

THE ROMAN FORVM

MAY, 1938

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Vol. 7, No. 2

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

By R. E. CHADWICK

In the midst of Christian celebrations associated with the gentlest personality of history, war impends or rages in many areas, while current news reflects unrest and conflict in sharp contrast to the peace and brotherhood ideals of humanity. Disturbing headlines are "Machine Guns Break Easter Peace", "Million Chinese Troops Rush to Battle Lines", "Rebel Chiefs Drive Annies Into Position", while a miscellanea of second page murder, divorce, default and disaster indicate serious internal disorders in the body politic.

The practice of Christian virtues might be helpful. And what are Christian virtues if they do not include patience, forbearance, forgiveness, charity, justice and brotherhood which even heathen, if such there be, regard as desirable?

Scientifically, according to Burrow, man, as well as any other animal, "possesses an organic acquaintance with right movement, the right coordination for such and such an effort as contrasted with the coordination or movement that would fail of its goal — the right scent for example, or the leap that is so finely adjusted as precisely to reach its mark and not exceed it. Such internal, proprioceptive sense of the right and accurate adjustment is often a matter of the animal's life or death. But man possesses this internal, proprioceptive sense of the right and accurate adjustment no less than lower animals."

This being the Divine Gyro-scope to which reference has heretofore been made (Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

OUR FOUNDATION

By DR. FREDERICK W. ROMAN

On several occasions some of the members of our forums, and especially those who are interested in establishing the endowment, have requested that a short statement be made of some of the leading principles on which the endowment foundation is being built. At some later period a detailed statement will be carefully prepared but for the present we shall undertake to indicate a few of the all-time characteristics of the foundation. At the outset we wish to indicate, however, that the remaining principles are in complete harmony with the three or four leading statements that we make here at this time.

Principle One: The foundation is based on the international ideal. Without being committed to the total acceptance of the League of Nations in all points, nevertheless, in general, the League of Nations principle, supplemented by a World Court, represents the essence on which our foundation is based.

Principle Two: On War.—The foundation is devoted to the idea of getting rid of war. It is proposed to do this by means of the collective system. The foundation is forever opposed to the policy of isolation. Any injustice, political, economic, social or racial, is a deep concern of ours at all times. Whereas we are proud of the United States and of our flag, we hold that we can save our country best by advocating a policy whereby we forever sympathize and seek to share the sorrows and the misfortunes of the downtrodden under any clime and under all social and economic conditions. Whenever men are oppressed our sympathies and interests lie, and the policy of isolation or the thought that we would be indifferent are the farthest removed from those whose ideals are attempting to establish this foundation.

Principle Three: On Economics.—In the field of economics the foundation accepts the principle that the earth belongs to the whole people, and that the natural resources of every type and description are forever to be exploited in the interest of the whole people and must never be allowed to become the instruments on which rest special privilege. Without attempting to nominate the economic form in a manner too detailed, we state at this time that the Scandinavian cooperative, economic and social order indicates the main line of our procedure. The foundation believes in private property.

Principle Four: On Government.—The foundation is forever committed to the Democratic-Republican form of government. We are forever committed to free speech, free press, free assembly, and for that reason the foundation is committed to a policy that abhors Communism, Fascism or Dictatorship of any kind. The various experiments that are now going on in Europe have very little to teach America; in fact, they are the horrible examples of what we should attempt to avoid. Those who have charge of our foundation are devoted to the principle of our Democratic-Republican form of government to the extent that the entire sum of money in this foundation will be used to resist any change of

THIS PASSING WORLD

By W. D. HOFFMAN

In spite of the best efforts of the best minds in public administration, the number of the ill-clad, ill-housed and ill-fed increases. More idleness, more unemployment, face us with the passing months. This all spells a decreasing production of wealth. No matter how rich the country may be in potential output, its well-being must depend upon its production of wealth and its proper distribution. When both of these are on the downturned, as now, there is no escaping the result — mounting poverty and denial. Regardless of the riches of our resources, we inevitably become poor when we lapse into idleness. The phenomenon of lowering production is on us like a plague, a creeping paralysis spreading through society.

* * *

Idle factories, of course, result from vanishing demand for goods, from a crippled domestic market, a demoralized foreign market. Tariff reprisals and the war-mad policy of self-containment abroad have destroyed the foreign market. That was one important cause of the depression. But it is in the domestic market that we fail most. This always has formed the chief volume of our trade. Yet it is afflicted with the universal sickness, and with less excuse. We in this rich land should be prosperous, with millions eager to get to work, eager to buy if they had the means, eager to consume goods and replace them.

* * *

Why, then, this creeping paralysis that is making the multitude (Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

4-782

THE ROMAN FORUM

214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.
EXposition 3630

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year
Single Copies 10 Cents

FREDERICK W. ROMAN, Editor
Published by *The Parliament of Man*

"Never do anything in the public interest in expectation of any reward other than the satisfaction of your own conscience."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OUR FOUNDATION

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

our government either in the direction of Communism on the one hand or Fascism on the other, and rather than yield our present free institutions, the foundation prefers to have its funds confiscated. It is held, therefore, that those who believe in the principles laid down by the Founding Fathers will find a profound appeal in bringing to the aid of the foundation every resource both in the field of finance and in the realm of spiritual and intellectual cooperation.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

tofore been made in this column that makes this something more than the "cock-eyed" world of the pessimist. It does put "God in His Heaven" and gives hope to man, assuming the statement to be true.

Ours is a beautifully adjusted universe which continues to function regardless of greed, ignorance and efforts to thwart constructive forces.

Surely Oscar Ameringer must have had the people in mind when he referred to this as a "cock-eyed world."

If Burrow is right and our failure to discriminate between right and wrong is organic, inherent in our nature, our situation would be hopeless but for the potentiality of adjustment within ourselves shared by all life. Having written his book, "The Biology of Human Conflict", Burrow is bound to defend his thesis, world without end, as do all who write books and evolve political, economic or religious plans or schemes for the saving of a recalcitrant and reluctant humanity.

Burrow has contributed something of value for thoughtful persons—not a finality but a method for the better understanding of contemporary life. His thought is that the reason a Capitalist cannot understand a Communist is due to the fact that understanding capitalism "involves the operation of cold, dispassionate, cerebral reasoning, while the other entails the operation of heated, excitatory emotional effects". And that, my friends, is something to think about and to reflect upon the next time you are stirred emotionally to accept or follow any savior or crusade.

Understanding, the Goal

Fortunately, we are under no compulsion to judge men or measures. We may not be competent to pass judgement upon individuals, parties or systems. Our great responsibility is to "understand". To understand, we must learn and it is very important that all avenues of information be kept clear. Isn't it better to assume that all men desire justice, and be mistaken, at times, than to assume the desire

for injustice is universal, and, occasionally be right and always unhappy? Senator Johnson built a long and rather honorable political career on hatred for deYoung and Chandler. And what did he really know of either man, their thought or purpose that qualified him to pass judgement? Were they evil by nature or the victims of circumstance? Working ourselves into a temperature by emotional explosions may ease pressure for the moment but does not accomplish much. With our present knowledge, we are not obliged to accept fascism, communism, socialism, democracy or any other "system" or way of life, but we should, as with Chandler or Roosevelt or Hitler, make an effort to understand, for whatever that may be worth. It is the part of wisdom to keep the mind open upon all points and persons until evidence is in and the case closed. And few are the items upon which debate may be regarded as closed. Today, it may be regarded as useless to discuss chattel slavery in this country. It is one of the few questions that may be regarded as "settled". We should, however, consider all evidence offered in support of any contribution to freedom and justice or an enlargement of the field of human interest and release. No plan or scheme or party or person is wholly evil. Intolerance is an evil, wherever manifested, and yet, it too, serves a transient purpose under certain circumstances. An uncompromising attitude toward any point of view is certainly not helpful. In time, honest men, learning the truth, will desire and accept it. Blind prejudice will not help in this regard. Truth, like gold, is where we find it. And it appears in surprising places. As evidence of this, I submit the following from the March 30 issue of the "Los Angeles Times". It is a quotation from "Today and Tomorrow" in Walter Lippman's syndicated article. He says, in part, with reference to the Capital Gains Tax, now under discussion:

"If Congress wishes to deal with the matter thoroughly, it will abolish all taxes on capital gains as long as the budget is unbalanced. * * * Fortunes have been made easily, often by mere increase in the capital value of real estate, mines, patents, franchises, or the securities which are based upon them. "In these fortunes there is a large unearned increment: men have gotten rich, not by producing wealth, but by owning property that increased in value because the country was growing."

"It has always seemed obvious to Americans that fortunes of this kind ought to be taxed especially, and the greatest of American liberal reformers, Henry George, made this conviction articulate. The capital gains tax reflects that feeling, and no one who has absorbed the teachings of Henry George will ever be content to argue for the repeal of the capital gains tax without substituting for it taxes on the unearned increment from natural resources, patents and privileged monopolies."

"What Congress ought to do, and what the New Deal ought to do, is to begin an inquiry into new taxes carefully directed toward the recapture of unearned increment with a view of substituting them for the generalized capital gains tax".

"I think it's a disgusting state of affairs when one reads of comedians earning more than cabinet ministers!"

"Oh, I dunno. On the whole they're funnier!"—Humorist.

THIS PASSING WORLD

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

poorer and poorer, driving them into enforced idleness, plunging them into desperation and despair? Are the simple laws of social relationship too complex for our intelligence? Men able to measure distances to the stars, to look into the microcosm and conquer virus after virus that threaten our existence, to hurl mighty engines of destruction through the atmosphere on wings surpassing the eagle's—are they ignorant and helpless when faced with the problem of bread?

* * *

In primitive society men toiled and prospered within the limitations of their environment. Nature was the first factor in this environment — soil, timber, mineral, climate, water courses. If these were favorable, men thrived, increased population, fashioned new forms of wealth to satisfy human desires, grew in skill in the fashioning, became inventive to multiply variety of products and reduce the amount of toil expended in the conquest of nature. Their prosperity was limited, according to their standards, only by the predatory tribes that made war upon them, stripped them of their belongings, robbed them of their land, drove them onto poorer ground. Their land was held in common, as with the Pueblo tribes of New Mexico today. Barring war and loss of their land, they could not be rendered destitute except by an act of nature, as flood, drought, grasshoppers, famine.

* * *

We today are suffering neither from famine nor from invading, warring tribes, burning, sacking, destroying, driving us from the country of our birth. Yet our distress is great.

* * *

To revert to primitive society: Regardless of the race or the form of worship, the land was held to be a common heritage, the Creator's gift to man. It would have been dangerous for any member of the tribe to have proposed otherwise. Only when society advanced was a different system of land tenure established. Then appeared the strong man, feared because of his prowess, who was able to take title to favored locations and fertile areas because he desired more than anything else to be freed of toil. The natural way to avoid work was to have others work for him. That was done by taking part of the work of others, through the product, as a charge for the best-yielding land which he had seized. Government, dominated by the strong, became the instrument of defending such exclusive ownership against society.

* * *

It is interesting to note that legally established exploitation of the weak by the strong took the form of land appropriation rather than of direct seizure of goods. The result was the same, however. Nor was it even profitable for the strong to seize a man's tools of work, his plow, for instance (his capital). More revenue was yielded up by the worker so long as his meagre capital remained in his possession, thus increasing the rent of land in greater amount to the title-holder.

* * *

So long as other free land were obtainable at the frontier farther out, men could still apply their labor and find employment on their own account adapting raw materials to their needs. The margin of land-use was still possible of yield, thus limiting the rent for land

that the title-holder in favored locations could receive. But as free land disappeared, the rent of land necessarily increased; the monopoly privilege became more desirable, and today with the millions locked out of access to nature altogether the rent of land takes on an added significance as the cause of the creeping paralysis everywhere in evidence.

* * *

The proposal to collect the rent of land in lieu of all other forms of taxation thus becomes more than a mere fiscal measure. It resolves itself into a far-reaching means of equalizing the rights of all of us in the Earth and its largess, of making land, agricultural, industrial and urban, available to all on equal terms. As a revenue measure alone, it would yield enormously, making no other taxes necessary. The rent of land, a social and natural product, would more than meet all the needs of government, even under the stress of a depression and mounting debt. But it would do more. It would unlock the source of all wealth to those anxious and willing to produce it. And since the tax would be based on land-values rather than acreage, it would actually result in a lowered tax to the small holder, as for instance the working farmer, for the reason that his present taxes on all improvements and the commodities he uses would be abolished, and these amount to a greater sum than the economic rent he would then pay.

* * *

In an interesting letter to Dr. Roman, our good friend of the Forum, Dr. Keller of Beaver Dam, Wis., asks whether there should not be "a heavy tax, in addition to the tax on God-given land, on every such accumulation of personal property above a certain value . . . holding capital out of use is as much a crime against society as is holding land out of use. To make unprofitable the holding of land, or capital, out of use," he adds, "to provide for increased protection of these large accumulations of luxurious personal possessions—to discourage the conversion of capital into such possessions to evade taxes on excess capital reserves—unused or unnecessary reserves—the higher rates would be useful just as you say they would force land into use. They would force other values into use."

* * *

On the theory that much of so-called "capital" now accumulated is unearned, the result of monopoly exploitation, for instance, we might justify society in taking this part in taxes if it could be done equably. But if personal earnings and capital generally were taxed as in fact they now are, excessively, the result would be only to decrease both earnings and capital, to penalize their production and place a fine upon enterprise. Rather than force those "other values into use," added taxation of them would force them out of use, either in hiding or withdrawing them from trade into the treasury. Nor would taxing legitimate property, earnings and capital attack the fundamental evil—monopoly of the Earth itself. To add an extra tax to the farmer's plow (his capital), his seed-grain (capital), his barn (capital), would only penalize his enterprise. He already is thus overburdened. To add to the taxes of the manufacturer's machinery or his factory would likewise discourage his output, as now, and result in a shifting of that same tax to the ultimate consumer of his goods in the added price. A tax on land-rent, on the other hand, could not be shifted, for the reason a

tax on land value would force other land into use. The amount of *available* land would increase under the tax, whereas the amount of available goods would decrease under a tax on manufacturing. It is an axiom in economics that only a tax on land values cannot be shifted to the consumer; it would result in the production of more goods and actually lower the price of such goods.

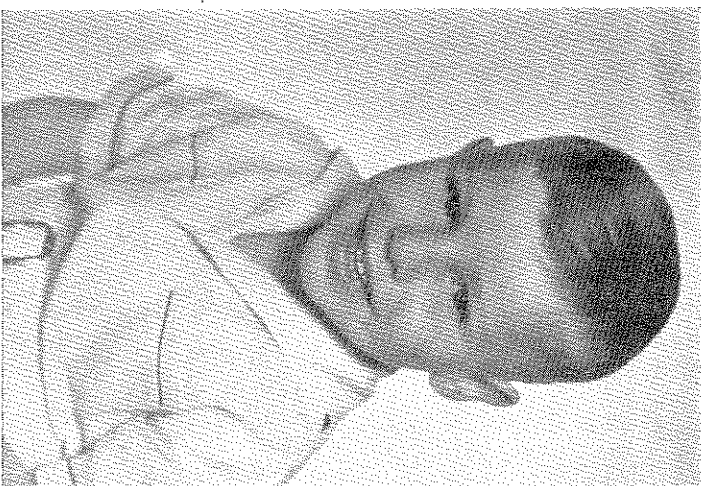
* * *

The creeping paralysis from which we suffer, with its lowered production, idleness and unemployment, leaving millions ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-nourished, comes from the stifling of natural opportunity, from the locking up of nature's storehouse against those who clamor for jobs and bread. There is no other route to a permanent correction save the restoration of the *source* of wealth to the people.

WHO WILL HAVE CHARGE OF THE FORUMS IN FUTURE YEARS?

Many people (and the number is exceptionally large among those who do almost nothing to sustain it now,) ask "Who will take charge of your work in future years? It is going along very well now but I am terribly worried about what will happen after your days of service are over."

We are glad to be able to answer that question at least in part. In this edition we submit photographs of James Alfred Arrington, (Jamie) born September 1, 1932, Robert Alan Loynd and Paula Grace Loynd.



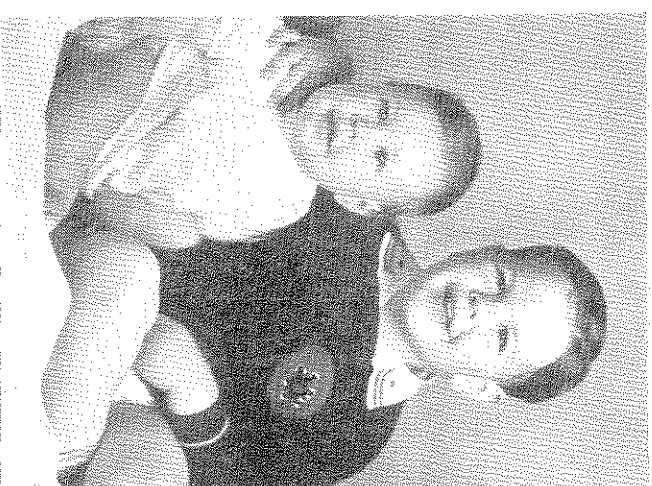
JAMES ALFRED ARRINGTON

Jamie is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arrington who live in Long Beach. Mrs. Arrington is an original member of the forum group. In early days she was connected with the movement in Pomona; later on the Parliament of Man; and now for the last several years she has been a most active supporter of the work in Long Beach.

Robert Alan and Paula Grace are members of the happy family of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Loynd who live in Santa Monica. Mrs. Loynd first made her contact with this movement when she was a high-school student in Manual Arts. From the very beginning of the movement she and her entire family were members of the Parliament of Man. Until within the last year or two she was a mem-

ber of the Pasadena Town Meeting, but for the last two years, owing to a change of residence, she is now a member of the Parliament of Man again.

A special objective in presenting the pictures of these children is to give them a set-



ROBERT ALAN LOYND AND PAULA GRACE LOYND

ting in the forum movement in the early years of life. The fact that they are growing up in a forum minded home is, in itself, a very great heritage. This incident alone might be enough to influence their lives into the paths of successful and responsible citizenship. It will be an object of great pride, when they grow up, to point out the fact that their mothers in the days of their infancy found the time and put forward the effort to be a part of a responsible world, while other mothers are using the argument that they must stay at home, (except for bridge and a list of engagements that have no civic meaning whatever,) and look after the children. Here are some mothers who find that the importance of being a part of an ongoing democratic civilization is so great that they cannot successfully take care of their children, that they cannot even have the right attitude toward life with which to inspire their children, except by attending a forum. A forum mother is more intelligent than other women—that, of course, goes without saying!

"IT'S NO SIN"

Smoking's All Right, Says First Lady
(Reprint from *International News Service Dispatch*, Oct. 18)

New York, Oct. 18 (I.N.S.). — Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt does not regard smoking as a "sin," she said today at the women's luncheon here. A woman had written her, Mrs. Roosevelt revealed, taking her to task because she permitted her children to smoke in her presence. Mrs. Roosevelt said she was opposed to such restrictions because they created an "atmosphere of fear" in the home.

"Anything that anyone does inmoderately is a menace to health and character," Mrs. Roosevelt said, "but I do not feel that smoking is a sin."

She: "Why did you tell Mrs. Tuff her husband was dead when he had only lost all his money?"

He: "I thought I'd better break it to her gently."—Humorist (London).

THE FORUM PROGRAMS PASADENA TOWN MEETING

MAY 16, 6:30 P. M.

Banquet
Arcade Tea Room
696 East Colorado St., Pasadena
The New Justice
Judge Ben B. Lindsey

WANDERERS AND WAYFARERS IN PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE AND ART

214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles

MAY 10, 8:00 P. M.
Hancock Ensemble

THE GLENDALE FORUM

The Tuesday Afternoon Club Bldg.
Corner Central and Lexington

MAY 12, 7:30 P. M.

First Hour: *Current Events*
Dr. Frederick W. Roman
Second Hour: *Dictators*
Dr. Arthur Patch McKinley

MAY 19, 7:30 P. M.

First Hour: *Current Events*
Mrs. H. Carroll McGowan
Second Hour: *"Ceramics"*
Miss Jean Abel

and

"Sea Shells"

H. Carroll McGowan

MAY 26, 7:30 P. M.

First Hour: *Current Events*
Mrs. H. Carroll McGowan

Second Hour:

Glendale City Teacher's Choral Club

THE WORLD TODAY

Mona Lisa, 3343 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles

MAY 5, 10:00 A. M.

Is South America Going Fascist?
Charles A. Thomson

PARLIAMENT OF MAN

214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles

MAY 6, 7:15 P. M.

Social Revolution in Mexico
Charles A. Thomson

LONG BEACH FORUM

Y. W. C. A., Corner 6th and Pacific

MAY 7, 12:45 Noon

Is South America Going Fascist?
Charles A. Thomson

OUT OF PRACTICE

It was during the impanelling of a jury that the following colloquy occurred:

"You are a property holder?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Married or single?"

"I have been married for five years, Your Honor."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion?"

"Not for five years, Your Honor."

"You won't skid if you stay in a rut."

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ASSO- CIATED FORUMS, LTD.

The Board of Directors held their annual meeting at the Chapman Park Hotel this year, April 9, 6 P. M.

After transacting the customary business and hearing the reports, the officers for the new year were chosen.

The outstanding feature of the meeting was the address of the evening which was delivered by the City Superintendent of Schools of Los Angeles,—Vierling Kersey. The officers of the Associated Forums, Ltd. felt deeply appreciative in being honored by the presence and the assistance of the head of the City School System.

The Superintendent discussed the forum movement in the light of one of the forms of progressive education. He made many valuable observations.

By way of introduction the Superintendent pointed out that there was no competition in education except for those who can do the best job. The forum has a definite place in the public school system; there is, however, a marked field for the private forum, which is in position to try out types of thought which are not quite ready for public acceptance. Next, Superintendent Kersey proceeded to announce the four stages through which forum thought potentially might pass.

First, there is the promotional stage. A great many movements begin and end in promotion. Some people never do anything else except promote some new idea. It was really refreshing to observe how keenly the Superintendent understood all these promoters! (By way of parenthesis the editor wishes to add that since the Associated Forums have been organized, more than a decade ago, this community has witnessed the rise and fall of literally hundreds of projects. Our own forums originally had a certain kind of cooperation from some hundreds of people who seemed to be quite active as long as we were in what might be called the promotional stage. There have been dozens of peace movements in the last few years of the same type. In fact, our forum office would be able to supply the list of some several hundred men and women who could be counted upon to promote most anything—a Forum, a Townsend Plan, a Peace Society, although it might be based upon the wildest dreams. It might have in it elements of astrology, or wildcat money. It could be anything that at sometime or other has caught someone's attention. One of the most difficult problems in getting anything started that is worth while arises when a mass meeting is called because all the nuts and the promoters will be there and a certain number of them will be certain to get on the committees. The editor would be able to nominate quite a number of groups that have literally been talked to death by people who get on the committees. It was really most encouraging to note that the Superintendent showed exceptional sagacity in recognizing that the country is full of out and out promoters. The Associated Forums, Ltd., itself, in times past has not been wholly free from the sorrows of its associated promoters.)

The second stage in the forum as presented by the Superintendent was called evaluation. After a project has been well started the sensible thing to do is to stop and meditate, take stock of what has been accomplished, make an assessment of the ideals that could be put forward, find out what the peo-

ple are willing to do. Also, find out what is true with reference to all the things that have been suggested. Some people phone in to have the schools closed on a certain day because it has been predicted by some astrologist that there is to be an earthquake, a flood, or some other catastrophe. In other words someone has been promoting some ideas, which all means that no one ever seriously checked up as to whether any of the predictions ever did come true. There is a certain disconcerted part of the population that is ever ready to act on ideas that someone has been promoting despite the fact that these notions and suggestions have never really been evaluated or tested by anyone.

The third stage in forum development may be nominated as reorganization. After a time a movement comes to maturity, its work has been evaluated, attainable standards have been set and now comes the time that if the work is to grow it must reorganize with reference to this attainable status. This means modification. The activity from now on must be predicated on what ought to be done or on what the people are ready to accept. The reorganization will differ in various parts of the country.

After the forum has been promoted and its activities have been evaluated, and reorganization has set in, in terms of the tested truths and values, then the forum must meet the fourth problem which is acceptance. The Superintendent pointed out that we are not well enough organized to know what we can and what we cannot accept. He stated that a forum movement could do one of two things—it could compromise on the side of strength and numbers, or on the side of finesse. There was the constant temptation, in order to get large audiences, to arouse popular sensation, to yield to the foibles and the excitement of the hour. It is quite evident that many forums are doing just this thing. In other words, in order to get themselves accepted by large numbers some forum groups are willing to put on anything, up to the very limit of legal possibilities. The ideal, the final purposes of society are well-nigh sacrificed simply in the interest of door receipts. Again, the forum could go in the other direction and in the interest of finesse be quite willing to sacrifice ostentation, size, or even approbation for the sake of forwarding the ultimate truths and goals of a democratic society.

Some people are cooperative because it gives an opportunity to have an intellectual cast for the moment; other people will come in order to develop strength to avoid certain things; it helps some people to overcome an inferiority complex. Some people fear that the earmarks of their own profession will be fastened upon them; they enjoy getting into a forum in order to acquire the cosmopolitan attitude. The forum helps some people to grow in much the same sense as the use of poetry stimulates some people to growth. Some people will come for entertainment or in lieu of something which they feel they lack. Others will come in order to get a certain class standing. Some groups are ready to accept materialistic values; others are much more interested in cultural values. The Superintendent pointed out that this latter type is very popular in New England. No doubt this has still come down from the days of the Puritans and the Pilgrims; that the people of that stock could still believe that there is something worth while in a righteous and cultural idea is quite understandable. Of

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

The Six

(Continued from April Issue)

Once more the voice is stifled. A shudder runs through the old man's worn-out body; from his lips there sounds, dead and heavy:

Satan, it is you who speak to me. Are you trying to lead my soul into temptation, to trick me to my damnation? The keenness of your logic frightens me! And yet my whole being cries out to you. Do you not promise me knowledge and understanding? My old wounds begin to bleed; my heart burns again with tormenting questions; and desires that I thought had long been buried struggle up from the depths of my soul in burning eagerness. They burn me like consuming fire, and my soul writhes with their thousand torments. Will the hour strike at last of fulfillment of my yearning?

But they say that the devil can't be trusted. He does nothing out of pure good will. So tell me plainly and frankly. What do you expect for your service?

It was very little that sounded from the corner in reply. Hardly worth talking about.

As long as you live no wish shall be denied you. Whatever your fancy may devise, your heart desire, you shall never turn to me in vain. Time and space, death and eternity, shall lie unveiled before you, clear as crystal, and every riddle's teasing knot unloosed. You shall perceive the reason of all being and the well-considered plan of events. Before your eyes shall the last frontiers vanish by which your mind has hitherto been held in check. Even your least whim shall be my law, and should the moment ever come when I fail you with my answer, then shall the bond be severed that binds you to me.

But when, some day, that last hour arrives for you when your vital strength is spent and your spirit feels prepared for its long rest; what happens then lies in my hand. For that you are to ask no accounting.

There is a gentle creaking of the ancient timbers, and soft shadows float about the flickering lamp. In the weary soul heaven and hell circle round and round and contend for victory. Then in the old man's eyes a hard light shines, and his voice rings firm as he says:

So be it: I am ready to accept your bargain. To know! To understand! Even for a little while! To gaze deep into the whirlpool of events and glimpse the basis of all being, which I have striven so long to see. Scarcely can I comprehend it: the long desired hour has come which brings me release! But I have always thought that that Savior who died for so many could never be my deliverer.

Of what account to me are death and resurrection, hell, time, and eternity, so long as my mind yearns in vain for understanding and my soul gasps in the anguish of desire! Is not this unsatisfied impulse gnawing at my heart worse than the worst pains of hell? Then it will be better for me to take upon myself the certainty of torment through eternity than to lurk forever about closed doors, never getting to the bottom of the riddle.

Satan, I am ready! One glimpse into the heart of the infinite outweighs all the pains of hell!

From out the gloomy background of the apartment there strides forth into the circle lighted by the lamp a tall, slender fellow, a cock's feather in his hat, his body wrapped in a red mantle. The sharp features of his pale countenance seem as if carved with a chisel, and supercilious scorn plays about his thin lips.

Good, old fellow! says he in a high-pitched voice. You please me. But I knew that you would some day come to me. You hardly fit in the other circle. A man who hides such depths within him is not made for God and his laws.

But now, up, and out from these narrow walls! Inside a moldering house the mind grows moldy too. If you want to grasp the deepest meaning of life you must traverse lands, you cannot keep your soul in fetters behind dusty windows and yellowed parchments. Out yonder laughs another world which will bring to your restless spirit the peace that it has longed for.

But before we leave this room, which has so often been for you a torture chamber, you must change your outer form. Age is the heaviest burden man has to bear. In an aged body the mind itself grows old. The truth that takes timid form in an old brain already bears decay within it; it is hardly born before it warns of worms and tombs.

Take this powder; dissolve it in water and bathe your head and limbs in it. You'll feel its effects quickly enough.

The old man does as he is bid, moistens his withered body with the elixir and can scarcely comprehend the miracle that has suddenly been wrought in him. The furrows that time has graven on his brow are erased by the power of the charm. Gone are the white beard, the white hair which a moment before had covered his head, and with them the slow decay which hourly warned him of his end.

A youth stands by the window, blond and strong. From his eyes glows youthful vigor. Youth flows like fire through his limbs, mysterious powers steel his every nerve. The whole world seems now so different to him; he feels the pulse of life beat in his veins. Titanic powers swell his breast.

The first glimpse of dawn shows in the east as the two cross the worn threshold of the ancient house and the heavy door clangs shut behind them. With springing steps they hasten through the silent, dreaming streets of the city toward its ancient gates. Still drunk with sleep the aged warder opens for them a narrow door and lets them out into the open.

Now the city lies behind them, and they stride lustily up the little hill from whose summit one gets a glorious view across the land. The youth gazes down into the valley with intoxicated eyes, while his slender companion looks down, indifferent and bored.

Forest and field lie bright with the splendor of the new-risen sun. The lark soars, warbling, toward the sky, greeting, full-throated, the vast, beaming orb of day. From hedge and bush sounds happy twittering. Butterflies cradle on dew-covered blossoms, and from the neighboring wood resounds the cuckoo's luring call. In the vale the little stream goes babbling on its way, and yonder lies the ancient city, veiled in a softening haze: an enchanted world under the spell of slumber.

Nature has never seemed so lovely to him. He has never felt so strongly the unity of his being with all creatures. The heavy weight which through the years has lain on his soul has vanished, and his spirit floats in the blue ether like a boat on a placid lake.

His fervent gaze drinks in all the splendor that lies about him; every sound that beats upon his ear thrills his heart like a maiden's kiss.

Leisurely the two wanderers descend the other side of the hill into the valley and pace along beside the little brook, which, gently winding, pursues its way toward its distant goal, till their path leads them to a narrow bridge.

A girl in soft garments, with flowers twined in her golden hair, knowing a bare seventeen or eighteen autumns, stands loitering on the other shore; her deep eyes gaze guileless and innocent upon the two wanderers. The youth seizes greedily on the warming glance of those soulful eyes, and a feeling he has never known before lays gentle hold upon his throbbing heart.

Can this perhaps be love? He has never known before what love means. Love has always been for him a petty vice of weak-willed men who had no earnest purpose in life. Woman has seemed to him the epitome of sin and trivial pleasure, who drags man away from the path of duty and serious thought, wastes his powers, makes his existence aimless.

For this reason he has banished the other sex from his vicinity, so that no sinful desire should disturb his circles, cripple the pinions of his soul. No woman has ever crossed the threshold of that room in which he has spent the greater part of his previous life, alone with the clamorous thoughts which lurked in

its every corner like timid messengers from unknown worlds. That was no place for idle pastime and relaxing lust.

But now as this maiden's glance burns into his heart a new feeling has come over him, that is in perfect harmony with the profound unity of his own being with everything about him. The impulse to tender confession, the longing for this unknown being, course wholesomely through all his limbs and shed a warm glow over his soul. His step lags. He casts a perplexed sidelong glance at the tall figure beside him, who has all the while been regarding him with ill-concealed mockery.

The milkface has hit you hard, he drawls. A trim little creature, by my faith! Still fresh as dew and appealing to the appetite. Put no check on your feelings. Never neglect what the moment brings you! Forward, my noble youngster! Don't be bashful! She'll not be stubborn, this young thing. Meanwhile I'll just draw one side for a while; when you need me I'll be at your service.

The young man hastens resolutely to the other shore, embracing the maiden's dainty form with his caressing gaze. His flattering words fall alluringly on her ear. Then she drops her eyes in shame and a hot glow floods her face. Now they seat themselves on a moss-covered stone in the shadow of an old elm tree and talk together intimately, like friends who have known each other always. Then their hands are intertwined, and their lips are silenced in a kiss.

But as the young pair silently rise and, still in close embrace, move toward the neighboring wood, they are followed by the malicious gaze of the other, who stands with folded arms on the other shore, and speaks in scorn:

O man, you pitiful creature, compounded of spirit and clay! The spirit always wants to lift him up to heaven, but the clay weighs him down to earth, so that he always crawls and always hungers. An odd fellow is man! Always on the quest for the philosopher's stone, yet when he feels knowledge close beside him he commits the greatest folly of his life. His mind revels in the quest of heaven, in dreams of the stars, and he does not notice that he is lying in the gutter like a drunkard full of new wine.

He, yonder, sat for seventy years in his house and dreamed of building bridges to the infinite, consumed himself in self-engendered torment, and would actually have driven himself mad, because his God would not take the bandages from his eyes and let him see clearly to the bottom of all riddles. He carried world-encompassing thoughts in his brain and often fancied that he caught the rhythm of distant spheres. With feverish gaze he waited for the hour when the dark curtain that had thus far hidden from him the meaning and purpose

of existence should at last be raised. And as it slowly dawned on him that all his efforts were bound by space and time, that the mind could never succeed in grasping the reason for things, his heart was utterly crushed and his soul cried out to me in unnamable torture.

But today the lout is already cured. Now that he has tasted blood his great longing will slowly fade. His soul that once so boldly tried to scale the loftiest heights will content itself with the Mount of Venus. Instead of seeking for what lies behind all things, he'll learn what lies behind a woman's lap. And this lore will make him far more happy than the airy structure of ideas which he has spent his life in building, and to which he has never yet been able to give definite form. So the unsatisfied yearning and last hopes will fade out before the insatiable fire of lust, and attainable desire will blunt the urge for knowledge.

But he will never understand the nature of his folly. For even in little things his eyes are focused only on the remote and do not see what lies right before his nose. He boasts of his free will, believes himself the master of his fate, and is merely the marionette, dancing on threads pulled by obscure powers.

Now he is angry at his God because he has fooled him, kept him all these years in leading strings, and he does not dream that he has already gulped a new bait and is once more dangling on a hook. That he himself put out the bait, forged the new hook, like all the others he has bitten on, of course never enters his mind.

And yet this truth is so near to him. I and my brethren up yonder, what are we but creatures of his mysterious urge! His spirit created us, the sultry passion of faith begot us and flung us out into the realm of reality.

So the same game repeats itself forever and always ends in stalemate, since the cards are always equal. Whether God or Satan will in the end draw the higher trumps in this game is still an even chance and makes no difference in the outcome, for man will always be the stake.

The years fly by in the colorful game of time, and restlessly the two wanderers pursue their way across strange lands, over strange seas. Many a clever trick has the tall man performed. The dear public stretches its neck and arms whenever he sets his dark arts in play, crosses itself perhaps, and timidly gets out of his way.

He gets to know thoroughly the heights and depths of life, is at home with students, peasants, travelers; and even the splendor of the great is well known to him. At many a court he is a welcome guest, who charms the coin of God's anointed out of their coffers,

beguiling them meanwhile with mummery and sleight of hand.

It really is no laughing matter for the tall man, for the whims of this fellow to whom his art has given a second youth are as countless as the sands of the sea. His head is filled with a thousand lusts and desires, and every wish becomes at once the father of a flood of other wishes. In this chaos of wavering ideas there is no resting place, no fixed point. Ideas whirl up and down in a mad chase, and are already dead before they are thought through to an end. It is a constant rise and fall of the emotions, a conflagration of restless passions, lacking all purpose, all direction.

What many years ago burned in his heart, the profound yearning for the reason of things, the burning urge for understanding, is long lost and buried. Only rarely in a silent hour does a soft voice remind him of times long gone. Then the old longing suddenly wells up, and shudderingly his spirit hears the rustle of distant worlds. But then the tall man quickly snatches him out of his dream with mummery and chatter. Quickly his mind is off on the new trail, and all his yearning vanishes painfully into the depths.

And so, unceasing, year piles on year, and for the second time old age softly announces itself. The hair bleaches, the eyes grow dim, and deep within yawns the great void.

Now the tall man leaves him more in peace, disturbs him less frequently in his meditations. A great loneliness seizes on his fluttering heart, and the path of life lies drear before his eyes.

Out yonder autumn drags wearily through the land, and the leaves fall, soundless, from the trees. Withered leaves whirl in the wind, the great death makes its way through field and grove. And in him, too, it is slowly turning autumn; only deep in his heart does there still glow a spark of that fire which once consumed him and drove him out of his native land to foreign soil.

As formerly, he sits today again at home and turns over in his brain thoughts that are dull and heavy. The autumn wind drives roughly through the night and shakes the ancient building as if in scorn. He sits at the window as he did so many years ago and wearily sweeps his glance through gloomy outed space. But today no distant star gleams for him out there, no moonbeam pierces the darkness. Black, like the abyss, yawns the sky above him. He feels as if walled in within the shaft of a well, and dark shadows rise out of the depths.

Now the game draws to its end, he murmurs. The tall, stealthy rogue, it seems, has slipped away. Just today, when he was to have rendered me an accounting, he has basely left me in the lurch. And yet what could he do for me in this hour? I can hardly endure his existence any longer. I have always been, in fact, alone, even when others joined me. Today it is doubly

good to be alone, so that no mockery may disturb my last hours.

Now he is filled with the memory of quiet dreams. A soft note sounds from out the depths. Is it the gentle rhythm of distant worlds which he sometimes heard long, long ago, like the soft rustling of eternity?

A cool breeze fans his heated brow, and thoughts swarm swiftly up out of the depths. Clear as crystal seem to him the ideas that without effort shape themselves into words in his brain. Never has he seen so deeply into things.

Is this the final revelation? he asks timidly. The final revelation just before the end? It is as if scales fell from my eyes; the last illusion falls in fragments. Betrayed and sold a second time! And I felt myself so strong in my delusion!

They can fool a shepherd only once in his lifetime. But me, whom the world calls the great sage, they have tricked twice.

First it was God who kept me in leading strings, then Satan taught me behavior. And I, fool that I am, failed to recognize the contemptible game and felt myself the lord and master, when I was but the puppet of his will, the blind dupe of his imposture!

How great, how like a creator, I thought myself when with violent hand I tore the bond that had hitherto bound me to God! I would explore, spy out the core of things, bathe my spirit in the knowledge of all being. Thus have I sacrificed my soul's bliss, brought damnation through eternity on me, for a brief span of glimmering understanding.

Satan promised me that. And I, I, the fool, I trusted his word, moved at his beck like a simpleton, and never guessed that I was just the plaything of his whim.

He promised me understanding. But instead of unveiling for me the meaning of life, the beginning and the end of all things, he offered me woman as lure to spend the hours in trivial dalliance, fanning my senses to flame, drugging my mind to silence. He reminded my soul into petty coin and clipped the wings of my yearning before I guessed his purpose.

But now the kernel of the riddle is revealed to me: God and Satan are of the same race, the two poles about which our life revolves. No Satan without God, no God without Satan! As twins born in the selfsame hour they bear, forged on them, the same yoke, and it holds them together till the end of time.

Man's life is lived within this circle. We drift eternally from one pole to the other, but never escape from the circle which holds us in its magic spell. And if it dawns on us in some luminous hour that one of them is merely making a fool of us, we promptly turn to the other for help in our hour of need, for savior and redeemer.

And he is already waiting for us, hands us the same stuff printed with a new pattern so that we shall not recognize the old goods. God and the Devil is the name of this old firm. One partner cannot get on without the other; it would be all up with their business.

As long as our mind revolves in this circle it will never be illuminated by the light of understanding. For understanding—I feel this clearly—lies outside the circle of God and Satan; but thus far no road leads to it.

For me it is now too late; I feel that my hour has come. My tired limbs yearn for rest. But my race will not die with me. As long as man still dwells on earth his mind will strive for understanding: till his brood shall perish in the stream of time.

Now the future lies clear before my eyes. There is a sound like distant organ music in my ears. It is the hymn of the coming generations:

Liberation of man by himself! Salvation by his own strength!

Far, far in the East there glows another sun which has never shone upon this earth! But now it's time; the last hour draws nigh. Already I can see the dark edge of the desert.

* * *

The heaven is gray. The desert yawns. A mighty sphinx of smooth black marble lies outstretched upon the waste of fine brown sand, her gaze lost in dreary, infinite remoteness.

Nor hate nor love dwells in that gaze; her eyes are misted, as by some deep dream, and over her dumb lips' cold pride there hovers, gently smiling, just eternal silence.

The first wanderer gazes into the eyes of the sphinx, but he can never solve her riddle; wordless he sinks on the desert sands.

II

THE SECOND ROAD

The road comes from Andalusia and has its beginning in the narrow streets of Seville, the city of love and adventure.

When the sun beats hot on the white walls, when no breath cools the leaves of the palms and heavy vapors rise from the earth, then Seville rests, relaxes her limbs, and waits for the cool breeze of evening.

But when the night comes down in silence, and a thousand stars shine from the river's depths, when the palm leaves rustle softly, and sweet fragrance floats from the gardens, then Seville wakes, sin strides soft-footed through the streets and wraps the entire city in her mantle.

From dark corners come the notes of mandolin and guitar and lover's serenade. A deep intoxication inflames the senses. The waves caress on the river's flood, flowers exchange kisses with the wooing wind, and fireflies betake themselves to a feast of love. The air is heavy with hot kisses. It seems as if the earth

herself is trembling with fierce, passionate desire that wells, clamorous, from her every pore.

High over the Alcazar's haughty walls shines bright the golden sickle of the crescent moon, emblem of grandeur's long, long gone. No God of Christendom has been strong enough to banish the ancient symbol from the sky. Though the brave Moslem horde fell in savage battle, crushed by the weight of the cross, the emblem of the prophet still shines from heaven, and its splendor is still mirrored in the rivers of Spain.

On this hot soil he was born. The passion of sin is in his blood, fills him with demonic desire.

Black curls cluster about his proud head. Written on his countenance are rebellious defiance, tempestuous daring, which no law can hold in check, no sanctity can shake.

From his dark eyes glow the fire of hell, the bliss of heaven. But woe to the woman who falls under the spell of that glance; it sears her soul like a hot blast from the desert. The raging lust for sin leaps in her veins, her body is racked by fierce, feverish pangs, her every nerve cries out in passionate desire.

When, noiseless as a panther, he strides through the dusk, then is danger on the march, disaster on the prowl. Death hangs on his swordpoint, and it is terrible to rouse his wrath. When he appears, close behind him stalks dismal murder, the untamed passion of hell.

The doves in their nest are seized with a mysterious shudder, for no wall is too high, no bar too strong for him. The bars fall, the walls melt. No prayers, no tears help then. He does not stop half-way, and in his wake comes death and shame and the never ending torment of despair.

When he spends a night carousing with a circle of reckless toppers, when the wine stands blood-red in the cup, he quaffs with it heavily joy and earthly bliss. For every drop that goes coursing through his veins serves but to unloose dark forces in him that are subject only to their own law.

When in the wine he feels the fiery flow of truth, he begins to argue:

But all truth is but intoxication of the senses, and all intoxication but a dream. In intoxication we break the heavy yoke of hypocrisy, the arbitrary bound that reason sets to check the bold play of the senses.

When one of those well-bred prigs, like a trained poodle, is born, he knows at once just how to tell good from evil. He drips dignity, decency, and good morals, and struts like a peacock in the ethical feathers with which he decks himself out on holidays. He weighs every word cautiously, veils the nakedness of experience with prudish hand, and carefully cherishes each ancient custom.

(To be continued.)

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ASSOCIATED FORUMS, LTD.

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

course that notion would have nothing to do with Santa Anita horses!

Some people wish to have something taught that will make them proof against destructive worry. Other groups are sponsored by cycles. Some come to be stimulated to create. It was happily pointed out that there are many people who are in deep need of moral security and that this is a value that the forum is in position to give, provided it is organized on the principle of constant evaluation and ever ready reorganization. Most people think that they are already financially bankrupt as far as material things are concerned but as a matter of fact the mental and cultural bankruptcy of our people is already far greater than the lack of materialistic possessions, and for that reason our society is easy to emotionalize and very hard to intellectualize.

The world was not able to accept the teachings of Socrates, they were so nearly mentally bankrupt, and for that reason they wanted immediate security. The Greek world went to pieces because the carrying out of the Socratic plan required time for acceptance. The people needed to be trained, needed to be reorganized in order to accept the new truths that would result from the evaluation of the Socratic discussion. The Greek world failed for the second reason, and that is that the Socratic plan quite frankly asks people to sail out upon an uncharted sea, announces to them that their real security lies within themselves and that the steps that they will take in the future must be promoted, evaluated, reorganized and then accepted, and these were just the points that our Superintendent made. Now in the days of Socrates, the Greek world was too timid to sail very far on uncharted seas; they wanted immediate security, and they didn't want to think about it; they wanted somebody to hand them something; they wanted to adopt ready-made opinions even though they had never been tested. The Greeks did not accept Socrates. Now the question arises,—is the country going to accept the plan advocated by the Superintendent? That is, a forum that encourages promotion just long enough to start evaluation for the purpose of a more efficient organization in the hope of accepting an acceptance that clearly indicates that values most worth while must arise from within, must be the product of profound discussion and even at best must counsel the sailing upon uncharted seas, in the faith that the piloting will be done from league to league by the intuitive or sense values that grow from within the mind as a result of the day's outlook based upon yesterday's experience; and this is the final acceptance for the forum that is hoping to land safely in the harbor of realized triumph on the morrow.

IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE TROUBLES, HEARKEN TO FEW VERSES OF "BLUES" FROM THIS CONNELLSVILLE RESIDENT

(From Uniontown Paper—1-30-38)

Blues Singers are not always to be found in night clubs.

Fayette County has a man who is able to

put into words all the ills that confront humanity in this age of laws and taxes.

IGNACIO CASTIGLIA, 608 GIBSON AVENUE, CONNELLSVILLE, in a letter that proves to be a masterpiece of something or other, explained to Commissioner John W. Rankin just why he found it difficult to forward a check to offset an obligation to the county.

And there is a challenge to anyone to improve upon the writer's ability to so compactly encompass the trials and tribulations of the American citizenry. Here 'tis:

"In reply to your request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to federal laws, state laws, county laws, city laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, mother-in-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws and outlaws.

"Through these laws, I am compelled to pay a business tax; amusement tax, head tax, school tax, gas tax, light tax, water tax, sales tax, liquor tax, income tax, food tax, furniture tax and excise tax. I am required to get a business license, car license, operator's license, truck license, not to mention a marriage license and a dog license.

"I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing into life; to woman's relief, the unemployed relief and the gold-digger's relief. Also, to every charitable institution in the city, including the Salvation Army, Community Chest, Red Cross, Purple Cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Y.M.C.A.

"For my own safety, I am required to carry health insurance, life insurance, fire insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, earthquake insurance, tornado and flood insurance, unemployment insurance and old age insurance.

"My business is so governed that it is no easy matter to find out who owns it. I am inspected expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, dejected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled, until I provide the inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race.

"Simply because I refuse to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am almost ruined.

"I can tell you honestly, that except for a miracle that happened, I could not enclose the check. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays, just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them, and here is the money."

THE ORIGIN OF THE HORSE POWER

James Watts tried to replace the horses in the tin mines in Cornwall. One horse could raise, with the help of a capstan 23,000 lbs. of tin ore one foot in one minute.

Watts offered his Iron Horse which would lift 33,000 lbs. of ore one foot in one minute—hence, our Horse Power rating.

Contributed by Mr. Sylvester Benn,

Croydon, England.

Former Member, Parliament of Man.

She (complainingly): "You are not like my first husband."

He: "No, thank goodness! I'm alive."

NOT OLD—ANCIENT

"That Miss Blonde is much older than I thought," remarked a young man to his friend in the boarding house.

"What makes you think that?" asked his friend.

"Well," he replied, "I asked her if she had read Homer's 'Iliad,' and she said she read it when it first came out."

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J. FRANK BURKE

Editor of the Air

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Other days (except Saturday)
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