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LETTERS FROM PRISON

—
BOUCK WHITE

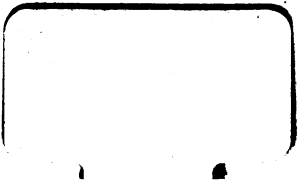
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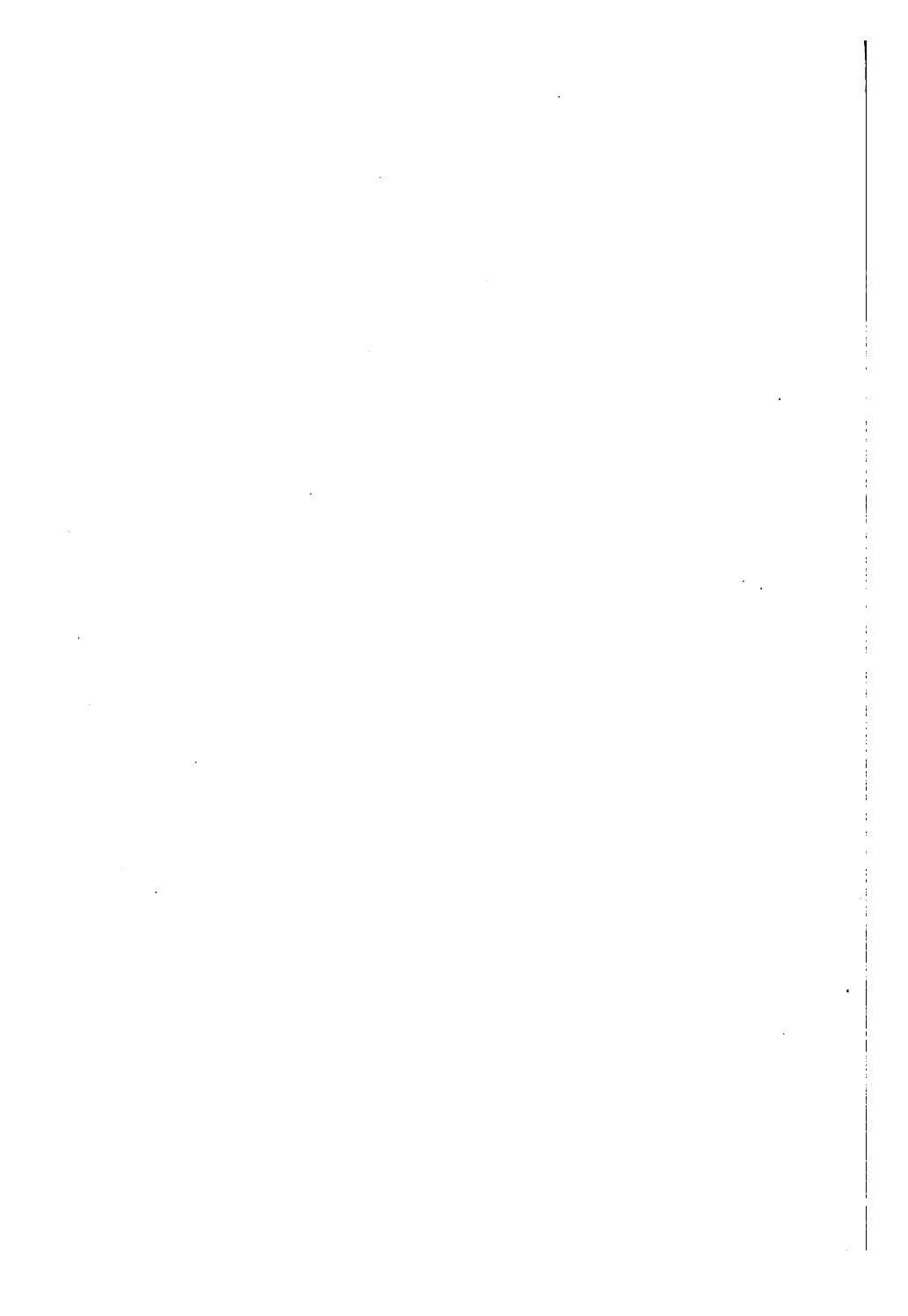


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LETTERS FROM PRISON



LETTERS FROM PRISON

SOCIALISM A SPIRITUAL
SUNRISE

BY

BOUCK WHITE

Pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER," "THE
CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN," ETC.



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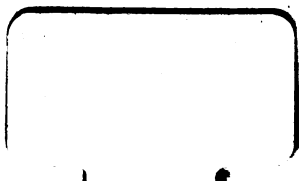
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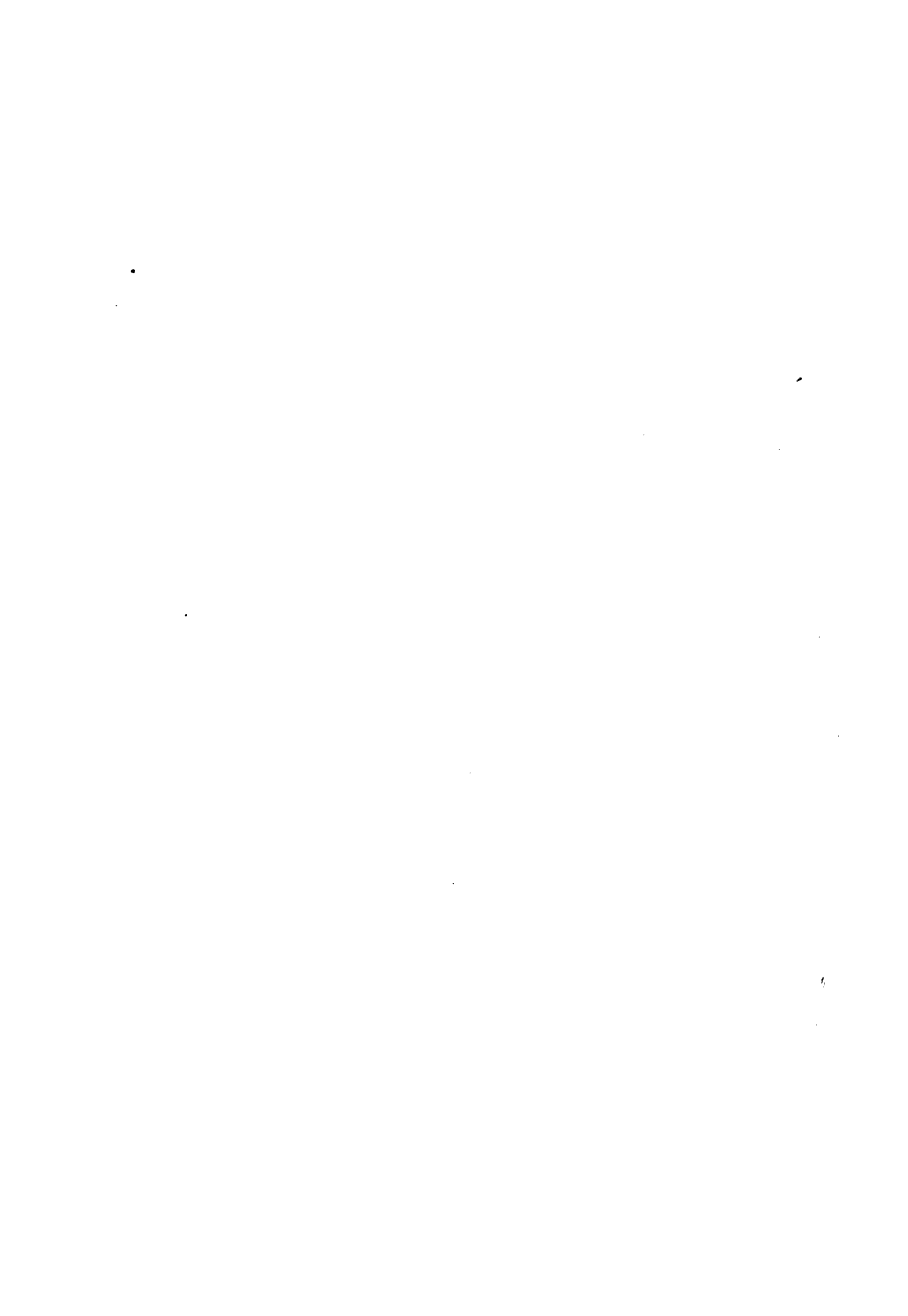
INTRODUCTION

Bouck White was born in Middleburg, a village in the Catskill Mountains, October 20, 1874. His father was a retired merchant. On both sides he came from working class stock; his paternal grandfather was a farmer, his maternal grandfather a blacksmith. On his father's side he is of Scotch and English descent; his mother, Mary Bouck, was Holland Dutch.

It is of interest to note that the charge of alien blood brought against so many Socialists here in America, does not apply in Bouck White's case. He not only traces his ancestry through a long line of New England's strain, but on his mother's side goes back through many years of Dutch ancestry in the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk. Furthermore, one of his ancestors in the primeval Catskill woods fell in love with an Indian maid and married her. Therefore there is a strain of aboriginal stock in him. In the person of this ancestor he is American of the Americans. In them as his representative he stood on Plymouth Rock and welcomed the Pilgrims; further back still, he was on the shores of San Salvadore and welcomed Columbus to these shores. This Indian strain in his blood perhaps accounts for some of the native poetry in his composition; a poetry not so much in the faculty of the rhymester as in that gift of imagination which vivifies whatever it touches.

The Middleburg of his birth is a town in the western foothills of the Catskill region, a typical rural center environed with picturesque mountains and yet in a valley so fertile that the wealth of it removed his boyhood from the most pressing stress, and gave him educational opportunities. He was graduated from the high school in that





LETTERS FROM PRISON

so violent was the hostility against the book and its author, in his native town, that he has been warned by friends not to return there until the excitement has had time to settle itself.

The principal work of Bouck White, however, after his removal to Manhattan, when Brooklyn would no longer shelter so intense a foe of our present social system, was the founding of the Church of the Social Revolution. Beginning with a few who met to sing some Socialist songs on Sunday afternoons in a studio on West Twelfth Street, the Church held its first public meeting in Berkeley Theatre, Easter Sunday, April 5th, 1914. Deep interest was manifested from the start. It was felt that here was something new and of large significance in the social movement of the day. The congregation grew and the interest deepened, until a thriving Sunday afternoon gathering was built up.

Just at this time, however, occurred the Ludlow tragedy wherein one hundred and forty-seven of the miners and their wives and children were shot down by the armed gunmen of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. A Congressional investigation traced the controlling ownership of this Company to John D. Rockefeller and his son, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York. This church is not far from the Berkeley Theatre. The former represents the richest of the world; The Church of the Revolution, the poorest. Perceiving the turbulence that was being aroused by the excitement of the masses when the news from Colorado came tingling over the wires, and deploring their lack of a constructive program (their sentiment was purely a resentment against the Rockefellers, personally), Bouck White proposed to the Fifth Avenue Church a joint meeting of the two congregations for the discussion of the situation, in order if possible to lift the affair out of the hands of wild committees in the street, into a spiritual plane where some peaceable and permanent remedy for what was going to be

a grave situation, might be found. Receiving authority from his Church so to do, Bouck White wrote a letter to that Fifth Avenue pastor, Dr. Woelfkin, stating that he would visit them in person on the following Sunday morning and convey this greeting and invitation. Mailing this letter by special delivery two days ahead, and receiving no reply, he went the following Sunday to the Fifth Avenue Church and at the time set down for notices in the printed service, he arose and began to convey the greeting and invitation from his Church. (It was later perceived that a room adjoining the auditorium of the Church was packed with a platoon of police, numbering over a score of uniformed men, besides plain clothes detectives scattered through the audience.) Bouck White rising to his feet and addressing the pastor said, "Dr. Woelfkin, as the pastor of a neighboring church I am here to" when he was seized by the detectives, dragged from the church and placed under arrest. The following Tuesday he was tried in a police court, wherein he was given but slender opportunity for defense. After a farcical hearing he was found guilty of disorderly conduct, and given the maximum penalty of the law — six months at hard labor on Blackwell's Island.

Without opportunity to consult his friends, or settle his affairs, he was thrust into a prison van with other convicts and was taken to the Island. There he was locked in a cell with forty criminals — the sweepings and refuse of the streets of the great metropolis, with its hordes of mental and moral deficients from all parts of the earth. After some weeks at Blackwell's Island he was transferred to Queens County Jail, on the mainland opposite.

Efforts were made to secure an appeal from the decision which Magistrate Campbell had pronounced against him. Amos Pinchot, a wealthy and public spirited citizen, enraged at so manifest a perversion of justice and of all equity, interested himself in the case.

Through his generosity, former District Attorney Osborne, the greatest criminal lawyer in New York, was retained on the case. A number of other citizens of standing in the community also joined in the effort to secure his release. Re-trial was sought in a higher court; but to no avail. The powers political, the powers financial, the powers ecclesiastical, united to deny him a hearing; and he was condemned to prison for the entire term.

When all legal attempts had proved in vain, his friends without his knowledge commenced a nation-wide movement to petition the Governor for his pardon. As soon as the prisoner heard of this however, he refused to permit it, and wrote the letter to the Governor which appears in the correspondence hereinafter given.

On the 13th day of May, 1914, Bouck White was sentenced; six months later on the twelfth day of November, he was released. A company of his loyal followers meanwhile had kept the church going during his absence. The loyalty of the members to the Church in the absence of their leader is shown by the fact that during his imprisonment the membership increased from less than two hundred to over five hundred. A Church whose pastor is in prison and in disgrace with the powers that be, is supposed to be in the hour of its destruction and dissolution. But not so The Social Revolution Church. Persecution did but cement the fellowship more firmly and inflame the zeal of its people the more brightly. Therefore it was a large and enthusiastic company that welcomed him at the gates of the jail on the morning of his release.

A taxicab, owned by a workingman who had followed the story in the papers, was loaned for the occasion. It bore the banner of the Church in front and in the rear, and to this waiting vehicle Bouck White was carried by his followers. The next night, November thirteenth, he was given a reception in Carnegie Hall, and spoke the address given later in this volume.

When it was found that his term of imprisonment had not taken the spirit out of him, but that he was determined to continue his work as pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution, the ruling class, through their official organs, the public press, began a campaign of vituperation and misrepresentation against him. This has proceeded to the present time and promises to continue. The tide of invective has not been permitted to alter Bouck White's determination, or to embitter his spirit. With poise and power he has continued the work, and now he is in demand from outside places to tell the message with which he is so highly charged. Inquiries are also coming in as to the possibility of forming branches of the Church of the Social Revolution in other communities. The efforts made in New York to stamp out the fire of this Church have but scattered the sparks; and now that which was but a local name, has become known over a wide area. Already the Church is showing a missionary spirit, and is reaching out a hand to those communities where the literature of this new kind of Church is in demand.

The Church of the Social Revolution has its meetings on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at Bryant Hall, 725 Sixth Avenue, between Forty-second and Forty-first Streets, New York. Sunday school at half-past two. On Sunday evenings from seven o'clock till nine a meeting is held at the Church headquarters, 165 West 23rd Street, at which all are welcome.

While in prison Bouck White wrote the latest production from his pen, entitled "Church of the Social Revolution," in which he gives a "Message to the World," as follows:

"The nowadays world is topsyturvydom. That is on top which ought to be at the bottom; and that is at the bottom which ought to be at the top. The object of this Church is to turn the world upside down, to the end that it may go thereafter right side up. The true God is God of fellowship and is a mighty terrible one against them that

drive down the poor.

“Let not the word ‘Revolution’ make you afraid. Revolution is normal. Both evolution and Revolution are heaven’s way of getting mankind forward.

“Our Church is a foreordination. In this black and dark night we are fashioning a world-order to take the place of this world-chaos. We are creating a new thing in the earth, a race that shall rejoice in fellowship as misers in their gold, as a drunkard in his cups. Impossible to change human nature? To achieve the impossible has the Revolution Church been born. In our singing you will detect a joyousness to tingle the ears of the Eternal. Ofttimes impoverished, yet we are rewarded with a more pleasant and precious riches. Obscurity, houndings, imprisonment, find us to be comrades knit for adversity. A Corpus Christi are we, to get the hell out of this earth and let a little of heaven in.

“There shall be no folk of the common sort. Our God has grace enough to make every man a nobleman, every woman beautiful. The off-scouring and the refuse shall have inheritance with us.

“Bad are the pains of poverty. Bad, the ennuï of riches. Both shall be done away. We exalt the laborer and abase the leisurist. The producer shall not as now bring his neck under the yoke of an owning class. In gladness shall he create, and seek his immortality in what his hands have wrought. The toiler shall eat and be satisfied. But idlers, be they in rags, be they in tags, be they in velvet gowns, shall have hunger of bread. The craftsman shall be in great praise. Honor and majesty shall be laid upon him. Man shall not labor to be rich. Man shall labor to be creative. And earth shall be quickened to a rebirth in beauty. Beyond all conjecture is the sumptuousness that is laid up for earth, when man shall have dilated to the dimensions of an industrial democrat.

“With a plea for beauty, then, this message takes leave of you. It has brought you by now to see that the Church

of the Social Revolution is not a disintegrator. We are pathmakers, preparing a way for mankind when, from its orgy of blood, it awakes in a bewildering to-morrow. For the religion of dogma, we give the religion of democracy. For superstition, we give science. For the creeds, we give the Carpenter, cornerstone of romance and divine adventure. For war, the pure, the gracious, the plentiful arts of peace; and God, Friend of Freedom, shall be prince forever."

On the day of the formation of the Church of The Social Revolution, a street meeting was held, which is known to the Church and the public as the Mud-Gutter Meeting of the Church of the Social Revolution. They are usually held in much frequented districts, as Times Square and Broadway, and at other points.

Those desiring to take part come to the Church about an hour before the indoor meeting takes place. We form a line behind the standard bearer; a scarlet banner with the inscription upon it in white letters—"Church of the Social Revolution," and the other an American Flag. A signal for a marching song is given by the leader, and the procession of men, women and children join in singing, and march to the assigned corner. When the place is reached the participants form a circle and one of the speakers begins to tell the purpose of the meeting to the crowd that invariably gathers.

As soon as the address is delivered, another song is sung and the crowd thus gathered is requested to take part. Speaking and singing continue from twenty to thirty minutes, while the crowd attracted by the songs and speeches is ever increasing. The last speaker then announces the indoor meeting at Bryant Hall, and invites the listeners to fall in line and march thither. As a matter of fact they do fall in line regardless of their previous state of mind in respect to the teachings of the Church of the Social Revolution. It thus happens that when the little group which started out for the Mud-Gutter Meet-

ing returns, it succeeds in bringing back from five to six times the number which left the church.

An estimate of our leader by Lee Mitchell Hodges in the Philadelphia *North American* is of value as showing the spirit that animates the Church.

“Bouck White is a Thinker—the capital letter is used purposely—and a leader. Also as a necessary premise to these two achievements he is a worker. He is one of those social service captains who are helping mightily to lead us into a real land of promise where we shall be fed upon the milk and honey of Justice, that’s all. Seven letters that would solve all our problems if only we would let them. Bouck White lives in New York, where Justice is supported on one side by Harry Thaw of Pittsburgh and on the other side by the estimable owners of the Triangle Shirt Waist factory who have settled for the lives lost in their famous fire at \$75 per soul—any one will admit that this is a bargain—for the estimables. But when Bouck White’s books have been more widely read—one of them now is in its tenth edition—and the seeds of Justice by them planted have sprouted in men’s minds and hearts, such bargains will not be in good form. The book in question is “The Call of the Carpenter.” It is a life of Jesus; but not like any other such life ever written. It is a biography of the working-man. All I have said thus far is intended as a sort of preface to the presentation of the Creed which White has written. Here it is:

“I believe in God, the Master most mighty, stirrer-up of Heaven and earth. And in Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth, who was born of proletarian Mary, toiled at the work bench, descended into labor’s hell, suffered under Roman tyranny at the hands of Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. The Power not ourselves which makes for freedom, he rose again from the dead to be lord of the democratic advance, sworn foe of stagnancy, maker of folk upheavals. I believe in work, the self-re-

pecting toiler, the holiness of beauty, freeborn producers, the communion of comrades, the resurrection of workers, and the industrial commonwealth, the coöperative kingdom eternal.' ”

LUCY WEEKS TRIMBLE.



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LETTERS FROM PRISON



LETTERS FROM PRISON

WHY HAVE THEY PUT ME INTO A CAGE?

Why have they put me into a cage?
I am shut up as a predatory beast.
You have been to the park where animals are kept;
The quadruped house is known afar by the smell.
There entering, you gasp at the stench. But you harden
your nostrils —
'Tis the animals' native odor, against which no cleanliness
can avail.

Between the barred pens on either side, you pass;
Where within, beasts of the jungle look forth.
They are wild things. Hate is in their eye.
A growl menaces. They will not be tamed.
But you are unaffrighted. They cannot harm.
Bars separate sturdily between you and them;
Tested bars of wrought iron; flawless.
Also the door of each den is of stalwart stuff;
It swings on huge hinges; and is padlocked.
He is well fastened in, that four-foot from the jungle.
Restive, he treads the narrow cell with lithe eager pace;
But makes no effort to break through. The walls are
stout.
They pass food in to him daily. And in the corner,
A heap of straw is for a bed at night.

Tiger-like, I also am locked in.
His imprisonment and mine have much in common;
Except that his cell is roomier than mine;
And the huge sirloin they toss to him each day,

Costs the city, I'll bet, more than the food they serve to me.

Yes, and they have clothed me in parallel stripes,
The bands passing around my body tiger-fashion.
To and fro, like him, I pace the stone floor,
With springy tread; for I no sooner start than I must
turn back.

Both he and I were built for wide spaces;
And this pent inclosure frets the soul.

I am sloughed in like a ravening beast.
My cell-neighbor on the one side is a forger;
On the other side, down the tier, three burglars.
And the other day a murderer joined us.
Into society's lowermost hell, I am thrust.
Here are the very sweepings of the city.
Amid walking disease I pass my days —
The pick of an international host for vileness.
The stink is everywhere; filth of body;
Tongues unpurified since the primal birth.
Girt with garbage, I eat the food of felons.
At night I lie on my bunk. I hear padded steps draw-
ing near.

It is the soft-footed keeper. As he passes my den,
He looks in, and flashes a light in my face.
A shriek tears the air. I think I know whence it comes.
It is from the plumber they brought in yesterday after
a long spree.

He told me the Horrors were coming to him;
And asked me to stay near him, for he dreaded the night.
I hear his yelp of terror now, but cannot get to him.
On another tier, a drug-diseased man is calling for cocaine.

Why have I been decreed unto a descent into hell?
"A dangerous man," spoke the judge, pronouncing
verdict.
"Dangerous?" I cried aloud the miseries of the poor.

I pointed to vast fortunes piling up;
Rich revenues — that grandest foe of fellowship.
For voiceless ones, I lifted up my voice —
For Colorado miners coldbloodedly shot down.
Unto an America grown fat and cowardly,
I evoked a remembrance of oldtime valiant days.
Is that dangerous?
I taught the strong teachings of the Carpenter,
Expounding from the mud-gutter the record holy.
Time was when, to follow him, meant fetters.
Is it that once again an era of the masterclass approaches,
When to proclaim the wrongness of extortionate wealth,
Shall loose upon a man the terrors of the state?
The religion of the rights of man, I propagated.
From their dividends, I called men to democracy.
I announced an age when workers shall be great.
Toilers I called to grandeur and to freedom;
Expanding the hearts of men with impulses to liberty;
Into the beautiful kingdom of God, recasting society.
Of a gospel thus patterned I am the evangelist.
Dangerous?

The keeper closes the door with clangor of iron;
I hear the chain clink, with which he makes it fast on the
outside;
Then the sound of his feet retreating down the corridor.
I am alone. I pass to the grating.
I put my face against the bars, and peer out.
Why have they put me into a cage?

BOUCK WHITE'S LETTER TO THE FIFTH AVENUE CHURCH

My dear Dr. Woelfkin:

This resolution was passed by the Socialist Church, of which I am pastor:

“Resolved, That we extend to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in person of its pastor, a request to meet our pastor in joint debate on this topic: ‘Did Jesus Teach the Immorality of Being Rich?’ we to uphold the affirmative and assume all financial responsibilities. Resolved further, that we attend that Church this coming Sunday morning, May 10th, to present this. And that we request our pastor, because of the spirit of evasion shown in that Church when our members attended their Friday meeting, May 1st, to request an answer in open meeting.”

I am sending you this, my dear Dr. Woelfkin, ahead of time, in order to assure you of the very real friendliness with which we are coming to you. We are quite aware that a visitation from a church to its neighbor is a bit unusual, and that the presentation of a greeting in open service is likewise something out of the ordinary. But we submit to you that the times just now are quite extraordinary and demand extraordinary modes of meeting the issues presented for solution. The topic in our meeting Sunday afternoon, in the Berkeley Theatre, is to be, “Galilee and Colorado.” That will open up the entire question of riches and the industrial situation in our country at the present time. Furthermore, I am sure you will agree with me that the findings of the Congressional Investigation Committee, of recent date, connect some in your church membership in a quite intimate way with the Ludlow Massacre. Therefore, the issue is one which we

do not think you will wish to evade, when you have thought it over with regard to all the tremendous consequences involved.

I am one that holds — and that is what makes of me a kindred spirit with yours — that the arbitrament of this entire revolutionary upheaval should be lifted into the religious realm. There alone, as you and I both know, can it find constructive treatment. It is to that end that the church of which I am pastor was formed. We feel that the Carpenter of Galilee was never more needed in the world than at the present moment. Therefore, we are organizing ourselves with the purpose of making him the avowed leader and inspiration of this labor agitation. Inasmuch as your church and ours together bow before the same Master, it surely would be advantageous if we could establish something of a fraternal relationship one with the other. I am not concealing from myself or from you that we probably hold different views as to the teaching of that Carpenter. On the contrary, it is for that reason that we wish the joint debate. We can think of no surer and happier way of arriving at the truth than by such an orderly exchange of opinions. And we believe that you and yours are as sincerely desirous of the truth as we are. It may not be out of place for me to state that our Socialist Church holds most enthusiastically to the modern Biblical science as it was taught me at Harvard and at the Union Theological Seminary. And it will surely be helpful to some in the churches of the older school to get our viewpoint as to the discoveries which scholarship is making concerning the economic side of the teaching of Jesus.

I beg you to believe that I am one who holds a high opinion of the good will of many in the privileged class. It is not at all true to say that the industrial troubles of our time are due to the personal cruelty of the masters in control. At our Church of the Social Revolution, we proclaim the doctrine that the present deplorable situation

is not due to individuals, but to the system wherein individual rich men are hopelessly enmeshed. Therefore, we feel that if they could be made to see the situation from this point of view, together with the economic message of the Galilean, it might be the means of winning them to the cause of social reconstruction. For not all of them are wedded to their dollars. And these would prefer the riches of fellowship to riches of silver, if persuaded that the Master unconditionally — and for statesmanly reasons — demands it.

I beg leave to state that one of the purposes of the Socialist Church is to constitute itself a center of mediation and mutual understanding between the warring classes. And I submit to you that this friendly visitation of our church to yours might be the means of a conciliatory work of perhaps far-reaching consequences. We are very near neighbors; our church holds divine services at the Berkeley Theatre, West 44th Street, and yours at West 57th Street. Furthermore, we represent the downmost man, whereas your church represents the wealthiest of the world. Therefore, in this social crisis which is gathering its thunder so menacingly to-day, it is entirely thinkable that, by some relationship that will permit an interchange of views, a friendliness of feeling could be brought about that might be the means of a happy issue out of all our social afflictions. We are bold to go to you this Sunday morning for a further reason, and one moreover of so recent discovery as to have precluded much preliminary consultation with you and yours: words have reached us from more than one source that some of the wilder spirits in the revolutionary movement are planning some kind of concerted affront to you and your church. We of the Socialist Church deeply regret these turbulent committees that so evilly obscure the large principles, and drag the issue into the mire of personal animosities and vituperations. Therefore we are offering you Sunday morning our assistance in quelling, so far as we are able,

any wildness that might be maturing. And this we do, not altogether out of friendliness to you, but out of loyalty to the Socialist movement, because that movement has everything to gain by being kept in the realms of orderliness and constitutional procedure.

Indeed, it is in part because of these wild suggestions so abundantly proffering themselves, that we have been stirred to make you the offer of a joint debate on the fundamental issues involved. We hope thereby to satisfy the turbulent spirits. You and yours occupy a semi-public position because of the exemption of your church property from taxation (and this makes us all, to some degree, supporters of your church). If you are persistent in your attempt to avoid an issue now so critically come to a head, it is entirely thinkable that the wild element referred to will be stirred perhaps to desperate means and will attempt to justify violence by the assertion that a rational and orderly exchange of views was not possible.

I ask you to believe that we come to you in all comity. The hand we hold out bears no weapon; but is open in an earnest desire to clasp that of a sister church, in all friendliness and courtesy.

I beg to be, fraternally yours in the fellowship of the Carpenter,

BOUCK WHITE.

WHY I AM IN PRISON *

Issues of some magnitude were involved in my visit to the Fifth Avenue Baptist (the Rockefeller) Church, and for which I am now in prison stripes.

The exemption of church property from taxation, the rights of the public in a tax-exempt church, the status of absentee landlordism in the light of our country's official ethics, were some of the questions interwoven with the affair.

Yet Magistrate Campbell, in a New York police court, entertained no doubt of the competency of his tribunal to pass upon these issues. He devoted the whole of nearly twenty minutes to the trial. He found me instantaneously and heinously guilty; pronounced me "a dangerous man" because I had dared to raise these questions into the glare of publicity.

I have been sloughed into a prison cell. Appeal to a superior court has been hilariously denied me. My finger prints have been taken. I am numbered with the felons. For the space of 185 days I am being fed with the bread of affliction and with the water of affliction.

Did I have a right in that church? That depends in part upon the announced — somewhat ostentatiously announced — policy of brotherliness by the Baptist Church to other congregations. (I am a minister ordained by the Congregational denomination.) It depends also on the legal standing of the public in tax-exempt churches. The consolidated property of the Baptist Church in question amounts to well toward a million dollars. Its freedom from taxation now through long years of its life means that all the people of New York City have been compelled

* Reprinted from the *New York Independent*.

by statutory enactment to contribute to the support of that church a sum aggregating many ten thousands of dollars. For years, therefore, I have been a financial contributor to the upkeep of that place of worship. In return for my monetary support (I mentioned this fact in my letter) I asked the right, once in a lifetime, to bring before that church a matter which I deemed of ethical and spiritual import. I am in felon stripes.

A convict locked in a cell near to mine was arrested for selling fraudulent butter. Brought before a police court, the magistrate informed him that the case would have to be tried before a higher court. Police courts are adapted for "drunks," horse beatings, window breakings and vagrancy cases. In an affair involving several pounds of butter, the law provides that the accused is entitled to be heard in a court whose procedure is sufficiently majestic to give him a patient and respectful hearing. Since my imprisonment, also, I have seen pickpockets come in, stay a few days, and be released by writ, or go for a new trial. The law notoriously is tender toward butter cases and pickpockets, dignifying them with a hearing at the bar of an august and learned tribunal. In public interest, at least, the deed for which I am jailed was not inferior to theirs. It was telegraphed very widely. It even got onto the cables and was sent to far coasts of the earth. But the only hearing that has been permitted me was twenty minutes in a police court, amid a calendar of "drunks" and "found sleeping on doorsteps." I understand that the magistrate who so expeditiously found me guilty and sonorously sentenced me, is being put forward this fall for the Supreme Court, by a political party that is peculiarly tender to magnates of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company sort, and grateful to "serviceable" handlers of the law.

A debate between our church and the Rockefeller church on the thesis, "Did Jesus teach the immorality of being rich?" was a suggested form of the relationship we cov-

eted to establish, and for proposing which I am in jail. The query presents itself, Would it not have been wiser in Dr. Woelfkin to give the knockout to religious radicalism once for all, by accepting the challenge? The debate would have furnished him a resounding platform from which to triumph over us and establish for all time henceforth scriptural sanction of vast private possessions. Of a surety the occasion would have been dignified with considerable publicity. The mere challenge to it—as I stated—got onto the ocean cables. The event itself would have opened to the Rockefeller theologian a wide auditory. It would have made the New Testament a news item of double column, front page importance. And his demolition of our arguments would have been a historic event, incalculably buttressing the conservative school; 'twould have asserted the divine right of riches in the hearing of tens of thousands reached by Associated Press dispatches.

Can it be that Dr. Woelfkin and his supporters feared the issue? Some of the facts in the case give color to the suspicion. Platoons of police, the extreme sentence of the law, and now a triple row of prison bars between me and freedom, suggest in them a state of mind far from one of poise; yes, one of near-panic. Hardly could the pastor of that church contemptuously have accounted me an antagonist unmeted for a learned man to encounter. The pronunciamiento of the magistrate against me is clear on that point: "A man the more dangerous because of his education and churchly orders." My books on the economic interpretation of the life and message of the Galilean bear the imprint of publishers one of whom is America's ambassador to England. My academic standing is officially certified by our country's oldest university and her premier school of divinity.

The inference is unavoidable that organized Christianity is afraid of the Bible. Modern scholarship is making that book, in these times of social break-up, what James Rus-

sell Lowell declared it to be toward the slave system, "the most revolutionary book in literature." To dampen down the explosiveness so thickly strewn through it, the pulpiti-teers who preach for hire and look to millionaric support, are put to more and more desperate shift, stopping not at bonds and imprisonment of those who ask embarrassing questions. No one more than they realizes the extent to which the churches to-day are honeycombed with doubt and open skepticism. I have a letter recently sent to me by a member of the Baptist Church in question, in which he admits the hollowness of the whole institution. I quote: "Christianity (when it produces anything, for it usually leaves a person with his moral, intellectual and spiritual aspirations untouched, or in a state of decay) produces weaklings, people not interested in government, poor fathers, missionaries doing ridiculous things, people who have never had their proper development of mind." I am quoting one of the milder passages in his letter, lest I should seem to be overstating. And the writer of it is not only a member of the Rev. Dr. Woelfkin's Baptist Church, but is a teacher of a class in the Sunday school there, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., being another of the teachers.

To this pass of insincerity, the established religion of Christendom is come. It has long been known, even conceded, that the Church of Rome operated on a principle of suppression, permitting only the portions of truth to percolate to the masses which she thinks safe and expedient. It may come, however, as a surprise to many to learn that the Protestant Church — she who was founded to blab the words of truth utterly — has switched over and is now a zealous adjutant of Rome in keeping the verities of scholarship from the populace. And the Baptists are not alone in the business.

"We are due for the greatest spiritual crisis in the history of mankind," states Professor Eucken, of Jena. To prepare for that crisis, by organizing the new order of intelligence and the new spiritual understanding that will be

requisite in the world of to-morrow, is the purpose of the Church of the Social Revolution, of which I am the pastor. We hold service in a hired hall in New York, for we own no sanctuary. A quality of fearlessness, so visitors say, attaches to our meetings and activities. Over two hundred new members have been added since I have been behind prison bars. This is the covenant we take: "I enlist under the Lord of the blood-bright banner, to bring to an end a scheme of things that has enthroned Leisure on the back of Labor, an idle class sucking the substance of the poor. I will not be a social climber, but will stay with the workers in class solidarity till class shall have been done away in fellowship's glad dawn. I will seek recruits for the Church of the Social Revolution, unto the overthrow of present-day society and its rebuilding into comradeship." We hold that religion and economics are terms that have grandest agreement; conjoined, they make a live organism; divorced, they are a soul without a body and a body without a soul. On my release, November 12, I shall resume my work as leader of this church; to lay the mudsill, as it were, for the new heaven and the new earth that are preparing. I shall go out of the prison gate with more endurance for the task than when I came in. And with more certitude likewise. The breaking down of present-day civilization, in the catastrophic clash in Europe, tells that we have no moment to lose in beginning preparations for the new spiritual order. Though prison continue to menace me, I cannot give up my work.

Queens County Prison, New York.

LETTER TO GOVERNOR GLYNN

To His Excellency, Governor Glynn,
Executive Mansion, Albany, N. Y.

Word has just reached me that petitions are being made to you for my pardon. A New York weekly paper urges it editorially, on the grounds of humanity; intimating that I have suffered enough, and that imprisonment has now wrought in me the hoped-for repentance and amendment. I am indeed desirous of freedom. Life in an iron cell is not to my liking. Nevertheless, honesty requires me to inform you that I am not repentant. The deed for which I am jailed, broke no law either of God or man. As a financial supporter through many years now of the Baptist Church that has put me behind the bars (the exemption of the churches from taxation makes every resident of the city a contributor to their upkeep), I was within my legal rights in carrying to that Church a greeting at the time in their service set apart for "Notices." And as to the moral right: sir, I could not look my God in the face, had I as one of the citizen-rulers of this country permitted one hundred and fifty of my fellow-workingmen to be shot down at Ludlow, Col., without making effort to bring the thing home to the conscience of the absentee landlordism that did the shooting and to the Church that solaces those absentee landlords with spiritual consolation.

"Repentant!" I am, sir, the most unrepentant prisoner a New York City jail ever sloughed into a cell. Let another Ludlow massacre happen, I would repeat my deed to-morrow. So far from life in prison having wrought in me a penitential work, it has tightened and reënfocused in me a remonstrant mood.

I am glad of friends that so fervently covet my release

as to petition you for a pardon. Nevertheless, honor forbids me, by keeping silent, possibly to lure you into granting their request, in ignorance of my mind and will toward the deed I committed. In a political offense — and mine is such — a pardon implies that the offender has turned from his former way and will be favorable henceforth to the state. But I have not turned from my former way; nor am I favorable to the state as at present constituted. I am holding — with a certitude which augments daily — that our present ordering of human affairs is uncivilized and uncivilizing. When I am released from prison, I expect to resume the leadership of the Church of the Social Revolution of which I am pastor; whose purpose is to agitate and educate for the overthrow of present-day society, and its rebuilding into fellowship.

I cannot ask favor of a foe. Nevertheless there is something that you ought to do in this affair; something necessitated by the rules of the game that this civilization you uphold professes to play. It is, that you use influence with the appellate division of the Supreme Court of this State to get my case on the calendar before my sentence expires. I desire a trial. I have not had one as yet. The only hearing I have had has been in a police court — twenty minutes, sandwiched in between “drunks” and “found sleeping on doorsteps.” Thus far the powers ecclesiastical, financial and political, in league against me, have combined to deny me a hearing in a superior court. When the Appellate Division re-sits in October, it will be too late to save me from nearly six months of imprisonment. But it can vindicate my name and that of the Church. Vindication is what we desire. And to it we are entitled.

I am, sir,

Respectfully yours,

BOUCK WHITE.

LETTERS TO HIS CHURCH

NO. 1

HE WISHES NO PARDON

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL,
NEW YORK CITY.

Comrades:

I wonder if you know what it means, that this Church is going on so prosperously,—barely a jar when I was suddenly lifted from you and clapped into prison? It means this: that a Power other than Bouck White brought you together into a church, and now that Power is carrying you on, quite without my presence. To some this phenomenon may seem a slight thing. But I say unto you, historic meanings are wrapped up in it. Not the executive committee with all of their enthusiasm, nor Sol Fieldman and his capabilities are keeping you together in so compact and effective a fellowship. The Unseen is the operating Hand back of and behind it all. And, when that Power begins to work, history begins to be written. It is a Pentecostal time here in my prison cell, whenever tidings reach me of the Church's concord and prosperity. For you are my life henceforth. Friends of former time write me, asking for permission to visit me. I reply by referring them to you and stating that you, and not I, have that and kindred matters in hand. Dearer to me than flesh and blood, are you. To-day I got a letter from my sister. She signs herself, "One of your people, and — incidentally — your sister."

These conversions that are being wrought and these enthusiasms and loyalties are no human doings. And I bow my head in awe and adoration.

Concerning a practical matter. I am affrighted at the petition to the Governor for pardon. Of course you have taken pains to safeguard it from any hint of supplication. But the newspapers will give it that squint. Furthermore, news reaches me that some Baptist convention is planning a like petition. You know a plea was already made to the Mayor, on the grounds "that Bouck White has now been punished sufficiently."

Would it not be better to concentrate our fight on the Court of Appeals? A pardon! I wish no pardon. A trial is what I want. Clemency! We ask no clemency from this ungodly civilization. We ask justice. Six months in prison! I'll stay sixty times six months rather than make terms with the rulers and magistrates that own this present world. Between them and us a great gulf sunders. We will neither truckle nor fawn nor supplicate. The God I am revealing unto you is a Man of War, a Captain, a fighter and the Leader of fighters. Were we to knuckle under for the sake of material gain, such as a shorter prison term, He would avert His face from us in sorrow, or spurn us from Him in anger.

A pardon implies that I am in a chastened mood, regretting at last my deed. But I do not regret my deed. I'm the most impenitent prisoner the New York jails ever clanged their doors upon. And I grow more impenitent daily. I am entreating you to a gentle and forgiving spirit toward one another. But that is in order that you may be a more effective fighting instrument against this mammonism which is our common and terrible enemy. When I find in you this no-surrender mood, then I skip for joy, and my sleep is sweet unto me.

Life in jail is worse than I had conceived it to be. The indignities we receive as our daily lot bring one down very near to the animal estate. None the less, I'd rather endure prison life a hundred fold than be released on terms that would sacrifice in the slightest degree the principle I'm here for. Woelfkin is in Europe; I'm in prison. He

is at the summit of human comfort and luxury and bliss; I am in society's lowermost hell. But I'd rather be where I am at this moment, than where he is.

The daylight that filters into my cell is now dying, and very quickly I'll be in darkness. But the bars that screen me in from the world outside do not screen me in, Above. And, from there, comes down the light that never was on sea or land. And my cell is quite flooded then with brightness.

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 2

AN UNSPIRITUALIZED REVOLUTION WILL GO
OFF INTO VIOLENCE

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL,
NEW YORK CITY.

Comrades:

An event has happened, I read, since my last letter, which casts a revealing light on the fermentation that is loose in the land, and which by the contrast discloses the essentially conservative and constructive quality of our church. I mean the bomb tragedy of July 4. It appears that the protest against the money lords, and in especial the money lord of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, has darkened off into a sanguinary thing, wherein the misadvised protesters have followed a steeply descending course, until their inflamed mentalities came to believe that blood-letting is the only cure for the social malady. And in maturing which, they met their death.

Why this mournful happening, that has draped the radical movement in black? I will tell you why. That wing of the revolution divorced themselves from God. Openly, or in secret, they scoffed at things unseen and spiritual. This affair of last Saturday was being engineered by the same folk who conducted the unemployment gatherings at Rutgers Square the past winter, and who more recently have carried through a series of agitations at Tarrytown and affiliated places. Beyond doubt, those leaders were moved by a sincere pity for the poor of the land, and by a fine indignation against the arrogance of power. But they incorporated into their doings no recognition of a spiritual kingdom overlying the world of outward deeds.

They and their followers beheld not the unseen causes of the despotism that is upon us. They beheld only the outward incarnations of that despotism. Accordingly they directed their wrath against persons rather than against principles. They thought to take the kingdom of heaven — which is within — by force. And the blow, aimed at another, has landed on themselves.

Violence is an inevitable accompaniment of revolution propagated along irreligious lines. Irreligion means blindness to powers that are invisible — a holdfast only in things that the eye can discern and the fat hands of flesh can handle. Therefore when a sorrow like the Ludlow sorrow transpires, people of this materialist cast of mind see only an individual as the cause, and aim their fury against the Tarrytown magnate. As though a bomb exploding him and his estate into hell would remedy the Colorado crisis one iota, or make a repetition of Ludlow impossible. It's a terrible thing to foment revolutionary passions, without coupling up those passions with the devotional spirit, which alone can keep them sweet and constructive. A church without social revolution is to-day a toy and dilettante thing; so in the opposite direction social revolution without church is a snake-haired, bomb-casting fury.

The violence and slaughter into which this school of revolutionists inevitably runs off, disgust the other wing of Socialism with revolution, and drive them into "safe and sane Socialism"—that is to say, political reform. And the terminus where they end is equally depressing. They go off into that politician's paradise — dickering for votes, the emoluments of public office. Both wings are destitute of a spiritual discipline and insight. Therefore they both come to sorry pass.

To each of these abortive policies, the Church of the Revolution comes with a program different from either. We refuse to lose faith in the revolution, and permit this mighty folk uprising to flatten off into only a reform party

of office-hungry politicians. Neither will we suffer the revolution to inflame into a delirium of wildness and blood. We will persist in revolution. But it shall be a revolution in the awful kingdoms that are within, and from whence are the issues of life. As I said in my letter to Woelfkin, our warfare is not against John D. Rockefeller. Our warfare is against principalities and powers in the realm invisible. Not against flesh and blood fight we; but against wrong ideals and principles and beliefs, a devil's brood of distorted, timorous, crawling ideas that have taken possession of man's mental universe and now are nagging the entire human family into insanities and selfishnesses without number.

Comrades, I say it unto you, the Church of the Social Revolution is going to prove itself the most statesmanly thing that has happened in many generations. We are radical of the radicals; and yet are safer, we are actually more conservative than Bill Taft himself. We are the saviors of the state. And will be so recognized when at last the dust of battle shall have lifted, and our methods and motives shall come to be judged in the calmness and sunlight of reason.

Which leads me to a practical point. I am dawning to the fact that my life here in prison is bringing as one of its by-products some fine economies. I'm not spending any money. New York City is spending it for me. Yesterday my total outlay was one cent, for an evening paper. Board and clothes and laundry and barber and soap and lodging — the tax-payers of New York City supply me with these. Not very elaborate board, to be sure; and as to the clothing and bedroom accommodations, the less said about these, the better. But I'm not spending money for other board, that's the point. And I wish the Church to be the gainer — our church, where alone resides the secret for a happy issue out of the afflictions now upon society. I'll keep some track of what I save every week, and send it to you. "Self-denial money," I'll call it. 'Twill be fun.

The unspeakable clothes I wear will transform into a modish suit, if I know that you all are the gainers; and the prison fare (it almost chokes me at times) will take on a flavor of honey dew and milk of paradise. So here's my check. I figure that, by cutting out butter and eggs and sugar and steaks and cake and pies and car fare this past week, I've saved about \$3.65. Also, as I was planting grass seed under the warden's apartment yesterday, some one opened a window and, apparently taking compassion on the poor convict toiling down there in the yard, threw me a quarter. I took it — in silence, for convicts are not permitted to talk back. And am sending it on to you — my check for \$3.90.

Yours for the Revolution Church, where alone is revolution indeed,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 3
SOCIALISM IS A FELLOWSHIP

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL,
NEW YORK CITY.

Comrades:

On his visit to me the other day, Comrade Fieldman said, "There's something strangely unique about this church, Bouck White. When I speak to them, I get a response that I've never received from a Socialist audience. They are not the ordinary Socialist crowd. With their Socialism they blend something else. Or rather, it is Socialism of an emotional swing and sweep. It is what we have long been in need of."

From a full heart, I echoed the sentiment back to him. Comrades, we are building up a new thing in the world. Fieldman, with his fine sensitivity, and coming freshly to us, has perceived it; and with sound judgment has weighed it. This union of Socialism and song is promissory of something mightily worth while. It has long been admitted that Socialists are an intellectual set, very much awake on the brain side; but alas, the heart within them was not equally developed. Hence their hard contentious quality, and the monotonous intellectualism of their meetings.

With our appearing, however, this criticism no longer obtains. Now, the heart within us is obtaining its quota of attention and nutriment. We yield not to the most mentalized Socialist anywhere, in the tightness and firmness of our intellects. But we don't stop there. We carry that intellectualism to its fruition in emotion, and imagination's divine leap and play; as the stalk of a plant is little interesting or beautiful until it has climbed into flower. Socialism in bloom — that's what we are. The phrase hits us off patly.

And the immediate effect of it is to be found in the warmth and fellowship we cherish one to another. To be sure there still are scrappy spirits in our number; which introduce sometimes a note of discord. But this is because we are as yet a youngling. We have not had time to develop our type of Socialist. These contentious spirits are no product of ours, but have been handed over to us ready made. We shall transform them, however, into our own image. Or else — as I guess is already happening — they drop away one by one and go to their own. Which loss to us is no loss. Our church is at this moment bearing the battle's brunt. We are at grips with this devil's civilization that now controls the world. They own the judges, the police, the law courts, the jails and jailers. And all this organized might is arrayed against us. A glow of solidarity welding us each to the other is now of the first importance. And to it every other issue must give way. At a time like this, discordant spirits within our group could strike a mortal blow. In the gracious and heart quality which our meetings should display, a genial and sympathetic camaraderie, resides our distinctiveness.

The church program will go limpingly, without money. By skimping on my diet and clothes, I've saved this past week about \$3.30. Furthermore, I have cut out a visit to Coney Island, which I usually pay about this time every year. (Not altogether voluntarily, you understand; the warden stated that prisoners are not permitted to go near the place — strict orders from the department.) The trip, counting car fare both ways, admission to Steeplechase, pop corn cakes, Shoot the Shutes, Trip to the Moon, and the Fat Family, would easily have cost me a dollar. So here's my Self-denial Money for the week — \$4.30.

In a letter from one of our members recently,— and I value these letters from you all, for they tell me of the matters I should touch upon in my letters to the church

week by week — I have been asked, “What is the relation of our church to the organized Socialist movement?” I will try to answer this query in my note to you next week.

May our God of the Social Revolution keep us in the fellowship forevermore.

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 4

A SOCIALISM OF THE HEART

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL,
NEW YORK CITY.

My Comrades:

From one of you has come the query: "What is the relation of our Church to the Socialist Party?" The comrade stated that it had been put to her by an outsider with whom she was doing propaganda work for the Church. Indeed, the matter suggested itself also to Comrade Fieldman's active mind. In his visit to me he said, "Bouck White, this Church is destined to growth beyond what you dream. It will go wherever the Socialist Party has gone; it will be a sister movement to the Party."

That image of "brother and sister" is not bad. It pictures the two walking side by side, each holding the hand of the other; mutually aiding, counseling, comforting — in a word, supplementing each other; as do brother and sister, when knit in the glow of sweetest fellowship, each being stronger because of the other; therefore I was grateful to him for the figure. But I expressed the relation more intensively still. "Yes," said I to him, "you have hit it patly: the two are to be side-partners; but it is more than a pal-ship; something even closer than that of a sister to a brother. The Church of the Revolution is destined to be the soul, of which the Socialist Party is the body."

What the body is without a soul, that is what Socialism was before we appeared; which confirms the word with which Fieldman followed up his declaration. "As soon as I saw this Church," said he, "I discerned that it is the thing we have for long time been needing." And his dis-

cernment was sound. The body, when there is no soul inside, begins to die. And in like manner unmistakable tokens of mortality had been manifest of late in the Socialist movement. Not in loss of numbers. No; numerically her growth has been astounding. But it has been attended by a loss of conviction. She has been declining into a reform party. More and more, she has waged her campaigns by promising to the electorate, if put into power, to tinker up many a weak place in the present order.

Now I am a believer in political action. The settlement of a dispute, in the orderly method of counting noses — votes dropped in a hat — is the one civilized and civilizing mode. We need to capture the political machinery. But we need likewise to capture humankind's mental machinery. A Socialism of the hand, and a Socialism of the heart — there is the full-orbed program which now for the first time we offer to the world. Until the Revolution Church, Socialism hobbled like a man with one leg. Now the other leg is added; and will more than double his speed and strength and usefulness. The material-minded crowd, therefore, who hail with joy our church's advent as a means of rounding out and illuminating the party's economic propaganda, are wise and of great understanding.

But as the body is dead without a soul inside to shine through, so in the contrary direction the soul is helpless without a body as its organ and instrument. This puts a difference between us and churches of the old sort. The religion they foster is a disembodied thing, having no contact with actuality; it is thin, anemic, ghost-like, hovering over the habitation of men, but eluding all attempts to harness it to the uses of the world. Therefore the spiritual-minded crowd are rallying to the Revolution Church as the channel through which their pent-up idealism can flow down into the thirsty landscape of earth.

Will the Socialist Party take kindly to this attempt to

put a soul under its ribs, that shall intensify it into a non-compromising revolutionary stand at every moment? Well, some of them will not. Already they are fighting us. They perceive in us something new in the history of the world, and are distrustful. They would be content to capture merely a man's vote. We go gunning to capture the man entire, from toe to top, inside and out. We insist that a man's Socialism must be as big as the universe. It is not something he can put on and off for election day only, like a suit of clothes; but is a new outlook upon life, and must affect all his acts, and every thought he thinks. Perhaps this kind of Socialism will not win mayoralty campaigns as quickly as the other kind. But it will be a victory worth the winning when it does arrive, instead of the commonplace and disillusioning thing some of our premature victories on election day have been.

Others in the party, perceiving this need for a redder and deeper Socialism, are welcoming our church. I perceive that the party in New York is thinking of naming me as candidate for Congress. That is a tribute to our church; and as such I am glad. My ideals for my own life-work are not at all in the direction of political office. Politics does not create. It merely expresses the viewpoint that has already been created in the mind of the people. I am ambitious of having a part on the creative side, leaving to others to write it into laws and acts of state. None the less, I should be happy at the honor paid to our church if I were named for the office. Because it would demonstrate that the Socialists, even in infidel New York, are perceiving the substantial contribution that will come to the movement when, to the party of social revolution is added the Church of the Social Revolution; a combination that will spell revolution indeed.

There is still a further way, and a most direct one, wherein our church will help the Socialist Party and the movement for social reconstruction generally; that is, by connecting this movement with the positive, the believing,

the faith side of human nature; and so redeeming it from the squint of irreligion and infidelity that has formerly attached to it. But this is a big subject, and I'll try to devote an entire letter to it, unless you send me queries covering other points you wish me to touch.

My self-denial check this week is for \$3.95. Fifty cents of it was real self-denial, for the other of course is only make-believe, since I couldn't buy butter or sugar or eggs if I tried. The mosquitoes, of the night have been very predatory in this neighborhood of late. Our cells were not exactly architected to promote ventilation or cool slumbers on a hot night, being dry goods boxes of plate iron, open at one end; tier upon tier, like cells in a honeycomb. (Whenever a prisoner turns over in his cell at night and hits the plate-iron siding, the reverberation booms through the whole prison.) Well, the only protection one has from mosquitoes is to cover himself, head and all, under the blanket; which, being a thick coarse horse blanket, makes the hot cell hotter. (If only we had a sheet to crawl under, it wouldn't be so bad; but it has been so long since I've seen a bed with a sheet on it, I've forgotten what they look like.) Therefore I was planning to invest fifty cents in some citronella, to rub on me as protection from the winged visitors, and so be able to lie all uncovered. Then I thought, "Here's a chance — the first you've really had, Bouck White,— to save some money by real self-denial." So I turned the temptation down. And would you believe it, that next night it turned cool and delightful. Not a mosquito sang in my cell all night; and I had the first good sleep in several days. Which shows that it is profitable to save and turn money into the Church. And now comes word that some mosquito netting is being sent me by mail. So even this self-denial didn't prove to be the real thing.

Yours for the sacred rebellion, and the Church that is to ignite and protect and control it,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 5

OUTBREAK OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

NEW YORK CITY.
QUEENS COUNTY JAIL,

My Comrades:

The news from Europe must have put to every one of you the query, What bearing has it on our Revolution Church? It is a fact of high significance, that we and our church program are concerned whenever an event transpires in the world. A bomb explosion, an election, a war — whatever it be, we instinctively ask, What light does this throw on the soundness and permanency of the principle around which our church fellowship is organized? It is a sign that we are square in the explosive center of twentieth century affairs. Lines of contact radiate from us to every department of life. Whatever touches humanity touches us. Modern of the moderns, the cross currents in this rushing, impetuous age sweep upon us. For we are in the midmost thicket of affairs. We refuse to be cloistered in monastic aloofness. In reverence I say it: the newspaper is our bible; the God of our worship is the Spirit of the time, the Soul of this wonderful, tumultuous To-day.

The war that embroils Europe is nothing less than the breaking down of European civilization. We Socialists have long been saying that this thing called civilization was not civilization at all. Based on competitive strife, it was purely the law of the jungle taken over by humans as their rule of action. Laughed to scorn, we persisted in our affirmation. And now the scoffer turns to us with apology; he scoffs no longer. In one week the mask with which commercialism had for so long disguised itself, is rent asunder. And the savagery underneath comes hide-

ously to vision. Nations which plumed themselves to be of Christ, are seen to be anti-Christ; their civilization was veriest uncivilization; that which called itself christendom, was in reality devildom. Long back we were saying this; and were the world's derision. Now hell has burst out, and all the devils are loose.

This discovery of how thin and insubstantial a thing is present-day civilization, brings home the necessity of our church, as nothing else that has happened in a hundred years could have done. Sooner than was expected, the old order is breaking up. And with a crash that lends almost a note of melodrama. We looked for a long and slow decline in the patient. His end promises to come, the rather, in fashion brusque and thrilling.

With the passing of the old, a new order of intelligence will be needed. The Revolution Church came up not a moment too soon. For we are the constructors of the humanity of to-morrow. The Socialist Party will build the new economic system. We in turn are building the new type of man to work that system. Our appearing is a promise that the world will not be left void and naked; titanic war is stripping from the human race its old and tattered clothes; we meanwhile are sewing a new garment, when the old shall have been rent away. As a tree denuded of leaves by the winds of winter, the tree leafless would present a bleak appearance; but inside, a tide of strange warm sap sets in; green buds appear; and the tree is raimented anew. What springtime is to a forest worn by the decays of autumn and desolated by the wild gales of winter, our Church of the Revolution is to human-kind in this hour of her bereavement and crisis.

That this nine-power war in Europe sounds the passing of the old régime and the coming of a new and democratic ordering, is the testimony even of so conservative an organ as the *New York Times*. Many of you read those editorial words in it this morning. From such a source they are of premier importance; and I quote them here:

“The war is the direct and apparently the inevitable result of competitive armament. Such armament has been dictated in large part by the ruling classes, who are least exposed to the terrible consequences of war, and who have conceived or inherited ambitions, animosities, appetites, in which the common people do not consciously share. It is not at all beyond the limits of reasonable speculation to infer that by this lesson the general mind of the world may be so deeply revolted that the political systems in Europe that have left the precious welfare of the common people to a class that do not share the common burdens, may be cast off.”

Positively, we are living in the most wonderful age in history. It is a culminating era. The old is dying. The new is struggling to be born. In a theater wide as the world, the drama is being staged; and amid an impressive setting of properties and scenery. To be living at a time like this, is privilege. But to have a part in the drama — that is very heaven. This joy is the possession of every member of the Revolution Church. We are in the middle of the stream; are caught in the eager, splendid current. On this account, people of low mental and spiritual vitality are frightened away from us. They desire a church where they won't have to think — and they can find that sort a-plenty. Our conception of Church is an engine that gears onto the time's centermost machinery. We alteringly affect the flow of the ages. We are making new ideals for a new world that is hastening to birth. We will recast humankind, when it shall have been dismembered and shattered by the strife of nations.

Signs are many that the general war now at blaze across the ocean is going to shift the center of civilization from Europe to America. It is a melancholy way in which to lift oneself — at the cost of another's downfall. But facts will be what they will be. Already in the space of a week we are becoming chief among the nations as carrier of the world's commerce. With the stoppage of industry abroad,

our factories will belch an augmented breath of flame and smoke. The world's banking center will shift to our shores. And this probably for all time. The war will lay Europe panting in the dust; whichever side wins, there will be a legacy of sores and hates and envies that will perpetuate the sadness and the prostration.

This shift to us of the world's center of gravity in things material will be accompanied by a like shift in things in the empire of the mind. The universities of Europe, her schools of every kind and degree, her halls of science, her art and literature, all the finer flowerings of the mind of man, will suffer eclipse in the night of blood that is darkening over her. Her Socialism will share in the same fatal collapse. Hitherto we have looked to Europe as the guide and formative influence in the Socialist movement. But the comrades there are going to be sucked down in the whirlpool that is engulfing every other part of Europe's life. Witness the taking off of Jaurés, not least of last week's packed and crowded sorrow.

This means that as America henceforth will take a world leadership in nearly all things else, so she will be called upon from this time forth to be the leader in Socialism also. We will no longer be able to look to Europe to formulate our doctrines. Europe, and the rest of the world as well, will begin to look to us. And what shall be America's contribution to the theory and practice of Socialism? Something in the realm of the economic? Hardly shall anything new be added to the ground plan in the realm dealt with by Lassalle and Engel and Marx. I am clear that America's distinctive contribution is going to be in things of the spirit. The genius of America anyway is shot through with a religious tang and coloring. It is our mission, now that world leadership is being thrust upon us, to summon Socialism out of the low ground of a purely materialistic program, to the uplands of aspiration, where the spirit can stretch its wings in its native ether. Comrades, the Church of the Social Revolution, from New

York City as its cradle, and in this most important era in history, is of parentage other than mortal; she has been born to fulfill a large destiny.

I have saved \$4.00 this week and gladly contribute it to her treasury.

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 6

CALL TO A DANGEROUS AND DIVINE ADVENTURE

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

I'm wondering if you appraise as weightily as it deserves, the fact that every week since my arrest has seen new members signing The Covenant and joining themselves to our church. It means courage and no trivial degree of determination. To be sure, even from our first meeting we emphasized the dangerousness of the mission into which our church summoned the people. But by some this was not taken seriously. They joined the Church lightly, as one joins a social club. Then came our first clash with the rulers of this present world. Instantly, the faces of some in our membership went pale as an oyster. One, holding official position, made feverish haste to resign, and ran to cover, out of the reach of peril that might be impending. And a number of the others caught a severe cold in the feet.

Now at last the perilous and contraband quality of the movement we are initiating is known of all. Heroism is positively an essential in any one entering our church. Without any help on our part, the standard of entrance has been automatically tightened. Some no doubt predicted to themselves that, with its leader in prison, our church was as good as killed; for no one would dare to join.

But what say the facts? On the first Sunday of the prison chapter in our history, two score valorous souls fought their way to the platform in their eagerness to join. And altogether over two hundred have added their splendid names to our roll in these last three months.

Had a like number joined one of the middle-class churches, the fact would have received headlines in their denominational paper. The contrast gains an augmented significance when it is remembered that to join a middle-class church is to enter the ranks of respectability. Whereas to join us means to make oneself of no account, renounce social climbing, and embrace danger, even outlawry, in the terrific pathway of revolution.

Say I not rightly, therefore: They who join our church now, and the aforesaid members who have not faltered in this our march into the danger zone, are a choice and sifted company. Great events are impending upon earth. The Revolution Church shall have a part therein. Our membership is made up of those who dare to stand for the right when the right is unpopular. Souls of that texture are the makers of history.

A greeting, therefore, to all the former comrades that have stuck, and to the newcomers among us. Of refined and tested metal you are compounded. It will be a high moment in my life when I am permitted to feel your hand in mine. In the testing time you have not been found wanting. Together we shall do a day's work of some greatness, for our God and his blood-bright banner.

It must be increasingly clear to all of us, that the Continental War now ablaze in Europe, makes the Revolution Church not only possible but imperative. For a few weeks, probably, our path will be made more thorny. We shall share in the eclipse that overtakes all things of the spirit and of mental culture, when war smoke rolls up and cannons boom. But the net result is going to be favorable to us. The war is training the imagination of men to vision things on a scale of some scope and grandeur. That is a direct preparation for our gospel; for our gospel is not understandable except by minds of wide outlook, and disciplined to think in world terms.

Also the passing of the old order ("passing" is too mild a term; this present world is being exploded from off

the face of the earth; victim of its own inventiveness, in devising high-powered methods of cutting each other's throat), the passing of old institutions, will make new ones requisite. Have you noticed how negligible has been the Roman Catholic Church in this business? The crisis has published to the world the impotency of that hierarchy, as an influence longer in human affairs. An old man sits in the Vatican, pathetic in his powerlessness, as he sees millions of his own people on each side prepare bloodily to exterminate each other. It declares that, over large areas of the earth, and areas once ultra-Romanist, the Church of the Tiber is a spent force, living in the past; an old age of decline and swift decrepitude. We shall be well advised to gird ourselves to take over the spiritual guardianship and moral nurture of the peoples, when the Roman Church with dying hand lets go. When this catastrophic war is terminated, we shall hear not only the cry of kings upon their crumbling thrones; the noise of falling may be heard also from the papal monarch. In this war the passing of Roman Catholicism is foreshadowed. Of that world-wide institution we shall be the supplanter.

My self-denial check this week is for \$4.05.

Your leader in the perilous, the sacred, the glorious adventure.

BOUCK WHITE.

Don't send me any more *Calls*. It seems that the warden has stopped daily papers. But magazines are reaching me. The covers are stripped away, so that I know not the senders. Please thank the Comrades, for me and for the other grateful convicts here, to whom I pass the good things along.

B. W.

NO. 7

IN PLACE OF BLOODSHED, WE GIVE
BROTHERHOOD

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL

My Comrades:

I have a few minutes in my cell, after the noonday meal, ere the keeper calls our gang to the afternoon's work. Am seizing the moment to tell you that I am thinking of you; and often.

Indeed, the news from Europe [the war] throws me back upon our church and the Revolution, as the one release from the mess capitalism has made of things. Moreover, there is a family connection between the Colorado war and the European war. Both had their rootage in economic causes. Both were inevitable, so long as civilization is permitted to remain on a basis of competition. Throat-cutting is the term business men apply to their trade rivalries. And that is also war's exact picture and definition.

The world-conflict now at rage promises to get worse before it can get better. It will continue to suck in to itself the interest of every intelligent intellect, absorbing the lion's share of attention.

Here is a difference between us and the churches of capitalism. To them this war is humiliation unspeakable. They have been the moral monitors, the ethical teachers of Christendom. And this is the outcome of the brand of morality they have handed out. With us, on the other hand, the war is a vindication. It attests the sureness of our prophecy and the wisdom of our course. I tell you truly, more minds than we realize are turned toward us to-day and to our proposal to revolutionize the basis of the

world's life; and they are some of the soberest and brilliantest minds in the country. There is nothing now can keep our church from victory, if we will but hold fast our fellowship one with another, and be loyal. Every shot fired on the battlefields of Europe, every life that is taken, every house that is demolished, every harvest field that is trampled, every bridge that is destroyed, is an argument for the Church of the Social Revolution. And brings our triumph nearer.

Check of self-denial, \$4.00.

Yours for the Overturn, that shall supplant this world of bloodshed with a world of brotherhood.

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 8

PRISON PICTURES

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL,
NEW YORK CITY.

My Comrades:

Have just opened the basket of fruit brought to me in your name this morning. Naturally, therefore, am writing this in a most cheery state of mind. The basket contains nine oranges, three pears, six bananas, and two packages of raisins. Who wouldn't be happy? Of course, this will be the only basket allowed me for the next ten days. I will have to go a bit miserly with it. But it divides up into one orange and twelve raisins each and every day, with sometimes an extra.

It would astonish you, when one is deprived of sugar whole months at a time, how toothsome is a piece of fruit. The other day one of the convicts that works in the kitchen had some prunes in his pocket and gave me some. I guess the keeper must have locked the storeroom now, for he never appears with any more. Once a week we have a supper of five prunes apiece, a hunk of dry bread, and black unseasoned coffee. The only other sign of sweets in the whole week is dried apple sauce—the teeniest, weeniest portion—for supper on Sunday nights. A report was spread from one of the prisoners in the storeroom gang, last week, that maggots had got into the dried apples. But I couldn't find one in mine Sunday night; the dish tasted perfectly fine. Dried apple sauce is looked down upon, by people out in the world. But I can tell you, we don't despise it here. Why, that Sunday night supper of apple sauce and dried bread is looked forward to the whole week long. I sometimes wish, on cold fall or winter nights, they would give me more bed clothing.

All we have is two blankets each. One of them you have to fold up to sleep on, as a bed. Which leaves only one solitary blanket to cover you. And you can't get out of your cell to shut windows, if a cold windy wave should come up in the night. You just have to lie still and take it; unless you are able to get a keeper to shut it for you. Keepers are not very popular among prisoners. Not altogether a keeper's fault either. He has a thankless job. Suspiciousness is his normal state of mind. Sometimes when I am awake at night, and the keeper coming along on his rounds steers a flash light in on me, and into my eyes, I get enraged enough to hit him plumb in the face, if I could only reach him through the bars. But then, on reflection, I am compelled to admit that he is in the right. His job is to see that we are all here. And he has to pry with his searchlight into every cell.

Comrades, in some way we have got to reach the prisoners now in a thousand prisons. Our church believes in getting down to the lowermost man. We are not strong on kid gloves, but are strong on a warm hand held forth to the people struggling at the bottom. I am sure I shall never forget the prison lad, now that I am in contact with him on so friendly and constant a footing. Perhaps that was one of the purposes of the Most High, in causing me to enter into this place. Sights are searing themselves into my brain, that will be with me at all times henceforth. Our church is called to a many-branched and marvelous work. And one of these must be to "them that are in prison." For the most part they are normal. Circumstances, more than aught of incurable badness within, have brought them here. Many of them, I am certain, will respond to an appeal such as our church will know how to frame. I am not now suggesting methods. I wish the rather to get your minds working along this line; to the end that some helpful sparks may be struck. Self-denial this week, \$3.75.

Yours in the Faith,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 9

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY BELONGS IN OUR CAMP

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

Comes a request this morning that I deny a statement which seemingly has been put in circulation, that I have accepted the nomination of the Progressive Party, for Congress. I here make the denial. Even the news of such a thing had not reached me.

The affair brings to my pen a matter of which I have been wishing to write you for some time. The Progressive Party is dying. Those of you who have been following the newspapers (every member of our church should read a daily newspaper) know that evidences of the death agony of the Bull Moose are plentiful. A vote fast, dwindling to the vanishing point; the Hinman fiasco at Saratoga; the resignation of their candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania, in favor of an old Party nominee; fusion in New York City — these are the death rattle of the Progressive Party as a political entity.

Which event has, if you will consider attentively, an immediate bearing on our church. For these Progressives, when the tree-trunk now bearing them falls to earth, must go somewhere. Some of them will go over to the Party of President Wilson. Some few will go back to the Republicans. A great mass of them ought to drop into the Socialist basket. Provided — And here is where the Revolution Church enters the transaction.

The Progressive Party is made up in large part of people who are essentially religious. Their first convention in Chicago, where they sang hymns and proclaimed

NO. 10

SOCIALISM SET TO MUSIC

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

“Tell us, Bouck White our leader, what you desire; and what we can do for you,” is the proffer that comes to me by letter and word of visitors. All right, I’m going to tell you: I greatly desire that, when I go back into the world of the free, I shall find you a Church of singers. I shall not care a hill of beans about the artistic quality of it. But the volume and heartiness and spontaneity — in a word, the folk-singing fire and sweep in it — is what I shall look for. And I entreat you not to disappoint me.

Singing is our distinction. It redeems us from the commonplaceness of the platform pattern of meetings. If the Revolution Church had been nothing but a lecture center, how suddenly would it have disorganized when I was taken from you! I am not sure but the speaking is the subordinate side of our movement. To be sure we couldn’t get along without it. The intellect must be fed. But neither could we get along without the singing. For the emotions too have claims and must be fed. Singing has been lamentably tossed into the discard by Socialism of late. And it is a sign of her slump from the inspirations of former times, down into the glamour of materialism and a politician’s paradise.

Music is wing power. Working with me in the prison yard is an old German, who was in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Telling me of his experiences, he related the other day how, when they went into the battle, “the music,” as he termed the military bands, kept in a safe place. “Because,” he explained, “if the music should be

killed, what should we do? On a long day's march when we were ready to drop, the music would start up; and then we could step twice so well as before."

Comrades, unto a great work have we separated ourselves. We proclaim a Socialism big and deep and many-sided as the soul of man. Economic theory is all right for the brain. But the human animal is gifted also with a heart. Music is the language of the heart. Always, when the feelings mightily are stirred, music is the vehicle of expression. The dirge for sorrow. The joy song, for the lyric expansive hour. The trumpet tones for battle. The pæan, to celebrate a victory. And marching music in our journeyings.

I know, there is in Socialist Party circles an assembly of mockers. They deride aught that savors of sentiment. But we heed not their scoffing. We will not permit them to outface us. A songless Socialism is a wrangling, contentious, dismembered thing. A singing Socialism will be a socialism triumphant.

Song means that the depths within have been reached. It is peculiarly fitting for a world movement such as ours. And particularly in the day of crisis and culmination that is now upon us. Have you noticed, since the war now at blaze, the increase in the output of poetry in the newspapers and magazines? And the prose too, has taken on a tone of solemnity and exaltation that is near kin to poetry. It is because mankind is so profoundly moved.

What poetry is to prose, music is to the spoken word. Poetry and music are natural mates. They signify that the soul is functioning — that divine agitation from which alone proceed all work of genius, and all changes of permanency in human affairs.

Of all mankind, we of the Revolution Church have the most right to sing. We are the light of the world. In this bewildering day, we alone have the clew, and the sure authentic pathway. Defenders of this present order are in dire perplexities. Listen to these words from Ex-

President Eliot of Harvard, in this morning's *New York Times*: "Thinking people in all the civilized countries are asking themselves what the fundamental trouble with civilization is, and where to look for means of escape from the present intolerable conditions." We of the Revolution Church are the means of escape for which he and his are eagerly looking. In a day of spoiling and slaughter, and the tempest of death, we are in possession of the serene secret. It ought to make us joyful with a joy raised to the singing point.

The Churches of the old school are harassed by doubt. Their theologies don't square with science. They are in collision with the universities. So that they recite their creeds more and more stutteringly. And in all their chanting there is a suggestion of the minor key. We, on the contrary, are delivered from doubt. Those interior conflicts ravage us not. We are in unison with science. The colleges and universities are in partnership with us, preparing ten thousand minds to receive our gospel. Isn't that an occasion for song?

And then see how wonderfully our church in its short six months of history has flourished. We are known. California has heard about us. Florida has heard about us. The city and the countryside have heard about us. Said Howard Crosby, "Woe to the Cause that has not passed through a prison!" We have met the test of prison, and have not been found wanting. Of all the protesters against the Ludlow business, our Church has been in the forefront. For all time henceforth, our church is implicated with the sorrows and the strivings of the disinherited. And all of this only in the initial six months of our history. We have withstood antagonism from without, disruption from within. And we are, in every essential point, stronger to-day than we were at any other moment. The gate of the prison, that seemed at the time so grievous, is turning out rather unto the progress of our gospel. It has served to concentrate public opinion, and

focus public interest. Comrades, if we haven't the right to sing, who has?

Then let us lift up our voice, as the noise of a host. "Boldness, and joy and zeal"—that is our trinity of blessedness and triumph. All things are ours. Our appointed time is accomplished. Unto us is this world given for a possession. The old order passes. The depths are breaking up. Unto our cause of industrial democracy, the day of glory dawns. With such a message sending its fire into our bones, we cannot be silent. We will shout it from the tops of the houses. Let scoffers scoff. We are stiffhearted. We are as adamant harder than flint. They that strive against us shall perish. We go forth into the mudgutter. Our lips disperse knowledge to them that are ignorant. We awaken the sleeper.

I do not write this, to persuade you to sing. Music is of its nature spontaneous. It cannot be made to order. But the music is already in your hearts. I am entreating that you take off the lid and let the music out. Give your soul a chance. In this day of decorums and stiff proprieties, the feelings have been too much repressed. Commercialism and middleclassdom are stifling to the soul. Shake off these weights. Let the stifled spirit free. We have the greatest, grandest message that has come to earth for two thousand years. The Revolution Church is Socialism set to music. Ours it is, to open the blind eyes and unstop deaf ears. The days, one by one, bring us good tidings. Our wagon is hitched to the stars in their courses. And upon truth our feet are planted, a firmament that shall not be moved.

Then let our spirit rise up in all its might. Lift up your voice with strength. The world will take account of us when they perceive that our message has kindled into song. In this so memorable day, it is fit that the fountains of the great deep inside of us should break up. Once let Socialism begin to sing, Capitalism will tremble. Music is the deeps calling to the deeps. And will do more

to arouse a generation of shop-keepers, than carloads of logic and forensic oratory. Comrades, I speak the truth: If, when I come out, I find you a singing church, these months of imprisonment will be accounted the most fruitful of my life; and the happiest.

Check this week, and for the next six weeks, will be \$3, or \$30 in all. Which I'll send to treasurer Wheelock, in order that he may square the office rent at 42 Washington Square for this month and next. The faithful ones there toiling are under a heavy load. If I take the rent anxiety from off them, it will ease the pressure a little.

Yours for a Church bursting with music,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 11

THE STRONG CONTAGION

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

From Connecticut and New Jersey, letters reached me last week, stating that the writers are desirous of starting a branch of the Revolution Church in their town.

This is of interest. The fact that already, whilst the parent church in New York is itself but a babe in arms, the contagion of the idea is spreading to other places, tells of hot high-pressured vitality in the seed we are ripening. The fact that we are doing our deeds in the metropolis, in part accounts for this. New York is a city set on a very high hill of publicity and popular interest. Small goings-on in New York bulk bigger than a large doing in Augusta, Georgia. Whether we wish it or not, our work cannot be hid. More eyes than we believe, and across a wider sweep of country, are observantly upon us.

But the contagiousness of our Church is not explainable purely on those mechanical grounds. The idea around which our doings crystallize, is big and alive and timely. For one thing, we bring the revolutionary movement of the day to self-consciousness. Had you ever thought of it, we are the only organization that puts the word revolution boldly in its title. There are other bodies that propagate revolution. But they don't say so — apparently they don't dare to say so — in the name by which they designate themselves. With us there is no concealment. We do our doings in the daylight. We proclaim revolution. And with so forthright and open a spirit as to write it in the very signboard that we tack up over the entrance to our shop, where every passer-by can see.

I predict that this fact of itself is going to have consequences which perhaps may get into history. It is distinctly a point gained, when a combat gets out from cover and lines up in the open. What was until then a guerrilla affair, shifty and uncertain, elevates itself now into declared warfare, with the dignity and manlier stouter nobler tone which characterizes war when it is formally announced and openly entered upon.

That is the service our Church is rendering to the social war. For some time now a revolution has been in progress. But it wasn't recognized as such. We come upon the scene, and tag the thing with its true label. Thereby we lift it from an affair of bushwhackers into a line-up of two contending world-philosophies. So that they that take part, do so now with understanding and a heart of bold demeanor.

It is an enormous advantage gained when a revolution reaches the point where it calls itself by that name. Few people are able to know their own day. As when passing judgment on a mountain or a huge building, distance is necessary for perspective. Always an age of revolution is one of confused and perplexing tendencies. It is a time of cross-currents. In this kind of a day, thousands of people live and die without knowing that a revolution has been taking place. In the Paris of 1793, life in the main went on in customary grooves. The bakers baked, and housewives washed each week their basketful of soiled linen. Dullards lived in that mighty day, all blind to the grandeur of it. They merely paused to note that politics were more stormy than usual, and the guillotine was claiming a larger number of victims than for some time past. Then they returned to their humdrum, and so missed participation in one of the most momentous eras that ever came to awaken the race.

Such another age is ours. And many thousands in like fashion are dull to the majestic meanings of it. Our church comes to such with a lantern to light up the dark-

ness of their minds. Picture what happens inside of them, when their eye lights on our name in a news column or on a throw-around: "Church of the Social Revolution." Without a word of argument, it infects them with the idea that a revolution is either in process already, or is imminent. They may not accept the idea. Nevertheless they can't shake it off. And a ferment is set going in their brain tracts that soon or late will land tens of thousands of them in the revolutionary camp.

Yes, we are in possession, comrades, of a big and thundering idea. If we did nothing more than just keep going and hold up that name, "Church of the Social Revolution," before the eyes of the people, we would be doing a day's work fruitful of largest consequences.

Therefore it is not to be marveled at that people outside of New York are catching the splendid contagion, and are asking, "Why not a Church of the Social Revolution here in my town too?"

I'm going to suggest the steps to take and methods to pursue, in starting a branch Church in one's own locality. But that will have to be in a letter by itself.

Yours in the great and holy work,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 12

MISSIONARY MEASURES

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

I spoke last week of the letter that had just come from a comrade in New Jersey who wishes to organize a branch of our church in his town. In replying I mentioned to him some practical ways of going about such an undertaking. It may be of worth to repeat them here. For we have in our New York meetings, to a degree, a migratory audience. The industrial break-up sends our people hither and yon. They who, in our New York City center, have caught fire with our flame, will on moving elsewhere wish to carry the burning coals to that new habitation. What are the steps to take?

Well, in the first place let the missionary who thus starts out to plant the powerful seed in any city or town, be assured that he has hold of a live wire. "Church of the Social Revolution" is a name that will make a community sit up and take notice. Probably some reports of us have already reached their ears. For in a short six months, tidings of us have traveled across many hundreds of miles of the map. Therefore, let the name be blazoned across every move that is made. Print it large on any cards that are issued. Let the letters stand out in white, against a field of red, to be the banner in all assemblings.

In the next place, don't try to get the Socialist Party officially to help you. The trend of an institution, once it attains to some establishment, to harden into conservatism, is terribly, terribly real. The Socialist Party is not escaping that trend. From raising up a generation that shall be Socialists every day in the year, they are

more and more content to raise up a generation that shall be Socialists only on Election Day each year. It is easier to socialize a man's ballot than to socialize him in heart and mind and spirit. Therefore the Party tends naturally to go off into the easier and quicker job, and looks with coolness on us; lest our propaganda of a Socialism of the heart, cut in on their propaganda of a Socialism only of the ballot. It will take time to show them that we are the best friend and coadjutor that ever arose to help their cause. Meanwhile we shall have to go ahead on our own initiative. We shall have to save the Socialist Party in spite of itself. The time will come when they will rise up and call us blessed.

In starting the propaganda, bear in mind that our church is founded on a great idea, and a new idea. Namely, that the Power of the universe is passionately on the side of the toiler, against the idler. That puts a difference between us and the churches of the Respectability, a difference great as day from darkness, or summer's fruitful heat from winter's driving cold. It is a difference furthermore that is structural and fundamental. It puts life and the universe in a wholly changed and fresh aspect; a change so deep and central that it reaches an altering hand into every department of existence, and makes all things new. We cannot compromise, therefore. Nor tinker up the present establishment. New wine demands new wineskins.

This gospel of ours, while new to men to-day, is not however an innovation or an adventurous untried experiment. It was fundamentally the viewpoint of the great spirits that wrought the deeds recorded in the Bible and wrote its pages. The discovery of this fact is known as the higher criticism; the scientific mind and the scientific spirit, applied to the study of the Bible. Therefore we enter a town, not as emotional fanatics, decrying the intellect and directing our appeal purely to unthinking minds. We have a message that is adapted to the most

highly educated intellects. We demand a hearing, not only from the man in the street but from the college professor as well. We speak the word of historical science and sound scholarship. They who seek to refute us are the ignoramuses. For they know not modern science. Their viewpoint is that of a European peasant to-day, or of people in the dark ages ten full centuries ago. Therefore both dignity and invincible boldness should characterize our goings-on.

As a practical method of getting this new and revolutionizing message into the hearts of the people, the "Call of the Carpenter," and its recent companion book, are invaluable. Every copy of those books let loose in a neighborhood, is a missionary active in our behalf. A low-priced edition, practically at cost price, has been issued. From some particular street corner, on certain nights every week, the book should be sold. With the banner of the Church afloat. And with spoken words explanatory of the gospel we are preaching and the world movement we are organizing.

With that book circulating in the community, it will not be long before individuals will become interested in us. The message uttered in its pages has a way of dynamiting the mind and spirit. It starts a flood of questions. Provokes to conversings and discussions. And a Sunday afternoon conference, in some private house at first, and advertised in the papers or by throw-arounds, can easily be made to follow.

From then on, the way is clear. It is only the first step that costs. After that, helpers volunteer. And unsuspected avenues of opportunity open up. Public debates with ministers and Catholic priests can be arranged. Because we tap all the sources of contemporary life, we can use the columns of the local newspapers, by means of articles about timely happenings, and leading up to the message our church is propagating. Many boys and young men are floating away from the old-time Sunday

Schools teaching an antiquated creed. With us, however, they will find a tightness and soundness of intellect, an up-to-the-minute mind, and a virile participation on life's dangerous firing line. Therefore a class of young people, to study these great new truths, will be oftentimes a possibility. Also, classes for children. Children make ardent propagandists. Let one true-spirited boy or girl in a sleepy, middleclass home become inoculated with our gospel, he or she will upset the entire household, and be a light bearer of no mean capacity. All the time, song — as soon as an earliest group has been gathered, after the initial seed-sowing — must be a part in our assemblings together. Music keeps a meeting from going off into dry intellectualism or harsh and futile wranglings. Music has power to sooth the savage; split the heart of hardest rock; melt heads that are a very cabbage. Yes, let us be known as a singing people. It will give wings to our propaganda, to carry it into places little dreamed of, and to hearts that hitherto were inaccessible to Socialist teachings.

Is it worth while to take the pains thus to start a branch of the Revolution Church in a community? Well, each heart must answer that for itself. The person who prefers to give his off time and strength to croquet or bridge or checkers, tango teas or the baseball bulletin, will be unmagnetized by the offer of service we hold out. Frivolously they live, frivolously they will die, and frivolously be snuffed out hereafter. To them however that weigh their lives earnestly, work of this kind offers a harvest richer than any other I know of or can think of. Picture the average town and city now: sunk in middleclassdom; without idealisms; engrossed in money-grubbing; the old religions ebbing; life going ever and ever more flat, more meager, more unprofitable; the workers declining into a serfdom that deepens and darkens at every minute; no outlook ahead; the universe shrinking into a cellar of muck and spider webs.

With the coming of the Revolution Church, however, notice the change that takes place. We proclaim an over-setting of the false philosophies that were holding the people back. Boldness takes the place of fear. The workers straighten up their backs. The mudgutter, formerly a spot for senseless profanity and more senseless obscenities, echoes with a chorus of full-hearted, full-throated singers. Eyes once dull in torpor, become phosphorescent with hope. Interrogation awakes. The intellect comes to birth. Life takes on significance. Why? Because from highest heaven a mighty Overturn is promised, that shall turn the universe right side up at last, and permit the natural beauty and joy and splendor of life to become manifest.

Yes, comrades, to spend and be spent in such a work, is worth while. Impoverishment shall not stay us, nor shall defeat discourage us. Many ten thousands of hearts are hungering for the gospel that has been entrusted unto us. If we were slothful in carrying it to them, how could we escape condemnation. Since beginning this, a letter has just come. Listen to it:

Bouck White — Dear Comrade:

I have read your books and know of your church, and I am interested. I think more such churches should be established. I am a member of the First Baptist here, but have talked with the pastor about a change. I would like to know more about your church and be a member "at large," perhaps, and turn in what little support I can for the cause and not against it.

Yours for the Social Revolution,

GEO. E. ALLEN,
125 S. State St., Painesville, Ohio.

An appeal so genuine and spontaneous must not go unheeded. We and we alone have the words of eternal life,

unto this lost generation now upon earth. There is cheer
in that thought. And also, what a responsibility!

Yours forever,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 13

MAN IS GOD'S YOUNGER BROTHER

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

The newspapers announce bomb attacks on two New York churches. And that, as a consequence, a guard has been placed over the Fifth Avenue Baptist (the Rockefeller) Church. Inasmuch as I am in prison for having, as your minister, sought to call the attention of the churches to their responsibility in the social war whose skirmishes are so ominously setting in, I deem that a statement from us would be timely. Assure the Baptist Church in question that they are in no peril — physically — from us. We deplore recourse to dynamite as much as they. Indeed, to elevate the social question out of the realm of violence into the plane of reason and light, is a chiefest objective for which our church of the proletary masses was instituted.

Thus, though we yield to no one in condemning recourse to dynamite, nonetheless that event in St. Patrick's Cathedral this week is prodigiously significant. It tells — if revolutionists were the doers of it — that the people are at last awaking to the part theology is playing in the social war. Members of the red host international have been arguing that the churches are a negligible factor in the battle for freedom we are waging. Ritual and altar and pulpits they have pooh-poohed, as a force too remote from every-day affairs to merit our notice.

The St. Patrick's bomb, on the anniversary of Ferrer's assassination, is evidence that a change of mind in this matter is taking place. The organized religion of a people is the one most potent factor in shaping that people.

Theology and sociology are brothers, and linked by as vital a ligature as were the Siamese twins. One affects the other. The position our church has taken is invincible, namely: the religious life tells energetically on the economic life. And the latter cannot be altered until the former is altered.

Herein stands the fundamental mischief of our time. We have a democratic state and a monarchical religion. And it is a dislocation that is perverting and enflaming every function of the organism. The Catholic Church is not alone in displaying an anti-democratic pattern of theology. The Protestants — to the extent that they still retain any tenacity and consistency of belief — preach equally a monarchical potentate over the universe; and a groveling posture by man towards that potentate.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist people were in panic when we suggested a conference with them on this theme. These six months of felon stripes for me bespeak in them nought else than a delirium of terror. And with reason. They knew they could not meet the issue. More truly than the people know, the Ludlow massacre in Colorado was ripened in that church where Mr. Rockefeller receives religious nurture. Not consciously, of course, either on his part, or the pastor or people. Exactly in the subconsciousness of the process, resides the deadly efficacy of it. Every hymn and sermon, every prayer and chanting and recital of the creed, was a factor whereby in Mr. Rockefeller was wrought a state of mind of despotism towards his workmen in Colorado. He was desirous, of course, to make it into a benevolent despotism; just as the god that was figured before his vision was a benevolent despot, using his absolutism for the good of his subjects. But a despotism nevertheless. And it was against despotism, even of the benevolent kind, that those Ludlow miners revolted. The Fifth Avenue Baptist people little realized it, but every prayer from that pulpit was a cartridge in the guns of them that slew the one hundred and forty-seven working

folk in Colorado. We in New York have to aid that kind of church with our taxes. And, if we question, so much as by a friendliest word, we are cast into jail, without trial and without redress.

That bomb in St. Patrick's cathedral is going to reverberate a sound that may get into history. The religious realm is ever the area where revolutions flame the most vehemently. And it is going to be so also with the revolution to-day. The mission of our church is to carry the issue over into this religious field; and then, to keep it from going off into violences. We have not a moment to lose, to speak the sobering word to those now going off into these mad excesses. I thirst for my November 12 day of release, that I may get by your side once again in the work.

St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church are indeed enemies to industrial freedom. They are two armored strongholds squarely blocking the path that leads to liberty. And they must be reduced before the armies of the light can appreciably advance. But here the military likeness ceases. For, unlike a fortress of steel and concrete, these spiritual towers of menace and slavery can not be reduced by gunpowder.

Bombs explode in a backward direction; and hurt the attacker more than they hurt the attacked. Ideas can only be combated by ideas. Let us proclaim more loudly and energetically than ever our gospel of a consecrated industrialism; a religion of valor — to supplant the existing religion of toadyism and fear. In order that there may be engendered a liberalism of the spirit to companion the liberalism in our forms of government. And so the present dislocation of a monarchical soul in a democratic body may be remedied and for all time done away.

Yours in the Carpenter, that strong red god of Galilee.

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 14

AMERICA'S BLENDING OF THE RACES

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

I took a census of the nationalities of some of the prisoners here, the other day. Each tier has seven cells. Taking my tier, I found that the other six prisoners were as follows: One Russian Jew, one Greek, two Irish, a Swede, and an Italian. We were six different nationalities. Yet all melting into one citizenship and speaking — or trying to speak — one language. Taking the entire prison, we have, or have had this summer, representatives of well nigh every race and nation north of the equator. Medley of Poles and Germans and Polacks and Negroes, Scotch and Irish and English, French and Italians, the Mongolian and the white man, Jews from the Orient and Scandinavians — you never saw a more miscellaneous lot.

They are a cross section of the American-race-that-is-to-be. No better place than a jail, to visualize the migration of mankind hither to these shores in the West. Strangers in a strange land, they are what the French call *deracinées*. They live all uprooted from the associations that in the old country held them to a moral life. Their ignorance of this new country, also, is a contributing factor. So that they are enmeshed in the police court's dragnet to an unusual degree. Indeed the other day in the mess hall I got talking with a poor devil of an Italian from Southern Italy who got into jail largely because his English was inadequate to defend him.

I am focussing your attention on this, because of a very practical bearing it has on our work.

This transplantation of peoples from all the earth is the

most stupendous movement of populations ever witnessed, and will have consequences for a thousand years to come. Historians trace the modern era in Europe to the blending of the peoples that took place in the Teutonic invasion of the ancient Latin world. Italy, France and Spain were the result, as well as the Anglo-Saxon nations. In America a new blending is in progress. And as it is on a larger scale than that earlier transmigration, its effect promises to be proportionately greater.

Well, we as a church are in the midmost thick of this business. New York is the cosmopolis of the world. Her geography, at America's port of entry for the racial tides from Europe, makes of her a gathering place for the nations. New York is the largest Jewish city on earth. And I bet the figures would show few Italian or Polish or German or Irish cities in the home countries that would total more than those racial ingredients within New York's population.

To mingle these in a new and mighty citizenship is a commanding need of the times. Herein I see where the Church of the Social Revolution can do a day's work that nobody but us can do, in reaching these divergent peoples and blending them. For one thing, in their transfer to a new continent, the social revolution has already taken place with them. The old has perished for them irrevocably; mental furniture left behind, when they tore up their stakes and came to this new world. Therefore our church with its name and covenant announcing an Overturn that shall make all things new, frightens them not. Their physical migration has wrought in them readiness for a mental migration. They are in a condition of spiritual preparedness. It is a priceless moment for planting in them our seeds of a world-changing reconstruction. We come to clarify before their vision and consecrate the revolution through which they, each of them personally, have been passing.

I am bold in pressing this upon your thought. Because,

so far as I know, the point has never before been touched upon by Socialist thinkers. They dwell much — and justifiably — on the change brought to pass in the economic world by machine production supplanting the hand method of old, necessitating a like revolutionary change in man's mental processes and possessions. The American migration has wrought in many millions of people a physical transition and upheaval in some respects more comprehensive, and certainly more swift and dramatic, than the change in the world industrial. An emotional stress of this intensity heats the soul into a molten state; man's nature can then be run into new and wonderful molds, and so remodel human clay into patterns impossible in the old unplastic state.

No other church than ours is fitted for reaching this incoming host. The Roman Catholic is shut out from Jew and Protestant and the Greek and Russian peoples, by the animosities bred in their bone through long centuries in the old land. The Greek Catholic is limited in like fashion. And the Protestant churches also. A new people, in the new land, and under new industrial conditions, have need of a new religion. To such we come with a new and living gospel. Shall we not take inspiration from the world movements in the thick of which we have our being, and propagate our message with unquenchable zeal?

Yours in the holy task,

BOUCK WHITE.

NO. 15

A FRENCH REVOLUTION IN BERLIN?

QUEENS COUNTY JAIL.

My Comrades:

At present the doings of our church are little heeded. It is the day of the cannon. The howitzers' loud roar swallows all other voices. Sweet reason pines, when guns begin. And we shall have to abide in loneliness and neglect for a season. But the drama that is developing is going to prosper our gospel. Lest you go bewildered and blinded by the swift march of events to-day, I desire you to see with me some of the salient features.

War is pregnant with surprises. And it is within the possibilities that Germany shall win. That outcome would make the Church of the Social Revolution a prime necessity. True, it would then be a most dangerous cult to avow. For Deutschland, flushed with victory, would be a military power in the world, and would repress mightily. But ofttimes an open foe is for democracy an asset. Not tyranny's overt enmity, but mercantilism's polite chloroform, is freedom's fatalest danger. And the call to make stand against Prussian militarism would kindle the fires of the spirit in many breasts, and prepare them for the coming of our church.

But I predict that Germany is not going to win. At present writing, many of the facts are against me. But I offer the statement: The war will terminate either in a draw, or in Germany's downfall. In either case, I look to see a second French Revolution, but in Berlin this time. The outraged German people, after burying three million of her sons, and after the bankruptcy of her once proud commercialism, and the loss of colonies which were begin-

ning to belt the globe, will awake with indignation in their marrow. And they will make Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden scarlet with the blood of their autocratic blundering caste.

That revolution will spread its fires to every horizon. A hundred years ago the nations were but slenderly tethered one to the other. Yet the doings in Paris reverberated to all corners of the globe, and shook monarchy everywhere on its base. To-day the nations are well nigh as one. Communication is swift and manifold. With the lighting of the flame in Germany, instantaneous will be the report in all parts of the earth. A popular awakening will billow like a tide coming in from the sea, and will fill many an inlet in the recesses of human minds now closed against us.

The tidal wave thrown up by that eruption will prove an irrigation for the seed our church is sowing. "Church of the Social Revolution" sounds terrifying to many. But in that awakening we will appear what we really are, the savior of a world in dissolution, the healer of a civilization sick unto death.

I send a cheer to you, O comrades. In an opportune moment we are come up. Big is the outlook, and cries for bigness in us, who are to meet it.

Yours in the sacred task,

BOUCK WHITE.

(And let me send also, as to Germany's part in preparing the way for us, some verses that have come to me in the silent hours of the night, with, I'll bet, something of truth in their foreshadowings.)

DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES

Launch now our thund'ring host.
In men of iron we boast.
Up, helmets! Shout the toast —
Deutschland über Alles.

LETTERS FROM PRISON

We can no longer rest.
Our Destiny, supprest,
At length is manifest —
Deutschland über Alles.

Our poor, brought to a crust,
Share not the battle lust,
Drive them with saber thrust —
Deutschland über Alles.

Brass buttons here bear rule.
Civilian! He's a fool;
We'll use him for our tool —
Deutschland über Alles.

Our culture must prevail.
Spread it with fire and flail.
We virile are, and male —
Deutschland über Alles.

Sheer force alone is law.
Weaklings we overawe,
Full sharp the Eagle's claw —
Deutschland über Alles.

For treaties give no thought.
Moralities are naught.
A higher code we're taught —
Deutschland über Alles.

Victoriously we go.
We'll push a fleeing foe.
Old Sky-King wills it so —
Deutschland über Alles.

Base unbelievers laugh;
God and the General Staff

Shall scatter them like chaff —
Deutschland über Alles.

The cannon shall be king;
Fodder for it we'll bring.
Empire! Empire! we sing —
Deutschland über Alles.

What! 'Gainst us an earth arrayed!
Our ranks give ground, dismayed.
War's bitter price is paid —
Deutschland nieder Alles.

Now kings and kaisers pine.
Democracy divine
Is the chorus on the Rhine —
Deutschland lebt für Alles.

The people take control;
Seek empiry of the soul;
Veto the warrior rôle —
Deutschland beliebt bei Alles.

BOUCK WHITE.

LETTER TO THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT

QUEENS COUNTY PRISON,
NEW YORK CITY.

SIR: The elevated tone for which the *Independent* has become renowned, ill prepared me for the low editorial level you were content to occupy in discussing our Colorado protest at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. You condemn my deed as a violation of "law and order." I am prepared to waive all defense on that point. The case is new in jurisprudence. We have no precedents. While there concededly was legal color for my arrest and imprisonment, there are so many and so weighty considerations on the other side, that the courts, had they been so minded, could have found ample grounds for an acquittal.

But neither my article in your magazine stressed the legal side, nor does our case rest upon it. Legality? All the loftier deeds produced by history have been illegal. The doings of Garrison and Lovejoy and Phillips were suprallegal and oftentimes contralegal. "The higher law," said Seward, defending these lawless agitators. And the New York *Independent* in that day echoed his fine defiance of the sordid prudences of mercantilism, so that your journal became well nigh a folklore throughout the country.

Law is always a standpatter. It consecrates the status quo. It is the clearing in the forest, the outpost to which civilization thus far has reached. Every advance of the moral frontier has been extralegal; a journey forward into the unmapped; and with the law-abiders sputtering themselves red in the face. Show me a land where everybody is legal, and I will show you a land sunk in stagnancy and slothful satisfaction. There are times when to be illegal is the ethical categorical imperative. And this fat and

coward day is such a time. Not that this is to be cheapened into mankind's customary and common code. I expressly wrote to Dr. Woelfkin beforehand, explaining that the times, being extraordinary, demanded extraordinary measures.

Amos Pinchot, defending our deed in the public press, drew the parallel of the temple-cleansing in the gospel narrative. Was that purging of the money-changers according to "law and order"? "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground; but his soul goes marching on"—so we sing, and so sang and exulted the New York *Independent* in that heroic day. Was John Brown's protest at Harper's Ferry a notable addition to the chronicles of "law and order"?

Jesus, when uttering the Parable of the Illegal Steward who confiscated the property of a rich man and divided it up with the poor—was he therein a tower of strength for "law and order"? And how about that Parable of the Agricultural Magnate who tore down his barns to build bigger? Revolution thunders along in it so ominously, that even the Revised Version dares not print the Carpenter's language nakedly, but falsifies the translation. The magnate in that parable was handed over to be dealt with by the populace, and met his death by an armed uprising in the night. "Law and order?"

As to Dr. Woelfkin's apologetic that he received not my letter announcing our visit until a few minutes before the service, the plea was accounted by me unworthy of serious rebuttal. During half a week preceding, the New York dailies teemed with the announcement of our proposed visit and of the letter I was sending. That Sunday morning accordingly saw an expectant throng around the church. Reporters had cameras ready focussed on tripods. Plain clothes men sentinelled the doorway. Inside the church were thirty or forty policemen in uniform. The congregation was electric with expectation. That the receipt in these circumstances of a special delivery letter from me

was sincerely deemed by him a thing whose perusal could fitly be deferred till after the morning was over, is beyond credence. The mystery of the letter's delay in reaching him has not been cleared up. We have been denied a trial. I have been sloughed in prison after only a "hearing" in a police court, and without any privilege of appeal. Taking Dr. Woelfkin's plea at its face value, does it seem in accord with America's spirit of fair play, that I should be sloughed in jail for six months because of a mistake by the New York postoffice in delaying a special delivery letter nearly forty-eight hours?

"We Preach Christ Crucified," stands carven in bold letters on the façade of the church in question. They stop not at prison fetters and the heaping of infamy, to defend the master class in our day, which did the Golgotha business in that day. Their fellow Protestant Christians of all denominations approve their deed by tacit consent or open plaudit, and organize conferences meanwhile to discover why spirituality is so alarmingly at ebb in the modern world.

Yours, etc.,

BOUCK WHITE.

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Pastor and Members of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

Greeting:

The imprisonment of our pastor, Bouck White, will end November the twelfth. The Church of the Social Revolution will publicly celebrate his homecoming at Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, November the thirteenth, at eight o'clock. Naturally on that occasion your church will be in the minds of many. Lest you should fear some mood of bitterness on our part, we write this to assure you. And if you care to be represented at that service, we will accord to such a person a place in the evening's program. Your personal card will admit you and your friends to our platform.

In the letter sent you last May after the Ludlow massacre in Colorado, we stated: "We are very near neighbors, our church and yours. Furthermore, we represent the downmost man, whereas your church represents the wealthiest of the world. Therefore in this social crisis which is gathering its thunder so menacingly, it is entirely thinkable that by some relationship that will permit an interchange of views, a friendliness of feeling could be brought about that might be the means of a happy issue out of all our social afflictions."

Your answer to that was to clap our minister in prison. We refuse to believe that such a reply represents your loftiest and ripest judgment in the matter. Since then nearly six months have elapsed—months of felon punishment for our pastor, months of mellow ruminations by you. It cannot be that you will reject forever the hand we hold out.

There is an added reason why we extend this invitation.

The Colorado insurrection is yet far from settled. The news columns report a degree of heat on both sides that may blaze into a flame angrier than the first. The attention of the people is at present drawn to another part of the world. But the Colorado fires have lost none of their potentiality for mischief; and whose spread might make even the war in Europe of the lesser importance.

Our minister is now in prison garb because he cried aloud that the social war is a religious question and must religiously be settled. When he rejoins us on November the twelfth the issue will have to be reopened. (As you must certainly know by now, prison bars never solve an issue; they but postpone its solution — with interest.) We deem it seemly and just that you be represented at a meeting where in all likelihood reference to you will have to be made.

Fraternally yours in the fellowship of the Carpenter,
Committee, Church of the Social Revolution.

THE COMRADES SEND GREETING

My Dear Comrade White:

Greetings to you on your release! My hand is in yours and I hold you in comradely embrace. You have borne yourself with supreme credit to yourself and to us all and every true comrade in the land joins in the celebration of your splendid victory. Truly, you have conquered, for you have upheld the cause in a trying hour and borne the brutal persecution to which you have been subjected in the serene spirit of the Nazarene comrade, which can never know defeat.

I am extremely sorry not to have been able to be in New York to greet you at the prison door. It would have been a joy to me indeed. Comrade Fieldman did all he could to arrange a date that would enable me to be there, but the fates willed otherwise. Yet my heart, you may be sure, was there as you walked into the outstretched arms of your comrades. Henceforth the prison house wherein you served is a holy shrine.

I am just leaving for the West. This note is hurried, but I am always with you, as I know you are with me. Dearer than ever are you to us now for the price you have paid and the fitness you have shown in an hour of real trial, to worthily serve the great cause.

With increasing regard and attachment I am,
Yours always, EUGENE V. DEBS.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.

My dear Comrade Bouck White:

I am unknown to you personally, that is a detail, but I want to be one of the great host who will greet you with words of welcome as you return to the fighting line, where

foundations of a new heaven and earth are to be established, nay, are being established.

I have read and re-read your clarion "Call," and other books, I am one with you through and through, I admire your invincible courage, your uncompromising, irreconcilable spirit, and, above all, the really, vitally, religious element which permeates your social revolt.

This seems to me the only Gospel which meets the modern situation, philosophically, socially, and economically, the great mystic Humanism focussed in the Galilean Carpenter. Thanks, a thousand times; it has been a mighty stimulating vision to many of us; Godspeed to you all around.

With all good wishes,
Yours in the Social Upheaval,

H. J. ADLAND.

Adams Memorial Church, Dunkirk, N. Y.

PS. I spoke for one hour and forty minutes last night on "The Call of the Carpenter" in a small town near here — your work goes on.

HORACE, Kansas.

Mr. Bouck White,
New York City.

Dear Comrade:

I wonder if you know that out here on this wind-swept prairie, in this little unattractive town, many hearts looked forward eagerly to the morning of the twelfth, when Comrade White would be liberated from his prison cell, and I write in behalf of our local to tell you how through the long days of waiting our hearts were with you in your prison, and were proud to know that for the truth's sake you had not only obeyed Christ's injunction to visit him in prison, but had gone in and stayed with him, and shared with him, and fared with him his lonely prison life. We wrote the Governor, and have bought your books, and

helped spread the message you have given, but it seems that was all we were allowed to do. It would do your heart good, though, to know how many people accept your message so readily and gladly, and are finding in your re-discovered Carpenter a new meaning in his life and message which will fill their lives forevermore.

In the article which you wrote in the *Independent*, in giving the vow taken by members of your church, you say it is the duty of each member to bring others to the Church (I am quoting from memory and may not have it exact). That is what I am writing you for information about. Will you tell us what we may do in the thousand little towns and villages which are longing to have such a church, and yet are so far away from our magnetic gifted leader. I left the church I was raised in because of its narrow sectarianism. I cannot endure the Sunday Schools, because if you take any modern scientific viewpoint of the bible in their so called bible study lesson you are branded as a heretic and unbeliever and are plainly informed that if you want to worship in their church you must keep your views to yourself. I have a little four-year old boy who should have some spiritual instruction, but I will not send him to the church at hand. I have been told that somewhere in Chicago is a Christian Socialist paper which interprets the Sunday-school lesson from a modern scientific standpoint — am trying to locate it to-day by mail — and I am wondering why Comrade Bouck White could not write a service every week to be used in the churches of the Revolution which would spring up all over the land at his call. The message might be written a month ahead, one for each service weekly — or whatever would seem best to the wisdom of our leader; this in connection with a bible study — not always necessarily from the bible, but a story from any great or lowly life, nation or civilization — would make a service that with local talent in music could be inspiring and helpful, not only to ourselves but the children — for after all that

is the bitter part. Many comrades have severed all relations with the old churches and are bringing up their children without any spiritual or moral guidance, and it surely can not be good in the long run. Of course we would want it to be thoroughly remunerative to you, to compensate you for your time and effort — but think, Comrade White — what a field for labor! The harvest is surely white.

I trust my suggestions may not seem ill-timed to you.

Yours for the Revolution, with greetings from all the Comrades.

MRS. LILLIAN K. BULLARD.

THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTION *

The editor asks me for an account of the Church of the Social Revolution, and of my imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, which followed so promptly the founding of that church.

The Church of the Social Revolution announces a purpose audacious in the highest degree; namely, to revolutionize the world's idea of religion. The accepted notion is that religion has to do with the weakness that is in the world. We propose a religion that shall have to do with the strength that is in the world. The two ideas are in flat opposition. They cultivate opposite traits of character, and with widely different methods. Between the religion of weakness and the religion of strength stands no reconciliation. They travel in opposite directions, seeking opposite goals — two trains on the same track and speeding to fateful world-transforming collision.

The religion of weakness is established in the churches of the traditional type. It sings in their hymns, speaks through their sermons, dictates their prayers, and breathes its breath into every chant and collect and liturgy. It is a whining, suppliant, belly-crawling spirit. It stands not with straight back, on two feet, upright; it grovels, worships a god that can be coaxed. It imagines it will be heard for its much begging.

As I write this in my cell, the Sunday morning church service is being held in the corridor outside. The preacher is sincere — according to the lights that are in him. But there is scripture for it that sometimes the light that is in a man is darkness; which is to say, the steam in the engine is of excellent power, but is being used to draw the

* Reprinted from the *Christian Socialist*.

train in the wrong direction. What wretches in prison stripes need, is not weakness, but strength. Weakness has been their undoing. The more I rub up against them the more I am persuaded that the criminal is essentially a weakling — weak in mind, weak in imagination, weak in will. Above all things else, he needs vigor, snap, grit, intensity, self-respect. But the religion being handed out to him at this moment — the songs and prayer and sermonizing — seeks still further to soften him: and if it should gain any proselytes this morning, would make them tenfold more children of the devil of flabbiness than they now are.

This glorification of weakness has brought it to pass that religion is thought of by the world generally as something softish, a mendicant mood of soul and an unbraced attitude of the intellect. It is presented as a resting place for the tired, an asylum for the broken, an opiate for the oppressed, a lifeboat of escape from a shipwrecked world. So that the religious area of the population is reduced to those of slender understanding; or, when a religious man of intellect is found, he defends religion half cynically as an engine of social control to keep the masses quiet.

Now it is an axiom that when religion becomes shamefaced, it is in process of extinction. Boldness is its vital breath. Let it cease to be bold, it ceases to be vital. When men of mind can no longer be devout, except in slinking and furtive fashion, religion is on its deathbed; though its dying agonies may be prolonged, its demise with certitude is decreed.

FOUNDED ON STRENGTH, NOT WEAKNESS

To do away this apologetic brand of devotion, and breed a race that shall combine spiritual-mindedness with force, is the purpose of the Revolution Church. We seek the revolution of religion, in order to a religion that shall breed revolution. Strength, not weakness, is the foundation on which it builds. And this determines every part of the structure. We intend to change the world's idea

of God. The one whom we worship is not a fatherly potentate dispensing titbits to those who beg the loudest. Our God is a Man of War! He has a fight on his hands. Things as at present constituted are not at all to his liking.

“The world is very evil;
The time is waxing late;
Be diligent, keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,”

sang Bernard of Clairvaux as the middle ages were drawing to an end and the new era was making its first feeble birth movements felt in the womb of time. Once again we are in one of the world's transition moments. And the manifest token that the old era is playing out is the moral slump so visible to-day. Not that it shows itself mainly in a tidal wave of crime and open sinning, though some appalling statistics could here be marshaled. The darkness rather is taking the form of a let-down in moral heroisms. Men no longer stand and fight and die for principle, as they did in the heroic time. A day of Philistinism is upon us, a lowering of standards, a debasement of tone, a letting-down of the spiritual level. “In Gold we trust,” is the new rendering. There is a weakening of confidence in the Unseen; and a terrible turning of the population towards the kind of salvation promised by Mammon — a salvation in terms of pleasure and comfort and animal security — purchased at any price; for to-morrow we die.

Thus the Unseen Leader we follow is a warrior. He is opposed by a doughty foe and is in the midst of a crucial and hard-fought conflict. Therefore his call for volunteers is couched in terms of hazard and trial and hardship. No longer that old invitation:

“Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me,” saith One,
“And coming, be at rest.”

The call of our Lord God to those who would follow him, is in a different key:

“Art thou valorous, art thou willing,
Art thou leal and true?
Come to me,” saith One,
“I’m fighting, and need you.”

“But how can we be sure that this God will win the victory?” inquires some one. “If we enlist under Him we may be enlisting under a losing leader and will have given our lives to a lost cause.” Precisely, and it is exactly that element of risk which constitutes for us the attractiveness of the service. If the battle were predestined to victory it would be no battle, but a mere sham affair, a stage performance. In the uncertainty as to the outcome lies the zest of the conflict, its piquancy and pungent joy. This universe does not as yet belong to God. But we are determined that it shall. We are capturing it for him, with him personally in the field as our Commander. All the discoveries of science, all contributions of knowledge, the splendor and majesty of the intellect’s advance, every triumph in the realm of morals, all achievements of economic and political betterment, progress in the industrial arts, the beautifying of the world, growth in the graces that polish and adorn life—these are all parts of the campaign of conquest whereby our God is wresting the universe out of the control of chaos and making it his own possession. To have a conscious part in that campaign is deemed by us the glory of life, its excellency and coronation.

Manifestly, thus to couch God’s invitation to man in the language of strength and service, rather than of weakness and safety, is a revolution in the idea of religion. Therefore we call our church The Revolution Church. We spread the name on our signboard, blazon it on our banners, publish it widely as the name by which we delight to be known. It is not a mere revamping of the religion handed down. Rather, it is a religion new-modeled in

every part and feature, and demands for its expression a new type of song and sermon and ritual, a new kind of devotion, a new conception of prayer. The change is so fundamentally altering, with such implications wrapped up in it, that no other word than revolution can adequately phrase it.

MUST CHANGE IDEA OF MAN

But for another reason also are we a Revolution Church. This change in the idea of God carries over immediately into the human area and involves a change in the idea of man. The old-type religion let human society pretty much alone. The salvation offered by it was in terms of escape from a wicked world: "Come ye apart and be ye separate. O, think of the home over there." Their Father in heaven paternally stretched out arms of refuge to shelter them snugly from the wickedness and the sorrow and the casualties.

But when God is seen as a Man of War who sallies forth and offers battle to the evils that are in the world, straightway a new type of the religious life results. It translates devotion no longer in terms of the passive, but of an active, energetic career. Now the man of God, instead of enduring the ills of life with patience, goes out against those ills with militant zeal; for this type does not understand religion as merely a contemplative life, but a career of action.

When this religion of strength turns its attention to human society what does it discern? A society whereof Mammon is in control. It needs no unusual gift to perceive that money is the master of the world. Food and raiment, houses and lands and good books and schools, all products of science and the beautiful arts; marriage and children and the joy of a home; doctors for health, recreation for the mind, amusement and travel, friends and influence; these are in Mammon's right hand for him to dole out to those who serve him best.

Gold, Gold, tyrannous Gold!
 A god that is growing ever more bold.
 Foe of virtue from days of old;
 For it our souls in the gutter are rolled.
 On history's page loud its sinnings are told;
 In the marriage mart our daughters are sold.
 A master whose heart is ruthless and cold;
 Gathering men into Satan's own fold —
 Gate of a prison, to pen and to hold;
 Fashioning men into hell's brutal mould.
 God will not rest till its passing is told.
 Hateful, defiling, omnipotent Gold!

At present, God is at the bottom, and Gold is at the top. To reverse that ordering, whereby God shall be on top and Gold at the bottom — could there be a blessedder, diviner overturning?

Exactly that is what is meant by social revolution. And it is the creed of our church.

“Lord of the blood-red banner” may need a word of commentary because many have got the notion that Socialism's flag of red is symbolic of a bloody assault against the upholders of the present order. The truth is quite the contrary. The red in our banner emblemizes the one blood that is in the veins of all the people of the earth. Outwardly the nations and tribes in the world are of different aspect. Color and features and hair and stature and manners and speech are so many wedges doing a divisive work. But prick under the skin and you will find in them all a blood of one and the selfsame color. So that it becomes the natural emblem of unity, a scarlet thread internationalizing the tribal banners now so bloodily arrayed each against the other, and forecasting a day when the world family will be a fact and not purely a fiction of the poets. Could the Democrat of Galilee, who left his carpenter's bench to lead his fellows to freedom, find a fitter employ to-day than as Captain of this red-bannered host, whose battlewords are peace and justice and brotherhood?

Which is not to say that Socialism is a movement of

universal, unenquiring amiability. The Irishman who announced that he meant to have peace in his house if he had to fight for it, displayed therein a very real measure of insight and philosophic grasp. "Peace at any price," is a counterfeit thing; an affair of outward profession and inward aversion. We of the Revolution Church recognize the presence of economic classes terribly in the world; a presence which makes for discord and not for harmony. Never were inequalities of human fortune more steep than to-day. And hourly they are becoming steeper. To sing "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" is to stamp oneself a lying prophet. God's in his heaven — quite true. But all is not by any means right with the world; and it is becoming more unright with each day that adds its fatal quota to the calendar. Rich and poor is a relation of master and slave. To-day the rich are becoming richer with fatalest momentum. Thereby they are growing more masterfully master, and the poor are going into an ever more cruel and desperate bondage. And this, notwithstanding the personal kindness of many in the master class. Charity covers a multitude of economic sins, has been the principle of these. But it is fast losing its power to hypnotize. The people are waking to the deadly workings of an unjust economic law. And no amount of benevolence in the disbursement of an income will much longer atone for extortion in the origin of that income.

Therefore the militant clauses in the covenant one signs upon joining the Revolution Church. We are hostile to the present scheme of things, for it is a scheme that makes for the survival of the brutalest. A competitive civilization glorifies the acquisitive type of man and makes for the extinction of the type in whom altruism and a regard for the gracious, kindly, unselfish arts are uppermost. Against such a civilization we are in utter antagonism. And this, out of a passionate affection for fellowship. The Prince of Peace we follow is for that very reason a

Captain of War. He is of sagacity to know the folly of attempting to live on peaceful terms with the federated destroyers of the public peace.

Ours, therefore, is the Church of Social Revolution. We purpose an alteration in society's structure from the ground up. The fault is not in this feature or in that. The very plan upon which the present edifice was built is the devil's plan. All against each, and each against all. Therefore the change must be radical, extending clear down to the foundation upon which the building reposes. Reform will not avail. You can't change a gatling gun into a printing press by piecemeal process. The two machines are designed on a different pattern, to turn out a different product. An attempt to alter the gatling gun into a printing press would only result in spoiling it as a gun without making it into a press. There is a way whereby the transformation can be effected. The gatling gun must be melted up and its metal poured into new molds.

So with the attempt to cure our ills by tinkering up the present order. Social reformers have been at the task now for long years. And with what result? Steadily the social distress has been mounting. The chasm between the Haves and the Have-nots is widening. Widening, moreover, at a constantly accelerating rate. The only performance accomplished by the school of social reformers has been to create a wide amount of friction in the workings of the present machine, without giving us any other. Reform is powerless. Competition as the formative idea for human society has come to its perfect work. It was the devil's idea and has been found wanting. It must give way to God's idea, coöperation, let the cost be what it will.

To organize the world's life upon a principle so squarely different from the one now in use, means a tremendous change. And that is why we call ourselves Church of the Social Revolution. No other word is strong enough to ex-

press the intensity and extensity of the alterations that are required. "Revolution" has in many minds an association of blood and turbulence and all manner of wildness. But this quality of rashness and headlong fury is not essential to it. The word is exactly used when it is made to mean a deed of completion and thoroughgoingness, wherein no compromise is accepted and no distraction permitted. To such a work of completedness, a mood of poise and circumspection is not only possible but essential.

Indeed, it is in order to assure that poised and orderly state of mind in the work, that we couple together the two parts in our name, "Church" and "Social Revolution." Each needs the other. Too much has the Church in times past withdrawn its mellow richness of dream-power and its sobering weight, from contact with the tumults and the rough-and-tumble of folk uprisings. On the other hand, the uprisings of labor in the past have withdrawn themselves too much from the ripe historicity and stern soberities of the Church. And the divorce has told miserably on both parties to the estrangement, blasting the Church with sterility and abandoning the folk movement to wild and irresponsible leadership.

The Church of the Social Revolution seeks to reunite the divorced couple. To the folk uprising it brings divine sanction and enriching gifts from the kingdom that is spiritual. To the Church, in the contrary direction, it brings fructifying contact with the world of living men, the solid wholesome realities of the life industrial; overlaying the earthliness of things economic, with the halo of a light that never was on sea or land.

In so doing we believe we shall accomplish a dual purpose. We shall both make the social revolution a certainty, and at the same time steer its energies into beneficent constructive channels. Religion is always a principle of intensity. Coupled up hitherto with the conservative faction, it has made that conservatism into a con-

servatism indeed, solemnizing the status quo into a sacramental and fire-girt Sinai, whither the impious feet of the innovator dare not come. Coupled up with revolution, its intensifying power will be equally manifest. It will consecrate the revolution against all thought of compromise or surrender, and gear it to the omnipotent enginery of the skies.

But precisely in so doing it will take from revolution the conflagrating fury that hitherto has made it a menace. A revolution that has Lord God in it will be a revolution indeed. But it will be a beneficent revolution — a jolly earthquake, if the reader will permit the phrase; an intelligent cyclone, directing its tempestuousness against the refuse and sparing the beautiful things that life has erected through a long succession of experimenting and fine endeavors. The revolution is going to come. Be very sure of that. The only question is, shall it be a revolution upward into the light, or a backward lurch to savagery and primeval dark? The Church of the Social Revolution is an attempt to bring the former of those alternatives to pass. We are summoning the people of education and talents and culture and social position to enlist in class alignment in whole-hearted self-commitment to labor's high redemption. There are times when social reconstruction is the holiest task in which a man can invest his energies and his influence.

BOUCK WHITE,
City Jail, New York City.

BAPTISTS DIVIDE ON THE SOCIAL ISSUE

Reverend Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin,
Fifth Avenue-Calvary-Baptist
Church, 57th St., at Sixth
Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir:

The announcement that the Fifth Avenue and Calvary Churches are to sunder relations, has been made the occasion by the papers once more to couple my name with yours. I see that they are attributing to my six months' imprisonment one of the causes for the failure of the plan to merge your two churches and with the present decision that your church shall go back to its Fifth Avenue site in order that the Calvary Church may be unencumbered by associations with the name of the rich. It is also being hinted that such a move is a moral victory for me.

I beg you to believe I am moved by no spirit of gratification. Rather I am writing this letter to suggest a way out of a situation that apparently is proving to you more and more embarrassing. I have been told that you made the statement while I was serving my Blackwell's Island term that if it were possible you would gladly serve three of my six months yourself. Naturally such a remedy of that grave miscarriage of justice was and is impracticable. There is, however, a way in which you can atone for the sadness of that whole affair, and that is by accepting now the request I made to you last spring, namely, that your church and ours hold a joint session at some time and place to be mutually agreed upon, in friendly conference on the subject: Did Jesus Teach the Immortality of Being Rich.

I repeat here what I said in my letter to you last May: It is the firm belief of our Church of the Social Revolution

that the tragic situation in which our industrialism finds itself to-day is not due to the personal malice of any in the masterclass, but rather to a false and pernicious system in which the rich are hopelessly entangled. I am an ardent disciple of Jesus the Carpenter; his teachings as rediscovered by modern biblical scholarship hold the key to the solution of this entire problem.

If you grant this request, I shall be glad to forgive and forget my six months behind prison bars. Indeed I would then count them six months of valuable service rendered by me to the social problem. For your church represents the richest of the world; our church represents the poorest of the world. We are near neighbors. The chasm between the rich and the poor is each day growing more portentous. It is not at all an idle dream that if we could get together in a joint meeting such as I have pleaded with you to grant, and so lift this at present angry situation into the realm of the spiritual, a happy issue out of our social unblessedness might be the result.

In so doing you as the pastor of some of the masterclass of our day could perhaps relieve them from a situation which they are finding progressively uncomfortable. The discovery that riches and poverty side by side in the same society means mastership for the rich and servitude for the poor, is growing very widespread; resentment against those who consent to be rich in a world where other people are poor, is augmenting daily. Great loneliness on the part of the rich is resulting. I know of few spectacles more piteous than of that home at Pocantico Hills so sorrowfully debarred from contact with their fellow human beings. If they could once learn that The Carpenter of Galilee unto whom they are so devoutly attached, taught the immorality of great riches side by side with great poverty, they would surely turn from their idolatry of money and employ their wealth to transform our society into one of fellowship instead of as at present one of cleavage and dismemberment.

I would gladly come before your congregation this coming Sunday morning and convey to them in person (as I was going to do last Spring) this invitation to a joint meeting of our church and yours. However, remembering Sunday, May 10, last, of course I will not present myself unless you invite me so to do. Kindly note my change of address. Also of my phone number, Chelsea 3738. I ask leave to remain,

Faithfully yours in the fellowship of The Carpenter,
BOUCK WHITE.

HOW TO SOLVE UNEMPLOYMENT

CHURCH OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

165 West 23rd St., New York City.

To the Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel,
City Hall, New York City

Honorable and dear Sir:

An imperfect report of my address on the unemployment situation, at the Church of the Social Revolution last Sunday afternoon, has got into the papers. By resolution of the Church I am directed to send to you an authentic abstract of my words: The proposal I brought forward is a remedy for unemployment by Municipal Industries. It is, that New York City shall establish a Department of Municipal Industry, and through this shall take over as many of the idle factories as shall be necessary, run them at full time, pay the current rate of wages, and distribute the product with the motive of social benefit rather than primarily profit. The City through public and private channels is preparing to spend a large sum of money to cope with the unemployment problem. I beg leave to state that in no other way could that money be disbursed with as efficient a return in the shape of social peace and human well being.

There are two other methods of meeting the unemployment evil. One is by the method of relief, such as soup kitchens, free lodgings, and bread line; and secondly, municipal works, by which is meant out-of-door tasks, like sewers, water works, and streets. The latter is impracticable; the great bulk of the unemployed are industrial workers; to ask indoor workers to undertake out-of-doors tasks, particularly in the winter season, is impossible. Many stenographers for example are on the verge of destitution; to ask one of these to take a pick and shovel and

earn her living in a sewer trench — the public work solution is hardly a rational thing for a modern municipality seriously to propose. As to the other alternative, soup kitchens, I say to you that we have passed the stage in democratic development when charity can take care of an industrial breakdown. The unemployed ask not for free soup. They ask for work.

I recognize that municipal industries at first hearing strike the listener as a most revolutionary proposal. But we are in the midst of a situation quite out of the ordinary; and extraordinary measures are demanded. In an address before the ministers of Baltimore a week ago I brought forward the question along the lines I am here stating it. If you will consult the Baltimore *American* of the last few days, you will perceive that Municipal Industries are being seriously discussed as the remedy for Baltimore's unemployment. The situation in our City at this moment probably surpasses in the extent of unemployment and in the degree of misery caused, any previous condition New York has known. The war in Europe which is partly — only partly — responsible for the situation, means the breakdown of large areas of our civilization. In a crisis of this kind, I submit to you, sir, that the time has come to break with traditional modes of thought and approach the problem with a totally fresh handling.

I need not remind you of the dangerous quality in the present situation. I am the minister of a church that is in close contact with the workers. I speak therefore with the authoritative note that comes from first hand knowledge; and I say to you that unless something is done, danger is threatened. Tens of thousands of self-respecting citizens at the present moment are in destitution and degradation, that is not only deteriorating the moral character, but is proving and is going to prove a fertile seed-bed of many kinds of criminality. I am informed that the armories in our city have received instructions from the

Governor of the State to bring their regiments and equipment up to a fighting force of one hundred per cent. efficiency; the reason being that the social disturbances that this winter of unemployment is likely to bring forth will perhaps make unusual demands upon the military arm of the city and state. I appeal to you, Sir, and through you to the civic mind and social heart of this metropolis, that repressive force is not the proper approach to the handling of this question.

It would indeed require a broad sentiment among the people to back you and your advisors in undertaking municipal industries. But I believe the time is ripe for such a sentiment to focus. The ministers of the various churches are rapidly awakening to the fact that social conditions are a legitimate and necessary field for ministerial activity. The moral decadence resulting from the present unemployment is breaking down the standards of order and decency in wide areas of our population. With the churches ready to back you and with the civic agencies of a voluntary sort likewise tired of the old remedies which do not remedy, the moment is psychological for a constructive method at last to be undertaken.

In my address last Sunday, after pointing out the dangerousness of the present situation, I stated that if New York City refuses to undertake the opening of these idle factories and has nothing better to offer than apathy and the blunderings of previous years, the workers would be justified in entering an idle factory and setting it in operation themselves. True, this seizure of a dead industrial plant by workers, though for purposes of constructive activity and not at all for purposes of devastation, would be extra-legal; but that such a seizure by a band of the unemployed would be anti-legal, I do not believe. Suicide is forbidden by statutory enactment. The slow suicide which is taking place on the part of many thousands of our people at this moment, through cold and privation and famine, is distinctly unconstitutional and illegal. For a man to starve

to death peaceably, is a crime against himself and against society. But that is quite what is taking place. If to prevent that large and wide-spreading illegality, the entering of a factory by force and the starting of its wheels without the consent of the established authorities, should be undertaken, the worst that could be said against it would be that it was the lesser of two illegalities.

I recognize that such an entrance of an idle factory might have consequences as far reaching as the assault upon the Bastille in Paris, July 14, 1789. But I am compelled by the sights that I daily witness, to perceive the slow starvation and the consequent moral decadence of tens of thousands of our people. And in presence of this awful fact I am bold to urge measures that are unconventional but are not unrighteous. I ask you to believe, sir, that I am animated by a constructive spirit. New York City has brains enough, and money enough and heart enough to establish a Department of Municipal Industries if it will but once awaken to the terrible need. Take shoes as a type. The people need shoes. The machinery is here for the making of shoes. The workers are dying for the privilege of entering and starting the idle machinery. To ask that New York City set itself at once to bring these three facts together and thus transform a situation which is now a social hell into a vivified orderly and industrious society, is not to ask aught unreasonable. An awakened civic conscience is all. If I and the Church of the Social Revolution can be of any assistance to you in bringing to pass this awakening, we are at your service.

Faithfully yours,

BOUCK WHITE.

BOUCK WHITE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND*

I remember as an undergraduate in Harvard, going one day on a tour of investigation down to Deer Island, your Boston penal colony, here in the harbor. On the boat were a batch of prisoners being taken down; the grist of that day's grinding by the Boston police courts. As I passed by the pen in the boat where the prisoners were herded, I looked in. The sight of that mass of humanity, unkempt, unwashed, in every stage of vagabondage and decrepitude and disease and filth, massed together in a room four times too small to accommodate them, for all the world like dogs in a kennel (except that dogs in the kennel have more breathing space than these), the sight made on my young mind an impression of horror and revulsion. That I should myself ever be thrown into such a den, as a part of that human wreckage, was unthinkable to me.

And yet that was the fate that awaited me when I was taken from the New York City Jail over to the penal colony on Blackwell's Island in the East River. A steamboat of about the same size as the one that plies in Boston Harbor awaited us at the City Dock.

We were marched down the gangplank; a great iron door rolled back upon its hinges; and we were thrust into a pen amidships in the boat, a room about half the size of this platform from which I am speaking to-night; it was fifteen feet square and about eight feet wide. In that tiny room, a room too small to be the bedroom for two persons, we were thrust in, forty of us. Locked in, we were left to steam and stew in there for a space of two

* From an address entitled "Prisons and Progress," delivered by him in Tremont Temple, Boston, December 21, 1914, under the auspices of the Boston School of Social Science.

hours. It was the worst single experience of all of my six months' imprisonment.

After the prisoners get over on the Island, and have had the bath with hot water and soap which is given to every comer, they get rid of the old clothing, and put on the prison uniform, which at least has the merit of cleanliness. The conditions then are tolerable. But this, you will remember, was on the way to the prison. Those forty in there with me were the sweepings and refuse of a metropolitan city, representing many nationalities, and all degrees of dirt and drunkenness and social disease. Some were on the verge of delirium tremens, the result of a prolonged spree, which the strong but kindly arm of the police had abruptly terminated, to the regret of the poor chap himself, but in some cases to the saving of his life. The filth was indescribable. One poor fellow, a victim of drugs (I believe he died in the prison hospital the next day), was stretched out on a bench in a state of dying stupor. Vermin was on the clothing of a number, the result of days and nights of vagabondage, wherein they had had no place to sleep, or to remove their clothing, to say nothing about taking a wash.

To touch the garments of these was to be infected with the vermin that were crawling over them. Yet one could not help touching them, for we were so closely crowded that we had not even room to turn around, so thickly were we packed.

The worst part of the whole experience, however, was the absence of ventilation. There may be some pretext of an excuse offered for the neglect of the authorities in failing to provide a larger room for the prisoners. (What excuse can be offered I know not, for the boat was big enough to have provided ample quarters.) But no excuse whatever can be advanced for the absence of ventilation.

There were two small windows, the sash opening slightly from the top. We tried desperately to open the

lower sash, but found that no provision had been made for that possibility. The danger of escape cannot be pleaded, for ample bars were across the window on the outside. Furthermore, the absence of knowledge of the unhygienic conditions cannot be pleaded; apparently warnings had been issued to the authorities in time past; for on one side of the room, on a shelf, was an electric fan. Apparently, in warm weather, so many of the prisoners had fainted from lack of air that the authorities had been stirred to the point of installing this fan. But a fan does not bring in new air; it merely stirs up the air that is already in there. Outside of that room, sweeping up and down the East River, were life-giving currents of air from the great ocean. Tides and tides of oxygen, but we were effectively shut from it; and it seems never to have occurred to the politician mind of the New York City Department of Correction to open a space and let in the air. The only remedy was the costly one of providing an electric fan to stir up the dead air inside. A carpenter in half a day could fix those windows so as to open them top and bottom, and thus provide a circulating current. But in all the years that New York City has been transporting prisoners to Blackwell's Island it has never occurred to the authorities to set that carpenter at work. I am bold to state that diseases were contracted, during these two interminable hours in that worse-than-the-Black-Hole-of-Calcutta, which remained with some of those poor wretches to contaminate all the rest of the years of their lives. Moreover the reason for the imbecility of the authorities in this matter is not far to seek. Prisoners are of a class that have no voice to articulate their wrongs in the public press, and therefore the condition goes on without amelioration. One of the best pieces of social service which a person of intelligence can render, is to get himself arrested occasionally, in order that he may experience prison life from the inside, and bring the situation into articulated form before the public.

Arriving at the Island we were marched two and two across the yard, and into the great prison. There we were stripped and given the bath; and then clad in prison garb; even the underclothing was of prison make. The garb, as you know, is of horizontal stripes, thus giving to the chap who wears it a very good resemblance to a hyena. These horizontal stripes extend even to the cap which is given him. And inasmuch as all other clothing is forbidden him, this garb provides a very effective safeguard against escape.

The shoes present the one unhygienic feature, since they are not changed after each individual's use of them, but are thrown back into the common pile. The shoes that I drew were in a condition of dilapidation quite beyond description. They had been worn by I know not how many generations of feet, before they were handed on to me. No attempt apparently is made to sterilize the shoes, and they present an uncleanly spectacle that is better not described, if any of you have tender ears. A passing incident while I was trying to fit my feet into shoes mateless and matchless from the pile, remains with me. At my side on the bench was an elderly man, white of hair, and showing even in the ruins the marks of a once fine manhood. The prison doctor had apparently detected the need of attention in his case, and had sent him a potion from the hospital.

It came by the hand of an attendant while I was at his side. The man however was so far gone in the early stages of delirium tremens, that he could not pick up the glass, his hand being too unsteady to lift the liquid from the tray to his mouth. He therefore had to ask the attendant to do it for him. That was a sample of the diseased mass of humanity that is packed together in that den of a prison ship,—nearly half a hundred men, in a room only large enough for ten.

From the bath and dressing room we were taken to our cells. Mine was No. 79, up on the top tier. It was a

room of some capaciousness, and contained thirty-eight or forty prisoners besides myself. Iron shelves let down from the wall on hinges, swinging from a chain, and on these we slept; except that some of the floor space in the middle was taken up with iron cots. Mattresses of course are out of the question in prison. Our bedding consisted of two blankets, one to sleep on to cover the springs, and the other to cover oneself with. There seems to be no attempt made to wash the blankets after one prisoner is discharged, and the blankets are handed on to another. Therefore those that I slept in had been used by I know not how many criminals before me, and their state of unhygienic dirt is quite beyond proper narration. I speedily caught an infectious disease around my neck, apparently from these blankets, which eruption lasted with me off and on during most of my six months in jail.

Why an incoming prisoner is not given a clean set of blankets is a mystery that the authorities should be called upon to explain. Hot water is in abundance, laundry soap in this day is not costly. The bringing together of these filthy blankets and hot water and soap ought not to be an undertaking beyond the mentality of those in charge of our prisons. But it seems to be so at present. An explanation may be found in the political control of our great cities to-day; they are run by the master class for the benefit of the master class; and the poor dogs at the bottom get but scant attention. Unless public rumor is a public liar, the present head of the prisons in New York City, Miss Katherine Davis owes her appointment to John D. Rockefeller who contributed a large sum of money to the election of the present mayor, and in return asked the mayor to appoint his personal friend, Miss Davis, to be the head of the present department.

In saying this I do not mean to indicate that Miss Davis is personally incompetent. I do say, however, that in any point where there would be a clash between the interests of the rich at the top and the interest of the wretches at

the bottom, the wretches at the bottom would be the losers.

The motley crew who were my cellmates in No. 79 there in the Blackwell's Island prison, would demand the pen of a Tolstoi or Gorki competently to describe. They represented many phases and degrees of criminality. There were drug fiends, pick-pockets, sex criminals, wife beaters, drunks, forgers, gunmen; indeed nearly the whole gamut of crime in its picturesque and unpicturesque phases; many nationalities, colors and ages, youths and old men, men from refined families and wretches from the mud gutter — we were all huddled together.

There was no toilet, and no drinking water. Locked in that cell all night as we were, the only toilet facilities consisted of filth buckets, and the only drinking water was in a wooden pail which we filled each evening before the great iron gate was shut upon us. The state of that room with those filth buckets, by the time morning came, can only be arrived at by those with a realistic imagination.

Ventilation was by means of windows; but this was most inadequate, for the reason that while those whose bunks were near the slop buckets would plead incessantly through the night for the windows to be opened because the stench was beyond human endurance, those convicts whose cots were near the windows in many instances refused to have them opened, pleading that they could not stand the draught.

The vermin were not so bad for those whose beds were the movable cots on the floor. Their method of sterilization, while primitive, was more or less effective. The occupier of the bed would build a fire of old newspapers on the cement floor of the cell, and then hold his bed over the flame until the bugs had been roasted. But we who had bunks on the shelves fastened by hinges to the wall one above the other, could not adopt this method, and the state of our bunks after generations of prisoners had occupied them, was such as would perhaps better not be

described before an audience where some nerves are perhaps susceptible.

The conversation among my cell mates was one of the redeeming features of the whole affair, for it was of a profanity picturesque beyond anything I have ever known elsewhere. Profanity, when it is of an original sort, in a way ceases to be profane, and mounts into the realm of literary creation. Their phrasings were not so much profanity as the poetic imagery of minds primitively environed, and for the most part devout believers in saints and angels and deity and devils. Had I but had the leisure to take notes, I could have gleaned from the profanities, which swirled and flowed round about me, a harvest of literary gems that would make the fortune of a fiction writer. When it is remembered that a good part of the time inside their cell is spent by the prisoners in quarreling with each other (for the confinement produces a state of irritability which the prisoners vent on each other when the jailers are not available), it will be seen that the opportunity for the creation of profane phrases is irresistible.

In the daytime we go to work. Roused in the morning at 5.30, we put on our shoes, and are then ready for the day; for as you have probably guessed, we sleep in our clothes, and thus are not out of our clothing day or night. When the cell door is opened we troop down to the wash room, and there in long trenches perform a hasty wash of face and heads and hands. Then comes breakfast, which sometimes consisted of nothing but dry bread and undrinkable coffee, served in a tin can. Then to work, in whatever gang one happened to be. Mine was the baker gang, and my work consisted of passing the dough over from the kneading board to the oven. Also I assisted in carrying the loaves to the store room as they came from the ovens. Part of the time also I was in the wood gang, and chopped wood for the ovens. Towards the latter part of my imprisonment I did some carpenter

work. That always gives me pleasure, the experience which taught me the feel of the same kind of tools in the same kind of work as was done by the Galilean carpenter whom I have chosen as the Master of my ways and works.

After some time on Blackwell's Island I was transferred to Queens County Jail on the mainland. Here each prisoner had a cell by himself. In the adjoining cell on one side of me, I remember, was a check forger, and the three cells on the other side were occupied by burglars. Murderers were also a part of the composite medley that made up our prison personnel. The solitary cell has advantages, in that it permits of privacy after the day's work is done; but it has the disadvantage of cramped quarters. Let those, who think that their hall bedroom is too small for them, imagine that space reduced nearly one hundred per cent., and they will get an idea of the amount of space in a prison cell; the narrowness of which is augmented by the fact that the iron door which is the only means of egress is slammed shut by the jailer outside, and is clamped by chains, the clanging of which one can hear ominously from within.

I remember getting on rather intimate terms with the chap in the cell adjoining mine. He had been a New York gangster for many years and knew the underworld. Recognizing the gigantic powers that were arrayed against me, and coming to take a personal interest in me, he pleaded as I was about to leave prison at the end of my term, that I take care not to go unnecessarily into danger. I asked him what he meant, and he intimated that there were alliances between wealthy predatory interests and the gangster crowd in the underworld. Following up the clew, I asked him point blank one day if he meant that it is possible to hire men in New York City to commit murder; he said it was not only possible, but had become reduced almost to a commercial commodity. He said he knew leaders of gangs who controlled in the aggregate something like four or five hundred followers,

any one of whom would take a man's life for a stipulated sum. "What is that sum?" I asked him; and he replied: "Anywhere from twenty-five dollars up, according to the risk involved and the amount of protection which the fellow could expect after he had done the deed."

It is a pleasure to me to report that part of my time at Queens County Jail was engaged in making flower beds, and in beautifying the prison yard. Also I obtained the Warden's permission to bring in some of the flowers in boxes, when the time of frost came in the autumn. I like to think of these flowers as now relieving to a slight extent the tedium of life there this winter, for those sad-faced, homeless, friendless chaps I left behind there, when the big gate opened, November 11, to let me out.

THE CHURCH AND THE CRISIS *

My friends: Last spring in the coal mining region of Colorado, there took place the most pitiful and momentous event in America's social history. At present the drums and trappings in Europe hold the popular mind. But though national war be more spectacular, it is the social war that is writing the real and permanent pages of history. It highly befits us, therefore, amid the tumult and the glare and the shouting, to pause and give thought to these deeper currents. The event referred to was the combat between the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and its employees, wherein seven score and over of the latter were slaughtered by hired gunmen of the company.

The insurrection arose through restiveness of the miners and their families, in giving their bodies and their brains and their health, to enrich a group of absentee owners whom they had never seen, of whom they rarely heard, and who appeared in the life of Colorado purely as a huge grasping palm, getting ever, giving never; a vast tentacle, fastened upon every miner's home, and sucking into itself all the richness and marrow and joy of their existence. A Congressional investigating committee traced the largest of these absentee landlords, in fact the controlling ownership of the company and therefore the chief extortioner of them all, to a man of colossal wealth living here in the East, in his Pocantico Palace. This Cræsus is a leading member of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church on West 57th Street in this city. The Church of the Social Revolution, of which I am pastor, was at the time on West 44th Street, a very near neighbor of that other church, and representing the workmen's side in the Colorado affair. For as the Fifth Avenue Church included in its

* Carnegie Hall, Dec. 13, 1914.

membership this richest man in the world, we in turn are of the poorest in the world. Therefore we thought to help the situation by establishing an interchange of views with that neighbor church. It is here we enter the narrative.

We of the Revolution Church take the matter of religion seriously. We hold that a man's religion, and therefore his view of the universe, is the most important thing about him. For it is the mold in which his thinkings are shaped. And thinking is the root of all doing.

We did this Baptist Church, therefore, the honor to believe that the type of religion it propagates is influential in modeling the type of conduct lived by its members. That is a point indeed upon which they themselves put much stress. "Join our Church," say they; "and it will pattern you into its likeness." You can determine what a Church teaches by what its people practice. In this I am not saying that a Church can be held chargeable for the deeds of all of its members. To infer from an intoxicated man that the church of which he might conceivably be a member inculcates intoxication, would be obviously unjust. When, however broadly all the members of a church, not in one place or time but in all places and at all times, pursue a course of conduct, it is valid to infer that the church teaches that course of conduct. Yes, it is complimentary so to infer. Otherwise that church would be ineffective in getting its doctrines incarnated in the lives of its people; and therefore would forfeit its right to existence.

Extortion is, among the Baptists, a course of conduct thus broadly universal. Among the Methodists likewise, for that matter; also among Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and the residue. But it is a Baptist Church that has figured in my life during these last six months. Therefore I confine the narrative to her.

In bringing the charge of extortion, believe me I am speaking neither in malice nor vituperation. The

Baptists themselves admit the charge. Yes, they take glory in it. Extortion means, squeezing all you can out of the other fellow. Go to any business man who is a Baptist, and he will plead to the indictment. "Most assuredly I get all I can," he will tell you. "Do you think I'm in business for my health? I buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest. If I didn't I'd be in the receiver's hands quick. Business is so organized that one is obliged to be an extortioner. It's a game of dog eat dog. Naturally I choose to be the eater rather than the eaten. Nothing illegal about it. It is quite within the bounds of statutory procedure. To overreach, is commercialism's a b c, and x y z. Yes, I'm an extortioner."

This is the business code taught by the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Successful extortion is the type of conduct she delights to honor. The Standard Oil magnate is a case in point. By squeezing every cent he could out of the other fellow—that is, by extortion—he has amassed the most far-extending private fortune known to history. And he is also clothed by his Church with every preferment in its power to bestow. His membership on their roll is celebrated with anthems of joy. Not a post of honor in that organization but would be conferred upon him with bell-rings of delight. The Fifth Avenue Church has given to extortionate riches a clean bill of health. Yes, has enhaloed it with a radiance from the heaven of the highest; consecrating the code with sanctions the most holy within the mind of man to conceive or within the heart of man to cherish.

I would not that there should seem to attach to my tones any suggestion of bitterness. Therefore I make haste to soften the guilt. It is only within recent date that extortion has come to light as one of the cardinal wickednesses forbidden by the Bible. Before the era of modern scholarship religion, even the religion of Protestantism was an affair of fog and unrealism. The Bible, read with uncritical gaze, was deemed a book of conso-

lation; a means rather of emotional detachment from the scenes of time and space, than of civic duty and austere moral imperative.

It is scientific scholarship that is disclosing the industrial note sounding through every page of the scripture record. Thanks to scholarly research, we now know that the bible is not primarily a book of religion. It is primarily a book of economics. Or, more correctly, the two are fused into an organic blend, so that the religion of the bible mobilized its energies unto economic tasks; and economics drew its inspirations from the vital breath of religion.

Jesus, we now know, was a workingman. His spirituality was inseparably interwoven with the carpenter's bench where he spent his young manhood. A toiler, and of a nation of toilers, the life industrial was woven into the bone and brain of him. His thought apparatus was determined on the side of the working poor and against the exploiting rich. His life coincided with the formative era of the Roman Empire. That empire was a coalition of the master-class in all of the countries against the working-class in all of the countries. The extension of that empire to Palestine menaced him and his fellow toilers with slave status. Long he endured the threat and the increasing degradation. Then his forbearance came to an end. He laid aside his carpenter's tools, surrounded himself with twelve other workingmen, and stepped forward into a campaign of agitation the equal of which for popular arousement has nowhere else been marked down in history. "The common people," we are definitely informed, "heard him gladly." So gladly, in truth, that the wrath of the privileged orders swiftly flamed against him. From Galilee to Golgotha they hounded him. When finally they had him in Pilate's court, the indictment drawn against him was, "he stirreth up the people." Nor did he attempt to deny it. Amply his guilt was established. He was convicted as an inciter of the populace. He met an

agitator's death.

"The most inflammatory book ever written," exclaimed James Russell Lowell of the bible. And exact scholarship is confirming the pronouncement. I have some acquaintance with the writings of such men as Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, Mazzini, Proudhon, and Henry George. Yet I say unto you, never in any of them have I found so vehement an indignation against swollen fortunes, and so invariable a class-conscious fellowship with the toiling poor, as in the recorded utterances of Jesus the carpenter of Nazareth.

But these researches of scholarship have not as yet reached Churches of the old school. So that they with entire innocence are teaching an outworn ethics in a day of modern illumination. Here is one of the tragedies of our time. The age demands a social morality. But the Churches are hammering along with the old private morality. So that we see men who are personal saints and public sinners. Thereby religion is made a laughing-stock; and the whole idea of a spiritual life is brought under condemnation.

In these circumstances, we of the Church of the Social Revolution sought to extend to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church the light of modern biblical scholarship, in connection with the social crisis that is gathering its menace so portentously to-day. In a letter to its pastor I announced our visit, to invite their congregation to a joint conference with ours, at some time and place to be mutually agreed upon.

Dr. Woelfkin states that, for some mysterious reason, this special delivery letter was delayed nearly two days, so that it reached him only a few minutes before the morning service, and too late for him to read. An intimation, — is it not? — that if he had received it and thus had known of the friendliness of our intentions, a different sort of reception would have been ours. In which case I ask him why, in the police court the following Tuesday,

after he had had two additional days to read and re-read the letter, his attitude was still one of hostility? One word from him, or from his Church board, would have changed the tenor of the entire court proceedings. Not only did they refuse to utter that word, but they assisted the prosecution and helped powerfully to convict me.

A question is perhaps in the minds of some of you: What right had we to pay that visit? Was it not a strange procedure; illegal, an act of wildness, savoring rather of barbarism than of the pleasant usages of cultivated society?

My friends, when I recall the circumstances amid which our visit was paid, that methodical massacre at Ludlow, I marvel at the restraint we showed on the occasion of our visit to that church. In Colorado, one hundred and forty-seven of our fellow members of the disinherited class lay dead. Life was as dear to them as to any. They included men and women, boys and girls, and babes. I have received from there the picture of a rag doll of one of the girl victims, that had come out of the inferno of fire well enough preserved to be photographed. They were fellow humans, those people that were slain. As you and I, so they had their hopes, their day-dreamings, their thirst for a home and for happiness and for love. In the vigor of health, they planned their days; they looked forward into the coming years with expectation. Then the blow descended. Upon their camp the hired assassins of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company fell. The torch was applied. The report of guns rang out. And when the smoke cleared, there the bodies lay; among them women holding infants in arms that, mother-fashion, had sought to defend them first of all. Meanwhile the instigator of it was safe in his palace here on the Pocantico Hills, amid a lavishness of wealth huge beyond estimation. And his Fifth Avenue Church was assembling at stated intervals in the name of the crucified Carpenter, to chant the praises of the rich and to inculcate upon the poor a proper do-

cility of subordination.

Wildness on our part, that visit of ours to the Church that had nurtured him into this grotesque and hellish code? I say unto you, as over against that Ludlow business, our deed was of lamblike sweetness and moderation. Not the wildness of it, but the mildness of it, excites my astonishment. Had we gone and stormed that church level with the ground so as to drive a plowshare through the ruins, it would have been a tame affair in comparison with Ludlow. For how should a few stones be held in the same reckoning with living, sentient beings in Colorado dashed to death?

No, my brother, tax us not with exaggeration in our deed. If you chide us at all, chide rather the too, too gentle procedure in the face of a massacre that called to highest heaven for protest. We to hide our heads! Let those the rather hide their heads who lived contemporary to such a happening, and uttered no syllable of remonstrance. And if any of you were in that number, this night pray the piteous Heart-of-God to forgive you for being a coward and a nonentity and a blank; and to make you from this time forth a figure that shall count in your day upon earth.

I referred a moment ago to the Tarrytown magnate as the instigator of the Ludlow slaughter. Possibly that provoked a mood of query in some of you. This man, you say, was two thousand miles from the scene. His property in Colorado was managed by agents on the spot. These, and not he, hired the gunmen and are chargeable for the tragedy.

My friends, if you say that you know not social ethics. He who receives the profits of a business, is answerable for the methods employed in running that business. And now we are cutting close to the heart of the economic issue of these times. Great wealth means absentee ownership. Here is the boundary line between a proper and an improper fortune. Wealth becomes swollen wealth,

when the owner of it is no longer able personally to superintend and administer it. When a man no longer can know each of his workmen by name, with the wife and children of each, he has too many workmen. Absentee ownership, always and everywhere, is inhuman ownership. Such wealth becomes terribly depersonalized; a machine for grinding out profits. There are no human sympathies to temper it, no tenderness to soften the harshness of its exactions. Therefore it extorts with a perfect extortion.

There is nothing so merciless under the stars of heaven, as a property administered by agents. The owner is at a remove. He sees not the cruelties that are enacted. And the agent is but a hired man. Where then shall be found chords of sensibility to feel the tragedy; or a voice to uplift, and stay the devastation? A popular song tells of a lonely girl: she lived in the city that is without pity; the city that has no heart. But more pitiless than an alien city, is absentee wealth. It has a gigantic brain, but no feelings. Which is exactly the definition of a monster.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company is a pat illustration. I am told that the owner in Tarrytown is a man of quick and tender heart. The superintendent in Colorado is also, most like, a man of family, and with natural human sympathies. But this finer and human side of neither of them was permitted to be operative.

Says the owner to the superintendent, "I have promoted you to this coveted post. Now it is up to you to make good. The superintendent before you jacked the dividend up from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. See if you can do as well."

"Will do my best," replies the superintendent. "I'll keep an eye on the dividend; be sure of that. Of course there is — er — the workmen and their families. Just what procedure do you — er — think —"

"What procedure?" exclaims the owner. "Adopt the Christian procedure. I've got a heart, I have. Be good

to the workmen."

"Er — even at the expense of — er — lowering the dividends, sir?"

"Now, see here, Mr. Superintendent, I've appointed you to the management of an industrial plant, not to the head of a charity. I keep my business and my philanthropy distinctly separate. Business means dividends."

"And the heads of families?"

"Give them all you can. But don't reduce the dividend."

"The women?"

"Treat the women well. But don't reduce the dividend."

"The boys and girls?"

"Be tender towards them. But don't reduce the dividend."

The Dividend is the one deity in the business kingdom. To that, every eye looks up, in all homage, all worship. That superintendent in Ludlow knew that a cut in the rate of the dividend would cost him his job. Therefore he turned heaven and hell to maintain it. The dividend demanded that he debauch politics. Therefore he debauched the politics of the entire State of Colorado. The dividend demanded that he employ children of school age. So he cast schoolhouses on the scrap heap. It demanded finally that he commit wholesale murder. Here likewise he hesitated not a moment. Maintain the dividend even at the price of massacre, was the order that came, directly or indirectly, from Tarrytown. He did as he was told. He multiplied murder 147 times. Thus he kept his job. Pocatenco Hills got its dividends. And the Fifth Avenue Church, its pew rent and missionary contribution.

But, they tell us, there wasn't any provision in law for your visit to the Fifth Avenue Church. Well, was there any provision in law for the slaughter of those 147 people in Ludlow? An unprecedented situation demanded of us unprecedented measures. And it is the lawlessness of

Do you recall the parable of that other rich man? he who gave himself up to the lust of acquisition, joining field to field and property to property until he had not where to bestow his goods. "This will I do," said he; "I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.'" Well, that same night he met his death. And do you know to what kind of a death Jesus surrendered him? Both the accepted and the revised versions purposely soften it. The real translation is, "Thou fool, this night they are demanding thy life of thee." In other words, he was put to death by an uprising of the populace.

Nor are these exceptional or isolated passages. The speech of the Carpenter is pregnant with the economic upheaval of the time. This Jesus, whose birthday all Christendom will in a few weeks celebrate, who has redated the calendar and whose personality is the cornerstone of cathedrals and churches girdling the globe, was the most uncompromising foe of private riches that ever trod this planet. Wheresoever he passed, an uprising of the multitude was not long in following. He touched the times to revolutionary hope and high expectancy. For the toiler he had beatitudes. But to the privileged classes living at ease on the backs of the poor, he portioned out earthquake and eclipse in this world, and a gehenna of destruction in the world to come.

To take the name of such a one, and pervert it to a glorification of the money caste, is the ungodliest, the indecentest piece of business the sun has looked down upon in many a year. Yet that is what our Fifth Avenue Church has done. It has put its O. K., its official imprimatur, on the perpetrator of the Ludlow slaughter. And then has the effrontery to engrave on its front, in letters sunk into the solid stone, "We Preach Christ Crucified." It's a lie. And if they will not change it, some-

body will have to change it for them. "We Preach Christ Falsified," is what it will have to be altered into.

No right to carry the light of truth to that Church! If by that they mean that there is no statutory provision for such a deed, or that it is contrary to custom, they perhaps are right. But the statute book does not contain the whole duty of man. And as to the unusual and disturbing quality in our deed, I say unto you, This age needs to be disturbed. To stir up this dull and soggy generation, is quite the most salutary deed that could be wrought. And if thus to awaken a world sunk in comfortable slumber, carries with it a jail sentence, we will take the consequences. When human law clashes with divine law, prison becomes a house of prayer, and they alone are truly free, who are fast behind the bars.

But wait a moment. Our deed was outside the law. But was it contrary to the law? I beg to remind you that churches are a semi-public institution. Not fully public, as is a park or a highway. Nor yet fully private, as is a residence or a clubhouse. In our jurisprudence they occupy a status between. And for this reason: churches are exempt from taxation. Which means, to that extent they are subsidized by society. Every one of us is a contributor.

Now taxation without representation is inimical to the spirit and history of American institutions. To be sure, the point is too nebulous a one to establish for our deed a legality beyond all peradventure. But I do say that it makes it a debatable issue, a case distinctly with two sides. The public, contributing of its taxes to the maintenance of a church, acquires thereby an equity in that church. So that our visit, whatever else it may have been, was not an intrusion. And the judges who hilariously refused to listen to our defense and who bundled me off to prison without any privilege of appeal and practically without a hearing, added no luster to the New York courts nor re-deemed the bench from the suspicion of subserviency to

wealth, which is creeping into many minds to-day.

But, legally or illegally, the Christian Church has got to be shamed out of its attitude of a coward and skulker on these economic issues. It must be dragged into the open. Some weeks ago, one of the Socialist Party leaders in New York wrote to Dr. Woelfkin, offering to arrange a public debate between him and me on the question, "Did Jesus Teach the Immorality of Being Rich?" That minister wrote back refusing, on the ground that he was by no means a defender of riches; in fact, was not sure of his mind on this matter. But that was not the question. The subject proposed was not as to Dr. Woelfkin's attitude towards wealth, but as to the attitude of Jesus of Nazareth toward wealth — a historical question purely, and verifiable from the records. What pitiable, pitiable spirit of evasion! And from Protestantism, which once stood forth the champion of truth to all the world, and challenged the devil to his face.

Strangely enough, the gentleness of tone in the letter sent to the Fifth Avenue Church has been made the ground of an additional accusation against me — insincerity.

"Bouck White did not mean a word of his letter," exclaim a chorus of carping critics. My friends, I ask you to have faith enough in me to believe that I both am capable of sincerity, and that I displayed the trait on that occasion. There is a group of agitators who lay the economic sinnings of our day at the door of rich men individually. But we of the Socialist creed hold differently. All the rich men in the world could renounce their incomes to-morrow; the game would be taken up by others, and the extortion go on. Not individuals, but the system, is at fault. We must lay the ax at the root of the poison tree. To lop off branches here and there is futile. Therefore in our efforts to find a remedy for the sickness of society as seen in the Ludlow breaking out, we went beneath all personalities, all surface cures, to bed-rock, namely, the false religion and ethics, from which all

other falsenesses flow.

Consider the situation: Agitators were holding the Standard Oil magnate individually responsible for the Ludlow affair. There was an invasion of the privacy of his home. There were threats against his life; so that he was a prisoner in his own house, venturing forth only in a fast automobile, and with curtains drawn. Efforts were being made also to organize a committee in New York to purchase rifles and ship them to the miners in Colorado, to foment a civil war. In such a juncture, we wrote to the Fifth Avenue Church, saying: "Let us get together, and lift this entire question out of the realm of personalities into the realm of eternal principles, whence alone deliverance can flow." Their reply was to clap me into prison.

Disorderly? I say unto you, that Fifth Avenue Church was the true disorderly one. And we were the people of orderliness and elevated decorum. I do not blame the rich for their covetousness. I blame the Church that has taught them the falsified gospel that covetousness is ethical and christianly. There is going to be more hope for John D. Rockefeller at Judgment Day than for Cornelius Woelfkin. Rockefeller is an offender against humanity. But he doesn't know it. Jesus in his day sentenced rich men to hell without reprieve. That was because in that era the commandment to a life of democracy and human fellowship was clear. So that the rich in that day sinned against noonday light. But to-day the plain mandates of the bible against swollen fortunes have been covered up and softened down and explained away by a convenient and decorous clergy. So that right and wrong have been made veritably to change places.

Rockefeller is a moral idiot. He is not accountable for his acts. And therefore will be tenderly dealt with when he comes to his final account. I mean that in all kindness. Through the perverted religious teachings in which he has been immersed since boyhood, he is stone blind to the price in the misery of multitudes, that has

been paid for his wealth. Ruthless as Attila or a Genghis Khan, he has trampled upon others, leaving behind at every step a trail of bankrupts. As Indians used to decorate their wigwams with the skulls of the vanquished, so he could paper all the walls of his house at Tarrytown with the bankruptcy proceedings of his victims. But he doesn't perceive it. He and his master-class group, with their commercial warfarings,—avarice internationalized, covetousness magnified to a cosmic diameter — have let loose the thunderclouds that now are clashing in Europe. And thereupon, with entire innocence, an absence of the sense of humor, he sends over shiploads of food for the districts ravaged by the war. Millions for philanthropy, but not a cent for justice. And why, this spectacle so sublimely ridiculous? It is because the christianity that has nurtured him has made of him, as to his moral judgments, an imbecile. For it has preached almsgiving instead of equity. Upon her, therefore, and not upon him, must fall the condemnation.

This, my friends, is the history of that Fifth Avenue Church affair, told in all candor, all truth. What of the future? The newspapers at the time of my conviction last spring prophesied that it would work in me a wholesome amendment; and that I would come back, when the sentence had expired, to be a chastened and docile member of society thenceforward.

The prophecies were outside the facts. They thought that half a year in prison would take the speed out of me. It has not taken the speed out of me. Six months of fettered inactivity detaches a prisoner as in a sort of watchtower, from which he can observe the world's drift and trend with a truer perspective than those who are in the thick of it. Twenty-seven weeks spent in that watchtower have persuaded me, with a more grounded certitude than ever in the past, that this present order of society is doomed. It makes not for peace but for war. Its seed

and root is the avaricious instinct, which instinct makes for conflict inevitable. Given that root, the cataclysm which is now destroying Europe is the natural growth and fruitage. Competition, the cornerstone; world war, the culmination. Capitalism's back is broken. Social surgery may devise some kind of a splint to keep the patient going for a while. But it will be on a descending pathway. Its vitality will be charted on a falling curve, The spinal column is fractured.

When a world is hell-bent, Revolution, that is to say, a right-about-face, is the only thing that can save it. Accordingly, to that holy task of social overturn, I dedicate my life. Nor in this stand I solitary. Protestantism is not wholly given over into the money power. That group of ministers who dared to defend me when I was in felon stripes, are a saving remnant about which a new spiritual formation shall gather. We have, furthermore, in a congressman-elect on this platform to-night, the evidence of a new type in America's political life, that shall be an incalculable security in the troubled times that are ahead. Civilization is in the melting pot. The hour has struck to recast mankind into a nobler mold. "I enlist * under the Lord of the blood-red banner, to bring to an end a scheme of things that has enthroned Leisure on the back of Labor, an idle class sucking the substance of the poor. I will not be a social climber, but will remain with the workers in class solidarity till class shall have been done away in fellowship's glad dawn. I will seek recruits for the Church of the Social Revolution, unto the overthrow of present-day society and its rebuilding into fellowship.

* Covenant of the church.

RITUAL
CHURCH OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

ORDER OF SERVICE

1. Song (People seated).
2. Song (Seated).
3. Leader: "To sing the folk upheaval and grow a Socialism of the heart, we are assembled. Unto us has been entrusted the high glad gospel of democracy. Therefore with joy, with beauty, with strong devotion, let all the doings of this hour proceed. That so the revolution may be wrought in sweetness and in majesty. Till the Lord-of-the-uprising-of-labor shall have been enthroned o'er all the earth, and the people be established."
4. Song (Seated).
5. The Covenant in unison (Standing).
6. Song (Seated).
7. Notices (by the Leader and the heads of committees and departments).
8. Treasurer: "Church-of-the-Revolution comrades: The holiest cause that has come to earth in eighteen hundred years, asks you for a money offering. The martyrs that have gone before prepared for this day, by their faithfulness even unto impoverishment and death. Let us in this our time give with equal devotion."
(Consecration of children to the Cause of Human Freedom.)
9. Song (Standing).
10. Address.

11. Invitation into the Fellowship; and singing the Covenant.
12. Song (Standing).
13. Silence.
14. Leader: "And now may the Lord-of-the-uprising-of-labor keep us in the Fellowship."
15. Congregation: "Forevermore."

REVOLUTION MARRIAGE RITE

Church of the Revolution, Comrades:

We are about to consecrate the joining of two souls in wedlock. Marriage is a joyful event. It adds to the man and to the woman fullness of living, and to society the blessedness of an unending perpetuity. It is not good for man to be alone. It is not good for woman to be alone. Each has need of the other. Each rounds out the other. Many lives have come to a day of downfall, because they attempted to go solitary through the wilderness of this world, and in loneliness wandered astray. By cosmic decree, man and woman are fractional parts of a human being. In each other they find their completeness. Therefore we should glorify their union. We should lift it into the light of recognition; and rejoice on an occasion like the present, with a public rejoicing. The ongoings of life and of civil society shall not fail, so long as wedding bells shall ring and man and woman join themselves in splendid dedication.

This occasion, while it has its joyous side, must also not be divested of the solemnity that befits it. The uniting of two lives is a matter in which not alone the partners are interested, but is an event likewise in which society is vitally concerned. Therefore, they who have a sense of civic responsibility will neither lightly renounce marriage nor lightly enter marriage. Frivolously to refuse it, frivolously to undertake it, is equally a sorrow to the race. Therefore abating no part of the joyousness of this event, we must in like measure deepen our thoughts to the profound significance of the deed we are here enacting.

To the Man and to the Woman

You have come to me as the leader of this Church, that I may unite you in matrimony. It is incumbent upon me

however in all candor to inform you that no word that I may speak or rite that I personally can celebrate, is of power to bring that state of affairs to pass. Marriage is an interior uniting, or it is not a marriage. A joining of spirit to spirit, alone can make you husband and wife. Because of forgetfulness of this fact, marriages more than one have come to disastrous termination. The divorce courts testify with pathetic abundance that a marriage which is consecrated only by exterior celebration and not by spiritual union, is no marriage but is a mockery and a sorrow. Where love is, marriage abides. Where love is not, marriage is not. No clergyman has the right to bind a man and a woman together so long as life shall last; but rather, so long as love shall last. Neither wedding day solemnities nor offices of earnest friends, nor all the power of Heaven itself shall be of potency to keep together two souls that are not themselves resolved to be one. Therefore if the marriage here beginning is to be permanent, you yourselves must make it permanent. I need not tell you of the tragedy that is inflicted upon personal life and public well-being, by the sundering of homes and the breaking up of families. I rather devote this moment to a word of caution and exhortation. To the end that love may last as long as life shall last, and marriage be coterminous with them both.

Happy marriages are a growth; and are the result of that indwelling affection which leads to constant compromises one to the other, whereby with the passing of the years the soul of the man and the soul of the woman adjust themselves mutually; like twin vines which have enwrought each other for so long that now any tearing of themselves apart would be fatal to them both. Only in this will-to-permanency, can an enduring tie be wrought. Therefore I ask you now, are you determined each of you to make this marriage so far as in your power shall lie, an institution that by its lastingness and wholesomeness shall bless mankind long after your day is done?

The man and the woman answer each:

“ I am so resolved.”

Do you cheerfully undertake the duties that come from the uniting of two lives and the setting up of a home in the midst of society?

The man and the woman each:

“ I undertake those duties.”

In sickness as well as in health; in poverty as well as in plenty; in dark hours as well as in the day of prosperity, will you cleave to one another and by your mutual faithfulness lighten the common sorrow?

The man and the woman each:

“ I will.”

[The leader places the right hand of the man in the right hand of the woman, and with his left hand upon their joined hands, says]:

With this clasp of the hand, under the heaven of The Highest and in the presence of this company of witnesses, I pronounce you husband and wife. From this hour may holy thoughts attend you, and faithful friends enfold you, and the Everlasting Arms be round about you. Forevermore.

CONSECRATION OF CHILDREN

Church of the Revolution, Comrades :

We are about to celebrate the rite of infant consecration. From immemorial antiquity, the coming of a child into the world has been made the occasion of a stated and sacred ceremony. Such a celebration is eminently befitting. In the animal kingdom the coming of an individual into existence, and his passing out, receive no recognition. Man has differently ordained, and thereby has invested human life with dignity. We of the new age and order depart widely from the old. But we do not destroy the old. Rather, founding upon the past, we carry the building to a nobler and more glorious height. The morbid fear of the universe upon which the ancient rite of baptism was based, is forever passed away. But the beauty and utility of celebrating the advent of a new soul into the abode of the living, shall never pass away. It is not upon the child but upon us, and particularly upon the parents, that the present service is of value. I entreat you, therefore, to give to this rite your coöperating aid, and to the child, from this time forth, your neighborly thought and affection.

To the Parents: —

You have brought this child for consecration. Do you hold with us that the present ordering of the world is evil, and needs to be supplanted by a new?

Parents.

“ I do.”

Will you strive by precept and example, to rear up this

child into moral courage, into self mastery, and into devotion to the commonwealth?

Parents.

“ I will.”

Leader (addressing the child, or children): We welcome you into life. A dark day is upon the world; may you be a light in the darkness. A day of bloodshed is upon the world; may you be a herald of peace. A day of hate is upon the world; may you be a bringer of fellowship.

Will the congregation stand; and let us remain for a moment in silence. Leader [placing both palms on the head of the infant].

Russell Palmer, under the heaven of the Highest, and in the presence of this company of witnesses, I dedicate you to the cause of human freedom. From this hour may faithful guardians instruct you. May Heaven tenderly cherish you. And the Everlasting Arms be round about you. FOREVERMORE!

REVOLUTION CATECHISM

Q. *In what sort of an age are we living?*

A. We are living in an age of Revolution.

Q. *What is the nature of the present Revolution?*

A. It is a Social Revolution.

Q. *How does Social Revolution differ from political Revolution?*

A. Political revolution is confined within national boundaries; Social revolution disregards national boundaries.

Q. *Is the social revolution something that is going to come?*

A. It is not something that is going to come; it is already here.

Q. *Are there visible signs by which its presence can be detected?*

A. Social revolution has no visible signs. Unlike political revolution, it is a combat of ideas.

Q. *How then can we know that The Revolution is taking place?*

A. We know that The Revolution is taking place because of the change in the thoughts and habits and lives of the people.

Q. *Is Social Revolution accompanied by bloodshed, as political revolution?*

A. Bloodshed is not an essential accompaniment of Social Revolution. Its domain is the invisible realm of thoughts and customs and institutions.

Q. *Is Social Revolution ever accompanied by the taking of life, or the destroying of property?*

A. Social revolutions in the past have been thus accompanied. But these are not necessary parts of social revolution.

Q. *What is the difference between social evolution and social revolution?*

A. Revolution is evolution hurried up.

Q. *Are both evolution and revolution normal?*

A. Both evolution and revolution are normal, each being a part in nature's ongoing.

Q. *Why is our time a time of revolution and not of evolution?*

A. Ours is a time of revolution rather than evolution, because of the extent of the changes and the rapidity with which they are taking place.

Q. *What is the fundamental fact of The Revolution?*

A. The fundamental fact of The Revolution is the change from a civilization of and for the idle class, to a civilization of and for the workers.

Q. *Who are the workers?*

A. The workers are all who do productive toil.

Q. *Does this include brain workers, as well as hand workers?*

A. Yes; brain workers are a part of the producing class, and therefore are a part of the working class.

Q. *Who are not included?*

A. The kept people are not included; by which is meant all able bodied people who consume without producing.

Q. *Does this change from a leisure class to an industrial class civilization, cause many consequences?*

A. Yes, the revolution of our time is causing an alteration in most of the departments of life.

Q. *What are the departments of life affected by the revolution?*

A. Besides industry, the departments affected by the revolution are the home, art, education, and statecraft.

Q. *What is the revolution that is taking place in the home?*

A. It is a revolution whereby the private family is being merged in the human family.

Q. *What is meant by this merging of the private family into the human family?*

A. It means that people shall no longer think of their

household first, but shall think of the human family first.

Q. Who are your brothers and sisters?

A. My brothers and sisters are all the people of all the world.

Q. Does this supremacy of the human family do away with the need of private families?

A. No. Marriage and private homes are necessary; but we must no longer limit our fellowship to blood relatives.

Q. What does this supremacy of the human family mean as to children?

A. It means that every child which comes into the world has a claim upon society, for its support, education and proper upbringing. We are no longer permitted to care only for children of our flesh and blood; all children are our flesh and blood.

Q. Does this conception of the human family alter the marriage relation?

A. It alters the marriage relation to this extent — that love and not financial support is to be henceforth the only basis of union between man and woman.

Q. Does this mean then that marriages other than love marriages are unrighteous?

A. It means that marriages other than love marriages are utterly unrighteous.

Q. Is divorce then a good institution?

A. Neither a loveless marriage, nor the divorce of people held in a loveless marriage, is good. Divorce is a sorrow to mankind; but when it is the only alternative to a marriage that has become loveless, it is the lesser of two evils.

Q. If then neither a loveless marriage nor divorce is good, how shall marriage be made a thing of love and perpetuity?

A. Marriage can be made a thing of love and perpetuity, only if the husband and wife resolve to maintain watchcare continually, and by constant compromises one

unto the other, to blend their natures and so keep love from dying.

Q. *Is an unbroken marriage preferable?*

A. Unbroken marriages are always preferable, provided love is a dweller in that home.

Q. *What is the change that The Revolution makes in art?*

A. The Revolution is changing art from fine art to applied art.

Q. *What is meant by fine art?*

A. Fine art is that which is decorative without being useful.

Q. *What is applied art?*

A. Applied art is that wherein useful things are wrought into a shape of beauty.

Q. *How can applied art come to pass?*

A. Applied art can come to pass only when the workers are free and thus are permitted to be artists; finding in one and the same task self-support and self-expression.

Q. *Which will beautify the world, fine art or applied art?*

A. Applied art. Fine art is for the leisure class. But applied art means the beautifying of the work and the lives of the workers.

Q. *What is the change that The Revolution is making in the realm of education?*

A. The Revolution is changing education from a preparation for a life of leisure to a preparation for a life of joyous work.

Q. *What will this demand, as to the training the schools shall give?*

A. It will demand that the schools shall train people for creative labor either with the hand or with the mind or with both, instead of training people away from labor, as much of the education now trains them.

Q. *How is The Revolution changing statecraft?*

A. The Revolution is changing statecraft by making

government a thing of and by and for the workers, instead of, as at present a thing of and by and for the well-to-do.

Q. What does that mean as to politics?

A. It means that politics is a necessary field of activity for every member of the working class.

Q. Name again the departments of life that are changed by this social revolution?

A. The home, art, education, statecraft, and industry.

Q. What is the fundamental cause of the social revolution that is thus changing life so profoundly?

A. The fundamental cause is twofold: First, the industrial change that is coming to pass by machines, supplanting hand labor. And second the advent of science.

Q. What is meant by the first change — machine industry?

A. Machine industry means that hand labor is for the most part gone. But machinery is a thousand fold more expensive than the old hand tools. Therefore workers no longer own their tools as they did in the former age.

Q. What has happened by this loss of the ownership of his tools by the workman?

A. This loss of the ownership of his tools, has made the workman the chattel slave of the man who owns the machine. He who owns the means whereby I earn my daily bread, owns me.

Q. What then is the cure for this industrial slavery?

A. Ownership of the machinery is alone the cure. Whereby the workers shall once more own the tools they work with.

Q. How is this industrial change bringing to pass a revolutionary era?

A. This industrial change is bringing to pass a revolutionary era, because the workers, awakening to the fact that they are slaves, are banding together to socialize the ownership of the machinery. This uprising of labor means the downfall of the leisure class, that formerly

dictated laws for the home, for art, and for education and for statecraft.

Q. In what way has science become the other factor in introducing the folk upheaval?

A. Science has become the other factor in introducing the folk upheaval, by revealing the economic root of all history.

Q. What is meant by the economic root of history?

A. It means that in all ages the working class has been the important factor. Thus the history of the world will have to be rewritten from the point of view of labor, instead of as at present from the point of view of leisure.

Q. Does this mean that biblical history will also have to be rewritten from this point of view?

A. Yes, biblical history will also have to be rewritten from this economic point of view.

Q. What is this materialistic conception as applied to biblical history called?

A. It is called modern biblical scholarship.

Q. What is another name for it?

A. The higher criticism.

Q. What is the higher criticism?

A. It is a scientific study of the way the bible came to be written.

Q. What is the bible as reinterpreted by scientific scholarship?

A. The bible as it is thus reinterpreted, is the record of an industrial people called the Jews to maintain their freedom against the oppression of masterclass empires from without and of a masterclass forming within.

Q. Who was Moses?

A. Moses was the organizer of the brickmakers in the brickyards of Goshen in Egypt.

Q. What did he do?

A. He stirred in them a sentiment of self-respect, whereby they refused any longer to be the slaves of Pharaoh, and went forth in search of industrial freedom.

Q. *Where did they go?*

A. They went to a land in Western Asia called Palestine, and there set up an industrial nation called the Jews.

Q. *Did the working-class nation thus set up maintain its freedom forever?*

A. No. Some of the Jews became rich and formed an owning class, which began to enslave their fellow countrymen.

Q. *Who then arose to protect the poor of the nation?*

A. Statesmen arose, commonly called prophets.

Q. *Who were some of the prophets?*

A. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, Hosea, and others.

Q. *Did these men have an easy time?*

A. They had a most difficult time. They were treated with neglect and with persecution, much as agitators are treated to-day.

Q. *Who was Jesus?*

A. Jesus was a carpenter of Nazareth, a village in Galilee, in the land of Palestine.

Q. *How long did he work in a carpenter shop?*

A. He worked in the carpenter shop until he was about the age of 30, when he became an agitator.

Q. *Why did he not continue as a carpenter all of his life?*

A. Because of the coming of the Roman Empire, invading his nation.

Q. *What was the Roman Empire?*

A. The Roman Empire was an alliance of the master-class in all of the countries, against the working class in all of the countries.

Q. *What were the workers under Roman rule?*

A. Under Roman rule the workers were slaves.

Q. *Why was the Roman Empire formed?*

A. The Roman Empire was formed in order that the owning class in all of the countries could merge their separate armies into a united military force, that could

be sent in its entire strength to put down an uprising of the slaves in any country.

Q. Was the extension of the Roman Empire to Palestine welcomed by the people?

A. It was not welcomed by the people but it was welcomed by the Jewish millionaires in Jerusalem.

Q. Why did the Jewish workers refuse to welcome the Roman Empire?

A. They refused to welcome the Roman Empire, because it meant their degradation, from free workers to slaves.

Q. Was Jesus also in this danger of slavery?

A. Yes, the iron collar of slavery was riveting about his own neck.

Q. What did he do?

A. When the Roman invasion had become unendurable, he left his carpenter's bench, surrounded himself with twelve other workmen, who were called apostles, and started forth to arouse the people against the Roman peril.

Q. Did he succeed in arousing the people?

A. Yes, he was greatly successful. The common people heard him gladly.

Q. Did all in the Jewish nation hear him gladly?

A. No. The millionaires in Jerusalem hated him and sought his life.

Q. What was the event that brought upon him their greatest hatred.

A. His cleansing of the Temple in Jerusalem.

Q. What was this cleansing of the Temple?

A. The Temple was the Capitol building of the nation. It was in the possession of a band of robber nobles, who from that as a center pillaged the people by unjust taxation; and in return for the support of the Roman Armies in this pillaging, permitted the Roman conquerors to annex the nation.

Q. What did Jesus do?

A. Entering Jerusalem at the head of a band of his working class followers, he went into the Temple and drove out those pillagers.

Q. *What did they do?*

A. They formed an immediate conspiracy against him.

Q. *Was this conspiracy successful?*

A. Yes. They caught him one Thursday night when the people were asleep and rushed him to death early the next morning, before the people had heard of it, and could come to his rescue.

Q. *Was it then the Jewish nation that put Jesus to death?*

A. No. It was a band of renegade Jewish millionaires in league with the Roman invaders, that put Jesus to death.

Q. *Who sentenced Jesus?*

A. Pilate the Roman Governor, at the request of the Jewish robber nobility, gave the death sentence.

Q. *In Pilate's court, who were those who shouted against Jesus, "Crucify Him"?*

A. They were a crowd of court hangers-on, who were coached by their rich employers to make this demonstration.

Q. *How was Jesus put to death?*

A. By crucifixion.

Q. *Was this the Jewish method of capital punishment?*

A. No. The Jewish method of capital punishment was by stoning to death.

Q. *Of what people then was it the form of capital punishment?*

A. With the Roman people. Crucifixion was Rome's method of putting rebellious slaves out of the way.

Q. *What happened after the death of Jesus?*

A. After the physical death of Jesus his spirit still animated his followers. And they went throughout the world, apostles of social revolution; preaching an overthrow of the world whereby the masters at the top should

be dethroned and the workers be in the seats of power.

Q. Did they meet with opposition?

A. Yes. First the Jewish millionaires in Jerusalem sought to stamp out the Revolution. Then the Roman authorities took up the task.

Q. In Rome where did this persecution of the early christian revolution take place?

A. In the Coliseum.

Q. In what form was the persecution inflicted?

A. The christian revolutionists were put to death in the Coliseum by fire and by sword and by crucifixion and by wild beasts.

Q. Did this persecution stamp out the movement?

A. No. The death of a martyr raised up others to take his place. Thus the movement spread.

Q. How then was the revolution finally put down?

A. It was put down when a Roman citizen by the name of Paul annexed himself to the movement and reinterpreted the life of Jesus from that of a workingman into the career of a mystical personage aloof from the economic facts of life.

Q. Did Paul have opposition in thus reinterpreting the work and message of Jesus?

A. He had much opposition from Peter and the other Galilean workingmen with whom Jesus had surrounded himself from the beginning.

Q. Which side in this controversy finally triumphed?

A. After 200 years of struggle, the school of thought started by Paul vanquished.

Q. What happened then?

A. Christianity having become a system of philosophy instead of a social revolution, was accepted by the Roman Empire and became the official religion. The Roman Empire then transformed itself into the Roman Catholic Church.

Q. Is the Roman Catholic Church founded on Jesus?

A. No. It is founded on the Roman Empire which

killed Jesus.

Q. *What is the Social Revolution of our time in its deeper phase?*

A. The Social Revolution of our time, is the rediscovery of this economic basis beneath the religion of the bible.

Q. *Does the Social Revolution destroy religion?*

A. No. It renews and revitalizes religion.

Q. *What is true religion?*

A. True religion is democracy touched with emotion.

Q. *What is meant by democracy?*

A. Democracy is self-rule, as distinguished from rule from without.

Q. *When we die, do we die as a dog or a horse, and pass from existence?*

A. No. They who serve the cause of human freedom are conquerors over death. They enter the realm of the immortals.

Q. *What is another name for this realm of the immortals?*

A. Another name is heaven.

Q. *Is heaven a place?*

A. No, heaven is not a place.

Q. *What then is it?*

A. Heaven is that spiritual order which overhangs the world of sense and with which the higher self in each of us is continuous.

Q. *Does the Social Revolution destroy the idea of God?*

A. No. The Social Revolution gives to the world a true idea of God.

Q. *What is the true God?*

A. The true God is the power not ourselves that makes for freedom.

Q. *What is another name for God?*

A. The name for God in the bible is, The River of Life.

Q. *What is this River of Life?*

A. It is the totality of all the heroic spirits that have ever lived.

Q. *Does this River of Life increase with the passing of the years?*

A. Yes. Each new heroic life that is lived upon earth flows into God, and finds therein its immortal continuance.

Q. *Does this heaven or God that overlays the world of sense, speak to us by outward audible sound?*

A. No. It speaks to us with the inner voice, whose other name is conscience.

Q. *Did this God we worship, create the universe out of nothing?*

A. The universe has always been here.

Q. *What then is the relation of God to the Universe?*

A. God is the industrial leader of the human race in rebuilding the universe out of chaos into a cosmos.

Q. *What is chaos?*

A. A chaos is disorder.

Q. *What is a cosmos?*

A. A cosmos is what the universe will be, when the disorder has been changed into beauty and orderliness.

Q. *In making the universe over from chaos into cosmos, does God proceed by miracles?*

A. No. Miracles are the interruption of natural law; and science teaches that there are no interruptions of natural law.

Q. *How then does God proceed in his efforts to rebuild the universe?*

A. He proceeds by working through human beings, operating in the inner parts, their mind and their heart.

Q. *What are some other names for God?*

A. The other names for God are, the Great Companion, The Most High, The Unseen Comrade, The Master of the Democracy, The Lord-of-the-Uprising-of-Labor, The Foe of Stagnancy, The Stirrer-up of the people.

Q. *What is this Unseen Power trying to do for the earth?*

A. He is trying to establish his heaven upon earth.

Q. *What is earth at present?*

A. The earth at present is the abode of a disorderly and uncivilized mass of people, fighting each other in a strife after material goods.

Q. *Is such a strife necessary?*

A. It is not necessary. The earth produces enough food, clothing and shelter for all.

Q. *Why then do all the people clash one against the other in these fierce competitions?*

A. It is because they have not been taught the true religion.

Q. *What is the true religion?*

A. The true religion is fellowship, whereby under the leadings of the Great Companion, all the members of the human race shall become a united band, conquering the elements and building a world whose riches shall be owned by all the people in common.

Q. *What is another name for such a world?*

A. Another name for such a world is, the Coöperative Commonwealth.

Q. *What does coöperative mean?*

A. Coöperative means a state of society where people work with and for each other, rather than a competitive state of society wherein each works for himself.

Q. *Are all the people of the earth eager for this coöperative commonwealth?*

A. No. The idle class is fighting every attempt to establish the commonwealth.

Q. *Why are they thus fighting it?*

A. Because in the commonwealth they will be put to work.

Q. *Is work a curse?*

A. No. Work is not a curse. It is a blessing.

Q. *Why then do the idle object to work?*

A. Because of the false education, whereby they have been taught that leisure and not labor is the goal of human striving.

Q. *What then is to be done if this idle and privileged*

class oppose The Commonwealth?

A. The Commonwealth must be established against their opposition.

Q. *How can the workers establish the commonwealth against this opposition?*

A. By standing together in solidarity.

Q. *What is another word for this clash of interest?*

A. Another word for it is the class struggle.

Q. *What is the class struggle?*

A. The class struggle is the fight of the workers to establish the Coöperative Commonwealth upon earth, against the leisure class who wish to preserve their present comfortable position of privileged idleness.

Q. *Is it our duty to take part in the class struggle?*

A. It is our duty to take part in the class struggle on the side of the workers.

Q. *On which side is God in this class struggle?*

A. God is on the side of the workers, and is vehemently against the idlers.

Q. *What is a social climber?*

A. A social climber is a person born among the common people, who climbs out of it into a position of comfort and security among the leisure class at the top.

Q. *Is a social climber a noble figure?*

A. A social climber is an ignoble figure, hated by God and man.

Q. *Does this mean that we must not strive to attain power and influence?*

A. Power and influence are good, if so be that we still keep comradeship with the common people, and use our power and influence on their side in the class struggle.

Q. *What is the masterclass?*

A. The masterclass are those few who own the bulk of the land and buildings and machinery and produce of the earth.

Q. *In taking sides in class struggle against the masterclass, do we hate the masterclass?*

A. We hate the system on which a masterclass is based, but we do not hate individuals in the masterclass.

Q. *Why do we not hate individuals?*

A. Because individuals in the masterclass are not personally responsible for the system. No change of them individually would avail. The system must be changed. We war not against personalities, but against principle.

Q. *What is the Church of the Social Revolution?*

A. The Church of the Social Revolution is a band of men and women, who have signed the following covenant:

I enlist under the Lord of the bloodred banner, to bring to an end a scheme of things that has enthroned Leisure on the back of Labor, an idle class sucking the substance of the poor. I will not be a social climber, but will stay with the workers in class solidarity, till class shall have been done away in Fellowship's glad dawn. I will seek recruits for the Church of the Revolution, unto the overthrow of present-day society and its rebuilding into comradeship.

Q. *What is the bloodred banner mentioned in that covenant?*

A. It is the banner of the International Host of Freedom.

Q. *Is it bloodred because it seeks to shed blood?*

A. No. It is the bloodred banner of brotherhood; and is red because red is the common color of the blood of all races and tribes and nations on the face of all the earth.

Q. *What does the Revolution Church strive to do?*

A. It sings the folk upheaval, and grows a Socialism of the heart.

Q. *What is meant by a Socialism of the heart?*

A. A Socialism of the heart is an enthusiasm for humanity and a zeal for fellowship, implanted in the thoughts and habits of each individual, in order that the socialism of the ballot box may be reënforced and beautified.

Q. *What is the object of the Revolution Church?*

A. The object of the Revolution Church is to gather up the spiritual unrest, and turn the times to fellowship.

Q. *Why is there spiritual unrest to-day?*

A. Because the established religions have lost their power.

Q. *How does the Revolution Church give to the world once more a religion of power?*

A. By connecting the life spiritual with the life economic.

Q. *What is meant by connecting the life spiritual with the life economic?*

A. It means that the idealism and aspiration of the human soul shall express itself in bettering the world in which we live and the society of which we are a part.

Q. *What is the prevailing form of spirituality in the established churches?*

A. It is a spirituality that is unconnected with material things.

Q. *What is the prevailing principle in the radical movements of our time?*

A. It is of a materialism unconnected with spiritual power.

Q. *Which of these two forms is correct?*

A. Neither is correct; spiritual power without a material objective, and a material objective without spiritual power to inspire it, are equally helpless.

Q. *Can you point to an example of their helplessness?*

A. Yes; the war of the nine nations, now raging in Europe. Materialistic Socialism as found in Germany was not courageous enough to oppose the war. The worldly religion, as found in the churches, also was not courageous enough to oppose the military spirit.

Q. *Which then was to blame for the war?*

A. Both materialistic socialism and unmaterialistic christianity were at fault.

Q. *What then is needed?*

A. There is needed a union of the two, spirituality and

socialism. Now they are sundered, as a body without a soul and a soul without a body.

Q. Where is this union of the material and the spiritual side to be found?

A. In the Church of the Social Revolution.

Q. Does the Church of the Social Revolution commit the mistake of established churches in developing a religious life separated from this world?

A. No. It seeks a religious life that shall express itself in terms of this world.

Q. What is another illustration of this union of the material and the spiritual?

A. An illustration of it is a bird, which cannot fly if either wing is cut off. Both a person who lacks the spiritual, and a person who lacks the material vision, is lopsided; and, like a bird with only one wing, cannot fly.

Q. Is the Church of the Revolution necessary then in our time?

A. It is very necessary. From no other quarter comes the light; here only is the blending of the material and the spiritual, which is needed to make a balanced man and a perfect social order.

Q. Is it our duty then to belong to this Church?

A. It is the duty of every public spirited man and woman, boy and girl, to belong to this church, and to work for its welfare and extension. To the end that the folk upheaval may be wrought in sweetness and in majesty, till the Lord-of-the-uprising-of-labor shall be enthroned over all the earth and the people be established.



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