

The World's Greatest Radical

BY LUKE NORTH

A CHRISTMAS ESSAY OF ABUNDANT AND VERY REAL CHRISTIANITY. MR. NORTH HAS CHOSEN AN UNUSUAL SUBJECT, A SUBJECT WHICH MIGHT EASILY GIVE OFFENSE; BUT HE HANDLES IT REVERENTLY, AND SO PERSUASIVE IS HIS ARGUMENT THAT YOU WONDER WHY YOU NEVER THOUGHT OF IT YOURSELF: AN ARTICLE EVERY MAN AND WOMAN OUGHT TO READ AND WHICH WILL MAKE THEM THE BETTER FOR HAVING READ IT.

That there be no quibble at the outset let it be conceded that there were other radicals than the son of the Nazarene carpenter. Seventeen hundred years before him Thulis of Egypt appeared. Krishna of India, Hesus of Great Britain, Quexalcote of Yucatan, Mithra of Persia and a dozen other crucified saviors are known to history or legend, while on the ocean floor doubtless are the impress of countless civilizations whose saviors and sages taught such a simple yet mighty truth as that good does not flow from ill. Confucius taught it in China, Socrates at Athens—and only yesterday Tolstoid died. O, the world has not lacked radicals—nor mobs to crucify them.

But of all historic or legendary radicals the man whose birthday this civilization celebrates on Christmas was, to our comprehension, the most radical. Buddha taught seclusion, Mithra spoke in cryptic symbols, Osiris was known only to initiates, Confucius temporalized, but Jesus of Nazareth said, "Be not angry!" "Judge not!" His words were terse, his statements unequivocal, and though the sophistical cobwebs of a thousand isms have broken their force in the popular mind, and ten thousand quibbling volumes have hidden their simple and direct meaning in evasive theologues, yet today they ring out as clear and bold as they must have sounded to the Pharisees of Jerusalem. Of this era Jesus was the great radical. He proposed to change things, to alter existing conditions, to overturn that order of society which is founded on war, fraud and violence, and maintained by army, police, graft, poverty and espionage. He proposed really to change it all—not merely to substitute one form of fraud and coercion for another. He was a dangerous agitator of his time, and today his is the only teaching that any of the oligarchies have cause to fear.

Some Saviors were born in palaces. Jesus saw the light of day in a manger. Some saviors talked learnedly and mystically. Jesus spoke understandingly to the mob. Some lived in temples and taught the wise and powerful. Jesus lived with fishermen and tentmakers; his friends were lepers, thieves and prostitutes. His word to the rich and cultured was, "Sell what you have and give to the poor."

Erudite books have been written to prove there was no such man as Jesus—Higgins' "Anacalypsis," Taylor's "Diagnosis" and many a lesser tome—but they have proved nothing of worth and so long as this civilization exists its central figure will be that despised, hunted and crucified Jew whose thundering adjuration of the cosmic law that "Good flows not from evil," cold and unemotional science now proves to the intellect in its calm and implacable assertion that "Like produces like." Jesus spoke to the heart of man, offering no proof. Science was mystical and masonic in those days and men who could reason were initiates. Jesus spoke to the heart of the people, and the heart knows truth without proof. Jesus did not offer evidence that water is wet, that twice two are four or that fraud begets only fraud. And the people listened. There was a revolu-



OLIVE PORTER WHOSE FIRST WORK WAS "THE RINGMASTER"

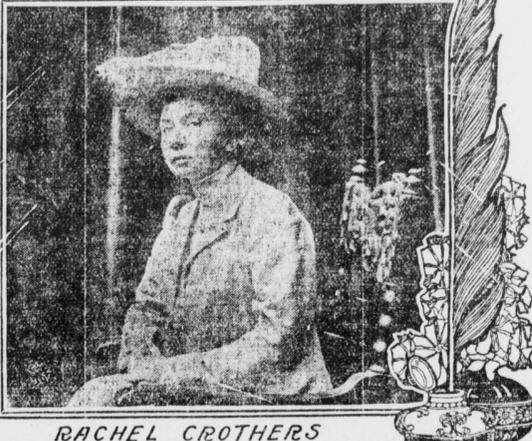
Women Writers now occupy important place on American Stage



EDITH ELLIS FURNESS who staged "THE LOTTERY MAN"



RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG WEATHERS OF WOMEN PLAYWRIGHTS



RACHEL CROTHERS AUTHOR OF "A MAN'S WORLD"

NO line of endeavor have American women made more rapid advancement during the past few years than in writing plays. Women playwrights are crowding their brother dramatists hard for first place.

Tomorrow afternoon Los Angeles will witness the first presentation on any stage of a new comedy written by two women in collaboration—"The Way Out," a play which Lillian Russell probably will use next season, and which will be produced at the Belasco. The authors are Mrs. H. C. DeMille and Mrs. A. S. Steels.

Tomorrow at the Majestic theater, Mary Manning will give the first local presentation of "A Man's World," another play of feminine authorship, the playwright being Rachel Crothers; and tomorrow night, at the Mason, Miss Russell will offer Charlotte Thompson's comedy, "In Search of a Sinner."

Thus no fewer than three local stages will be occupied this week by plays from the pens of women dramatists. Perhaps after all the age is not quite so thoroughly masculinized as the title of Miss Manning's play suggests.

Playwriting is not a new field for women, though there have been as yet no really great women dramatists and no really great woman stage technicians. Perhaps they will come later. In the more recent past Madeline Lucette Riley, who began as an actress, and Martha Morton held first place among women playwrights in America. Before them Mrs. Pacheco had written "Inoc," which still survives in a musical comedy form as "The Three

Twins," and Mrs. Pacheco herself was preceded by a considerable list of women writers who had attained ephemeral success.

The list of women who are today writing plays and whose plays are being produced successfully all over the country is a very considerable one. Conspicuous among them are Rachel Crothers who, in addition to having written "A Man's World" also is the author of "The Three of Us," which has been played here at both the Burbank and Belasco theaters; Rida Johnson Young, who is accounted the wealthiest of women playwrights, and who wrote "Brown of Harvard," "Glorious Betsy," which Miss Manning played on a former visit to Los Angeles; and "The Lottery Man," which delighted local audiences at the

Mason only a few weeks ago, and Olive Porter, whose "Ringmaster" was seen locally at the Burbank.

Then there is Margaret Mayo, who wrote "Commencement Days," which was given its first stage presentation at the Belasco several years ago and who also wrote "Baby Mine," one of the most successful offerings of the current season in New York city.

One of the most delightful and sympathetic comedies seen on a local stage within recent years is "Mary Jane's Pa.," played at the Majestic by Max Figman, Edith Ellis Furness wrote it. She also staged "The Lottery Man."

So the list might be extended almost indefinitely and so woman, who long

has done important work in other branches of literary expression—as poet, novelist and story teller, is coming to her own in the dramatic field as well.

Mary Manning is one of the woman playwright's best customers. Her greatest successes have been won in plays written by women. In her current offering she depicts somewhat from the type of character with which the public has come to associate her.

Miss Crothers' new play propounding a problem of Bohemia. Her characters are inhabitants of that mind-land which Gellert Burgess once said was "bounded on one side by artistic temperament, on another by artistic tem-

per and on the last by art, spelled with a capital A."

There is a reminiscence of "Trilby" in the atmosphere of this play of artist life, wherein the dominant figure is a woman writer who rebels against those rules of conduct prescribed for women and proscribed for themselves by most men.

Her play is built around that oft-used device of the dramatist, the double moral standard, but it is written by a woman, from a woman's standpoint, which perhaps will give us a new insight into a problem which already has been pretty thoroughly examined and variously solved by masculine playwrights.

tion. Early Christians were communists.

So runs history or legend, whichever it may be, but if one would deny the savior of the Christian era let him write a book to prove that the golden rule is a lie; let him prove in syllogism that anger ceaseth by anger, water flows up hill, good follows from evil, love comes from hate, peace from war, and that the line of least resistance leads through coercion and punishment. The world would listen to such a book. Many have been written with that intent, it is true, but their names are forgotten. Caustic sermons are spun of subtleties and sounding phrases with intent to convert the Sermon on the Mount to a string of platitudes, but more than intent is necessary to subvert truth.

Translators did their share to break the force of the mighty statement, "Be not angry!" They have rendered it, "Be not angry without cause." Some Bibles have it one way and some another to this day, but the world will know which is right eventually. It is questioning now. Men ask, Is it really true that anger, force and punishment are wrong?

Austere and unfeeling science answers that anger liberates a poisonous secretion in the blood, disturbs the motor centers, paralyzes the inhibitory nerve fibers, weakens and diseases the entire sympathetic nervous system. Perhaps anger isn't "wrong." It depends upon what results you wish to achieve. If you want to stir up the slumbering brute in your own and your neighbor's being and are careless of diseased tissue and a weakened vitality, then anger is surely the right thing in the right place. But if you wish to avoid a number of physical ills which anger inevitably produces; if you are looking for peace, or comfort, or health, you will find it advantageous to avoid anger—with or without cause. Science has not discovered that the cause of anger either mitigates or aggravates the results thereof.

Is force wrong? The question is seriously asked today. And is not this the right answer, that it depends entirely on what you want to accomplish? Force is a good thing to use in blasting rocks or driving posts in the soil. Force is the proper and necessary agent to quell a madman and to stop his blow before it falls. After the blow is struck force is unnecessary, save just enough peacefully, humanely and healingly to restrain the madman.

Two thousand years of war and poverty have produced a number of irresponsible persons who for a time might have to be restrained from injuring others, but such types would soon be divorced from anger and never used but to defend the weak from the irresponsible. It is the wanton use of force to protect stolen property and subject the inoffensive to industrial slavery that has produced these types that now menace civilization. It is the use of force accompanied by anger, bigotry, self-interest, cruelty, revenge and lack of sympathy which Jesus denounced. It is an oligarchic quibble that seeks to reduce the beautiful tenet of non-resistance to the irrational absurdity of maintaining that a madman must be permitted to ravage a child rather than employ force against him. It took force to drive the money changers out of the temple, but when they were out Jesus did not pursue them and condemn them.

The use of force isn't a question of right or wrong. The doctrine of Jesus stands on surer basis than that. Right and wrong are shifting points, but human welfare is a staple. Peace and joy and happiness, progress and human growth—these are certain quantities. Force, anger and violence are antagonistic to them in every conceivable way. If human welfare is the thing that society most wishes to accomplish for the greatest number of its members, then it is inevitable that force, and punishment

must be abandoned. In ten thousand years force has not produced human welfare. If the object of social life is to nurse an oligarchy and deteriorate the stock, then force is the proper agent. In 10,000 years more it will do nothing else. Every step of human progress has been taken despite war and government by punishment. Education, intelligence, expanding sympathy, have defied and survived war and restriction—slowly and tortuously enough, but surely. War and violence have not helped. At every point they have hindered. Every revolution by violence has cost years or centuries of progress—and in all the long ages the individual's life and happiness has been sacrificed to glutinize a monarchy—or a plutocracy.

But perhaps we are reaching a climax. Maybe we are at the parting of the ways and civilization must now consciously choose its path and go on or down as the path it chooses may lead. The world is circumpopulated at least and modern facilities for administering the creeds of hate and graft have given such impetus to destructive forces that thoughtful men pause. The world is looking askance at its army of child laborers, its \$100,000-a-year white slave traffic, its insane asylums, its poorhouses, prisons, tramps and unemployed.

It seems to be at least an open question whether the doctrine of anger and violence, as applied with modern tools, will not overcome the normal race characteristics of the civilized genus homo and wipe him and his civilization off the map. Insanity, suicide, crime, degeneracy, vice diseases and the mother of them all, Enforced Poverty or its fear, are rapidly increasing. Wars are less frequent, but their engines are more terrible, and added to the efficiency of modern gunnery is the still more effective tainted beef and graft-poisoned rations. Railroads kill 10,000 a year because legal expenses are cheaper than block signals or shorter

hours for train employees. Crime and vice breed faster than prisons and hospitals can house their victims. Poverty increases faster than charity can feed it. Injustice and cruelty are everywhere. Shall this civilization go on or down? That it can continue much longer on its present basis, no thoughtful person cares to contend, and the question that men are asking is, Will there be an explosion or an ethical awakening of the people? Will the plan of the Galilean prevail, or shall we continue with the old order of human debauchery through the pressure of actual or threatened poverty which makes petty crime and big graft the easiest when not the only way?

These iniquities and injustices of society are the fruits of war, violence and punishment. And from the realm of mere results they have grown to the monstrous proportions of causes. Economic determinism has its grip. With a lead pencil, a pad of paper and the price of fuel and bread in Chicago this winter one can determine to a nicety the pressure on the prisons, asylums and coroner's force. It can scarcely be figured which or who will go down—for determinism is impersonal—but the total can be ascertained with substantial accuracy. This is economic determinism. It has the western world in its grip—even the rich and powerful. It is the last analysis and synthesis of human government by army and policemen. It is the final word of science on the subject of war and punishment.

Having a board that is wet and you wish to have it dry, do you leave it in the water? or a room full of carbonic gas, do you try to make it habitable by admitting more carbon—or by opening the window and letting in its opposite, oxygen? In physics we have learned a few things. In social relations we are more childish than hotentots. If a man is "bad" we make him worse. If a man goes wrong we debauch

and humiliate him and stamp him in such a way that he and his progeny never can do "right." If a woman "sins" (and is found out) we cast her out in the street to breed paralytics and degenerates. Of course we don't cast out the woman or degrade the man if they are rich, but unfortunately so many of the wicked people are poor that our kindness to the rich doesn't count for much in a eugenistic way. And though we only condemn and degrade those of the "wicked" who are caught, yet there are so many of us who are pure and holy and have nothing else to do in life than to hound the weaker ones that a good many are caught—enough to keep the prisons, asylums and police force working overtime at remunerative salaries.

It is of no avail to be sentimental in these matters. Jesus certainly was not, though in this respect he is usually misrepresented by his professed friends and followers. Jesus was neither a sentimentalist nor a platiitudinarian. He uttered but simple truths susceptible of scientific demonstration. If one should go to the primitives of Australia and tell them that twice 18 is 36 and that a square is an equilateral rectangle, he would doubtless be stoned as a mystic, a dreamer, a sentimentalist, or a labor agitator. Yet his word to the natives would be not essentially different from the truth that Jesus uttered when he said, "Anger ceaseth not by anger." If the teachings of this Jewish outcast will not stand every test of known cosmic law and human logic then it were better to continue to disregard them. It is, however, the fact that we have totally disregarded them, that we have relegated them to Sunday school price cards, saved them as texts for sermons which seek to explain away their force, hidden them in copy books as mere platitudes, and with most disastrous results—it is this fact that gives men pause today.

The world is cogitating. Was Jesus right, after all?

WHAT TO SEE AT LOCAL PLAY HOUSES

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new role is that of a writer who hides her identity under the name of Frank Ware. The play is told in four acts and the scenes are laid in Bohemian circles. All the characters are representatives of some branch of art. The story relates the career of this Frank Ware, who, having adopted an illegitimate child, is so impressed with the injustice visited upon it, that she devotes her literary talents to demanding the same law for the man as the woman, and preaching that woman should expect in man the same honor that man demands of woman. Having no clue to the father of the child she does not spare him in her arguments.

In a startling manner she suddenly finds that the man she loves and has idealized, and who is the inspiration of her bitter fight against men, is the father of the child.

MASON—"In Search of a Sinner," which Lillian Russell will present tomorrow evening and through the week at the Mason opera house is the newest vehicle in which this famous star has been seen. The play was written for Miss Russell by Charlotte Thompson and recently produced for her engagement at Powers' theater, Chicago, where the Russell tour for this season began. "Giorgiana Chadbourne, a girl of married life with a good husband, declares in coming out of mourning that if she ever weds again it will be to a man who is a sinner. She pleads her reasons for this in a yearning for variety and for the fun of knowing she must fight to retain her husband's love.

Early one morning in the park the widow encounters the inevitable man. Her spirits are high and she flirts. He behaves "beautifully" and things drift along well until she discovers that he is looked upon by their mutual friends as a model of propriety. In the end the widow is frightened by her own efforts and is brought to change her mind.

Joseph Brooks, it is said, has made a notable production of the comedy. The company in support of Miss Russell includes Harry C. Browne, Joseph Tushy, Lynn Pratt, Hayward Gray, John S. Bramhall, Victor Benoit, Edward Warren, Dan Fitzgerald, Hattie Russell, Jessie Ralph, Olive Harper and Viola Leach.

ORPHEUM—With a "Merry Christmas" to all its many friends the Orpheum announces its holiday bill, beginning with the usual matinee tomorrow and headed by William Farnum. Mr. Farnum, who created the title role in "Bon Hun" and who is well and favorably known as a romantic actor, still retains a role of that character in his new vaudeville playlet, "The Malle's Masterpieces," by Edwin Pearce Knower, and the Venus de Milo lost her arms—a fragment of imagination, of course, but still one as probable as many other theories of how the world's greatest artistic mystery came to be. Among the best acrobats of their kind are the Duffin-Deady troupe. Of course those who do not look in for skill and ability, but those who think all acrobats look alike, but those who are informed know and place this troupe near the top. Among its feats are some splendid casting, triple and double tumbles, somersaults and other stunts of similar character.

Musical numbers are always welcome at a holiday season, and the two newcomers on the present bill join with several of those who remain to give melodiously fitting, "Radiant" Radie Furman offers one of these acts; the Sisters Mendel, who play the title role, "The Six Musical Cuttys and the Temple square are two more, making four musical stunts on this coming bill, while Andre's studio in porcelain and Callahan and St. George will continue.

OLYMPIC—For the holiday week, beginning tomorrow, the Olympic players will present "Mr. Santa Claus Jr.," a seasonal fantasy of fun and music by Charles Alphan. The setting at the north pole in Santa's workshop, is one that will more than delight the children. To please the little ones the Olympic management has arranged a special matinee on Saturday, which Jules Mendel, who plays the title role, will present a toy to every child in the audience.

The basis of the whole affair hangs upon an old Norse legend to the effect that if a native of the warmer climes discovers the north pole the toys in Santa's workshop will become a reality with life. There is a most especially attractive toy in Santa's house—a Jack-in-the-Box, impersonated by Dave Morris; the Candy Kid, to be portrayed by Monte Carter, who is the prettiest doll, by dainty little Margaret Favarr.

Dorothy Raymond, Margaret Favarr, Gale Henry and Vera Ransdale have the important female roles. Leonard Brisbane will represent the jovial old saint, Kris Kringle, while Jules Mendel, in the role of his son, causes his father no end of trouble. The two big musical specialties of the show are a snow-ball fight, in which the entire company takes part on the stage, and "When Santa Claus Brings Merry Christmas," an original Christmas melody by Chas. Alphan.

PRINCESS—"On the Quiet" a pleasing, appropriate and comedy with lots of music and music will be presented by Fred Ardath and his associate players at the Princess theater beginning with tomorrow's matinee, and continuing through the week between Christmas and New Year's. "At the Beach," last week's show, which has proved a decided success, will finish its run with the present matinee, tonight, the first to begin at 6:30 p. m.