

Jimmie Higgins

A Story : By Upton Sinclair

The Chorus of the Critics

The whole book probably defeats its end by its patent nonsensicality. But one wonders whether the author belongs in a jail or an asylum. The book sails perilously close to the province of the prosecuting attorney, if it does not actually enter his field.—New York Evening Sun.

The characterization of the tremendously sincere little Socialist is not unworthy of Wells, and in approaching the war from the radical side the story is an important contribution to the war literature.—New York Evening Globe.

An ill-balanced book despite its author's adroitness.—New York World.

He calls it his best book. If he means his highest achievement in fiction, as such, we disagree with him; although as a physical performance—considering the number and variety of its characters, the spread of its geography and the adequacy of episodic treatment, together with its very moderate length—"Jimmie Higgins" has all but revived in us the salad days belief that a Great American Novel is physically possible. Few authors have really covered so much ground and really worked so much material in 282 pages.—New York (Morning) Sun.

Mr. Sinclair should produce the evidence upon which he bases his astounding accusations, if he has any. If he has simply written on hearsay evidence, or, worse still, let himself be guided by his craving to be sensational, he has laid himself open not only to censure but to punishment.—New York Times.

One who reads much and considers what harm certain propaganda can do, is apt to distrust books of fiction that are written as propaganda. But Upton Sinclair, at least in this book, evidently tries to be fair to both sides. And, above all, he is interesting. Merely as a story, "Jimmie Higgins" is gripping in its realism and its breadth of tragedy. It ought to be read by all those who have not yet had their eyes opened to what has been and is taking place in the industrial and social world.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In hospital he has a dull conversation with the King.—New York Sun.

He has an entertaining conversation in an English hospital with King George V., whom he cheerfully addresses as "Mr. King," and tries to win over to Socialism.—New York Times.

We are assured by the "jacket" that this is a "novel that cannot be easily described and classified in a few words." But it can, in just one word: Rot. Not very elegant, but accurate. If more is needed let us say, Bolshevik rot.—New York (Evening) Sun.

Jimmie himself is a "type," representing the rank and file wage-earner Socialist in this country, unread and unpretending, an irrepressible propagandist, to whom Socialism means saving his children from such a continuous raw deal from life as he and their mother have had. To Mr. Sinclair it is the Jimmie Higginses, not the intellectuals or those whom he terms the lunatic fringe of the movement, who are the Socialists that matter.

The account of their reactions to the developments of the war is the most valuable part of the book. It is, of course, wholly sympathetic, but that can be allowed for; and if you want to know Comrade Jimmie, how he came to go Socialist in the first place, and how he and Comrade Norwood, the young lawyer, and the German comrades and the Jewish comrades and the "wobbly" (I. W. W.) comrade, and the various women comrades, including a Quaker and a pretty and fluffy birth-controller out of Greenwich Village, argued among themselves in Local Leesville about pacifism and militarism and munition-making and the Junkers, and how they were pulled apart when the United States entered the war, and how it came that Comrade Jimmie, of all men, joined the army—all of which seems rather urgently worth knowing—you can get an idea from reading Jimmie's story. Incidentally you can study a sketch of a Socialist candidate for President, who is Eugene V. Debs beyond mistake.—New York (Morning) Sun.

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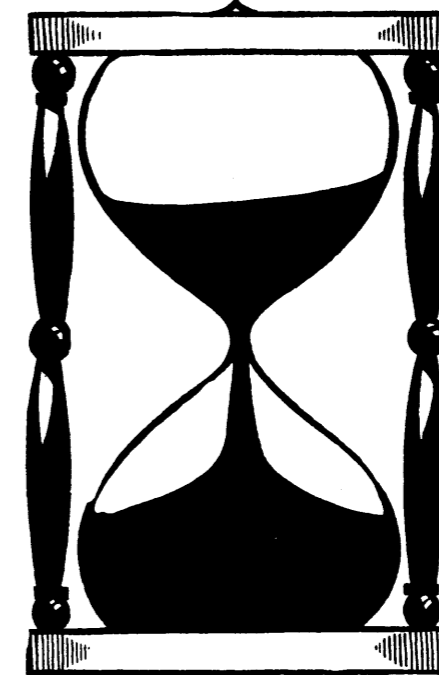
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THE NEW JUSTICE

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No. 10

Editorials

WE PROMISE AID TO KOLCHAK

These are days of shame for the American people. Not only has every aim for which we entered the war been defeated by the cunning diplomats of the Allies, not only have American lives and American treasure been wasted in vain on the soil of France, but the expenditure is to continue to still further invalidate every principle of democracy and liberty sacred to the traditions of the United States. In a word, we are pledged, by a president who once talked of a world safe for democracy and of the principle of self-determination, to give aid to Kolchak!

That impenetrable veil of secrecy with which the governmental agents of international capitalism protect their movements has been tight drawn about happenings in Siberia. Little is known of what has occurred in that unhappy land, but what is known is so foul, so inhuman, so eloquent of bestial tyranny, that one shudders to guess at what remains concealed. We know that the Siberian peasants have been debauched by the restoration of the traffic in vodka; that vice flourishes under official protection to a degree that makes verbal description impossible; that conscription at its worst is used to recruit the armies of Kolchak; that all opposition to his despotism has been drowned in bloody butcheries; that "death trains" packed with men and women have been sent to wander aimlessly through arctic wastes until their miserable occupants perished like earthworms in a forgotten can of bait; and that Kolchak is surrounded by the most degenerate elements of the old regime, whose only purpose is to restore the autocracy of the Czars.

It is this distilled infamy that we are now bound to aid.
C. M.

SPEAKING OF TREASON

Speaking of treason, how is this? The words were uttered by President Carlton of the Western Union Telegraph Company while Uncle Sam was at death-grips with Kaiser Bill during the late unpleasantness:

"War or no war, government or no government, I will conduct the Western Union to suit myself and no power on earth can make me hire union labor."

It is interesting to speculate as to the probable fate of any labor agitator who would have used similar words under similar circumstances.

The philosophical interpretation of history with the biological interpretation of philosophy marks a notable mile-post on the road to economic truth.

It is the minds which have no adequate outlet through speech, writing, or other efficient medium, that boil over into senseless violence and insanity.

THE WASTE OF GENIUS

When a schoolboy the writer had a schoolmate named Sidney, who was the son of the village drayman. Sidney wore his father's cast off working clothes made over by an overworked and inexperienced mother. He lived in what in all frankness should be called a hovel. If he had enough coarse food to satisfy a healthy boyish appetite, he did well. At sixteen Sidney left school to help with the dray. Later he became a railroad brakeman, eventually drifted into crime and came to a bad end. And yet, at sixteen Sidney was by far the brightest boy in the whole school in mathematics. Naturally intelligent, he had a positive genius for those cabalistic formulas which most schoolboys find so maddening. What opportunity might have done for him can only be guessed.

There was another boy—Ernest. At the time of his graduation from the high school he had such obvious and remarkable talents that his teachers exerted themselves in every anxious way to provide him with a college course. But he was the son of a poor widow. His relatives were poor. The family scale of living had never risen above the bare subsistence level. There was simply no money with which to educate Ernest. So Ernest became the village tinsmith. Yet another boy in the same class, with less intellectual brilliance but with a wealthy father back of him, became a professor in the university of his state and one of the leading scientists of America.

Any man in middle life can duplicate these instances from his own observation and experience. Teachers of long service can multiply them by dozens, almost by hundreds. The social loss in undeveloped genius in the boys and girls of each oncoming generation is truly incalculable. The scientific ascendancy which belonged to Germany at the outbreak of the war was due to no superiority of German brains, but to the fact that Germany had four men of skilled scientific training to America's one, to England's two. What transcendent possibilities of progress stretch before the people that utilizes to the full its stores of intellectual power the present century will disclose.

For there is now one nation on the face of the earth that proposes to save this, the most precious of national assets. In the Russian Federated Soviet Republic of today every child must be educated and all children will have the utmost education and skilled training that they can use or desire. It is impossible to exaggerate the meaning of this policy to the future of Russia. How can the nations of the West, should they retain the capitalistic system, with its narrow privileged class, its private monopolization of opportunity, its great masses sunk in ignorance, pauperism and despair, hope to compete with a socialized state to which every citizen is giving the utmost of his trained capacity, both of body and mind? Unless the peoples of the West speedily free themselves from the blight of industrial slavery, the year 1950 will see Moscow, not Paris, the cultural center of Europe.

C. M.

Charity and Oppression are Siamese twins.

THE TELEPHONE STRIKE

There is every indication that the telephone operators and linemen who have been holding out with such admirable solidarity since they walked out on June 16 are in a fair way to win the improved conditions for which they are on strike. The demands made by the girls cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called excessive, and it appears that public sympathy is pretty squarely with them in their fight for recognition of their union and a minimum wage of \$16 a week. The demands made by the linemen appear to be equally reasonable. Chief among these is the demand that wages be in accordance with the Macy award after the lines are returned to private control on June 30.

The men declare that whether their own demands are granted or not they will not go back to work until those of the girls are satisfied. A compromise offered by the company naming a sliding scale of \$12 to \$19 a week for the girls and a "basic \$6 a day wage" for the men, has been refused. As we went to press the strike leaders were confidently predicting that the telephone and electrical workers of Oregon and Washington were about to go out in sympathy with their brothers and sisters of California and Nevada unless the strike were settled immediately. Taking it by and large, things appear to be looking fairly cheerful for the striking telephone workers of the great Southwest.

R. R. B.

There are hosts of intellectuals who are lousy with mental vermin—their every thought is parasitical.

A laborer will deliberately buy capitalist periodicals and depend upon them for working class news, but whoever heard of a capitalist depending upon labor papers for news of the capitalist class?

Think by stealth and some day you will be surprised to find that thousands have been thinking the same things you have and in the same way. Why not risk thinking out loud once in a while?

Fear of consequences is greater than hope for results.

The small boy in the next block has achieved a new ambition. He wants to be a pitcher in the League of Nations.

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ART AND THE PROLETARIAT

Oscar Wilde, in his immortal essay, "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," says that democracy and art mix about as well as oil and water. Art must always be aristocratic, he writes. The mob, with its uncultured tastes and its coarse, unrefined passions, can never be catered to by the true artist. The artist must ever dwell in the atmosphere of his own genius and inspiration. To compromise with the limited understanding and dull perception of the masses makes for degeneration.

For the most part, Wilde's criticism is true. An evening spent at a popular vaudeville performance will convince one of its justness. The brand of art furnished by our Sunday editions seems much preferred to an exhibition of Rembrandt, Rodin or Whistler. Your average proletarian would scoff at your contention that Millet produced better art than that of Nell Brinkley.

But there is another truth, just as vitally important, which Wilde does not state. Art that does not have its roots deep down in the hearts and minds of the masses, receiving its soul and inspiration from the toil and struggle of the world's workers, can only degenerate into that contemptible thing: "art for art's sake."

The true artist must sing or paint the aspirations of what Mark Twain called "the great big bulk of the majority." Art, for any other purpose than that of expressing the groping of the masses toward light and freedom can only result in an artificial symbolism, becoming the toy of base intellectualism and cold mechanics.

Wilde's greatest work is his magnificent "Ballad of Reading Gaol." It will live longer than any of his other works because it is the one that most touches the heart-strings of the common people.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Tennyson—all these wrote structurally more polished and perfect verse than Burns. But the democratic human appeal in the poetry of Burns will keep his name in the hearts of men long after the afore-mentioned are forgotten.

In the final analysis, art, like everything else, must adopt a policy more or less of compromise. As Wilde points out, it cannot allow itself to be degraded by the unworthy passions and coarse crudities of the multitude. On the other hand, it cannot hold itself aloof from the masses, for fear of becoming a sterile tinkering with words and symbols.

Perhaps a blending of the two will produce the living, throbbing art our age should have.

This tendency in modern American art is best typified in the works of Arturo Giovanitti, Carl Sandburg, Elmer Lee Masters, Robert W. Serviss and others. The salient thing is the delineation of human impulse and passion. Critics say that their work is not poetry. If that is true, then "poetry" must rapidly become a thing of the past.

Personally, I prefer a mingling of "art for art's sake" and "art for humanity's sake." The best exponent of this rising school is Max Eastman, who embodies the democratic ideal in words and phrases of classic Grecian beauty.

ALANSON SESSIONS.

If it is true that wars are a periodical necessity then there is no doubt whatever that there is something radically wrong with our present economic system.

A people that is intelligent enough to overthrow its exploiters is certainly efficient enough to devise a wise system for governing itself.

Samuel Butler, Satirist and Seer

By PAUL JORDAN SMITH

Samuel Butler is one of the epoch-men of English literature. There are nearly always a few men in every age who bring new life and infuse once more a new spirit into the veins of a jaded world: men who found new schools of fiction, new schools of philosophy; men who tear down the old temples and lead their disciples out into the meadow lands or among the trees of the forests.

One cannot turn many pages of modern fiction without finding the very patent effects of Samuel Butler on contemporary thought and style. A glance at the work of such men as Gilbert Cannan, J. D. Beresford, Somerset Maugham and many another of the younger English novelists would show just how profound a change Butler has wrought.

Not alone in fiction, however, does Butler's influence find itself felt today. He was of that happy generation of men before the specialists came. Those were the days when men were men, with many avenues of outlook—not machines with but a single task. And Samuel Butler's hand leads us along many ways of varied interest. He made at least four great and brilliant contributions to the scientific discussion of his days and, indeed, in this realm he antedates our popular philosopher, Henry Bergson. **Life and Habit, Unconscious Memory, Luck or Cunning, and Evolution—New and Old**, are books setting forth the thesis that within the phenomena of evolution is the great factor of intelligence or cunning. But this intelligence is able to manifest itself from age to age and throughout the realm of species by means of a sort of specific memory, which Butler identifies with heredity and instinct. Not "God" but we ourselves are our creators. Somewhat in this fashion Butler flings down the challenge to those bustling apostles of luck or of chance variation; those priests of science, who in Butler's age seemed likely to supercede the church.

On the other hand Butler did not court favor with the Church of his day. Here too he despised dogmatism and turned away his face from an institution which like the musical banks in his Erewhon, had become conventionalized and smug. In the **Fair Haven** and in **God the Known and Unknown**, Butler sets forth respectively his ideas concerning Biblical criticism and his pan-zoistic conception of God.

There too is the art side of Butler resulting in two musical cantatas remotely after the style of Handel, and certainly one painting which will be remembered, **Family Prayers**. Even in the realms of music and painting however, Butler is a satirist, introducing the element of successful speculation as an aid to happy marriage in his music, and setting forth the utter boredom of nineteenth century prayers in his painting.

Like most first-rate men of genius, Butler was interested in poetry; and his translations from Homer, while in prose, are perhaps the most interesting versions to be found in the English language. In his commentaries on Homer, such as **The Humour of Homer**, and the **Authorship of the Odyssey**, Butler reveals once more the ever present tendency in his nature to find the element of humor wherever it was possible to be found. One must not overlook in this connection his edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets

and his contributions to the ever increasing literature of Shakespearean theory.

Samuel Butler came of a long line of English clergymen, and was fated, like many another young man of his time, to be hustled into the Church as the chief avenue of respectability still open to the upper middle classes. But after a short experience in a London parish, Butler found himself in a state of great mental and spiritual dissatisfaction; so much so that he withdrew from the Church. Visiting upon his father's family in this fashion no inconsiderable disgrace, Butler departed for New Zealand to raise sheep. New Zealand was considered far enough away to make the family immune from any further attacks of ecclesiastical bad form. Now Butler found the sheep in New Zealand more stimulating than those of his Church in London; and that, together with the fact of the intellectual revolution which was being inaugurated by Charles Darwin, brought him into the realm of scientific and religious controversy.

Within three years Butler had obtained sufficient reward from his industry to enable him to return to England and settle in comparative ease for the rest of his life. Here he could paint pictures, compose music, write poetry, combat Charles Darwin, satirize the Church, write a novel, and in every way, with very little restraint, give a complete expression of himself. From here too he could make his excursions into Italy and Sicily, where he found a more genial atmosphere and a sense of companionship which England withheld from him.

Butler's great contribution to the world is **The Way of All Flesh**, one of the great English novels, taking rank with **Tom Jones, Henry Esmond** and **Jude the Obscure**. This book occupied a great part of Butler's time for about ten years of a period when his mind was filled with the theories set forth in **Life and Habit**. It is indeed almost impossible to grasp the full significance of this novel without some understanding of Butler's thought on heredity and memory. To Butler the child is his own father and grandfather, and so on, back to the very primal germ of life. He would regard as scientific the word of the man of Nazareth, "I and my Father are one"; but he feels that in every case the latest arrival to the realm of consciousness has brought with him from that vaster domain of the unconscious a greater wisdom or at least a more unspoiled understanding than that of those who have been too long exposed to the tamperings and delutions of the rational consciousness. The child is his father—or rather he is the latest development of his father. His father is a kind of cast-off garment. As Butler says, "a man quarrels with his father about three-quarters of a year before he is born and then proceeds to set up a separate establishment." After that it is better that these two should not conflict with one another.

Ernest, in **The Way of All Flesh**, had been dominated by his father to such an extent that he had almost lost his selfhood. He had been forced into fields alien to his nature, and thereby had settled upon a sure course of destruction. About this time his rebellious ego cries out, "Obey me, your true self, and things will grow tolerably well with you, but only listen to that outward and visible

old husk of yours which is called your father, and I will rend you into pieces even unto the third and fourth generation as one who hated God; for I, Ernest, am the God who made you."

This theory of Butler's prepares us for the paradoxical statement which he makes in so many of his books, to-wit: that knowledge is founded on inexperience; the young child is wiser than the man of experience. Butler is simply saying that instinct exerts a more profound influence upon a man's life than reason, and that the child with healthy instincts remembers more that is actually essential to life than the adult man whose increasing accumulation of facts leads only to confusion.

To the realm of practical life Butler has addressed himself again and again, and throughout his works are to be found maxims of practical judgment. To a degree equaled by no other writer since Goethe, Butler accepts as an axiom the theory of apprenticeship in art as well as in life; the development of one's individuality will be measured by the extent of one's participation in spontaneous activity. The real tissue of life consists in action, not in judgment. Development is not furthered by Hamletizing. It is better to follow the bent of one's nature, the call of one's instincts, the direction in which one's intuitions propel one, better to do this, even though one is led by the Furies. Mistaken action is better than no action. It is better even to be wicked than to hesitate, better to be eccentric than balanced. As Emerson says, "if I am a child of the devil, I will live unto the devil."

To the artist Butler comes proposing this notion of apprenticeship and of following the call of one's genius in a way which on the surface seems to be almost a plea for *laissez faire*. Thus he would advise a writer: "Do not hunt for subjects, let them choose you, not you them. Only do that which insists upon being done and runs right up against you, hitting you in the eye until you do it. This calls you and you had better attend to it, and do it as well as you can. But till called in this way, do nothing." And in like manner, in the matter of knowledge and of intellectual curiosity, he urges us "never to try to find out anything, or to learn anything, until the not knowing it has come to be a nuisance for some time. Then you will remember it, but not otherwise. Let knowledge importune you before you hear it. Our schools and universities go on precisely the opposite system.

"Never consciously agonize; the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Moments of extreme issue are unconscious and must be left to take care of themselves. During conscious moments take reasonable pains, but no more, and, above all, work so slowly as never to get out of breath. Take it easy, in fact, until forced not to do so.

"There is no mystery about art. Do the things that you can see; they will show you those that you cannot see. By doing what you can you will gradually get to know what it is that you want to do and cannot do, and so be able to do it."

The Victorian age was satirized by many of its children. It is particularly in the realm of morals that we find the charges of hypocrisy brought against the age of the good Queen. Here Butler is somewhat of a naturalist. To him morality is that which on the whole brings a man peace in his declining years. No course of conduct can be wrong that leaves a man healthy in his old age, and any system

of society and morals which can point to a multitude of good looking, happy and healthy people, can not be very far wrong. The great axiom in morals is to avoid excess in everything—excess of goodness as well as excess of badness. Excess of piety is apt to turn a man into a hypocrite; excess of wickedness will turn him into a knave. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. The man in extreme poverty has a good appetite but has nothing to satisfy it with; the man in extreme wealth has the wherewithal to satisfy his appetite, but has no appetite. Therefore neither can take proper nourishment. Extremes always meet. Excessive logic as absurd as no logic at all, and if one follows out any train of reasoning to the bitter end, one lands in unreason. The "national" reformer who endeavors to make the world a wholly reasonable place in which to live succeeds in making himself both uncomfortable and ridiculous; and the pious people who strive to cleanse us of impurity irritate us to an extent that is positively wicked. God doesn't like people to be too good. So Butler prays this prayer:

"Searcher of souls; you who in heaven abide,
To whom the secrets of all hearts are open,
Though I do lie to all the world beside,
From me to thee no falsehood shall be spoken.
Cleanse me not, Lord, I say, from secret sin
But from those faults which he who runs can see,
'Tis these that torture me, O Lord, begin
With these and let the hidden vices be;
If you must cleanse these, too, at any rate
Deal with the seen sins first; 'tis only reason,
They being so gross, to let the others wait
The leisure of some more convenient season;
And cleanse not all even then, leave me a few,
I would not be—not quite—so pure as you."

He is a meliorist and sees that if a man serves God as did those who withdrew themselves into the desert, he will be impoverished and will not be able to serve him handsomely; if he serves Mammon as do the extremely practical people and does not serve God some also, he will become sordid. If a man turn his mind wholly to science, the material world is apt to become hard and lose the poetry of life; if he turns wholly to religion, he is apt to become afflicted with hysteria.

In the same way a man should avoid a too constant association with the naked truth. The naked truth is always very embarrassing, not only to polite society, but also in the more familiar intercourse with our friends. Perhaps civilization has not been unwise in making as the foundation of social intercourse a kind of veiled hypocrisy. But if it be carried too far, and one becomes a consistent liar, this also is uncomfortable, since it resolves all things in an atmosphere of undependability. A certain amount of graceful lying is undoubtedly an enviable and indispensable art, but it should be mixed with a wholesome amount of truth. A careful compound will yield neither discomfort nor hypocrisy.

Likewise, pessimism is a mistake resulting from the too intellectual life; too close a scrutiny of tendencies and results makes a man disagreeable to his fellow-men by covering his countenance with gloom. Consistent optimism, arising from a lack of wit, lands us in the same practical situation, resulting, because of its failure, in possibly a greater

pessimism than pessimism itself. All things are diluted in life; even life is at best part death; and death, at its worst, is probably also part life.

In a world such as this, and with conditions of existence such as those under which we live, the primary necessity for man is money. Money is worth having, though it is hardly worth getting. Nevertheless, despite the tedium of getting money, the wise man sets himself as his first task to have money. Leisure is necessary both to happiness and to thought, and money is the condition of leisure. Leisure is necessary in old age, and since peace of mind in old age is a test of one's previous course of morality, the lack of money shows a taint of moral depravity. In fact, to Samuel Butler the greatest loss in the world is the loss of money. He thinks that of all the afflictions that befell Job, the greatest was not the loss of his wife and children, but of his investments. With plenty of money, he could soon get a new wife and be supplied again with children.

Next to the loss of money, comes the loss of health, and, after that, of reputation. Reputation, Butler thinks, is a poor third, for so long as a man has money and health, he can easily acquire a new reputation. In democratic countries reputations are acquired in a day and are lost in a second. It follows, therefore, that the great test of a man's morality is money and health; and by adding to these good nature, and a good reputation, you have the principle constituents of Samuel Butler's idea of the Kingdom of Heaven. "To love God, is to have good health, good looks, good sense, experience, good nature and a fair balance of cash on hand."

The way in which we are to discover God's approval of our conduct is through the channels of pleasure. Pleasure is therefore a means of discovery and is a safer guide of conduct than either right or duty; "for," says Butler, "hard as it is to know what gives us pleasure, right and duty are often still harder to distinguish, and if we go wrong with them will lead us into just as sorry a plight as a mistaken opinion about pleasure. An excellent illustration of this thought is to be found towards the end of *The Way of All Flesh*, where Ernest marries a drunken servant girl in the thought that he was following in the path of duty by keeping himself clean. Marriage would remove him from the path of temptation. Following upon this heroic abandonment to morality comes the discovery of Ellen's drunkenness and dishonesty, and Ernest finds himself trapped as badly by morality as, earlier in the book, he had been by religion.

Ernest's problem in *The Way of All Flesh* is to get as much as possible, of a bad heredity, which came to him from his father and grandfather, out of his system. In the doing of this, he is beset by the usual handicaps which one finds put in one's way by most all loving families. They make every attempt to dominate his personality and to make of him a person who will contribute to their puny social egotism. Their problem is to make him reflect credit upon them. Ernest Pontifex's mother wants Ernest to be a Bishop, or at least a Prime Minister, and dreams of having her portrait done in oil and put on exhibition when he shall have attained that fame. In her mind another of her son's obligations in the fulfillment of the eternal debt of gratitude he owed to his parents who accidentally begot him, was to provide marriageable young men for his homely sisters. Christina's day dreams in this direction go far to make some of the most interesting pages in *The Way*

of *All Flesh*. Another well done portrait in this book is that of Mrs. Jupp, Ernest's landlady, to whose making Butler has given a somewhat Robelaissian touch. Mrs. Jupp has the mind of a young prostitute unfortunately housed in the body of an old one. But what a charming person she is—illiterate, naive, honest and alive. She is not crystalized and hypocritical, as Theobald and Christina; and, notwithstanding her social questionability is, next to Ernest's Aunt Aletha, the most charming woman in the book.

Ernest's hero (and Butler's) is young Townely, who satisfies the definition of one of God's favorites. He is a man on whom clothes set well, who moves about with ease, enters into conversation readily, is not easily embarrassed, is free with his money, and yet not too free; attractive to both men and women, gracious, amiable, and not concerned with uplifting the world. So great is Ernest's esteem of Townely that he fears to approach too near, but stays afar off as from one of the high Gods.

I know of no work of fiction in modern times to which one can go again and again and receive such revelations of sanity; no work where one gets more of that refreshment which comes from a humorous and ironic outlook upon life. One recalls the baptism of Ernest when pious Grandpa Pontifex goes down cellar to get the bottle of sacred water from the river Jordan to anoint the head of his first grandchild. This bottle had been in keeping for holy purposes for many years; but just as the old man's hands have eagerly clasped the precious fluid, he stumbles over a box, which the semi-obscurity of the cellar had hid from his gaze, and the bottle is dashed to pieces on the dust covered stones at his feet. The spell of sanctity is broken, the serene religious mood is interrupted, and Grandpa Pontifex rips out a terrible oath. The butler dashes upstairs, gets a sponge, and the now muddy water from the sacred Jordan is filtered through a blotting paper. With such filtered water, placed upon Ernest's impressionable head, is it any wonder that it was hard to attain unto perfection!

But in the last part of his life as given in *The Way of All Flesh*, he attains very nearly to the kind of perfection that Butler meant. He had arrived at that happy meliorism which a man steers between the Scylla of conviction and the Charybdis of a total absence of conviction. He had set up good breeding as his ideal and he had attained the grace which comes to those just people who live by faith. To him, the great society is the one in which there are the greatest number of well bred men and women; and the highest good is that which conduces to their happiness. He holds that no man's opinions can be worth holding unless he knows how to deny them easily and gracefully upon occasion in the cause of charity. And he lives in the hope of that immortality which comes through one's children or the message of one's art.

In *Erewhon*, Samuel Butler finds a greater field of satire. Here he applies the law of selection to machines and sees humanity yielding more and more to the command of machinery—the machines becoming masters and men becoming slaves whose duty it is to supply the machines with water and oil. Mechanical consciousness becomes greater and greater, machines multiply and weed out the less effective and finally dominate and overcome the human race. Fearing this combination, the *Erewhonians* issued an edict that all machinery should be destroyed. Even a watch is viewed with suspicion; and anything which lessens man's

own independence and reliance upon his senses was regarded as a menace.

Education is approached under the head of "deformities" and "Colleges of Unreason." The school is concerned, just as most of our American colleges are, in the art of suppressing truth, of warping the human reason, and of paralyzing and perverting the natural instincts. Teachers are invented who teach and preach under the name of "Hanki" and "Panki," "Hocus" and "Pocus," symbolic of the real function of the educator in conventional society.

The laws of this land are of course curious; the laws in other countries always are. For example, embezzlement is regarded as an indisposition, to be cured by moral precepts, while the embezzler and his family continue to move in the best of society and are visited by their friends who inquire after his indisposition. But the man who has a bad cold is treated with no mercy. He is a serious menace to his fellow men. He may plead that his condition is the result of poor heredity, but the judge replies that a man has no right to poor heredity; that every man irritates his parents and drives them into matrimony so that he may be born, and that while he is about it, he better choose good parents. So the bungler is sentenced.

In like manner, the man who has been defrauded by his guardian is punished on the ground that his loss of money will cause him to complain, to look sad, and hence be a source of annoyance in a society where amiability and cheerfulness are the symptoms of morality. He is not to be excused on the ground of inexperience; a man with sound heredity should have thousands of years of good experience back of him, and therefore he is to be punished more severely than the man who has defrauded him. The latter is punished chiefly for the crime of being found out, which is the greatest crime in the whole world, after all.

In the satire on the church which is treated here under the name of "musical banks," Butler points out that the currency of this institution is worthless even at the bank itself, but that it is an excellent thing for women and children to carry about these coins and ostentatiously jingle them on holiday occasions. Those who attend the musical banks most conspicuously bear upon themselves the seal of respectability, so that, after all, the bank serves as a sort of matrimonial clearing house.

At the conclusion of Erewhon, the hero, an Englishman who has stumbled into this country, escapes with the woman of his choice in a balloon. In the volume which follows, the hero returns and finds to his amazement that his departure in the air has been regarded as supernatural. He had been made the national diety, and faith in him was regarded as the only means of salvation. The sensible maxims which he had given them in his former visit had been warped and twisted so many times by academicians and theologians that they were almost as unrecognizable to him and as unpalatable as Christianity would be to Christ.

Beneath the mask of humor and satire, Butler is ever striving for a world more sane and honest, for one in which frankness and sincerity can dwell in a state of grace. Notwithstanding his love for England, and his belief, after the manner of the typical Englishman, that England is the greatest country in the world, he was an alien not only to the Victorian age, but also to modern English smugness and complacency. Too much was done in the name of God and righteousness; every war was a holy war; a man went out to plunder his neighbors and called it doing his duty to

God. The same old lie of the ecclesiastics, hoary with antiquity, was repeated over and over again. And so Butler loathing all this, and with his characteristic humor sings a hymn in honor of the righteous man and phrases it after the manner of David:

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN

The righteous man will rob none but the defenceless,
Whatsoever can reckon with him he will neither plunder nor kill.

He will steal an egg from a hen or a lamb from a ewe,
For his sheep and his hens cannot reckon with him hereafter—

They live not in any odor of defencefulness:
Therefore right is with the righteous man, and he taketh advantage righteously,

Praising God and plundering.
The righteous man will enslave his horse and his dog,
Making them serve him for their bare keep and for nothing further,

Shooting them, selling them for vivisection when they can no longer profit him,
Backbiting them and beating them if they fail to please him;

For his horse and his dog can bring no action for damages,

Wherefore, then, should he not enslave them. shoot them, sell them for vivisection?

But the righteous man will not plunder the defenceful—

Not if he be alone and unarmed—for his conscience will smite him;

He will not rob a she-bear of her cubs, nor an eagle of her eaglets—

Unless he have a rifle to purge him from the fear of sin:

Then he may shoot rejoicing in innocency—from ambush or a safe distance;

Or he will beguile them, lay poison for them, keep no faith with them:

For what faith is there with that which cannot reckon hereafter

Neither by itself, nor by another, nor by any residuum of ill consequences?

Surely where weakness is utter, honour ceaseth.
Nay, I will do what is right in the eye of him who can harm me,

And not in those of him who cannot call me to account.
Therefore yield me thy pretty wings, O humming bird!

Sing for me in a prison, O lark!
Pay me thy rent, O widow! for it is mine.

Where there is reckoning, there is sin,
And where there is no reckoning sin is not.

There is a certain type of mind to which Butler does not and cannot appeal. His appeal is more limited than that of his disciple, Mr. Bernard Shaw. There are people who look upon Bernard Shaw with horror because he is not serious. They are still more horror-stricken when they find that he is. For Bernard Shaw is primarily a moralist. Now, Samuel Butler is not a moralist, but he is a man who strips the mask of hypocrisy from the face of the conventional by means of satiric laughter. And this is a sin which is not easily forgiven by those pious prigs who are the self-appointed spokesmen for middle class muddle head-

edness. For them, the Victorian family system with all its unctiousness was a finality of perfection; and upon this system Butler had poured out the vials of his wrath. He had laughed, too, at the self-conscious seekers for culture who in that forlorn age went about in groups at the serious business of elevating themselves. Such a system of life was analogous, in Butler's mind, to the stuffy upholstered parlors of that period. People were dying for lack of air and for lack of humor.

So it is no wonder that men like Butler and Hardy, and Anatole France appeal to small audiences, for they wound the esteem of dogmatists and serious minded people on every hand. The fame of such men is reserved for a time when their satires have ceased to prick the bubbles blown by their contemporaries. But that was the kind of immortality Butler dreamed of, and his dream is coming true. All over the English-speaking world we begin to discern his disciples, and with the coming of disciples there comes the great and everlasting danger to which all men of genius are subject. Great men wish to be appreciated, but they do not desire disciples. Disciples destroyed Christianity. They were the damnation of Jesus, so that his teaching has been set about face, and the thing which is called Christianity is a mockery of the great Gallilean. The same thing has been done with Shakespeare, Goethe, Homer, Dante, Browning, Walt Whitman, and even Frederick Nietzsche. Enthusiastic disciples so pervert and twist one particular side of the master's teaching that it becomes an alien thing.

I am not trying to say that Samuel Butler is as great as Shakespeare or Homer, but simply to say that he who was rejected by his own age is apt to be too much accepted by this. We are apt to have too many novels after the manner of **The Way of All Flesh**, too many essays in the Butlerian manner, and too wholesale an acceptance of his philosophy of life.

Georg Cabot Lodge says somewhere that "there are no captains nor followers on the soul's eternal quest." The kind of appreciation that Butler yearned for was the kind that avoided genuflection and obeisance. It is well to remember his psalm to the critics in the last pages of the **Notebooks**:

TO CRITICS AND OTHERS

O Critics, cultured critics
Who will praise me after I am dead,
Who will see in me both more and less than I intended,
But who will swear that whatever it was it was all perfectly right:

You will think you are better than the people who,
when I was alive, swore that whatever I did was wrong

And damned my books for me as fast as I could write them;

But you will not be better, you will be just the same,
neither better, nor worse,

And you will go for some future Butler as your fathers have gone for me.

O how I should have hated you!

But you, nice People!

Who will be sick of me because the critics thrust me down your throats,

But who would take me willingly enough if you were not bored about me,

Or if you could have the cream of me—and surely this should suffice:

Please remember that if I were living I should have been upon your side

And should hate those who imposed me either on myself or others.

Therefore, I pray you, neglect me, burlesque me, boil me down, do whatever you like with me,

But do not think that, if I were living, I should not aid and abet you.

There is nothing that even Shakespeare would enjoy more than a good burlesque of Hamlet.

MIDSUMMER'S EVE

By Anna Spencer Twitchell

Gaunt as the ghastly tenements which they call home,
Fronting the squalor of the wretched street,
After the day's fierce heat is ended
They come forth from dim, ill-smelling halls,
From stuffy, cluttered rooms,
From stifling attics and loathsome cellars
Into the outer air.

They crowd the crazy stoops and crumbling stairs,
Overflowing the pavement and the oozing gutter's edge:
Slouching, unshaven men,
Sallow, slattern women
With wispy hair caught back
From bleak, unlovely faces,
Suckling at inadequate breasts
Their latest born;
The aged with peering eyes and sagging lips,
And children with old features marked with doom.

Curses are heard and raucous cries,
A woman's shrill, sudden laughter,
The wail of a sick child,
The dry cackling of a senile voice,
A babe's complaint—
And coming nearer and nearer down the street,
The whine of a hurdy-gurdy
Playing over and over
"Get Out and Get Under" . . .

What do they know of the beauty of summer days and nights,

Housed within musty, reeking walls,
Bred in misery and schooled in wantonness,
Without a hope, an aspiration or a dream?

What do they know of the miracle of a waking world,
Of dew-gemmed sward and the lifted faces of flowers?

What do they know of leafy dells,
And the clear call of a bird to its mate—
Of water sparkling over pebbles,

Of wide, wind-swept spaces, sunny vales
And hoary peaks,

Of dawn and dusk and star-light and—God?
But then they have the pavements and the hurdy-gurdy!

The cover design for this issue was drawn by H. Weaver.
The charcoal sketch is by John Domela Nieuwenhuis.

Formula for jingo patriotism: One part love of country
and two parts hatred of other countries.

The Truth About

Russia . . . J. H. RYCKMAN

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
J. H. RYCKMAN

The Red Terror

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

The perils coming through Bolshevism are many and varied and it is in knowing the nature of these disturbing predicaments that the people elsewhere than in Russia should be warned. We must combat Bolshevism by carefully and intelligently diagnosing the perils that come through Bolshevism. In knowing just what the Bolsheviks have done and are doing is enlightenment and a powerful means of acquainting the workers with the inner mysteries of the Red Terror. In the first place the most horrible example of this system of government is the fact that everybody is allowed to vote who works. In other words the soviet slogan is: "A vote for everyone who does useful labor." This is against all true government as it leaves social parasites no voice in the affairs of the world. We must condemn that move. Remember that the Bible says: "And the poor will ever be with ye," and remember that only 95 per cent of the people of Russia can vote against 65 per cent of the people in America. That proves that 95 per cent of the people of Russia are working people. Working people are incapable of self-government, which is proven by the fact that the Bolsheviks have only been in power somewhat over two years and the opposition has been mild to say the very least. For further proof of the decline of Bolshevism we can quote from the recent speech given by Lloyd George before the House of Commons, in which he stated that, "while the Bolshevik force is apparently growing, Bolshevism itself is gradually waning," which is equal to saying that the sun is rising but it is setting.

It must be further understood that the Bolsheviks are unfair in getting into power. They have elections where the people can emphatically state what party they desire. In one election there were 17 tickets represented and the Bolsheviks won by 12,000 votes. In other words the Bolsheviks got more votes than all the other 16 parties put together. There you can see the unfairness of the Bolsheviks. They believe in elections; that people shall have a chance to state what form of government they desire. We can see Bolshevism uncovered at last. At last the whole crude, bloody business dawned upon us.

The utter unscrupulousness of the Bolsheviks may be seen in the fact that the largest salary any official of the Soviet government may receive is sixty dollars a month. Lenin, in Russia, the head of the Soviet Republic, receives sixty dollars a month, and President Wilson of the United States receives a beggarly portion of \$75,000 a year. There you can see the Bolsheviks unmasked. We always knew that the Socialists would make the mistake of giving their leaders a lump of gold that would choke a silo in exchange for their brain power. . . .

Then, too, the Bolsheviks have given over all the land to the peasants; each family is given all the land that it can till and make productive. That is an act against God. God gave the land to the barons to be used as hunting grounds and for the perpetuation of Russian thistles. Tilling of that ground will make the peasants happy, and when the working people are happy this will be a devil of a world to

live in. Then I suppose we'll get into some kind of a millennium that that class-conscious rebel, Jesus, got crucified for propagandizing for!

But the height of all iniquity in Russia, under the Soviet rule is that children are not allowed to work under eighteen years of age. Every American knows that government is impossible without three million child slaves in mills, factories and sweat-shops. I am sure that God would not allow child slavery unless it were just, therefore the disgracefulness of the Soviet system of allowing the children to romp and play and enjoy themselves till they are eighteen years of age is obvious. From such red terrorism turn us away . . . And then, on top of all that, when boys and girls become eighteen years of age in Russia they are entitled to vote if they can prove that they are useful members of society.

Since writing the above I find that I have made a mistake. The rapist terrorism contained in the above paragraph (and which is to the undying degradation of the Soviets) is mild in comparison to the blood-letting that really is the case. Here is my later information:

"Education is compulsory until the age of twenty-one is reached. No child is exempt from school attendance for any reason whatsoever until the age of sixteen is reached, and between sixteen and twenty-one only extreme conditions justify absence from school."

For stark corruption try to equal that. Take that line: "No child is exempt from school attendance for any reason whatsoever"—it is quite apparent that the children are not so free to leave school at an early date to help "the old man" in supporting the family. They have no liberty, no freedom, it can easily be seen, under Soviet rule. Little do the ignorant Russian people realize what they are missing by not having a Supreme Court to declare child labor constitutional. Anyone knows that without a Supreme Court people cannot govern themselves. No government "of the people and by the people" is possible without a group of supreme judges.

The fact that the women are allowed to vote in Russia proves that the Soviets are recognizing the gentle sex; and this is disturbing all the profound laws of nature. It was not so many years ago that a certain church at a holy convention decided to vote on whether the female of the species had a soul and by a majority of five votes it was decided: "Yes, the woman has a soul." But this didn't happen in Russia even under the czar. We will tell you where it did happen. It happened in Italy.

But in Soviet Russia: O my Lord. Listen to what they have there with which to besmirch the fair flower of womanhood. Here it is:

"The Soviets provide for the free care of women for sixteen weeks, before, during and after confinement. *Palaces of motherhood* have been established for this purpose, which are really modern maternity hospitals. Under no condition does the mother return to work until she is strong and well, and her full salary is paid by the state throughout this period. The law applies to all women, whether married or single, for the Soviet Government does not believe that the sins of the father should be visited upon the children."

"That the sins of the father should not be visited upon the children"—I don't believe the Soviets are right there. I find upon careful study of some of the free governments

of the world that the easiest way to have orphan asylums, insane asylums, houses of good shepherds and a host of other things is to let capitalism and disease take its course.

You can see easily enough that in Russia when a woman begets a child she is given no freedom. In other countries she has freedom. She can choose what porch she desires on which to discard her newly-born and is then free to go back to washing floors in office buildings and scrubbing out the spittoons of successful men.

But on top of all this maddening injustice and red terrorism, what do you think that the Russian people have the brazen nerve to ask of the other peoples of the earth? Here it is: "*Leave us alone; let us work out our own destiny.*"

Think of it! Here we have a people actually wishing to work out their own destiny without being interfered with by other nations or kingdoms. Ridiculous! Scandalous! Preposterous!

We will admit if need be that in the war against the curse of kaiserism Russia was bled white. We will admit that. We will admit further, if you so desire, that in the war against the kaiser 3,500,000 Russians were killed, that 4,000,000 were wounded, that there were 350,000 war orphans and that on account of the war the result was 200,000 deaf, dumb and blind. We will admit that; we will admit that the Russians lost more men than Belgium, France, Italy and America all combined, but after that war sacrifice is that any reason why Russia should be allowed to choose what government it desires; is that any reason why they, themselves, should be allowed to whole-heartedly determine the course they are going to take!

Certainly not! Freedom and democracy are not established in vain. You might just as well try to change the Statue of Liberty in its course as to try to self-determine without outside co-operative self-determination.

MUSIC A PASSION WITH RUSSIAN WORKERS

LONDON.—One of the most interesting phases of life in Russia since the revolution has been the passion for music displayed by the masses of the people. Albert Coates, an Englishman who has just returned from Petrograd, where for years he was one of the principal conductors of the Imperial Opera, says the Russian proletariat throngs theaters and concerts.

The educated music-loving public of former days has almost entirely disappeared, Mr. Coates says. The one that has taken its place is a new public consisting of work people, peasants, soldiers and sailors.

"It has often happened that after a concert some simple peasant has risen and formally thanked me and the orchestra for the pleasure we had given them. Often, after a symphony, a group of work people have crowded round me and asked to have explained things in the music they had not understood.

"They showed a marked preference for modern and complicated music, and simple forms of Russian music. Their special favorite, strange as it may seem, is Scriabin, and after a performance of this composer's 'Poeme d'Extase' that I was conducting at the Maryinsky Theater the public, which consisted almost entirely of the 'people,' shouted themselves hoarse with enthusiasm. I had never dreamed they would understand it."—Associated Press Dispatch

AS TO BOLSHEVISM

By Wilby Heard

That one may start out correctly but end up, honestly, otherwise is again borne out in an article printed in the Trojan, the University of Southern California publication, in Los Angeles: "Why Bolshevism Will Fail," by Joseph Sokolow.

Let us lead Friend Sokolow back to the straight and narrow path. Says he: "He (Kerensky) disguised himself and fled." So far so good, but in truth Kerensky disguised himself mentally quite some time before; had he not he never would have had to flee. And right there our friend stumbles: "The Bolsheviks seeing an opportunity to rule the people took the reins," etc. If Bolshevism means majority, it is the People, and it was its duty and only course to do the governing.

What Friend Sokolow believes, what I believe, or what the Fuegians believe plays an insignificant part with Truth, with Fact, unless what we believe can be proven true. Truth and Fact declare that majority rule has come to stay. It may be crushed for a time by tyrants with lies and brute force; but though crushed to earth it shall surely rise again, stronger and better than ever.

Now then let us view this matter sans colored glasses. If Bolshevism is not what the press claims it to be, and Solokow starts with that contention, then it is something else; being something else, it is good, not bad. Being good, society will have it sooner or later, regardless of misrepresentations. So then, Bolshevism, being an economic good, and good being universal, it applies to all lands and all climates.

The struggle in Russia is that of the producer in casting from off his sore back the idler, the sap-draining profiteer. That same struggle is being waged all over the civilized world, and there can be but one result: the useful people of the earth shall win. Whether the people will be misled for a time by names, by calling this struggle Bolshevism, Democracy, Republicanism, or what not counts but little with Progress. The Truth shall prevail.

Before passing judgment on any matter it behooves us to weigh both sides. Before handing down a decision on the form of government which overthrew murderous Czarism, let us learn the Truth about Russia.

THE DEATH WATCH

The great man waits his hour of fleeting pain,
Serene before the sombre shade of doom.

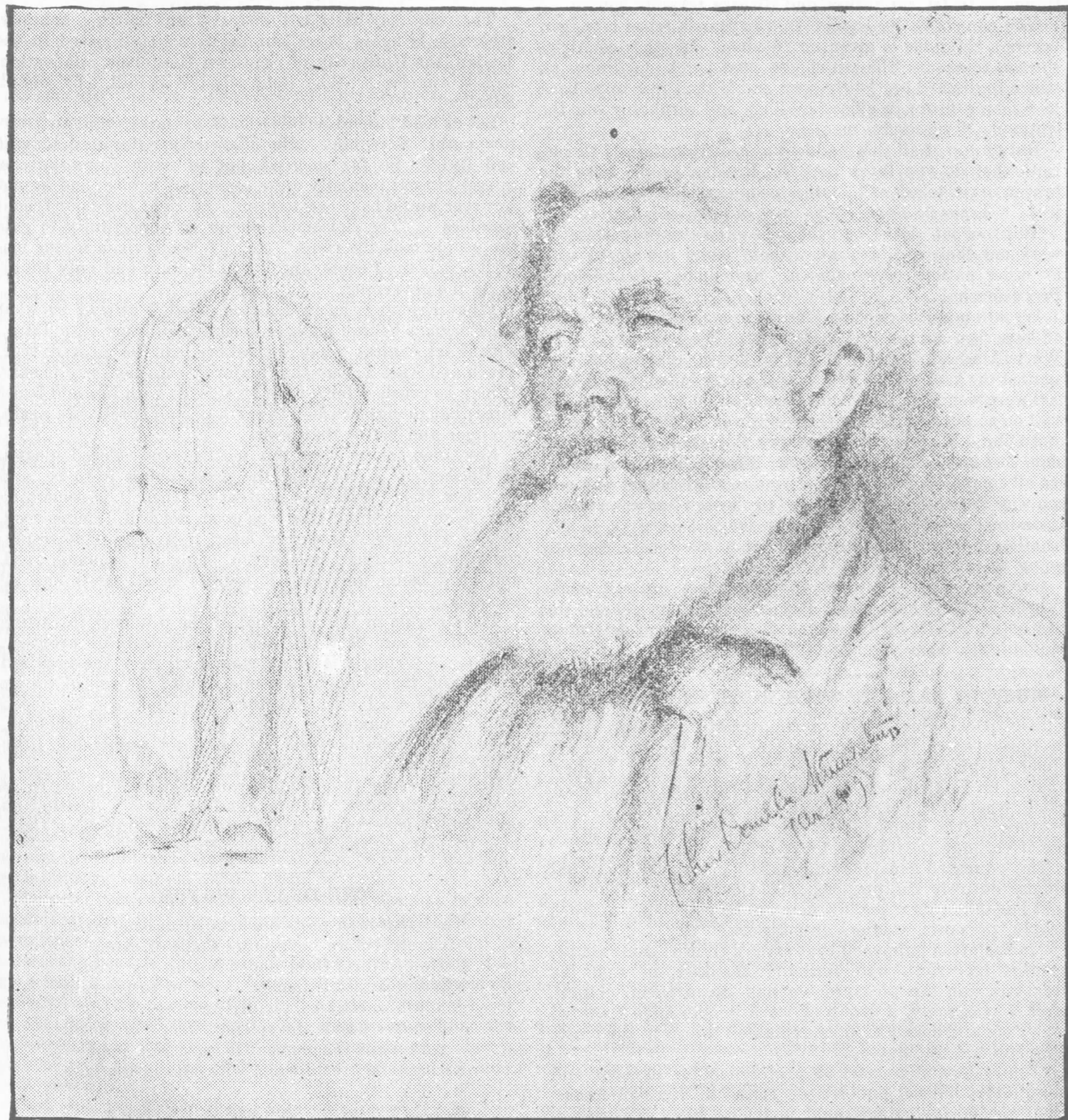
He comforts those about him in the room
Whose tears fall silently . . . Out in the rain
A youth in oilskins, vividly profane,
Trudges beside the splendid house of gloom
And waits the moment it becomes a tomb—
Perhaps the world waits with him in the lane.

Not his the sorrow, and not his the smart,
Though pity vaguely may combat his ire;
His but to wait a signal and no more.
It comes . . . And with a fiercely beating heart
He shrieks his message o'er a humming wire:
"Dead!" And afar the hungry presses roar.

Vincent Stewart

British Oppression in India

By N. S. HARDIKER



Drawn by John Domela Nieuwenhuis.

Recent reports from India, many of which have appeared in the American Press, tell the story of a widespread revolt, of "open rebellion," in the words of the Viceroy of India, of general strikes, of attacks by British machine guns and bombs. Ostensibly, these riots were the result of the passage of two coercive measures, the Rowlatt bills. But to determine the real causes one must penetrate further into the economic and political conditions under which the three hundred millions of people in India live.

The government of India is a rule of one people by another for the sole profit and benefit of the administration. The results of such a policy of exploitation are:

ABJECT POVERTY

The people of India have been ground down to dust. Their average per capita income, according to government estimates is \$9.50 per year. Out of this is extracted a tax of \$1.60. This leaves the head of a family with a balance of \$7.90 with which to buy food, clothing and the other necessities of life. But the cost of food for one meal a day is \$10.90 a year—this one meal to consist solely of rice. Obtaining the ordinary comforts of life is out of the question. More than half of the population go to bed with an empty stomach every night. Contrast this with the figures for the United States. The average per capita income is \$372, and out of this but \$12 are paid in taxes. The average American family has at least three hearty meals, sends its children to school, clothing and feeding them until they are 14 years old, and sometimes sends them to high school. In India the average life is 23 years. In America it is 40, at the very lowest estimate.

FAMINES

Famines have now become chronic and are continually taking a heavy toll of human lives. Famines are caused not by lack of rain, or a lack of fertile soil, or because of over-population, but because of the incessant exploitation by the British of the subsistence of the people of India. The record of famines in India for the period preceding British rule, and a comparison of this with the figures for famines after the British had established themselves in India will serve to show how British rule has sought to oppress the masses of India. Before the British came to India the records show a series of eighteen famines spread over seven hundred years, from the eleventh to the eighteenth centuries. In the nineteenth century are recorded thirteen famines from 1800 to 1875, with a total of 6,500,000 deaths. From 1875 to 1900 there were eighteen famines with a death toll of 26,000,000. In the twentieth century there have been famines every year, with distress and suffering that are indescribable. The latest reports from India tell of another famine, worse than any that India has ever known, with heavy losses and great suffering. The causes of these famines are to be found in the scarcity of money rather than of food. There is plenty of food in the country, but the wherewithal to buy this food at the prices demanded by exporters and dealers is lacking. If the peasant, in good seasons, should get a little ahead, he could, in times of famines, draw upon his savings. But as things are, there is not sufficient upon which to live even in good seasons.

INDUSTRIES

The industries of India have remained undeveloped through all the time that the industrial revolution was working so rapidly in England and on the continent. Yet India possesses all of the raw materials necessary for the manufacture of goods which she is at present forced to purchase from England. The exports of raw materials from India and the import of manufactured products is the cardinal feature of Indian foreign trade. The markets of India are controlled by the British merchants, while the free trade policy forced upon her by Britain prevents the growth of infant industries through protection. Agricultural progress is retarded by lack of means with which to buy new machinery and new tools. Natural resources lie undeveloped.

PREVALENCE OF DISEASES

Cholera, influenza, plague, malaria—all of these and many other diseases flourish undisturbed in India. No efforts have been made to check the spread of these deadly diseases. Sanitation is neglected on the plea that the government has not sufficient funds for improvement of living conditions of the masses. The simplest instruction in hygiene is denied the people. Food and proper living conditions alone can combat the ravages of the diseases. But both are lacking. The deaths from influenza alone for the past year are calculated at 6,000,000. During December, 1918, eight per cent of the population of Bombay died from cholera. The total number of deaths from cholera for the first fourteen years of the enlightened twentieth century is 5,128,000. The prevalence of cholera in India, when it has been eradicated in all civilized Western countries is but one example of the indifference of British officials to the life and health of India. Although the germ of the cholera was discovered in 1883 and the immediate eradication of the disease begun in Europe, it was permitted to flourish in India, and is taking tolls of human lives every year.

DEBTS

Indebtedness is chronic with the Hindu agriculturist. As soon as his crops ripen his first concern is to sell his produce to pay the landlord his rent, and the government its revenue. There is no provision for storage of the grains, to enable the agriculturist to get advances for payment of revenue pending profitable sale at good prices. More often than not the ryot sells at low prices and then buys at high rates to supply his own needs and those of his family. The need for capital with which to purchase grains for the next crop forces him to go to the money-lender who exacts the very life blood of his victim. The lack of capital for new implements and for new experiments hinders the progress of the agriculturist, and the fear of fresh taxes destroys all initiative. The utter lack of education in scientific agriculture is still another cause for the backwardness of agriculture.

ILLITERACY

Out of three hundred million people in India two hundred and ninety-five million can neither read nor write. After one hundred and sixty years of enlightened rule in

(Continued on Page 14)

A Reply to George Creel on Carranza

By FRANK STOKES, Jr.

In a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post, on the very front page, in fact—if one does not include several pages of advertising—there appeared an article by Mr. George Creel. It is called "Carranza Makes Trouble." Whether Carranza is or is not making trouble depends, of course, upon one's point of view. Whether Mr. Creel is or is not seeking to make trouble also depends upon one's point of view. Mr. Creel does not say that we, the people of the United States, should turn our guns upon Mexico, so I shall not say that he even thinks that we should do so. We have just emerged from one war, a righteous war fought in the name of Democracy. Mr. Creel knows that it was a brutal, bloody, barbarous war. Mr. Creel knows that all wars are brutal, bloody and barbarous.

And yet—and yet we all know that wars, like dog fights, have sometimes been started by first arousing a fighting spirit. Make one dog believe that the other dog has bitten him, push them at one another, coax them, maul them, and your fight is started. It is the same with nations. Arouse a feeling of hatred in the people of one nation toward the people of another nation and war is only a matter of time. Concerning Mr. Creel's article I shall say only that, in my opinion, it was not intended to make us love the people of Mexico, or, at least, the Carranza Government.

The charges may be true that Mr. Creel makes against the Carranza Government. Mexico, under Carranza, may have been pro-German. Carranza may have done many things that he should not have done. He may have left undone many things that he should have done. Nevertheless, we, the people of the United States, should consider well before we rush over the border to defend the Doheny oil interests.

I mention oil and Mr. Doheny because Mr. Creel mentions them. The fact is that Mr. Creel gives much space to Mr. Doheny and Mexican oil. So much space does he give to these two subjects that I, as a reader glancing in between the lines, am forced to wonder and to ponder—to ponder and to wonder.

It seems there is much oil in the subsoil of Mexico. And it seems that Mr. Doheny owns much of this oil. It seems, also, that Mr. Carranza has been endeavoring to get Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil, that is to say in the subsoil south of the United States and north of Guatemala—it seems, I say, and so says Mr. Creel, that Carranza has been endeavoring to get this Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil under the control of the Mexican Government.

Now, as a Socialist, I hope he gets it. I hope the Mexican Government will own the Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil just as I hope the United States Government will own the United States oil in the United States subsoil as well as the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and a great many other things.

Mr. Carranza may have been crude and imprudent in the way in which he has gone about the very great task of getting the Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil under the control of the Mexican Government. I say HE MAY HAVE BEEN crude and imprudent because I do not know. Mr. Creel's article conveys the idea that he was crude and im-

prudent; but then Mr. Creel's article conveys, to me at least, so many ideas some of which he evidently did not intend to convey.

For example: after telling us that Americans have been and are being killed in Mexico, after giving us a resume of Mr. Doheny's life followed by such facts as these: the Doheny interests own more than 280,000 acres of Mexican land; the Doheny interests spent "something like" \$3,000,000 before a barrel of Mexican oil was ready for the market in 1905; the Doheny interests bought more land in Tuxpan and Ozuluama, put \$1,500,000 into a pipe line, and spent another \$5,000,000 in roads, camps and development—after telling us all this Mr. Creel says:

"—though it is true that Americans are being killed and that every American in the oil district works in daily fear of his life, the major concern is with property rights."

Americans have been and are being killed but the major concern is with property rights! My God!

Now what sort of an idea does that convey to you? If Mr. Creel is correct in his assertion that the major concern is with property rights—Mr. Doheny's property rights for instance—why, let us rush down into Mexico to kill and be killed in order that such property rights as Mr. Doheny's property rights in Mexican oil and its appendants may not pass from him to the Government of Mexico, in other words to the people of Mexico.

And again: Mr. Creel conveys the idea that under Carranza Mexico has been a genuine hell, full of bandits and murderers. Highwaymen, cut-throats and incendiaries are rambling rampant, rabid and rakish in all parts of the republic. Does Mr. Creel wish to convey the idea that before Carranza became President of Mexico that country was full of philanthropists instead of highwaymen, full of good Samaritans instead of cut-throats, was full of uplifters instead of uprooters?

I wish to remind Mr. Creel that Mexico is in the throes of revolution. I wish to remind Mr. Creel that there have been other revolutions in history. There was a revolution in England when Charles I was dethroned; there was a revolution in France in 1789; there was a revolution in America in 1776; there was a rebellion in America in 1861. Mark me, I say rebellion because it was unsuccessful. Had it been successful it, too, would have been a revolution.

During this rebellion there were highwaymen, cut-throats and incendiaries, and they rambled rampant, rabid and rakish. Sometimes they rambled dangerously near the Mexican border. If a citizen of Mexico ran counter to their plans, I suppose they entertained that citizen of Mexico with wine and sweet music. I wish to remind Mr. Creel about the proverb concerning stones and glass houses.

But why does Mr. Creel mention these things? Why does he worry about the death of Americans at the hands of Mexican renegades? Has he not said that the major concern is with property rights? He has said that the major concern is with property rights, and he has told us that the Doheny interests own more than 280,000 acres of Mexican land. He has told us that the Doheny interests spent "something like" \$3,000,000 before a barrel of Mex-

ican oil was ready for the market. And since the major concern is with property rights I suppose it is meet that you and I give up our jobs here and our lives there that the Doheny interests may be kept entire.

The Doheny interests had \$3,000,000 to spend before a barrel of Mexican oil was ready for the market. It seems to me that \$3,000,000 ought to have been enough anyway. Why did Doheny invest in Mexican oil "at a time," as Mr. Creel says, "when all he had to do was to sit still while wealth poured in?" Why did he go to Mexico to be "bitten by every variety of insect, ravaged by fevers, and to suffer every known privation" when he was already in a position to buy everything that money can buy? Why did he? Great heavens, why should he?

But he did, and because he did, and because the President of Mexico is now trying to get possession of the Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil for the the Mexican Government, you and I must be ready to give up our jobs and our lives—for Mr. Creel has impressed upon us the fact that the major concern is with property rights.

Mr. Creel says: "it is not alone oil lands and other foreign holdings that are threatened; this threat has already been put into effect in the case of the railroads of Mexico, the Wells Fargo Express Company, the tramways of the City of Mexico—all properties that have been seized and interest payments suspended." If this is true, if the Mexican Government is trying to get control of all these things, I am glad. As I have mentioned before I know very little about Carranza; however, this looks like a step in the right direction.

Mr. Creel says: "another naive theory of the Mexican Government is that it is entitled to deal as it pleases with foreign residents so long as it deals with its own citizens in the same manner. If, for instance, it confiscates the property of Mexican citizens it has equal right to confiscate the property of foreigners." I know very little about Carranza, but this looks as though he were at least sincere in what he is endeavoring to do.

Mr. Creel says further: "It (the Mexican Government) does not see—or refuses to see—that the Mexican citizen has two remedies against oppression—the legal and political. Not only may he appeal to the courts, but he has a ballot with which he can, if he wills, overthrow the tyrannies of government and the injustice of judges." To this I answer that if a foreigner has as much money invested in Mexico as Mr. Doheny seems to have he ought to become a citizen of Mexico. At any rate he ought to become a citizen of Mexico if he wishes to defend his property. He shouldn't remain an American citizen while you and I give up our lives and our jobs to defend his property for him. I have often heard the cry, "America for Americans." Perhaps Carranza believes that Mexico should be for Mexicans. And what is there to prevent Mr. Doheny from becoming a Mexican? We in America have our opinion of foreigners that come to America, make money out of America, but do not become citizens of America. But, to me, it is even worse to make money out of America without even living here.

It has been shown us that the Doheny interests own much of the Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil. Mr. Creel does not say so but I naturally conclude that other American companies own Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil; in fact I presume that most of the Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil is owned by people that are not citizens of Mexico. Mr. Creel conveys the idea that Carranza endeavored to

get this oil under the control of the Mexican Government for the purpose of impeding the enemies of Germany in their fight for democracy for "American and Allied battleships, destroyers—aye, industry also—had been planned and adjusted on the permanence of American and Allied investments in Mexican oil—." Then he says, "There is more in the oil matter, however, than war resentments or war needs, for the question possessed significances that have persisted and that endure today."

Now since Mr. Creel admits that there is more in the oil matter than war resentments or war needs, and since the world war has been successfully concluded, and since Mr. Creel gives us this intelligence long before the signing of the armistice, I am quite willing to agree with him—there IS more in the oil matter than war resentments or war needs.

Once more I am forced to wonder and to ponder. I am forced to wonder how much of that Mexican oil the use of which "had been planned and adjusted" for "American and Allied battleships, destroyers—aye, industry also—" how much of that Mexican oil, I wonder, was Doheny's Mexican oil? I am not saying that any of it WAS Doheny's, for, of course, I don't know.

But if much of it were Doheny's, I see a condition created which somewhat resembles perpetual motion. Battleships, destroyers—aye, industry also—all burning Doheny's Mexican oil. It is only natural to assume that Mr. Doheny received some remuneration for his Mexican oil. It is only natural to assume that Mr. Doheny purchased interest bearing war bonds. These helped in keeping the game going, and Mr. Doheny made a profit both ways.

Before the world war became so interesting, the capitalist press was full of news concerning our alleged difficulties with Mexico and Mexico's alleged difficulties with itself. Then suddenly the subject was dropped, and we read very little about these perplexing troubles. After the lapse of many months these publications have once more taken up the subject. Did nothing happen during this interim? Did Zapata, and Villa, and Lopez, and Angeles, and all the rest of them simply stand at attention until it once again pleased us to notice them? Was all serene below the Mexican border? And has trouble only recently recommenced? Or did German submarines and other German horrors force the capitalist press to drop this Mexican game until a time more opportune; to me it seems that such is the case.

Now that Germany, and Austria, and Bulgaria, and Turkey are subjugated, it is time to arouse our latent hatred toward Mexico. It is time to begin the Mexican game where it was so suddenly stopped that you and I may be enticed to willingly, if anxiously, give up our lives and our jobs that—well, for one thing, that Mexican oil in the Mexican subsoil may not become the property of the people of Mexico.

I know that all is not well in Mexico; I have read "Barbarous Mexico." I know that Carranza has his enemies even among his own people; I know that these enemies are called rebels. I know, also, that where there is a rebel there is a wrong. I am not defending Carranza neither am I condemning him; neither am I defending or condemning Villa, or Zapata, or Lopez. Nor am I condemning Mr. Doheny. Mr. Doheny is probably a very good man; so probably is Mr. Creel. The difference is simply in our point of view. They have expressed their point of view; I have tried to express mine. After all it is up to you

and you, and you to decide whether or not you shall give up your jobs and your lives, if need be; it is up to you to decide whether or not the major concern is with property rights such, for example, as Mr. Doheny's property rights within the Republic of Mexico.

MEN OF TOMORROW

Great bards have sung of knightly lists,
Of the luring gonfalon's flare,
When men of brawn and mail-clad fists
But lived to do and dare—
A flash of battle, a course-strewn plain,
And a ballad of battle was born;
A pillaged home, a father slain.
A guerdon won and worn:
But who has sung of those to come,
Of the noblemen yet to be
When Mars' great voice is stricken dumb
And manhood bends no knee;
When knighthood's flower will fare unstained
Over sunlighted thoroughfares,
A sword the flame of knowledge gained
And truth the flesh it bares?
God, send a man with wonder pen
And a heart as wide as all space
To write the song of future men
And meet them face to face!

—Charles Bruce.

WARE PEACE-TIME CONSCRIPTION!

The American Union Against Militarism, from its headquarters in Washington, D. C., has issued a warning to American citizens to be on the alert to prevent the National Guard for fastening peace-time conscription upon them in order to insure full ranks for the guard and the resulting federal subsidies. Says the Union, in its statement:

"The National Guard has just fastened peace-time conscription upon the youth of the state of Maine. They have slipped through the legislature a bill giving them the power to draft boys into the National Guard whenever they need additional members to bring the Guard up to the quota which would entitle the Guard to federal support and its officers to federal pay.

"Their motive is obvious, and utterly selfish.

"They are at work in other states. If your legislature is still in session, watch out."

The officers of the American Union are Oswald Garrison Villard, chairman; Amos R. E. Pinchot, vice chairman; Agnes Brown Leach, treasurer, and Charles T. Hallinan, secretary.

The Ohio Socialist, organ of the Socialist Party of Ohio, has found it impossible to get any printer in the city of Cleveland to print the paper. The Socialist is therefore setting about the job of securing its own printing plant.

British Oppression In India

(Continued from Page 11)

India, the British have enabled six out of every hundred to be educated. An admirable record, indeed, for a progressive Western nation. Education is neither free nor compulsory in India, except in the native states. Five out of every hundred girls get common school education. The expenditure on education in the United States, per head, is

\$4.00. In India it is two and one-half cents! Within twenty years the people of the Philippines have reduced their illiteracy to 55 per cent. Now 44 per cent of the people are educated. Within eight times that period England has produced a nation of illiterates numbering 94 per cent of the population. The repeated requests for free compulsory education have been met with the same objection—insufficient funds. Yet there is always sufficient for the military. Bondage and death are gradually causing the deterioration of the entire population of India. A continuation of such policy can have only one result—the wiping out of the race.

While claiming that there is no money for education or sanitation, the government is constantly increasing its military expenditure. In the proposed budget for 1919-1920 nearly 48 per cent of the total revenues are to be spent on the military and navy alone. Next to the military charges the biggest item on the budget is the sum allotted to the railways. On the ground that the government has not spent enough money on railways during the war it proposes to spend about 27.1 per cent of the total outlay now. Thus the military and railways alone consume about 75.38 per cent of the proposed revenues. From the remaining 24.62 per cent they wish to improve agriculture, irrigation, education, industries, sciences and sanitation.

OPPRESSIVE LEGISLATION

With a military strength unsurpassed in Indian history the government has seen fit to pass a law which is so drafted that any one whose writing or speaking is disliked by officials may be arraigned and tried by special processes, which in effect abolishes all ordinary law. The passage of the bill was bitterly opposed by all of the Indian members of the Legislative Council, who voted against it. Five of the members in the legislative and executive council have resigned their seats. Passive resistance movements have been started. On April 6 a national Humiliation day was declared. All shops were closed, and in many provinces fasting was observed. Strikes, riots and revolts have been taking place over all India. To quiet the restless people the government has employed bombs, machine guns, armored cars, and has succeeded in fanning the flames of revolt. In the revolts at Ahmedabad and Amritsar a total of 400 lives were lost. Floggings and imprisonments are the order of the day.

FOR SELF-DETERMINATION

India demands, in the name of justice, nothing more than the principle of self-determination, for which the world war was fought, and for which she has shed her blood. A government of the people and by the people and for the people is the only salvation for India, and the only just reward for her bravery.

Riots and revolts will not subside in India by repression. The policy of repression in America brought on the revolution. England should begin to heed the warning of her American colonies, and the only method for curbing riots and revolts is to grant real justice and genuine democracy to the three hundred millions in India.

Our present form of government: Of the plutocrats, by the politicians, for the people.

Under capitalism the price of worldly success is usually prostitution of some kind or other.

Fighting Back

By CLARENCE MEILY

A campaign of tyrannical and lawless bulldozing by police and petty magistrates is being conducted against socialists and other radicals in many cities and sections of the country. The chief of police of Kansas City blatantly announces that "reds" are not wanted in that community and that radical meetings will be suppressed. In Buffalo, the police, stationed at the entrance to socialist gatherings, refuse to allow any but regular members of the organization to enter. In New York City, such an old and reputable institution as the Rand School is raided and literature confiscated. Socialist parades on May Day were attacked by hoodlums in a number of cities, and the socialists, not the hoodlums, thereupon arrested. Raiding I. W. W. headquarters, beating up the occupants, and destroying property, has become a pleasant police recreation in many localities.

It is safe to say that nine-tenths of these police activities are wholly outside the law and are properly characterized as criminal. Yet because the police are the agents concerned, most people assume them to be lawful exercises of governmental authority, and in consequence fasten the stigma of criminality on those whom the police thus persecute. Great harm is thus done to the cause of radicalism, especially as the kept press always publishes the news of raids and arrests, never the subsequent vindication of the victims in the courts. It is from every point of view desirable, therefore, that this nagging abuse of power by minor officials should be stopped and it can be stopped by a very simple course of procedure.

This consists merely in taking full advantage of the remedies the law affords against such practices. Resort to the higher courts will generally bring a semblance, at least, of fair play. If it does not, the demonstration of judicial partiality is itself excellent propaganda. Injunctions can be obtained to prevent interference with lawful public assemblages. Illegal raids and arrests can be countered by civil actions for damages. Confiscated property can be recovered by replevin. Whenever criminal process can be obtained against the offenders, this, too, should be done. In every instance suits should be prosecuted relentlessly to the end, and both their course and outcome given the fullest possible publicity. Oppressive and ridiculous statutes, like California's new "criminal syndicalism" law, should also be cotested to the courts of last resort, that the precise degree of civil liberty left in America may be demonstrated for the information of the public.

Whatever may be the result of these attempts at legal redress, socialist and radicals have everything to gain and nothing to lose by resorting to them. If they win, they score a practical victory. If they lose, they register a moral one. To say that this proposal is one to fatten lawyers, is to exhibit a shallow and ignorant prejudice. Few socialist lawyers conduct such litigation at other than a personal sacrifice. The cost of instituting such suits is small, and where damages are claimed, as will usually be the case, arrangements can be made for attorney's services on a contingent basis. Policemen are human, and the police officer, high or low, who knows that his abuse of his position will surely bring upon him the trouble, expense, and anxiety of a damage suit, will think twice even before beating up a "wob- bly."

There is another thing that should be done in this connection. The socialist propaganda itself should be carried to the members of the police force. As a friend of the writer remarked, a policeman is merely a poor man trying to make a living. The economic interest of the average policeman is that of the wage earner, and his secret sympathies are not infrequently with the proletariat. In England and Canada, trade union organization has spread amazingly among the police. In the Winnipeg strike, the police walked out with the strikers, but, when the city undertook to organize a new force, they returned to work *in order to protect the strikers*. It is sheer folly to abandon these men to the prejudice and isolation of capitalist allegiance without a concerted and persistent effort to show them the truth of socialism.

Dr. N. S. Hardiker, author of the article on British Oppression in India, published in this issue, is secretary of the India Home Rule League of America. Those desiring information concerning the Indian libertarian movement can obtain it by addressing the League at its headquarters, 1400 Broadway, New York City.

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Jimmie Higgins

A Story : By Upton Sinclair

Concerning "Jimmie"

David Starr Jordan writes:

It is a most powerful book, realistic and substantially just, though in places ruthless. I have read it with great interest as a fair presentation of the "changing winds" in the life of a well-meaning working man. All men who have watched the current of events between the devil and deep sea have experienced many of the same emotions. It is certainly gripping.

Louise Bryant writes:

I've written a review of your book for the next Liberator. I'll try to do a better one for the "Call." It is great,—everyone is speaking of it here. Boardman Robinson said last night it proved to him conclusively that fiction is so much more powerful as propaganda than articles. Certainly Jimmie Higgins stings,—that's why the "Times," etc., call for your blood. It is a great compliment.

From the "New York Tribune":

Our attention was first attracted to Upton Sinclair's "Jimmie Higgins" by a review in "The New York Evening Sun" which said that the author ought to be put in jail. We did not find the book quite as good as that, but it is nevertheless an interesting and honest book which breaks new ground in the field of war fiction. Sinclair seldom tells a story merely for the love of narrative, but to us "Jimmie Higgins" was absorbing entirely aside from its propaganda. It is an intense book, but lucid for all that.

Perhaps its intensity may be accounted for by the fact that there is more than a hint of autobiography in the story of Jimmie Higgins. Although the outward circumstances have no relation, Sinclair's mind must have gone through a series of adventures somewhat similar to those of Jimmie during the course of the war. Sinclair was a radical Socialist who came out in support of the war, but later found himself entirely out of sympathy with American armed intervention in Russia. It is this process of rise and fall which is traced in the mind of Jimmie Higgins to an eventful tragedy. Jimmie Higgins was "a little runt of a Socialist machinist," and when the war began he was strictly neutral. He was against both sides because to him the war was merely a commercial quarrel between big capitalists. Various things happened to shake his neutrality, but no sooner was he disposed to see a higher issue in the struggle than some mean piece of profiting here at home would convince him that everybody concerned was equally to blame. . . .

It will be observed that Upton Sinclair's style is singularly exclamatory. He writes without grace, but at the same time he is able to convey to us a sense of conviction and of excitement. He is a sort of two-handed writer, hitting out at his reader constantly, and if he misses with one sentence it is as like as not that the other will land.

However, "Jimmie Higgins" will hardly be read for its style, but rather for its substance and so it is well to record that Jimmie finally becomes so convinced that the progress of the world depends upon a German defeat that he enlists as a machinist.

For the next few chapters the book is slightly more conventional. Sinclair is ready enough to admit that even with all its horrors there is the possibility of a certain lofty gesture in war. He makes his Jimmie a hero who takes an important part, quite by accident, in the battle of Chateau Thierry. Here perhaps the book reaches its least plausible point, but it is done at a fine excited pace which we found disarming. Every now and then Upton Sinclair, the radical Socialist, realizes that he must bring home some of the horrors of war, so he shoots away a jaw or a leg, but he is not able to hold up the course of his novel from its romantic gallop. We were rather surprised to find Sinclair had so much skill in rapid narrative and still more to find him framing one chapter which is delightfully humorous. We had always thought of him as the most unharmonious of all our writers. Such a conception can hardly stand in the face of the account of the visit of the King of England to a hospital where Jimmie calls him "Mr. King" and advises him to study socialism.

In spite of the violence of the ending, we find nothing incredible in the book. We do not always agree with the opinions of Jimmie Higgins, but neither does the author, for that matter. He is not an excessive partisan of his hero throughout. He does, however, show the circumstances for every phase of opinion through which Jimmie progresses, and makes that opinion seem the inevitable result of the circumstance. "Jimmie Higgins" seems to us a singularly fair book. It strikes somewhat between the works of those authors who would have us believe that a righteous war is admirable in its every phase and those others who hold that no war is righteous and that it brings out nothing of fineness. Sinclair gets all around the war question before he is done and allows the reader to see it from all sides. One does not even need to sympathize with Jimmie Higgins, as the author does, in order to be interested in the book. It seems to us that it should interest conservatives more than radicals, since it will be more novel to them.

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