

A Book Which Has Been Absolutely Boycotted by the Literary Reviewers of America!

The Profits of Religion

By UPTON SINCLAIR

A Study of Supernaturalism as a Source of Income and a Shield to Privilege; the first examination in any language of institutionalized religion from the economic point of view. "Has the labour as well as the merit of breaking virgin soil," writes Joseph McCabe.

This book has had practically no advertising and only two or three reviews in radical publications; yet, three months after publication, we are printing the twenty-sixth thousand, and are selling three hundred copies per day.

The pastor of the People's Church of Louisville, Kentucky, writes: "Had occasion to make a speech about your 'Profits of Religion' to our People's Church, and am reporting herewith the sale of two hundred and forty volumes. Our protest and our appreciation of your masterly pen in the service of real religion."

From the Rev. John Haynes Holmes: "I must confess that it has fairly made me writhe to read these pages, not because they are untrue or unfair, but on the contrary, because I know them to be the real facts. I love the church as I love my home, and therefore it is no pleasant experience to be made to face such a story as this which you have told. It had to be done, however, and I am glad you have done it, for my interest in the church, after all, is more or less incidental, whereas my interest in religion is a fundamental thing. Let me repeat again that I feel that you have done us all a service in the writing of this book. Our churches today, like those of ancient Palestine, are the abode of Pharisees and scribes. It is as spiritual and helpful a thing now as it was in Jesus' day for that fact to be revealed."

From Gertrude Atherton: "'The Profits of Religion' is both erudite and courageous—aside from its compelling interest."

From Luther Burbank: "No one has ever told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the

truth' more faithfully than Upton Sinclair in 'The Profits of Religion.'"

From W. L. George: "I have just finished 'The Profits of Religion.' I think it a work of the highest sincerity and regret only that 140 years after the death of Voltaire it should still be necessary that your brave pen be enlisted against venal mysticism. I entirely agree with you that while the religious impulse is human and lovely, the dogmatic faiths that have made a corner in it are hypocritical in intention—that they purposefully apply anaesthetics to the human intellect, that they conspire to keep it in ignorance, therefore in subjection to the masters, noble or wealthy, of a world made wretched."

From Sinclair Lewis: "I've been reading 'Profits of Religion' again. It isn't merely that the book is so everlasting sound—it's so delicious as well—literally delicious! You can taste the fine flavor of humor—the kind of humor which alone can dispose of the pompous asses who pretend to be the only authorized traveling salesmen of the All-Unknowable. I don't know any book like it."

315 PAGES, CLOTH \$1.00 POSTPAID; PAPER 50 CENTS POSTPAID

Address: UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California



BULLETIN BOARD

AT THE FABIAN FORUM, BLANCHARD HALL
Every Sunday, 2 P. M.

On Sunday, June 15—ROBERT WHITAKER of Los Gatos, Cal., will speak on

“PRINCIPLES, PROSPECTS AND PERILS”

On Sunday, June 22—WILLIAM B. McCLEARY of Bisbee, Arizona, will speak on

“THE AGENT PROVOCATEUR”

And on Sunday, the 29th of June—HENRY J. WEEKS of Laguna Beach will speak on

“IS THE WORLD NOW SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY?”

These are by far the greatest lecturers The Forum has ever announced. The Rev. Robert Whitaker is well-known throughout the United States as a poet, preacher and lecturer of great ability.

William B. McCleary is a lawyer of distinction and was one of the victims of the disgraceful Bisbee deportation, when 1200 of the best citizens of Bisbee were loaded in cattle cars and dumped out on the desert of New Mexico by the Copper Trust.

Henry J. Weeks is the famous Torrens Land Law expert, and an orator of surpassing eloquence.

A fine vocal and instrumental musical program every Sunday. All welcome. Admission free.

FREE READING ROOM

Maintained by the Women's Shelley Club and the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, at Rooms 410-411 Fay Building, corner Third and Hill Streets. Open every weekday afternoon from 1 to 5 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Radical periodicals on sale.

HILL-TOP CLUB

318 South Hope St., Los Angeles, 1919

Monday, June 16, at 7:30—Quarterly Members' Meeting.
Wednesday, June 25, at 6:30, the Vegetarian—Fifth Discussion Dinner. Topic: “Will Prohibition Work?”
Ralph L. Todd in charge.

PUBLIC-SPEAKING AND JOURNALISM CLASS

To meet weekly, will be formed on Tuesday, June 10, at 7:30, in the Clubhouse. The class will be self-governed.

LONDON SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

149 South Main Street

Lectures Every Saturday and Sunday at 8 P. M.

Best Speakers—Interesting Topics

Evening Classes:

Monday—Biology and Evolution Tuesday—English
Thursday—Spanish

Phone Pico 2222
By Appointment

Residence Phone
South 5473-J

E. F. RICHMANN

Chiropractor

Ratlidge Graduate

1008 Haas Building Los Angeles, Calif.

South 751-W

GEO. W. DOWNING

ATTORNEY AT LAW

4608 Central Avenue

Notary Public

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LIVE FOOD—LIVE PEOPLE

The unfired diet is truly attractive.
Is moral, aesthetic, delicious and good.
And further than this, it is more than preventive—
It cures the diseases that come from cooked food.

Health Drinks—Uncooked Soup—Fruit, Flower and Vegetable Salads—Unbaked Breads and Brawn Foods—Unfired Pies and Cakes—All very delicious to the Unperverted Taste. Try them at

THE RAW FOOD DINING ROOM

ONLY 25c A PLATE

640 SOUTH OLIVE STREET Phone Broadway 643

STUDY CHIROPRACTIC

And become a benefactor to mankind. The Chiropractor lost but one-tenth of one per cent of cases during “flu” epidemic.

New College Good Faculty

Easy Terms Clinic

ECLECTIC COLLEGE OF CHIROPRACTIC

Main 3185 321 S. Hill St.

LOS ANGELES CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE

Regular \$300 2400-hour course now given for \$165, payable \$1 weekly. Clinic and private treatments for all nerve and spine troubles. Send for catalogue. Classes forenoon, afternoon and night. Diplomas issued.

DR. CHAS. A. CALE, D.C., President

931 South Hill St. Main 2542; A5605

CHIROPRACTOR

WALTER J. MITCHELL, D. C.

Hours 2 to 5 P. M. 321 So. Hill St.
Or by Appointment Main 3185

A. LEVANZIN, A.B., Ph.D.

Diet Specialist and Psychotherapist

313 W. Third Street Los Angeles, Cal.

“Influenza: Its Cause, Prevention and Cure.” By Prof. Levanzin, with an Appendix on “Influenza, Colds and Bacilli,” by Chas. E. Page, M. D., of Boston, Mass. 35 cents postpaid.

From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Except Sunday

Advice by Correspondence Also

Subscribe!

“THE WORLD”

Leading Socialist Weekly on the Pacific Coast
Complete International Labor News Service

Special Articles by Leading Socialists

WEEKLY — 8 PAGES — \$2.00 Per Year

For Sale on Leading Newstands

THE WORLD

1020 Broadway Oakland, Calif.

THE NEW JUSTICE

Vol. 1

Los Angeles, Cal., June 15, 1919

No. 9

Editorials

THE PEACE OF PARIS

As the veil of secrecy which has shrouded the Paris peace negotiations in impenetrable darkness is thinned somewhat by the necessity of disclosing the results attained, both the occasion of the secrecy and the reluctance of the disclosure become clear. Even the most pessimistic and cynical doubter could not have imagined a greed more comprehensive, a popular betrayal more base, or a muddle more complete. So outrageous, indeed, is the net result of the negotiations as embodied in the peace treaty, that even its authors are frightened, and are seeking, each at the expense of the other, some modification that may make the terms at least humanly possible of performance. So exigent is the situation that Lloyd George, that arch advocate of loot to the limit, is taking the lead in insisting, obediently if feebly seconded by Wilson, that the treaty cannot stand as framed, and the senile Clemenceau will accept changes if their date is sufficiently postponed.

It is, however, instructive to consider America's position in all this. We entered the war on the basis of the Wilsonian declaration that we neither sought nor desired material gain, but only a just and therefore lasting peace. We have, indeed, received no material gain. What have we achieved in the way of peace? The present treaties make at least four wars of a major character imperative and inevitable, just as soon as the prospective belligerents can obtain arms and resources: These are, first, a war by a Balkan coalition against Italy in order to crush Italian monopolization of the Adriatic and secure access to the sea; second, a war by Germany against France to free German territory from French oppression and recover the coal fields of the Saar valley, of which she has been despoiled; third, a war by Germany against Poland to rescue more Germans from alien tyranny and to regain agricultural lands which she must have if she is to avert starvation; fourth, a war by China against Japan to save the Chinese population of Shang Tung from Japanese rule. In each of these wars the United States is to be bound by treaty to take part, and in each case on the wrong side. In each case, American youths will be sent abroad to die in support of an alien despotism and in violation of the principle of self-determination. The American people have spent twenty-five billion dollars, and three hundred thousand of their sons have shed their blood, many of them giving their lives, to be thus insured, not against war, but against peace!

That the treaty is the perfect expression of the capitalist instinct for accumulation is evident in its every proviso. That it was dictated by the trading class of Eng-

land, France, Italy, and Japan is beyond question. A curious confirmation of the influence exercised by big business in framing it, transpires in the fact that bankers and business magnates of New York were in possession of its complete text when the United States Senate, a component part of the treaty making power, was unable to obtain it. There is not one common citizen in America or any of the Allied countries who will be freer, safer, richer, or happier because of this treaty. No one who gains anything of benefit from any of its provisions. The only persons who do profit by it are the bankers and capitalists of London, Paris, Rome, and Tokio, who find in it new avenues of exploitation. It is a class treaty, made solely in the interest of a class, and in brazen and sneering disregard of the interest of the public.

The most pathetic figure on the international stage at this moment is that of President Wilson. Hard hearted, indeed, must he be who would not pity a statesman so deflated, an idealist so tricked and befooled. Six months ago, President Wilson, was, quite literally, the most powerful man on the globe. Back of him were the wealth, the resources, and the military prowess of America, making him at that moment the arbiter of human destiny. In him reposed the faith and hope, not only of his own people, but of the awakening and aspiring masses of five continents. Through him spoke the voice of that longing for justice, freedom, and brotherhood which swept the world, and which no one could phrase so aptly as himself. But he fell under the spell of British statecraft; he mistook the clamorous cries of avarice for the popular will; he was dazzled by dinners and decorations and degrees; he frittered away the power that lay in American food and money till they were used merely as an international bribe to stay the march of revolution; he yielded to the wiles of French secret diplomacy. Today, even as was his exaltation, so is his fall. Failure, such as was never before met by any man, is what history must record of him. And his ruin is not only that of an individual, but of a cause as well. In this dark hour of reactionary triumph, the president's defeat becomes a world tragedy, lit only by the creeping flames of that general European revolution which is the logical answer to the peace of Paris.

C. M.

THE SULPHUR GANG

The powers of darkness and reaction—the powers interested in discrediting and stifling the radical movement in this country—could have wished for no greater aid to their atavistic designs than was furnished by those responsible for the disgusting and inhuman bomb outrages of June 1. Whether perpetrated by provoking agents actually in the pay of the conscious enemies of the radical and labor movements, or by members of that half insane, wholly desperate fringe that from the dawn of history has clung barnacle-like to every forward-looking movement that the world has known, the net result is the same—Progress loses and Reaction wins. By these outrages some added span is given to the life of Privilege and some

check is put to the coming of the day of economic freedom in a better world. The excuse for vicious and intolerant repression is given; and that excuse is always utilized to the limit by the powers that prey.

It would seem that it were almost idle to say these things—so often has the lesson of the terrible futility of violence and terrorism been brought home by the logic of events to the attention of mankind. It is, it appears, inevitable that certain sickly and perverted temperaments will react to oppressive environments in dark and frightful ways. But the harm they do is far greater than the murder of individuals here and there. It is the setting back of the clock of human progress; it is a cowardly stab in the back at the hopes and aspirations of the people; it is black treason to the race.

Back in the early days of the Socialist movement in Europe a phrase was coined to fit these pestiferous apostles of violence and terrorism who consciously or unconsciously sabotaged the radical movement of that day just as the modern bomb-toters are doing now. They were called "the sulphur gang." Marx and Engels, and the rest of the earnest men and women who were painstakingly laying the groundwork for the mighty Socialist movement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, were caused no end of trouble by the tactics of this sulphur gang. Many of the crew were in due course of time proven to have been provoking agents in the pay of reactionary elements. A few others were unbalanced characters who really thought they were "helping the revolution" by their continuous violent talk and their happily infrequent violent acts. The same, presumably, is roughly true today.

But the furtive creatures of the modern sulphur gang, whether or not they be paid provoking agents, are evidently few in number; and blessedly they tend to slink utterly away wherever large bodies of men and women actually accomplish anything in the line of genuine mass action against industrial or political wrongs. The absolutely peaceful and orderly conduct of the epoch-making general strikes at Seattle and Winnipeg bears glowing testimony to this happy fact. The battle of Humanity against Mammon is going to be won with the same weapons with which it is being fought today—the civilized use of political and economic power. And the day of that winning appears to be measurably near.

On with the sane and disciplined march towards Industrial Democracy! Nix on the sulphur stuff!

R. R. B.

AFTER MEXICAN OIL

A cheap and shabby melodrama, which, however, will cost the lives of a number of ignorant and helpless Mexicans, is being staged near Chihuahua by the predatory interests of England and America which have long been covetous of the mineral resources, particularly the petroleum, of Mexico. Bandit Villa appears to have been subsidized and ordered to produce a sufficient semblance of a revolution to give excuse for renewed ululations about "anarchy," "disorder," "murder of Americans," and intervention. Always intervention! Already those American newspapers whose owners are particularly anxious to manure their Mexican investments with Mexican blood, are seconding this attempt with alleged news dispatches of so fantastic a character that if they were not so sinister they would be funny. There is little like-

lihood that the people of the United States, who have had this game tried on them before, will be stampeded into a fresh war to increase the wealth of these gentry.

But there is a danger to Mexico, inspired by the same interests but coming from a different quarter, which the Carranza government would do well to consider. Mexico has not been invited to join that capitalistic cabal known as the League of Nations. Mexico, in the eyes of the gentlemen at Paris who are assuming to parcel out the globe among themselves, is in the same category as Albania or German East Africa. It does not matter that the present government of the southern republic is stable, popular, as nearly representative as a bourgeois government can well be, and is slowly restoring prosperity to the people. Indeed, in its success lies its crime. That the resources of Mexico should be used for the benefit of the Mexican people is a thought so abhorrent to the Paris gentlemen that it is not unlikely some one of the Big Three will "accept a mandate" for the spoliation of that rich and fruitful land.

C. M.

THE LOGIC OF THE GENERAL STRIKE

To strike is to quit work. In that fact lies both the power of the strike as a weapon and its impossibility as a settled condition of existence. The more general the strike becomes, the more do these two contrasting features manifest themselves. That is to say, the more powerful the strike becomes as a weapon, the more intolerable it becomes as a permanent state of affairs. Sooner or later, unless all men, the workers included, are to perish, the strike must end and work be resumed.

Now, if work be resumed under the old conditions, the strike is lost. Yet as the material resources of the capitalist class are greater than those of the workers, and its endurance of the strike paralysis proportionately better, the tendency is always towards a resumption of work under the conditions which it chooses to prescribe. On the other hand, this is a tendency to which the workers constantly oppose themselves with increasing fervor and determination, until at last the inevitable resumption of work will be undertaken on their terms and not on those of their employers. In other words, at this point the general strike merges into industrial and social revolution.

C. M.

THE NEW JUSTICE

A Radical Magazine

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

EDITORS:

Roswell R. Brownson Clarence Meily

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

J. H. Ryckman, David Bobspa, Agnes H. Downing, Georgia Kotsch, John D. Barry, Lena Morrow Lewis, Alice Park, Chaim Shapiro, Paul Jordan Smith, Fanny Bixby Spencer, Chas. Sprading, Robert Whitaker

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50. Six Months, 85c. Single Copies, 10c. Club, Bundle and Newsdealer Rates on Application.

312 FROST BUILDING, LOS ANGELES

The Revolution

By FANNY BIXBY SPENCER

I heard shrill whistles and loud bells one night;
They said—quick passed the word—"Lo, Peace
is Come"
And flags of triumph fluttered in the light
Of merry shouting streets where grief was dumb.

But, masters, heard you not beneath the blare
A rumble as a storm about to fall,
And saw you not behind the tinsel-glare
A lurking figure in a scarlet pall?

O! look you, in the throbbing market-place
At yellow noon it walks. Can you not see
It turning here and there its mirthless face,
Glancing a challenge and a prophesy?

The Revolution, Comrades, it is here,
Searching the fearful shadows of today.
I tremble when its zeal-lit eyes draw near,
And yet I've touched its hand along the way.

The Revolution—its long past has trailed
Across the sands of history blood red,
Spilling its own hot life-blood as it failed
To win its object with a monarch's head.

It has not known the fullness of its power,
Nor grasped the natural law of super-might,
But stormed with transient force the hostile hour,
Mad with its message of essential right;

Mad with the trammelled ages' hunger-cry;
Mad with the quenchless yearn of misery;
Mad with the urge of days that droop and die;
Mad with the long lash-sting of tyranny.

Oh, I have clutched its hand and felt the throb
Of life within its untamed bosom warm,
And from the wretched depth I've heard the sob
Of hope that swells as music in the storm.

The Revolution! Terrible the sound
When sunder crash the fixed, time-settled rocks.
Cheer, comrades, in the prison tortured, bound;
The Revolution soon shall break the locks.

Not by the means the ill-starred past has sought,
Of brutal, bare resistance to the wrong;
The Revolution shall be charged with thought,
Reborn from out wild fury into song.

The song of force that cannot crush and kill
But leaps in life profuse, creation-wide;
The song of passion, the alchemic thrill
That transmutes blinded hate to love clear-eyed;

And then the song of conflict—might supreme
Of non-resistance beating in the gate—
The mind to mold and clench the epoch's dream;
The will to stand with folded arms and wait.

They lied who told us war would free the earth;
They slept who followed its deceiving lure;
And stripped and hurled upon a whelming dearth,
The sweating mass grubs out the forfeiture.

The sweating mass—who blames it if it cries
In fierce bewildered wrath? Old faiths have
ceased
To lull its soul. It strikes for vaster skies.
Behold red fire flashes in the east!

Fling out your flame, O Revolution swift!
Already you are strong and from your mouth
New prayers have turned the centuries adrift;
The world is primed—to west, to north, to south.

Hasten with spears of light that cleave the dark,
In power of mystic rapture loosed of fear;
Onward, O quickened Spirit, deathless Spark!
The Revolution, comrades, it is here!

Oscar Wilde—the Quest of the Beautiful

By PAUL JORDAN SMITH

It is fashionable in respectable company to apologize for any admiration that one may hold for the personality or work of Oscar Wilde and to invent excuses for his weaknesses and for those things which among polite persons we do not mention. The best excuse, however, that one may offer for the unpleasant things in this great poet's career, was revealed at the post-mortem examination in Paris, where it was shown that upon the brain of that strange and wayward man of genius there had been fastened for many years a malignant thing, which had caused to go awry the normal uses of his mind. Or one may turn to that monument of his in Paris, which has carved upon it, the figure of a young man with the face of a dreamer, whose hands clutched at the stars while his feet are caught in the clay. We are all dreamers; and all are hindered as we clutch at things above us by the clay beneath our feet. That is enough to say of the waywardness of any man, and no man may ultimately be condemned. Then, too, all men have their gifts to lay upon the altar of life along with the weaknesses that they must have, and it is indeed a captious critic who overlooks the glory of the gift because of having had a glimpse of some scarlet sin. Oscar Wilde has given to the world the fragrant memory of a beautiful and generous personality, gifted with golden speech, has left many a song to enchant the weary children of the earth, and by deft analysis has revealed upon the stage the abundant weaknesses of our human nature, which, because of his sting and laugh, we have set about to change.

And then one is so often met with that idle question, "Was Oscar Wilde sincere?" One might in a flippant mood reply with the phrase of Samuel Butler, "Sincerity is a youthful virtue," and that in a life where so much protective coloration is necessary to any kind of success, sincerity doesn't matter. But in the case of Wilde, we do not have to evade the problem of his sincerity any more than in the case of his Hibernian brother, Bernard Shaw. All people are sincere. Every man, to the best of his ability, is true to his presiding genius. The clever among us, to avoid the too inspecting gaze of the curious world, to startle the simple, or to affect a mask, pretend insincerity. Nature compels us to be true in the long run to what we are, and even the chameleon is true to its nature.

The world is surely forgetting Oscar Wilde as a man with a gross individuality, just as it is calling to mind more and more his power as a personality. And Wilde must be judged as a creator of beautiful literature, as a maker of winsome dreams, as a writer of musical prose with the most sustained rhythms of any in our language, save that which characterizes our English Bible; as a singer of beautiful songs, and as one who has put upon our English stage the cleverest dramas of our society since the days of Sheridan.

But as a dramatist, aside from the more rhetorical things such as *Vera*, or *The Duchess of Padua*, Wilde was primarily a social dramatist, whose great psychological insight revealed the emptiness of the Victorian social life. In such things as *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and *Lady Windemere's Fan*, we are brought face to face with

the kind of tedious twaddle which passes for polite conversation; and a mirror is held before our faces revealing our own inanity and showing that it is not only they, but we, ourselves, who are guilty of the stupidities and yawning boredom of respectable life. It is no wonder that in the midst of such hard and flat prairies of righteousness "Conscience makes egoists of us all," or at any rate of such of us as have found some alluring oasis of cleverness and sin to relieve its dull monotony.

Another phase of the genius of Wilde is revealed in a "scarlet thing" like *Salome*, which embodies his cleverest epigrammatic power, but gives it a setting more chastened and refined. Here is an atmosphere of pearls and of pomegranates; here is revealed Wilde's love of the luxuriant, his fondness for naming lists of jewels and tapestries; his love of talking about the honey-colored moon, the silver-sandalled moon that slips across the sky; his love of male rubies, of porphyry and of green jade.

And then we are to think of a man, too, who could turn away from the decorative page and the making of curious rhythms, to the more practical concerns of the making of English homes into places where it is good to dwell, of reforming atrocious wall-papers and crude Victorian carving, and changing them into objects that were liveable and beautiful. As one of those, who has contributed greatly to the modern movement for beautiful and curious decoration, Oscar Wilde will be long remembered.

And then, as a poet, we are coming to see that Wilde was no mere imitator of Swinburne, or Hood, or Rossetti; that *The Sphynx* is one of the landmarks in the making of English poetry; that the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* has given to the world something that will forever grip the heart-sympathy, and sing its way into the everlasting memories of mankind; and *Panthea*, with the message of the new time comes, as an expression of one who is a Prophet of Proteus, and a herald of the new voice of evolution. No one has expressed the philosophy of change in a finer way than this:

"From lower cells of waking life we pass
To full perfection; thus the world grows old:
We who are godlike now were once a mass
Of quivering purple flecked with bars of gold,
Unsentient or of joy or misery,
And tossed in terrible tangles of some wild and wind-swept sea.

"This hot hard flame with which our bodies burn
Will make some meadow blaze with daffodil,
Ay! and those argent breasts of thine will turn
To water-lilies; the brown fields men till
Will be more fruitful for our love tonight,
Nothing is lost in nature, all things live in Death's despite."

So then Wilde has, in a certain sense, a philosophy of life, founded on the idea of change and carrying with it the necessity of constant readjustment to the moving will of which we are a part. Moreover, since, so far as one's

present personality is concerned, one may have only a few glimpses of the moon, one must take with selective care the beauty that one may haply find, and give, in return, as many quickened and beautiful moments as one has the genius to give.

In his attitude toward life, one finds a very marked difference existing between him and his master, Walter Pater. With Pater there is more of solemnity and of austerity than in Wilde. Oscar Wilde had danced bacchanals with the young Greeks; he had been present at the feasts of Dionysos, and he knew the melody and passion of Hellenic song. Pater, too, knew these things, but he had been touched more deeply by the lyric prose and the austere message of Plato and his master; he had listened to the songs of Lucretius but he had heard also the wise proverbs of Aurelius. So that there is in Pater a reserve, a balance, and a wisdom that we do not find in Wilde. But there is in Wilde a spontaneity, a simplicity of utterance, and a native beauty that we can find nowhere in Walter Pater. Then, too, Pater was a recluse, while Wilde loved to be with people, and hence knew more of human nature and for us has more permanent basis of appeal.

Oscar Wilde perceived that the Victorians were "dying of creeping common sense," that they had complacently given themselves up to the "greatest good for the greatest number" and to a practical utilitarianism which was deadly and democratic. Along with the nationalism of the 19th century, which seemingly had opened their minds, went a priggish kind of moral prudery. If they were to open their intellects, they must at least increase their morals. People had encysted themselves. Wilde saw that they needed stimulus to grow, and that the kind of stimulus they were receiving from Victorian tea parties, such as George Eliot loved to inflict upon the literary lights of London, would not further them to that end. The stimulus to growth, as in all ages, must come from a few. He saw that no healthy growth would come from self congratulation, such as Mr. Gladstone used to give. Before Bernard Shaw he perceived the necessity of saying sharp and unpleasant things. He conceived, also, in his way, of a kind of social philosophy. For him, socialism, as it was, was a limited thing, hard, statistical, and matter of fact; individualism was a riotous thing, vulgar and self assertive, and any social philosophy worthy of the name must combine these two tendencies in one. He looked upon the democracies of which middle-class people of his time were boasting, and saw that they were failures; they failed because people have bad taste. How can the average man do selective service for the state when he can't even select his own necktie? And when his opinions are manufactured for him by a vulgar press? All of this led Wilde to say that "Democracy is a bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people," and that it is therefore the most painful process of government that has yet been devised. He tells us, in the "*Soul of Man Under Socialism*," that there have been three great tyrannies,—that of the pope, that of the prince, and that of the people. And that while popes have been bad, there have been immeasurably great popes who have helped to make the world beautiful; that while princes have been wicked, there is always the possibility of the good prince who will be a patron of art, and will minister to the need of science; but that the tyranny of the people is a hopeless tyranny, until all people are

wholly transformed. So he fears a mere scientific socialism, and declares that "If he would have his ideas realized, the socialist must first kill the snob." No outer change or reform alone can save the world. Personality must go hand in hand with platforms. Good taste must be the basis not alone of morals, but of government.

Wilde saw, however, that freedom is necessary to create personality, and that there existed in England and in America no such freedom as was necessary for the cultivation of the beautiful. Journalism was free, and the journalist might attack, in any way that he saw fit, helpless people and tear their reputations to shreds. One was at liberty to say ugly things in a vulgar way, but the artist whose desire it was to say beautiful things with fine discrimination must be imprisoned for obscenity. Journalism was free, because its vulgarity could be appreciated by the masses. Art, which is the expression of fine personality, was crucified because it was caviar to the multitude. With this discrimination there could be no opportunity for the development of personality.

All of this was in line with Wilde's idea of personal freedom in the realm of conduct. Here, above all, personality was to be supreme. "I never take any notice," he said, "of what common people say, nor interfere with what charming people do." That is the final word in morality. Discrimination is the ultimate court of appeal. Charming people can do no wrong. It is the equivalent of that saying by some mystic of the last century "Love and do as you please." The chances are that healthy and good-looking people will, in the long run, do nothing that, at least, is stupid.

To attain this liberty for the individual and for society, however, let us not trust too much to constitutional reformers, who always go to extremes. The John Browns of the world may be useful, but they are usually ugly, and certain it is that their moral and intellectual sharpness and angularity does not lend anything to that amiability and good nature which is so necessary to successful social life. Reform in society as in the individual, is temporary and as soon as a reform is accomplished, all statements of it should be burned, and its creed destroyed. The thing we admire about reformers and reformations is simply the healthy protest which is embodied. That is why Wilde speaks disparagingly in the *Sonnet to Liberty*:

Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know,—
But that the roar of thy Democracies,
Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
Mirror my wildest passions like the sea
And give my rage a brother—Liberty!
For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
Rob nations of their rights inviolate
And I remain unmoved—and yet, and yet,
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them,—in some things.

Still, liberty must have an economic foundation before it can be realized in human society. Unless men can be independent of one another about the things they must have to exist, there can be no freedom in the spiritual things they will need in order to live. In the present

arrangement of things, there is always the call for charity, and charity simply means that a few people will continue to enlarge their own sense of self-approval and flatter their own philanthropic vanity, which spoils them, in order to make other people upon whom misfortune has descended so entirely helpless and inefficient as to spoil them. So that "charity creates a multitude of sins" and covers the world with incurable moral and intellectual cripples.

Another danger always threatening society through the reformer is that he dotes on laws and legislative enactments which require more and more a subservience of man to authority and a complex enmeshing of humanity in systems of obedience; whereas Wilde saw that "disobedience is man's original virtue," and that even reform itself in so far as it is a healthy protest, is the symptom of disobedience; and that way lies strength.

This of course points to the individualism which is an integral part of Wilde's idea of society. And we are told by those who are opposed to individualism that it is selfish. One replies that all human actions, whatever the seeming motive may be, are of necessity selfish, but that there is a distinction between bad selfishness and good selfishness. The bad selfishness is individual, capricious, and wilful; it is the doing of things to the hurt of others. For Wilde, "Selfishness is not doing what one pleases to do, it is wanting others to do what one pleases for them to do." The ugly selfishness therefore is that of the preacher who is afraid to do what he pleases, and wants everybody else to be as miserable and puritanical as himself.

When we have combined individualism and socialism in the revolution that is always to come, the human personality will be free to be the thing suggested in the **Soul of Man Under Socialism**:

"It will be a marvelous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything, and whatever one takes from it, it will still have, so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet while it will not meddle with others it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us, by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child."

Ideas such as these could not have been born of an essentially gross nature. Fineness can not come of utter perversion, and we know that much of Wilde's idealism and much of his hope was born of pain and tutored by sorrow. And anyone who will read without affectation "**De Profundis**" will behold a spirit chastened by pain and refined by grief, and will know that these have caused that insight betrayed in those pages.

What if he did fail afterwards to realize these hopes? And suppose he was unable to live his dreams? How many of the sons of man have been able to sustain these ecstasies of beatific vision? Human life is too frail a thing and is too much a thing of moods and moments for that; and after all, as Wilde tells us, and as all history reveals to us, the beautiful moments of our lives are our

saving graces. Speaking of the man of Nazareth, we are told in **De Profundis** that "those whom he saved from their sins are saved simply for beautiful moments in their lives. Mary Magdalen, when she sees Christ, breaks the rich vase of alabaster that one of her seven lovers had given her, and spills the odorous spices over his tired dusty feet, and for that one moment's sake sits forever with Ruth and Beatrice in the tresses of the snow-white rose of Paradise."

One may not turn away from a consideration of Oscar Wilde without recalling that back of his aestheticism is a belief in spirit, and a kind of naturalistic mysticism which lends an air of charm to his "**Poems in Prose**," "**The House of Pomegranates**," "**De Profundis**," and "**The Soul of Man Under Socialism**."

After speaking of his spiritual experiences in an English jail, and telling of how he looks forward to the ministry of beauty as a means of healing his spirit when he should once more emerge to the light of day, he declares, in conclusion, "Still I am conscious now that behind all this beauty, satisfying though it may be, there is some spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that I desire to become in harmony. I have grown tired of the articulate utterances of men and things. The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature—this is what I am looking for. It is absolutely necessary for me to find it somewhere."

He knew that society, conventional and respectable, had little or nothing to offer him and his kind, that charity is simply a word to be mouthed in cathedrals and clubs. "But Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt: she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole."

THE YOUNG DEMOCRACY

While the Elder Statesmen sit in Versailles trying to patch up the old order that has come crashing down in ruins, an organization of live young people in this country is launching a big campaign for a peace-time mobilization of youth. A national conference will be held in the vicinity of New York City on June 20, 21 and 22 by The Young Democracy, an organization of young people with headquarters at 51 Greenwich Avenue.

"What we want," say those sponsoring the conference, "is a new future, not a patched-up hand-me-down from the past, but a future that will (1) by Industrial Democracy guarantee the young worker control of the system which now crushes him; (2) by Educational Democracy give teachers and students control over the institutions and processes of learning, that they may freely seek the truth; (3) by Political Democracy afford the people a real control over their government in order that it may be accurately, immediately, and effectively responsive to their will; (4) by International Democracy unite the progressive young people of all countries."

Anyone cherishing any illusion as to what the Allies were fighting for, can read their own statement of it in the peace treaty.

Making History at Winnipeg

By CLARENCE MEILY

For more than three weeks the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has been paralyzed industrially and commercially by the most comprehensive and protracted general strike in the history of the North American continent. So complete has been the tie-up that postal and telegraphic communication has been virtually suspended, and in consequence the labor and socialistic world has been without authentic information of what has really taken place. All that is known of the situation is the news contained in the daily capitalistic press, mainly gathered by the Associated Press, a news agency never famous for its friendliness to the radical movement. Still, even from the fragmentary and probably biased reports in the daily papers, it is evident that a labor struggle of unprecedented magnitude is being waged across the northern border of the United States, and that for a considerable period the Dominion of Canada has hung on the verge of industrial revolution.

The strike had its origin in the refusal of two corporations in the iron industry to recognize the Metal Workers' Union. But back of this superficial statement lies a new and drastic change in the temper and tactics of the labor union movement in Canada, as is shown by the following account of the strike's origin, taken from the "London Free Press":

"Now that the true character of the local strike situation has developed, it is of interest to trace it back to its genesis. That was not the tie-up in the Winnipeg metal and building trades, as might superficially appear, but goes back further, namely, to the convention of Western labor men held at Calgary in the late winter, when the idea of 'one big union' was produced and adopted.

"The cause of that meeting avowedly was dissatisfaction on the part of Western delegates and labor men generally with the results of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, held in Quebec City a few months previously.

"The Westerners claimed that the organization was too conservative, too much under the influence of the less radical Eastern labor men, was fossilized in its machinery and outlook, and could no longer be permitted to speak for Western labor.

"It was proposed to make a clean sweep of the old system of collective bargaining as between individual trades and their employes and to replace this by 'one big union,' which, working through a central committee, would, when deemed advisable, call a general strike in order to force employers to concede the demands of a particular trade."

"These ideals prevailed at Calgary, where the miners, the lumbermen and the Pacific coast longshoremen were the chief bodies of support, while many of the smaller and more conservative unions, such as the typographical, voted against them. The program finally adopted was so radical in its scope that the nearest analogy is the form of government existing today in Russia."

"The 'one big union' is now under trial in Winnipeg. It is significant that among classes called out and who obeyed are municipal employes, including firemen, whose claims were but recently settled on a basis that the men themselves declared satisfactory."

How far reaching and complete was the suspension of work in obedience to the strike order is shown by the following account of the cessation of work on the first day of the strike:

"Precisely at 11 o'clock the great strike began, this being the time set by the Trades and Labor Council. Twenty-seven thousand toilers quit work. Street cars were taken to the barns, building elevators stopped running, postal employes went home, all deliveries of milk, bread and other foodstuffs ceased, and 3,000 clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers employed throughout the city struck. Except for a specially organized life-saving crew, all firemen walked out. The policemen were ordered by the strike committee to remain on duty, although they had voted solidly to strike, and strikers were delegated by the committee to offer their services in the interest of maintaining order.

"The strike committee is in full control of every activity in the city. Food, milk, light and water are being allowed only with the authority of the committee. Such restaurants as are open bear signs, "Permitted by Strike Committee." Sandwiches and beans form the principal articles of food. After being cut off entirely for two days, the distribution of milk and bread was finally restored by the committee. Delivery wagons bear the permission card.

"A press censorship has been established by the strike committee; and all press dispatches emanating from Winnipeg are first passed on. In case a story is turned down it is impossible to get it out of the city except by crossing the international boundary by train. The Western Labor News is the only newspaper appearing.

"One of the factors involved in the situation is the demand of the workers upon their leaders to secede from Gompers' A. F. of L. and to join in the One-Big-Union movement.

"The city is swarming with government troops. But the workers have maintained such excellent order that no excuse has thus far been given them for intervening."

Other dispatches tell of the establishing of bread depots at various points in the city by permission of the strike committee; of how telegrams were taken to the American border in automobiles because of the walkout of the telegraphers; of the suspension of mail delivery in consequence of the postal employes joining the strike, so that hundreds of pouches of mail were held at way stations because they could not be handled in the city of Winnipeg; of shortage in the deliveries of food stuffs, the strike committee permitting deliveries only to hospitals and the homes of the sick; of the strike committee's action in opening restaurants and milk depots to prevent undue suffering, and of a curiously ironic answer to that old poser which used to be hurled at the soap-box orator as to who would do the dirty work under socialism, in the spectacle of millionaires soiling their lily-white hands by the collection of garbage.

The employers proving obdurate, and various efforts at mediation having failed, the labor union leaders determined to cause the spread of the strike throughout all Canada. As this is written, this movement is still going on. Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Toronto, Regina, and other cities

(Continued on Page 13)

The Truth About

Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
... J. H. RYCKMAN

AN APPEAL TO BABUSHKA

(The following personal appeal to Babushka, the grandmother of the Russian revolution, was written by a woman now in America, formerly associated with Babushka in revolutionary activities in Russia years ago. The name of the writer cannot now be divulged, but the genuineness of the appeal is guaranteed.—J. H. R.)

Need I assure you, beloved Babushka, of my undying faith in your sincerity, in your wonderful devotion to our poor Russia and her children for whom you have already given so much? Nothing you may do or say now can take that belief from you. You were, you are, you will always be to me the beacon illuminating my darkest moments. Your great heroic past will inspire me always and give me strength to go on in my work to the very end. No, it is not doubt which compels me to cry out, beloved Babushka, whither are you going? Have you suffered the agony of many hells, have you endured exile, privation, cold, hunger,—yes hunger of the body as well as the heart, have you tramped with weary, torn, bleeding feet, the road to Golgotha only to fall into the hands of traducers and the despoilers of the people? Not one czar whom you fought all your life and lived to see hauled into the abyss, no, not one czar, but many czars are sapping the lifeblood of the American people. They, who crush little children and fashion affluence out of them, they, who prostitute women and deplete men, all, all for the sake of their insatiable appetite for more wealth, they are your sponsors now, dear Babushka.

Is it that they have at last recognized your superhuman efforts on behalf of the people? That they respect you, the apostle, the champion, the fiery petrel of the liberation of Russia? You cannot believe that, dear Babushka. No. You are too wise, too penetrating to believe that. No, it is not because they love you that the Cleveland Dodges, the Rockefellers, the Senate Committee with their unscrupulous flunkies are paying you homage. It is because they can make capital of your past for the enslavement of Russia in the future that these criminals, these exploiters, are at your feet. So I ask you again, whither, oh whither, are you going, dear Babushka?

I am not doubting what you say about the Bolsheviki. You know the terrific struggle since the days of Marx, Engels, and Bakunin. The struggle between centralization and federation, the struggle between the omnipotent state and free association. I do not have to tell you that. But whatever the faults, shortcomings, the mistakes of the Bolsheviki, they are flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood. They have with them if not the majority surely a large percentage of the Russian people for whom you have given fifty glorious years of your life. They have with them your children, Babushka, whom you have inspired with your fiery spirit, whom you have nurtured with your precious blood, whom you have raised in the faith that the land belongs to the Mouzik and the means of production to the workers. Yes, they are all your children, even if they are not all you hoped and wanted them to be. Are you, their mother, going to play them false. Are you, though unwittingly, going to turn them over to the American Moloch, Capitalism? If so you do not know the ravages

this monster is guilty of in his own land. Go to the cotton fields of the South, to the textile regions of New England, and see with your own eyes what this monster has done to the children of this country. You came here to plead for the war orphans of Russia. Oh Babushka, go and see the peace orphans of America. See how pinched, how starved, how deformed they are, thanks to the greed and the avarice of the men who are now backing your fight against the Bolsheviki. They will, no doubt, respond to your plea for the war orphans of Russia. But do you not hear the agonized cry of the American children in that gold shower? Do you not see their little wilted bodies heaped one on top of the other in a huge grave? They died in the industrial war. Oh Babushka, it is not yet too late. Bethink yourself. Do not touch the blood-stained gold. Better, far better, that the Russian war orphans starve than that they should be fed and clothed and educated with the Judas money that men who back you now will send to Russia.

Yes, the Bolsheviki have faults, they have made mistakes. But now that they are besieged by the combined imperialist forces of the world, that they are being maligned and outraged, that they are being crushed in the blood of the Russian people, you, dear Babushka, join the cry of "crucify, crucify." Have you forgotten the thirty thousand communards killed in Paris in one week, because, like the Bolsheviki, they dared touch the sanctity of property, the golden calf of the bourgeoisie? And now the same bourgeoisie of France, of America, of England, are to perform the same blood orgy in our precious Russia. That is exactly what they are preparing to do. And tragedy of tragedies, they are flaunting your heroic past in the eyes of the people so they can blind them to their criminal intentions. Babushka Breshkovsky is to be the shibboleth for the interventionists, who will set the iron heel of militarism upon Russian and will then drench her in blood in the name of democracy and peace. Oh, shades of Sophie Perovskia, of Helfman, of Sazanoff, of the hosts of martyrs, our Babushka is being unfurled as a banner for the glory of world imperialism! I simply cannot believe that you realize the ghastly picture.

Do I want you to keep silent as to what you consider the defects of the Bolsheviki? Certainly not, my Babushka. I believe too much in the right of criticism to expect that of you. But it is one thing to criticize, it is another thing to join forces with the American czars and the emigres who are now infesting the different countries for the sole purpose of crushing the Revolution. It is one thing to criticize the Bolsheviki and another to permit a pamphlet to go out in your name which calls upon the American capitalist to invest his money in Russia. Have you any idea of what that would mean for Russia? Why, the same that American interests mean to Mexico, the devastating of the land and the constant danger of troops to protect these investments. If you doubt me, see what has been done to the American farmer through monopoly of the land. Is that what you want for Russia? Is it for that the Revolution was fought? Yes, but the great liberties people have in America! Surely you do not believe that, with the prisons full to suffocation with political prisoners, with meetings raided, with the very breath of life choked out. . . . Do not be deceived, dear Babu-

shka. Ask your liberal friends, a man like Villard, women like Blackwell, etc. They know their country. They will tell you what kind of liberty we have.

And so I could go on and on to show you the utter fallacy of combining with the forces that have Prussianized America politically and Russianized her economically. I mean in the sense of poverty and utter dependence of the people. Even if I thought the Bolsheviki black as they are painted, I would prefer to combine with them rather than with the forces I have referred to already. Believe me, Babushka, you will gain nothing for Russia, nothing for her people.

But more than anything else I am thinking of what your present activities and associations are doing to the future of the Russian youth. Your great past was our goal when we were younger. Your sweet, strong, heroic personality drew us on and urged us forward when we became faint of heart, when we despaired. You loomed up in all your wonderful strength, in your boundless love, and we too grew strong and no longer doubted. But all that is now being hurled from the heights. No longer shall the young generation have its Babushka, for in the hour of their need she permitted herself to be used by the enemies of the people. She did so in good faith because she wanted to help her Matushka, Russia, her peasants, her workers. The young generation will not and cannot consider that. They can only consider the actual facts, that their ideal, their mother, was with the enemy, the bourgeoisie, with the exploiters and robbers and despoilers of the people.

Babushka, I implore you, I beseech you. It is yet time. Do not let them besmirch your great past. Do not let them say, as they do say, "She is our last card. We must play up her past." Come back to us, Babushka, to your children who love you and need you and revere you. Come back to us and help us organize a great host of workers who will come to the rescue of their Russian brothers, who will, out of love, give their earnings, their devotion, to help build up Russia as the invincible, unconquerable flame of hope and life and work. Come back to us and with us cry as loud as we can, "Stand back! . . . Keep your capitalist knout from the Russian people. Russia has had enough of the knout. She wants to be free now. She wants to build a new structure which will stand out as the first edifice of human freedom, the true brotherhood of man. Only the people can build such an edifice. Not you robbers and despoilers."

Then indeed will the American workers come to the rescue of Russia, not as soldiers to invade and crush and oppress her, but as brothers, builders, comrades.

Oh Babushka, I wish I could speak to you in a tongue of fire to rekindle your spirit, to bring back your heroic youth. I wish I could make you see that your present position and present affiliations mean ruin, utter and irretrievable to Russia, to us, to your past. You will forgive me if I hurt you. Know, Babushka darling, it is my love for you which compels me to speak, my love for the great glorious ideal we both love—the freedom of the race, the wellbeing of mankind.

I implore you to come back to us. Leave the temple of the money-changers, the liars and the thieves. Their garments reek with blood. Their hands smell of iron. Their

words are poison. Come back to your children, beloved Babushka.

Your heart-broken child,

PRESIDENT WILSON TO GOVERNOR STEPHENS

The White House, Washington, Jan. 22, 1919.

My Dear Governor Stephens:

Will you permit a suggestion from me in these troubled times, which perhaps I should feel hardly justified in other circumstances?

The suggestion is this: Would it not be possible to postpone the execution of sentence of Mooney until he can be tried upon one of the other indictments against him, in order to give full weight and consideration to the important changes which I understand have taken place in the evidence against him?

I urge this very respectfully, indeed, but very earnestly, because the case has assumed international importance, and I feel free to make the suggestion because I am sure that you are as anxious as any one can be to have no doubt or occasion of criticism of any sort attach itself to the case.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

The above letter tells its own story. The Mooney case "assumed international importance" when the Russian workingmen who are backing the present Russian Government made a spirited demonstration in Petrograd as a protest against the persecution of Tom Mooney in San Francisco. That demonstration bears eloquent testimony as to the attitude of the Russian Bolshevists toward what they recognized as an injustice to a fellow-worker eight thousand miles away.

The French attempt to force the Rhineland to cede from Germany is doubtless another application of the principle of selfish determination.



Mr. Ivory Nutt Hears Dr. Buncome's Lecture on The Badness of Bolshevism

Drawn by Harold W. Miles.

Criminal Syndicalism?

By HENRY H. ROSER

I boarded the Owl for the Bay Cities. Now, only rich people are supposed to ride on the "Owl" or the "Lark," but time was precious. Everything was cosy and comfortable and convenient, and the passengers wore a happy and contented look. If any causes existed for mental disturbance, they did not appear upon the surface. We retired in good season and awoke as we were approaching the fair city of Oakland, the boudoir of San Francisco. I gazed out of the window as we sped along. The beautiful expanse of San Francisco Bay spread out in the distance, glistening in the morning sunlight. Near by, the birds sang, the trees flipped their green leaves lazily, and occasionally I noticed a workman, clad in overalls or clothing which easily betokened his occupation, with dinner pail in hand, trudging with reluctant feet to his daily toil.

Being unaccompanied, I did not speak,—I thought. How quick the transition from Nature to Man. And what a change! Nature was at peace and there was unalloyed happiness. Man alone was at war with himself, and even with nature.

As the train rolled into the little station in Oakland, I prepared to disembark, mentally calling down blessings upon the inventive genius which had enabled me to make the journey in comfort. I looked forward with pleasure to the prospect of meeting my Socialist comrades in Oakland and San Francisco. A State Conference of Socialists was scheduled to be held in the Bay City on May 30th and 31st and June 1st. I hastened to the office of the World, 1020 Broadway, and was startled to learn the news, which has since spread like wildfire from one end of the state to the other, that the official head of the Socialist Party in California, Comrade John C. Taylor, State Secretary, together with Edward R. Alverson, one of our State Organizers, had been arrested in their homes at 1:45 A. M. of that morning (May 28th). A cordon of police detectives surrounded each home, a measure of precaution which was deemed necessary in view of the desperate character of the men to be arrested. However, the truth seems to be, that these arrests could have been made much more easily and with less disturbance and inconvenience in the light of day instead of the darkness of night, but that method of procedure would not have furnished the sensational setting so characteristic of the official acts of W. J. Petersen, captain of detectives, at whose instance the arrests were made, ably seconded by Fenton Thompson, inspector of detectives, formerly of San Diego, and notorious for his heckling of radicals and progressives.

Comrades Taylor and Alverson kept their heads during the unusual experience of this nocturnal visit, and demanded of the officer in command that the warrant for the arrest be produced. They were met with the lucid explanation that they were charged with embezzlement, that he did not have the warrant with him, but that it was "down at the police station somewhere," and that the prisoners might see it later. Being compelled to be satisfied with this reply, the comrades submitted to arrest and were taken to the city jail and there lodged for the night.

The object of the arresting officials seems to have been to subject the victims to the indignity of being incarcerated over night in jail, without opportunity of securing bail. It is quite customary, when a mayor, a banker, or other prominent citizen is arrested for grafting, grand larceny or murder, to send him a polite message, notifying him of his impending arrest and the amount of bail he had better provide at once, and then he gives bail at the office of his attorney or the residence of some judge. This orderly method of procedure obviates the necessity of frightening women and children into hysterics by bursting into the home of the offending "criminal," during the wee sma' hours of the night, ordering him to dress, and "come with me," at the same time telling him a bald-faced lie about the charge which he is about to face.

I called at the jail and requested a permit to see Taylor and Alverson. I was politely informed that under the instructions of Peterson, no attorney would be permitted to see them unless he had previously appeared for the accused in court! Here was a problem of getting the key out of a locked trunk. Other friends were refused permission to see the prisoners, on the plea that "too many were trying to gain admission." I reminded the jail authorities that every accused person is presumed to be innocent until he is duly and lawfully proved to be guilty, and that when persons who are accused of crime are arrested, the object of the law is to insure the appearance of the accused person at the time and place of the trial, as ordered by the court. However, my learned exposition of the law fell upon deaf ears. The jail authorities of Oakland are less concerned with fine-spun theories of the law, than with the attainment of the objects and purposes which they have in mind, regardless of law, or constitution, or immemorial usage. The Oakland comrades bestirred themselves as soon as they learned of the predicament of Taylor and Alverson, and later in the day obtained bail for them, which was accepted by the court, and they were released.

At their arraignment on May 28th, they were informed of the nature of the charge against them, to-wit, "Criminal Syndicalism," and that the arrests were made under the provisions of the new law recently passed by the state legislature of California and promptly signed by Governor Stephens. This statute has already come to be familiarly known as the "Criminal Syndicalism Law," and bids fair to become as famous as the federal law rendering it a felony to harbor chattel slaves, or give them any assistance in escaping from their masters, and which later was shattered into tiny bits by the terrible cataclysm of the Civil War. It was passed as an emergency measure, rendering it in operation as soon as signed by the governor. This was undoubtedly done for the purpose of preventing the people from ordering a referendum taken, in which event, there can be no doubt, the legislature would be sternly rebuked, and the statute summarily repealed. All of which goes to show that the value of the referendum is *nil*, whenever our legislative servants choose to render it so.

The new law is *sui generis*, and deserves a conspicuous place among the freak enactments which have been passed by ignorant or designing legislators in times past. A brief history of the legislation may prove of some interest, as it is more than evident that it is a most vicious onslaught by the big capitalistic interests upon the various organizations which have heretofore accepted the gage of battle and taken up the fight in behalf of the working class.

The bill was designated as Senate Bill No. 660, was introduced by Senator Kehoe in the State Senate on January 24th, 1919, and amended in the Assembly on April 19th, 1919. The contemplated legislation was referred to the Committee on Capital and Labor, which held several hearings upon the bill, at which protests were received from individuals, the California State Federation of Labor, the San Francisco Labor Council, and many other organizations interested in the welfare of the workers, which sought strenuously to have certain amendments adopted in order to mitigate the severity of its provisions, when its adoption became a foregone conclusion. All in vain. The big business interests back of the law—the same that backed the prosecution (or rather persecution) of Tom Mooney and his co-defendants—were too powerful and their influence with the legislature put it over.

The law prefaces its provisions with the statement: "An act defining criminal syndicalism, and sabotage, proscribing certain acts and methods in connection therewith and in pursuance thereof and providing penalties and punishments therefor." The term "criminal syndicalism" as used in the act is defined as "any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching or aiding and abetting the commission of crime, sabotage, (which word is hereby defined as meaning wilful and malicious physical damage or injury to physical property), or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change."

The law then proceeds with the statement that any person who by spoken or written words or personal conduct advocates, teaches or aids and abets criminal syndicalism, or prints, edits, publishes, circulates or issues or publicly displays any book, paper, pamphlet, document, poster or written or printed matter in any other form, containing or carrying written or printed advocacy, teaching or aid and abetment of, or advising criminal syndicalism, or organizes, or assists in organizing or is, or knowingly becomes, a member of, any organization, society, group or assemblage of persons organized or assembled to advocate, teach or aid and abet criminal syndicalism, etc., etc., is declared to be guilty of a felony and is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison not less than one or more than fourteen years, without the alternative of a fine.

This statute is destined to win fame even if finally held by our courts of appeal to be unconstitutional. Other states are following suit, and the terms and provisions of all of these laws are certain to meet with the final scrutiny of the highest courts of the land. The outstanding feature of our own statute is the fact that the language used in defining the various acts and attempts at acts which are declared to be unlawful is of such wide and general application that it opens the door to fraud and malice and discrimination in the enforcement of the law. Its proponents have evidently incorporated this general and ambiguous language into its provisions in order that certain

persons or classes might be brought under its provisions who are really innocent of any intent to commit an offense against the law, but whose influence or activities as leading spirits in the conflict between capital and labor have aroused the enmity of the captains of industry.

The arrest of officials of the Socialist Party of California confirms me in this view of the case. The Socialist Party has always advocated political action and has consistently opposed every form of violence and sabotage, in the attainment of its purposes, namely, the election of Socialists to all civil offices, in short, the taking over the civil administration of our government by lawful means and in strict compliance with the provisions of our constitutions, state and national,—a purpose which has notoriously actuated the Democratic and Republican parties for generations without let or hindrance. If this new law stands the test of constitutionality, then, indeed, is a new avenue opened wide for the misapplication and perversion of the agencies of public justice by the sinister forces of capitalism. If not overthrown, there is no reason apparent why any political party which attains to power may not retain that power by the passage and merciless enforcement of similar enactments directed against competing political parties.

The Penal Code of the State of California (Section No. 4) provides: "All the provisions of this code are to be construed according to the fair import of their terms, with a view to effect its objects and TO PROMOTE JUSTICE." (The capitals are mine.) Here we have a specific declaration of the law that its intention is to promote justice. This is incompatible with the announced intention of the exploiting interests to make use of the law for the attainment of their own selfish and malicious purposes.

The Iron Heel of Capitalism, long ago presaged by Jack London, is upon us. Are the workers of the world to unite and with one magnificent effort shake it off and take possession of their heritage, Industry, so long withheld from them?

A HYMN OF HATE

Beside Francesca Brown, my wife's dear friend,
Iago was a big, good-natured slob . . .
And if some unofficial vengeance end
Her vile career, 'twill be a splendid job!
And I shall caper happily what time
They tell me she has fled to occult shores,
Who never let the sun to zenith climb
Until her tongue had probed a dozen sores.

Beside Francesca Brown, of fair repute,
Who lives a blameless life, and has a "class",
"Yond Cassius" was a blundering recruit,
And Ballantrae a simple, witless ass.
O Muse of Malice! give me power to pen
For decent ears and eyes the thoughts I hold
Concerning one Francesca Brown . . . and then
The nerve to tell her what she should be told.

VINCENT STARRETT.

The futurist cover design for this issue was drawn by Jim Seymour, the hobo poet, whose verse and prose has appeared from time to time in our columns.

John Hanson, First President of the U. S.

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Many Swedes probably are to be deported or probably have been deported from this country. A mass meeting of Swedes in the city of Seattle recently drew up a resolution, which reads, in part:

"1.—That we Swedish working men and women, in mass meeting assembled, to the number of 1,000, in Seattle, Washington, do request the government of the United States to make an immediate investigation of the origin and purpose of the propaganda against us in the daily press.

"2.—That a clear statement be asked from the government of the United States, setting forth in unmistakable terms whether or not our presence in this country is desirable. And, also, what constitutes sufficient cause for deportation.

"3.—That, in case the government of the United States deems it advisable for us to leave this country, such arrangements be made and means provided by which we can immediately proceed with our departure.

"4.—That the Swedish government be requested to provide us with necessary means for our transportation to Sweden, in case our presence here is not desirable to the government of the United States."

The above is a highly interesting document. The Swedes have been the right sort of timber needed for the upbuilding of this nation. Their patriotism, as a mass has been unquestioned ever since the days of John Hanson, himself a Swede, and the first president of the United States.

To the bulk of people it will be very astonishing to hear that a Swede was our first president. There is no comment in any of our many histories regarding the man and his deeds which had so much to do with laying the foundation and cornerstones of our independence. No greater slight could have been placed on a national hero and patriot than has been placed upon the figure of John Hanson. By a mysterious veil of silence the man and his work have been completely obliterated from the majority of our public documents and only exhaustive work will serve to reveal anything at all on the subject. However, the records of congress have proven indispensable in this respect and the true historical facts have been made plain. George Washington was not the first president of this country. That honor belongs to John Hanson.

Records show that John Hanson was born in the year 1715 in Charles County, Maryland. Mr. Hanson's father came to this country from Sweden in the year 1642 and settled in the highly flourishing Swedish colony, called "New Sweden," on the Delaware River. Mr. Hanson's father was the younger son of Colonel Hanson, who was connected with the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus. The Swedish Colony in Maryland was a very strong factor in colonial history, and was one of the powers that added steel and resolve to the outward reach for freedom and independence. The part this colony played in the shaping of the new government was a significant one indeed. These people originally came to this

country seeking true and real freedom in our land. Oppression they had known in their home country. When an English king, **absolutely without the sanction of the English people**, sought to crush our people the "Delaware Swedes" were the first to rise in rebellion and were among the first to suggest breaking away from foreign bonds.

The high resolves of the Swedish people in this country were centered upon and reflected by John Hanson, a man of indomitable courage and ready resourcefulness who threw himself into the fight with heart and soul. One rarely impartial authority has said of Mr. Hanson that to him "is conceded the honor of having done more than any other man in the Southern Colonies to overthrow Great Britain's authority." Other valuable data yields the information that "John Hanson was a born leader, who in the legislature and the Continental Congress with unyielding power gave support to the great battle for independence and with his sound judgment and his honorable character won the respect and the confidence of the people."

Working indefatigably for the new liberty that had been kindled in the hearts of the American people, Mr. Hanson (not content with merely being a people's representative) called for Southern volunteers to join the army massing in the north. This hurry call was speedily answered by the Delaware Swedes and two select companies of riflemen were formed and drilled and armed, under Hanson's leadership. When the American Army was assembling in Boston preparatory to the fight for liberty (some with rifles and some with pitchforks), the riflemen from the South arrived and added much to the worth of Washington's heroic little army. In history it is related that such a contingent was incorporated with Washington's heroic revolutionary army but the service and stimulus added to the situation by this loyal Swede has been eliminated for reasons unknown. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Hanson had solidified the Southern Colonies even in the face of vast opposition, for the South it should be remembered was a stronghold of English autocracy. Just as much as the Northern Colonies needed men of resolve and purpose to win, so the Southern Colonies needed men to hold fast with their very lives. Mr. Hanson was one of these men. And the time of test came when the Southern Colonies would be split up and disorganized or would retain their prestige.

In the year 1775 the English Lord Dunsmore, governor of Virginia, had inaugurated one of the most treacherous campaigns ever used by an English autocracy to gain its purpose. **If this plot had been successful our revolution would have lost dimly.** Agents of the king's autocracy were sent out among the various Indian tribes to instill hatred in their hearts for the American backwoods settlers, and so turn them against the colonies. So successful was this campaign at its inception that the Indians (otherwise comparatively peaceful), were turned loose from Virginia, westward to Kentucky and thence northward through Ohio to the Canadian boundary where the English at Detroit worked in co-operation with their

southern representatives. To stimulate the Indians to wipe out the backwoods settlers there was begun a systematic extermination which is known to this day as "the scalp war." The purpose of this "scalp war" was to wipe out the "seed" of the Americans in the West. To arrive at the goal the sooner the English autocrats placed a bounty on scalps, the highest bounty being paid for women's and girls' scalps, which naturally led the Indians to kill the females first of all.

The "scalp war" went on apace, with the main depot for trading in the scalps situated at Vincennes, where the Englishman, General Hamilton (known to history as the "hair-buyer"), met the Indians and bartered for fair scalps, inciting the savages with rum and trinkets to further unholy depredations. But working hand in hand with the Eastern Colonies the Western pioneers took the trail, gathering the help of Boone, Kenton and a host of other illuminating names. While George Rogers Clark marched on Vincennes in this long drawn out forest warfare John Hanson and his compatriots in the South nipped "Lord Dunsmore's War" in the bud and virtually saved the country in the nick of time.

General Hamilton died in a dungeon in Virginia.

Mr. Hanson was a representative through succeeding sessions of the Continental Congress, the most trying time in the history of the country. On March 1, 1781, Mr. Hanson set his name to the articles of the confederation of the United States that once and for all time established the independence of the colonies. All of the Northern Colonies had previously signed these articles of confederation but there had been loop-holes left in these agreements, provisions that still allowed the British rulers

a hand and foothold in this country. Maryland had held out against this half-way measure, resting upon the deliberate conclusion that it was a case of America for America, entire, or no America at all. Representing this righteous demand in congress, Mr. Hanson won in his fight.

The desired federation having won, Congress assembled and on the fifth day of November, 1781, John Hanson was elected the first president of the United States of America, the highest office in the land. The title was given him as being—"President of the United States in Congress Assembled."

Meantime the English were suffering defeat, ending with the surrender of Cornwallis' army at Yorktown. George Washington upon his return was welcomed by President Hanson, who took the first opportunity of presenting the General to Congress then assembled at Philadelphia. President Hanson's term of office expired on November 4th, 1782, and one month later he abandoned official life and returned to his home state, completely ruined in health, having given his life to the exacting duties that it had been his task to straighten out. He died at the age of sixty-eight years on November 22nd, 1783.

Although forgotten by the historians, the people of Maryland have not neglected the memory of one of their greatest and noblest patriots. Their remembrance took on substantial shape, when, one hundred and twenty years after his death, in 1903, they installed his statue in Statuary Hall, in the capitol in Washington, D. C., where today visitors can view a remarkable likeness of John Hanson, First President of these United States of America.

MAKING HISTORY

(Continued from Page 7)

and towns have joined in the strike, the strike varying in completeness, but in each instance being sufficient to constitute a most serious situation and to demonstrate in surprising fashion the solidarity of the Canadian working class.

Three features of the Canadian situation stand out with special prominence. First of these is this same spirit of solidarity, all of these strikes, save the initial walkout of the metal workers in Winnipeg, being of the sympathetic class. Second, is the complete absence of violence or disorder on the part of the workers. Even the news dispatches in the capitalistic dailies are unanimous in testifying to the perfect order, discipline and self-control of the mighty host of protesting workers. It is an ancient maxim of all strikes that a display of violence is a confession of defeat. Up to date, the only intimation of violence has come from the beaten and desperate capitalists themselves. In Winnipeg, as the latest dispatches recount, an incipient mob of capitalistic hoodlums and hangers-on, including a few discharged soldiers—most of the discharged soldiers stand solidly with the strikers—have held incendiary meetings and threatened to "clean out" the labor headquarters and "rid the city" of "reds and Bolsheviks." Actual murder has not yet been perpetrated by these blatant upholders of "law and order." But it is evident that the capitalists and their subservient tools, the city officials, are ready to go to any length to crush the workers, even if they have to resort to blood-

shed to do so. Wherein lies, according to the ancient maxim, a pretty thoroughgoing confession of defeat.

The third outstanding feature of the Canadian movement is the striking hold the "one big union" idea has taken on the imagination of the whole working class of the Dominion. Whether this will imply an actual affiliation with the I. W. W. in the United States remains to be seen, but it is pretty clear that it means a break with the old-line, conservative trade union organizations. Indeed, at one time, the officials of the Dominion were appealing to Mr. Samuel Gompers to use his influence to stay the spread of the strike, and, according to the daily papers, Mr. Gompers did what he could in that direction, which as it happened was practically nothing.

Notwithstanding the surprising extent and power of the Canadian general strike it does not appear so far to have taken on a distinctly revolutionary character. There does not seem, as yet, to have been any settled purpose on the part of the workers to immediately take over industry and institute a new social order. It is rather to be viewed as a preliminary trial of strength, in which the workers are not only finding themselves but are measuring the strength of their opponents. Probably it will end with a resumption of work under the old order, with certain concessions won by the workers, but with the final battle for emancipation still to be fought. But however it may end, it will remain one of the most dramatic and inspiring manifestations of labor's power and awakening consciousness which has ever taken place on the American continent.

It may be well to close this admittedly unsatisfactory review with the following letter, received by The New Age, of Buffalo, from a Toronto strike leader whose name is not

given. It affords an excellent gage of the spirit, courage and determination of the embattled workers of the North.

"It is exceedingly difficult to get any news from Winnipeg. During the last week I have tried to get Ivens and the other comrades by 'phone, wire and express letter, but it is absolutely impossible to reach them.

"We have, however, got some news through which is very interesting. As you know everything is locked tight in Winnipeg. Nearly one-half of the population in that town is on strike and the great war veterans are standing shoulder to shoulder with the workers in their fight for decent conditions and recognition of their unions.

"Twenty-six towns in the Dominion of Canada are going to strike if Winnipeg thinks it necessary. Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver are going to strike tomorrow anyway. The railroad shops from Vancouver to Halifax are going to walk out in sympathy rather than see Winnipeg go down.

"Regarding Toronto there will be a complete tie-up here tomorrow unless the metal trades bosses come across with the 44-hour week. Montreal is taking action along the same lines. Vicars Sons, a great steel plant down there, are already on strike. Kingston, Ontario is locked tight, so are a dozen other small towns in the province.

"The capitalist press is not sending out anything like a complete review of the situation. The labor papers of this country seem to have been held up. I cannot get the West-ern Labor News or the British Columbia Federationist.

"You can, however, take it from me that Canada from Vancouver to Halifax is in a state of ferment and we are going to fight on these two issues, recognition of the union complete and absolute, and the 44-hour week. On these two issues there will be absolutely no compromise. We have sent out from the Toronto Trades and Labor Council a circular to each central body in the Dominion, advising them to take action on these two issues, and we have replies practically from every one stating that they are prepared to go the limit before they will back down.

"The psychology of the worker and the soldier of this country seems to be that having fought for four years for democracy in Flanders they are prepared to fight for the same length of time for industrial democracy in Canada. I can assure you that this is a fight to the finish, and there will be no backing down."

MORALITY

By Wilby Heard

Look well upon these dry seared bones,

That skeleton yellowed by age—

The smell of it!

The sportshift of the ruling drones,

The holy text for pelf-owned sage

And hypocrite.

Crass multitudes with sober mein

Kiss its foul toe, and cringe and sprawl,

And dangle it.

Still everyone, if safe, unseen,

Would galdy wrap it in a pall,

And strangle it.

The Chicago police department has expressed the opinion that the I. W. W. is not responsible, as an organization, for the recent bomb outrages. If the Chicago police department isn't careful it will find itself indicted for sedition.

With the Books

JIMMIE HIGGINS

One may safely accept Upton Sinclair's own statement that "Jimmie Higgins" is his best work, if by "best" one means his most powerful work. "Love's Pilgrimage" will have a more permanent place in American literature, and any one of his stories is more charming—even "The Jungle." In fact "Jimmie Higgins" is a terrible thing filled with the most blood-curdling realism. The last pages are enough to drive any really nice person insane. But that is what we want to do to nice persons, so it doesn't matter.

There are three first class war stories—at least from a radical standpoint: "Under Fire" by Barbusse, "Men in War" by Latzko, and "Jimmie Higgins." Naturally all of them are grim and repulsive, but there is a truth back of them that drives them home to men's hearts in days like these. They are grim because they are true.

Until the coming of Mr. Sinclair's book no one had told the story of the heart-rending struggle that went on in the breast of every radical at the time of our entrance into the world war; the vasillations, the sad Sunderings of old ties of fraternity, the bitter disappointments arising from misplaced idealisms, and the grotesque irony of the final days. Well, Jimmie Higgins went through it all. He had thought, as all of us had thought, that he was beyond that evil of evils, the military spirit. But the Teutonic menace finally became a reality to him, and with the song of lyric democracy on his lips he went forth, and found, what we nearly always find when we respond to life's little tricks—disillusionment.

But the story of how it all came about, the mental process that led a radical to join in a popular cause, his experience under fire, his heroism, the amusing way in which he finds class distinctions bridged, and then the unspeakable things in Russia—all of it makes interesting reading. Every business man should be compelled to read it; every radical will read it.

(Published by the author, Pasadena, Cal. Price, \$1.60 net.) P. J. S.

JUSTICE TO THE I. W. W.

Full justice to the I. W. W. movement comes from an unexpected source—the Columbia University Publications. This is embodied in "The I. W. W.; A Study of American Syndicalism," by Paul Frederick Brissenden, Ph.D., formally assistant in economics at the University of California and University Fellow at Columbia; now special agent of the U. S. Department of Labor. The volume (over 400 pages in length) is an historical and descriptive sketch of the "present drift from parliamentary to industrial socialism" as epitomized in the thirteen years history of the I. W. W.

For ten years Dr. Brissenden has been making his first-hand investigations of the Wobblies. He is himself a red. His history is based on the documents and statements of the I. W. W., which he has digested and understood sympathetically, while recognizing the weakness of the organization—for nothing perfect has ever appeared on the planet. For example, "Unquestionably the I. W. W. ask too much when they ask that the producers be given exclusive control of

industry. As to certain phases of management the workers (including of course, all hand and brain workers connected with the industry) should perhaps be given entire control."

Professor Brissenden speaks frankly in his preface of the misrepresentation the press has deliberately fastened upon the minds of the people, and his work is an attempt to set forth in scholarly, historical detail just what the I. W. W. represents, how it came to be, what it has done and expects to do, and its high ideals underlying its actions—"dealing with its more fundamental tenets on their merits and acting courageously upon our conclusions."

Comrade Brissenden gives a brief survey of such movements as that of the Knights of Labor leading up to the Industrial Workers of the World, then the dramatic story of the birth of the I. W. W., followed by the growth and activities of the organization, the part played by Debs, De Leon, the Detroit I. W. W. and all activities down to the Chicago trial.

It is now safe to sing the Wobby songs, for you can open this wonderful Columbia University volume and read from the appendix the cream of the I. W. W. songs to fan the flames of discontent. Other valuable data is contained in the appendices, while the bibliography is a mine of information. Altogether, Dr. Brissenden has performed a monumental and valuable labor in giving this authoritative history of one of the most vital forces in American affairs at an hour when an understanding of it is essential to any hope of a peaceable adjustment of affairs.

(Longman, Green & Co, N. Y. Price, \$4.00.)

DAVID BOBSPA.

SOCIALISM FOR YANKEES

Americanized Socialism: A Yankee View of Capitalism.

By James MacKaye. Boni & Liveright, New York, \$1.25.

There is, after all, an American psychology. To this psychology deference must be paid by anyone who, having a message to deliver, wishes that message to reach any considerable number of the American people. Blindness to this fact is an error too often made by American Socialists during the three or four decades in which systematic agitation for the Big Change from Capitalism to Socialism has been carried on in this country. Mr. MacKaye skilfully avoids this costly error in the terse, illuminating book to which he invites the attention of that overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen for whom the aforesaid Big Change is becoming day by day an increasingly evident necessity. His book, written by an American for Americans, will be hailed with shouts of thankful joy by that legion of perplexed sufferers who for, alas, too many years have been bored and baffled by a ponderous, didactic and oftentimes well-nigh unintelligible propaganda couched in the crudely transplanted idiom of an alien tongue and appealing primarily to the peculiar psychology of an alien folk.

One searches in vain through Mr. MacKaye's pages for the time-worn shibboleths so dear to the hearts of those to whom mouth-filling phrases take the place of clear-cut, simple thought. There is scarcely a trace of the terminology of orthodox Marxian Socialism in the entire volume, and yet the message is clearly that of Marx. Mr. MacKaye talks to the American worker in terms of his own environment, clinching his points mostly by the use of homely figures, and using as few technical terms as possible. Where the necessities of exposition require the use of technicalities he culls these technicalities largely from

the language of American engineering—a happy idea which enables him to bring home his points in a way that any reader of average intelligence can grasp. Such terms as "materialistic conception of history," "surplus value" and the like, are carefully avoided.

In refraining from calling the American workers "slaves," Mr. MacKaye of course invites the disgust of the hard-shell phrase-mongers whose efforts have done so much to retard the progress of Socialism in the United States; but in inviting this disgust he invites also the cordial and friendly attention of those who have been repelled by the harsh and vitriolic propaganda with which we have all been made rather too familiar. In refraining from abusing the capitalist personally, he invites the same disgust and the same attention. In failing to insult the reader he commits another high crime. Nowhere in his pages is the workingman referred to as "Henry Dubb," "Mr. Block," or "the sovereign American jack-ass." But Mr. MacKaye's unpardonable sin, from the fire-eating point of view, is, perhaps, his clear departure from the catastrophic theory of how the Change will come. He actually has the temerity to insist upon the probability of a sane and orderly solution of the industrial problem in the United States!

To those whose tastes in Socialist agitation run to the use of blood-curdling r-r-r-revolutionary phrases, Mr. MacKaye's book will be anathema. But it comes as a breath of wholesome fresh air to those of us who still hope that in America, at any rate, the transition from Capitalism to Socialism may be smooth and somewhat peaceful.

R. R. B.

THE WORLD TOMORROW

Is a venture in free and unfettered journalism which seeks to discover and tell the truth about the manifold tyrannies of our political and economic system and to point the way to a new world of freedom and fellowship. It needs the co-operation of a growing body of interested readers. Will you be one of them? If so send us your name and address and \$1 for twelve monthly issues to THE WORLD TOMORROW, 118 East 28th Street, New York City.

BE SURE TO BEGIN WITH THE JUNE ISSUE, WHICH WILL CONTAIN OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD'S STORY OF GERMANY IN COLLAPSE.

"Eternal Punishment"

True, declares Dr. Torrey.

False, replies Dr. Austin.

Read the great debate in the May "Reason" Magazine.

One hundred pages, 17 of them bristling with facts, arguments, scripture interpretations, syllogisms, assumptions and sophisms by Dr. Torrey, favoring the doctrine, while Dr. Austin declares it a monstrous one, built on 15 great assumptions that can never be proven.

FELLOW LIBERALS

The fight against authority and dogmatism in Religion is a fight for mental emancipation.

The fight against Capitalism is a fight for industrial and social emancipation.

The fight against Kings and Kaisers and Imperialism is a fight for political emancipation.

And all these three are one great battle for freedom.

Read the May "Reason." At the Book Stores, or sent postpaid, 25 cents.

The Austin Publishing Co., Los Angeles

Gale's Magazine

JOURNAL OF THE NEW CIVILIZATION

Linn A. E. Gale, editor and publisher of GALE'S MAGAZINE, is known from coast to coast of the North American continent as one of the most brilliant writers of the age. It has been said he writes "words that burn in letters that blister."

His articles on international affairs, the passing of capitalism and the coming of Socialism, tear the mask of deceit from the flesh of truth. His articles on psychic science and occultism throw a blaze of knowledge on hidden things and interpret with prophetic accuracy the great world changes of the time.

A Magazine That Tells of the World That Is to Be

\$2.00 a Year \$1.00 for 6 Months 20c a Copy NO FREE SAMPLES

GALE'S MAGAZINE, Apartado 518, Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

Enclosed find money order (or draft) for \$..... for which please send me GALE'S MAGAZINE for.....years.

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone Broadway 4469

All kinds of Radical Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals.
The Largest Assortment on the Pacific Coast.
Just Off the Press:

Russia in Revolt

By Louise Bryant

With Appendix: "The Death Train of Siberia," by Rudolph Bukely. 48-page Pamphlet, 6x9, book paper, portrait of Louise Bryant and six other illustrations; fifteen cents per copy, \$10 per 100.

Socialist Book Shop

Mezzanine Floor, 149 South Main St.
Los Angeles, California

It's Not What We Say

"Truth is filled with Jack's characteristic challenges to capitalism."—Extract from letter to Irish Trade Unions from 'Gene Debs.

"Best radical paper in America."—Mary Marcy.
"Congratulations on manly stand."—Jim Larkin.
"We long for its coming each week."—The Boys in Leavenworth.

NEED WE SAY MORE?

"TRUTH"

Edited by JACK CARNEY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Duluth, Minnesota. \$1.50 Per Year.

YOUNG DEMOCRACY

THE VOICE OF PROGRESSIVE YOUTH

Speaks consistently and boldly for fundamental democracy in industry, education, government, and international relations, with special reference to the place of Youth in its development. Bright, snappy, fearless; a magazine of the young, by the young, for everybody.

Published twice each month at 51 Greenwich Avenue, New York City. \$1.00 per year.

EVERY RADICAL WILL WANT

"IS CHRISTIANITY CHRISTIAN?" the latest Book by William H. Katzenbach. Cloth binding. Send \$1 to Charles Alexander, Publisher,

132 North Broadway, Los Angeles, California.

The "Citizen's Advocate is devoted to the interest of Colored Folk, but it is radical enough to appeal to readers of "The New Justice." Let Friend Charles Alexander have your subscription. One Year, \$2.00. Address

THE CITIZEN'S ADVOCATE,
Charles Alexander, Editor and Publisher,
132 North Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

The New JUSTICE

A RADICAL MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN STORE

218 South Main Street
J. D. KAUFMAN Proprietor

We Carry
a Complete Line of:
Clothing, Gents' Furnishings,
Overalls, Corduroys, Aprons,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,
Gloves, Underwear

Our Motto

"UNION-LABEL
GOODS FOR
UNION-LABOR
MEN"

If You
Want
to Read
Our
Side
Sign
Here



Dentist



CENTRAL SHOE STORE

2619 Central Avenue Los Angeles

Special reduction will be given to members of radical organizations in all lines of footwear and shoe repairing.

Phone South 582 D. Edlen, Prop.

Come and investigate our great variety of books, newspapers and magazines, dealing with the World War. All the Great Problems and Economic Questions that are shaking the world—For Truth Seekers.

Original Paintings of Lenine, Trotzky and Debs
On Sale

International Book Shop

508 Maple Avenue, Near Fifth Street

WANTED

To correspond with the owner of any idle printing equipment large enough to publish a 9 by 12, eight-page weekly.

THE EQUITIST

LONGBRANCH, WASHINGTON

RED HOT AGNOSTIC PAPER

If you want for self or friends, a paper that combats all religious dogma, send \$1 for each subscriber and get the hottest paper published. Samples, four different, 10c. None free.

"THE CRUCIBLE," W.,
1330 1st Avenue Seattle, Wash.

Business Manager,
THE NEW JUSTICE,
921 Higgins Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir: I want to subscribe for the New Justice. Enclosed find

\$1.50 for one year's subscription
85c for six months' subscription *

Send the paper to the following address:

Name

Post Office State

Street or box number

* Cross out line not applicable.

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.

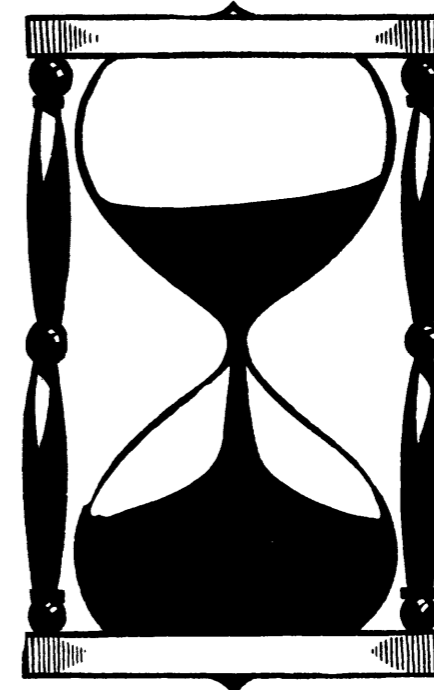
A large supply of "Jimmie Higgins" has just arrived.

Price \$1.70, postpaid. Five copies, \$5.33.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

JULY 1

the 10 cents
NEW JUSTICE



1

9

1

9