Chips of Thought

By
ROSS D. BROWN

Second Edition
PREFACE

I hope to reach many of the people of both races with this little booklet. I make no apology for its contents for I am of the belief that men should no longer go thru this world wearing the mask of hypocrisy, and saying only the pleasing things that society wants to hear.

The truth must be told; someone must carry the lantern; it must be done now. This pamphlet is printed neither for profit or applause. I have simply collected a few facts — but I should indeed be foolish to expect each reader to agree with all that I have said.

You may be in a position where you cannot afford to speak your honest thoughts; your back may be to the wall. Thus, I will speak for you and say some of the things that you may have said.

Whether you are a peacemaker or a parasite, a worker or a striker, I have given you consideration somewhere in this book.

Take heart and have hope, is my advice to the people everywhere. Stand up on your hind legs of learning and expand your chest of achievement and see how tall a shadow you can make in the sun of civilization. I thank my faithful friends who have encouraged me thru all the long years as comrades in the common cause.

Thanks to the ministers who have opened their churches to me. Again I repeat, there is but little space between the cradle of morning and the casket of night. We shall pass this way but once, so let's scatter the seeds of science and gather the flowers of facts, and so conduct ourselves that there will be no reluctance when that inevitable sleep shall come to throttle the heart, silence the voice and close the weary eyes.

Yours very truly,
ROSS D. BROWN.
PROGRESS

We look to see whether or not we are abreast or behind the thoughtful throng.

We look at the flywheels of evolution dipping their spokes in the pit of progress; we listen to detect the flight and fall of water, wind and wave.

In every age, man has constructed from the source of his brain; when his brain was crude his work was poor, but his work progressed as his mind evolved.

We know the mentality of man when he burned old women for witches. We know the condition of the mind of man when he lived on barks, bird eggs, nuts, leaves and fruits. We can fancy how glorious he felt when he stood erect and uncovered his head beneath the music of the stars.

How triumphant he was when he discovered the law of gravitation, and built his first boat, and sailed the first stream, and how proud he must have been over the discovery of fire.

A few centuries ago the vase of progress was almost filled with the tears of torture.

A few years ago science, investigation and invention, the triangle of truth, were called the trinity of treason.

The murmur of the motor, the speed of the spark, and the transmission of speech, fanned by the tireless wings of wisdom, soared with dauntless dignity thru the long night of opposition.

We caught and sealed the human voice, bottled the air and harnessed the waves, we tap the current and harvest the heat, we laugh in the storm and sing thru the sea, and whisper with sparkling lips of love the prayers of joy and grief.

A few years ago a battle was raging between the studious and the stupid; every book was a beggar, and every thought was a thief.

The night fled, the morning smiled, and the world beheld the purple plume of power.

Looking backward we see the improvements in the wake of chemistry and mechanics; these inventions came from the better brain.

A few years ago the telescope and the telegraph were as primitive as the people.

A few years ago man had not educated the soul of electricity; automobiles were unknown, and the X-ray was unthinkable; the camera was experimental, the telephone was a toy, and the dynamo was a demon of the devil.

Orville and Wilbur Wright were the uncrowned kings of Kitty Hawk; the aeroplane, that outsoars the eagle, was called the vulture of a vision.

Granville T. Woods and Elijah McCoy were sleeping in the unborn age of time; Marconi and his assistants had not spread the wings of wireless; words had no waves and radio had no reason.

Today there seems to be no secrets; the ether is filled with eyes and the wind is filled with wings; the whispering voices of violins and the serenades of saxophones hide their musical faces in the cliffs of the clouds and the wrinkles of the wind.
WORDSMASTERSHIP

Thoughts are the children of the brain; words are the garments they wear.

Words are as dainty as daisies and as dangerous as dynamite. Words, like many other things, are neither good or bad within themselves; they are, however, good or bad only in connection or relation to something else. Men have been known to save money each day, but finally die in the poor house.

Learn to properly use a new word each day is a good way to help fill a vacant vocabulary.

The fellow who banks a good word each day will never be sent to the intellectual infirmary. Picturous sentences come from the paint shop of practice.

No matter how homely or untidy the conversationalist may be, no matter about the color of the skin — eager ears will listen to that eloquent tongue decorated with diction, the current of conversation.

On the other hand, nothing is more embarrassing than to sit and listen and suffer in the company of one who finds pleasure in butchering beautiful words. Golden thoughts that are clad in ragged, half-said words may fall to the ground and go unheeded, while thoughts polished and painted with well emphasized words may be listened to with profound interest.

Misplaced words are impediments on the road of intellectual transportation; they block the highway of speech and clog the conduits of conversation.

Words, like other things, have their birth; they evolve, have good usage and often become obsolete.

Painting is putting on, sculpture is taking off, and words are the tools with which we build the huts and palaces on the highway of mental intercourse.

The most beautiful woman is less lovely if her words are ragged and crude. And the homliest man at once transforms himself when you hear the sterling, well-groomed words falling from the lips of logic. Beauty appears, homliness recedes — finally all is beautiful. The ear supplants what the eye has lost; there is no contrast — all is lovely.

Wordsmanship is the one art at which we may practice every hour in the day. The silver tongue with its musical voice will never fail to win its pound of praise.

The soul that can speak fluently, eloquently, and interestingly, should not muffle the mouth nor silence the speech, for there are wrongs to be righted, fires to be extinguished, ropes to cut, souls to save, and bridges to build.

Know the value of your voice; let it never be censored or silenced. Find the facts, then defend them with the trumpet of truth and the soul of sincerity.

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GOD NEVER FORGETS

Man is not punished for his sins, but by his sins.

A sin is great in proportion to the advantage you take over the one whom you sin against.

As you go thru this world you may meet men who are so unscientific that they will deny the existence of the law of gravitation, or the theory of evolution; you may meet freethinkers who never pray, and christians who never curse, but you will hardly find a man or woman who does not honestly believe in "The Law of Retribution"—as you debase others, you also automatically debase yourself.

That you are the inferior of the person whose liberty you trample underfoot; that it is impossible for one to be morally above those they hold down—such is the law of retribution.

This law is regular, always in gear, never neutral, always positive. This law cannot be recalled, mutilated, side-tracked, amended or suspended. Postponement of operation compounds its severity.

Most men, regardless of nationality, believe in this law, for it is not a myth or superstition; it is a fact, proven by the history of humanity's childhood.

Long before the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, man learned how to debase others, and by so doing he finally debauched himself.

Rulers and nations have staggered thru the tempest of time, drunk with deceit and puffed with power; they punished for pleasure and plundered for profit; they laughed at tears and scoffed at honesty; they drank the blood of innocence from the goblet of greed, and filled their hearts with the poison of prejudice.

While debasing others, they also dethroned themselves; that was "retribution." America, land of equity and equality, isolated in sin and cursed by capitalism, warped by war and piloted by prejudice, bound by imperialism and hounded by hypocrisy, permits division and expects cooperation while sending her ships to the port of destruction. Her most patriotic people are put in front in time of war and burned and lynched in time of peace; they find the factories and colleges closed, and the dives and prisons open.

Baseball has been succeeded by the lynching bee as the national sport. Ten thousand men of the superior race with their wives and daughters go to the lynching bee to get souvenirs and hear the shrieks and cries of a helpless victim of the so-called superior race.

They return home with pieces of rope and bits of half-cooked human flesh as a trophy of their superiority.

Lawlessness is unchecked, crime spreads its cruel curtain of darkness; and the vulture of violence (half eagle and half buzzard), with outstretched wings of wickedness and talons of torture, sits with pride on the dome of the Capital.

America smiles in her conceited carnival of crime; the dagger of destruction with its hilt of hate, the rope and the torch for the judge and jury.

People without patience for purity, and sympathy for sorrow, will find retribution in their midnight of madness.
Society never talks about the fallen man, but it has much to say about the fallen woman. We feel very ill toward the wayward woman because of her shame and also because of our unkindly kinship.

We lay the lash to the woman who has gone wrong, but make little or no effort to ascertain the causes that contribute to her degradation.

This woman, decked in rags or ribbons, paint or powder, is not an accident; she is not a sister without a sire, and may not have chosen her detestable occupation. When I think of the silk and textile mills, the factories and laundries that shamefully exploit our mothers and sister, I wonder why we have so few fallen women.

I see the faded faces of youth and age trying to make an honest living where work is hard and the wage is small, and where the long lean hand of inducement is beckoning from a thousand corners.

From the ballot box to the brothel we may trace the well-dressed fallen men who are, in a great measure, responsible for the unfortunate fallen women.

These wayward women are exploited by capital and misunderstood by labor; segregated by politics and scorned by fraternity; incarcerated by law and ostracized by society. They bear their burden in silence and flash reluctant smiles that mask the cheeks of tears.

As long as we have industrial autocracy some women will choose the garments of silk, woven on the loom of shame, rather than rags from the pennies of poverty. Good women are the angels of our earthly heaven and when they become bad they are still our sisters in society.

We cannot keep ourselves up by holding them in the gutter. Society's greatest work is to help the fallen woman and give her a chance to wipe her weeping eyes and rise from the shadow of shame.

Let these women be hopeful; let them think of the wonderful mothers, the sweet sisters and the big-hearted brothers who are students of economics and sociology and understand their condition, and are working for their redemption.

I see a new world of kinship and kindness, a world without prostitutes and parasites.

A world without shame or shackle, a world where virtue wears no veil and chastity wears no chains.

A world without bigots and brothels, a world where men and women are intelligent and pure, fashionable and fair.

Before you curse the wayward woman, think of what you might have been if fate had placed you in her environment.

Think of the hands that directed your feet; think of the lips that kissed your brow, and remember the battles that you have fought to keep your character above reproach.
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

John Haynes Holmes, of New York City—orator, author, thinker, preacher and humanitarian, stands almost without a peer as a preacher of his time; he is not ashamed of the fact that he was born in the twilight of the twentieth century.

He is a follower of Christ and a defender of men. Christ and Copernicus, David and Darwin, each have places in the heart of this great and thoughtful man.

His sermons are not simply lectures of historic conflicts between right and wrong. His elegant orations are more than that; they are sermons of today against the sins and wrongs of the hour.

John Haynes Holmes does not recede to the past centuries to find themes for discussion; he is too progressive to be stupid and too intelligent to be misled. He has been too truthful to remain out of jail, and too honest to endorse the wickedness of war.

He could have stood with the cowards at the cross-roads of neutrality and weighed empty words on the golden scales of his scholarship. From his vocabulary were a million willing words leaping toward his tongue; he could have talked reaction and taught contentment. He could have charmed his audiences with the matchless magic of his wonderful wordsmanship, and led them to the slaughter pens of the patriotic profiteers.

If a hypocrite, he would be wealthy and wicked instead of poor and progressive.

But there is no reverse gear in the transmission of his integrity; he is a lover of liberty, a hater of slavery, and a breaker of chains.

Every toil-cursed workingman, every outcast woman, every soul who wears visible or invisible chains is a member of his Church and a guest of his God.

When freedom of speech was denied the people of his community he did not cringe with the deceitful, but instead he cast his lot with the poor and oppressed. When speakers were being jailed for telling the truth he was ashamed to be at large.

The sandals of hypocrisy have never touched his feet, and the cowards' crown will never rest above his honest brow.

When he goes seining for sinners the big ones do not slip through his net. In his sight the war profiteer, the scheming patriot, the embalmer of beef and the manufacturer who gives his workers starvation wages, are the criminals for whom he holds supreme contempt.

A minister un bribed by fear and un awed by gain, whose restless soul is not content to paint with words the horrid pictures of the pitiless past, when before his very eyes criminals in broadcloth lock the wheels of justice and spit in the face of truth.

John Haynes Holmes stands like a giant on the highway of theology. Deft with the saber of thought, he challenges and conquers the vultures of superstition.

Those who are starving for the truth and are famishing for facts are crowding in the Peoples Church, where he speaks with rapidity, accuracy and authority.

When he dies liberty will lose a friend and slavery will lose an enemy.

A peerless people's preacher, leader of letters, teacher of tactics, dean of democracy, minister of mercy.
WENDELL PHILLIPS

Wendell Phillips was born in an age when to be patriotic meant to uphold the system of chattel slavery. No man was considered respectable who expressed a wish to liberate the slaves.

Phillips was a student of Harvard, a place where pebbles are polished and diamonds dimmed. He was not dwarfed by deceit nor flagged by flattery; the hoofs of Harvard did not crush his unselfish soul. Education for himself did not justify slavery for others.

On October 12, 1835, he saw a bloodthirsty mob in broadcloth—merchants and ministers, soldiers and seamen from Boston's beautiful Beacon hill, trying to lynch William Lloyd Garrison.

Phillips was a student of law, and believed in order. The constitution, the American flag, and the rights of men were sacred institutions to him. But on that memorable night he learned that a slave-loving nation cared little for the rights of the people.

He joined the abolitionist movement at his first opportunity; he found himself, but lost his wealthy friends of Cambridge and Boston. Thus he was disgraced by his deathless determination.

Doors of welcome were shut in his face. A leper, a traitor, a defender of slaves, they sneered at him as he passed along the streets.

He could not be bought or bribed, his eloquent lips were not for sale, so the state of Georgia offered five thousand dollars for his head.

A mulatto slave ran away from his master and was caught and charged with the crime of stealing his own body. The following Sunday, Phillips spoke in famous Faneuil Hall. With thunderbolts of thought forged with facts he denounced Judge Shaw and cursed the constitution.

Phillips fought against separate schools and had "jim-crow" cars abolished in Massachusetts. On a train at New Bedford he saw Fredrick Douglass forced into a filthy segregated car. Douglass could not ride in the apartment with white people, so Phillips went into the dirty car and shared the humiliation with Douglass.

On another occasion he walked the deck of a boat all night with Douglass rather than go to his quarters and leave his friend on a deck with sheep and swine.

When chattel slavery was ended he did not desert the cause of freedom as thousands of others did; he saw the menace of wage slavery and fought it to the day of his death.

He fought against the cruelty of the South, and the cussedness of the North. He was the first great American to advocate the eight-hour day, equal suffrage for women, and the freeing of the peasants of Russia.

Wage slavery with its headquarters in Washington was as detestable to him as chattel slavery when its office was in Richmond.

A long war was fought, the emancipation proclamation was signed; then he beheld the hypocrites thanking God for freeing the souls that they had fought to keep in bondage.

Wendell Phillips sleeps tonight in his grave of goodness and glory.

Hypocrites still gather about his tomb and shed their tiny tears. Hypocrites are they who pretend to reverence his grave while still hating the people he loved so well, and enslaving the souls he fought to free.
Wherever God has marked the earth with the footprints of man, we have watched from the windows of wisdom the ceaseless battle between science and superstition.

Superstition has always been the handcuff of hinderance, a rag of tradition clogging the feed-pipes of human progress.

Superstitions are the fangs of failure, science is the cycle of success. The customs of cowardice is to yearn for the manacles of mentality. They are afraid to investigate the shapeless shadows made by the breathless bats and owls that tirelessly flap their web-coated wings against the frost-covered windows of the morbid mind.

On every successful journey of human adventure, on every tow-path of progress where the souls of men have faced the midnight of mysticism with the lantern of law and learning, they have succeeded by fearless fortitude and dauntless devotion, mixed with disobedience.

One of the progressive traits of man is the fact that he will not always mind; that he is adventurous, investigating and progressive in spite of tradition.

Superstition says that it is bad luck to kill a cat, to permit an infant baby to look in a mirror, to put the baby's dress on over its head, for a corpse to remain unrigid, to let pictures hang on the wall, or permit a clock to run in the house where there is a corpse, to drop a fork, knife or dish cloth, to be a guest at a table where there are thirteen persons, to sweep dirt out of the house after dark, for a picture to fall from the wall—these and a few thousand other things are moulded in the minds of superstition, and given to men by the hand of ignorance.

On the other hand, science holds all findings and discoveries for what they are worth, not to be permanently true, but to occupy the position of truth, and remain in the spot-light of investigation until proven worthless or superseded by a worthy successor.

The wickedness of witchcraft and the debauchery of disbelievers has emptied the blood of innocence in the ocean of superstition.

The man who can see only the shadow of a fact calls it a spook because of its sable silence. Beyond the shadow is the form of the fact, there to help enrich the soul of the seeker.

Above the clouds of superstition are the sunbeams of truth, driven by the shafts of thought and weighed on the scales of science.

Tomorrow the air will be filled with the aroma of reality and the scented sandalwood of science.

Truth will never grow gray; she is wedded to the work of wisdom, always searching between the general and the special, the concrete and the abstract, the complex and the simple.

Superstition is the drapery of darkness, held by the feeble fleshless fingers of fear.
DISCOVERY AND INVENTION

The inventors are the tireless thinkers who dig thru the darkness of doubt and drill thru the mountains of mystery. They picture with the thought of imagination and build with the hands of reality.

The great inventors of today are the foolish cranks of yesterday. They have been scored and scorned by the ignorance of the educated; they enlisted in the army of investigation to find the flowers of facts trampled under foot by the tread of tradition.

Every great invention seems so very simple after one sees the harmony of construction and the point of performance.

Those who discover and invent will never cease to find a harvest in the field of facts.

Yesterday's inventions are seen in transit to the museum of memory. Today's discoveries are the stepping stones for the people of tomorrow.

Tomorrow will be crowded with knowledge and unfettered by fear; streets of the great cities will be double-decked, and the skyscrapers of today will be dwarfed by the giant structures of tomorrow. Trains will speed thru the trackless tube of transportation. The next century will be known as the sacred century of science.

Typewriters will become more complicated and then be simplified. Typists will simply talk to their machines and they will write accordingly.

Bert Williams and Caruso will be heard singing all the latest songs. A machine will be invented to take the tone of a singer's voice, from a record or from his lips. That instrument of supersensitivity will be used to sing with its deathless voice the verses that Caruso and Williams never sang.

Portable aeroplanes will be carried in cases to be unfolded and used in transit and travel. Radio will have no static disturbance; the air will be teeming with the melody of music. Watering troughs and hitching posts for horses will exist in remembrance.

Fire departments will fight the blaze with aerial apparatus. Perpetual motion will revolutionize the mechanical world.

Some thinker, called a fool, unheard and unsung, scorned by scores but a gem of genius, will work his way thru the long night of hope and arrive with the lantern of perpetual motion.

Even in its crude state in the morning of its beginning it will seem so simple that we will wonder how we walked around a shadow for so long a time without stumbling on the substance.

Inventors will compress the tears of the tempest and gather the volts of vigor and velocity that turn the speechless sprockets of power.

Inventors are the lights in the workshop of wisdom; they wear overalls and are grimy with grease, and touched with patience and timidity; they talk but little while looking thru space and thinking in silence; they simply buckle, bend and build, and these are the thoughts that are heard and seen around the world.
CRIMES AND CRIMINALS

If you would be a good fellow in society you must hate those human beings called criminals.

We look upon these unfortunate convicts as being the product of another world. We sear their souls, lock their step, and clothe their bodies in the stigma of stripes. We have progressed in many branches of thought more than we have in the science of criminology.

To think of punishing a man for the crime he has committed is today a very popular thought, but with all of its preposterous popularity it really belongs to the age of the ox.

Why do we not punish the man who has the smallpox, the woman who has tuberculosis, or the child who has the measles?

Centuries ago men were thought to be responsible for their diseases. They were tried and found guilty, because they could not prove their innocence in the courts of corruption. They were not objects of pity; they were convicted for possessing physical ailments over which they had no control.

The leper was banished to painfully bear his burden and die to pay the debt of disease.

Finally medical science proved that man was not always responsible for his disease.

Today we are also learning that men are not always responsible for the disease of the mind and the defects of the brain.

Kleptomaniacs are born with a desire to steal. Though wealthy, they find fond pleasure in stealing that which they do not need. These psychopaths are not often sent to jail for physical punishment. Instead, they are taken to the psychopathic hospital for mental treatment.

If we believe in determinism we must also think of the brain as a terminal of transmission—from environment to heredity, from cause to effect.

To punish a criminal is like whipping a girl because she is homely. If we concede that a man is not responsible for his natural form of face, how can we hold him individually responsible for his natural mold of mind?

I do not say release the criminals, but I do say incarcerate them and treat them, not for punishment but to reform them and protect society. Treat them kindly, for they are human and may be helpless. Think of the crimes that you almost committed before you condemn the convict who might have been your cell-mate had you been caught.

I choke back my tears when I visit a prison and think of the unfortunate fellows behind the bars who ought to be out, and the real criminals at large who ought to be in.

Crime is like a cancer grown in the unweeded brain; the cause cannot be removed by the pangs of punishment or the tackles of torture.

Man, like a flower, cannot do his best when weeds of want corrupt the castle of his cranium.

Justice, equity and toleration will tend to humanize the jails and civilize the prisons.

The convict is my comrade; I am his bigger brother. His bars are my shadows; I shall not laugh amid his tears; I am not loose till he is free.
IF I WERE WHITE

In my many miles of travel I have had the pleasure of meeting so many hospitable white people who have been very kind to me and have sympathized with me, and have made me understand that men like Lovejoy, Garrison and Phillips are still walking the earth.

They have let me know that women like Harriet Beacher Stowe, Lucy Stone and Abbey Kelly Foster are still alive.

Many of these kind-hearted people have told me of their acquaintances who said they were sorry for me because I were not white.

I shall always be grateful to those who are democratic enough to denounce a system of injustice. But I am not ashamed of my color; I have no reason to wish I were white. Thanks to God and my mother and father for the fine spirit inculcated in me to love the oppressed and fight against all forms of oppression. If born white or with other parents and another heredity in a different environment, I would not have what I now possess. To return and run the risk of being reborn just to be white would be as risky as it would be undesirable.

If I had been born white I might have been born almost blind, cold-blooded or heartless. If I had been born white I might have been a kleptomaniac, an idiot or an epileptic.

If I had been born white I might have been stupid, thoughtless and silly. If I had been born white I might have been deaf, deformed or diseased. If I had been born white the poison of prejudice might have filled my cup of kindness. If I were white I might not have understood Heackel, Darwin, and Douglass.

If I were white I would not be able to pray, forget and forgive. If I were white I would not have my soul of music to help me bear my load of care.

If I were white, history, economics and sociology might have been strangers to me. If I were white I could not have smiled thru all these years of hatred and scorn. If I were white I could not have loved the people who have hated me. If I were white I would be of the race that is going down in war instead of the one that is coming up in peace.

I am a Negro. I believe in Justice, Equality and Liberty. I might have been less fortunate if I were white.
Books are the blocks with which we pave the highway of human intelligence.

Man is not the only creature that walks on his hind legs, but he is the only builder of books.

Books keep the records of humanity's childhood; they remind us of our failures and point us to success. Show me the kind of books you read and I'll tell you the kind of a man you are.

The Bookfellow finds pleasure in the league of literature; there he rubs elbows with kindness and cruelty and watches the conquest of failure and fortune; there he sees the drama of drunkenness and sobriety and laughs and weeps at the shrine of experience.

Give me the leaves of life, the pages of prose, and the volumes of verse. Let me weigh and reflect by the open grate or in the shaded dell.

Let me read and reason by the candle of my conscience with an assortment of books and a few old friends.

Find good books that contain the lodestone of logic. Don't insult them by letting the dust of negligence cover their leaves of gold.

They are your faithful friends and if they were as talkative as they are valuable, if they were as watchful as they are speechless, they would smile and speak to you and you would treat them with kindness.

Poor books are like bad company and good books are like true friends; they work in silence and are always at your service. Books are as powerful as they are noiseless; they are stumbling blocks when they are bad, and stepping stones when they are good. Most men who live great lives and do good deeds leave their findings in the balcony of books.

From the midnight of hieroglyphics to the morning of wireless telegraphy we read and watch the human race go up the highway from brutality to brotherhood that is being paved with books.

Good books are worth their weight in gold; every word weighs an ounce, every sentence weighs a pound, and each volume weighs a ton.

Such books will live until printing is dead and libraries are dust. Stop and study, read and reason; you keep the faith, books will furnish the facts. Your enemies may send you flowers after you die, but your friends will bring you books while you live.

Reading connects us with the feed-wires of knowledge; it strengthens the terminals of the intellect and keeps us in wed-lock with good wishes.

If you would know how far we have traveled, turn to the records of the ancient past when fraud laughed at facts and trickery debated with truth.

Books have increased the mintage of the mind and polished the transmission of thought.

Think yourself empty, then read and read yourself full. Assassinate the hippocriff of superstition; go to the dungeon of darkness and throw in a handful of stars.
Who is it that does not love the liberal laugh of a child?
No nation of people has a monopoly on love for children. The beasts of the forest, the animals of the field, the fish of the stream, and the birds of the air are as proud of their offspring as nature will permit them to be.

The current of motherly love runs with great power thru the breast of all mothers. The mother who is gilded with diamonds and decked with silk, cloaked with pride in her brown-stone mansion palatial tan-bark hippodrome, has no greater love for her baby than that toil-cursed, ragged, moneyless mother who holds the pitiful little pale-faced, half-nursed baby that tugs weak-lipped at the milkless breast of poverty.

The mother who is today nursing the ditch digger of tomorrow is as proud of her child as is the queen who rocks tomorrow's prince of parasites.

The pity of old age has been weighed with the patience of virtue, but there is nothing to compare with the innocence of a babe.

Every cradle says yes, and every casket whispers no, but between the two great gulfs of time there stands the angel of life.

One is the morning, the other is the noon, the other is the night. Thus, time will not weep when the curtain falls, for if our predecessors had no night we could have no day.

Let us be thankful for the cycle of circumstance that gave these quiet quarters to us, and before reaching the notch called noon, may we so mentalize ourselves that we will have no reluctance on the evening of our departure. Let's make room for the new-born babies.

Children are the flowers that bloom in the balcony of the heart; they are the tenderest ties of memory and greatest gifts of goodness. Their kisses and smiles sweeten the river of rhyme that empties into the lake of laughter. No one can hate a baby without debasing the race of men; to love a baby is to be in harmony with heaven.

Those who like babies most cannot love humanity least.

Think of the baby, dimpled, unselfish, pretty and pure. They have no regard for etiquette, style, vogues or customs, but they are un-prejudiced and democratic because their little minds are not polluted by prejudice, dwarfed by delusion, or paralyzed by pelf.

At birth they are not diseased by deceit, fettered by fear, or halted by hate. All these shackles are placed on the child just beyond the border of babyhood, when parents and professors, trainers and teachers, leaders and liars start to impede the child of the present with the hobbles of the past.

Let's work to save the babies by keeping them out of the liar's lap. Today's heredity is the child of yesterday's environment; today's environment must be sweetened with the liquid of liberty.

Let each baby nurse from the nipple of thought. Oh, potter, ruin not the clay! A destination is resting in the hollow of your hand.

Babies must live by the trunk-lines of truth, and drink from the fountain of facts.
THE COAL MINER

When we use turpentine to soothe an aching wound we seldom think about the suffering of the inmates of the peonage turpentine camps of the south. Little do we think that every ounce of turpentine has wrought its pound of poverty and tears.

When reading by an electric light, riding on a train or sending a message by wire we stare at the midget marvels of electrical energy and mechanical mastery. But we seldom take time to trace from the performance back to the source or seat of power.

I see the snorting locomotive plunging thru the depth of darkness at break-neck speed, thru the treacherous tunnels, over the swiveled switches and frictionless frogs, finned fish-plates and toughened ties, around the ballasted embankments wrought of iron and stay-bolted with steel, thundering in its mechanical melody of madness down the side of the rock-ribbed mountain.

Back of this performance is the coal, and the dark-skinned, over-worked, under-paid coal miner—punished by poverty and driven by degradation.

The painters are susceptible to colic; match makers have fossy jaw; telegraphers have paralysis, but the coal miner's peculiar trade always keeps his health in jeopardy and renders him an easy victim to asthma, pneumonia and consumption.

On many occasions I have walked up the hills of Pennsylvania with these sturdy sons of toil; many times I have had to sit on the roadside and wait on my comrade until he was thru wheezing, and recovered enough to try another leg of the journey.

While in the mines they are never safe; their lives are always endangered by carelessness and negligence.

They live in little unsanitary shacks, usually up on the hillside of cinders, slate and stone; they are shamefully robbed in time of peace, then clubbed and shot down like dogs in time of industrial war.

Those who are bitterly against the unions and the miner, would not take his dangerous death-dealing job at any price.

I have seen hundreds of these miserable miners evicted from their shacks near the mines where they have suffered and toiled for years to enrich millionaires and impoverish themselves.

I have seen their tent colonies in Uniontown, Connelsville and Cool Springs. I saw their wives and children sitting up at night on chairs while the rain poured thru their tents upon their beds; despite these misfortunes they were dauntless and defiant.

Greeks, Poles, Italians, Negroes and Slavs—true to themselves and true to their militant union, enslaved alike, exploited alike, and evicted alike.

They looked from their tattered tents down on the mine. There flowed the flag of liberty and equality, ordered there by the President—not to protect the miserable miners, but to protect the strike breakers of today who will eventually awake and revolt when oppression becomes unbearable.

Many strike breakers of yesterday are the strikers of today, and the scabs of today may be the strikers of tomorrow.

Class-conscious unionism and industrial solidarity is the only way out.
WHAT IS A HERO?

The word "hero" is one of the most over-worked words in the English language, and often used by law makers, militarists and statesmen to flatter and glorify the man who submissively does what he is told to do and goes where he is ordered to go.

The meek, docile, weak-kneed fellow who seriously takes his slavery for liberty and his bondage for freedom is the man who usually hugs the helmet of heroism.

It takes no heroism to go to war when every hypocrite is waving flags, shaking hands and passing laws to compel men to go, and praying for them to go, asking them to go, and making them go.

The majority go against their will but do what they are expected to do. But the real hero acts with a humane conscience and refuses to kill.

He may die in the garb of a convict, he may be beaten to death by war-crazed patriots, and denounced by orators, liars and lynchers; he may die unknown, unloved and unsung, but if he can conscientiously say NO, when millions are howling yes, he is an unusual man, and he is a real hero.

The world-wide war in which America took part to make the world safe for democracy, proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the word hero was over-worked to such an extent that even the most stupid people were able to detect the naked truth beneath the fig leaves of flattery.

Poor boys in that war, as in other wars, did daring deeds for the cause that they thought was right.

But remember, the generals and captains, miles behind the battle lines, expected them to do such risky things; even the rich munition makers at home expected them to rush in and slaughter each other like the beasts of the jungle. If the hero is the fellow who does the unusual thing, or the thing that he is not expected to do, then to be consistent we must class the conscientious objectors, the slackers, the mutineers and the deserters as the real heroes, because these were the fellows who did that which they were not expected to do.

The soldier who possessed reason know he was going to fight, shoot, and probably be shot. But soldiers are not supposed to reason; they are supposed to obey without hesitation.

Many of these soldiers did not wish to fight, but they knew that resistance meant treason, arrest and imprisonment. They were not heroes enough to resist; they were cowards.

"Murder was mercy, and truth was treason." The so-called slackers refused to kill their brothers; they faced the war-crazed administration, the jeers, the jails and the greedy gallows; they did what they were not expected to do; they did the unusual — they were brave enough to say NO when the press said yes; that was heroism.

They were too heroic to crucify the Christ of their convictions; they preferred the mantle of manhood rather than the manacles of madness. They chose the slacker's cross rather than the killer's crown. While in the wilderness of war they found solace in the philosophy of love and pleasure in the purpose of peace.

They were the real heroes.
THE WHIRLWIND OF WAR

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL." has long found utterance on the lips of peace, but never comes from the throat of war. The profiteers have always advocated peace when there were no visible clouds of a profitable war.

But when the mars of war took the sword of destruction from the sabbard of reason he found only a few gallant sons and daughters of men who were brave enough to stand for peace when gluttons were calling for blood.

The man who wants war always justifies his fiendish desire by the claim of protection and right. The common people have never found pleasure in man's butchery of man.

Animals of the field and the beasts of the forest kill in self defense. They freely use the hoof, the tooth and tusk when they think they are in danger. Men of civilization know each other so well that there is no need for bloodshed over international misunderstandings.

In fact, the common people have not, and will not fall out; if left alone there would be no break in the Brotherhood of Man. Wars are the instruments of division, depopulation, devastation and destruction. War is a whirl-pool of poverty, a merciless massacre of madness, a cursed carnival of crime, a devilish dance of death, a feast for feeble fools, a death-trap of devastation.

Language has no lash and the tongue has no tempest strong enough to express the indignation.

The patriots have always collected the profits, and the soldiers have never missed reaping the sorrow.

Flags are used to elate their eyes, brass bands to enrapture their ears, flowers are given to sweeten the air, coffee and cake to awaken the taste, a hand-shake to enliven the touch.

Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting and Feeling. Patriotic profiteers and their retainers are students of human psychology; they know the five senses of man and they use every method of mental and physical enslavement.

Peace-hating militarists have always been the war-loving, flag-waving, hand-shaking, tear-shedding, high-handed heathens of hypocrisy.

Centuries ago man secreted himself in the thicket; there he waited and murdered a so-called foe of another tribe.

Today men are trained in the art of destruction in our so-called civilization. Man kills his brother, against whom he has no grievance— one whom he has never seen; some mother's son, some sweetheart's lover — with an unseen, unheard, noiseless, smokeless breath of death seventy-six miles away.

War is the harpoon of hell; it grabs for greed and kills for gain, and transfers truth to the tomb of treason; enslaves the dove of peace and loosens the wolves of war.

It writes its decalogue of deceit and deception, and sings her hymns in the tune of hate; it smites youth and scoffs at age.

It strangles truth and assassinates sincerity, spits on art and curses honesty; it strengthens stupidity, gibs for greed, kills for profit, and worships in the whirlwind of its wickedness.
ARE YOU A RADICAL?

There is no word in pan-human language more misunderstood and more misquoted than the word "radical." We usually confound a radical with an erratic, or with a renegade.

Christ was a radical and was hated and despised because he was a man of independent thought, and his manhood would not accept that which his integrity could not revere. He was hounded by hypocrites and incarcerated for his sincerity, and was finally murdered on the cross of excruciation.

Christ, Socrates, Columbus, Magellen, Gallileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Euclid, Marconi, Marx, Darwin, Douglass, Dunbar, Whitney and thousands of others who deserted the beaten path of tradition have been called radicals, and many of them have gladly answered to that name.

Great discoveries, priceless inventions, new systems and flags of freedom have always been wrought by thinkers called cranks and radicals.

Society will tolerate the fellow who walks fifty years behind the march of progress, and the fellow who is in step with the marchers of today is considered to be honorable; but he who walks fifty years ahead of the march of men is an unforgiven radical.

Society will forgive the thief, the despot, the enslaver, the tyrant, and even the bloody butcher, but it never forgives the radical until he dies and his dreams come true.

Many people of today quote with pride the radicals of yesterday. While they so dearly love the dead dreamer whose dreams have come true, they still hate the dreamers of today who simply ask them to give up an old lie and examine a new truth.

Let's quote a few radicals whom we slandered in life and tried to emulate after death.

"Thou shalt not kill"—Jesus Christ, a radical. "Give me liberty or give me death."—Patrick Henry, a radical. "I have sworn eternal opposition against slavery and I shall not turn back."—Elijah Lovejoy, a radical. "I never meet a Negro that I do not feel like asking his forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted on his."—Robert G. Ingersoll, a radical. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice; I am in earnest; I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard."—William Lloyd Garrison, a radical. "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain."—Karl Marx, a radical. "Discuss all and expose all, each age with its own growth."—Walt Whitman, a radical.

Beneath tomorrow's winding walls frescoed by facts and supported by truth are the transparent records of the tireless thinkers who have wrought the hatchway to heaven.

Their records, untarnished by fiction and falsehood, will endure thru the summer of time and thru the winter of eternity.
SHOES THAT DO NOT FIT

Every person seems to have a calling at which they excel—a job or vocation quite hard for others but easy for them; a position at which they seem to be very much at home; a calling to the trade of the best adaption.

Those dormant possibilities were present at birth; they may slumber on in silence of the soul—unless the golden chord is touched, unless the tired head is lifted, unless the eyes are made to see.

The gifted musician often tries mechanics, the painter wants to teach, the sculptor wants to sing, and the singer may want to paint or preach. This sea of desire has surged thru the soul of man for countless ages.

Long after one learns to do one thing well he seems to be uncertain as to whether or not he has found his calling, or whether he has listened to the ventriloquist of failure.

This struggle for the proper position in life is what is called “finding yourself.” Some men naturally take to the science of agriculture, others were born with the gift of speech.

No one is looking for you with a lantern—don’t fool yourself; be modest, but don’t look for someone else to put you on the market.

Find your own shoes before someone else puts them on. No man is called to do the work at which he cannot learn to excel. All men should win at the work of their calling.

Thomas A. Edison may have been a fairly good artist, and Henry O. Tanner may have wrought a few good inventions, but the chances are that Tanner the artist, and Edison the inventor would both have remained in obscurity had they exchanged places.

Change places with no one; wear the shoes that nature gave you. Nature made but one Sam Smith—he shall never have a counterpart.

Imitate no one, mock no man, but strive to be yourself. Equal the the record of your predecessor, but don’t stop there—pass him by your matchless merit.

The corns of crime and the bunions of backwardness are often formed by the shoes that do not fit.

There are shoes of all kinds, colors, shapes and styles; all these shoes are made to fit, but only one pair were made to fit your feet.

You may take the musical shoe and force it on the mechanical foot—not for comfort but for style, then go limping thru life on the cane of your conscience. You are a great dynamic force; you may have great galvanic power, if you find yourself early in life.

While swimming the channel of chance, be sure that you do not confound that which you like most with that which you do best.

Don’t be intellectually barefooted; hunt thru the shoe shops of the world, look on their shelves of art and their counters of trades—there surely must be something for you.

Be congenial—wear the hose of hospitality. It’s no disgrace to be young and shoeless, but it’s mighty unhandy to be old and barefooted.
THE CLASS STRUGGLE

The class struggle is as old as the yoke of human bondage. Wherever masters have enslaved their weaker brothers the class struggle has always existed. Master and slave, robber and robbed, have never had anything in common.

Men may label with lies and tint with tears, but beneath the veneer we see and feel the fangs of the class struggle.

The class struggle is not a contest between men because of the color of their skin or the texture of their hair; it is not a fight between groups because of their religious beliefs, but is a combat between slaves who wish to be free and their masters who wish to keep them in slavery. The class struggle is a continuous warfare between the lord and the serf; between the master and the slave, between the driver and the driven; between the owner and the owned; between the shirker and the worker; between the taker and the maker; between the strong and the weak; between capital and labor; between the sons of rest and the sons of toil; between patriots who make wars and become rich, and workers who fight wars and remain poor; between the idle guest and the busy host; between those who do all and those who do nothing; between manufacturers who own the tools they do not use and the workers who use the tools they do not own; between the wealthy who keep slaves poor, and the poor who make parasites wealthy; between plutocrats who live without working, and workers who work without living.

Those who are for the master must stand against the slave; those who champion the cause of the slave are opposed to the misrule of the master.

Masters, as a rule, are very class-conscious; they are not traitors to their class; they believe in class solidarity.

They are not necessarily good or bad. Robbery and exploitation to them is a cold-blooded butchering business; tears, sighs and pictures of poverty do not balance their steelyards of stealth.

They wear the mask of diplomacy and hate all gods beside the greedy god of gain. There could be no wage slavery without mastery.

No great organization is worth while today unless it takes its place in the parliament of common sense to fight for the weak and strengthen the hearts of the helpless, and give aid to the over-worked, under-paid people of the plains.

Knowingly or unknowingly, we are in and out of the fight; bravely or cowardly we are helping the strong or aiding the weak.

Forward we go, helping the wronged and oppressed or leaving them to the mercy of the master’s madness.

Men prate of equality and jeer at justice; they speak of equity with scorn and contempt; they pilot the people to poverty, and turn the river of gladness to an ocean of bitter tears.

The class struggle destroys republics, erects empires and sends its victims to the cold silent city of death.
Seven o'clock in the evening should be called the hour of decision. About this time the young people decide how they shall spend the early hours of the night.

They are at the cross-roads of life and are deciding as to which path they shall take. Seven o'clock is the hour of decision; they make a selection and often go down to failure or go up to success.

The only achievement worth while for the young person is to try in early life to obtain an education; to work and get the facts and be able to put themselves in a position where their knowledge will be of the greatest value to the greatest number of people.

This is a world of misinformation, and no knowledge is worth while that does not tend to help the masses of mankind and make this world a better place in which to live.

In the morning of life the young people begin to weigh, deduct and reflect. At seven o'clock, after school days are over; at seven o'clock, after the day's work is done; at seven o'clock, after all thru the day they have worked or worshiped, drudged or danced, they decide to dress and go to a party, or to a theater, or to a saloon or cabaret, to a gambling hall or to a loafers' corner to spend the time and waste the hours.

Or at seven o'clock they decide to go to night school, or to the theater to see a drama, or go to the library to read a book, or stay at home and study a trade, to rest the body and enlighten the mind.

Around seven o'clock youth makes a good or bad decision. Time is as fleet as it is noiseless, and there is not much space between the cradle of morning and the casket of night.

No great artist, thinker or student has reached the highest point without sacrifice, perseverance and power.

No mystical hand will catch and drag you to success — you must fill your own lamp and carry your own lantern.

Eugene V. Debs, one of the world's greatest orators and humanitarians, was a young man firing an engine on a western railroad; his room-mate retired each night after loafing awhile on the street corners, but Gene would stay up at night and study his books.

One night his room-mate awoke and said, "Gene, why don't you come to bed? Why sit and read at this late hour of the night and make a damn fool out of yourself?"

That room-mate, still in obscurity, met Debs a few years later and said, "Gene, do you remember the night I called you a fool for reading and trying to educate yourself? I want to beg your pardon, Gene; there was a damn fool in that room that night, but Gene, it wasn't you."

Don't fool yourself by making bad decisions.
FREDERICK DOUGLASS

If you are a lover of liberty you also admire the record of Frederick Douglass—Abolitionist, Orator, and Statesman. I picture him in slavery, walking for miles in the drifting snow over the hills and valleys, hunted by hounds and trailed by traitors. Every plantation was a prison, every cabin was a cell and each slave was a convict. Shut in by the bars of bondage in the fields of cane and cotton where tread the faithful fettered feet. The sentence was for life; the master was the warden; escape was the only parole, and death was the only pardon.

Frederick Douglass believed in the right of retaliation and drew blood from his master when his master drew blood from him.

He enlisted for life in the army of abolition; he buckled on the canteen of courage, the knapsack of knowledge, and the saber of sincerity.

Half-clothed and hungry he took his grievance for his grip, his bitterness for his blanket, and his poverty for his pillow.

When his master preached obedience from the pulpit of prejudice, he taught liberty from the rostrum of reason.

The cabin was his college, his devotion was his diploma, and his scars were his credentials. He heard the cries of his people and saw their lacerated limbs and bleeding hands outstretched to God.

He went to work in the arsenal of action, the fortress of facts with a breast-work of books, and filled the shells of victory with the shrapnel of truth. I see him thru all the dark days of greed and grief, forging thunderbolts in the north and hurling them back to the south.

Thru the fog of fear and the darkness of despair, from the auction block of bondage to the morning of emancipation, we have heard the eloquent voice of this illustrious man.

His valor did not vacillate and his courage did not compromise. His wit had weight, his facts had force, and his pathos had power.

An abolitionist with more purpose than popularity, like a cruiser of courage on the sea of service, with his reason for his rudder and his conscience for his compass. He lived and defended the cause for which he was willing to die. He was with the minority when they were right, and against the majority when they were wrong.

His worth was not measured by emotion, but by his service to his fellowman. Forward and forceful, candid and conspicuous, sane and scientific.

With the faith of fortitude, the philosophy of perseverance and the caliber of common-sense.

He accepted no lie because it was old, and rejected no truth because it was new. He believed in the democracy of life, the hospitality of debate and the perpetuation of equality.

More knowledge and less noise, more truth and less trickery, more freedom and less fraud was the slogan of fearless Frederick Douglass, The Tiger of Tuckahoe.
LACONICS

Death is the division between action and ashes.

Real religion is the science of service, the belief in equality, the toleration of truth and the kindness of kindship.

Modesty is as powerful as it is noiseless.

The vocabulary is a wardrobe of words with which to clothe the skeleton of thought.

A tear is a pound of sorrow wrought by the hammer of grief.

Music is the science of sweetness, minted from the mind of melody, and handled by the hands of harmony.

Applause is an audible flower that grows in the garden of gratitude.

Insanity is an island of concentration inhabited by thinkers who have lost their way.

Electricity is natural magnetism, formed by friction, carried by copper, and generated by genius.

Hypocrisy is a demon that covers its warts with words of deception.

Wars prove that Sherman was right, and lynchings prove that Darwin was not wrong.

Poverty is the rags left from the surplus of riches.

Wages are to a ditch digger what fodder is to a mule.

Charity is the bones left to the poor by the upper dogs of wealth.

An orator is a man who can speak interestingly, fluently, and eloquently, and paint well with weighty words.

A radical is the fellow who walks fifty years ahead of the masses of men.

Retribution is the God that never forgets.

Why don't history give the facts about President Tyler selling his daughter into bondage for eloping with a chattel slave?

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There is but little space between the cradle of morning and the casket of night. What are you doing to enlighten the world?