



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

THE PROBE

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NOTICE.

News and advertisements must be left at NOREN'S not later than 5:30 p. m. Thursdays in order to appear the following Monday.

560 GREENFIELD AVE.—Furnished room, sleeping or light housekeeping, bath and laundry. Reasonable.

MR. JOHN Z. WHITE

speaks before the Butler Chamber of Commerce on January 23. He will be available for engagements in Pittsburgh Friday, January 24th and Saturday, January 25th. Any organization desiring to hear Mr. White should notify Mr. Wayne Paulin, Secretary Pittsburgh Single Tax Club, Jenkins

COMMENTS BY NOREN

Judge Westenhaver, in imposing a ten year's sentence upon Debs: "I do not regard the idealism of the defendant as expressed by himself as any higher, any purer, or any nobler than the ideals and idealism of the thousands upon thousands of young men that I have seen marching down the streets of Cleveland to defend the Constitution and the laws of their country and its flag."

The judge measures, what he says is the soldiers' ideals, but what are really his own, with the idealism of Debs. And he finds the idealism of Debs no higher than his own, and sentences him ten years to the penitentiary.

Suppose the judge could have read the thoughts of the marching young men and had found that many of them held to the ideals of Debs; that indeed they shared Debs' idealism but not to the extent of being willing to serve ten years in a penitentiary for them. What then would these men be to the judge; these men who marched to execute the command of those who agreed with the judge and thereby violated their own ideals in fear of the judge's sentence? Perhaps some young marcher would have revealed to the judge the thought, that the choice of serving in the army, or ten to twenty years in jail, was an unfair test of the idealism of a young man yearning for life.

Suppose that after having found

Debs guilty, the judge (the law permitting) had imposed a sentence of ten days with the implication that all who shared Debs' ideals and followed them would receive a like sentence. What a scattering of his own ideals the judge would have beheld.

The judge forgets that conscription is a war measure, not an expression of idealism. And his implication that all who faithfully comply with the law share the judge's ideals is an unwarranted assumption.

A co-operative restaurant in London, England, has started a fashion for small profit meals. It is reported to be making big money on a profit of two cents per meal. The net result will be a big increase in ground rent in that immediate neighborhood. The dukes and lords owning land there will reap a handsome addition to their incomes. A few smaller and independent restaurant keepers will go broke, quit business, and compete with waiters for jobs. Our socialist friends call this mad race to despair evolution. This two-penny profit business has no attraction for me. I can not see beauty in a plan which seems to set forth that before we can all have plenty we must all be reduced to a state of nakedness. I am unable to see anything wrong in having a hundred happy and prosperous restaurant owners. As a restaurant patron I would prefer the color of life and the variety of food, service and price such conditions provide even though it required a profit of ten cents per meal. If evolution requires that these hundred independent restaurants be scrapped to make one restaurant hundred times as big, and that a hundred independent business men be turned into a hundred waiters: then I want to be a crab and go backwards. Yes, I want to get as far as possible from evolution.

Says John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers: "The great war has sent across the nation a wave of realization that human life is not cheap, but dear; that labor is no longer to be exploited and cast aside, but safeguarded as our most valuable resource."

If the above is anything but hot air it means that Mr. Mitchell looks upon laborers as so much timber, so much land, acres of coal, building stone, clay for bricks and other like resources. Ever hear a man speak of himself as a valuable resource? Would a

man insult himself? Mr. Mitchell speaks of labor as "our most valuable resource." Mr. Mitchell speaks the language of the new slavery. The masters of old spoke of their black slaves as their "most valuable resource." A laborer looks upon himself as a man; yes even the black men did. But owners of men speak of them as "our resources." Mr. Mitchell, are you speaking for men, or for masters who presume to own men?

"We have successfully resisted misguided and unjustifiable attempts to overthrow the protective standards of working and living built up through long years of intelligent effort."

The "we" you are boasting of must be the masters, those who worked the workers, for according to the United States' census of 1890 the average poor then owned \$454. Between that time and 1915, which includes the years of your activity as a labor leader, the poor, the laborers, the workers, the very class you led, had lost their independence and their grip on life to such an extent that they only owned on an average \$107. And you have the gall to call that building up the standards of working and living. But you don't mean it of course, not in that sense. You are speaking for the "we" who built up the standards of shirking and skinning. Yes, that's what you mean, for their wealth increased from \$37,000 to \$42,000 per skinner.

But you sure was some successful leader, for I notice by the same United States statistics that the number of poor that you and your like, had led into the ditch in 1890 made up 52% of the population, while those you and Gompers had ditched by 1915 constituted 65% of the population. To call this "building up" bears a striking resemblance to the speech of the man who saw the pavement fly up and hit him in the face.

"We are extending and improving the protection of workmen's compensation. We are making enlightened headway toward state funds for insuring the workers adequately against the casualties of their employment. Public sentiment in this country is developing rapidly in favor of universal health insurance for wage earners, including maternity benefits; and my own observation, through long experience with ravages of accident, trade disease and sickness among working people and their families, leads me to the conviction that health insurance

Weekly Price List

PAY NO MORE

Store opens at 8, closes at 6
Except Saturdays.

Boy's Leather Belts	25c
Rit, washes and dyes.....	10c
Gilt upholstering tacks, box.....	10c
Curling tongs	10c
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
"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 call- ed straight; made in France, of genuine hair: full size, 38x40, 10c; three Nets for.....	25c
Ingram's Perfumes	89c
Ingram's Talcum Powder.....	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
Sewing Machine Belts, long enough for all makes of machines, 30c and	25c
Box Writing Papers, Tablets, Inks, Envelopes, Pens and Pencils, Glue and Mucilage.	
Can Openers	15c
Scissors.....	25c to 50c
Bees Wax	4c
Longcloth	30c
Shoe Polishes, 10c, 13c and.....	25c
Boys' Knee Pants, 60c to.....	\$2.25
Window Shades	75c
Bias Seam Binding, lawn and cambric, black and white, all sizes, 12 yards.....	15c
Ric Rac, all sizes	10c to 19c
O'Cedar Oil	25c and 50c
Boys' Blouses, goods that will wash; each	\$1.00
Pee-Chee White Shoe Cleaner.....	25c
Gas Manifes, 15c and	10c
Bungalow Aprons	79c to \$2.50
Fancy Aprons	15c, 33 and 69c
O. N. T. Machine Thread, black and white, sizes, 8 to 100, spool 6c	
Electric Curlers, 2 for	10c
Snap fasteners	5c
Hooks and Eyes	5c
Gas Globes, Upright and Inverted	15c
Lingerie Tape, white, pink, Blue	10c
Kleinert's Dress Shields	25c
Middy Lacers	5c
Thimbles (silver), all sizes	5c

WAXED LUNCH PAPER	
20-Sheet Roll, 12x15, 5c, 6 for	25c
Patent Leather Belts, black, red and white	50c and 25c
Avelva toilet paper, 2 rolls.....	25c
Linen Corset Lacers, 5 yds. long..	10c
Needles for all makes of machines, a package of two needles for.....	5c
Nye's Sewing Machine Oil, bottle...	10c
Diamond Dye	10c
Peroxide	10c
Vaseline	7c
All colors of Crepe Papers.....	10c
Bromo Seltzer	10c and 20c
Silk Thread, all colors, 50 yards only, 8c; two spools for.....	15c
Black and White, 100 yards only...	15c
Meritas brand, white Oil Cloth, 1 1-4 yard wide, highest grade, yard	55c
Hump Hair Pins, all sizes.....	5c and 10c
Canton Flannel	39c
Flannelette, white	33c
Flannelette, Pink and White and Blue and White, yard.....	35c
Grey, extra fine grade, yard.....	45c
Boys' heavy Stockings....., fast black; 59c value, pair.....	43c
Girls' fine mercerized Stockings; 59c value, pair	45c
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this Shirt is 60% wool,
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per garment..... 95c || Same as above in all pure Australian Wool (up to 3 years)..... | \$1.50 |



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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 |

"Curvex" Brass Curtain Rods..... 35c |

Pure White Cotton Batting, bat	20c
Flannel: Pure all wool Saxony yarn flannel, 33 inches wide, yard	\$1.09
Ladies' pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 30c and	50c
Ladies' Cotton Handkerchiefs.....	10c and 25c
Boys' Gloves, Jersey.....	25c
Girls and Boys Gloves, knit.....	50c
Fancy Caps and Hockey Caps 23c to	\$2.00
Ladies' Handbags and Purses, \$1.19 to	\$3.00
Infants' Mittens, white, pink and blue	25c and 29c
Boudoir Caps.....	29c to 75c
Ladies' Dressing Combs.....	25c to \$1.50
Longcloth, yard.....	33c
Lancaster Gingham, yard.....	25c
Chambray Gingham, yard.....	35c
Mersey cloth, black, for lining, yard	55c
Cambric lining, white, yard.....	25c
Pillow tubing, 40-in.....	40c
Mohawk Sheets, 81x90.....	\$2.00

All sizes of Children's Fleece Lined Underwear.

NOREN'S

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is even more important than work-
men's compensation.

Now, you are hitting the pace, Mr. Mitchell. "We" will not only have the new slavery, but "we" will provide all the trimmings of the old. Those "state funds" are a grand scheme, Mr. Mitchell. Between the time the work-ers pay those funds into the state treasury and get them back in "com-pensation" they will surely have grown some, these funds, in the hands of the politicians. And maternity benefits and health insurance. Isn't that grand! No longer can the slave-holding aristocrat of the South point the finger of scorn at us. He saw to it that the mother of his "resources" was well cared for and in good health and so will "we." He may have used the whip occasionally, but no one ever accused him of neglecting the health of his resources of "labor power," to quote literally the heading the National Labor Journal gives your article.

Mr. Mitchell and other blind leaders trotted out workmen's "compensa-tion" to serve as the red herring across the trail to freedom. It proved so excellent for their purpose that now they are, in their blindness, over-doing it, as the saying is. They bid fair to extend it so far as to wreck the conditions it was intended to con-serve. If they keep on, as now seems likely, they will create so many funds for the benefit of labor, that to pro-

duce the wealth necessary to maintain the funds, and the army of officials, bookkeepers and agents to handle them, will reduce labor to penury.

But "we" have a grand time while it lasts. When labor "invest" in insurance, strikes become more "risky" and the sleek political hireling who hands out the benefit doles becomes a "benefactor."

God provided mankind with a bountiful earth. Enough for every one a thousand times over. In our blindness we turn the earth over to a few "owners." When the deprived ones are starving we proceed to rob other laborers to provide compensation funds. And such as Mitchell who prostitute their intellect to the infamy are called labor leaders. Labor vultures, that's what they are.

The subtle but constant pressure brought to bear upon public officials and its evil effect is shown by councilman Herron's attitude on taxation. Mr. Herron gave support to the graded tax law. He now pleads, not for its repeal, but for its nullification.

Reviewing the work of the late Pittsburgh Tax Committee he adds that:

"They might, however, have recommended a personal property tax along the lines of other American cities, which should, in the City of Pittsburgh, reduce the burden on real estate by over \$1,000,000 a year."

This is Mr. Herron's open and unblushing bid that monopoly be further exempted from taxes and that additional burdens be placed on labor.

After courting the friendship of

labor for many years and indeed appearing as one of them the subtle influences of monopoly have finally landed Mr. Herron where he is willing to heave bricks at labor and roses at the Schenley gougers.

The land owners of Pittsburgh absent or present, get away with plunder to the extent of thirty million dollars annually. They do not earn it. Labor earns it, and the land owners get it. It is a stupid and rotten deal. But labor's friend Herron wants to increase the landlords' booty. He wants labor skimmed a little more for the benefit of the Schenleys and the Fricks.

The only tax now levied that touches monopoly in Pittsburgh is the real estate tax; that part of the real estate tax that falls on land. That is the tax that Mr. Herron, the friend (?) of labor, wants to lighten by a million dollars. In the first place the landlords collect this money from labor in rent. Mr. Herron wants these monopolists to keep it and the city to collect it over again from labor, the second time in taxes. Gee whiz, but ain't labor got some friends.

A thousand dollar price for a vacant lot is a thousand dollar bet that the government will fail to do what it was organized to do, namely: to see that all men have equal opportunity to the use of land, without purchase price.

I guess the peace congress will rig up some sort of a League of Nations. The final form will embody the wishes of the representatives from England and the United States. It will also contain some clause, more or less important, desired by the French. The other nations' representative will be permitted to approve of the result.

The plan of the League will reflect the ideas and embody the purposes of reactionaries, worded in phrases of liberalism.

Were it not for the strong tide of democracy now sweeping over Europe it would be a foregone conclusion that the League of Nations would be nothing but a powerful armed force ruled by a small clique of Tories.

The usefulness and probably the very life of the League will depend upon the actions of nations who will be denied representation or whose wishes will be ignored so far as the reactionaries think it safe to ignore them.

Judging by our own delegation the lovers of human freedom will not have a single representative at the peace table.

Therefore any concession the Tories may appear willing to grant will be due to such pressure as the unrepresented masses on the outside may bring to bear.

If the aim of the conference was the common good its labors would be easy. It would then decide on two

things, primarily. Total disarmament, including all navies, and absolute free trade the world over. Many minor questions must no doubt be dealt with and settled. But disarmament and free trade are essential. Anything short of disarmament will be a concession to the strong to rob the weak. Concession hunters will be in their glory. They will corrupt every government of small nations that can be corrupted. And when the people of such nations revolt the concessionaires will run back home and holler bloody murder. Then will the League step in with its powerful armaments and restore "order" and protect the innocent "investor." The tariff will be a mutual concession between politicians. An agreement that each clique shall be free to plunder their own fellow citizens without fear of outside interference. By this only can we test the sincerity of those who draw up the agreement for a league of nations. Disarmament and Free Trade.

Friends who have copies of the Probe No. 29, December 16, 1918, will do the editor a great favor by returning them, to satisfy repeated request for copies of that particular issue.

THE END OF THE DELUGE.

A Parable for the New Time By Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers.

(By courtesy of the Christian Register).

Scene—The Ark. Noah looking out of the window. Shem, Ham, and Japhet seated with their backs to the window.

anq An calstabtSe,out*C shr fa
Noah—I can't see the dove anywhere.

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Shem (preevishly)—I said you'd never see that dove again. And we've lost a perfectly good raven. It's foolish to leave the window open in a time like this.

Noah—Rejoice, my son, that the dove does not return. It is a sign that the waters of the flood are abating.

Shem—Last week when the dove came back you said that was a good sign.

Noah (gently)—But, my son, you remember it brought us an olive leaf.

Shem—It was water-soaked. What's an olive leaf in the great flood like this?

Noah—Cheer up, my son. For forty days and forty nights the windows of heaven were opened, but after that when I looked out I saw signs that made me sure that the waters were abating. Let us accept the good omens. Soon we shall go out again into the pleasant fields.

Ham—That's the trouble with you, father. You are always seeing things. I remember hearing people call you visionary. I didn't know what they meant then, but I know now. You see things before they happen.

Noah—That's a god way to see them, my son. It gives one time to prepare for them. When I saw that there was going to be a flood I got ready for it. And now that the flood is coming to an end, I'm getting ready for that. Come to the window and I'll show you something that will gladden your eyes.

Japhet—I suppose, father, you expect us to see dry land.

Noah—I think it is time for you to look for it.

Japhet—But it would interfere with our work of carrying on the Ark. After we've built an ark like this and filled it with animals you don't think that we're going to give it up just because it has stopped raining. We're going to see this thing through.

Ham—Yes, and we have just been talking of having our children taught so that they can build a bigger and better ark. And if they are to build a bigger ark they must have faith to believe that there will be a bigger flood to float it. You can't neglect the spiritual.

Noah—But, my son, you must not think that floods go on forever. I lived six hundred years before anything like this happened.

Japhet—How monotonous the old times were! But let's not talk about the past or the future, but about the present. We are not antediluvians or post-diluvians but diluvians. It's a waste of time to talk about anything but the flood. Let us treat it as something permanent.

Shem—Yes, we must be practical and not delude ourselves with doves and ravens and olive leaves and rainbows. We have been shut up in this ark a long time, and it will be a longer time before we are out of it. We

must prepare our minds for that.

The Ark gives a sudden lurch, there is a grinding sound, and then all is quiet.

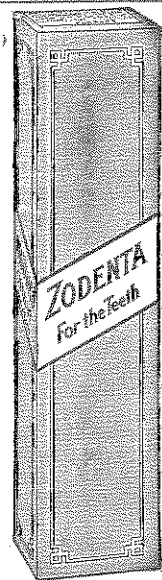
Shem, Ham and Japhet are rolled about and then recover themselves.

Shem—That was the biggest wave yet! I believe the flood is just beginning. This seems to me like the real thing. As I was saying, father, we must not let hopefulness deceive us. We must all of us face the hard facts.

Noah (looking out of the window)—That's what I am doing. The hard fact is Mount Ararat,—and we're on it.



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HASTEN—"NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME"

Are you listening to the music of Liberty's sweet song,

Do your eyes behold a "vision"—of a world redeemed from wrong;

Is your mind stirred with "ideals"—which on moral purpose stand,

And that call you to endeavor—to join Devotion's band?

Is your heart aflame with pity for the weak and poor of earth,

Wouldst feed their famished bodies, clothe their lives with joy and mirth,

Take from their vile oppressor his age-long, cruel sway,

And stop the growth of poverty—in this—Invention's Day?

Does your voice thrill with emotion, as your story you unfold,

Do the swarms of human beings applaud your sayings bold;

Does the ink from off your pen trace a message strong and clear—

That the multitudes can read with ease—as fills their hearts with cheer?

Then, my brother, Hasten! Hasten! your time is all too brief

To lift a perverse war-torn world from deep despondent brief;

Haste to tell them of your vision, how your ideals can

Be made into a picture real—the Brotherhood of Man.

Show them that grinding poverty is but a man-made crime,

And can be made to disappear—by opening field and mine

To the law of equal justice—to the right that never dies—

To the stalwart arm of labor—to the mind of Enterprise.

O Hasten! then, my brother, make of your voice and pen

A great rich sounding megaphone—that will reach the hearts of men.

And show them how their thoughts with mind and vote must train,

So, Hers and Now, by Single Tax, we a lost world can regain.

—OLIVER McKNIGHT.

For thine own safety man, and for the safety of thy children never vote for any man who voted for conscription. For as Lloyd George said: "The world is not safe with conscription"

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