

The first essential change in government: Levy no taxes and collect the ground rent for public purposes.

# THE PROBE

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## BOL-SHE-VEEK!

By Edmund Vance Cook

Government requests that all citizens desist from the use of nicknames, such as "Wop," or "Mickey," "Dago," "Guinea" and so forth.—Recent Associated Press dispatch.

I mustn't call you "Miky" and you mustn't call me "Wop,"  
For Uncle Sammy says it's wrong and hints we ought to stop;  
But don't you fret, there's still one name that I'm allowed to speak,  
So when I disagree with you I'll call you Bol-se-vik! week! week!  
It's a scream and it's a shriek;  
It's a rapid fire response to any heresy you squeak.

A little while ago, at any time I might determine,  
I didn't like your theories, I called you "pro" and "German;"  
But times are changed and appellations quickly grow antique,  
So now I have a better name: I call you "Bolshevik!" Bolshevik! week! week!  
Your brains have sprung a leak!  
Your new ideas are redolent of Russia's crazy clique.

No, I mustn't call you "nigger," and I mustn't call you "ninny,"  
It's plainly impolite to dub you "dago," "wop" and "guinea,"  
But whenever I perceive your mental mixtures growing weak  
I joyfully arise and proclaim you Bolshevik! Bolshevik! week! week!  
It's a classical critique;  
It says more in a word than you can answer in a week.

You believe in votes for women?  
Yah! the Bolsheviks do.  
And shorter hours? And land reforms? They're Bolshevistic too.  
"The Recall," and other things like that are dangerous to seek;  
Don't tell me you believe 'em or I'll call you Bolshevik! Bolshevik! week! week!  
A reformer is a freak!  
But here's a name to stop him, for it's like a lightning streak.

"B" stands for Bolshevism and the reason that it stings

Is because the Bolsheviks do some stupid, wicked things;  
And so it's plain your mental marches run at left oblique,  
If I can hang a tag on you and call you Bolshevik. Bolshevik! week! week!  
It's a bingle on the beak!  
I mustn't call you names, so I shall call you Bolshevik!

Evidently they are still killing Bulgarians. I saw an advertisement of Bulgarian blood tea. But maybe it is Bulgarian pig blood or horse blood they use in making the bloody concoction.

We tenderly nurture a plant that poisons us all. That plant is land value. It creates two classes of people, the robbers and the robbed. It robs both of healthy human life. The robber is himself robbed of genuine happiness by eating bread he does not earn. He abuses his reasoning powers by trying to defend the immoral act of taking ground rent by an immoral legal contraption that makes private property of the earth. The victim's state of mind is a natural reaction of one who has been robbed and knows it. He knows God created men equal and that laws made them unequal. If he does not know how, he yet feels a bitterness bred by constant toil for the benefit of others.

Until we uproot this plant land value, courts of justice are but mockery. They but insure that the robbery shall be orderly. And the more orderly the robbery becomes the larger and safer it becomes also. Therefore the more just the courts are according to the law the more glaringly unjust are the effects upon mankind.

We think we buy and sell land, but we buy and sell men, women and children. We see people nominally free but every penny of land value represents stolen labor.

The right to rob our fellows is legally the most respectable while morally the most detestable.

A man can buy himself free by buying land. But a people can not buy themselves free. We constantly attempt it and as a result we create an artificial value of land, called speculative. Thus we pay today a price

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WANTED—A man to help work a half-acre garden, will furnish all tools and seeds, divide products 50-50. 500 Bigelow St. Hazel 448-J.

FOR SALE—Mahogany Davenport, and a fine white iron bed. 925 Greenfield Ave.

LARGE BED-ROOM, for man or two. Inquire at Noren's. B.

LOST—A small pocketbook with a brass band around the top. It contained two ten dollar bills and was lost between Nantasket street and the fruit store by the way of Alger street Saturday, April 26. Return to Noren's store and receive reward.

for land based upon what we think its tribute exacting power will be twenty years hence.

In our madness to escape slavery by purchase we hasten our enslavement. The more people attempt to buy their freedom by land purchase the higher the price and the deeper their state of misery. Land value is the money value of a legally safe and profitable crime. The more you invest in it the bigger the crime becomes. We rear all kinds of beneficial institutions and they turn sour and become corrupt, because they are founded on this legal iniquity, the slavery of men.

## Weekly Price List

Read this list carefully, prices revised every week.

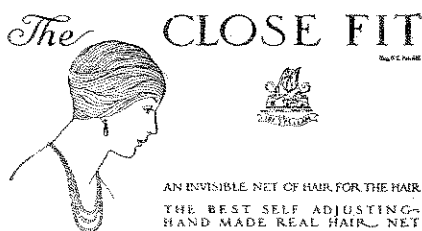
**PAY NO MORE**

Store opens at 8, closes at 6  
Except Saturdays.

**R. & J.**

**Muslin Panty Waists with Supporters.** One of the very best on the market. All sizes, 2 to 14 years.

**63c**



WE COULD NOT IMPROVE THE NET SO WE IMPROVED THE ENVELOPE

"Close Fit" cap shape Hair nets, black, dark brown, light brown, medium brown and blond, 15c; two Nets for 25c  
"Close Fit" Hair Nets in grey, each 25c

Fringe Hair Nets, sometimes called straight; made in France, of genuine hair; full size, 38x40, 10c; three Nets for 25c

Hair Pins of all kinds, Bone, Celluloid and Wire.

Barrettes 5 and 10c

Electric Curlers 2 for 10c

Curling Tongs 10c

Boye Hair Curlers 4 for 5c

Silk Thread, all colors, 50 yards only, 8; two spools for 15c

Black and White, 100 yards only 15c

O. N. T. Machine Thread, black and white, sizes, 8 to 100, spool 6c

O. N. T. Machine Thread, in colors, spool 6c

O. N. T. Mercerized Crochet Thread, all sizes 3 to 100, in White; ball 10c, per box of 12 balls \$1.00

O. N. T. Mercerized Crochet Thread in colors, No. 30, ball 10c

O. N. T. Embroidery Cotton, long skeins, 3c; two for 5c

Silkateen, white, black and colors 8c

Utopia four strand, white and colors 8c

O. N. T. Pearl Cotton, No. 3 and 5, 10c

Bias Seam Binding, lawn and cambric, black and white, all sizes, 12 yards 15c

Ric Rac, all sizes 10c to 19c

Snap Fasteners 5c

Hooks and Eyes 5c

Lingerie Tape, white, pink, blue 10c

Kleinert's Dress Shields 25c

Middy Lacers 5c

Thimbles (silver), all sizes 5c

All sizes of rubber and pearl buttons.

Ladies' Dressing Combs 25c to \$1.50

Fine Combs 19c

Needles for all makes of machines, a package of two needles for 5c

Sewing Machine Belts, long enough for all makes of machines 25c

Nye's Sewing Machine Oil, bottle 10c

### STATIONERY

Box Writing Papers, Tablets, Inks, Envelopes, Pens and Pencils Glue and Mucilage.

Receipt books, Memorandum books, Book straps, Pencil boxes, etc.

### WAXED LUNCH PAPER

Roll of 20 sheets, 12x15 5c

Paper Napkins, pure white, full size, scalloped edges.

Bundles of 100 15c

Bundles of 1000 \$1.50

Avelva Toilet Paper, 2 rolls 25c

Boy's Leather Belts 25c

### HIGH GRADE INFANT'S AND CHILDREN'S WOOL GARMENTS



Infant's Knit Bands, without sleeves, wool plated, mercerized finish, the kind you have always bought, all sizes 50c

Same as above, in all pure Australian Wool, all sizes 75c

Fold Over. Shirts, sleeves, Merino, mercerized finish, sizes one to six (up to 4 years); this Shirt is 60% wool, an unusually large percentage at this price, per garment 95c  
Same as above in all pure Australian Wool (up to 3 years) \$1.50



Knit Shirts, button front, sleeves, Merino, mercerized finish, 60% wool; sizes, infants to 6 years 85c  
Same as above, all pure Australian Wool, silk finish; up to 6 years \$1.25



Bird's Eye, Diaper Cloth, yard 35c

High grade Nainsook 35c

Extra fine Lingerie cloth, or Nainsook, yard 50c

Dimity, yard 25c

Toweling, part linen, yard 27c

P. K., extra value, yard 48c

Flannelette, pink, white, yard 27c

Grey, extra fine grade, yard 45c

Longcloth, yard 30c

Lancaster Gingham, yard 20c

Chambray Gingham, yard 30c

Sateen, absolutely fast black, yd. 45 and 60c

Mercey cloth, black, for lining, yard 55c

Cambric lining, white, yard 25c

Pillow Tubing, 40-in. 35c

Mohawk Sheets, 81x90 \$1.50

Meritas brand, white Oil Cloth 1 1/4 yard wide, highest grade, yard 45c

Turkish Towels, each 25c and 50c

Turkish Bibs, large 19c

Fine Face Cloths 15c

Black Veiling, fine mess with and without figure; high grade, yard 25c

Fancy Aprons 15c, 33 and 69c

Bungalow Aprons 79c to \$2.50

Boys' Blouses, goods that will wash; each \$1.00

Laces and Embroideries, 5c yard up.

Curtain poles and brackets, poles 25c each, brass brackets, 50c a pair.

Boys' Knee Pants, 60c to \$2.25

Window Shades 69c

Carpet Tacks, all sizes 5c

No. 2 Tacks for window shades, per box 5c

Iron Holders 15c

Men's Garters 25c, 35c and 50c

Paint Brushes 10c to 50c

All colors of Crepe Papers 10c

Bromo Seltzer 10c and 20c

O'Cedar Oil 25c and 50c

Shoe Polishes 10c, 13c and 25c

"Curvex" Brass Curtain Rods 35c

Gas Globes, Upright and Inverted 15c

Pee-Chee White Shoe Cleaner 25c

Gas Mantles, 15c and 10c

Patent Leather Belts, black (red and white) 50c and 25c

Ingram's Milkweed Cream 50c

Ingram's Zedenta Tooth Paste 25c

Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream 50c

Ingram's Face Powder 25c and 50c

Ingram's Talcum Powder 25c

Diamond Dye 10c

Peroxide 10c

Scrim, cream, barred, yard 33c

Dotted Curtain Swiss, yard 38c

Pure White Cotton Batting, bat 19c

Flannel: Pure all wool Saxony yarn flannel, 33 inches wide, yard \$1.09



**NOREN'S**

Greenfield Ave., and Winterburn St.

## WHERE LAND IS FOR SALE SLAVERY IS IN FULL BLOOM

Without free trade the peace treaty will be just another scrap of paper. And with Ireland, Egypt, India and Korea enough nations will be denied self-determinations to form a league of nations of their own.

And with the United States having the largest navy in the world our Wall street bank crowd won't be hankering for another war. Oh, no!

Silk hat grafters are a little safer with Debs in jail.

Frequently people tell me I ought to write for papers of larger circulation. I agree with them, but it can't be done. No other paper that I know of would print one-half of what I print in the Probe. Some would reject it as not worth printing and some as untrue and others as too radical.

Yet I am constantly receiving letters of commendation about what I print. I receive some from editors too, who seldom or never quote me in their own papers. It seems lots of people would say just what I say in the Probe, but have not a medium of their own in which to say it.

Others who have such a medium believe certain of their readers would feel offended at what I say. To state the truth as one sees it, is to commit financial suicide.

Some good folks feel terribly offended at what I write. Yet I try never to be harsh over personal matters. I am not much concerned about anything save public matters. No lazy man should prosper. "Work and save" is a first-class philosophy. But when I see the appropriators of ground rent shine as examples of industry personified, it gets my goat. For I know they shine on what other men's industry produced. When the Schenleys carry off thousands of dollars worth of wealth that others produced, and do it every day, year after year, I feel like shouting, stop thief!

It is simplicity itself to stop this robbery, yet we do it not, for the so-called leaders of men each have their little private investment in ground rent graft.

We will be really shocked some day when listening to something like this: Come here Bolsheviks, take these rent sharks to the woodshed, and when that's full enlarge the stone pile.

Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge of the Arizona Copper Trust is treasurer of the Armenian Relief Fund. From the way Mr. Dodge's company treated the miners at Bisbee—God help the Armenians. They will yet appeal to the Turks to come and save them from Dodge.

It was said negro slavery made the nation half slave and half free, but property in land enslaves us all.

To illustrate the meaning of President Wilson's "open covenants openly arrived at" I clip a paragraph from the March issue of Asia magazine. "China advances the further claims for the voiding of the Ishii-Lansing Agreement on the ground that it was entered into secretly in Washington by Baron Ishii and Secretary Lansing without consulting the Chinese Minister to America or the government in Peking." No doubt our good President would explain that this could not be called a secret treaty since both Baron Ishii and Secretary Lansing knew all about it. At any rate it was covenants not treaties, that should be openly arrived at.

The Justices of the United States Supreme Court think Society is safer with Debs in prison. Wrong. Society would be safer if the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States would all go home and go to bed and forget to get up.

A protectionist knows he can not have a protective tariff without war so he wants both. In fact war, to the modern spoilsman, is as profitable as protection. Free trade is peace and protection is war. Your spoilsman knows it and acts upon it. True patriots may stay poor and fight and die for a cause, but the protection spoilsman counts the day lost if he can't make a killing on the killing.

Dealers in land—civilization will either destroy that occupation or be destroyed by it.

When the profiteers in Wall street start to "clean up" Mexico an army of 500,000 will take the "risk" and the Wall street profiteers will take the profits.

No one can be trusted with the power to tax. It will corrupt any government no matter what its form. If we want good government we must first abolish the corrupting influence of taxes. Government can not violate the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal" and remain good any more than an individual can violate that commandment and remain honest.

A friend sends me a leaflet which announces that Art Young and Ellis O. Jones will shortly publish a new magazine. The name of the magazine will be "Good Morning." If Young and Jones have their way it will be "good night" with a lot of official and officious persecutors now drawing public salary. Jones subscribed to the Probe some time ago but I don't know where Young has been spending his money. Probably been saving it for the new venture. I hope "Good Morning" will have a long day.

## REFLECTIONS OF A RADICAL

Not all your rights are gone. You still have the right of petition and to faithfully preserve this right Congress has recently appropriated a large amount of money towards the purchase of additional wastebaskets. The president and every senator and congressman now has a wastebasket large enough to hold all the petitions sent them by the people. Your right to fill these is not inalienable, but so far it has not been denied.

Said one wearing the disguise of a conscientious objector, "I won't stone Stephen, myself, but I'll hold his clothes while you stone him."

A voice from Wall Street: "If the people ask for Justice give them Charity; they won't know the difference. If they won't take Charity give 'em hell!"

"I am soliciting funds to build a monument to the memory of Ananias," said the patriot. "Why?" asked the only sane man, "Every newspaper in his monument."

"The influenza plague is returning," shout the doctors. But who cares? A people already dying from the plague of landlordism fears no other scourge.

"What is thy name?"

"Credulity."

"Whither goest thou?"

"To get my daily newspaper. Who art thou?"

"I am truth."

Then Credulity put his fingers in his ears and "fled like oil away."

## TANKS FOR RIOT DUTY

Staff Correspondent of Washington  
Post at Camp Franklin, Md.,

April 14.

Unlike most war machines, the tank when stripped of its armor makes an excellent farm instrument. The powerful tractor of the largest type can draw an almost unlimited number of gang plows, but the war chariots at Camp Meade will never be scrapped for any such uses. According to the army officers here they have other peace-time uses—they are the very thing for a street riot, as only the rioters will get hurt. Nothing but artillery can stop them, and one tank would be the equal of a whole regiment of infantry in quelling any bolshevik gathering that might be assembled.

So long as one man can demand from another a price for vacant land, true freedom does not exist.

God gave you the earth but you pay ground rent to a land owner. Some one is being cheated.

## THE CALL

Can there not be drawn a picture, of a place where People stand  
 Joint owners of the bounty-dealt out by Nature's hand?  
 Can no Artist hand portray, in rich colorful design,  
 A Chart which justly portions—what is "OURS" and "YOURS" and  
 "MINE"?

Where busy wheels of Industry keep in constant harmony  
 With voice of Toil contented and with Enterprise set free,  
 Where Capital and Labor—in friendly contest seem—  
 To make of Earth a garden—where Plenty reigns supreme?  
 Where Science and Invention strive, on free and open soil,  
 To lengthen hours of leisure, to shorten hours of toil?  
 Where nevermore is found the man who for greater barns doth sigh,  
 To store great stocks of hoarded wealth—while hungry children cry?  
 Where men have will and power—full grown in strength and grace—  
 To distance stride of Poverty in swift Progression's race?  
 Where Justice is their watchword, with good of all their goal,  
 And in cause of loving Service—proudly their names enroll?  
 Can none be found to picture or vision such a scene  
 Where "quiet waters," placid flow, through land of "pastures green,"  
 Where Aspiration leadeth men and serenely points the way  
 To night of life, as but the dawn, of a more Perfect Day?

## THE QUERY

Alas, 'TIS BUT THE POET, THE PROPHET, SAGE AND SEER,  
 That have discerned a wicked World-to-Heaven-drawing near,  
 They have their spirit message told, of what our life should be,  
 But men have failed to make their dreams-scenes of reality.  
 Why halts the joyous coming of a blessed "PEACE ON EARTH,"  
 Why is not the world o'erflowing with hope and joy and mirth,  
 Is "GOODWILL TO MEN" a dream, can we find no fertile soil,  
 Where seeds of Love can germinate in life's tempestuous moil?  
 Will Satan e'er be found on earth, tending, with hellish glee  
 His plant of Hate, and climbing vine, of poisonous Poverty,  
 Will we copy in law books of Earth (where once the Christ did dwell)  
 The statutes found efficient in the government of Hell?

## AN ARTIST'S ANSWER

A Writer of artistic bent, has in a book sublime,  
 With the brush of Hope well traced, on the canvas, great, of Time,  
 A picture, dazzling, beautiful, a Father-God benign  
 Dispensing gifts and bounties with lavishness divine;  
 To His children gives an equal chance, to win of wealth a store,  
 By the opening, not closing, of Opportunity's door;  
 Contentment and Forbearance, hover o'er, on gentle wing,  
 While Brotherhood helps Plenty—her joys of life to bring.  
 In foreground of the scene, Law by Custom is embraced  
 On a throne where Justice stands—ne'er more to be displaced;  
 Fear from ev'ry face is absent, no thing by Man designed  
 Is there to check or deaden—aspirations of mankind.  
 In background of the picture, rising, in grandeur bright,  
 Is the Sun of Equal Freedom—filling the earth with light;  
 It shows retreating figures, of Crime, Vice and Misery,  
 As they follow close their mother-vile man-made Poverty;  
 While Privilege and Unearned Wealth—hellward—lead the way,  
 For on an Earth, where Justice rules, THEY HAVE NO PLACE TO STAY.  
 The story which the Artist tells—theme that e'er stirred his hand—  
 Was of the common right of Men—to LIFE, LIBERTY AND LAND.

## OUR DUTY

The dead hand of the Artist still points to us the WAY,  
 Still girds Faith's armor on the souls of those who work and pray,  
 It calls for strong Devotion, for a Courage, never lax,  
 That will bring men contentment by STRAIGHT-OUT SINGLE TAX;  
 "Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate,"  
 Out driving from the hearts of men all forms of brother-hate,  
 Make of each a patriot-partner in an honest government,  
 Each one a joint possessor, of ALL, OUR OWN, LAND RENT.  
 Then no reason will be left, as now there is, apparently,  
 To tax the man who labors or the fruit of industry,  
 THEN THE SINGLE TAX, TRIUMPHANT, WILL OPEN A RIGHTEOUS  
 WAY

FOR COMING OF THE PEACEFUL DAWN OF A MORE PERFECT DAY.

OLIVER McKNIGHT, 2106 Market St., Philadelphia

## SAVING RUSSIA

From "Here and There With the  
 Thirty-first" American Army  
 Paper, Printed in Siberia

Note:—That discontent with their  
 senseless Siberian expedition is not  
 confined to the company of American  
 infantry which mutinied recently is  
 made clear by the following sarcastic  
 poem, which boldly appears in the  
 Army paper printed by the Thirty-  
 first infantry which is now in Siberia.  
 Copies have just reached this country.  
 —Editor.

My mother says, says she to me.  
 Most patriotic you must be.  
 Stand ready, boy of mine, to be a  
 hero;  
 Be ready with your gun in hand  
 To fight for this, your native land,  
 Although its provocation sink to  
 zero.  
 I'll send you, laddie, night or day,  
 To die for the old U. S. A.  
 Against its foes from Britain, Spain  
 or Prussia;  
 But what she never said to me  
 Is that she'd send me oversea  
 To die for Russia.

The Russians may be good or not  
 (They seem a fairly decent lot,  
 Altho their arguments are thin and  
 squeaky),  
 But maw, she never said: "My boy,  
 If you would fill my heart with joy,  
 Go save the Russians from the  
 Bolsheviki."  
 I'd like to ask maw if she knows  
 Why I should tramp through endless  
 snows  
 Now that the stuffin's out of  
 worthless Prussia;  
 To ask her if with joy she'd yell  
 Should I return all shot to 'ell,  
 Through saving Russia.

So when they put me in a crate  
 And ship me "Trans-Pacific freight,"  
 Down in the hold where it is dark  
 (oh, very),  
 Then dump me on a lonely pier,  
 A pretty flag around my bier,  
 They'll cart me off with honors  
 military.  
 Then home at last, upon the hill  
 I'll lie beside my Uncle Will,  
 As if I'd died a hero, fightin'  
 Prussia.  
 And maw—how happy maw will be  
 To mark the stone placed over me,  
 "He died for Russia!"

There are 76 lawyers in the U. S.  
 Senate and 320 lawyers in the House,  
 most of them the paid agents of the  
 Interests, alias the Club classes, alias  
 the Millionaire class, alias the Em-  
 ployer class, alias Wall Street, alias  
 the Money Power, alias the Plunder-  
 bund, alias Privilege, alias Plutocracy.  
 —C. F. S.

Maybe they put Debs in jail so  
 it would be safe for certain big Demo-  
 crats to come home.