

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

WHY BOLSHEVISM IS MENACE

Governments and Men in High Place Have Erred From the Beginning in Their Methods of Fighting Its Propaganda.

Article XXX.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

The bolshevik government launched a great propaganda drive to bring about disorder. It was, and is, a criminal conspiracy to destroy the peace of the world. It is an appeal to the discontented, an effort to mobilize the unrest of the world under the red flag of violence. In cunning and completeness bolshevik propaganda is in a class by itself. It is poisoned publicity. The bolsheviks carefully kept their methods out of their propaganda. They emphasized the poverty of the world. They pictured conditions, always charging these conditions to the inequality of distributing and laying the blame at the door of the capitalist system. They invented fine-sounding phrases, in which they concealed the seeds of hate. They quickened the prejudices of the people; they pretended to sympathize with the poor. They urged men to unite and strike for freedom. Had the governments of the world met this propaganda with the truth and common sense, they would have used every available agency to tear the mask from the bolshevik government and show the working people of the world the true character of that government and the methods by which it sustains itself. The allied governments contented themselves with telling the people that bolshevism was a bad, dangerous thing, a pitfall. Instead, they should have thrown searchlight on it and let the people see its rottenness and its danger. Instead of fighting propaganda with propaganda, falsehood with abuse, fire with fire, they should have fought fire with water, propaganda with truth, cunning with frankness, and an enlightened and educated populace would have turned a deaf ear to bolshevik propaganda. The "Red" peril in the world would not be the dangerous menace it is today.

Working People Took Alarm.

The working people noticed that a portion of the press previously allied with the "interests" and against the right of the people, thundered most bitterly against the bolshevik government. This class of papers denounced bolshevism, called it names, but gave little space to the calm, cool, plain statement of the truth about bolshevism. They were as "red" in their conservatism as the Reds were false in their propaganda. The newspapers of this class have not the confidence of the general public; they have long been under suspicion. The bolshevik propagandists were in a better position to get results than the conservative press, and for three reasons; first, the bolsheviks had the sympathy of the workers of the world because of their connection with the liberation of Russia; second, the bolsheviks appeared as the under-dog in the fight; third, the conservative press suffered from its past reputation as the mouthpiece of those who stood in the way of better living conditions for the great majority. Many leading business men, captains of industry, followed the example of the conservative press and denounced bolshevism instead of exposing it. These men were under suspicion and their attitude confirmed the belief growing in the minds of the workers that bolshevism would benefit them. These same men denounced the workers in their own countries when they sought better conditions. Working people remember that most of the reforms that has come has been wrung from the same conservative class; seldom, if ever, has a right been conceded to the working class. They have had to fight, strike for it, and even in this hour some of the leading figures of the employing minority call men bolsheviks who are not communists, who are not bolsheviks. On the contrary, they are good citizens, seeking, as they have a right to seek, a larger share, a fairer measure of the things they produce. These methods, these attitudes, have reacted in the minds of men who toil, and I have heard many of them accept the challenge and proudly boast that they were bolsheviks, although in truth they were not.

Investigators Unfairly Treated.

Someone drew a curtain of silence around soviet Russia. At least so it seemed to the people. Men who came out of Russia and brought with them reports which displeased their governments were abused, their reports suppressed. Bullit, Robins and Steffens are examples in America. The public at once came to the conclusion that these men had found conditions in Russia good; that bolshevism was a safe, sane plan of government; that it was succeeding. Of course, this is not the real story these men brought out of Russia, but the abuse, heaped on these men, the silencing of these men, spoke louder and more eloquently than any report could have done. An English paper went so far as to

charge the prohibition movement of the United States with being in league with the bolsheviks, saying that its object was to make restless the workers by denying them alcohol, hoping that out of this restlessness would come revolution.

Another appeal to prejudice permitted by the allied governments, was that the bolshevik movement was a Jewish movement; that Lenine and Trotzky were Jews and that the soviet machine was Jewish from beginning to end. What difference could it make to freeminded people whether the leaders of the bolshevik movement were Jews or not? While the mass of the people are thought not to be educated, they have the common sense to see in such propaganda an effort to make them hostile to bolshevism by inciting race prejudice.

A great crack was made in the curtain of silence drawn around Russia. Through it came the startling news that the bolshevik government planned the nationalization of women. No fact about Russia was given greater prominence and publicity. I have talked to many men who were bitterly opposed to bolshevism, and in the last analysis I found the only tangible basis for their opposition was that the program included national prohibition. One insurance company in America used the "Nationalization of Women" lie in its nationwide advertising. Of course, it is obvious to thinking people that the plan of nationalization of women was a falsehood, and the workers concluded it was designed to poison the public against bolshevism. Anyone who thinks for a minute will realize, first, that the nationalization of women is not a necessary part of any economic program, second, that one could not get a hundred men or women in any country of the world, who are not degenerates, to subscribe to a program which contemplated the registration and promiscuous violation of their mothers, wives, daughters, and sweethearts. The Russians are human beings; their women are their mothers, wives, daughters, and sweethearts.

Foundation for Silly Story.

This evil and unnecessary lie about the bolsheviks grew out of the fact that in a little city, Ufa, a drunken man made the proposal that they should adopt such a plan. A group in the town of Saratov, calling themselves anarchists, issued a decree in April, 1918, containing among other provisions the following:

"From March 1, the right to possess women having reached the ages of seventeen to thirty-two is abolished. The husbands may retain the right to use their wives without awaiting their turn.

"In case of resistance, the husband shall forfeit his rights.

"All women according to this decree, are exempt from private ownership and are proclaimed to be the property of the whole nation."

It was unfair to charge this to the soviet government. It was never put in practice, and it is only fair to say that with the exception of the two cases cited above, it was never even contemplated by anyone. This libel of the bolsheviks strengthened their cause in the allied world. Months after it was exposed the world was swept with another evil, unnecessary and false bit of propaganda. It was complained that this second piece of news was intended to corroborate and confirm the nationalization of women; its open object was to create hostility for the bolsheviks. It achieved exactly the opposite result. It was that the bolsheviks had decided to abolish Christian names, that henceforth children would be named by number. To illustrate, the first born would be Smith No. 1, the second child in the Smith family would be Smith No. 2 and so on. This was given first-page space in the press of the world. It was printed as serious news, as truth. It fell of its own weight.

Summing up unrest in Europe and in America, I have found that this general course of conduct has caused the people to increase their suspicion of the political governments, of the press, of the leaders of business and industry. These posed lies have molded a judgment in the general thought of the world, and that is that bolshevism is being cried down, libeled and slandered, starved, assaulted, and fought, because its success meant the death of special privilege and the birth of the "New Order." This judgment has come to pass because we have not used our resources to bring the real facts to the public mind; because we have injured our credibility by unnecessary, evil and false charges against the bolshevik regime.

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The Invitation.

Two recruits in a Scottish regiment were visiting an English church for the first time. They had not been seated long before the organist began to play a very lively voluntary. This was something new to them, and they listened in astonishment, not being used to music of that sort in church. On of them was then aroused from a reverie by a tap on the shoulder. Turning around, he saw a lady, the owner of the pew, who smiled at him, wishing to pass to her seat. He did not take in the situation. "No, no, mum!" he said. "Take my mate here—you'll find he can dance much better than me!"

Movies in New Zealand.

About 95 per cent of the motion pictures shown in New Zealand are American productions.

Herrings Popular.

There are more herrings eaten than any other kind of fish.

The SANDMAN STORY

FOX'S HOME IN TREE

MR. DOG did not dream that Mr. Fox lived in a little house high up in a tree and which Mr. Dog decided he would investigate. Mr. Fox was not at home when Mr. Dog visited the house for Mr. Fox was out roaming over the hill looking about for a stray turkey or hen and he did not come home until it was nearly dark.

He ran up the ladder and, without striking a light, he went toward the stove to see how his soup which he had left cooking was getting on, and stumbled over Mr. Dog. Up jumped Mr. Dog with a gruff bark, and Mr. Fox, not stopping for the ladder,

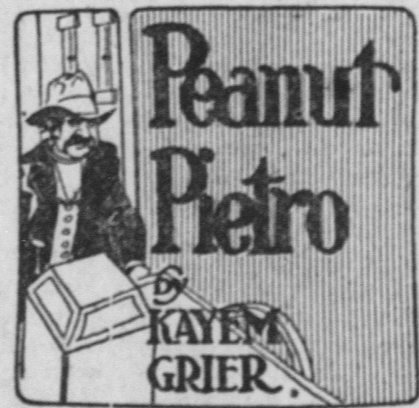
jumped out of the window and almost broke his neck, while Mr. Dog looked after him, barking and yelping in a terrible manner.

Mr. Fox did not stop. He kept on running, and Mr. Dog, thinking of the bones he did not finish, before he became sleepy, turned away from the window and began to eat. While he was eating, the guests for a housewarming, which Mr. Fox had planned, began to arrive. Mr. Coon did not need the ladder to help him, or Mr. Possum, either, nor did Mr. Squirrel, but, as it was there, they felt it would not be polite to enter any other way.

Mr. Possum started up first and behind him Mr. Coon. Then came Mr. Badger and Mr. Rabbit behind him, while Mr. Squirrel ran up the side of the ladder.

When they were about half way up Mr. Dog, hearing a noise outside, went to the door, and of all the surprised creatures you ever saw, the guests were the most surprised, unless it was Mr. Dog. He forgot to bark for a second, he was so taken back.

Then he recovered, and out of the



LAST week I was een preety swella place for eat lunch weeth one my frien. Only ting gotta do for wanta somating een dat place was reenga da bell. I looka on da program wat was costea for eatna een dat place and for bouta hundred bucks could getta preety gooda meal.

But everyting for eat was come een da bunch—leetle bit now and some more when was bouta half feenish weeth da other one. Tree, four time I getta half done and da water breenga somating more and I gotta malka new start.

We getta somating deefrent bouta twelve time and da waiter breenga da coffee. But dat cup was so small he no grow up yet. I tink mebbe da cook hees leetle keed play house weeth dat cup and we getta by meestake. I tella my frien was two tings een dat place I no like ver mooch—da waiter wet come back too queeck and dat leetle cups. My frien say, "Alla right, Pietro, eef you wanta more coffee jus reenga da bell."

So I dreenska dat leetle cup, reenga da bell and tella da waiter wanta some more. You no I getta even weeth dat son-of-a-gun plenta good. So fasta he breenga onea more leetle cup I gotta other one feenish. I dreenska bout feateen leetle cup and make dat waiter walka tree, four mile and gotta preety tired breenga new ones. Mebbe somadaya he gotta more sense for breenga everyting alla for once and no show up any more.

Wot you tink?

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk. "Courtesy costs nothing among gentlemen, but when you are doing business with a boor it well-nigh cost one's self-respect."

Cheap Potatoes Once.

May 7, 1906, the Aroostook (Me.) Republican reported, "Potatoes 25 and 50 cents a barrel this week."

door he went; but he was not used to going down a ladder, and on the first round he slipped and down he went.

The guests started to jump just as Mr. Dog barked, but they were not out of the way when Mr. Dog fell, and down they all tumbled, Mr. Dog, Mr. Possum, Mr. Coon and Mr. Badger.

Mr. Squirrel jumped, too, but he jumped for a limb of the tree and was not in the mixup. He said it was the funniest sight he ever saw and he had a fine view from where he sat.

But Mr. Rabbit said he was sure his view of the affair was the best, for, being nearest the bottom of the ladder when the tumble began, he was up and out of the way when they all came down on the ground.

"You could not tell who was who or which from the other," said Mr. Rabbit, later talking it over with Mr. Squirrel.

It was a long time before Mr. Fox could make the guests believe he had not planned to have Mr. Dog at his housewarming, but when Mr. Squirrel told them that he had seen the bones on the floor and the kettle in the sink they finally forgave Mr. Fox.

He decided the ground floor was the safest for him after all, and when he was once again settled he gave a feast, and this time Mr. Dog was not there.

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

FRECKLES

WITHIN the last few weeks several dozen requests have come to me from different parts of the country, to explain the reason for freckles, and to give some advice upon their prevention and treatment. Many people think that it is the heat of the sun's rays that cause freckles. Scientists have found out, however, that it is not the heat but the light from its electric rays—called its actinic rays—which develops these small blotches. In hot countries, these are stronger than in cold climates.

Now, neither blue nor white veils are protection against these, as the electric rays pass directly through



Freckles Are Easier to Prevent Than to Cure.

these colors. On the other hand, red rejects them, so red veils would be an absolute protection. But red would be too hard on the eyes to make such an accessory practical. Reddish brown is a good choice.

Massage will tend to prevent freckles, for massage will keep the skin clear of blemishes. A skin well

ANN CORNWALL



Miss Cornwall has only recently risen to the stellar ranks in the "movie" profession. It has been her good fortune to have been cast with some of the leading stars as well as having worked under most able direction, which, perhaps, in addition to her own natural ability, explains her rapid rise.

CUTTING DOWN HARBOR THEFTS

Vigilance of New York Harbor Motor Police Makes Stealing Extra Hazardous.

HEAVY TOLL TAKEN

Motorboat Crooks Work Hand in Hand With Barge Captains—Harbor Police Pursue Pirates With Speedy Launches.

New York.—Thousands of dollars worth of loot which used to be almost the nightly toll of New York city harbor motor thieves have now dwindled to a minimum of losses, due to the efficiency of the New York harbor police. The police have jurisdiction over the navigable waters of New York city and their aquatic base, measured in shore lines, covers a distance of 445 miles.

Speedy motorboats, equipped with automatic rapid fire guns, grappling irons and searchlights, patrol every inch of the distance, day and night. Each member of the sailor police must be able to swim, and swim well. Many of them are former sailors with a technical knowledge of nautical matters which helps them in their present work.

Work During Relieving Hour.

Police and launches work in eight-hour shifts. Immediately following roll call, the launches start off for their post, nearly always close to the pier-head line, and always there at night-time. The police launches steal along at night without sidelights and now and then flash an inquiring searchlight into the darkest depths of some deserted pier.

For this is the time and place when the motorboat pirate plies his art. He knows the relieving hour, too, and does business very fast during the 30 minutes it takes to change reliefs. In fact, so cognizant is he of the very time and place, that both are changed every fortnight to keep him guessing.

"Bleeding the Cargo."

"Bleeding the cargo," they call it—the favorite form of river robbery. Defined, the phrase means stealing a little here and there, the total making a snug haul. The game is more safe if the barge captain stands in with the pirates, as he often does. He receives cash for the privilege of letting the pirates make away with a certain portion of his cargo, a small supply of



Police Chase Pirates.

sugar, a few bags of coffee or a few yards of rope. Combined, it makes a lunch cargo worth considerable money.

If it is coffee the thieves are after (already weighed and passed on to the rightful owners) the captain looks the other way while the pirates pilfer a few 100-pound sacks. In 15 minutes it's in the motorboat and off to some "fence" ashore.

The river pirate's vocation is the safest one in the underworld. Nearly all the men have been sailors themselves. They operate under cover of darkness, in speedy motorboats built especially for the work.

CASE TOO MUCH FOR SOLOMON

Efforts to Follow the Example of Solomon in Judicial Decisions Sometimes Go Wrong.

Charleston, W. Va.—Efforts to follow the example of Solomon in judicial decisions sometimes go wrong. Five witnesses testified that a hen and her brood belonged to Mrs. John Frazier, who had been arrested on a charge of stealing them. Mrs. E. S. Cookham said the hen belonged to her, and six witnesses backed up her claims. Judge Henry Wertz decided to turn the chickens loose at a point half way between the two homes and see if they wouldn't go home to roost. They went to Mrs. Frazier's home. Now Mrs. Cookham's witnesses say chickens recognize as home the last place in which they were fed, and that, of course, they would go to Mrs. Frazier, who was charged with harboring them. "It's a case which even Solomon couldn't handle," says the judge.

THE HUMAN HANKER.

We may believe (or claim to) that we like to be alone—To "think"! How can we do it with our bonnets packed with bones? But give a man his preference with neither lure nor string, And he'll have folks around him for the comfort that they bring.

He'll leave the grandest scenery an artist ever viewed, And hunt up human beings, though they be debased and crude. He wants to hear folks talk and laugh, or fight, or swear or sing—He's got to have folks 'round him, for the comfort that they bring.

Merit Rewarded.

The man who resists evil tendencies had had a horrible night in the sleeper, owing to the heat and the disturbances.

The porter woke him for the wrong town, just as he had started in on his first sound sleep of the night.

He left his toilet set in the wash-room and somebody swiped it.

He rushed into the lunchroom at the breakfast station, and asked for some provender, including buttered toast.

When it came in, it was not buttered. The waiter apologized, and the good man assured him it was all right.

The waiter then spilled the coffee all over the counter, so that the man was saturated with it.

But the patron only smiled politely, though yearning to kill the stupid chump.

As he was standing at the cashier's desk patiently explaining to her that she had short-changed him, he heard the blundering waiter say to his side-partner:

"That guy's a nut."

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

Th' mon who thinks is lonesome; but th' mon who thinks he thinks, has no made t' be so.

One Winter Is Enough.

Chicago is a fine summer resort, on the hypothesis that anybody who can stand one of Chicago's winters wouldn't mind much of anything after that.