulated approximately fifty thousand copies in and about this city, would not that industry take steps to vindicate itself and deny the charge? Would it not call in regiments of lawyers to defend its good name, and would it not use pages of newspaper space to prove to the people that it had been falsely accused? Would it not be good business to do this?

In the May 1st edition of THE NEW JUSTICE, which circulated fifty thousand copies mainly in and about Los Angeles, the daily newspapers of this city were charged with poisoning their wares, namely, the news of the day, with wilfully suppressing important news which, as agencies of public information, they were morally bound to give their readers, with morally if not legally obtaining their readers' money under false pretenses. This

was no general, irresponsible, unsubstantiated charge. On the contrary, it was precise, specific, and made with full amplitude of detail.

Not one daily newspaper in Los Angeles has answered this charge.

It is a rule of law that when one who is accused of crime under circumstances which require him to speak out in his own defense elects to remain silent, it is to be taken as an admission of guilt.

The Los Angeles newspapers have elected to keep silent.

C. M.

HOW DEBS WENT TO PRISON

The following extracts from The Terre Haute Tribune of April 13, 1919, give an affecting picture of the departure of Eugene V. Debs from his home town to begin his prison term of ten years for violation of the Espionage Act. They serve, also, to show the esteem in which his fellow citizens, and even the conservative newspapers of Terre Haute, hold the great Socialist:

"The unconquerable spirit of Debs was evident at all times. He was apparently in the best of spirits of any one present at the station and he shook hands warmly with everybody, giving them a cheering word and smiling bravely.

"'Why, howdy, boys. My! I'm glad to see you,' was the first statement made by Debs as he approached the small gathering awaiting him. He was greeted with encouraging expressions from all sides. As he entered the station Debs turned to the crowd and said:

"'They can't stop the movement. You keep up on the outside and I'll keep up on the inside.'

"This remark was greeted with cheers, and one old friend threw his arms around Debs and said, 'Gene, this is the crowning moment of your life.'

"The spirit of the wife was remarkable. She did not shed a tear, and up to the minute the train pulled out she was making every effort to care for her husband. The only time she displayed any sign of nervousness was when the train pulled in. She took 'Gene' by the arm and hurried him out of the station, for fear that he might be late. When he had given her a farewell kiss and stepped upon the car platform she called to him and gave him directions as to which coach he should enter. Her parting words were:

"'Gene, have you got your grip?'

Before boarding the train Debs bid good-bye to some of his closest friends. He took them in his arms and gave them a hearty kiss, both men and women. It was thought that Debs might make a short speech before boarding the train, but he did not. While he stood on the train those gathered around removed their hats and stood bare-headed in honor of the departing leader.

"Shouts of encouragement came from the small crowd gathered around the train. 'You are going to victory, Gene,' 'We are all with you, Debs,' 'And this is the democracy we fought for,' 'Never mind, you will soon be back,' 'The great cause has been started by our soldiers in Russia,' 'Three cheers for the greatest leader of humanity,' were some of the expressions heard.

"But as the train pulled out all were silent. The men stood with bared heads. There was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd. Mrs. Debs stood bare-headed and waved her hand to the departing leader. When the rattle and roar of the train began to fade the small gathering dispersed slowly. There was little conversation, but it seemed as

though everyone was filled with deep feeling or sorrow and they did not care to talk.

"Mrs. Debs walked slowly to a waiting automobile. Her step was just a little slower than when she came to the station and the youthfulness was gone from her expression. She did not shed a tear, but she entered the machine a different woman and, like the many other friends of the socialist leader, she was greatly saddened—for Gene had gone."

IN PRISON

(By Hoyt H. Hudson.)

Poet and prophet are there . . . with hero and lover;
Far from the hills of home, shut away from the stars;
It is not strange that our love and wishes hover
Above them where they lie . . . behind the bars.

The best we can send are there . . . our saints and sages,

There with the heartless about and the bestial beneath;
They have been true to their truth, they have taken their wages

For casting the lies of false justice back in her teeth.

Hope, sing songs to them there; faith, bring solace;
Joy, go visit them there with whispers of love;
Help them to face the long days and dooms that appall us,
Bravely . . . sustained by the meat others know not of.

Shame to the land whose laws have banished our brothers!
Glory the name of felon won in a righteous cause!
Let us take oath that ourselves with a thousand others
Will join them there or see the end of our tyrannous laws!

Swear that freedom shall dawn and iron fetters be broken,
Captives shall know release, comfort shall come to the banned;
Let us not rest or be still, till the voice of the people has spoken,
Saying, "These men shall be free to live in a freer land!"

THE NEW JUSTICE

A Radical Magazine

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

EDITORS:

Roswell R. Brownson Clarence Melly
ASSISTANT EDITOR
Harold Hadley Story
BUSINESS MANAGER
Earle G. Clarke

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

J. H. Ryckman, David Bobspa, Agnes H. Downing, Georgia Kotsch,
Ruth Le Prade, Lena Morrow Lewis, Alice Park, Chalm
Shapiro, Paul Jordan Smith, Fanny Bixby Spencer,
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The Spirit of Radicalism in The Modern Novel

By Paul Jordan Smith

There is a tendency on the part of serious minded folk to feel antipathy to a work of fiction, on the ground that it makes no contribution, or at least a negligible one, to the life and thought of the age. This even obtains amongst the radicals who flock at night around the tables of the Vegetarian Cafeterias and draw from their strained and bulging pockets well-thumbed copies of Freud, and the "Ego and His Own." "The Essay," say the serious minded ones, "is the sole container of truth."

All this, despite the fact that as far back as 1794 the English novel very definitely entered the field of social propaganda with Godwin's "Caleb Williams." One might indeed trace back to the works of Swift, Smollett and Richardson, to say nothing of John Bunyan, but very definitely to the time of William Godwin, and from him to the political novels of Disraeli and Dickens, to find abundant evidence that the novel, still retaining its claim to be a work of art, has occupied itself directly or indirectly as an agent of social revolt and satire.

Of course one finds varying tendencies in the field of fiction. Emphasis has been placed altogether in many cases upon the message, and in other cases the purpose of the author has been well-nigh concealed by indirection. Here we have the extremes of didactic fiction. When the message is too heavy for the action of the story, the book becomes dull and exists only as a pale excuse to cover a propaganda pamphlet. The true novel, like the well-constructed drama, must be founded upon the more permanent passions, the everlasting tendencies of human nature. It must have background, plot and action. It must be a story almost epic, but controlled by a certain irony. To set forth any purpose too obviously in a work of fiction is to date the thing, label it, confine it to a certain transitory set of circumstances, and thereby make it the creation of a day. Godwin's "Caleb Williams," for example, along with most of the stories of Disraeli and the reform novels of Charles Reed, was so concerned with temporary social disease that it makes dull reading for the child of this age.

But on the other hand, a master humanist and humorist, such as Charles Dickens, can make his message powerful enough to accomplish much of the author's purpose, and still retain a permanent hold on human curiosity and interest.

In this day it is well-nigh impossible to pick up a novel written by any first-rate writer that does not contain, somewhere in its pages, as the casual utterance or the definite philosophy of some one of its characters, either a destructive or constructive criticism of the world of thought or action.

The Russian fiction, for example, from Gogol down to Gorky, has undoubtedly been an incentive to communistic activities as well as an inspirational source of much that has been done in these Revolutionary days. Certainly the novels of Tolstoy, while not revolutionary, have created a spirit of skepticism toward the old order and of longing for a realization, in this world, of the spirit of brotherhood. No one, reading Tolstoy's story of "Ivan the Fool, or War and Peace," could but doubt the wisdom of the modern spirit of efficiency, and the bristling mili-

tarism which has already proved the destruction of Germany. Dictators and Potentates, take notice!

The whole spirit of French fiction is charged with skepticism towards the prevailing social order and its ethical canons. Sometimes this takes the form of an intense egoistic individualism and sometimes of a faith in democracy, but in either case the spirit of the novelist is radical. Balzac himself, a titanic artist and a master observer of all sides of human nature, breathes forth on page after page of his more spiritual writings a philosophy of society founded upon gentleness and love. And surely Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," has made us hear the tragic cries of the city's unfortunate, and see beneath the very mask of crime itself a more criminal social responsibility, and thus has led us to a quickened consciousness of the unity of life. From a very different angle of outlook comes Anatole France, stripping the mask from the face of every hypocrisy, and exposing the priestly sham, the aristocratic snobbery, the ethical priggishness, and the social corruption of our day. "Penguin Island" is perhaps the keenest and most powerful satire of our social order that has ever been put upon paper. But Anatole France is not satisfied with laughing at the illusions of others. Radical that he is, he is able to smile at his own Quixotism, and in "The Gods Athirst," in his description of bloodthirsty democratic revolutionists, he reveals to us the danger in which the most humanistic and democratic of radicals stands—that is to say, the danger that comes from himself. For when the fine frenzy of the mob is upon us we become irrational, and we are betrayed into the same errors of judgment and the same cruelties of action that were the obvious blunders of our predecessors. As a master of irony and satire, and as a scholar who has apparently unlimited knowledge of our many-sided life, Anatole France is easily the greatest writer and, alas for the world, the most skillful propagandist of the modern world.

Romain Rolland, who, by the way, is just giving us a new novel which we may expect to see in a few days, does not resort to satire; and the flavor of irony in "Jean Christophe" is very slight; but there is all the way through it, whether in the world of music, in the theater, among the journalists, or even among the lovers, a profound suggestion of the internationalist pleading for a United States of the World, and for the abolition of those racial and national animosities which have precipitated the world into so disastrous a carnage.

Martin Anderson Nexo, the new Danish novelist, rivals Romain Rolland in the matter of the length of his work, "Pelle the Conqueror," but he is so much of a pamphleteer and is so keenly interested in making us sympathize with Pelle the Unionist, that after the first volume, where the boyhood of the hero is set forth in almost as charming a manner as that of the first part of "Jean Christophe," didacticism outweighs the story and it becomes dull and heavy.

In another field of radical thought Thomas Hardy has given a message to the world in perhaps the greatest novels of our English literature since "Tom Jones." In the whole field of fiction, where can one find a more powerful arraignment of our codified conventionality and

criminal Puritanism than in "Jude the Obscure" or even "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"? But with all of the indictment which Hardy brings against our social structures, he never forgets that a great part of what we call the irony of fate comes from our own inner weaknesses. Jude, for example, has come to a bitter end, not only because of the aristocratic aloofness and stupidity of Oxford, nor because of the self-righteousness of a Phillistine society, but because in the making of the man the hand of the Potter shook. In the same way Michael Henchard, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," comes to his doom by reason of one moment of passionate weakness. On the other hand, Tess, one of Hardy's most charming characters, is wholly the victim of the outer circumstances which surround her in the network of fate. She is sacrificed upon the altar of Puritan probity, and is a victim to the god of categorical chastity. But whether in great tragedies or in the more whimsical work of Hardy, we find reflected, quite definitely, the modern philosophical outlook; a sort of Pagan ethic, a monistic philosophy, and, through it all, a noble humanism. Relieved of some of the somberness, Hardy's philosophy corresponds pretty well to that of the "Rubiayat" of Omar Khayyam.

It is unfortunate that the promising Mr. H. G. Wells who gave us "The New Machiavelli" and "Tono Bungay," is deceased. The distressed spirit which comes to us now flapping its wings in "The Soul of the Bishop" has very little resemblance to the keen social observer and satirist of "Ann Veronica" or the creator of Richard Remington. Nevertheless, "The New Machiavelli" remains one of the big radical English novels of our day.

To take the place vacated by Mr. Wells comes J. D. Beresford, whose "Jacob Stahl" is one of the best studies of the literary rebels of England that we have. In the same category are W. Sommerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" and Gilbert Cannan's "Old Mole" and "Round the Corner." It will be remembered that Mr. Cannan has been so unfortunate as to be confined for a while in an English jail during the period of the war, and respectable people should be very careful in placing any of his books into the hands of the younger generation. Consciences are dangerous luxuries, in reputable society.

One of the most radical of recent writers in England is Mary Webb, whose "Gone to Earth" and "Golden Arrow" (not to be confused with Mr. Joseph Conrad's late book, "The Arrow of Gold") are sufficiently modern to be read by any subscriber to THE NEW JUSTICE without danger of shock. One almost hesitates to mention the work of Mary Webb for the reason that her novels set forth a position on matters of sexual morality which would prove very distressing to a Y. M. C. A. conscience. Nevertheless, so charming is the style of this writer, so beautiful are her descriptions of nature, and so intimate the knowledge revealed to us of the rural life of Southwest England, that her work must compel attention and disarm dogmatism itself.

In America we are rather unfortunate in having a very limited number of writers who have enough of a cultural background, or passionate devotion to any high artistic aim, to produce any lasting work. For any first-rate work of fiction appealing to radicals, we have to turn to Mark Twain, whose posthumous "Mysterious Stranger" must take rank with Samuel Butler's "Erewhon" or Anatole France's "Penguin Island" as a great piece of social satire. Mark Twain knew the human animal to be very lovable and gentle, and even rational when alone; but he

was fully aware that when people are grouped in herds they become clamorous and pitiful apes, deserving only the ridicule of wisdom. It would be interesting to see what effect a universal acquaintance with "The Mysterious Stranger" would have upon a generation of human beings, and the resultant attitude of that generation toward patriotism and the symbols of national ardor.

But since the days of Mark Twain we have had but few novels of distinction. Henry James was in reality more of an English writer than an American. Howells' appeal was not of a kind to affect those who call themselves moderns. Edith Wharton's one novel, "Ethan Frome" (for the rest are quite unexceptional), promises to live. The work of Upton Sinclair, Joseph Medill Paterson and Robert Herrick is, with the exception of Herrick's "Together" and Sinclair's "Love's Pilgrimage," to be classed as brilliant journalism.

It is to Theodore Dreiser that the younger generation looks for distinctive American novels. "The Genius" has perhaps already attained that distinction. However, it is to be hoped that the passing of years will bring a greater reserve and discrimination to Mr. Dreiser. Eliminate one-fourth of the dull pages in Dreiser and knit the remainder a little more closely, and perhaps "Sister Carrie" and "The Titan" might take their place as interpretations of life by the side of the works of Honore de Balzac.

One might mention a number of other promising writers in England and America in such a rapid review as this, but I shall just whisper of one. For indeed I hesitate to speak of James Branch Cabell in connection with radicalism, for he is in reality radical in just one thing—his conservatism. And yet, who has more satirically attacked those voluminous Bromidians, Messrs. Harold Bell Wright and Robert W. Chambers, than Mr. Cabell? In a recent number of "The Smart Set," Mr. Cabell gave us one of our best modern short stories in "Some Ladies and Jurgen." And surely the radical mind will experience a shock of satisfaction at the mere mention of such a title as "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." There is something quite un-American, indeed refreshingly un-American, in such things as "The Eagle's Shadow" and "The Cream of the Jest"—something that suggests the optimism of Meredith and again the Mephistophelian humor of Anatole France. He chuckles at almost everything that is dear to the bourgeoisie from armchairs to armaments, and radicals of one kind or another make up his small circle of readers. But after all, Cabell is not a radical—he is merely our cleverest American writer.

Editorial writers are assuring us that it is impossible to have high wages and cheap goods at the same time. To which we agree. But why wages at all when a co-operative system of industry would be so much more sane and satisfactory?

One of the charges always included in a recital of the outrageousness of Trotzky is that at one time he worked in New York for very poor wages. How fine it will be when all the people who get poor wages realize that it is outrageous.

The capitalist papers were only wrong by two words, and being within two jumps of the truth is doing mighty well for them. It should have read "Nationalization of opportunity for women."

A Reply to Mr. Ghent

By Harold Hadley Story

The May 1st edition of the New Justice brought no public comment from the headquarters of Dr. Shiels, Los Angeles superintendent of schools, nor did we expect it would. The "come back" came from an unexpected direction, to-wit: the statistical studio of our erstwhile comrade, W. J. Ghent. And it takes the form of a column and three-quarters in the Los Angeles Citizen, official A. F. of L. paper of the city. After giving a "Who's Who" of our editorial staff, Ghent asserts: "The New Justice, like the New Republic, the Nation, the Dial, and the Survey, professes to want the 'truth about Russia.' But also like its New York colleagues, it wants nothing of the kind. What it really wants is anything, no matter how unreliable, that supports the Lenine-Trotsky regime."

"This fact will be testified to by every open-minded student," says Ghent. "The 'capitalist' press has published most of the dependable testimony that has come out of Russia." The New Justice and its "New York colleagues" are accused by Comrade W. J. G. of "falsifying the record," of "suppressing the truth," of "hypocritically * * * maintaining the most rigorous censorship against everything inimical to the Lenine-Trotsky regime."

Ghent undertakes no specific criticism of the "truth about Russia" as we have published it other than to insist that it is unfair and that the record has been falsified. But he kindly offers a list of nine sources of what he calls "dependable testimony * * * the testimony of those who have known Russia all their lives—the heroes and heroines of the revolution." He challenges us to publish the testimony from these sources in preference to what he declares to be "the testimony of a group of chance visitors to Russia, for the most part romanticists and impressionists."

Now certainly a critical judgment of sources is essential to the accurate recording of history, past or current. The New Justice is prepared to defend the reliability of the sources from which it has published the truth about Russia, and to say in black and white why we have "suppressed" the testimony of these heroes and heroines of the revolution cited by W. J. Ghent.

What has the New Justice published? Two or three official reports from the Soviet government of Russia, a statement by Jerome Davis of the Y. M. C. A. mission in Russia, some quotations from Albert Rhys Williams' testimony before the Senate investigating committee, an account of an interview with Professor Lomonosoff—a colleague of those same heroes and heroines mentioned by Ghent, a reprint of the Social Service Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Service ("Leninized" indeed!), an article by J. H. Ryckman composed chiefly of quotations from Breshkovsky, Jerome Davis, and Oliver Saylor of the Indianapolis News, and an article by a Russian resident of Los Angeles who is well posted on Russian affairs. Then there has been an account of a meeting addressed by Louise Bryant, who went to Russia not as a "chance visitor," as Ghent insinuates, but in the deliberate conduct of her profession, that of a correspondent for American newspapers, and saw with a journalist's eyes what was going on from every angle. There has been a reprint of a resolution adopted by the Menshevik Central

Committee, addressed to the Berne Conference, condemning the Allied intervention, and incidentally calling their former partisan, Tchaikowsky (one of Ghent's "heroes of the revolution") a traitor to the revolution. Not a line from Lenine, or Trotsky, or Lunacharsky, or Spirodonova, or Kollontay, or Gorky, or John Reed. And there has been very little editorial comment on any of this matter. It has been left to speak for itself—and it does.

Now let us examine the list of sources offered by Ghent. In the first place it obviously finds its nucleus in a new magazine, "Struggling Russia," now in its fifth number, and purporting to represent the anti-Bolshevik Russian voices in this country. "Struggling Russia" recently took about five hundred dollars' worth of advertising space in the Los Angeles Times to introduce itself to the public, and presumably spent like amounts with other newspapers throughout the country. Where does its fund come from? Doubtless from the \$200,000,000 shipped out of the country during the Kerensky regime, and now being held in the United States by the representatives of the Koltchak rebellion as a fund to promote the re-establishment of capitalism in Russia. Ludwig Martens, official representative of the Soviet Republic, with offices in the Tower Building in New York City, has ordered Bakhmetieff, Koltchak representative at Washington, to hand over the sum immediately, and has retained Morris Hillquit as his attorney to take the matter into the federal courts.

"Struggling Russia's" contributors are largely right-wing Socialists, ex-Socialists, and liberals. They belong to the same group, so far as the international movement is concerned, as Ghent does, and we would accept their statements about Russian Socialism as quickly as the Russian Socialists would accept a pronouncement by Ghent upon the left wing of the American movement. They belong, with Ghent, to the Scheidemann, Ebert, Russell, Spargo, and Benson group; and they talk about the Bolsheviks just as Ghent talks about us.

Another thing that makes them unreliable is that, quite the contrary to what Ghent claims, they really have not know Russia and the revolution all their lives; most of them have hardly known it at all during the last ten or fifteen years. Those mentioned by Ghent have for the most part been under voluntary or compulsory exile from Russia since before the 1905 revolution out of which the Soviet Republic directly grew. With possibly one exception, none of them had anything to do with that important event in Russian history. On the other hand, nearly all of the present leaders of the Russian Soviet government have been intensely active in the midst of Russian revolutionary affairs, within Russia itself, during this same period.

Tchaikowsky and Breshkovsky are two of the authorities mentioned by Ghent who deserve special comment,—the latter because of the publicity she has had in this country and her popularity among the radicals for years, and the former because of his nominal executiveship of the Archangel rebel government, and because of the interview with him published in a recent number of the Outlook. Both have grown old in the propagation of revolutionary doctrines,—very old. Both planned years ago, as the revolutionist must inevitably do, the channels in which the stream of revolt should flow when it came. Now, when

it comes, not a well-ordered stream but an irresistible tidal wave sweeping on with a rapidity and force they never dreamed of, obliterating the channels they had arranged for it,—well, these old people just stand back pitifully astounded and bewildered at the tremendousness of it all,—just like a little child might be who managed to set the barn ablaze when he only intended to start a bon fire. And just like the little child, of course the wits are frightened out of them.

Finally, we wish to call attention to the fact that most of the horrible events to which "Struggling Russia" is giving publicity took place, if at all, from six to eighteen months ago, and most of the documents to which Ghent refers us are so completely out of date as to be worthless lights on the Russia of today. Many of the matters which are being exploited by the anti-Bolsheviks today developed in the middle of last summer, when the Soviet Republic was dealing with armed uprisings. Since that time Maxim Gorky, greatest of the anti-Bolsheviks, has come over to the Soviet Republic with all of his influence and ability. Since that time,—within the last two months, indeed—those Mensheviks who have stayed in Russia instead of going abroad to seek capitalistic aid in crushing Socialism, have declared through their executive council:

"The Menshevik Social Democratic Party makes an appeal to all Socialist parties and to all labor unions for an agreement by the Entente governments with the Lenine government.

**"Down with armed intervention!
"Hands off Revolutionary Russia!"**

RED DAWNS THE INTERNATIONAL

By David Bobsipa

Red rises reason's republic.

Red dies the old world civilization;

Red dawns the New International.

The old regime: a putrescent fruitage—red noses of toppers, red furnaces of steel mills, lurid factories where the tender flesh of children is prepared for brutal palate of plutocracy, red floods of a thousand battle fields, red eyes of disease, hectic cheeks of consumptives, rep eruptions of syphilis—

Red, red, repelling red!

Red memories of my career: red lips of a young mother's kiss and red lips of a sweetheart-wife, the scarlet flag of my college and my sister's university pennant, red in the flags of the nations, red roses from father's garden, red rim of rainbow's arch of promise, red mammalian blood linking continents and ages—

Red, red, redeeming red!

Red builds the New International—

The red league of nations—

On embers of the international of capitalism's blood and misunderstanding.

Our workers, duped, despoiled, despaired, Inflamed by ignorant prejudice, raw red hate, While red fire of the torch and red vomit of cannon Pricked and leveled the baubles of an outworn civilization, And crimson tides from brothers' sides Washed clean the ruins.

From white Russian nights and black Siberian penal dens Flashed the red dawn of the International

That shook the world,

While the answering heart of Debs poured forth response, And the workers of the world dared hope at last for deliverance.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS LOOSE IN THE HEAD

By William Hamilton Miller in the Fillmore Daily Sun.

Old Doc Al Shiels is superintendent of the Los Angeles schools. The Doc wrote a piece for the Educational Journal, which is the official publication of the Los Angeles Principals' Club, and the High School Teachers' Association of that town. And in this article Doc Shiels purports to tell all about "Bolshevism." And then comes "The New Justice," a radical magazine of Los Angeles, which claims to have discovered only 124 actual errors of fact in Doc's five-page article.

Which is not so dod-rotted bad for a schoolmaster, at that. Even the editor of "The New Justice" has the decency to say: "We do not, to be sure, expect the typical school superintendent of today to keep in touch with sources of information which lie outside the beaten track." And Upton Sinclair takes a crack at Doc in the same magazine. And altogether there is a heap of hot stuff in it which the average reader will never see—the more's the pity.

Wouldn't have seen it myself if a friend of mine had not sent me a copy. He is a man whom any old fossil like myself should be proud to claim as his friend. His name is Roberts, John Roberts, and he is a member of Boilermakers' Union No. 285. And he is a candidate for the city council of Los Angeles, on the Socialist ticket. And he has about as much chance of being elected as a celluloid dog would have of beating an asbestos rabbit in a footrace through hell. And the folks will elect an entirely different type of men to sit in the city council of Los Angeles. And not one man in the bunch that will be elected will have a better brain, a cleaner, sweeter viewpoint of life, nor a more genuine desire to make the world better, than has John Roberts, member of Boilermakers' Union No. 285, Los Angeles, Calif.

The blood of the workers shall flow in fellowship
And no longer flow in battle's red rivers of not-love.
Oh, red is the color of passion!

But there is the passion of hate,
And there is the passion of love.
There is the passion of ignorance,
And there is the passion of understanding.
'Tis the same red flame and the same red blood;
Only the direction's changed.

By the red blood of Christ on Calvary shed,
By the red blood of Tikas at Ludlow spilled,
By the red blood of Paint Creek and Calumet,
of Frank Little and Jean Jaures,

By the red martyrdom of all lands and all ages,
By the red courage of Lenine and Trotzky,
By the red courage of Liebknecht and Luxemburg,
By the red courage of Debs,
By the red of love-overcoming-hate.

(For never can an international builded on not-love survive),

In the name of the red lips of mothers and babes,
In the name of an awakened proletariat,
For the good of every being,
The universal urge
(Upwards from protista to primate and beyond)
Carries forward in a red, red age
To the League of Comrades
In the red dawn of the New International.

The Truth About

RIGHTFUL OWNERS DEMAND RUSSIAN PROPERTY IN AMERICA

Since the establishment of the Soviet Government in Russia the relations between Russia and the United States have been very puzzling. The representatives in the United States of the former regimes continued in office and have had possession of all the vast properties owned by the Russian Government, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars. Although it became evident very soon that the counter-revolutionary groups representing the former Government had absolutely no chance ever to regain their power in Russia, their representatives in this country not only continued to be regarded as representatives of Russia, but they have been in a position to use all the funds and the materials owned here by Russia. A vast army of idle officials, including the staff of the so-called Embassy, Supply Commission, Railway Mission and Consulates in various parts of America, representing nobody but themselves and a small clique of former exploiters in Russia, use the funds of the Russian people in a campaign of vilification against Soviet Russia, plotting in every way for the destruction of the Workers' Republic. In the last few months, when it became absolutely evident that there was no other solution of the Russian question than the recognition sooner or later of the only existing Government of Russia, THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT, these former Russian officials have been deliberately disposing of valuable Russian property in America, by selling railway material, etc., at any price to anyone who wanted to buy, the Russian people being unable to put an end to this abominable policy.

Now that the Soviet Government of Russia has appointed an official representative to the United States, he is taking vigorous steps to protect the interests of the Russian Workers' Republic in America. He has served notice on all the officials, beginning with Bakhmetieff, commanding them to turn over the property now in their hands to the representatives of the Soviet Government. He has also placed claims in the name of the Russian Soviet Government with banks which have Russian Government funds on deposit. The letter sent to Mr. Bakhmetieff reads as follows:

Mr. Boris Bakhmetieff,
At the Russian Embassy,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: In behalf of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic and as the duly accredited Representative of the said Government in the United States, I hereby command you to turn over to me immediately upon receipt hereof all property of the Russian Government in your possession or under your control, including the Embassy Building at Washington, D. C., with all furniture, household effects and other personal property contained therein; all files, archives, correspondence and other papers and documents of the Russian Embassy; all funds and sums of money in your hands or on deposit in any bank or other institution acting under your direction or authority, whether such funds represent advances made to you directly by the Government of Russia or loans or other payments made to you in behalf of the Russian Government, or proceeds of any property of the Russian Government sold by you or by any of your subordinates under your direction; all property of the former Russian Railways Mission and Supplies Committee taken over by you or by your subordi-

nates, agents or representatives and now in your custody or control or in the custody or control of any such subordinates or representatives; all other property of any kind and description in your possession or under your control in your representative capacity of former Russian Ambassador in the United States.



Ludwig A. Martens

This demand is based upon the claim that your post of Russian Ambassador to the United States became vacant and your rights and title under the same were legally terminated with the overthrow of the Government under which you held your appointment and whom you represented in the United States, i. e., the Provisional Government of Russia, and upon the establishment of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic.

On behalf of the said Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic I claim that the said Government is the only existing Government in Russia, de jure and de facto; that the Government whom you are alleged to represent in this country has absolutely gone out of existence on the 6th day of November, 1917; that there is at this time not even the barest pretense of its power or existence and that your official position in the United States is that of an alleged agent without a principal.

The workers and peasants of Russia and their Government have learned with deep indignation and just wrath that you, together with an array of idle former officials, without any authority, and representing nobody but yourself and a small clique of former exploiters of Russia, are using funds and property belonging to the Russian people or contracted for in its name for purposes openly hostile to the Russian people.

In behalf of my Government I emphatically command you not to dispose of its funds and property held by you without authority and for purposes openly hostile to the interests of the Russian Government and the Russian peo-

Russia . . . DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY J. H. RYCKMAN

ple, and hereby caution you that if you disregard this notice you will do so at your own peril.

(Signed) L. A. MARTENS,
Representative in the United States of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic.

REPEATED ASSURANCES OF SOVIET GOOD WILL

A number of recent expressions of the attitude of the Soviet Russian Government toward foreign countries contain statements of the readiness of that government to meet all serious proposals for peace at least halfway. From an Italian newspaper we have now translated the letter printed below, which was addressed on January 10th, of this year, to Ludvig Meyer, of Christiania, Norway, a lawyer pleading in the Supreme Court of that country. The letter emphasizes in the clearest possible manner the standpoints already set forth in Tchicherin's long statement to President Wilson (of October 24th), as well as in the cable message addressed by Maxim Litvinoff to President Wilson when the latter was in London (December 24th, 1918). The Litvinoff letter was published in No. 1 of this Bulletin. Of the two signers of the letter printed below, Maxim Litvinoff was Soviet representative in London for a time, while V. Vorovsky occupied the same position at Stockholm. The text of the letter is given herewith:

Dear Comrade: Stockholm, Jan. 10th, 1919.

Referring to your letter of December 30th, we regret that we cannot share your opinion of the Soviet Government's making an immediate declaration as to the conditions on the basis of which that Government would be ready to conclude peace with the Allies. We know that when the Allies, being the offending party, shall formulate their demands on the Soviet Government, the latter will not hesitate to declare openly and in the clearest terms to what extent it can meet those demands. Not only has the Soviet Government never been informed directly as to the conditions of peace which the Allies wish to put to Russia, but similar peace propositions emanating from both the Central Government, as well as from its representatives in the foreign countries, have never been answered, notwithstanding the fact that the possibility of a change in internal and external policies was indicated clearly in a message to President Wilson, dated Dec. 24th.

The Soviet Government therefore shares our opinion that there is no reason to repeat peace propositions or other declarations, in the name of Russia, since the Allies continue to give no indications that they on their part are disposed to open formal negotiations for peace with Russia.

We are nevertheless ready to recapitulate our views of possible peace conditions, which were already expressed in our conversation of Dec. 25th.

Lord Milner recently declared that one of the objects of the Allied intervention in Russia was to protect the so-called "Russian friends of the Allies" against the oppression threatening them when the regime of the Soviets should be established in those parts of Russia at present occupied by the Allies. However, this fear should in no way be an obstacle to an agreement between the Allies and the Soviets, since the latter are ready to give to the so-called Russian friends of the Allies all the necessary guarantees, assuring them their liberty and amnesty for

their past crimes. Regardless of their politics and their past social standing, they will have a real opportunity to collaborate in the Soviet system in accordance with their ability, their education and their adaptability.

We are convinced that as soon as the foreign intervention closes, the civil war in Russia in its present form will stop, and it will then be unnecessary to continue any restrictions of the liberty of the press.

We are likewise certain that as soon as Russia obtains the opportunity to work under normal conditions, and the population has adapted itself to the new social order, there will only remain a ridiculously limited portion of this population which will need to be restricted in the active exercise of the rights of citizens. But until these conditions have been realized, the Soviet Republic should have the time and the opportunity to apply the principles dominating this government, and to show what it is able to do for the good of the Russian people.

As for the present and future policy of the Soviet Government with regard to Poland, Ukraine, and the other regions of the old Russian empire, this policy will consist in avoiding every infraction of the right of these regions to dispose freely of their own destinies.

Nevertheless the Soviet Government must simultaneously insist that there be no intervention by any foreign power whatever in the struggle between the classes or between the parties in the above-mentioned regions. Until the relations between these regions and the Soviet Government have been finally fixed a modus vivendi must be created which will guarantee the operation and movement of railroads, postal and telegraphic communications, exchange of commodities, transportation and traffic, free access to ports, etc.

In order to work out its economic order, Russia needs the technical, scientific, and material assistance that other countries can offer. For this reason, in case there is an agreement with the Allies, the Soviet Government would be ready to revise such decrees as concern the foreign obligations of Russia toward other countries, without, however, in any way violating the fundamental principles of that government's economic and financial policy.

Among other things special attention may be given to the interest of small creditors in foreign countries.

The Russian Government, which is much interested in making known to the world the general principles on which it is based, and in fighting against the campaign of lies and calumnies which have been circulated against the Soviets and their work, would abstain from any propaganda in Allied countries, in order not to lay itself open to accusation of interference in their foreign affairs. In this connection, we may declare in the most final manner that the Soviets have never been responsible for any propaganda in any foreign country, except perhaps in Germany.

The Soviet Republic demands only that the Allies promise to cease every direct or indirect military action against Soviet Russia, every direct or indirect material assistance to Russian or other forces operating against the Soviet Government, to refrain from all acts of economic hostility or boycott under any form whatever against the Soviet Republic.

LITVINOFF,
VOROVSKY.



Waiting at the Church

Drawn by Harold W. Miles.

The Rift

By Clarence Moily

"The trouble with the short story," said the author, "is that it is short. It may be used to detail an incident or particular event, but it can not be made to contain a life. To depict a life one must fall back upon the novel."

"I knew of a life," responded the lawyer slowly, "which could have been put into a short story, which was, in fact, scarcely more than an anecdote. It was merely like a sunlit rift in the clouds at noon before the rain resumes for the day. Even your cleverness could not make a novel out of that."

"It must have been the life of a baby," remarked the author with a smile.

"Not at all. It was the life of a man who lived to be eighty years of age."

The author settled himself comfortably in his easy chair and looked dreamily out over the moonlit sward which spread before the veranda on which they were seated.

"Tell us the story," he asked.

"Yes, tell us the story," echoed the young poet, who until now had been silent.

And so the lawyer told it, the musical monotone of his trained voice mingling with the perfumed breath of the night breeze from the hills beyond the lawn.

"In the first place," said he, "I must ask you to imagine a frontier farm in the middle west in the earlier half of the last century. I cannot assist you much in that, for there are few men now living capable of filling in, from personal observation, the details of such a picture, and I am not one of them. But it was on such a farm, carved by his father out of the primitive wilderness, that Michael Ross, the man of whom I tell you, was born and reared. He was the youngest of a large family of children, one of the characteristic families of the period, and one by one, as they grew to maturity, his brothers and sisters went out into the world, until Michael and his parents were left alone. He was a quiet, sober, industrious youth, stolid, perhaps, one should call him, doing the routine work of the farm, gaining at the country school a bare knowledge of how to read and write, the most sensational event in his experience an infrequent visit to the country town known as the county seat. He was strong and in perfect health, a well conditioned animal, in fact a typical 'brother to the ox'. If he had at that time subterranean reservoirs of emotional possibilities within him, no one guessed it. If he chafed at the meagerness and monotony of his life, he said nothing. When he was twenty-five his father died, and Michael remained at home to care for his mother. He performed this duty faithfully for fifteen years, when his mother, too, died, and he was left alone. He was forty years old, and he had had the worldly experience of a child of twelve. By the common consent of his brothers and sisters the farm had been left to him as a reward for his long labor and fidelity. It was, as you might say, the purchase price of that first forty years of his life. And forty years had brought their changes even in that remote bypath of the world's progress. The farm had grown valuable. Michael found himself now in comfortable circumstances. But now, too, awoke within him, seemingly for the first time, the love of life itself, the greedy craving for all the manifold experiences of life

which had been denied him, and he determined to see the world. He sold his farm for sixteen thousand dollars gold, a considerable sum in those post-bellum days, and then sought the advice of the family doctor as to how to proceed in his quest, for Michael was of canny Scotch blood and had no intention of losing his money. The doctor heard him out, sympathetically enough, and gave him a letter of introduction to a lawyer friend of his in the neighboring city, instructing Michael to place himself and his affairs unreservedly in the attorney's hands. This Michael did, and then started out on his belated adventure with Existence."

The narrator paused, and all three were silent for a moment. Across the far edge of the lawn two persons, the white-clad figure of a woman and the dark shadow of a man, appeared in the moonlight, and in intimate and laughing conversation, passed presently out of view along a winding path. Prompted by the sight, the young poet smilingly asked:

"And Michael's first adventure was with a woman?"

"Precisely," the lawyer resumed. "I do not know why it is that young country boys, such as Michael was in all but years, upon their advent to the city, gravitate inevitably to the tenderloin. Probably they are drawn by a mixture of curiosity and the spirit of adventure, to which is added the delicious spice of freedom. Anyway, Michael was no exception to the rule. The first evening of his urban sojourn found him in the rose-lit environment of what our social reformers call the vice district, and here, in a moment big with fate, he met Bertha. There was nothing particularly remarkable about Bertha. She was just an ordinary, stupid, good natured, rather complacent victim of circumstances, with, perhaps, more than the usual claim to physical attractiveness. At least to me, who knew her in far later years, she seemed to have been not far from a beauty in her youth. But to Michael she was, I say it reverently, a divine revelation. Remember, he had forty years of dearth behind him. But, then, how can you account for such things? The man loved her, loved her with that deep, elemental breaking up and reconstruction of the soul which comes but once in a lifetime even to the most fortunate of men. All that was, all, indeed, that he might have been, was concentrated in that mad, superb passion that mounted higher and burned in a more consuming flame with each recurring day of their association. And as he loved her, so he dreamed the dream of love, of marriage, of home, may be of children, who can tell? And, little by little, he managed to tell her of his dreams.

"At first these disclosures rather amused Bertha. She was of too generous a nature to sense any sordid advantage to herself in Michael's attitude, and she received his proposals with humorous railery.

"Oh, go on!" she would say. "You don't need to marry me. People on Clark street don't get married. Orange blossoms aren't a bit becoming to my complexion. What do you want to marry me for?"

"But after a time Michael led her to understand the real fiber of his desire, to see the spiritual quality of his love, and she was deeply touched by it. Certainly, he

was well able to take care of her. Certainly, it was to her every interest to consent to his wishes. Certainly, they could go to some distant place and begin life anew. And yet, unaccountably, Bertha hesitated and held back and evaded giving him a positive answer. About this time, Michael, who was constantly with Bertha, began to notice a slinking, furtive, evil thing which slipped from Bertha's room at his approach, or edged past him in hallways, or vanished before him around street corners. At length he was moved to inquire of Bertha concerning the man.

"'Who is that fellow?' he asked one day when he had encountered him for an instant at the door of Bertha's apartment.

"'That?' said Bertha with an awkwardly assumed indifference; 'oh, that is the Weazel.'

"Michael pressed his inquiries. What was the Weazel? What was he? Was he a friend of hers?

"'No,' Bertha said with sudden bitterness; 'he's no friend of mine.'

"Beyond this Michael could learn nothing from her, though he felt that here was something which concerned his beloved and which he must understand. On different occasions he returned to the subject. One day, trusting to his ignorance, Bertha answered him.

"'The Weazel,' she said, 'is a mack.'

"'What is a mack?' asked Michael.

Bertha smiled and took his hand between her soft palms.

"'If you don't know, I can't tell you,' she replied.

"But Michael was not satisfied. He carried his problem to his lawyer, Judge McArthur.

"'Judge, what is a mack?' he asked.

"'A macquereau, commonly known as a mack,' the Judge told him, 'is a man who makes a business of seducing girls, leading them into lives of prostitution, securing customers for them, contriving police protection for them, and appropriating their earnings.'

"It was a good legal definition, clear, complete, brutal. And Michael understood at last. He went back to Bertha and very gently, very tenderly, renewed his offer of marriage. And again Bertha evaded, and was silent, and finally burst into tears. And then Michael sought to know if it was the panderer who stood in the way, and so he came at length to possess the whole truth, that of this strange and loathsome creature Bertha was horribly afraid. This was long before white slavery had been organized into a commercial power, or investigated by commissions, or analyzed in our best magazines. But for all that, Bertha was an actual slave of the Weazel, and Michael perceived that until she was freed there could be no hope of her regeneration or of the realization of his dreams. And then, out of his mad, resistless love of her, stricken and helpless as she was, grew a mad hate of the evil which had been done her, and through her to him also. And from his hate and his love was born the resolve to meet the evil and overcome it, that the path of their safety might lie clear before them. And to overcome the evil meant to eradicate it utterly. No half-way measures were possible here. For not only was Bertha too terrorized to undertake her own escape, but wherever they might go, whatever they might do, however deeply they might bury the past, this man would always know. The countless guests who had filled her midnight hours were nothing to Michael. They were but pale and transient ghosts, flitting before the dawn. But this man was different. This man would always know. He, with them, would be the custodian of their secret, and from the most hidden caverns of forgetfulness could bring it always

to light. While he lived, peace and salvation were impossible for them. While he lived, the woman's doom and his own despair lay before Michael with the inexorable-ness of Destiny. If ever murder became a holy obligation, Michael conceived it to be so now. And he laid his plans with cool and quiet deliberation.

"At a pawnbroker's shop he purchased a pistol and cartridges. From the inmates of the house where Bertha resided he learned, by casual questioning, the Weazel's habits and haunts. He made no further inquiries of Bertha, nor did he give her any intimation of his purpose. In every way he tried to save her from the role of accomplice. One night he succeeded in confronting the Weazel as he emerged from a saloon. Michael made sure of the man's identity beneath the flare of a gas light, and then with perfect composure emptied his revolver into him. With a little, choking sigh the Weazel sank in a shapeless mass upon the pavement. Michael stood, still holding the smoking weapon in his hand, dazed at the ease and suddenness of it all. A crowd began to gather. Officers were hurrying up. At length it occurred to Michael that his service to Bertha was but half accomplished, and that for her sake he must save himself if he could. He turned away, but already the police were at his side. One grasped his shoulder. Another disarmed him. He made no resistance. The trial followed quickly upon his arrest. There was not the shadow of a defense. There was not even the poor excuse of a quarrel upon which to base the idea of a killing in hot blood. The two men had never exchanged a word in their lives. Judge McArthur, Michael's only friend, did what he could. He placed Michael on the witness stand to tell his story. But how could this simple country lout tell to a cynical jury of city court house loafers, the story of his love, of his dreams, of his holy purpose in the thing he had done? The verdict was a foregone conclusion—guilty of murder in the first degree. But Michael's own previous good character, and the fervid plea of Judge McArthur, who was a skilled and eloquent advocate, won from the jury the concession of a recommendation to mercy. This saved him from the death penalty. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. From the time of his arrival in the city to the day he was taken away to begin his hopeless sentence was but a little over two months. In those two months he had lived out his life.

"And yet Judge McArthur, in whose office I was, years later, a student, told me that at this time Michael was deeply, tranquilly, joyously happy. He had saved the woman he loved to better things. From Bertha, who, in spite of her innate fear of the police, had visited him at the jail, he had secured a promise, gladly given, I think, that she would abandon her occupation, and he had told Judge McArthur to place at her disposal the money that he had. No knight of King Arthur's court returning from a triumphant fight, ever summoned the palace gates with serener gladness, than did Michael know as there closed upon him forever the forbidding portal of the abode of felons. And Bertha, too, had received her consecration. No sooner had Michael's sentence begun, than for her began what was destined to prove forty years of fruitless labor to have him pardoned and released. You see, this was before the modern day of paroles and prison reforms. Society still fixed its attention on the crime, and forgot about the criminal. Three times the application for Michael's pardon was considered by the pardon board, and each time the cool premeditation of the offense and the utter lack of extenuating circum-

stances such as a board of pardon could understand, led to its rejection. After that these rulings became precedents which future boards were content to follow. Year by year Bertha journeyed to the capital to lay the matter before succeeding boards and governors, never flagging, never hopeless, bearing patiently the pain of repeated disappointments, living only for this one purpose. Judge McArthur did all that lay in his power to aid her, but he was a lawyer, not a politician. And Bertha herself was hampered by the equivocal nature of her connection with Michael.

"'You are his wife, madam?' was the first question she would encounter.

"'Oh, no,' she would answer; 'I was never fit to be his wife.'

"Yet the man was a condemned murderer. Naturally the average politician could not be expected to comprehend this puzzle. And, failing to comprehend it, his sympathies were chilled. Gradually the case became buried in dusty, forgotten files, officials grew brusque or indifferent, and the figure of the gray-haired woman haunting the outer corridors of the executive offices on some unknown but presumably fantastic errand excited the risibilities of lazy clerks and pert stenographers flirting aimlessly through their little hour of youth and sun. Twice Bertha attempted to visit Michael at the penitentiary. But here, again, she met with the same obstacle. She was not his wife. The relation between them had been an illicit one. And the warden, a grim old Presbyterian, could not reconcile it with his conscience to encourage such relationships. So Bertha was refused admittance. Once she returned from the state capital tremulous with eager hope. Some governor had listened to her with understanding and kindness and had expressed a wish to talk personally with Judge McArthur about the case. But the Judge was even then upon his death bed, and without his assistance, which would have been so willingly given, she was powerless to win further consideration. On Judge McArthur's death, I succeeded to his practice, and so came into charge of Bertha's business affairs. She was at this time well past fifty, white haired, bowed with the growing weight of barren years, yet with traces of the evident beauty

which had once won her the heroic love of another human heart. And in her eyes had come that look, strange in women, of the mystic, the *illuminatus*, whose life is nourished by the hidden visions of the soul. At times I talked with her about Michael. The man who had given his life for her had become a god to her. His memory and the ever-living hope of his service were her religion.

"Well, time rushed onward with that increasing acceleration which middle age knows so well, concealing the empty days which were to have been so full of fruition, and leading to vain endings the assured expectations of the past. And Bertha never faltered in her task, or doubted that finally, even in this life, she would be reunited to her love. At last, after another decade of fruitless effort, word reached her of Michael. How she received it I do not know. Perhaps through some obscure newspaper paragraph, more likely through those subterranean channels of communication maintained in the underworld, with which, doubtless for this very purpose, she had never quite lost touch. And the news was that Michael was dying. She went to him and this time was allowed to see him."

The lawyer stopped in his recital, as if considering how best to say what remained to be said. The young poet broke the silence.

"So they were reunited at last?" he asked wistfully.

"No," said the other, "there was no reunion. Forty years of imprisonment had done their work. Michael did not know her. It is doubtful if he longer knew the crime for which he had been imprisoned. He was eighty, she was sixty-five. It had been forty years. But though his clouded mind could not remember her, he died in her arms."

"And what became of her?" asked the author, after another pause.

The lawyer continued:

"She claimed the body. That poor boon at least was not denied her. She brought it back to the city and buried it in the most select spot she could find in one of our most beautiful cemeteries. Bertha survived Michael but two years. By her direction she was buried with him. They sleep there, side by side."

The Living or The Dead?

Let us refrain from throwing the dust of the dead into the eyes of the living. Wisdom does not consist of extolling the virtues of ancient prophets, but in doing one's part in holding up the hands of the prophets of today.

Why worship the dead one?

Why not serve a living truth?

Truth is usually manifested through agitators and undesirable citizens who become respectable just about the time the race is ready for another step forward. Truth is a shining light, but it takes quite a small dust particle to shut it out.

Honor the race's leaders whose bodies have long since dissolved, but serve the living leaders of men!

The truths taught by the old teachers have not changed, but their words have become crystallized into dogmas in the hands of organizing power.

The dogmatic is not dynamic. Dogma is destructive; the dynamic is deliverance. Dogma is the form without love, the body divested of the soul.

And radical dogma is no more to be revered and respected than church dogma. Both are abortive religion, strangled ere birth pangs.

You will become a social builder, not by your admiration of dead statesmen, but by your co-operation with living statesmen; and a living saint wears no halo. Those things are woven from the imaginative fetishism of succeeding ages.

Outlines of history show the pioneers are ever misunderstood. Dare you understand the pioneers of today? Dare you stand out with them for a moment? Stand only for a moment, because they will be marching rapidly forward—some to prisons, some to persecution and martyrdom, and all to liberation.

Dare you march with them?

Dare you?

Dare you understand?

Dare you honor a living movement, to recognize living prophets, to heed living teachers.

Russia's Titanic Educator

By Lena Morrow Lewis

"I cannot stand it! I cannot bear the destruction of beauty and tradition!" cried Lunarcharsky in a passionate flood of tears as he left the council chamber of the People's Commissar upon hearing that the Kremlin had been destroyed. The story of the bombardment of this repository of art and beauty, this historic building so magnificent in its glory, caused him such agony of soul and distress of mind and body that he took to his bed. The destruction of this wonderful edifice could have but one meaning as expressed in the words of Lunarcharsky himself, when he said "the fearful struggle there has reached a pitch of bestial ferocity." Unable any longer to endure the horrors or to work under the pressure that was driving him mad, he asked to be released from his position as Commissar of Education.

But the gruesome story turned out to be a figment of Dame Rumor, and when the news came that the Kremlin still stood with but very little damage this great man of learning and culture quickly recovered.

While the rumor still prevailed, Lunarcharsky consented to remain in his position and issued the following exhortation to the comrades:

"Comrades! You are the young masters of the country, and although now you have much to do and to think about, you must know how to defend your artistic and scientific treasures. That which is happening in Moscow is a horrible irreparable misfortune! The people in its struggle for power has mutilated our glorious capital."

In explaining how he could ever have the courage to go on with the work under such distressing circumstances, he said: "Only the hope of the victory of Socialism, the source of a new and superior culture, brings me comfort. On me weighs the responsibility of protecting the artistic wealth of the people. I beg of you, Comrades, to give me your support. . . . Preserve for yourselves and your descendants the beauty of our land; be the guardians of the property of the people. Soon, very soon, even the most ignorant who have been held in ignorance so long, will awake and understand what a source of joy, strength and wisdom is art."

In this dramatic incident is revealed the artistic appreciation and culture of A. Lunarcharsky, Commissar of Education in the Soviet Government of Russia. Louise Bryant in her book, "Six Red Months in Russia," says of the man: "Lunarcharsky is one of the most picturesque figures in Russia, and for years has been known as the 'Poet of the Revolution.' He is an extremely cultured man. Right in the midst of the fiercest fighting he got out a decree simplifying the spelling and dropping the superfluous letters out of the alphabet. He also established a school of proletarian drama, and" continues Miss Bryant in her fascinating story of these wonderful people, "plays were given in factories, in barracks. And they chose good plays by the best authors—Gogol, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, etc. There is so much romance in this whole proletarian movement, such magnificent and simple gestures, it is not surprising that it caught the imagination of an impressionable man like Lunarcharsky."

Mr. Humphries, a returned Y. M. C. A. worker who was in Russia during the proletarian revolution, said before an American audience on his return to the United

States that, during the time when the papers of this country were publishing stories of how the streets of Petrograd were flowing with blood, he attended more operas and saw more of the great world-renowned dramas than he had ever seen in all the rest of his life.

Lunarcharsky does not belong to the school that considers art only for the sake of art. A deeper study into the activities of this world-renowned scholar shows that his motto is "Art for the sake of life." To him the beautiful is useful, and even the useful can be made beautiful.

No greater difference exists between the economic order of Capitalism and Socialism than exists between the educational systems of the two. Under Capitalism the children of the proletariat are educated for industry, and not through industry, but the sponsors of the new regime appreciate the great revolutionary change that must be made in the new educational system.

That Lunarcharsky is in line with the truly modern school of educators is seen by comparing some of his ideas with that of Professor John Dewey.

Dewey says: "A child should not be specialized during his formative period. He is engaged in forming habits rather than in definitely utilizing those already formed. Consequently he is absorbed in getting that all-around contact with persons and things, that range of acquaintance with the physical and ideal factors of life, which shall afford the background and material for the specialized aims and pursuits of life. He is or should be busy in the formation of a flexible variety of habits whose sole immediate criterion is their relation to full growth, rather than acquiring certain skills whose value is measured by their reference to specialized technical accomplishments."

Instead of fitting the child for a specific place in the lower walks of life, this great educator would fit him for any place in life.

In the first annual report of Lunarcharsky, as published in the May Liberator, we find the following: "In place of schools of all varieties and kinds—which formerly were sharply divided into a lower school for the plain people, and the middle school for the privileged classes and the well-to-do people, and divided further into schools for boys and those for girls, into technical and classical secondary schools, general and special school institutions—the Commissariat has introduced the Unified Workers' School. In principle, every child of the Russian Republic enters a school of an identical type and has the same chances as every other to complete its higher education.

"Second, that up to the age of 16 all specialization is omitted. . . . Specialization in the full meaning of the word is permitted only after attaining the age of 16 and upon the foundation of a general and polytechnical education acquired already. This Unified Workers' School covers a period of nine years. In order that the school may be accessible to all, tuition fees are abolished, and the children are provided with gratuitous hot food and the poorest children with shoes and clothing. . . .

"The labor character of the school consists in the fact that labor, pedagogical as well as productive labor, will be made the basis of teaching. In the primary schools

it will be mostly work within the walls of the school; in the kitchen, in the garden, in special workshops, etc. The labor must be of a productive character. In the secondary schools the productive and broad social character of labor is emphasized still more sharply. . . . From this age (13) on we are uniting the labor of the child—the participation of the child in the social struggle for existence and its development with its education. The school, without losing sight of the youngster, protecting it from harm, turning each act of its labor to the benefit of its general physical and mental development, will lead it into the very tangle of social productive work. This task is the most novel and the most representative. Only by the way of experience and by an attentive co-operation of the teacher with the technical staff and the workers' administration of factories and workshops shall we be able to feel out gradually the correct method of close relationship between the pedagogical and the industrial life."

Relative to the subject of teachers' salaries and school equipment, the report reads as follows:

"On June 25 (1918) the Council of People's Commissars adopted measures which stand out singularly in the annals of school history not of Russia alone. The salaries of public school teachers were raised at once to more than double their previous amount, with back pay for three months beginning with March. In proportion as the ideal of universal education is actually approached, in proportion as the system of new schools is opened, the salaries of the teachers' personnel in these schools are still to be raised . . . the school workers of the future unified labor school will be, as regards remuneration, transferred to the first, that is, the highest class. These expenditures will have to reach several billions; the yearly budget of the unified labor school when its plan is definitely outlined, with all its side expenditures for equipments, structures, etc., will have to reach six billion roubles. But toiling Russia will not spare anything in order to have a school worthy of her hundred million of workers and peasants, who, the first in the world have taken the power directly into their hands. To lift the material level of the worker in the public school would mean, however, the completion of only half of the work, and not the most important half. Bourgeois society not only kept the bodies of the masses in perpetual cold and hunger, but also tried continually to keep their minds in absolute darkness. . . . The new Russia does not want teachers physically incapacitated by misery and want, but teachers of a genuine culture, of high intellectual development, and of perfect physical vigor."

In view of this, extensive plans have been outlined for the educating of the teachers. That they may be able to meet the demand for knowledge on the part of so many adults in the nation, Lunarcharsky says "It is essential to organize a long line of universities in provinces, cities and villages and also the spreading of a great number of libraries, stable and circulating, for the advantage of the masses, and finally the organization of educational expeditions into the country and the sale of literature through various channels of communication and primarily through the Post Telegraphic Department. . . . We wish to remark that all government archives have been converted and centralized and made accessible to the public. The victorious nation has inherited wonderful Czarist, feudal and churchly property. In addition to the official museums, the Commissariat of Education has

created new museums, using the historical and artistic and most precious palaces and castles of the Czars and lords for that purpose, protecting them in the year of tragic fermentation, when the highly precious property of the despised classes was in danger of being destroyed. The Commissariat of Public Education has created a new special organ—the Commission for the Protection of Artistic Monuments and Monuments of Antiquity—which not only saved many of them from ruin, but also nationalized all the culture and art of the conquered for the democratic and universal benefit of the people at large.

"In the same way, all the former imperial theaters have been protected and granted full autonomy for the actors, and, despite the critical revolutionary period, the theaters are functioning in full force and plays becoming more proletarian in character, and the theaters becoming gradually the property of the working masses. . . . The Theatrical Department is energetically working out the problems and methods of scenery to be introduced in schools, also methods of special theatrical education, children's theaters, the history and theory of the theater, publishing journals illuminating and discussing these subjects.

"In the same manner, all the choruses and orchestras of all former religious and imperial institutions have been taken over and reorganized democratically by the Commissariat. The Imperial Orchestra gives at present time one concert a week of a musical and academic character, so to speak; two popular concerts in the beautiful halls of the Winter Palace, which has been converted into a National Palace of Art, and concerts in different neighborhoods periodically.

"The two best choruses of the world, in all probability, the one of the chapel and the synodic one, have been converted into publicly accessible academies of music and song. A true public character has been given to various musical schools under the supervision of military and naval departments. The conservatories have been also taken over by the Commissariat of Public Education, and in the near future a conference will be called to consider systematic and radical reforms to be introduced in those advanced musical establishments.

"Along with the Department of Plastic Arts, there is another department—the Artistic-Industrial Department—which is occupied with the problem of elevating the artistic aspect of industry. For that purpose it operates at the present time a porcelain and grinding factory and is organizing colossal workshops.

"On the Department of Plastic Arts fell also the duty of removing unesthetic and immoral monuments and building new monuments of great thinkers, workers and poets of the Revolution.

"The Commissariat is determined to publish the best Russian classics in the near future. It has also thrown on the market thousands of sets at cheap prices—of Tolstoy, Turgenev, Uspenski, Kolchov, etc. Shortly also the Department of Foreign Literature, under the direction of Maxim Gorky, will begin to function. This Department has a remarkable field before it, and under the directorship of a great man like Maxim Gorky, it is bound to accomplish unprecedented results.

"The Educational Department is occupied with the problem of mobilizing all the educational forces of Russia for the purpose of solving complicated problems brought into prominence by the conditions under the Soviet regime. The Academy of Sciences, the Association of Knowledge and a number of other educational societies

work in co-operation with the Educational Department.”

As a further evidence that Lunarcharsky grasps the revolutionary viewpoint of educational processes and appreciates the discrimination to be made between instruction and education, we quote the following from him as it appears in John Reed's book, "Ten Days That Shook the World":

"Instruction is the transmission of knowledge by the teacher to his pupil. Education is a creative process. The personality of the individual is being 'educated' through life, is being formed, grows richer in content, stronger and more perfect. . . . Instruction will surely be an important but not a decisive element. What is more important here is the criticism, the creativeness of the masses themselves; for science and art have only in some of their parts a general human importance. They suffer radical changes with every far-reaching class upheaval."

The pledge of the country's safety lies in the co-operation of all its vital and genuinely democratic forces. We believe that the energetic effort of the people and of the honest enlightened intellectuals will lead the country out of its painful crisis, and through complete democracy to the reign of Socialism and the brotherhood of nations.

The returning soldiers would rather have a decent chance in life thrown to them than flowers and maudlinism. Better than that, some of them are talking of not having things thrown to them at all.

While the soldiers were making the world safe for democracy the patrioteers were making their jobs unsafe for them.

If you expect to be happy in this life why not begin right now—but perhaps the anticipation of future happiness makes you happiest.

The world is poorer in men and property by reason of the war. Are we proportionately richer in ideas with which to build the future on a better plan?

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Gertrude Atherton, a bitter opponent of Bolshevism, had that experience, and found it useful. She writes: "I have been intensely interested in 'Jimmie Higgins,' because it gives me a point of view that I could not get elsewhere, and I get the whole picture owing to your skill, with no effort on my own part."

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From "The Candidate"

I have just finished reading the first installment of "Jimmie Higgins" and I am delighted with it. It is the beginning of a great story that will be translated into many languages and read by eager and interested millions all over the world. I feel that your art will lend itself readily to "Jimmie Higgins," and that you will be at your best in placing this dear little comrade where he belongs in the Socialist movement. The opening chapter of your story proves that you know him intimately. You are painting a superb portrait of our "Jimmie" and I congratulate you.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

From a Teacher

Have just finished reading "Jimmie Higgins." The tears are still in my eyes, tho' the laugh got mixed up with them when I got to Eleeza Betooser! (I give "lessons to foreigners" during the winter, whose experience has given point to that mix-up.) I became so absorbed in Jimmie that the newly kindled fire in my little air-tight went out for lack of attention to the draft, and when I got to the end of Debs' speech, I discovered that I was hugging a tepid stove.

BLANCHE WATSON.

From Mrs. Jack London

Jimmie Higgins is immense. He is real, and so are the other characters. I'm sure you rather fancy Comrade Dr. Service! The beginning of the narrative is delicious with an irresistible loving-humor; and as a change comes over it and the Big Medicine begins to work, one realizes by the light of 1918, what you have undertaken to accomplish. The sure touch of your genius is here, Upton Sinclair, and I wish Jack London might read and enjoy.

CHARMIAN LONDON.

From a Socialist Artist

Jimmie Higgins' start is a master portrayal of that character. I have been out so long on these lecture tours that I can appreciate the picture. I am waiting to see how the story develops. It starts better than "King Coal."

RYAN WALKER.

From a "Jimmie"

Well, the October Magazine is O. K. and Jimmie Higgins 100 per cent. To a fellow that carried a Red Card 14 consecutive years it seems like reincarnation.

J. W. POWELL, Alameda, California.

Price \$1.70, Postpaid

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, Calif.

10 cents

June 1

The New Justice

