

# Jimmie Higgins

A Story : By Upton Sinclair

## Concerning "Jimmie"

David Starr Jordan writes:

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

Louise Bryant writes:

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

From the "New York Tribune":

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

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

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

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

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

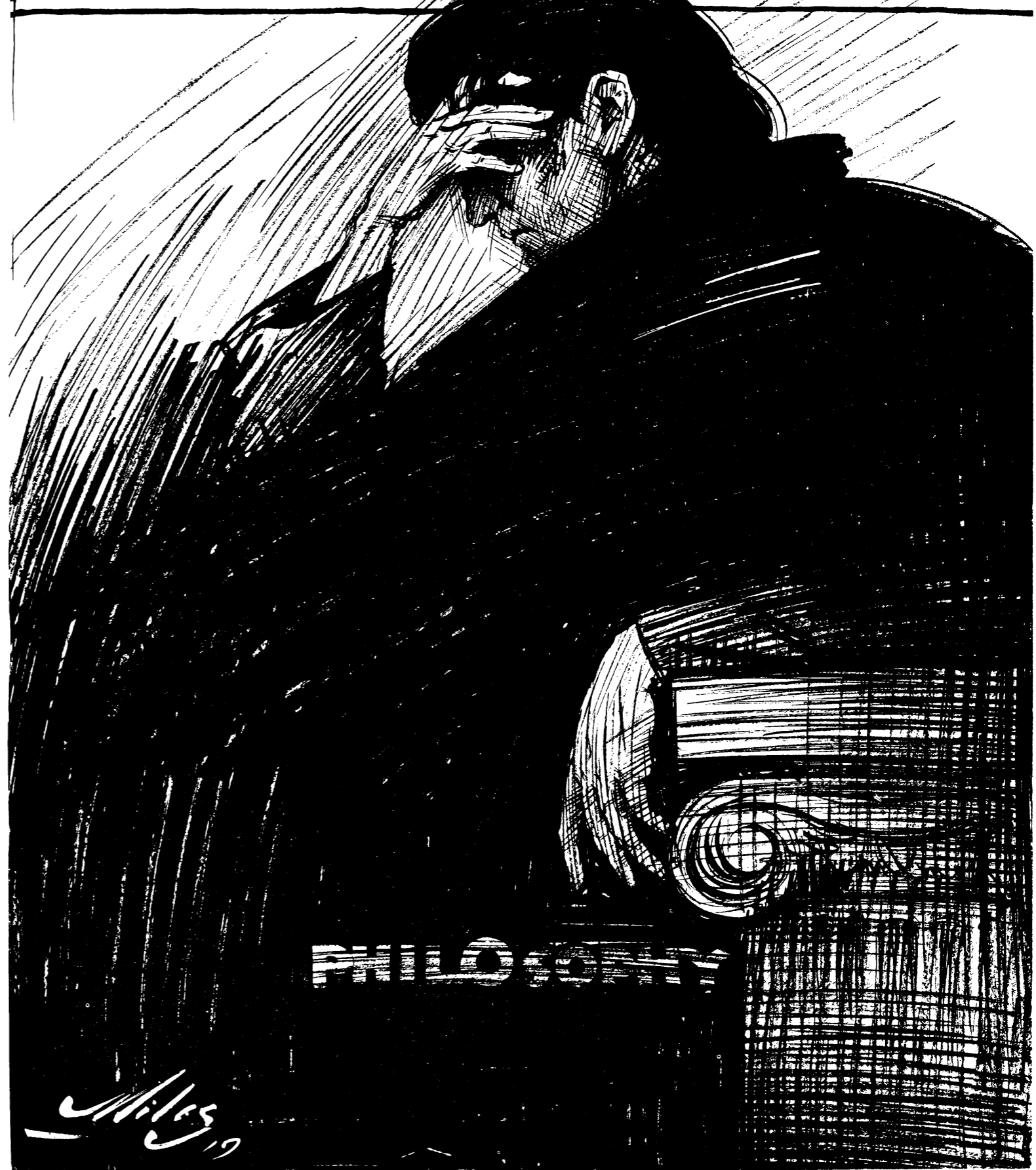
In spite of the violence of the ending, we find nothing incredible in the book. We do not always agree with the opinions of Jimmie Higgins, but neither does the author, for that matter. He is not an excessive partisan of his hero throughout. He does, however, show the circumstances for every phase of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

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

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

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

10 cts  
The NEW JUSTICE  
JULY 15 1919



# BULLETIN BOARD

**THE GREAT ADVENTURE SINGLE TAXERS**  
Will hold an open meeting at Blanchard Hall, Room 200,  
Tuesday, July 15, at 8 P. M. Everybody invited.

**INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCIALIST SOCIETY**  
Eight Live Topics for Discussion!  
Ten Minutes Each, as Follows:  
At Lecture Room, 10th Floor Public Library Building  
Thursday, July 17, at 8 P. M.  
Land Monopoly in California; by W. L. Ross of Philadelphia.

The Remedy; by Geo. A. Briggs of Kern County.  
The Revolution in North Dakota; by J. W. Lindquist.  
The Hungarian Republic; G. B. Daruvarny of Budapest.  
What is Justice? by Miss Suzanne Dean of Fullerton.  
The Committee of 48 and Its Program; by Harold Story.  
The Left-Wingers and Where They Are Going; by Job Harriman.  
Russia at Long Range; by Supt. Shie's, with explanatory remarks by the chair.  
Open Discussion Afterward—Come Early  
Admission Free

**HILL-TOP CLUB**  
318 South Hope St., Los Angeles, 1919  
Our beloved President, Murray, is gone. The Hill-Top Club is going to boom fast—construction will go on with a Zip and a Bang—let's show Murray that the Club is OURS and we're going to BOOST. Why not pitch in? Come to our activities and we'll show you how. COME! DO YOUR BIT! Nothing will stop for the summer—we're going through in spite of "Old Sol."

**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

**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 for sale.  
Open evenings, 7 to 9:30. Reading-room has report of Federal Industrial Relations Commission; also Congressional Record.

# 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.

Phone 6733 Hours 11 to 4  
And by Appointment

**J. RYAN**  
CHIROPRACTOR AND ELECTRO-THERAPUTIST  
430 Copp Building Los Angeles, Calif

**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.  
From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Except Sunday  
Advice by Correspondence Also  
"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.

**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., July 15, 1919 No. 11

## Editorials

### WALL STREET, WILSON & CO

A grimly amusing tragedy in partizan politics is being presented at Washington. Not since the Civil War has the Republican party been proffered so gorgeous an opportunity for discrediting its ancient enemy. Democracy, as it has in opposing the peace treaty and the League of Nations. That any power on earth could prevent its taking advantage of such an opportunity seems unbelievable. Yet such a power exists, and has issued its mandate. That power is Wall Street. Wall Street wants the League of Nations. Just why it wants it has been stated by Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, himself a veteran conservative, in a speech reported in the NATION of June 28 to have been made before a caucus of Republican senators. Said Senator Knox:

"Some of you gentlemen (referring to the progressive senators) have expressed it as your opinion that the League of Nations is being set up in Paris by the international bankers, in order that they may control the world through its machinery. Now, this is not a matter of opinion with me—I KNOW. They are planning to set up a receivership for civilization, and to use the wealth and power of the United States to maintain all the bonded obligations of Europe, and to crush out opposition to their plans by the combined force of arms and of organized opinion throughout the world. As an American citizen, with some knowledge of our history and traditions, with some love for my country, and with some understanding of what this arrangement will mean for future generations, I feel compelled to protest against it to the limit of my power. In my resolution I am merely asking for time—for time to get the real news out to the country, and to let the country think it over. I do not believe that America, if it knew the facts, would support the League of Nations as at present constituted."

The measure of the power that is sufficient to frustrate a great political party's thirst for office is thus described by Senator Borah in the same article:

"We stand a chance unless the international bankers can buy us out. The country doesn't want the League of Nations that they have arranged—I know that—and if we could get the truth out to the country, it would want the League still less. But they have a perfectly inconceivable control of leadership and opinion. The country imagines that it is thinking its own thoughts, and doesn't dream that it is being bamboozled. So the pressure will be brought to bear in the Senate, and a lot of men will change their minds."

Thus the antagonistic forces are arraying themselves for the conflict. On the one side are certain senators who, either because they have behind them Western constituencies which make them relatively independent of Wall Street or because their innate Americanism drives them to personal sacrifice, are opposing the "receivership of civil-

ization," underwritten not only by American wealth but by the blood of unborn generations of American youth. With them, could it be mobilized, stands beyond question the overwhelming sentiment of the country, unable, however, to make itself heard amid the din raised by the kept press, never more active or subservient to Wall Street than now. On the other side is the might of international finance, the president, whose name, notwithstanding its damaged prestige, is still one to conjure with in the official circles of his party, and certain renegade liberals whose private interest or stupidity now aligns them with reaction, making them a convenient camouflage for what is being "pulled off."

The arguments for the League can also, in a measure, be forecast. It will be said that it is the best that can be done, meaning thereby that the spectacle of a buncoed president is one which the nation should accept with resignation; that it will prevent war, which is so manifestly the direct reverse of true that it cannot be taken as a serious contention; and that unless it is adopted Bolshevism will sweep Europe. It is undoubtedly on this last argument that chief stress will be laid. Unless the American people pledge their money and the lives of their children's children to prevent it, the despoiled workers of Europe will take over a civilization bankrupted by capitalism, and proceed to order it for their own benefit. To prevent this appalling catastrophe, and incidentally to "save the face" of Woodrow Wilson and to secure the regular payment of interest to J. P. Morgan & Co. on their foreign investments, we must have the League. C. M.

### FAIR WORDS, FOUL DEEDS

The immemorial odor of hypocrisy which attaches to British statecraft, has never been more distressingly in evidence than in the dealings of England with its dissatisfied dependencies in the last few months. How Ireland has been repeatedly promised autonomy in most honied phrases, and how these promises have been redeemed in a brutal and absolute military despotism, are facts familiar in the United States. What has happened in India and Egypt is, fortunately for England, less known.

A year or more ago, the British press was full of praise for India's part in the war and of declarations that India merited home rule. The English government was said to be seriously considering such a concession. The British Secretary of State for India had reported favorably upon it. Well, this year the British government in India has passed the Rowlatt bills.

It took an English lawyer, schooled in the heritage of liberty of the common law, to draw these bills, by the simple process of negating every principle and guaranty of civil liberty which the English people have achieved for themselves in a thousand years. It takes a lawyer similarly educated to appreciate their full flavor. Here are some of the things they do:

Punish the possession of seditious documents or pictures with intent that the same be circulated, and cast the burden of proving innocence upon the accused. Lack of affection for England is held to be disaffection and, ac-

## Health Culture Cafeteria

"EAT YOUR WAY TO HEALTH"

220 West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Open 11 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Udenaturad } FOODS NATURE'S CONSTIPATION  
Physical Culture } PREVENTION  
Vegetarian }

ALL UNFIRED—NO MEATS—NO COOKING

Nature's Clean Foods, Served in a Clean Way, in a Clean Place, Put Into a Clean Body—Spells Clean Health.

cordingly, seditious. Criticism of a common policeman is seditious. The bills provide for arrest without warrant and indefinite detention wherever and under whatever conditions the authorities may direct. The accused has no knowledge of, nor is he confronted by, his accusers or the witnesses against him. All he gets is a written statement of the charge. His examination is in secret and he can have the aid of neither an attorney nor of witnesses in his behalf. All rules of evidence are specifically abolished, and the inquiry is to be conducted in such manner as the investigating authorities "consider best and suited to elicit the facts of the case,"—in other words, if need be, by torture.

The trial of the accused is secret, the right of trial by jury is abolished, the right of appeal is likewise abolished, the court may prohibit any publication of its proceedings, and no legal proceeding can be brought against any official for anything done or "intended to be done" under the act. **Ex parte** statements taken before magistrates may be used against the accused, thus abolishing the right of cross-examination. The accused may be convicted of any offense whether he has been previously charged with it or not.

After serving his sentence, he may be required to give bonds for future good behavior, he may be restricted to a given area, and must notify the police of his residence and of any change therein. He may never again write or speak in public on matters connected in any way with the public welfare. Anyone, even a member of his family, associating with him is liable to imprisonment. Arbitrary searches and seizures without warrant are of course provided for.

The passage of these bills was met by the Hindus by a national day of humiliation and prayer and a few days later by a general strike, the greatest display of passive resistance the world has ever seen. People threw themselves in front of street cars and moving trains to stop their passage. Hindus and Moslems fraternized in worship in each other's mosques and temples. The government met the demonstration with a characteristic display of far-famed British "justice." Shops were opened at the bayonet's point, leaders were kidnapped, and crowds of praying worshippers were dispersed by machine gun fire and aerial bombs. The long-suffering Hindus having been by these means at last provoked to some acts of violence, martial law was declared, a censorship established, and all news from India has practically ceased.

On May 15, in the House of Lords, Lord Curzon, after unctuously announcing the suppression of revolt in Egypt, added with oily piety:

"We have never had the least wish to repress the Egyptians' individuality; on the contrary, we accept the principle that the Egyptians should be, in an ever increasing share, in the government of their country, and it is our earnest desire to see Egypt under our protectorate advance in prosperity and take her rightful place as the leading Islamic nation."

Poor Egypt! C. M.

If Carranza would only turn all the petroleum of Mexico over to Doheny, and give Chandler and Hearst a few million acres of land extra, and borrow a couple of billion dollars of Morgan & Co. at seven per cent interest and give the mines of the country and its customs receipts as security, how quickly Mexico would change from a land of anarchy to one of paradisiacal law and order!

## RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES

The gyrations which characterized the policy of the Allied negotiators at Paris toward the Russian Republic have always been perplexing and shrouded in mystery. At least three different times they were on the point of dealing with Russia on a sane basis of fact, and each time they reversed themselves to the wonder of an awe-struck world. The Princes Island conference was proposed by Wilson, accepted by the Russian Soviet Republic, and then dropped by Wilson and his confreres. A proposal to feed Russia through a neutral commission headed by Nansen was made, then dropped. Lastly, a fairly decent proposal for an armistice was sent to Russia by Bullett and Steffens, accepted by Chicherin, and then repudiated by its authors, Wilson and Lloyd George. And all the time the world wondered why.

The answer is now available. Each time the Allied policy toward Russia showed symptoms of sanity, the Russian emigres, bond holders, and counter-revolutionaries, started a campaign of lies about the instability of the Russian government and the sure success of such military adventurers as Kolchak and Denikin. People in America glanced at the headlines of these stories and, with a wise smile, turned to the baseball score. Their fantastic and manufactured character was manifest on their face. But, incredible as it may seem, the Big Two, or Three, or Five, or whichever it was,—these numbers have always been confusing,—drank the stories down with infantile gullibility, and gyrated accordingly. They, these statesmen intrusted with the destinies of the world, were the only people on earth silly enough to believe these tales. They held their breaths, waiting for the immediate overthrow of "bolshevism."

There is comfort in this for persons of arrested mental development. Take courage! You may never be able to qualify as a plumber or a carpenter, but you are well fitted to become a premier or a president. C. M.

While Debs remains in prison the duty of every American radical remains undone.

## THE NEW JUSTICE

A Radical Magazine



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

Vol. 1 JULY 15, 1919 No. 11  
Application for entry as second-class matter is pending.

### 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



# Smoke of Battle

By C. A. MOSELEY

"I don't see but what it's as hot here as it was in the city," commented the Commercial Traveler, as he stretched out his legs, mopped his face with his handkerchief, and glanced at his companions in the smoking room. "This is fierce weather to travel in, but we peddlers have to keep going just the same. It's 'business as usual' with us fellows all the year round."

A half hour had passed since the long, heavily laden train had pulled out of the terminal station, where in the stiflingly oppressive air the tired throngs surged in and out on their various journeys of pleasure, necessity, or profit.

The Commercial Traveler was the first of those in the smoking room of the chair-car to break the silence that usually reigns for a time in these cramped temples dedicated alike to Nicotine and Ablutions, while the occupants take the measure of each other and decide individually whether an apathetic silence is more to be desired than a conversation that can safely begin with the weather or the poor train service and end,—no one knows where. In response to the speaker's remark, two voices murmured assent.

The Commercial Traveler sat on the short seat which had its back to the lavatory. Opposite him, on the longer seat, at the end next to the window, there sat the Reader, immersed in a pocket edition of Voltaire's "Candide." He was a slight, delicately featured man, modestly dressed, who gave at first the impression of being quite young, but whose maturity as disclosed by mouth and brow corrected the estimate to thirty-five years of age at least. He wore glasses, behind which glistened a pair of keen, gray eyes; and, as he read, he occasionally chuckled quietly to himself.

At his right, sat a man of about forty-five, who, like the Commercial Traveler and the Reader, had removed his coat. He was prosperous in appearance, somewhat inclined to portliness, and his clothes were well tailored. His low shoes revealed glimpses of lavender silk hose. On his watch chain was an expensively jewelled charm of a secret society, while the emblem of the Rotary Club was to be seen on the lapel of the coat hanging on the hook above him. He was the Business Man of the group.

Next to him sat a Bishop of the Episcopal Church, rather tall and lean, and so closely shaven that traces of bluish and purplish veins showed through the shrunken and parched skin. He was encased in his clerical suit of black, with an uncomfortably tight collar, and, as dignity forbade him to remove his coat, he looked exceedingly ill at ease, as if fighting a spiritual battle against the Devil in the shape of heat, dust, and cinders. His clerical presence had delayed the Commercial Traveler for fully eight minutes in his laudable desire to start conversation.

The Commercial Traveler and the Business Man were smoking cigars, the latter having delicately removed the band from an expensive "invincible" and thrown it into the cuspidor, while the former had as carefully allowed the band to remain on his "perfecto" as an advertisement that he was smoking a "Lord Chesterfield," which at war time prices cost eleven cents. The Bishop was enjoying a large briar pipe mounted with a heavy gold rim. The Reader was not smoking.

Already the Commercial Traveler had observed that the Bishop looked very uncomfortable and perspired quite like an ordinary mortal; that the Reader looked very meek and inoffensive; and that the Business Man appeared to be one who could manage and discharge employees, including even commercial travelers, with as much arbitrariness as he himself displayed toward hotel clerks and waitresses. He also had made a mental note of the fact that, considering the status of two of his companions, it would be inexpedient either to tell a risqué story or to brag of his sales.

The Business Man had noticed that the clergyman belonged to a denomination which led all others in the wealth per capita of its membership; that the Commercial Traveler was of the type who would wish to give the impression that his combined salary and commissions put him in the class of those who paid super-tax on incomes, which was in all probability not the fact; and that the Reader had on a ready-made suit.

The Bishop had observed that the Commercial Traveler wore a very expensive silk shirt with pronounced stripes; that the Reader was enjoying a work by the infamous Voltaire, although, as he had not read "Candide" himself, he could not judge just how bad it might be; and that the Business Man belonged to a fraternal organization which was very influential among Churchmen.

All of these observations had been taken and recorded while none of the three appeared to notice anything except the view from the car window, the ceiling, and the location of the cuspidor.

There was one other occupant of the smoking room. He was a returned soldier who was industriously and systematically removing the stains of travel. After hanging up his jacket, which revealed by its numerous emblems that he had belonged to the 42nd Division, had been in the service over eighteen months, had been wounded, and was discharged from the army, he had, in sublime disregard of the clerical presence, removed his shirt also. Clad above the belt in his sleeveless underwear only, he was splashing and scrubbing himself at the bowl. He was a tall, dark virile youth of about twenty-three, with every sign of health, poise, and good-nature.

The Reader was apparently oblivious to the presence of his fellow passengers, except that he had looked up with a friendly glance at the entrance of the young soldier, but had immediately resumed his reading.

The Soldier had given no attention to anything except the matter of his toilet. For nearly two years he had seen enough to render a Business Man, a Bishop, or even a Commercial Traveler comparatively uninteresting. His ablutions finished, he carefully combed his hair and thoughtfully turned his back on the Bishop while he went through the masculine process necessary to bringing his shirt and trousers into one harmonious whole. Without putting on his jacket, he sat down on the short seat with the Commercial Traveler.

The Reader laid down the book long enough to take a cigarette case from the pocket of his coat, which hung within reach. He offered it to the Soldier, who accepted of its contents with a genial smile and a polite "Thank

you." The Reader, after lighting a cigarette, resumed his enjoyment of "Candide."

"Just out of the army?" enquired the Commercial Traveler of the youth.

"Out about two months; looking for a job now," was the brief but comprehensive reply.

"Well, you boys certainly did lick the Huns and put old Kaiser Bill and his autocracy clean out of business. I would have been crazy to get into that scrap myself if I hadn't had a wife and two kids at home, waiting for me to bring home the groceries. Besides, I couldn't very well be spared from the company I'm with."

"What's your line?" asked the Business Man.

"O, steel products," replied the Commercial Traveler in the tone of the wolf who has just swallowed the lamb. Then addressing himself to the Soldier again, he resumed: "I guess the Government took pretty good care of you, eh? Our company gave a clean ten thousand to the Red Cross, the 'Y' and other war work. Nothing too good for you boys, was there?"

"O, we were pretty well cared for," said the youth without a great display of animation, "but what a lot of us need now is a job. I am not on my uppers yet, but some of the boys are having a hard time right now."

"Jobs will come along in time," put in the Business Man. "Things cannot be hurried. We are discussing reconstruction all the time. Look at all the employment agencies that the Government has opened up! They will find you jobs if you wait long enough."

"Why not make jobs, rather than find them?" asked the Reader.

The Commercial Traveler gave him a look such as naturally passes from a pillar of the financial world to a mere book worm. "How can you make jobs if there aren't any? You can't expect business men to hire people they don't need and can't use. Supposing there aren't enough jobs to go around—right now? What are you going to do about it—eh?"

"Well," said the Reader amiably, "it happened to occur to me that there ought always to be jobs as long as there are natural resources and human wants unfilled."

The Business Man frowned. "There's bound to be overproduction once in a while with resulting unemployment. But after a while things will start up and make jobs for all."

"I don't quite follow you," persisted the Reader. "If unemployment is caused by overproduction, how will further production effect a cure?"

The Business Man evidently did not hear, for he addressed the youth. "We have made the world safe for democracy," he said, "and that was one big job. We must settle down now and get back to normal conditions. We must all be patient, cautious. Labor ran wild during the war—couldn't stand prosperity. The unions got arrogant; they must come to time now and accept lower wages. After awhile, we shall see our way clear to go into new lines or extend present operations, and then we'll see a wave of prosperity." He smiled genially.

"Making the world safe for democracy by smashing the unions?" queried the Reader.

The Business Man gave another frown and the Church hastened to the rescue. "I feel," said the Bishop, in the tone of the chancel, "that we must guard earnestly against new and untried doctrines and vagaries that will only lead to the destruction of the precious fruits of our

civilization. We must, at all costs, preserve our institutions."

"Just which of our institutions?" demanded the voice over the top of "Candide."

The Bishop looked annoyed. "Why, all of them," he said.

"Including, I suppose, child labor, unemployment, profiteering, preventable poverty, and the like?"

"Certainly, not!" replied the Bishop with a great show of ruffled dignity. "I least of all men would advocate retaining any of the ills of society."

"Then who is advocating the abolition of any of the good institutions, the agitation against which you were just now protesting?" same the quick retort.

"It seems to me that we are wandering from the subject," said the Bishop, with an inflection that usually goes with "Here endeth the first lesson," in the order of Morning Prayer.

"Of course," said the Business man, "no one wants to preserve the ills of society."

"Certainly not!" added the Reader, "they only want to preserve the causes that automatically produce these ills."

"I feel deeply," said the Bishop, hunting for his own ground, as he fingered his Episcopal ring, "that the war has been productive of a great increase of spirituality. It has drawn the world together in a great brotherhood. Together the son of the poor man and the son of the millionaire fought in the trenches. Tomorrow they will stand together to preserve our institutions, to bring Capital and Labor amicably together, and to resist the deadly scourge of loose, radical thinking. As I said before, I see great spirituality coming out of the sufferings of this war."

"Aren't you romancing?" asked the Reader irreverently. Then to the Soldier he said: "How about that?"

The youth grinned. "I can't say that I found any great feeling of spirituality in sticking a bayonet into another man's gu—abdomen."

"That is rather a harsh figure of speech," chided the Bishop, looking decidedly shocked.

"No figure of speech about it," the youth retorted. "I did stick a bayonet into another man's gu—abdomen. Into two or three, for that matter; and, believe me, it is some nasty job."

The Bishop smiled weakly. "Well, my dear young friend," he said patronizingly, "all that is over now. The great anti-Christ of modern times has been beaten, thanks be to God, and we have fought a war to end all war."

"The Dickens we have!"—the Business Man tempered his oath to the Episcopal presence. "We have got to clean up Mexico and do it pretty soon, too. Perhaps Japan as well—but Mexico anyway. That Carranza government, isn't much better than Russia. Property isn't safe down there—and I guess they are killing a few Americans along the border. American life has got to be protected—that's what I say—protected against those greasers just as much as against the Huns or those Russian devils. There are great possibilities of trade with Mexico and South America and we've got to make things safe down there. The Mexican situation right now don't look good to me."

"And smells of oil," came from behind "Candide."

The Soldier had been exchanging amused and understanding glances with the Reader throughout the argument. Emboldened, he addressed himself to the Business

Man. "Say what you like about the unions, I'm for them."

"I am too," added the Reader; "they are getting up one in my trade now."

"What's your trade?" enquired the Commercial Traveler in mild surprise.

"I teach economics in college; that is, I did until I was fired."

"Fired?" repeated the Commercial Traveler, as the easiest way of asking what might be an impertinent question. The Bishop and the Business Man both looked aside in great consternation toward the man who had revealed himself as a professor of economics, both trying to recall to what extent they had exposed their ignorance. Emma Goldman at a Ladies' Aid Society might have created a similar effect.

"Yes," said the professor, "a board of trustees consisting of several corporation lawyers, a railway president, a banker, a manufacturer, a merchant prince, an editor, and a clergyman, who, I assume, was included to give it the odor of sanctity, fired me on a week's notice."

"What was the trouble?" asked the Soldier.

"I taught a few young fellows, like you, a few simple truths, such as the fact that one and the same dollar cannot occupy two pockets at one and the same time. I wrote a book on taxation, and on municipal ownership, compiled some statistics on the cost of living, and, what was worse, published them. I was chairman of an organization fighting child labor and I lectured to the people in language that they could understand. I have forgotten the rest of my crimes, but they were numerous and scarlet."

"What did you mean about a union in your trade?" asked the Soldier. "Of course you were joking?"

"Not at all; we are organizing. It isn't so much a matter of salary with us, although we are poorly enough paid. What we are fighting for especially is the right to teach as we believe, to use our specialized knowledge for the good of the common people."

"Well, what next?" exclaimed the Business Man.

"Industrial Democracy next," promptly replied the professor. "The intellectual is joining hands with the working man—to make the world safe for democracy."

"I am very sorry," lied the Bishop, "to have to interrupt this interesting discussion, but I leave you at the next stop."

"That is my destination, too," said the professor.

"Indeed!" the Bishop replied. "I lecture there this evening before the Church Club, and while doubtless you would not agree with all the conclusions at which I have arrived after careful, indeed prayerful, consideration, I should be very glad if you would come to hear me. I speak on the subject, 'The Church and Its Relation to Industrial Peace.'"

"Very sorry that I can't hear you," said the professor pleasantly, "but I speak there tonight at Hod Carriers' Hall on 'Democracy—How to Catch It and How to Keep It.'"

"Any factories in that town?" inquired the Soldier.

The Bishop replied: "Really I scarcely know; I assume so, but cannot say what the industries are. But outside of the See City, it is the largest and wealthiest parish in the diocese."

"I think," said the professor, "that there are three or four furniture factories, a sash and door plant, a structural iron works, a tannery, and many smaller industries.

It's a strong union town and has been, ever since the militia shot up about twenty strikers there three years ago last March."

"The Soldier reached for his jacket. "I may as well get off there and look around, though I had my ticket bought beyond." And then, addressing the professor with a grin: "I think you'll see me around at Hod Carriers' Hall this evening. You talk sense."

The train came to a stop and the Professor, the Soldier and the Bishop got off.

The Business Man lighted a fresh cigar. "It beats all," he said to the Commercial Traveler, as if addressing a fellow sufferer, "how Bolshevism is spreading—and that notwithstanding the clear teaching of the church."

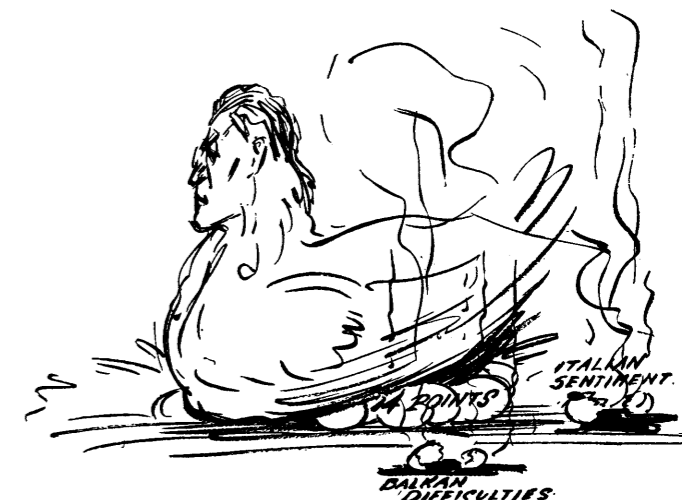
#### OH FOR ONE HOUR

Oh for one hour of sanity  
In this sad world distraught,  
Oh for one hour of reason  
That millions may be taught;  
Oh for the gems of consciousness  
That ignorance be naught  
In this sad place of myth and sham  
Where shameless shells we rot.

Oh for the feel of warming rays  
That richer life shall loom,  
Oh for the joy of grander days  
When mutual trust shall bloom;  
Oh for the helping hand always  
That banishes the gloom  
So large upon this suffering earth  
As if it were a tomb.

Oh for the end of me and thee,  
The sad and ceaseless strife,  
Oh for the joyous thought that we  
Can plan a grander life;  
Oh for the hands across the sea  
Now that the time is rife  
For springtime on a quickening earth  
So pregnant with new life.

—WALTER J. MITCHELL.



The Eggs Are Beginning to Crack

# A Bolshevik Art School

By JIM SEYMOUR



Driftwood

Drawn by Lawrence Murphy.

Let's go down into the dingy part of town where rents are less burdensome. There are lots of interesting things there—more color.

Look here; can it be that artists would have a sign like that? But so it reads: Art Students' League. Well, a good tailor can't always afford a decent suit; let's go up.

Sure, I know that. This is the joint referred to by the mechanically respectable art instructors as the Bolshevik art-school. But never kick an art-school when it's down. Perhaps it can be reformed. Remember that once upon a time this school, too, was respectable and academic. For verily, this is what is left of that prim, correct little school often affectionately called the Handsome Putoff art factory, which was born fifteen years ago in Blanchard Hall and spent its sweet young days in teaching the plaintive reproduction of provincial, unimaginative beauty as defined by Laird & Lee's Vestpocket Dictionary. Let's learn why the school has degenerated. Let's see if that confounded Kodak company has been smashing competition.

What an inspiring atmosphere! Just imagine these stairs ever having been clean! Not that door; that's a printshop. We're looking for art.

Here is a room whose walls are covered with sketches, and there is a man reading *The Liberator*. That settles it—Good morning; is this the Bolshevik art school?

The man looks at us with the frank curiosity of a child.

What breed of animal is prowling around in his back yard, threatening to eat the mud pies drying in the sun?

"Well, that's interesting," he remarks. Also, he says several other things, but we haven't grasped their import because we have been impolitely analyzing his voice, and in so doing have been wafted away to a peaceful island in tropic seas, where graceful royal palms greet us with drowsy nods and an indulgent moon smiles at our bewilderment; where from the soft sweet shadows of leaves and grasses there rises a beautiful blend of Offenbach's famous barcarolle and *Il Sogno* from Verdi's *Otello*. For in this voice of Lawrence Murphy, artist, dreamer, scorner of the mart; in this voice, well modulated, sweet and dreamy, there is a musical intonation that sobs a deep race-old yearning otherwise unutterable. It is a voice of calm non-resistant determination and unpurchasable sincerity, of intoxicating visible tonal beauty; it is the voice of one whose rainbow is only an illusion but still beautiful; it is a voice floating backward from a beauty and wonder yet to be; it is the voice of Murphy.

There is an occasional "don't you know?" that reminds us that his name is Murphy, but his o's are not octave-slurred like the British o's, that never fail to amuse us; and the last o is rendered morendo, like—like Murphy.

Let us hope that Murphy will be tolerant with us when we remark that his clothing is scarcely as beautiful as his voice or as his sketches that adorn these dirty walls, for surely he must credit us with knowing that Cremonas and Strads are hardly as flashy as mail-order fiddles, and with being able honestly to admire the man who uses the whisk-broom more on the inside of his head than on the seat of his pants.

And now that we have recovered from the initial effects of Murphy's voice, we may hear what he tells us about the school. Come on into the study-room; we can hear as well there and can also garner a few impressions of our own.

Give a look, boy, give a look. It sure is some different. Do you remember that last joint we were in, where everything displayed was apparently the work of the same human machine? Do you see anything like that here? Nope, you don't. These are the products of real human brains reveling in such degree of freedom as each individual is able to utilize. These are not the products of either the Smith, the Jones or the Robinson school; they are the products of the men who created them.

The school is a cooperative enterprise. There is no businesslike art-teacher making a living out of it, hence the epithet Bolshevik. Val Costello, landscape painter, is the greatest percentage of the pep that keeps it moving. Val's troubles are many and varied. There are times during the hot spell when the model (don't get excited now; it's a he) does not relish sitting around without his clothes. Val must then beat it down to the slavemarket and try to convince a gang of timid roughnecks that artists are not really dangerous and that if one of them will consent to pose, he will escape uninjured. But at that, you can't blame the stiff, for the way some artists can libel a model is truly amazing.

But we are human enough not to be much interested in Val's troubles. There are more important things. This old barracks of an art school has attracted men who are

artists. There was Rex Slinkard, lover of Walt Whitman, who died in the army a year ago. He taught here. Rex was a very radical artist, or artistic radical, or whatever you call it. His exhibition at the park has been much cussed and discussed for its mysticism and modernism. Then there was Carl Sprinchorn, another mystic radical, and Ianelli, a poster artist. We don't know much about posterior decoration, but Murphy says Ianelli is brilliant.

These and numerous others have loved this dirty old room because here there is always an inspiring air of freedom; here they may paint or draw as they please, with none to interfere in the interests of Mammon. Individuality and originality are encouraged, not frowned upon. Criticism is never thrust upon them, but if they want it they can get it from Murphy, and since a criticism by Murphy has no dollar-taint it is really worth while.

According to Murphy this is probably the only school of its kind in the country. Certainly so it appears to the layman, for here we find no art like grandma's—no knitting of cute little so-so wrist-warmers in competition with the incredibly accurate and incredibly speedy power loom. We find instead a certain enthusiasm peculiar to idealism. Also we find something infinitely sad—the same intangible something that harmonizes Murphy's voice. For these men are working in their spare time to rebeautify the earth and most of them are compelled to earn their living by disfiguring it with screaming billboards and hideous magazine ads. They do not appear to want to discuss the subject, but we feel that deep within them there is the tearing agony of the might-have-been and yet-could-be, of a world wherein commercial art is executed with an ax, and no one is driven pitifully and hopelessly to attempt to beautify the virgin snow by smearing it with filth.

Well, kiddo, let's go. And you and I, painters by the medium of words, scornful of the academicians and applying our colors with a bit of broken beer bottle or direct from the tube, will portray this Bolshevik art school, honestly and to the best of our ability, not as the other fellow says it looks to him, but as we ourselves have seen it. And having finished, we will rest at our easel and dream on.

## THE CHARLATAN

He chants his wares where highways intersect;  
Where busy thousands pass or stop to hear  
The virtues of his product. Lend an ear!  
How honestly he dwells for the elect  
Upon the baubles. Sure, nor creed nor sect  
May here find aught to criticize or fear—  
A plain tale, plainly told. Come all, draw near!  
Naught's hidden. You may purchase or reject.

Hard by, an orator of some repute  
Bewails our direful state with ringing word,  
And promises (if votes enough are his)  
To rectify it all, and more to boot.  
"Faker!" a voice laughs low, but overheard:  
"Which, sir?" I cry. "Pray, stranger, say—which  
is?"  
VINCENT STARRET.

The surest proof that something is wrong with capitalism is the frantic efforts of capitalists to keep anybody from saying so.

Just as a starter to world peace, the "little five" remaining at Paris have ordered the Finns to invade Russia.

## RUSSIA

Out of war there came a figure,  
New, uncouth, and primitive,  
Splashed with blood and dyed with earth-stains  
From the soil by which men live.

Rough, forbidding—kind and gentle,  
On his lips a wondrous phrase,  
Through the smoke and din of battle,  
Men looked on him with amaze.

"I am Prophet of the People"—  
Thus his fierce, presumptuous boast—  
"I am muscle, brain and spirit  
Of the toiling, struggling host."

Elder statesmen scoffed and chided,  
Caste looked on in pale affright.  
"Ye are Anarchy and Chaos,  
Monstrous bastard of the Night.

"Though our lands are soaked and slimy  
With a heavy, crimson dew,  
Though we slay our own ten million,  
We must save the world from You."

But the peasant from the furrow,  
Weary centuries oppressed,  
Caught a glimpse of fields and meadows  
Which should yield a home and rest.

Workers, bearing heavy burdens,  
Building ships or forging steel,  
Sensed a hope of something bidding  
Them to fuller life and weal.

'Mid the shower of hissing shrapnel,  
They whose life was soon to cease  
Paused a moment in the killing,  
Stirred with thoughts of Love and Peace.

Women, heavy with the children  
That they bear to feed the Beast,  
Felt another spirit quicken  
To a breath from out the East.

Maidens, widowed while yet virgin,  
Raised a wan and pallid face  
To this youthful, virile lover,  
Yielded to his warm embrace.

"Ye are Anarch and an Outlaw!"  
Shrieked the harlots of the Press.  
"Ye are Anti-Christ and Devil!"  
Howled she-men in monkish dress.

"Ye are Comrade," said the soldier.  
"Ye are Land," the peasant said.  
"Ye are he for whom we've waited;  
"Ye are Freedom, Peace, and Bread!"

—C. A. M.

Jim Seymour, the hobo poet, says the planet Mars has local option now but will be bone dry pretty soon.

# The Truth About

# Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY  
... J. H. RYCKMAN

## The Diabolism of Bolshevism

As Depicted by Ghent, Simons, Stokes et al. in The California Commonwealth

My attention has just been called to six recent issues of The California Commonwealth, a new weekly, edited by Stanley B. Wilson. I didn't know until yesterday that Los Angeles could produce such a thriller in the way of a printed sheet. It is devoted to exposing the diabolism of Bolshevism. It is dedicated to the overthrow of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic and to the establishment of that beneficent dictator, Kolchak, as the ruler of Russia. According to the best information I have, Moscow has not heard of this astonishing enterprise or of any of its backers or editors or staff writers. It is resplendent in white paper of a high grade, 10-point type, double-leaded, double-barrelled and double column leaders and head-lines that are a scream. Most of the staff writers, to-wit, W. J. Ghent, A. M. Simons, Frank E. Wolfe, J. Phelps Stokes and Chester M. Wright, to put them in the order of their intellectual importance, advertise themselves as "Of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy." This mouth-filling phrase has a far-away sound and harks back to a time when a tiny self-sufficing group of Socialists in whom the ego was over-developed decided they could not abide by the St. Louis platform and left their party for the party's good, and on a sultry day in August, 1917, at their own expense, chartered a luxurious special train of the Southern Pacific bound for Minneapolis to confer with Mr. Gompers and other like-minded, forward-looking patriots as to how Socialism could best be given its quietus. Some of them never came back from the east except in whiffs of thin air redolent of sizzling souls in torment. Others came back in more substantial form, but no less redolent, and, to use the forceful language of their deep-mouthed leader (Socialism and Success, p. 96), have ever since been "the retainers and servitors of men of wealth, defending the existing regime and opposing the struggles of the working class for a better life, finding an ethical and even a spiritual sanction for things as they exist and voicing the cheap moralities which are the reflex of the class that employs them," and buys them their meal-ticket. The leader of this baying pack is evidently W. J. Ghent. The heelers-up are the others. In five issues of the paper beginning May 24, this doughty champion of the monster Kolchak, this zealous advocate of the restoration of the monarchy in Russia, this eloquent maligner of Maxim Gorky, Alexander Kollontay, Marie Spirodonova, Lunacharsky, Tchicherin, Lenin, Trotzky, Bukharin and a long list of devoted souls who have suffered inconceivable tortures for their beloved Russia, takes 26 columns of this diverting paper to prove the following 10 propositions:

1. That most of the authentic information that has come out of Russia has been printed in the capitalistic press. (This can be proved by the Times and the Express of this city, to go no further.)
2. That the liberal press, like The Nation, The New Republic, The Dial and The Survey, present but one side and thus falsify the record. Probably every reader of these liberal papers reads at least two capitalist dailies, and they printed the other side.)
3. That liberal and uplift publications "with eyes

closed tight sing in harmonious chorus of soviet wonders and chant wondrous refrains brought from Russia by 17-day sojourners in that unhappy land." (The once liberal-minded Ghent has such scorn for such papers as The Nation that he puts the words "liberal" and "uplift" in the most contemptuous quotation marks he can find in the lino-type. By "17-day sojourners in Russia," he refers to such persons as Louise Bryant, Bessie Beatty, John Reed, Raymond Robins, Albert Rhys Williams, Arthur Ransome, Col. W. B. Thompson, Prof. E. A. Ross, M. Phillips Price, Frazier Hunt, Louis Edgar Browne, William C. Bullitt, William Allen White, Jerome Davis, Isaac Don Levine, and such like.)

4. That these four papers are the organs of reaction in America and ignore in their columns the protests of Russia's "true radicals," the Bourtzevs and Axelrods. (These "true radicals" have been conspiring since November, 1917, with avowed reactionists to overthrow the Russian Republic and to restore the monarchy.)

5. That The Nation in regard to Russia "is the most untrustworthy publication in America, revealing not only the grossest partizanship but the grossest misrepresentation." (Although The Nation at enormous expense without raising its price, in its International Section and by means of reprints first gave to the American public hundreds of pages of Russian Soviet official documents not otherwise accessible to American readers. And yet Ghent says these documents prove no more what is going on in Russia than the constitutions of Venezuela and Mexico prove what is going on in those countries. A further answer to this foul aspersion upon the greatest American weekly is found in the fact that its circulation has more than quadrupled in the last six months and newsdealers in this city whom I personally know now sell 100 copies a week, whereas six months ago they sold not one. I will furnish Mr. Ghent the names if he wants them to verify this.)

6. That The Nation "defends brutal reaction in Russia, apologizes for brigandage and loot, the denial of civil rights and freedom of expression, for enforced starvation and the infliction of barbarous punishments upon political opponents." (But in the next paragraph Ghent says The Nation does not specifically and openly apologize for these things, but only excuses them by indirection—whatever that means. Alas! what dilemmas the "retainers and servitors" of capitalism get into if given a pen, a bottle of ink and 26 columns.)

7. That The Nation libeled the Overman Committee in saying that "the evidence it received was wild hearsay and that little of it would stand for five minutes in a court of justice." (And there is not an expert on evidence in the United States who would not back The Nation on this point. Oh, you retainers of capitalism and apologists for Overman Committees, the administrative lackeys of capitalism! "You have only a servile class conscience. You absorb and reflect the interests, the instincts and the feelings of the class from which you draw your sustenance. And whenever the interests of that class are treasured upon \* \* \* You are shocked as by an electric current." Ghent's Socialism and Success, p. 101.)

8. That The New Republic "has suppressed and distorted the facts about Russia, about Bolshevism, palliates the monstrous offenses against humanity and democracy in Russia and gives aid and comfort to the nascent forces of

terroristic reaction in our own country." (Let us hope The New Republic will not hear what Ghent has said about it. This is not likely, as these hysterical phantasms of a mind obsessed are for home consumption to stem the mounting tide of liberalism that is sweeping this city since Max Eastman and Louise Bryant were here and Upton Sinclair exposed in The New Justice in an edition of 50,000 copies the unfairness of the local daily press toward Russia and the temperamental inability of Supt. Shiels to tell the truth about Russia. Ever since we entered the war, The New Republic, until a few weeks ago, was reputed to be very close to the administration at Washington, and President Wilson chose one of its editors, Walter Lippman, for a very responsible place in the administration until the armistice.)

9. That The Dial, edited by Robert Morss Lovett and with John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen and Helen Marot on its staff, is pro-Bolshevik in its news from Russia and violently pro-Bolshevik in its editorial columns.

10. That The Survey resorts to outright pro-soviet propaganda as well as to clever insinuation and misrepresentation about Russia.

The foregoing are the 10 propositions to establish which W. J. Ghent applies his high literary skill in 26 columns of Stanley B. Wilson's paper, without having been nearer Russia than Los Angeles or perhaps Minneapolis since the war began. His fatal facility in the use of words, words, words has been for naught, and the Russian Republic still stands more stable than ever, and the Hungarian Republic, securing freedom to 20,000,000 more of the oppressed of Europe, has come into being, without a drop of bloodshed and has established herself side by side with Russia in the vanguard of that splendid army of the common people, marching forward and showing the way to the liberation of the human race out of the bondage of the centuries. The exigencies of space in this section of The New Justice forbids our noticing even briefly the fulminations of Simons, Stokes and Wright against Russia struggling to find herself and get on her feet after leaving more than 7,000,000 of her sons on the battle field in the cause of the Allies, besides more than twice as many mangled, a country devastated and a treasury bankrupt. That these men, once honored and respected and looked to for light and leading by thousands of the working class, should prostitute their talents to the powers of darkness has filled many a heart with grief. Nothing remains but to give them over to the judgment of mankind and to ask God, who cares for the poor and the oppressed even in Russia, to have mercy on their souls. In conclusion, however, over against an article by Simons demonstrating with great elaboration that the Russian soviet form of government can never come to England, I quote an Associated Press dispatch of July 6, as follows: "England will be the first country to have an established soviet government, in the opinion of William Allen White, who has been in Europe for the last several months on work connected with the Peace Conference. He says: 'England will surely have the first soviet government in the world, but this will be established without bloodshed or disorder, and the King won't lose his job. The King is playing with the Radicals and his associates now are people who could not possibly have been seen within the royal circle before the war. The Radical labor groups with whom he is playing now present a situation just as though President Wilson had taken up Debs and his crowd.'" To summarize

hastily: The burden of this vast mass of anti-Bolshevik malediction and vituperation is that the dictatorship of the proletariat is savage and inefficient, producing chaos and disorder, bloodshed and butcheries uncountable, and that the only hope for Russia is the speedy triumph of those forces in Russia opposed to the rule of Lenin and Trotsky, who are pictured as monsters, that is to say, Kolchak must win and give Russia a stable government. Listen for a moment to Isaac Don Levine, not a Bolshevist, in the Chicago Daily News, in a cable from Moscow, under date of May 19: "The dictatorship of the proleteriat means neither anarchy, chaos nor continued public disorder, but the greatest possible order. The Soviet government has never been more powerful than now and since Kolchak's recent successes the masses have arisen to uphold it. The Allies' blockade of the Baltic has embittered all classes. The Franco-British aim is said to be to dismember Russia and reduce her to slavery and 100,000,000 Russians are now ready to die in defense of their government rather than surrender. The newspapers here publish the wireless dispatches sent from Paris to Mexico. Those relating to soviet Russia are absolutely contrary to the facts and even people here violently opposed to Bolshevism cannot find anything here to support such assertions. Imagine what would happen in Chicago at night if the streets were unlighted, and imagine further what would happen if the police disappeared from the city. There are no policemen in Moscow and because of the coal crisis the streets are unlighted; yet one can traverse the streets after midnight in perfect safety. The operas and theaters are crowded. Despite exorbitant prices, the people are well shod and well dressed. The saloons are closed and also the brilliant department stores. The luxurious hotels have been transformed into lodgings for working people and representatives of the soviets. The government mobilization is proceeding throughout the country with less disorder than attended the draft in the United States. Never in the history of modern Russia has any government had more real authority than the present soviet system." And what peace and happiness and prosperity would Russia enjoy if Allied intervention were abandoned, mobilization unnecessary and Russia given over wholly to the arts of peace! As to Kolchak, just a word in closing. Dr. Joshua Rosett of the Committee on Public Information and of the American Red Cross has just returned from Russia after an absence of nine months. He says: "Kolchak broke up a democratic government in Siberia with the ruthlessness of a Tartar conqueror. He suppressed free speech and free press. He jailed, exiled and murdered every member of the Russian Constituent Assembly upon whom he could lay his hands. He caused the opponents of his rule of the fist to be tortured and killed. And now the Council of Four has decided to supply Kolchak with money, provisions and ammunition!" And that W. J. Ghent, formerly revered and respected as a leader and teacher of the people who toil; admired in the world of intellect; deferred to as an authority on a vast variety of public problems of importance; author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism," "Mass and Class" and "Socialism and Success," should lend himself to such disgraceful propaganda in behalf of black reaction and in the interests of the enemies of mankind as appears in the columns of The California Commonwealth, supremely tests human credulity and destroys faith in human virtue. Five years ago to have seen the name of Ghent side by side

with Nicholas Murray Butler and William Howard Taft in the columns of The National Civic Federation Review, edited by the unspeakable Ralph M. Easley, would have shocked the moral sense. Now it happens often, deceiving the people, poisoning the fountains of knowledge, corrupting the youth of the land, subverting law and order, pandering to the passions of hate and revenge and destroying the very foundations of our institutions.

J. H. R.

### ALLUVIA

Petticoats and pantaloons,  
Women, men, and wild baboons,  
Swimming, creeping, flying things,  
Fins and feet, and buzzing wings,  
Blazing orchids, modest heather,  
Roses, thistles, fur and feather—  
Risen from the age-old mud,  
Sediment of life's wild flood!

CHARLES BRUCE.

### PROJECTILES

In Nature there is no crime without a punishment and no punishment without a crime.

Because one person sells more beef than another does peanuts would not seem to be a logical reason for social elevation, yet this is what happens under capitalism.

One great drawback to the recent war was the lack of romance. When all the romance is taken out of war, wars will cease. Possibly machinery will some day accomplish this end.

True self-interest is the highest community-interest.

If we don't blow all together we can never stir up the big wind.

Peace pills or war surgery have neither of them yet been potent to cure poverty.

War is a historical habit, a habit which is periodically broken by the breaking up of nations.

The cover design for this issue was drawn by Harold W. Miles.



Cop (at radical meeting)—Another word from yuh, young feller, and out yuh go on yer nose.

Excited Radical—W-w-well, it's MY nose, ain't it?

### NINETEEN-FIVE: AN INCIDENT

He was a quiet fellow, humbled, apparently, by despair; and as he dragged himself around his barber's chair, I noticed that he was crippled.

"Were you ever in the 1905 Revolution?" he asked, as if suddenly awakened. We had been talking in a desultory manner about the Bolsheviks, most of the conversation being on my side, his replies coming out at infrequent moments in an indifferent half-hearted manner. I told him no, though I knew something of the history of that abortive affair.

Plunging into his story, with his razor poised in midair, he began:

"Everyone was excited, pouring into the main streets in great numbers, and of course I came with them. But soon the crowds swelled till they pressed close to the buildings. I was a cripple then as I am now, and for fear that I would be knocked down I kept out of the crowd and close to the buildings. By the time they swelled to the buildings I found it hard to keep up with them and hard to keep still till at last they knocked me down. I managed to catch the handle of a door. I held on for dear life, every moment expecting to be swept along, as a twig that is caught in the swift waters of a flood. The Cossacks were coming.

"All the while I had been praying, praying that the crowd would go away, so that I might get my breath and take my arm from the door-handle, for it was nearly broken off. At last they did go away, and I fell to the ground exhausted—just as the Cossacks came up.

"The beating I got will never leave my mind. The first Cossack beat me over the head and body with the butt of his gun, then another came, then another and another; they all beat good and hard; they did not know I was a cripple, for my cane lay a little ways off. At last one of them picked up the cane and broke it over my head and cursed me for it; it being a crime to walk with a cane just as it is a crime to carry a pistol in this country. Anyhow, they left me for dead, kicking and beating me all the same. When I got the cane over my head, it put me out of my senses and I knew nothing further until I woke up in a strange house with my head swollen more than ever. For a while I wished they had killed me.

"Two months later I walked around again. Ever since then I haven't cared what happened; if they wanted a revolution, they could have it—I didn't care. If they wanted a Tzar, they could have one—I didn't care. And if you want Bolshevism in this country, or capitalism, or anything else, it's all the same to me."

Whereupon, turning around to his customer, he went on shaving him mechanically. While talking, he had had that animated, flushed expression that invalids do have, but now it had disappeared, leaving only a dull, indifferent, sickly look. Silence reigned, with not a word or sign to show that for a little while he had remembered.

JACK ROBERTS.

A social order that is just and righteous does not need antiseditious acts to protect it. A social order that is not just and righteous should not have them.

It is curious to reflect that the judges of the Los Angeles superior court, as directors of the county law library, are all guilty of criminal syndicalism in allowing Black's Constitutional Law to remain on the shelves of the library; for Judge Black, in that classic work, stoutly advocates the right of violent revolution

# Voltaire, Hero of the Bastille

By GRACE SILVER HENRY

The fourteenth day of July commemorates the fall of that most famous of political prisons, the Bastille. On that day, in the year 1789, the Revolutionists of Paris, after a battle in which some hundred and fifty of their number were killed, captured and utterly destroyed that bulwark of royalty. Republican France dates her birth from the fall of the Bastille. Last year even the American bourgeoisie commemorated the day. Great meetings were held in every large city. Speeches were made by some of our best citizens glorifying the mob who had destroyed the stronghold of French tyranny. Bands played the song of Revolutionary France, the Marseillaise. But this year, so far as the American ruling classes are concerned, Bastille Day will be ignored. Our masters have suddenly discovered that the Bastille was used solely as a political prison; that it never housed more than eighty political prisoners; that the victims of the Bastille were confined on account of speaking, thinking and writing too freely; and that it is not wise to call the attention of the American people to the fact that the French date their liberties from the overthrow of a political prison.

The Bastille itself was not such a bad place, as prisons go. It was intended to accommodate "guests of the King," personal enemies, writers, and persons who incurred the displeasure of some member of the court. The prisoners were for the most part men of talent and position, and as a rule they were treated with the utmost consideration. Voltaire, who was imprisoned for a year within its walls, states that a Bastille prisoner might have anything he desired except his liberty. He and other prisoners confined there with him, were fed at public expense—and they were fed the best the season afforded. A well-stocked wine cellar was provided for their use. A prisoner might have his own servant to wait on him, the servant also being maintained at public expense. A skilled chef was appointed to prepare their meals.

There was not a writer of any prominence in the eighteenth century who had not been, at some time or other, a prisoner within the Bastille. Nearly every writer of that period contributed something to the ultimate triumph of the people. One name stands preeminent above them all—that of Voltaire. One cannot comprehend the difficulties in the way of the radical thinkers of France or appreciate the greatness of their triumph, without a knowledge of the life and work of Voltaire.

Voltaire was born in 1694. For a thousand years the Church had ruled France. The land belonged to priests and nobles and the people were serfs upon the land. Louis the Fourteenth, called the Grand Monarch, had been king for fifty-one years. He lived in a magnificent palace, surrounded by all that wealth could produce. His people wallowed in ignorance, poverty, filth and superstition. The streets of Paris were deep in filth and even in the great palace there was no such thing as a bath tub. Eclipses, comets and pestilence were driven away by the ringing of church bells; disease was considered a visitation from God, which only an impious man would attempt to cure or prevent. The king maintained the most magnificent court of any monarch in the known world and the monks of St. Anthony pastured their hogs in the

streets of Paris. The Golden Age of the Church, in which her rule was supreme and unquestioned, was drawing near its close.

Into such a world Voltaire was born. His father was a devout churchman and a business man of no particular consequence; his mother, one of the most remarkable women of her time. His education, we are told, was intrusted to a friend of his mother's, the Abbe Chateaufeuf, a man who lived off the revenue of the church but openly flouted his disbelief in her teachings. As Voltaire's godfather, the Abbe had solemnly promised to "faithfully instruct the child in the principles of religion and in the laws and usages of the Catholic Church." He fulfilled his promise so well that his pupil never had any faith in any religion. He taught him, when only three years old, to repeat some verses ridiculing Moses. With such teaching Voltaire's mother was in full accord.

The boy, though frail in body, displayed an astonishing brilliancy of mind. While still in his teens he wrote poems. He was only twenty-three when confined in the Bastille. It is said he had ridiculed the reigning monarch and his mistress. In his early manhood and middle age he wrote a great many plays, most of which were very successful when produced. In everything he wrote some one, some class of people, or some established institution, was made a target for his ridicule. Voltaire laughed at the Court, and he laughed at the Church, and he made the people of Paris also laugh at them. Always he wrote with the censor in mind. He was the greatest master of irony the world has ever known. Practically every play, every poem, every prose paragraph, had a kick or a knock for someone concealed within its lines. If he praised a priest, he damned him forever; when he professed faith in a popular superstition or dogma of the church, everyone else lost his faith. He very early became so obnoxious that the king banished him from the country.

Voltaire lived for a time at the court of Frederick the Great of Prussia. He tried to teach that prince to avoid war and live in peace with his neighbors. He himself mocked at war, despised the soldier, ridiculed patriotism, and supplied the king's army with food at great profit to himself. He became one of the richest men in Europe. He needed money; he was always dodging from some government or other. During the last years of his life he lived most of the time at Ferney, in France, close to the Swiss frontier. At times France became uncomfortable for him. He maintained in Geneva another residence, to which he frequently fled, and still another a few miles distant, on German soil. The Swiss once ordered his arrest for the crime of having private theatricals in his own house.

He needed vast sums of money to carry on the various propaganda which interested him. He spent tens of thousands of dollars in freeing the family of Jean Calas and other victims of religious persecution. All his life he waged a campaign for abolishing the torture of convicts. Not until 1780 was torture finally abolished in France. He provided homes for twelve hundred weavers and watchmakers who had been exiled from Geneva. Against all forms of slavery he waged war. He published and

gave away innumerable pamphlets. When nearly sixty years old, at a time when most men would be ready to retire, he entered upon the most serious portion of his work. He had determined to bend all his energies toward the destruction of the Church. He constantly referred to it in his letters, as "The Monster." He concluded most of his letters with the words, "Ecrasez L'Infame!"—Crush the Monster! He entered upon the work of the Philosophical Dictionary, every page of which is filled with fact and argument against superstition and the Church, and in behalf of reason and science. In this as in his preceding works, he employed most effectively the weapon of irony, of ridicule. He lived long enough to know that his work was producing results. When Voltaire laughed, priests wept.

When Voltaire was eighty-four years of age he returned to Paris. The decree of banishment against him was still in force. He went there openly, and without fear, making no attempt to secure the king's permission. He went there to produce a play which he had recently completed. The Government dared not arrest him. All Paris looked on him as a far greater man than the king. Not only did he produce his play, but at a meeting of the French Academy, at which he and Benjamin Franklin were the guests of honor, Voltaire induced the Academy to undertake the task of compiling the first French Encyclopedia. A letter was assigned to each member, Voltaire undertaking to write the articles under the letter "A" because, as he explained, that letter involved the most work. His only regret when he came to die, was that his work was not yet finished. This great agitator died in Paris in May, 1778. Although the idol of Paris, and because of that, the Church refused to permit him to be buried. It was necessary for his friends to secretly remove the body to a small town one hundred and ten miles from Paris in order to provide burial. The priest who, all unwittingly, permitted his body to be buried, was excommunicated.

Eleven years after Voltaire died, the Revolution broke out and the Bastille was destroyed. All that the Bastille had stood for went down in the next few months. On June 1, 1791, Louis XVI, king in name only, signed a decree, passed by the National Assembly, ordering that the remains of Voltaire should be brought in state to Paris, there to rest in the Pantheon. As the procession passed through each village, mayors and other officials, and soldiers turned out to march a part of the way. The road for a hundred and ten miles was strewn with flowers by day and lighted by torches at night. The people of France felt they had gained their liberty, and they gave the credit to Voltaire. The Mayor of Paris and a large delegation of city officials, and other organized bodies met the procession at the gates of Paris, and escorted it to the site of the fallen Bastille. Upon the spot on which had stood the tower where Voltaire had been confined, an altar had been erected, out of the stones of the ruined prison. Upon that altar, for a night and a day rested the body of Voltaire, poet, thinker, philosopher, and humanitarian. More than anyone else he had contributed to the overthrow of the old order of society. The people knew this, and placed his body in state while the whole city honored him. Not long afterwards, they threw the bodies of their king and queen into quicklime.

The kings knew and understood his part in preparing the minds of the people for the great Revolution. It should be mentioned that when the Bourbons were re-

stored to the throne of France in 1814, the bones of Voltaire and of Rousseau were removed from the Pantheon and dumped into a pit on the outskirts of Paris. They were consumed by quicklime. In this petty, spiteful manner, royalty took revenge on all that was left of the greatest thinker France ever produced.

### THIRTY-FOUR MILLION TIMES

Thirty-four million times in each twenty-four hours, a daily paper is published in the United States. Beside the dailies, there are semi-weeklies, monthlies, and so on; but the dailies alone provide three newspapers for every two families in the entire country.

Thirty-four million times each day!

Thirty-four million times these papers may tell the truth. They may tell the truth about Lawrence, Massachusetts, or Toledo, Ohio; they may tell the truth about the I. W. W. or about the efforts of the American bankers to secure control of Mexican resources. They may tell the truth about the domination of the educational machinery by big business, or about the way in which the workers in the country suffer and slave for a bare subsistence wage. They may tell the truth about any one of the thousand important questions that confront the American people.

Thirty-four million times each day!

Thirty-four million times these papers may tell lies. They may tell lies about the "Japanese peril," or the brigandage in Mexico. They may lie about Socialist Russia or about the efforts of the people of Hungary to take control of their own lives. They may lie about the progress of negotiations at Paris. They may lie about the masters of American economic life and about the way in which they are exercising their tyranny over the lives and thoughts of the American people. They may lie about any one of the thousand important problems that confront the American people at the present time.

When you are inclined to belittle the powers of the owners of the United States,—those who possess the mines, forests, railroads, banks, factories, office-buildings and the newspapers,—remember the torrent of print paper rushed every twenty-four hours by the speeding presses.

Thirty-four million times each day!

SCOTT NEARING.

**IF A MAN DOES NOT  
KEEP STEP WITH HIS  
COMPANY, PERHAPS  
IT IS BECAUSE HE IS LISTEN-  
ING TO A DIFFERENT DRUM-  
MER. MARCH TO THE MUSIC  
YOU HEAR, HOWEVER  
MUFFLED OR FAR AWAY.**

Thoreau

## With the Books

### IT CAN'T WORK!

It's no use, comrades.

We might just as well quit dinning into the ears of the proletariat that the social tools of work should be collectivized and democratically controlled. We have been laboring under a myopic delusion all these years. It's all wrong. Our gospel is absurd. Our propaganda is futile. We're spending our time and hard-earned cash trying to steer the ship of state into the ocean of disaster. So let's throw it up as a bad job, and settle down sensibly on the earth again.

How did I find this out?

I have just read a set of books by a Correa Moylan Walsh entitled "Socialism and Feminism" (Sturgis and Walton, New York City). Mr. Walsh assures us that he has read everything ever written on the subject of socialism. And he concludes that socialists are not only misguided zealots but dangerous citizens for the simple reason that they are endeavoring to accelerate the evil tendencies of our civilization.

I heartily recommend these books to everybody. From a historical viewpoint they are absorbingly interesting to every socialist. They represent a modern attempt to resurrect a cemetery of arguments against a social necessity. And as such they are extremely funny. They remind us of all the bewhiskered objections that we heard when we harangued from the soap boxes twenty years ago. Listen to them:

1. Socialism has inherent tendencies toward disintegration.
2. Socialism will break up the home.
3. Socialism is impracticable.
4. Socialism will destroy incentive.
5. Socialism will abolish personal liberty.

It might be worth while attempting to answer some of Mr. Walsh's contentions if it were not for the fact that Socialism is growing by leaps and bounds and is already firmly established in a considerable portion of the globe. What Mr. Walsh needs is not more closet philosophizing, but a few minutes a day to read the newspapers.

The entire mighty force of the world's social and industrial evolution is establishing the foundations of a Socialist International Republic. The tendency was pointed out sixty years ago by Marx and Engels. The European war, with all its attendant horrors, accelerated the development. Governments have been forced to take over railroads, factories and mines. Today no man has the privilege of saying what he shall eat or drink. The State is even telling him whether his children shall be killed or not. Talk about personal liberty!

Whether we relish this tendency or not the fact remains that it is here, and it is conceivable that within ten years in most of the advanced nations of modern capitalism the principles of Socialism will largely be in practice. So why hang back, Walsh-like, and deplore?

But, I say, if you have a library of historical curiosities you can do nothing better than to buy these books and add them to your collection. In that respect, they are as priceless as the eggs of the Great Auk or the tail feathers from the Dodo.

ALANSON SESSIONS.

### "KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

Only one of George Allan England's books I can recall that failed to make the class struggle quite prominent. Comrade England's latest is a humorous attack, "Keep Off the Grass," written in the form of letters from a typical American business man's family. It is illustrated by the author. Although a bit tiresome at times and far from epochal at the best, it is a fairly good little contribution to the gaiety of these stirring times. It is interspersed with such camouflaged bits of poetry as the touching tribute beginning,

"Break, break, break,

On thy hard gray rind, O crust."

George Allan England has written one novel that I think really classical—"Darkness and Dawn," a story that has only such adventure tales as "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island" for rivals; one novel of prison life that is far above the average in "The Alibi," and several other stories that would have been good had the author taken more pains in their construction. In "The Air Trust" he had one of the biggest and most daring theme ever developed by an American writer, but fell down on the execution in a way that made me fairly weep. England has a knowledge of science, knows his Marxian Socialism like a soap-boxer, is a great humorist of the Gillilan school—and can write when he wants to, which is, alas, all to seldom. "Keep Off the Grass" is neither as bad as his worst nor as good as his best. The intent exceeds the execution; but those who like the journalistic style sublimated by such men as Don Marquise and maintained by scores of lesser lights will find something of passing interest in "Keep Off the Grass." There is a laugh in it for everyone, if you have the time to search for it. Just a hope—George Allan England can write another real classic like "Darkness and Dawn" if he will. He need not necessarily be less the propagandist if he will be more the artist.

(Small, Maynard Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00 net.)

DAVID BOBSPA.

### SOME MEDICAL BOOKS

Dr. William J. Robinson has usually been described as "a sane radical." There is much scoffing at such an idea, too many believing that radicalism and intolerance should be synonymous. If I have found the truth, then, surely, the rest of the world must be wrong, and if I change my brand of radicalism, certainly my comrades of yesterday are today wrong.

Which is introductory to a word on another "sane radical"—Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Michigan, whose magazine, "God Health," is one of the few that I find it worth while to read regularly. I write much against the medical profession, but I also write articles for the medical magazines from an angle where I hope to do good. Such doctors as J. H. Kellogg, who have practically broken away from the drug fetish, have done much in health radicalism, just as I showed you recently President Frederic Burk has done in educational radicalism.

Health radicalism isn't a question that radicals on the economic field can afford to neglect. I am not speaking for any of the "fifty jarring sects" of health panaceas. Advocates are split here as elsewhere over hair-splitting points and I hold myself above them all as far as allegiance in toto is concerned. A good percentage of the radicals I know would be more becoming to talk with if their breaths were not so bad from ill-digested food; there would be fewer



word battles and less wasted time in committee meetings if radicals ate properly.

The revolutionary movement (like all others) is just as efficient as its colon. One healthy radical can do the work of ten of the half-dead, autointoxicated sort that function in most of our affairs. The same thing is true elsewhere; I am not interested in the fact that Roosevelt ate himself to death, but it does pain me that a man like Herman Kuehn was taken from our movement by improper diet just when he should have been at his prime and was needed the worst; to say nothing of the wastage because of dietetic sins among the rank and file.

Still introductory: the point is that Dr. J. H. Kellogg has written some of the most sensible books on the colon and on eating in general that any authority has produced, books of facts based on forty years experience with thousands of concrete cases in his big sanitarium and clinics; further, that an understanding of Dr. Kellogg's principles and a living of them for one year will increase the efficiency of radicalism not a hundred but five hundred per cent.

The line up: Colon Hygiene (\$2.00), the best general text on the subject in the language; "Autointoxication, or Intestinal Toxemia" (\$2.50), good for general reading but more technical than the first named, specially good on such questions as the fruit regimen and the milk regimen; "The Itinerary of a Breakfast," (\$2.00), "a popular account of the travels of a breakfast through the food tube and of the ten gates and several stations through which it passes, also of the obstacles which it sometimes meets;" "A Thousand Health Questions Answered," (\$3.50), nearly 800 pages of encyclopedic information covering practically the entire range of health and dietetics from the angle of a sane radical who is one of America's real heroes—such a man as will be recognized as a hero in the New World after civilization has passed away.

THE NEW JUSTICE has justified its existence if from this issue one in ten of its readers will get one of Dr. Kellogg's books, study it carefully and become a healthy radical.

(Modern Medicine Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.)

DAVID BOBSPA.

**"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"**

A dear good Christian woman she,  
More pious no one well could be;  
Her pet canary got his feed  
As often as he felt the need,  
And when the cat would eye the bird  
The lady's voice was always heard:  
"Now kitty, don't forget the will  
Of Him who said "Thou shalt not kill."

The bird was wont to dream he played  
Again within some forest glade,  
But always to awake and cheep  
The sorrow never buried deep.  
And so, by Christian crucified,  
He moped and droopt, he fell and died.  
O lady, don't forget the will  
Of Him who said "Thou shalt not kill."

JIM SEYMOUR.

The most incendiary propagandist of red revolution in the United States today is the food profiteer.

**I AM MY BOSS**

I like the rain, but then you see  
It hurts my business awfully.  
And so I cuss, and cuss the rain,  
It gives me joy, yet brings me pain.

I like to talk on this, and that,  
And profit by opposing chat,  
But I'm in business and you see,  
Such chats hurt profits awfully.

Among the things I do abhor,  
Are ragtime songs, and jokes that bore,  
But should I dare these thoughts to touch  
They'd put my business on the crutch.

I'd like to let my tongue run loose,  
Tell what I think about the Moose,  
About the hee-haw Democrat,  
The G. O. P. so old and fat;

And also tell those of the church,  
What keeps them all in such a lurch.  
But if I'd dare to tell them that,  
I'd find my business punctured flat.

Still I don't have to act just so,  
Nor tell them all just what I know.  
For I'm in business and can see  
Others must have their liberty.

And therefore all I ever do,  
Is nod and smile and say: "That's true."  
Which proves beyond a doubt to me,  
That in this land all men are Free.

WILBY HEARD.

**THE PESSIMIST**

It is a delight to be a pessimist in this age for the reason that logic is on the side of the pessimist. The capitalist system is so rotten that you can hardly utter a truth without condemning that system. Truth against prevailing power is pessimism! The intellectual is so often pessimistic because he resents the infringements of human rights and the exploitation of man and nature for the express benefit of certain small classes. Without the curb of pessimistic truth-telling there would be a condition of absolute slavery in a few years. It is human nature to reach out and keep reaching out for plums as long as any plums are to be gained by reaching. The pessimists call a halt to the grabbing process. Long live the pessimists! The pessimist wants to tear down in order that something better may be built up. People balk at change; even the oppressed often kiss their chains—anything is better than change! But change must come and come continually or we will degenerate to a lower state of society.

The people of Russia balked at change, and they are still balking, but circumstances were so uncertain, change or no change, that it did not much matter what happened. The revolution was put through and it is going on to what seems to be a great change for the better. Able leadership, backed by human necessity, is the strength of the Russian situation. I cannot conceive that the land of Russia will ever be restored to the former possessors, nor that any but a most liberal form of government can hereinafter prevail.

Under the industrial republic there can be no chance for abnormal private wealth; hence philanthropies will be impossible on a large scale, and presumably unnecessary. No worse comment can be made about a people than that they are dependent on charities for public and private benefits.

I am proud to call myself a pessimist. I revolt against false optimism, but I hold as an ideal the best interests of all the inhabitants of all the world and I mean to do what is in my power to help in every cause which furthers that ideal. I am against all the evils of the world, and I mean to work against such evils whenever I see them; I am for all the good possible in the world and I mean to use my life to help gain in this good for all. The dead have no logical exemption from having their faults discussed or dissected any more than the living. I believe in discussing all sides of every question to the end of determining the truth. We should desire the truth in everything, pleasant truth or unpleasant truth. If facts are ugly, let us seek to remove the cause of ugly facts; if facts are beautiful, let us encourage the conditions which favor their inception. We need not be bitter to be reconstructive pessimists, though bitterness comes creeping in like a snake whenever there is left the smallest opening, but we cannot ignore the incentive to bitterness. Whatever is wrong causes bitterness, hardship, discomfort.

Those lucky persons blessed with a sunny disposition no doubt have their place in the world, but strangely most of the sunshine apostles strike me as being lacking in exceptional mental equipment, to say the least. They usually advocate sunshine at the expense of rain. It would be a juiceless world with only sunshine, just as it would be a dismal one with only drizzle. Whatever the enigma of life may mean, it is certain that we as human beings are so constituted as to be able to bear the burden of life no matter what happens, almost. There is joy in everything, but is that any reason for not wanting more joy in everything? We want all the joy possible in everything, and if it were best for everybody to be an exploiter of nature and labor I would wish we all were such. If it is best that all should work for a living on a basis of equality, I wish for that. What is best for the world, that is what I wish. And primarily my reason for wishing the world health, happiness, culture and hope is that I want these things for myself.

MAGNUS ARNOLD.

One of the Best Short Expositions of the  
Socialist Philosophy is

**"Think or Surrender"**

By George R. Kirkpatrick,  
Author of "War, What For?"

It is a little book with a big punch and the best kind of propaganda. 15c per copy, 12 for a dollar.

Order from

**THE NEW JUSTICE**

312 Frost Bldg.

Los Angeles

**Wanted  
at Once**

New Justice readers to circulate petition to President Wilson for immediate release of conscientious objectors. Also to read

**"Who Are the  
Conscientious Objectors?"**

Best thing on the subject.  
10c Per Copy — Less in Quantities

For booklet and petition address

**JULES WORTSMAN, Treasurer,  
Friends of the Conscientious Objectors  
302 Grand Street Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**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.....

## DRIVE ON

FOR THE

### Great Negro Magazine "The Messenger"

Negroes strike for universal justice. Read about it in "The Magazine that Dares." "The Messenger" will invade Los Angeles 5,000 strong.

## THE LIBERATOR

20c PER COPY

Is a monthly magazine fighting the battle for International Socialism; it believes in the dictatorship of the Proletarian. July, August and September will be Liberator months. March, April and May numbers will be on sale at the

RED INTERNATIONAL BOOK SHOP

508 Maple Ave., Near 5th

At 10c Per Copy — Get Yours Now

## 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

DR. STONE  
254 S. Broadway  
at Third St.  
Main 1853 Hours 8 to 6



## 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.

Phone Pico 2222

By Appointment

E. F. Richmann

## CHIROPRACTOR

Member Los Angeles County Chiropractic Association

1008 Haas Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

South 751-W

## GEO. W. DOWNING

ATTORNEY AT LAW

4608 Central Avenue

Notary Public

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## THE EQUITIST

Advocates making one hour's work the unit of exchange; stands for the abolition of privilege thru a balanced land tenure. Its columns open to all and always full of very interesting, helpful discussion of first principles.

"We recommend our readers to study "The Equitist plan." —Winnipeg Western Labor News.

\$1 a year; \$1.50 outside the U. S. Box 103, Longbranch, Wash.

## 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,

312 Frost Building,

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*

## Concerning "Jimmie"

David Starr Jordan writes:

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

Louise Bryant writes:

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

From the "New York Tribune":

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

AUGUST 1

10 CENTS

# The New Justice

## IN THIS NUMBER :

Walter Prichard Eaton  
Vincent Starett  
Paul Jordan Smith  
David Bobsipa  
Robert Page Lincoln  
Alanson Sessions  
Charles Bruce  
Wilby Heard  
Mitka Xanrov  
Harold Russell Coy  
Gertrude Richardson  
John Domela Nieuwenhuis

Socialism in Old Norse Legends

Pungent Editorials and  
Book Reviews

1

9

1

9