

# 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 profiteering 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.

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# THE NEW JUSTICE

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## Editorials

### THE LEAGUE IN ACTION

The crushing of the Hungarian Soviet Republic by the combined forces of the Allied blockade and armed intervention marks the final and spectacular repudiation of those principles for which fifty thousand American boys gave up their lives in vain in France. This treason to their memory lies primarily at the door of President Wilson. It was a needless confirmation of his accountability that an American army officer was among the Allied negotiators who received the forced surrender of Bela Kun.

The Hungarian Soviet Republic was the most complete and harmonious expression of self-determination which the war has brought to Europe. It was realized by the common consent of all classes, without violence, as the inevitable outcome of a situation otherwise unsolvable. It was overthrown by the most indefensible exercise of alien military tyranny which the blood-stained soil of Europe can show in a thousand merciless years. And for this Wilson is responsible.

It is only necessary to measure the gulf between what Wilson was eight months ago and what he is today, to gage the magnitude of his culpability. Eight months ago he was not only the possessor of the greatest power ever given to one man in human history, the whole mighty military, economic, and moral power of America, but he was the trusted leader of the liberal thought of the world, the spokesman of the highest hope of mankind. Today, owing to his betrayal of his own and his country's cause, the cause for which he had persuaded a quarter of a million American youths to suffer wounds or death, he is the most pitiable figure on the stage of international politics. Then, millions of proud and confiding American radicals acclaimed him the peer of Washington and Lincoln. Today, the whole world speaks of him only with varying admixtures of sorrow, ridicule, and contempt.

Whether it was an infirmity of intelligence or will that brought about this debacle it is, perhaps, idle to inquire. He had both power and opportunity. He frittered away the one, and lost the other. To the greedy British and cynical French diplomatists he must have presented the most amusingly easy mark their rich experience had ever known. And the fact remains that while Lloyd George doubled the colonial empire of Britain, and Clemenceau, by his own insolent boast, "got more for France than anyone believed possible," Wilson failed to preserve even the moral dignity of America and has reduced his country, in its international relations, to the disillusioned level of China.

But the spectacle of ravished Hungary, threatened now with a king by the fiat of Allied and Wilsonian democracy,

shows that the sacrifice of American principles and American honor has not ended—is, in fact, to be continuous. Should the United States Senate ratify the wickedness that was done at Paris, should America be bound by the League of Nations' Covenant to the bloody chariot wheels of Europe's financial oligarchy, there is no end discernable to her shame and sacrifice, no limit of servile degradation to which she will not be doomed. Her one chance of escape lies in such an overwhelming outcry against ratification from the people themselves as will make even the politicians at the capitol obedient, for the moment, to their will.

Signs are not wanting that such a protest may yet prove effective. The members of the Senate are attentive as they have not been for decades to any expression of popular sentiment, a sentiment which they know is not represented and can no longer even be perverted by the kept press. By letter and telegram and resolution this sentiment is making itself felt at Washington. It is the part of every true patriot to add his voice to the general chorus of demand and denunciation.

C. M.

### BRUTE FORCE

In a wild state almost no creature dies a natural death. Inability of an animal to contend with life is met with ruthlessness; the greater prey upon the weaker, often as not rending the unfit, making the puny flesh the main feature on the day's bill of fare. This is what is known as the survival of the fittest. The able, the cunning, the strong survive. The weak and faltering go down to the dust. In a wild state instinct, unaided by intelligence, is deliberately combined with brute force.

Man is the possessor of what we are given to call the divine intelligence, thus being gifted to distinguish between good and bad, right or wrong, hence occupies an enviable position amongst the animals of the world. The fact that men have throughout the centuries past and into the present day comported themselves as rather governed by brute force than intelligence does not necessarily damage the fact that the intelligence man bears is dominant. There are uses and abuses of intelligence. That which is often looked upon as a misuse of intelligence, is, in the long run proven to be the better course. The pacifist Socialist though loud in his arraignment of the various antagonistic factions in the great world war, nevertheless, with unconcealed satisfaction will tell you that the cause of the working people, by reason of the war, was advanced from fifty to one hundred years; by which it is meant that it would take that long in ordinary peacetime conditions to arrive at the point where we now find ourselves by reason of the gigantic upheaval in Europe.

Greed and rapaciousness may make of intelligence a very mockery of the name. It is not that man has not the intelligence within him as a moving factor, but it is rather that he permits the age-old lust and weaknesses to overcome his better calculations and so pushes cool and calm reasoning into the background. A man may make use of brute force to gain his ends, but intelligence points out a better course. A man may sense the better course that in-

telligence has to offer but it is not always that the animal instincts will permit themselves to become secondary impulses.

The attainment of happiness, the aspiring to the better things in life abides practically in every human being, in lesser or greater quantity, depending upon the individual and the environment in which he has been reared. Crude men may demand crude methods in the attainment of happiness. Injustice subdued by injustice is analagous to brute force quelled by brute force. Injustice eliminated by the use of intelligence, by prime reasoning, inevitably wins and is the very soul of progress. Ends which seem to justify the use of force and violence may be momentarily gained by the methods of the cave-man, but there always remains that quiet victory of the vanquished and the defeat of the victor.

The stick of dynamite argument cannot even be said to be that of brute force. The greater animal preying upon the weaker inevitably comes in contact with the opponent's flesh. Brave men meet brave men face to face. Only the coward and skulker contrives his misdeeds in the dark and flees as one accurst. There is one coward in a particularly deep hell. He is the pliant tool of the capitalist used in frameups to discredit the workingman, and so hinder the progress of the race!

R. P. L.

The president says our debt to France can never be paid. He must think France is a loan shark.

Because a man's skin is black we ridicule him, ostracise him, despise him, segregate him, deny him the rights of citizenship, discriminate against him economically, deny him justice, assault him, terrorize him, lynch him, burn him at the stake—and then if he shows resentment we gravely question whether his unrest is not due to German or Bolshevik propaganda!

The administration's bill to create a standing army of half a million, provide for universal military training, and establish permanent conscription of all men between eighteen and forty-five, gives a fair hint as to how effectually the League of Nations will bring peace to the world.

With his army demoralized and all Siberia aflame against him, Kolchak is about to remove the capital of his "government" from Omsk to Irkutsk, twelve hundred miles to the east. The next logical remove will be to Hades.

The decision announced from Washington to prosecute the food profiteers is the polite official way of saying that nothing will be done which might in any way affect prices.

If Clemenceau and Lloyd George had shrewdly allowed Wilson to retain his shirt and enough car fare to get home on, there would be less opposition to the peace treaty now in America.

The recent massacre of a hundred thousand Jews at Odessa by anti-Bolshevik forces subsidized by the Allies, in the worst pogrom ever known, must tend to strongly endear the League of Nations idea to the Jewish people the world over.

### PROJECTILES

When the world needs a shaking up there is nothing like a world war to turn the trick.

There is some slight indication that the war profiteers are inclined to put a soft pedal on their patriotism just now. Oh, for another war!

While there is some doubt that the world is now made safe for democracy, there is no doubt whatever that the world is safe for hypocrisy.

Most soldiers are afraid not to fight.

Because a man spits fire is no sign he drinks blood.

WANTED: By the present occupant of the White House, a reliable recipe for a permanent whitewash.

The capitalist is the only bird of prey that is gregarious. It is the vain hope that conditions will automatically improve that helps to keep conditions as bad as they are.

A combination of high ideals and desperate men is invincible.

The splendid dream is the germ of the splendid reality.

The exploiter hires labor as cheaply as possible, extracts the most possible value from it and on top of this demands that the laborer consider himself a recipient of charity in being given a job.

### A GIRL ON CRUTCHES

She passed beneath my tortured balcony,  
A quaint grotesque, framed in slim staves of oak.  
The low tap of her single footstep broke  
Softly the sharp, alternate mockery  
Of clicking crutches; the staccato beat  
Hammered a hideous rune into her brain. . . .  
And deep within I saw the fear and pain  
Lurking behind the eyes that were so sweet.  
A human pendulum I watched her swing  
Out of my sight. . . . but on the breeze I caught  
The ticking of her crutches, and I thought  
Of a great clock, somewhere, about to ring. . . .  
No Pippa she; but I am made more strong  
By her brave passing, and her unsung song.  
—Vincent Starrett.

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# For Posterity

By C. A. MOSELEY

"I didn't know, until I began punching a time-clock, said Bill Lloyd, as he checked in twenty minutes late, "that I had never been going half fast enough."

The time-keeper, who sat at his desk on the other side of the rail, trying to distribute last week's pay-roll to some thirty operating and construction accounts, grinned good-naturedly. "It's time, Billy Lloyd, now that you are married, that you settle down," he said.

Bill waved his hand, as if to brush the advice aside, and went into the yard of the great plant and then into the main building, to tell his foreman that he had been delayed because his wife was sick all night—which was a pure fable.

He was twenty-three years old, and still very much of a boy. He fulfilled Herbert Spencer's dictum that to be a good man one must be a good animal. He was a thoroughly good animal—robust, well put up, muscular, sinewy. But somehow in his moral responsibility he had stopped midway between the animal and the man. Not that he was vicious—he had too kindly a nature for that—but animalism was strong within him. Added to his heredity was the result of an environment that had been none too good. He had grown up with few family ties and those none too strong, and so through his youth had "traveled light." It was unmeasurable vitality and energy, and not baseness, that had made him, even beginning in his seventeenth year, "a hand with the women." Men like to do that which they can do supremely well. Billy had discovered, when knocking about the world in his 'teens, the power of his pure animal magnetism, the charm which his winning personality exerted over women of the class which he encountered. He found he could say and do things that other fellows frequently could not "get away with."

He had been married now six months. Just why he had taken it into his head to marry was a mystery to his pals. Why Amy Mitchell had married him was also something of a question. She had had two years in a High School and was in all respects Bill's superior.

Bill's real reason was that he was tired of lodging-houses and restaurant meals. Then too marriage was an experience that he felt he ought not to miss, as his rule was "to try anything once."

Amy's general reason for wanting a husband of some sort was that she did not wish to sit forever behind the cash-register at the Paris Cafe. She had had her doubts, plenty of them, about the domesticity of Billy Lloyd, but she was not in a position to be much of a chooser, and when Bill had asked her, as light-heartedly as if it were an invitation to the Firemen's Ball, and had got his strong arms about her, she had felt the irresistible physical power of the boy. She had felt it before, many a time, but had strong-mindedly and good-naturedly kept Bill Lloyd in his place, which was more than many women could say. But as Bill offered himself in connection with a marriage license and a trip to the Municipal Court, and, as she was only nineteen and a cashier, and didn't see the money for a business course to graduate into the stenographer class, she capitulated.

Amy pooled her savings account with the proceeds of the sale of Bill's two Liberty Bonds, and they started housekeeping in a flat, with most of the furniture paid for and a small reserve of money for a day of ill-luck. There were few quarrels, for it was about as possible to quarrel with Bill as with a big Newfoundland dog or a sleek, affectionate tom-cat. When there was a clash or Amy found it necessary to deliver a stirring lecture, Bill would coo like a fan-tail pigeon and take all blame on himself, where it usually belonged. She had to admit that Bill was fond of her; but Bill was fond of so many things. He could not resist getting out often with the gang at the pool-hall, and Amy felt reasonably sure that women in general still had too strong a hold on him—or rather that he had too strong a hold on them. Amy wasn't absolutely sure, and then Bill was so boyish that she, the younger of the two, felt she must give him time to grow up. She had a good quota of common-sense, and somehow she had faith in Bill.

On this morning, when Bill arrived late at work, there was an unusual stir in the plant. That night, when he came into the flat, he looked, not exactly worried, but at least serious. "Well," he said, "I've got something to tell you."

"You haven't got anything on me, then," the young wife replied, bustling about the small kitchen with importance. "I can tell you something."

"Well, I'll give you the first word then, for you'll take the last anyway," he said banteringly. "Shoot!"

What Amy had to tell seemed strangely confidential, for she got him by the broad shoulders, pulled his head down, and whispered in his ear for about fifteen seconds.

"You don't say so!" gasped Bill. "By the Great Horn Spoon! Why, you ain't more'n a kid yourself, and I feel as if I hadn't got into long pants." But he looked immensely proud, though it had jarred him at first, and he gathered the girl in his arms and whispered a lot of boyish nonsense.

When she had escaped from his rough embraces and had rearranged her hair, she asked: "And what have you got to tell me?"

"Gee! I hate to tell you—especially now. There's a strike at the plant. I don't go back to work tomorrow."

He had rather expected that she might say something about the foolishness of unions, strikes, and men sitting about at home while their women had to work just the same anyway. He had heard some women talk that way, particularly one of his landladies when, during a strike, he had gotten two weeks behind in his room-rent. But his wife received the news with matter-of-fact calmness.

"Here," she said, "dinner is ready. Sit down and you can tell me all about it while we eat."

Bill related all he knew. Trouble had been brewing some time. The men wanted an eight-hour day and a fifteen per cent increase in wages. "There ain't a plant in town, he added, "that has a meaner reputation for using its help. We've got to have more pay, and there ain't no sense in us working nine hours when almost every place here is on an eight-hour day."

His wife began asking questions. Who had organized the strike? Had they presented demands to the management? Did he think the company would bring in strike-breakers?

"How should I know?" he answered by asking a question in turn.

"Well," she retorted, "you'd know more if you ever went to a meeting of your union."

"That's no joke, either," he assented. "But how do you happen to know so much about unions, and strikes, and all that?"

"You want to remember I lived over at the dormitory at the Settlement, before you dragged me away from the Paris Cafe. Miss Emerson, over there, was strong for all that union business. She read all about these things. Why, she went out and picketed when the girls at the skirt factory went on strike—and got arrested. Prof. Clement bailed her out."

Amy began to gather up the dishes. Bill, with surprising alacrity, offered to dry them while she washed them. At the sink he took up the interrupted conversation.

"Will you just tell me," he demanded, "what high-brows like your Miss Emerson go in for this labor business so strong for, anyhow?"

"She used to say," Amy answered, "that it was the biggest thing going. Said she was born too late for freeing the negroes and the Civil War and she just had to take a hand in this fight. Then she used to laugh and say that, as she was an old maid and never expected a man to ask her to marry, she just had to do something for posterity."

"What's posterity?" queried Bill.

Amy's eyes twinkled. "Bill," she said, "if you will keep real patient until about next May, you'll know."

"I get you, kid," said Bill. "And I hope this strike won't last too long, or I shall worry for fear the money won't hold out."

"Pshaw!" she answered lightly. "We are well fixed when you think of some of them with five and six kids. If I have to, I can go back to work again at the Paris, punching the cash-register. I met the old man the other day and he said he'd be tickled to death to have me work for him again."

"You can't work—not now," Bill affirmed with solemnity.

The girl laughed. "A heap you know about it, Bill Lloyd. I could do light work like that for months, and I will, if I have to."

"How do you know so much about it?" he retorted.

"I guess I was over to see my aunt this afternoon; she's had five of them and ought to know. So don't think you are going to loaf around here and coddle me. You're going out and do picketing, if they have any pickets."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Bill reverently. "You're a real trump, girl."

He picked up the evening paper which he had brought in with him. Usually he looked at the sporting page first, but tonight he began hunting for something that he found at last on the third page.

"Here it is about the strike," he said, as he read. "And—what do you know about this?—your Miss Emerson speaks at the meeting the strikers are going to have at the North Side Hall tonight."

"Going, aren't you?" she asked.

"Hadn't thought about it."

"Sorry to see you leave, but here's your hat," Amy said playfully. "Only you are coming straight home afterwards and tell me all Miss Emerson said."

"Right you are, kid; I'm coming straight home to the family."

When Bill got home from the meeting, he found Amy in bed, but awake and waiting for him. Something about the tidy little sleeping-room made him feel strangely like an intruder. He failed to drop his shoes, but laid them down in ritualistic silence. Amy wanted to hear about the meeting; and he felt more like talking about something else that had been very much on his mind all the evening.

"Never mind that 'something else' right now," she said, "that's my job."

"Right you are again, girl," he assented cheerily, "and precious little can I help you, I suppose."

"You can help win the strike, and have another hour a day with me and a higher pay-envelope," she replied.

It was the third week of the strike, and things looked dark. Bill came to the flat late in the afternoon. He had been out selling tickets for the ball that evening, for the benefit of the strikers. "I sold thirty-one at a dollar per," he reported. "Believe me, all the proprietors at the pool-halls where I have dropped so much money had to come through." Then he added: "You are going to the ball with me, ain't you? There's going to be some speech-making, besides the dancing. Miss Emerson talks, too."

"Sure I'm going!" she replied.

There was a crowd at the hall. Just how they were going to dance with so many on the floor was a mystery, but the main thing was to raise money for the strikers and to arouse the spirits of the men, who were getting discouraged. Prof. Clement presided as chairman and the speeches were to come before the dancing. He introduced Miss Emerson, who, as Bill expressed it later, "got right up on her hind legs and talked." But the organizer, who had been relied on to put courage into the strikers, was absent, called away by sickness in his family, and at the last moment Joe Watkins, the Secretary of the union, a faithful officer, but a small, weak-voiced, diffident man, was put on in his place.

"He's no earthly good, when it comes to talking," Bill whispered to his wife. As the old man floundered to the conclusion of his stereotyped remarks, Bill groaned: "He's fizzled. He didn't put it over the first row of chairs."

"Get up and say it yourself, Bill," Amy remarked with calm deliberation.

"Me—make a speech!" Bill wondered if the condition of Amy's health had gone to her brain.

"Well, if you've got anything to say that will help, say it," she whispered. And with that she administered a good pinch in a place, where, had their relation been other than that of respectable married folks, it would have been highly improper.

Before Bill knew what had happened to him, he was out of his seat which was on the end of the row, and was standing in the aisle. He caught the surprised look on near faces. He felt very wobbly in the knees and his soft collar contracted with a sickening tightness about his wind-pipe. But Amy had betrayed him into the fool thing, and he had started something that he had to finish.

"Boys," he began, looking around the great hall, "there is no use being discouraged just because we

### COCK ROBIN

We always knew Cock Robin would do wonders—  
Though when, or how, we never dared to guess,—  
And liked him, though he went all comradeless  
With his brave face and voice of sullen thunders;  
And now we learn that he is dead in prison,  
Among the shadows, vermin, and old thieves.  
All those high hopes are gone like mouldered leaves,  
Those strong wings broken, having never risen.

Who killed Cock Robin? Some of us are sure  
We know, though we are saying very little;  
We know too well the subterfuge and lie  
That let the slayer flourish and endure;  
And know that some day every jot and tittle  
Must pass away that made Cock Robin die.

—H. H.

### TAGORE CONDEMNS BRITISH ATROCITIES

In a letter to the Viceroy of India, Rabindranath Tagore, the world-renowned poet philosopher, says in part as follows:

"The enormity of the measures taken by the government in the Punjab for quelling some local disturbances has, with a rude shock, revealed to our minds the helplessness of our position as British subjects in India. The disproportionate severity of the punishments inflicted upon the unfortunate people and the methods of carrying them out, we are convinced, are without parallel in the history of civilized governments, barring some conspicuous exceptions, recent and remote. Considering that such treatment has been meted out to a population disarmed and resourceless by a power which has the most terribly efficient organization for destruction of human lives, we must strongly assert that it can claim no political expediency, far less moral justification. . . .

"Knowing that our appeals have been in vain and that the passion of vengeance is blinding the noble vision of statesmanship in the government, which could so easily afford to be magnanimous as befitting its physical strength and moral tradition, the very least that I can do for my country is to take all consequences upon myself in giving voice to the protest of the millions of my countrymen, surprised into a dumb anguish of terror.

"The time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation, and I, for my part, wish to stand, shorn of all special distinctions, by the side of those of my countrymen who, for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings."

The politician is the knob on the Door of State which the capitalist turns whenever he wishes to open up new opportunities for private wealth at the expense of the people.

There is a lot more real charity over the back fence than through the front door.

haven't knocked the company out in the first three rounds. We mustn't be quitters and throw the sponge into the ring at this stage of the game. We started in to do this thing and we just got to do it. I know some of you ain't having an easy time of it and that this ain't no Sunday-school picnic with free lemonade. But we sold fifteen hundred dollars worth of tickets, and we'll have a ball every week if we have to. Lots of folks that aren't here bought tickets just to help us. We are getting the town-folks with us. And we are going to keep right on. We don't want to take the measly compromises that the company's offered us. We want that eight-hour day and that fifteen percent raise—and we'll get it if we have a stiff upper lip and keep our shirts on."

He caught sight of Miss Emerson on the platform, applauding violently as he paused for breath.

"It ain't just this one little strike that we are fighting for, either. Just as Miss Emerson said, this is all a part of a bigger fight. We want a better life all around. We want more time with our families and more pay to buy good things for the women and kids.

"And just look at the way the women is a-standing by us! Look at the women and girls here tonight! Time was when the women didn't know enough about a union to put in your left eye. Today, fine ladies, like Miss Emerson, comes out and helps us, and educated men, like Professor Clement, are with us. But it's our own women that braces us up—not slamming Miss Emerson at all. I wouldn't a-been out here trying to make this spiel now, if my wife hadn't a-pinched me.

"We just got to win this strike. We got to do it for ourselves; we got to do it for the men in other shops that ain't ready to come out yet; we got to do it to get more time at home; we got to do it to get more pay to live on and to save a little for a rainy day; we got to do it for the sake of our wives; we got to do it for—for—for"—Bill was getting to the end of his rope—he had spent his first wind and hadn't caught his second—but he caught a glimpse from Amy and remembered something that acted as a new stimulus—"we got to do it for the sake of—of our posterity."

### "THE TRUTH"

A new Socialist weekly has made its bow on the Pacific Coast. It is called "The Truth," and is published by a group of veteran Socialist Party members who represent what may perhaps best be called the "center" in the regrettable controversy now raging within the party ranks. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with the position held by the overwhelming majority of the party leaders throughout the country will do well to peruse its columns. The editor-in-chief is State Committeeman Cameron H. King, who during the trying days of the late war bore the uneasy burden of secretary of the Socialist Party of California. Other members of the editorial board are Rose Walker, Thomas Feeley and Alexander Horr. The business manager is R. A. Symes. "The Truth" is published at 155 Buchanan Street, San Francisco.

The taste for homage once acquired is as insatiable as the thirst for blood.

There is a rumor in army circles that the next dance to be popularized is a Mexican trot.

# Tomorrow

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

The California poppies lie like bright rust on the ground,  
Sick with excess of coloring:—  
The sky's metallic blue,  
Pregnant with storm; and snow that pales  
The crusted mountains:  
Hue shattering hue with dissonance.

At first only a grey speck against the greyer sky,  
Then nearer, wearily dragging his feet on the hard road,  
Under the cloud-defeated western sun,—  
The blanket-stiff, challenging and explaining springtime.

The deep folds of his sinewy neck are black with dust;  
He shoulders a heavy burlap, sewn with pathetic masculine  
stitches;  
His shirt is pierced from the barbed-wire where last he  
hung it to dry.  
He was born of a helpless mother exhausted by ignorant  
bearing,  
And he will die because the Chamber of Commerce of  
some small town does not believe in the solidarity  
of labor.  
But as he trudges along, his gaze is upward;  
And in it is the future.

To him belongs the future—  
To him, logicless, unwomaned, confused, lacerated:  
To him, unknowing the exigencies of a predatory civili-  
zation:  
To him, who yielded his red card to a deputy sheriff's  
clubbing,  
And whose hands are scaly with the work of the world.

He has toiled—  
He has dug money for his masters out of the sunless  
mines;  
He has woven for his masters within the noisy mills;  
He has builded money for his masters on the steel  
girders;  
He has plowed money for his masters on the iron tractors.  
To the masters the present, but to him the future.

He will dream—  
O universe, star answering unto distant star—  
Arcturus calling to Rigel, Capella yearning toward Sirius!  
Andromeda sweeping upon us, even as we rush toward  
Lyra:  
Orion, worlds torn asunder: Pleiades, worlds reborn!

He will dream—  
Patient, inexorable Time, testing out new species;  
Writing life's failures in the rocks, and life's beginnings;  
Cunningly fashioning man to be mindful of the ape,  
And the son of man to be early kin to the fishes!  
New aspirations, new aptitudes, new generations:  
A two-celled animal, a sexed animal, a backbone, a lung,  
a creature born alive:  
A grasping hand, a flint, an artist's need for depicting:—  
All these on a chance-blown atom, a fleck of impermanent  
space-dust!

He will dream—  
Spirit commanding spirit, summoning one to another:  
Things to be seen beyond the feeble scope of a spectrum;  
Things to be heard outside the contemptible range of  
sound:  
Less destructible spirit outleaping the process of death,  
Urging upon the sentience its truth of awakened survival;  
Crying: "All life is one substance: here am I, evolved and  
unfolded,  
Growth upon growth, growth upon growth, growth upon  
growth, forever!"

Stand together, brothers, rough hand and ready eye:  
Stand together, sisters, staunch breast and eager tongue:  
Stand together, comrades, one mind and single heart:  
Stand together, fellow-workers, here is the dawn!

Issue against issue—we are naming no methods:  
One ideal against another, for the world's possession.  
You are fools, masters, if you do not hold your gettings—  
Hold them with snatching tooth,  
With stabbing claw,  
With snarl and lie,  
With oily persuasion,  
And with machine guns.

You are fools, workers, if you do not become men.

The voice of the rain—  
Swish! Swish!  
Aquamarine drips from the willow,  
Emerald lies on the grass,  
Topaz bedecks the eucalyptus.  
Swish! Swish!  
A whisper from the sky to the earth,  
Liquid, insistent, penetrating—  
"Bear me children!"

The voice of the earth,  
Hot for the sky—  
"Give me the rain on my upturned bosom,  
On my bare muddy flanks:  
Give me yourself as rain.  
I will bear you lusty green children!"

It is he, who shall serve at the awful fruition—  
He that shivers now under the hard nuptial rain,  
Cowering behind a bush under a torn patchwork.  
He, back bent to dig and reap and trim,  
Shall deliver the earth's children.

Scarred hand, broken-nailed, filthy,  
Be ready to clutch at the day break!  
A melody of meeting sun and grass,  
A melody of poppies in the field,  
Shouting with color!  
What are these that pass?  
Such pleading breaths as trembling lovers yield  
From hearts too moved by ecstasy for sound,  
Sighing as a breeze upon the responsive ground!

## A CAPITALISTIC FAIRY TALE

Not so very many years ago there lived a youth and a maiden in a land flowing with milk and honey, so to speak. Yes, there was a vast amount of honey and any quantity of milk, but still many, many people went hungry. There was plenty of milk and honey for all, but it was poorly distributed. As a rule those who needed milk and honey the most, got the least and worked the hardest for what little they got.

Well, anyhow, the youth came of a family endowed with great earthly riches. The youth never knew the pinch of want. He was an only child and his every whim was yielded to by his doting parents. He was not bad at heart, but naturally enough he grew up to be very selfish and self-centered.

The maiden was a daughter of the poor. She was one of several children for whom a workingman father had to provide food, shelter and clothing at trust prices. When the maiden was old enough to pass for the age of sixteen, so as to comply with the child labor laws, she was sent out to work that she might help support the family. She was given employment in a large department store owned by the father of the favored youth above mentioned. Fortunately the work was not heavy, hence the maiden grew to young womanhood without unduly wasting away. She did not especially hate her work, yet she would have preferred going to school a little longer and then learning to do something a little more satisfying to her soul than waiting on bargain hunters.

The maiden was comely; she grew in beauty as the years advanced, for she had a disposition which accommodated itself to circumstances.

"She will make a good match," said the wisest old spinsters of the town, "she will marry well."

In due time the youth arrived at man's estate; he had received that dubious luxury commonly referred to as a "college education" and was ready to begin the battle of life, as the saying is. He had traveled abroad and had been admitted to exclusive clubs. He was polished, polite and piffling. One day he happened to notice the comely maiden in his father's store and her serene beauty attracted him. He made advances to her; he invited her to ride in his automobile; he laid plans to possess her; he tempted her with some of the baubles that her industry helped to buy.

But the maiden had been apprised of her sex value and was not to be purchased by anything short of a bona fide marriage certificate. The youth was selfish. What he wanted he had to have, so at last he capitulated.

And the young couple were legally married and lived unhappily ever after.

—Magnus Arnold.

O sun, bright star! this is thy melody!  
Thy song, unlearned since laughter fled the world!

Stunted, thwarted, browbeaten, corrupted,  
Deafened with lies, sickened with purposed confusion—  
Thou art he, O man, who shall sing again the sun's  
melody!

Thou art he whose eye shall measure the stars,  
Whose ear shall catch the key-words of the planet,  
Whose hand shall fashion a pencil to describe the inten-  
tions of life!

The sun is setting in a weary sky,  
And under a moonless night he lays him down, this man,  
beneath a wind-rent tree.

Art thou afraid, O Future?  
Dost thou fear to be the property of such a one?  
He, propertyless, marred, unclean of skin?  
Fear not, Beautiful One! He who holds thee shall himself  
be beautiful:

He shall adorn himself with dreams, and become radiant  
with visions.

As he is sullen and vindictive now, so shall he be free-  
dom's champion:

As he is slow and credulous now, so shall he be the  
searcher and worshiper of truth.

Weary hours of night:—  
The minutes drawl and stammer over the yawning hours.  
The stars have their courses appointed: they are not to  
be moved by impatience.

The wind sleeps: only the tortured brain cannot sleep,  
Dully confuting its own stupid argumentation.  
This also is necessary to thee, O mind that awakens in  
pain!

Ah, what an orgasmal agony is birth!

Poor man, thou Nothing destined to be All,  
The dew drips its tears upon thee, under the almond-tree.

Watchman of the clouds, upon night's turret-tower,  
How goes the stars' procession, what of the eastern sky?  
Gazer, seest thou not the wings of th' expected hour?  
Listener, hearest thou not the dawn's cry?

Under the waiting stars the sleepless man stirs painfully—  
He who is to ordain the future.  
A thin wind moves the young almond-leaves . . .  
Did the heart leap and choke in the work-worn body?  
That wind—O prophet's hearts, only stand together!

It is the wind of sunrise!

### CONTENTMENT

The toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where the tooth-point goes goes.  
The butterfly along the road  
Preaches contentment to the toad.

—Kipling.

# The Truth About

## DIRECT FROM LENINE

The following remarkable authoritative statement from Premier Lenine is given to the world from Paris under date of August 1, by Edward Bing of the United Press:

BUDAPEST, Aug. 1.—(Delayed.)—Premier Lenine, the master Bolshevik, today gave his first bona-fide interview. He replied by wireless to my questions wirelessly to Moscow from Budapest. Lenine prefaced his replies with the statement:

"I answer the questions put to me under the conditions that the answers will be published without alteration or mutilation in the United States."

Following are the questions and answers as transmitted:

### QUESTION:

"What is your political attitude toward the United States and Japan?"

### ANSWER:

"With reference to the United States and Japan, our first political aims are to repel their shameless, criminal, bandit-like invasion of Russia that serves only to enrich their capitalists.

### Have Offered Peace

"Many times, we have offered peace to these states, but they have not even answered and continue to war upon us, helping Denekin and Kolchak, plundering the Murman and Archangel regions and devastating especially in eastern Siberia, where the Russian peasants offer the most heroic resistance to the brigands of capitalistic Japan and America.

"Our further economic aim is a single fraternal union of workers and toilers of all countries without exception, Japan and the United States included."

### QUESTION:

"Under what conditions would you conclude peace with Kolchak and Mannerheim?"

### ANSWER:

"They have been exposed many times. For example, William Bullitt conducted negotiations with us and with me, personally, in Moscow, in the name of the United States government—also in our letter to Nansen. It is not our fault if the United States and other governments fear to publish these documents and conceal the truth from the people.

### Ready to Pay Debts

"I will remind you of one of four fundamental conditions—we are ready to pay all debts to France and other states provided there will be real peace—namely, peace signed formally and confirmed by the governments of England, France, the United States, Japan and Italy, since Denekin, Kolchak, Mannerheim and others are simply pawns in the hands of the Odessa governments."

### QUESTION:

"Has the soviet program undergone reforms or changes since the establishment of your government?"

### ANSWER:

"The soviet government did not have a reformist governmental program, but a revolutionary one. Reforms are secured from the dominating class while the latter's domination continues—consequently, a reformist program consists generally of many points in detail.

"Our revolutionary program consisted, generally speaking, of one point—overthrow of the land owners and capitalists' yoke, wresting the powers from them and liberating the working masses from their exploiters.

### Program Not Altered

"This program we have never altered. Separately, various measures aiming at the realization of our program have often been subject to alterations, enumeration of which would occupy a volume.

"I will point out only one point in our governmental program regarding which there were probably the greatest number of alterations—namely, crushing the resistance of exploiters following the revolution of July, 1917.

"We did not even close the capitalist papers and there was not even talk of terror. We not only freed many Kerensky ministers, but also released Krassboff, who made war. It was only after the capitalist exploiters began developing their resistance that we began to crush their resistance, applying even terror.

"It was the proletariat's answer toward such action from the bourgeoisie, just as springs conjointly from the German, English, French and American and Japanese capitalistic efforts to restore exploiters to power in Russia. Czecho-Slovaks are supported by Anglo-French money, while Mannerheim has German-French funds.

### Charges Conspiracy

"The unsuccessful conspiracy formed at the surrender of Petrograd by officers was possibly by the Swiss legation participating in the conspiracy, using English and French capital to employ many Russian employees."

### QUESTION:

"What is the real character of the activities which the Russian soviet government is carrying on in Afghanistan and India as well as other Mohammedan countries?"

### ANSWER:

"These activities are the same as ours among the non-Russian people within Russia. We made it possible for a lower people to create their autonomous republic within Russia.

"We help all independent free development of every nationality to increase and spread, for which we offer the most heroic resistance toward the brigands and capitalists of Japan and the United States.

"Our further political aims are to promote knowledge regarding our own soviet constitution, which has the misfortune to please more than a billion inhabitants of the earth belonging to the colonial subjects and oppressed nationalities more than do western European or constitutions of the bourgeoisie's 'democratic' states, which try to strengthen the yoke of the few 'civilized' capitalistic countries over the hundreds of millions of masses in Asiatic and African colonies."

### ALLIED BLOCKADE STARVES WOMEN AND CHILDREN

By Robert Minor

Of the past year I have spent nine months in central Russia, and am in a good position to know what the situation there is. I wish to tell you that nearly every article now being published to disparage the Soviet republic is

# Russia

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY  
... J. H. RYCKMAN

damnable false and is propaganda financed by men interested in restoring reaction.

The persistent stories of bloodshed in Russian cities are false almost in toto. I have read accounts of battles in Moscow at times when I was there, and I can certify that such stories are ridiculously untrue. There is less disorder, and a man, woman or child of the bourgeois or any other class is safer on the streets of Moscow than in any other city I have been in.

There is terrible hunger in Russia. But that hunger is due almost entirely to other causes than Bolshevik rule. The chief cause at the present moment is the blockade by the Entente navies. By preventing by force Russia's trading with foreign markets, hundreds of thousands of women and children are being starved by the Entente and American governments. Hypocritical offers of charity are made in order to cover up the fact that the starvation is due to the blockade. By means of shutting off Russia's natural food supply until the people are desperately hungry, and then by sending in political and military expeditions behind food trains, the bankers of Paris and London and New York, hope to whip the Russian people into submission.

I should say that the second greatest cause of Russia's present hunger is that the French consulate from May, 1918, until it left Soviet Russia was engaged in destroying all the locomotives that its agents could reach. Many men were sent out with French consulate "sauf conduits" and suitcases containing emery powder. By thus "sabotaging" the railroad system, placing the emery powder in the bearings of the locomotives, the French official representatives have contributed more to the death by starvation of Russian people than any mismanagement that the Bolsheviks could possibly be guilty of.

Those who jeer at the Russian government for inability to keep all its factories working, should remember that no other nation was able to keep its industries in shape under the pressure of war. And Russia has now been at war longer than any other nation in Europe. She is fighting invaders on every side simultaneously.

The anti-Soviet propagandists claim that the Russian government is not the choice of the Russian people. Well, if that is our business, let us remember that the population of Samara drove the Czecho-Slovaks out and welcomed the red army, and that while under hostile military occupation Vladivostok re-elected the Soviet representatives who were then in jail. Only in the last few days, a popular uprising in favor of the Soviets occurred in Siberia, which is entirely shut off from the Moscow government's influence.

The truth of the matter is that the Russian Soviet forces are defending "their" country in a truer sense than any people ever defended "its country" in all modern history.

The forces supported by the American and Entente governments are the most reactionary forces in all of Europe or Asia. Kolchak came into power by a brutal seizure and murder of Constituent Assembly members, and the little incident that precipitated the quarrel indicates its character. Kolchak's officers forcing musicians to play "God Save the Czar" at the point of revolvers at a dinner to celebrate the arrival of French troops at Omsk last November started the quarrel that ended in the swash-

buckling adventurer, Kolchak, naming himself dictator.

The heart and soul of the forces supported by the French and British and American governments is monarchist.

By frequent conversations in Moscow with supporters of Kolchak, I positively know that it is their desire and their plan to incite a wholesale slaughter of Jews throughout Russia as a means of winning power. Not that they are particularly concerned with Jews, but they frankly say that this would be a good way of getting rid of a government which in the popular imagination is largely composed of Jews.

By careful observation since the signing of the armistice, I have observed that the Entente and American governments are systematically appeasing the discontent of their peoples by vague hints and promises to withdraw troops, but behind the promises they are quietly proceeding to strangle the Russian people with military operations of either their own troops or reactionary troops financed by them—which amounts to exactly the same thing.

In short, while the censorship keeps you in the dark and makes you victims of all lies the reactionaries care to tell, the resources of your country and mine are being used to start the most brutally criminal and mercenary war that the world ever knew.

The invasion of the Belgium kingdom was a crime. The invasion of the Russian republic is a fouler crime. Those who march against Russia or tolerate others doing so are doing worse than the first German soldiers who marched across the frontiers of Belgium.

The rulers who are directing this monstrous assault upon the Russian republic, that is suing for peace, are writing their names in eternal shame beside the name of William Hohenzollern and whatever the German working people should have done to prevent the advance into Belgium, the French working people ought to do now to prevent the advance into Russia.

### SOVIET RULE IN HUNGARY

(The following interesting summary of Soviet rule in Hungary is from an editorial in the Independent of July 19th. It cannot be said that the Independent is at all biased in favor of the Soviet form of government. Since it was written the Soviet government has fallen by the resignation of Bela Kun, the succeeding cabinet headed by Jules Peidl has been overthrown and the Archduke Joseph by direction of the Entente mission has seized control of the Hungarian government. Hungary is to be starved by Christian America and the Allies into submission. This with the consent and approval of Woodrow Wilson, who said to the Central Powers on December 4, 1917: "We owe it however to ourselves to say that we do not wish in any way to impair or rearrange the Austro-Hungarian empire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. We do not propose or desire to dictate to them in any way." As The Nation says: "Starving a people until they choose a different form of government is, of course, no affair of ours, and if Mr. Wilson were not morally bankrupt, if he were not unfaithful to his own idealism and to that of America, he would never consent."—J. H. R.)

Although the Communist regime has held sway in Hungary only three months, and has been beset by enemies within and without, still it has been able to outline and even put into effect some of the characteristic features of its policy. The suffrage is granted to 'all those of either sex who have completed the eighteenth year and live from work useful to society.' Votes are not allowed to employers of labor, persons living on invested funds, idle women keeping servants, insane persons, clergymen and criminals. The Soviet recognizes no distinction of race or national boundaries. Marriage has not been interfered with, but divorce has been made easier. The church has been separated from the state and religion made a matter of individual preference. The clergymen are supported, as in the United States, by voluntary contributions. Religious instruction is prohibited in the schools, and instead of hymns and prayers there are singing of the 'Internationale' and 'rhythmically expressed utterances of the proletarian spirit.' Teachers are given the highest salary allowed by law, and an elaborate system of universal education has been planned. The school age has been raised to sixteen, and opportunities for advanced technical and scientific training are provided at state expense to those capable of profiting by it. Artists and musicians, selected as worthy by their peers, are salaried by the state. Works of art in private hands have been transferred to public museums. Theaters, music halls, and cinemas have been socialized, with lowering of prices and raising of artistic standards. A labor union card is necessary for admission unless there are vacant seats left. Performances of Shakespeare, Schiller, Shaw and Moliere, as well as new revolutionary plays, are being given in Budapest.

The officer in charge of the Budapest Red Guard claims that Budapest under his control "has become the safest of great cities," and in proof of this publishes police statistics to show that suicides, accidents and crimes of most kinds have greatly decreased in comparison with last year. This is confirmed by H. N. Brailsford, who says in the London Herald: "A more orderly city than Budapest I have never seen in my wanderings." One reason for this is doubtless the enforcement of prohibition. Tippling and tipping are alike forbidden.

Factories and mines are put in the control of a soviet of seven elected by the employees. The former owner, if competent and willing, is generally retained as manager at the maximum salary of 3000 crowns a month (nominally \$600, actually about \$75). Wages are fixed and products marketed by the Central Soviet Committee.

The small landed estates are not broken up into small holdings but kept intact so as to utilize power machinery. Ten thousand acre estates are handled as a whole by soviets elected by the agricultural gild, each member of which is obligated to work 120 days a year on the farm. After giving each family such rations as it needs, the surplus is sold through the District Central which purchases the machinery and seed needed. Half the surplus is set aside for improvements and the rest distributed to the members of the gild according to the hours they have worked. Estates under 100 acres have so far not been interfered with. The villages are not socialized until—after sufficient instruction by the soviet missionaries—they petition for it.

In the cities communism has been put into full effect. No man is allowed to have more than one room, two suits, four shirts, two pairs of boots and four pairs of

socks so long as any man has less. On account of the war and the embargo there is a great shortage of all raw material, especially cotton, leather and coal, as well as medicine and food. Newspapers are reduced to small sheets consisting mostly of official decrees. There is practically no freedom for the press or for the expression of opposition. Elections are ostensibly open, but the Socialist Party caucus prepares ballots with the chosen candidates and these are never scratched. The Soviet government was established without bloodshed and for the first few weeks there were no executions except of Red Guards guilty of murder or pillaging.

#### OFFICIAL CHAOS REIGNS IN PUNJAB

The recent passage of the Rowlatt Act has thrown the whole of India into a ferment of rage and despair, the like of which has never been known in the history of the country. Business was suspended throughout the country, meetings of protest were held, and demonstrations against the Black Bills (the Rowlatt Acts) took place in every city. In the Punjab the feeling was most intense. Here the stupidity and high-handedness of its ruler drove the people mad. Serious disturbances occurred in Lahore and Amritsar, the leading cities of the Punjab. Following these, the government put the entire province under martial law.

In the name of law and order:

1. No person "other than a European" could leave his house between 8 p. m. and 5 a. m.
2. All processions, meetings or other gatherings "of more than ten persons" were prohibited without written authority.
3. All shops and places of business were ordered to be opened. Disobedience would "result in the opening of shops by force."
4. All students were ordered to report at specified times for roll call, that complete record of their activities might be kept.
5. All persons in possession of arms or ammunition were ordered to surrender these.
6. It was declared unlawful for more than two persons to walk abreast.
7. Persons were prohibited from carrying even a lathi (short stick).
8. Issue of railway tickets was prohibited except in cases of "servants traveling with their European masters, or servants in the employ of the government."

The arbitrary fixing of prices of foodstuffs, the requisitioning of motorcycles, of carriages, and of electric fans, for the comfort of the soldiers were the order of the day. Compulsory salaaming and promiscuous whipping of respectable Indian citizens were features of the government policy. The visit of newspapermen from other provinces into the province was not permitted. Newspapers in the Punjab were ordered to submit all reports of the disturbances to the government before publication. Lawyers from other provinces were denied the persons arrested.

As a protest against these atrocities committed by the government, Sir Sankaran Nair, the only Indian member of the Executive Council of the government of India, resigned his position, and Rabindranath Tagore, the poet, asked to be relieved of his title of knighthood.

N. S. HARDIKER.

## Literature in Our Day

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Sir John Lubbock has remarked in one of his essays: "I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books, we know, are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway-stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects their choice."

It is a well-known fact that we, as a nation, are prodigious readers; but we select our reading matter absolutely at hazard. As a combined people we have no set standard of literary excellence to influence our choice; no discriminating taste and therefore no general faculty to guide us right. We are living in a day of stupendous literary mass production—such a mass production as blinds the eyes and sets the mind into a veritable flurry. The outlay is as useless, on the average, as it is overwhelming. Apparently the wants of the people seem to be filled, else the production would necessarily seem to be a failure, each in its place (as for instance a certain magazine, or a certain author's series of books). The Great Reading Public have their wants satisfied by men who ingeniously study what the people desire as a mass. The success of a periodical, we will say, depends upon the skill of its dictating head in understanding the shifting tastes of the public, and insofar as this psychological mental phenomenon is apprehended, and straightway catered to, inasmuch as that periodical successful. Therefore in magazine production there must be men at the helm who are students of human nature, and especially of human nature as it reveals itself from day to day, and week to week and month to month. It is not a matter of what human nature desired at one time; it is a matter of what it wants now—in the all-absorbing present. The editor who is alive to all these gentle particulars is the one who builds a magazine that weathers the storms of opposition and competition and proves a financial success.

To say that literature in this country is being worked to death is assuredly saying the very least. To say that it is dead or is in the last throes of death is to state a more clear-cut possibility. However lenient we may be, and however cheerfully indulgent, the fact remains: literature in America has passed into a state of decomposition, and let us be atheistic enough to hope that in the future there will be no resurrection and ascension of those fantastic spirits of modern literature in whose company we whiled away our days when the old system was on its last tottering legs. In modern literature there are, to be sure, good efforts but these gems of thought, and true examples of genius are swamped in the downpour of finished pulpwood and printer's ink. How often we feel regret at the passing of a truly good book, due to the flooding of the market with inferior wastes; at times there is no doubt we feel as much unhappiness as the painstaking author who sees the years of his striving come to naught, realizing that the Great Reading Public, considered by and large, has not received the proper education, the proper

alignment as between good and bad, and is therefore more fully tempted and satisfied by a heterogeneous conglomeration of meaningless phrases the bulk of which we may generally consider as of no account whatsoever. The Great Reading Public is no judge of literature; it desires its portion dished out monthly or weekly; a fashionable array, it is true; that may be skimmed through; digested just as food is bolted by the same nervous and high-strung populace and is then thrown aside, as short of life as the *ephemeridae* of the streams—fluttering splendidly in the air for a brief moment and then sinking into death along with the mass that has gone before.

Properly analyzed, the reading matter that the Great Reading Public desires runs to that which can be assimilated with ease; which can be meandered through at a sitting, making faint luminous impressions in one's grey matter, and exciting momentarily, we will say, the impulses. To be consistent with the demand this reading matter shall not contain "heavy" parts which will cause a paroxysm of thinking, deliberation, calculation. To a vast portion of the public (I may say two-thirds of the public), reading is a means toward gaining a desirable relaxation of the mind after a day's hard work, the very nature of which work may not have been any too consistent with pure motives, but as often as not at the expense of the conscience. If we are to consider literature from the above viewpoint then present day emulations are quite on a par with the lullabye in producing effect. The thousands who nod over so-called "best sellers" and cheap magazines confer a distinct favor upon such works of art—for they may be said to have produced the desired noteworthy results. Here, we will say, is a successful business man who has just foreclosed on a widow's mortgage which has thrown her out of home and lot. At the close of his day's work this energetic American (representative of so numerous a class) still finds himself laying plans and operating his brain cells overtime when they should be resting. What does he do? Simply, at the nearest newsstand he procures the latest issue of a popular magazine. In a cosy nook he begins to read; and to his amazement finds that he can do so without thinking. The jumble of words, the lisping cadences, the light-fingered sentences all combine to produce a hypnotic spell and ere he knows it the worried man is ready for bed and a quiet sleep. The magazine has produced the desired result; it did not aggravate by causing the thoughts to dissect, unveil, and pass judgment upon conclusions, climaxes, or morals—the crafty book did all these things right there in open print without the need of exercising the mentality.

Our enervating life has transformed literature into a "rest" vehicle; whereby temporary inaction may be superinduced, thus proclaiming another warder-off of insomnia; and thus in the final disposing of that other method of counting sheep leaping through the break in the stone-wall which have the irritating nerve to leap back again through another break in the wall further up the line.

Hundreds of our greatest inventors, statesmen, etc., speak of reading dime and nickel novels, penny-dread-

fuls and that ilk, not for the keen, revealing portrayals of life such writings may contain but for the relaxation they yield an active mind. It is said that one of the most omnivorous readers of nickel novels is none other than Thomas Edison, and in an interview with this marvelous man a reporter states that there are huge piles of these novels in his workshop to which Mr. Edison retires when desiring to forget for the nonce the duties of the day. The uncomprehending person may reflect that that is Edison's literary standard, but ninety-nine out of a hundred know that the greatest inventive genius the world ever produced reads these publications as a means to a desirable relaxation—as he himself has admitted. This is not said to disparage such publications for I would far rather enjoy an afternoon with my old friends, "The Liberty Boys of '76," "Old and Young King Brady," "Diamond Dick," etc., than the gush of gross sexualism and of servant girls joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to festive millionaires via the novel and the short story.

To the critic the limitless book and magazine production that clutters our stalls is reflected only as a waste of time, and a total waste in the cause of conservation. To the Great Reading Public, who care little for picturizations of life and least of all for that which is correctly termed a "hideous realism," these books and magazines exude "learning," and they are relaxers. They are a soothing mental physic, pleasant to take, and do not cause gripes. They are about as easy to subdue as homeopathic pills and about as valuable.

The careful student of our literature will note another psychological effect pursued to answer the needs of those who buy with such cheerful abandon the bulk production of the day. Time was when the writer and novelist employed sonorous descriptions; and Fenimore Cooper must perforce stop in the midst of a massacre to describe scenic effects covering a mere matter of two pages. The distance between paragraphs was chapter long; compactness, a solid body of words and phrases, and exasperating small print—that was the old-day standard. But modern men and women, more or less practical to the core, find that such matter is hard on the eyes and vexes the brain; the unbroken wall of words, if read, does not soothe, but makes an hour of reading complex and uninviting. A very common assertion now is: "I skip over all the descriptions, you know, and read only the exciting parts and the conversations." These demands of the reading public were soon discovered, and authors and publishers soon contrived to fill the demand by nearly eliminating descriptions and stringing out conversations throughout a book of four hundred pages. As exemplified: "Hello!"

"Why, hello, Montmorency. So glad to see you, you know."

"You are looking very well, I take it," he said kindly.

"Thank you so much."

"And where may you be going today," he cried exultingly.

"O, just out for a stroll. And you?"

"The same. May I not accompany you?"

And he is willing, and she is willing, and they stroll on warbling nonentities apace, and others warble, and titter, often disporting themselves in a dashing *mannah*; and sometimes not wisely; much to the dissatisfaction of the prudes. Now these brief, choppy sentences, easy to grasp and skim over, rest the mind, cause no thought, and are therefore eminently desirable as mental recreation. Some

of the "best sellers" of today follow just this process. Authors have become millionaires by writing "rest literature," a standard by which our commercialistic American life may be properly gauged; a low level we cleave to with a passion that amounts to fanaticism.

Again, the psychology of the reading public is such that it is wooed to opening its purse, even as Sir John Lubbock has stated, by reason of alluring titles, and, sad to relate, often suggestive titles. That books dealing in a nauseous sentimentality and excessive sensuality have had a wide sale in this country and have enriched authors and publishers we all know, but that day is faded and gone, let us hope.

Hand in hand with the attractive title is the attractive jacket of a book. Watch the average buyer in the store where thousands of books are on display. How his eyes absorb the glamor of color, which often as not is a riot of reds and blues and greens and violets. He reaches here and there and this way and that; and no doubt is highly pleased and enchanted with this one (which is a combination of all colors) and which his friend said was "the best ever." So he buys and reads and is ready for another color some other time. In the meantime the real books, in unassuming drab covers, are set back sedately in the modest rear of the flamboyant collection, with few sales—the works of labor and painstaking and sacrifice. But the Great Reading Public sees them not!

Where books may lack greatly in internal illustrations done slap-stick fashion by this or that artist utterly untrue to life and as often jibing not in the least with the characterizations or situations in the book, magazines, in their place, depend hugely upon a preponderance of illustrations to fascinate the eye of the Greater Reading Public. Fully nine-tenths of the present-day mass of magazine illustrations could be done away with; paper saved; and the sufferings of at least a million striving but untalented artists spared; for so long as the market seems booming we must expect thousands of writers and artists of dubious promise to clutter the market with their wares. Yet magazine illustrations serve a purpose. They serve the same purpose as the gaudy covers of the books. They allure and open the way to a purchase. Ah, the pointed breasts of a virgin dimly outlined through the veils drawn over them; a neat flank—these little incidentals all go to attract one sexually; and when a drawing or a piece of writing attracts one sexually one does not mind the price of the purchase.

A superabundance of literature, of criss-cross opinions, of varied and massed-up subjects, has tended to spoil the mind's aim of the people. They cannot concentrate on any one thing before, butterfly fashion, they are spreading wings to alight upon another subject and so forget what they have just read. In one hour a man may read: "How Best to Conduct Agriculture On a Ten-Acre Farm," "A Day In No-Man's Land," "How To Make a Garage," "Caught by the White-Slavers"—rounding out and topping off with a newspaper serial, "A Wife's Bitter Story." You will say that this is a large bill to master in the time given. Hardly. The Great Reading Public races it with time, and it generally reaches the goal on schedule. But this is not to say that what has been read is remembered. The man who wrote about farming on ten acres was no doubt a master of the subject, even though he never farmed, and the article was worth the twenty dollars the publisher paid for it—but the reader who bolted it on the magazine page can be counted on to have completely forgotten every word of it; and hence to make the

same mistakes of yore by planting home on his lawn the poison-ivy he has been warned specifically against. . . . Your reader reads, not for information, but merely to read; and having finished his mental meal he rises, knowing less than when he sat down!

The literature of today (and in this I include all branches of writing), is first and last a race with time. We live in an age of speed. If we must go any place then we must get there as speedily as wheels can carry us, else we mope and groan. It is ten minutes now against ten hours in the past. We eat the same way; we love the movies because they skim along rapidly, in fashion to please and sate the mind in the desire for super-activity. We read the same way, and the belching newspaper presses spawn daily greasy streams to sate the mind that hurries on with avid joy. Hurry and bustle, clatter and clang—the merciless vision of Capitalism going to hell!

What we need is a speedy diminishing of the enormous over-production. This will mean no more, no less, than saving valuable timber; and when we consider that it takes the wood on fifteen acres of ground to furnish paper for just one Sunday edition of one New York newspaper one can see that sooner or later in the interests of conservation we will have to do away with newspaper prostitution, bitter hard as it will be to divorce ourselves from falsehoods and meet face to face with Sister Truth!

## R-R-R-Raw Food!

By JIM SEYMOUR

What do you say we go out for a lunch? Yes, I know it's too hot to eat, but if Billy Sunday's dope is straight it'll be even hotter for us if we don't eat. Now don't start that everlasting pow-wow about which restaurant or which other one. I reckon I know that catalog of grease-joints about as well as you do. There's the Royal Gorge, the Greasy Spoon, Stuffer's, the Microscopic Portion, the Chew Shoe Noodleria, and so forth ad indigestum.

Huh? Say that again. A raw food eating-house, eh? Langdon Smith's Evolution must have gotten on your nerves. Do you really believe that there has been so sudden and so general a reversion to type that someone finds it profitable to cater to the needs of the disvenered? A beautiful picture this genial California sun is burning into your brain: savages tearing the bleeding flesh of the newly-killed prey; loud-smelling entrails scattered over mosaic tiling; protruding chops dripping with fresh warm blood; hairy claws clutching great chunks of red, quivering—ugh! cut it out!

Well, why didn't you say so? If that's the case I don't mind trying it. Why, it's right across the street—that sign reading "Eat Your Way to Health." Reminds me of the time I was hog-tied and a little bird said, "Gnaw your way to freedom."

Draw a long breath. Now!—we're in! And as we sometimes are signpainters and are governed by economic determinism—yes, yes, we talk shop—the first thing we see is a sign bearing the startling announcement, "We feed our hogs scientifically." But don't be offended too soon. They are not calling us names; they are merely advising us to curb our appetites and eat like hogs. See?—the rest of the sign reads, "How many of us eat scientifically?"

There is another unusual sign that reads, "Do you care to read while eating? You are welcome to take any of our books from the literature table and read during your meal." On the table are books, both cheap and expensive. Help yourself. They are all for sale, we learn, but you will never know it unless you are interested enough to inquire, for here the commercial spirit is strangely lacking.

In the cheeks of the woman behind the counter we notice a rosy bloom that is the real thing. Don't get poetical now. We're talking about grub and this is no I. W. W. convention.

Grab your tray, old-timer; we savvy that much anyhow. We ask about this first dish and the lady explains that it is called pemmican, is made of crushed nuts and grains, and is served with this banana sauce. We'll try pemmican. And from the salads and salads we select a couple and a portion of raw carrots. Moving down the line we boldly appropriate a slab of raw pie and then proceed somewhat less boldly toward the cash register. Beside the register are the drinks and behind it a young man who looks good to us—good enough to call Phil right off the bat. Phil doesn't resent it a bit; in fact, it seems to go straight to the warm spot in his democratic core. We ask him if these drinks aren't pretty raw and he assures us that they are. We fail to find any raw booze among them, but there are grape and orange juices, goat's milk and cow's milk. Noticing our hesitation, Phil gives us the quick once-over and recommends not the most expensive drink, but the cheapest. Peculiar fellow, this Phil. He knows we will accept his diagnosis at most any old price, but he seems to prefer principles to a few pennies of profit.

We pay 39 cents for our feed and retire to a nice clean table. We are much surprised to discover that the food is remarkably palatable, especially the carrots. We can't figure out how the carrots are prepared, but they are great stuff. And we are more surprised to learn that we have ordered more food than we can eat. It has a kick that is amazing and that teaches us the futility of attempting to gobble everything we see simply because we happen to have the price. How do stockmen feed hogs scientifically? Good food and less of it.

Really, I don't believe we'll be able to walk for fifteen minutes or so, so we'll look over the literature. Look here—these people are not merely food-peddlers; they are dreamers, and their dream is scientific. We haven't time right now to read it all, but it seems they dream of a world of beauty, of love, and of happiness; of a world of intelligence and the sense of justice that generally accompanies intelligence. They dream of a world free from all diseases, including ignorance and yellow journalism. And they dream of a world where murder is murder, regardless of the number of feet possessed by the murdered creature. On the whole, these people are quite different from the gentlemen of the beef trust who spend millions of dollars in advertisements announcing that they are in business for their health.

Well, we'll be going. And listen, people: Yours is a fine and noble work and we're with you strong, but don't forget that when we are out of a job and haven't the price of a plate of raw food our goose is cooked. That little kink in the problem must also be straightened. We're with you, people; are you with us? If so, let's plug together for the economic permission to eat good food, raw and unseasoned, and to become the salt of the earth.



## With the Books

### A SHEAF OF POEMS

The war has been viewed from many literary angles, but an authentic expression of pacifist views has hitherto been rendered impossible by the grim mandate of the law. Now, however, in *The Voice of the Counter-Current*, a sheaf of poems done in pamphlet form, Mrs. Fanny Bixby Spencer gives utterance to the stifled voice of many thousand high-minded idealists who saw in the war only an aimless butchery from which no good could come, as, indeed, barring the Russian revolution, but little good seems to have yet come. There is no anemic "art for art's sake" in this book. This is art for righteousness' sake, and the fervid spirit of the crusader flames through every stanza. Satire, ridicule, denunciation, horror, and a brooding, all-comprehensive pity, form the artistic and emotional gamut of these poems. Take, for instance, this poignant bit, which might well bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any blatant war-patriot:

"We see you pass, pale, sad and worn,  
A stranger in your foster land,  
O weeping mother, German born;  
We care not, neither understand.

"Your face is terrible with age  
Beneath our unrelenting hand,  
Not age of years but of despair;  
We care not, neither understand.

"Your drafted soldier son may die  
In arms against his native land;  
We do not heed your anguished cry:  
We care not, neither understand.

"O German mother, you may burn  
Your soul out on our desert sand,  
Suspiciously we look and turn;  
We care not, neither understand."

And measure the fearful defiance in these lines:

"O the death-decoy of the flag-huzza!  
And the snare of the marching life!  
But the Spartan mother stands her ground  
In the war of evolving Life;

"And if her son for the sins of earth  
Must lie with the martyred dead,  
She prays that he fall by the cold gray wall,  
When the sun on the hill is red."

And as for sarcasm, here is a passage, strongly reminiscent of Browning, of which even that great singer might well not have been ashamed:

"The ardor of the war-time patriot palls  
Without the sidewalk flags to stimulate  
To patriot transports and to holy hate  
Of Pacifists. He rests as an old bell  
With pull rope rotted. He has shouted well.  
Walking the streets in boredom, soft he drops

His tender eyelids as a cripple hops  
Across his course. 'Tis really sad to see  
The blind, the shell-shocked in their misery.  
O fresh, revivifying drops, he spies  
The hero with his medals and cold eyes,  
The well-groomed major and the captain gay,  
Unscathed as poppies on an April day.  
Just one ooze more, the mud-soaked bottom swells  
With its last dank—the war reporter tells  
His personal impressions of the front."

It is perfectly possible to criticise Mrs. Spencer's work from the standpoint of literary artistry. In one or two instances, verses end in weak lines, thrown in, apparently, for the mere sake of rhyme; and in some cases the verbal imagery is clouded and, perhaps, dubious. But these defects are due less to any lack of technical skill than to the exigent character of her message, the passionate earnestness of which brooks no pause for the niceties of dilettanteism. In contrast, there are many felicities of phrase which must tickle the heart of the appreciative reader; as, for instance:

"The war reporter writes his rancid copy  
And draws his check for whetting lust and hate."

"Rancid"—is there a word in the English language that could better describe the output of the paid apologist of war patriotism?

Included in the booklet are two pages of prose.—or is it free verse?—it is a little hard to tell the difference these days—which contain a brilliant picture of the peace conference that had nothing to do with peace, contrasted with the real peace conference which takes place in the heart of every mother who resolves that her son shall never become the instrument of legalized slaughter. The collection ends with that splendid poem, "The Revolution," already familiar to the readers of *The New Justice*. The proceeds from the sale of the booklet are to be used, it is announced in a foreword, in behalf of conscientious objectors, "the true soldiers of righteousness and freedom."

(*The Voice of the Counter-Current*, Geo. W. Moyle Publishing Co., Long Beach, Cal., 35c.)

C. M.

### FROM BOBSPA'S LIBRARY

Though I have written of many hundreds of books in publications from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I lay no claim to being a critic. I am just a lover of men and of the books they write. I am not worrying about the "place" and the permanence of literary output; I know its place in my heart. Conspicuously prominent in my innards is a high regard for Dr. Leroy Henry who is big enough to live his idealism. Comrade Henry conducts his big conferences on his Freedom Hill ranch each summer. His ripened philosophy—a mixture of idealism and economics tested by actual experience and sweetened by loving tolerance—has blossomed into print in the first of a series of two-bit homilies to be issued monthly until the series is completed, after which they will probably be done into permanent book form. The first of the Henry-osophy is "Freedom Hill, the Place of Everlasting Happiness," telling "how to be happy tho' miserable." Others to come are "Freedom from Fond Friends,"

### THE REMNANT

Their breath is the air from far cool spaces  
Where the sky on the mountain has builded its tent;  
They are known by the sunlight on their faces,—  
Sons and daughters of dissent!

Lonely is each as a star is lonely,  
Beaming abroad as a friendly star,  
Buoyant and free and following only  
The dream within and the gleam afar!

Never a creed was made could hold them,  
They believe too much for a languaged creed—  
Believe each word that the wind has told them,  
Believe each whisper of leaf and weed.

Doubters they from the world's foundation,  
Doubting every mode of man;  
Glad of doubt and its exaltation,  
Breaking the fetter, lifting the ban.

Songs they have and the springs of laughter,  
Wells of joy that bubble into mirth;  
Yet loss they know, and the gain thereafter,  
The pang of growth, the travail of rebirth

They will go on, though death assail them,  
Though prisons house them till life be gone,  
Though all men scorn and leaders fail them,  
Scorned and leaderless, they will go on!

On to the wreck of things inhuman,  
On to the dawning that is to be  
Of life abundant for man and woman,—  
Life that is flexible, life that is free!

—Hoyt H. Hudson.

### NATIONAL LABOR PARTY CALL

The Labor Party of Illinois is sending out a call to central labor bodies, labor parties and other labor organizations interested, to send representatives to a conference Monday, August 18, at Chicago to discuss the question of organizing a national Labor Party and calling a convention this fall for that purpose.

It is probable that copies of the call will not reach all labor groups interested, owing to the fact that there is nowhere a list of those that have either started or discussed starting a Labor Party. Therefore all groups interested in the formation of a national Labor Party are asked to correspond at once with Frank J. Esper, Secretary, Labor Party of Illinois, 166 West Washington Street, Chicago.

### A BAUBLE

Capitalist—See, my dear, I have bought you a rope of pearls for a birthday gift.

Parasite—Oh, how perfectly lovely! (Kisses.) And what did it cost, sweetie?

Capitalist—A mere trifle—my profit on the labor of a thousand men making war munitions.

Mark Twain was one of the greatest prophets that ever lived. He wrote a book called "Puddin' Head Wilson.

"Henry's Glass Eye Story," "My Conceit Machine," "Falling in Love Again and Again," "The Divinity of the Devil," "Usefulness of Useless Husbands," "Christian Science Soothing Syrup," and "How to Take People Without Getting Hurt."

I have heard Comrade Henry read several of these essays. There is a blend of common sense, mysticism, stingless but effective humor and a good-natured, constructive program of reconstruction. Radicalism need not think it can rebuild the world with one plank, and the philosophy of Dr. Leroy Henry is fundamentally important. Done into twenty-five cent doses and dispensed from the home laboratories, Route "A," Burbank, California.

The George H. Doran Company's innovation in issuing a bound edition of "The Bookman" for the six months since taking over the management of the magazine is one that can bring only commendation from lovers of the best in the book world. Essays, reviews, stories and poems give one the cream of the literary survey, and the bound edition gives the magazine in the permanent library form it is worthy of. I always did like a miscellany, don't you? What fun it used to be as a boy to rummage in the attic for old discarded readers and "speakers." "The Bookman" all dressed in blue cloth has been sleeping with me for several nights and it will be some time before it is crowded to the higher shelves of my library. The greater part of the contributions are of permanent value; and the current book comment and gossip is likewise of value as the months and years pass.

### ACTORS JOIN LABORITES

Unionization of the actors became an established fact on July 19, when announcement was made by the Actors' Equity Association that a charter had been granted to it in the American Federation of Labor. The charter held by the White Rats of America, an organization composed largely of vaudeville players, was extended to cover the legitimate actors as well.

The joint charter will be held in the name of the "Associated Actors and Artists of America," and officers of this body have been elected. The officers are: Francis Wilson, international president; James W. Fitzpatrick, vice-president; Frank Gillmore, treasurer, and Harry Mountford, executive secretary.

### THE WORKERS' COUNCIL BULLETIN

The Workers' Council of Los Angeles is getting out a neat weekly propaganda leaflet under the above title. The Bulletin, which is published every Saturday, contains instructive conversations between Bill and Henry, two workingmen who talk over their growing realization of just how it is that they get the worst of it in the factory where they work. The propaganda is of the simple, sledge-hammer variety and should accomplish good results with the man-in-a-hurry. The Council meets weekly at Burbank Hall.

Ernest Haeckel and Andrew Carnegie are dead. The latter is in the big headlines.

**BACK**

Back from the torture and hell of war  
 That kill and cripple and blind us;  
 Back to the dear old U. S. A.  
 And the homes we had left behind us;  
 Back to the same old work and play  
 And the things that used to grind us,  
 But never again will we be found  
 In the ruts where you used to find us.  
 We've been through blood and "Over the top,"  
 We've made the war-fiends mind us,  
 And from this time on till Kingdom Come  
 No slavery shall bind us.

—Robin Romany.

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The censor will now let GALE'S MAGAZINE enter the United States and circulate in the mails, but this doesn't make any difference. Linn A. E. Gale has been making Burleson and the postal gods look like 30 cents all along. He—but hush, that would be telling! Never mind, but just send along your subscription to

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