
Two-Timing?

An "old reporter," reviewing, in a recent issue of Scribner's, this "mad-house world" gets off the following salvo:

"To make money is nothing; most of the money-makers I have known led lives flatter than a stove-lid. To get office or distinction is nothing; of the men that 50 years ago had all the limelight hardly one still clings by so much as a shred to the human memory. To write is nothing; the literary idols of one generation are the jest of the next. What then is there of a rational object in life as one ricochets from bump to bump through this wild world? Why, the one purpose that seems to have either sanity or actual reward is to keep some step, however stumbling, however far in the rear, with the fast, silent, often mysterious, sometimes hardly discernible processes that are slowly transforming the world from a wolves' den to a place where man can know some peace, some content, some joy of living, some sense of the inexhaustible beauties of the universe in which he has been placed."

Coming from a veteran, this particular paragraph seems to be but a good round lesson on the futility of chasing after pleasure, honor, and power as life's chief concerns. It seems to direct men truly to a higher and more rational object of life.

An innocent reader might even suspect that the "silent, often mysterious processes" indicated had something to do with religion, or that religion had something to do with them; that the author wanted to drive the reader to profitable reflection on the words of Christ, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these other things will be added unto you."

But the author of the article, Charles Edward Russell, one-time Socialist candidate for Governor of New York, one-time Socialist candidate for Mayor of New York City, one-time Socialist candidate for United States Senator, has his own idea of a "rational object" of life; has his own very definite idea about the next step to be taken in the social betterment of the world.

And Mr. Russell is, evidently, not the kind of man who would talk out of turn or out of place on his ideas of social reform. Mr. Russell was one-time city editor of the New York World, one-time publisher of the Chicago American. He knows something about the formation of public opinion. That he could write a rather long article on general social betterment without mentioning God, Christ, or even religion, is proof convincing that he knows his journalism and his Socialism.

In his article, "This Mad-House Is Getting Better," (from which we have quoted above) he is content merely to tom tom for reform, apparently any kind of reform. That seems to be his method of preparing the ground for future seeding.

That Socialism is his own remedy for the evils of "the present social system, debased by the greed it plants and sedulously fosters, hardened by its insane cruelties and brutality, degraded by the wars it causes", he does not -- perish the thought! -- choose to say at this time.

Sometime later on, perhaps, he will choose to say it.

Are You Remembering

Father O'Donnell in your Masses and Communion and prayers?
PRAYERS: Deceased - the father of Jack Whittliff, '32; Bill Newberg's grandmother; a cousin of Henry Donnelly. Ill - John Groos' brother; Jerry Gillespie's grandfather; an aunt of Ralph Kaiser. Five special intentions. Friend of George Blaine, Operated for spinal injury.