

# 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.

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AUGUST 1

10 CENTS

# The New Justice

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# THE NEW JUSTICE

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No. 12

## Editorials

### "ECONOMIC MEN"

Political economists of the last century were fond of postulating an argumentative abstraction known as the "economic man," a creature, that is, in form human, but devoid of every human motive or impulse save that of greed alone. But it was never supposed that this fearful conception existed otherwise than as a figment of the scientific fancy.

For some months, certain gentlemen in the United States who have financial interests in Mexico, and who own or control newspapers and other agencies of publicity, have engaged in a systematic attempt to provoke war between the two countries with a view to adding to their already fabulous private fortunes through the annexation of the southern republic. To this end they subsidized the recent Villa insurgency which, through the prompt action of American army officers, ended in fiasco. That having failed, they are now endeavoring to educate the public to a policy of intervention by blazoning in crashing headlines every mishap which is rumored to have befallen an American south of the Rio Grande in the last ten years, and by absurd dispatches from Washington so worded as to lead the unwary reader to believe that the government is contemplating hostile action toward Mexico. A congressman introduces a resolution,—resolutions are introduced by the ton at every session of Congress,—and at once the headlines scream. The routine cabinet meeting is held, and "high officials are said to have indicated" that matters of moment were considered, "perhaps pertaining to the Mexican crisis." This propaganda is shallow and silly, and calculated to deceive only very stupid people, but the persistence with which it is prosecuted is ominous.

These interested gentlemen are, presumably, normal human beings. They are kind fathers, good neighbors, loyal friends. They would not willingly cause pain or hardship to those about them. They would not strike a cripple in the face, or kick a sick dog. Yet the thought of exploiting Mexico for their own profit works in them a dreadful change. War between Mexico and the United States means that tens of thousands of American boys will form in line, confronting tens of thousands of Mexican boys; that the two lines will come together in the shock of battle; that young bodies will be gashed, entrails ripped out, limbs torn apart; and that thousands of souls will go out through bitterest anguish into the night of death. Normal human beings would turn from such a spectacle in sickening horror. But not so the interested gentlemen. To them it presents an entrancing prospect. They lust for it with a quenchless and awful passion. In the pursuit of profit they have ceased to know shame or honor, pity or fear. They have become "economic men."

C. M.

### AND STILL NO AMNESTY

Disappointment has thus far been the lot of those who have hoped that President Wilson, by granting a general amnesty to political prisoners and conscientious war-objectors, would in some measure offset the odium he earned when he allowed himself to be made a party to the evil-smelling Peace of Paris. Though he returned some weeks ago from his self-imposed labors abroad, the President has not yet seen fit to wipe from the escutcheon of his country the blot it bears through its shamefully vindictive persecution of the high-souled men and women whose convictions impelled them to pursue an unorthodox course while the nation was at war. America stands alone today as the one occidental country whose treatment of its political dissenters cries to high heaven for redress. In no other nation of the western world would a like degree of stupid ferocity be tolerated.

It is, to be sure, highly probable that President Wilson is somewhat feverishly busy with the uneasy task of preparing to defend the Versailles business before the world which a few months ago hailed him as a second Lincoln. (In undertaking this picturesque job he has our sorrowful compassion.) It is also easy to understand that "the indoor mind" is insensible to at least ninety-five per cent of the impressions to which the man in the street is immediately and resiliently responsive. But even so, it is difficult to conceive how such a plea as the following could have failed to ring a bell. It was not written by a bunch of wobblers, nor by a horde of left-wing Socialists, nor yet even by a circle of Christian pacifists. It was signed, if you please, by some hundreds of returned veterans of the army and navy of the United States of America, in the city of New York, and the list of signatures was headed by the name of one J. B. Mulford, who belonged to the Rainbow Division and who fought with distinction at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne forest. It is a plea for the simple American tolerance for which every liberal-minded citizen in the land has been shouting himself hoarse for many weary months, and it reads in part as follows:

"We feel that it little befits the nation which has assumed leadership in the world's democratic strivings, to hold its political dissenters in prison when such other countries as Russia, Germany, and to a considerable extent, Italy, have released theirs. Even the Prussia of Bismarck granted general amnesty shortly after the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. President, the views of the men in prison have not been our views. Their attitude has not been our attitude. We have taken part in the war. We have offered our services, our very lives, if need be, to the cause which the nation espoused. But we did not fight under the banner of democracy with the expectation that democracy would be throttled at home. We did not wish to see our brother citizens held in prison because they felt impelled to pursue a different course than ours."

Surely such a plea should reach even an elder statesman.

R. R. B.

### JAMMING IT THROUGH

Some weeks ago it was a matter of interesting speculation whether, when the President returned from France, he would come as a chastened yet steadfast liberal, humbly confessing the failure he had made, or as a frightened and desperate reactionary, determined to conceal the truth at all costs. As a matter of fact, both these anticipations were unduly flattering to the Presidential acumen. When the President landed in America, it was still without any conception of what had really happened in Paris. He was still in that state of bleary exaltation so familiar to police officers, in which the "fall guy" blandly insists that the pleasant gentlemen whom he met up the alley are the finest fellows in the world and that the brick they sold him is real gold. The President's message to the Senate submitting the peace treaty for ratification was a mere elaboration of this mood.

It was in this mood, also, that the President talked of touring the country and of bringing popular pressure to bear on the Senate to compel ratification. But far shrewder minds, minds clouded by no illusions, were at work to bring about this desired end. Wall Street is not in the habit of submitting its designs for legislative action to popular approval. Its methods are those of the cloak-room conference and the programmed vote. Its reliance is on secrecy and dispatch. And it is Wall Street, not the President, that is now engineering the peace treaty through the Senate. The President himself may not be aware of this. But then there is so much of which he is not, and has not been, aware!

There is, therefore, no longer any probability that public opinion will be allowed a serious chance of expression on the question. Senator Borah's suggestion of a referendum is significant chiefly in its hopelessness. The Presidential tour is now scarcely mentioned. Nothing will be allowed to happen which might intensify popular interest in the treaty debate. Ratification will be had as per schedule, by the vote of senators who have been enlightened as to their duty in the familiar Wall Street manner.

Thus the American people will be committed, in blind helplessness, not only to bolstering up with their wealth the bankrupt securities of Europe, but to yielding their sons in bloody sacrifice in every quarter of the globe in order that international capitalism, alias the League of Nations, may get its world-wide tribute. Incidentally, also, the administration of Woodrow Wilson will go down in history as marking the disappearance of popular government in the United States, and the establishment of the most absolute and impudent class tyranny known to the English-speaking world since the days of Charles I.

C. M.

### TELEPHONE STRIKERS WIN

The splendid solidarity displayed by the striking telephone operators and electricians of the Pacific coast has resulted in a substantial victory for the plucky men and women who for more than a month have been doing their bit in a local skirmish of the big fight to make the industrial world a decent place to live in. To be sure, the strikers did not win their full demands; possibly they did not expect to do so. But they did gain certain very vital points; and the improved conditions under which they are returning to work not only make their present lot more tolerable but will materially strengthen their position as a fighting unit in the world-wide movement towards true freedom through industrial democracy.

Chief among the concessions won by the strikers are recognition of their union, increased wages, the establishment of joint grievance boards and a stipulation that the agreements of the men and the girls shall end on the same date. Moreover, the demand for retroactive wage increases from January 1 has been granted by the Wire Control Board at Washington, and this decision, together with the local agreements under which work has been resumed, is being submitted to a referendum vote of the unions involved in the strike.

The operators, in returning to their switchboards, have made it perfectly clear that they will tolerate no discrimination against them in favor of those who attempted to fill their places while the strike was on. Thanks to their well-organized union, and the fact that they can depend upon the men of the electrical brotherhood to stand by them in any future dispute, they should have little difficulty in enforcing this vitally necessary measure of self-protection. They well know that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and that an injury to one is an injury to all.

R. R. B.

### COST OF CONQUEST

A mountain of flesh that once was men,  
Of flesh—foul, shattered, and torn;  
Cold ashes of hope that once flamed high;  
Black wreckage of lives unborn;  
An ocean of hate—dread breeding place  
Of pestilence and death;  
A howling gale that sweeps the land,  
Storm winds of dead men's breath!

A prodigal's price is this to pay  
For tints on the printed maps,  
For tints that fade with the years away  
Or the end of the day, perhaps!  
O, Reason, cast revealing light;  
O, Progress, reach your hand;  
Intelligence, assert your might;  
O, Manhood, make your stand!

—Charles Bruce.

## THE NEW JUSTICE

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# "Art For Art's Sake" = A Defense

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I see in The New Justice for July 1, that my good comrade, Alanson Sessions, is taking a crack at "art for art's sake," as Ruskin and Tolstoy did before him. (Tolstoy's great book, "What is Art?" remains the classic of the left-wingers, so to speak.) It's an ancient controversy, and not much perhaps is to be gained by dragging it out at this late date. Yet I do believe that art for its own sweet sake has something to offer the world which it surely needs, and I do believe that, if "art for art's sake" is rightly understood and applied, it is a motto worthy a new age.

Perhaps it is all a matter of definition. When Comrades Sessions speaks of art for art's sake he is thinking of Beardsley drawings, Amy Lowell poems, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," the stories of Henry James, of Edith Wharton, and other things caviar to the general. Obviously, he isn't thinking of Carl Sandburg, because he mentions Sandburg's poems, along with those of Robert Serviss. Yet, I venture to state, Sandburg is quite as caviar to the mob as any poet who ever dwelt in an ivory tower, while the "Klondike Kipling" is a best seller. Even Walt Whitman, master of the moderns, has never been read by the mob, whose pet is Longfellow, a typical New England aristocrat. Yet Comrade Sessions knows as well as I do that Sandburg is the real stuff, and Serviss a jingler, and he knows that Whitman was greater than Longfellow. He also knows, if he stops to think about it, than Sandburg and Whitman both follow their artistic impulses against the mob current, true to their urging of art for its own sake, while Longfellow and especially Serviss are more than content to drift with the popular tide. What art for art's sake should really mean is that an artist puts above every other consideration the expression of his message in what seems to him the most natural, fitting and especially the most beautiful form. It means that the artist is striving to create beauty, new beauty, to enrich the world, and that he considers this his highest function and justification.

I quite agree with him. I want to see about ten million times as much art for art's sake as there is in America today, because I am sure that until at least ten million of us are artists in our work—creators, seekers after beauty for its own sake—work will remain dull and mechanical and soulless. The industrial worker today is a mechanical cog in a vast machine. Even in the manufacture of what should always be beautiful—furniture—the average Grand Rapids worker has no real creative part; that is, he does not design. He turns out, over and over, a chair rung or table leg. Even the best furniture design, if it is not executed by hand, emerges from the factory an unsatisfactory product. In other industries, hundreds of them, the workers have not even a mechanical part in the creating of some art product. What they turn out is sheer utilitarian and generally ugly.

Since, however, machine industry has come to stay, man has got to find his chance to express his inherent love of beauty, his instinct to create art for its own sake, in some other way than by his bread-winning toil. He has got to do it in his leisure. First and foremost, then, he has got to have leisure! He has got to work less at his machine in order to find his own soul. And in his leisure

I would see him creating things for his use and profit that should be as beautiful as he could make them, and beautiful for no other reason than that beauty is better than ugliness, and the creation of beauty is the highest function of man's senses. I would have him sing his own songs, I would have him grow his own roses, I would have him manage his own theatres, I would have his son taught in the manual training shop at school the difference between a good piece of furniture and a bad, between a Windsor chair, for example, and one of the "golden oak" horrors now sold by the mail-order houses, which make hideous the homes of America from Eastport to the Golden Gate. Comrade Sessions may say that "golden oak," like the poems of Bobbie Burns, evidently strikes a responsive chord in humanity. But then I can only reply, so much the worse for humanity. Once they made beautiful furniture of oak; they can again, and will, when there is a demand for it. The demand, however, will only come when the dormant love and appreciation of beauty for its own sake is waked in men's hearts. When that happens, we will, I am sure, have a better world.

I know a man, a house painter, a Socialist, who has a good business because he's the best and most reliable painter in town in spite of his "dangerous" political opinions. He is also an artist. He practices art in his garden. Incidentally, he helps reduce the h. c. of l. But that isn't why his vegetables are in neat, pretty rows, nor why his paths are lined with roses, his little lawn like a green carpet, his beds edged with pansies. He makes even his vegetable garden a thing of charm to the eye because in him the instinct is awake to create something beautiful just for its own sweet sake. The hour after supper which he spends in his garden is not toil for him; it is play—the play of the artist. It makes him a wiser, a happier, a better man, and it adds greatly to the sum total of charm in our village, too. It has even inspired his neighbors.

The day will come, I fondly pray, when we shall all have gardens, or little shops of our own, or some place or instrument wherein or wherewith we can, in our leisure hours, practice art for art's sake, express ourselves as we please, strive to make or do something beautiful, find our own souls. This means more leisure, and it means better education, education which pays attention to the individual child and calls out his native bent. It also means more leisure and freedom for women, for women are natural lovers of beauty, and have been for so long the unnatural slaves of men.

There is a certain farmer's wife I know—but that is another story.

The world today has need of a great miracle, a miracle which will cause radicals to cease fighting each other and combine their strength against the common enemy—Capitalism.

Our "Truth About Russia" department has NOT been discontinued. It was crowded out of this special midsummer literature number, but will appear again next time.

# Slaves of the Switch

By WILBY HEARD

Who pulls the wires? Have you ever paused to ask yourself that question as you hurriedly remove the receiver of your phone to save time and space in getting in touch with someone miles away? If you have not, you should, for there is many a human being involved in this seemingly simple deal.

We have grown so accustomed to "Number, please?" the moment the ebony receiver covers the ear that too many of us consider it as a mere part of the mechanism. We forget that breathing, moving beings somewhere between us and the party we seek have the power to annihilate distance and eliminate time. We forget that it takes real flesh and blood, the very same as that which makes up our daughters, sweethearts, sisters, wives and mothers, to perform this miracle. But it does, nevertheless. And their trials and tribulations as they weave their Life's hours into the company's profits would fill a big book of interesting and heart-touching facts.

For the last two months or so most of us have known that thousands of the "hello girls" of the Pacific coast have been on strike, along with the electrical workers. We have known that, and little more, save that we got worse or no service and receive bills for full charges.

Too many of us did not even stop to think that by paying these bills we might be helping the company and its strike breakers to force the more intelligent operators to starvation and defeat. The majority of people reads so much and thinks so little!

Now let us take a rapid resume of what happened since June 16th, 1919; why it happened, and some of the conditions prevailing in this line of work. There were on strike, in Los Angeles alone, about 1,450 girls, that is including the 200 supervisors, and the 25 or 30 monitors. Of these last we will speak again later.

The demands of the girls were: the recognition of their union, that they be taken back and given the same positions they held before the strike, at the increased pay of from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per day, the maximum to be reached within three years instead of five, and the increase to be retroactive—that is begin from January 1st, 1919. The reason for this is that the union put in its demands back in October, 1918, to take effect January 1st, 1919.

Still another demand they made, which was a radical step forward for any organization within the American Federation of Labor; and that is that their contract expire on the same date with that of the electrical workers. Those not fully acquainted with A. F. L. methods may find it hard to realize what a progressive leap that really was.

Ever since the demands were presented to the company, it dilly-dallied with them until June 14th, 1919, when its answer came, so couched that the workers had no other alternative but to strike. During all this time, however, the company was not asleep. Skilfully and deviously it sought through every power at its command (and it has every power, except Labor's class-consciousness) to disrupt the growing solidarity among its employees.

If such girls as the delegation which interviewed me may be taken as a fair sample of the spirit and intelligence of the striking telephone operators, then there is a body of young ladies worthy of the full support of everyone throughout the land. For an hour this delegation

sent home telling facts, clearly put, in language few modern school teachers could keep up for half the time.

These girls knew their rights and how to get them. If only all other girls, whatever their trade or calling, knew this truth as well, Labor would soon come into its own. Here are some of the details they explained of the inside workings of their craft:

Imagine yourself, if you can, seated for eight hours, except for two or three insignificant fifteen-minute rest-shifts, before a blank wall, full of little round holes, beside white buttons which keep blinking at you continuously, while through a cup on your ears held in place by a steel clamp over your head, someone is endlessly calling certain numbers, broken only by a few gruff, snappy sentences if the one uttering the numbers is not promptly suited to a T. In response to these sounds your hands and fingers must mechanically spring about, pulling and placing brass plugs in and out of those little holes in the wall. Vision all that for a while, and say how gladly would you do this for \$2.00 a day.

Now add to this the inward feeling that at any or all times a monitor may be testing you when you are least expecting it. Who is a monitor, you ask? Why, that is a young lady who silently cuts in on your work to hear in what tone of voice you say "number, please?" or how you reply to some cranky subscriber whose lunch may not have agreed with him, or whose wife may have bought a new high-priced hat but to whom he dare not talk back. Or, perhaps, some subscriber of the better half was disappointed by her best flatterer, or her dressmaker had put one stitch too many in her latest gown. All such matters must find their outlet into the ear of the patience trained hello girl, who must answer always with the same sweet voice.

The monitor makes notes of all the errors the operator makes and later it is set before her so she may view her sins face to face. Right here let me whisper that this same monitor may also hear every word that passes between the speakers at the phone ends. Thus more than once has a leak in some important affair been sprung to the advantage of some other wary business man. This I was told was done with the wire to the Labor Temple as soon as the strike was called. It might be added, however, that not in this manner did Wall Street get the advance leak of the peace terms.

Think not that the company takes on, except during strikes, any girl who simply needs and applies for a job. All applicants must undergo, during normal peace times, a strict examination, and a certain training in the company's school. Among other merits, each applicant must have been born at the right time, she must range between eighteen and twenty-five, she must possess healthy throat organs, sound eyesight, and perfect hearing. Steady nerves must be her's, calm, even temper—in short, she must be all round physically normal.

While the corporation feels it its duty to obtain all these requirements when it ensnares a girl, it does not deem it an obligation on its part that the girl should maintain that standard; for you will find that after working there any length of time the girl's sight weakens and she becomes subject to severe headaches. And

the nerve racking task of watching the punctured board, and the feeling of being watched, and of being forced to turn away wrath with a soft answer, takes its reward out of her system.

A few of the methods used by the company—should at least be hinted at here. Several days before the strike was called, the company's lackies took a sudden deep interest in the operators. They told the girls what awful hardships were involved in going on strike. That nothing was ever gained in that way. How duty bound they were to remain loyal to the company that gave them work.

Then the chief operator took to sounding out the girls as to their attitude on the strike question, and listed all those who promised to stay "true" to the company. Then the so-called "mother" of the telephone operators set to profusely pouring out her maternal advice. She told them, all for their good, how the strikes failed all along the coast, and finished like the rest of her clique by explaining why they should stick to the job. But the girls instinctively felt the lack of sincerity, and proved it by paying no attention to the siren calls. And then the "mother's" motherly words of warning were bolstered up by those of the traffic chief.

But one of the rawest tricks perpetrated on the girls was pulled off on the day on which the union was to hold its meeting in Blanchard Hall. That evening the doors of the main office of the company, where were several hundred girls, were locked so the operators should not be able to attend the meeting, nor did they seem to worry about a panic if a fire should break out. But here, too, they failed; for word of the trick reached an electrical worker, who phoned the police, and an officer called and released the prisoners in time for the meeting.

One of the strikers' delegation whom I talked with, came to the telephone company fresh from high school less than two years ago. She clearly understands prevailing conditions. Speaking of the latest order of the Union that the operators and electrical workers return to work and adjust disagreements later, she showed with a few well-put remarks that it was becoming plain to the individual union members that the A. F. of L. could not much longer be depended on for help unless it quickly and radically changes its tactics.

One girl, who was presented with a card by the company for heroic work during a certain emergency, related an incident which bore with it a touch of real humor. On passing the "mother" the day after the strike began, said "mother" gave the girl a sneering look and remarked: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to strike after all the company did for you"—meaning the 4 x 6 piece of cardboard.

If there live one with brain so dead, who to himself has ever said, that wages now are high enough, just hand him this and squelch his guff. According to a capitalistic report, and God knows how conservative they are, the minimum cost of living for women has gone up more than 41 per cent in the last five years.

In 1914, according to this report, the least a woman could exist on was \$9.63 a week; by the end of 1918, the lowest she could get by on was \$13.57 a week. This fact alone when compared with the fact that the girls' present wages begin at \$12.00 a week; should decide the matter for all sane persons.

Now for a few side reflections on this phone fight, as they bubble to the surface. Any one fit to be about without a guard, knows that the employer turns back in wages to his employees but a fraction of the immense wealth

they create. It is also evident that without a struggle wages are never increased. The only time an industry voluntarily increases wages is when the help in that particular line is very scarce, profits big, and the time for the rich harvest short. The only question left for consideration is, how should Labor fight?

Had I never been connected with the Labor movement, and now for the first time discussed the issue with the telephone and electrical workers, as I have, my conclusion would be about as follows:

Labor has all it needs to win but knowledge, and it is gathering that rapidly, thanks to the methods used by the other side. Long-drawn-out strikes are a failure even when the demands are compromised or granted. The mere winning of a strike nowadays is not victory. A strike is but a single blow at the bosses' weak point, and it is not a single blow that can do all the work. It is the many blows sent to the proper place, with quick, clear decision.

Picture a prize-fighter aiming a blow at his opponent, and whether landing it or not, continuing to hold out his arm, fist clenched, thus giving his foe time to strike back several times, just because some fan shouted, "That was a dandy strike!"

In other words, as the workers are beginning to see it today, they must strike quick, clear, hard and get away, whether they land or no. They must watch for an opening and before the enemy himself learns of it hit again and get away. To warn the other side when, how or where they intend to land, or to be guided by his moves, or to take his advice, is to throw the fight.

Such, I am told, is the dawning class-consciousness and spirit of at least 25 per cent of the recent telephone and electrical strikers in Los Angeles. This growing knowledge on their part should be watched and encouraged by those who know the value of true organization. This realization is bound to bear the right results if properly cultivated, and it is up to the radical element to do the cultivating.

## TRADE WITH SOVIETS PROHIBITED

Added evidence that the American government is determined to prevent all intercourse with Soviet Russia is contained in a circular letter just issued by the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago to all of its correspondents. This letter, among other things, quotes the following order from the Federal Reserve Bank, dated June 24:

"Dealing in foreign exchange or securities with or for persons in that part of Russia now under the control of the so-called Bolshevik government are prohibited."

The letter is accompanied by a notice from its foreign department, quoting the rates paid for foreign money. From this it appears that the only Russian money which this bank accepts is of the pre-war variety, the rate being, for gold, fifty cents per rouble, but for paper only ten cents.

One of the great weaknesses of Capitalism is the individual and class antagonism inherent in it. A system founded on eternal strife cannot endure.

He who cannot profit by experience cannot profit by anything.

# Havelock Ellis = The New Spirit

By PAUL JORDAN SMITH

Evolutionary philosophy has permeated literature of every kind. Even the literature of art is impregnated with the idea of evolution. As for science, the last fifty years have witnessed a complete revelation not only in its content but in the attitude of mind displayed upon the pages of its literature. The aesthete, one of the last to hear the voice of science, came nevertheless under its inevitable spell. Even beauty is not fixed; the Platonic "aidos" has taken its place among the effete speculations of metaphysics, and we know that beauty did not descend out of the skies, a child of perfection, and seek its embodiment on earth as a type, but that it grew along with consciousness and responded to its changing forms.

In the case of Walter Pater, notwithstanding his Platonic allegiance, we see the very patent indications of his transformed notion of good. Coming to the more empirical Samuel Butler, we behold a still more staunch disciple of the school of Proteus, the out-and-out evolutionist,—Lamarckian, yea, even Bergsonian before Bergson. He beheld the universe as something pushing from within outwards, always changing its clothes and throwing off old garments from an inner behest rather than as a result of embarrassing, external circumstances.

But with Walter Pater, as with Samuel Butler, we are left with a feeling of being alien to life. Pater is aloof, solitary, finding the joy of life in eliminating from consciousness any awareness of the discordant and ugly children of woe, and decorating the walls of the inner chamber with things woven out of an exquisite imagination.

Samuel Butler is cool and practical, a bit of a cynic, and more occupied with making life comfortable than he is in creating beauty. Life is to be lived on a "cash basis," or at least that is to be the foundation of life. Human tenderness is to be looked on as weakness, to the point, almost of spiritual death. Both of these men are tired with striving to better human society. Far better to take some quaint old edition of Homer or Horace and get away to sylvan atmospheres; to forget the harsh cry of the machine and surround oneself with the beautiful in nature and art.

We find a certain kinship existing between Havelock Ellis and Walter Pater. In his early work Ellis pays tribute constantly to the great English master's beautiful prose. There are things in "The New Spirit" which might have been written by De Quincy, Lamb or Pater. Here we have a rhythmic prose and an exquisite nicety in the choice of words seldom excelled in our tongue. Havelock Ellis, too, acquiesces somewhat to Pater's philosophy of the beautiful to the notion of art as a spiritual healer of the sorrows of the world. Like Butler, he has a robust outlook on life, is not unmindful of the needs of associate life. Life is not a cloister and we will not spend our days in a cell. The tangled web of which we are a part is not simply "their" tangle; it is ours, and we are compelled to accept our share of its responsibility just as we are forced to bear our part of its pain.

Havelock Ellis has the vigorous outlook of an Elizabethan, who, conscious of addressing hypocrites, speaks softly. In this age we have come to regard so much of the beautiful in life as ugly, and so much of the ugly as unutter-

able, that there are great gaps and profound silences into which respectable people may not enter. But out of these places issue both crime and joy. They are the source places of the woe and gladness of human society, yet, because of our modern puritanic superstitions, they are surrounded by the ancient tabu.

Here, where respectability stands mute, Havelock Ellis speaks. In this he shares both the glory and the shame of our own Walt Whitman, who dared to speak of sex in song, and for that daring had his "Leaves of Grass" consigned to the flames by John Greenleaf Whittier. What everybody does, no one must utter! Ellis contrives, however, to speak with what is conventionally called refinement. He is able to write with less offence to puritan ears, and has, withal, perhaps a greater appreciation of the beautiful in form and expression than Walt Whitman. He has not, however, escaped unscathed. It is still a crime to be found reading the "Psychology of Sex," and a parlor misdemeanor to have "Man and Woman" on one's bookshelves. In these works we find a source of the criticism that has been directed towards Ellis. For to talk on the subject of sex frankly, that is to say, intelligently and beautifully, means social death, and results in one's being an outcast and an alien to the great mass of the righteous middle classes. If one must talk on sex, one should talk without intelligence, one should muddle like a cuttlefish, with every sort of mysticism and symbolic utterance. Respectable studies of sex like those of Dr. Sylvanus Stall, approach life with an air of patronage and saccharine urbanity which is calculated to please Methodists.

The man about town upholds quaint old-fashioned vice. One must not destroy the favorite resorts of deacons whether they inflict society with disease or not. To the respectable any fundamental attack upon prostitution betrays depravity. One may have torchlight processions, hold prayer meetings, segregate vice, or in turn scatter it through the cities and hunt it down with puritanic foaming at the mouth. But to speak of rational ways of living the sex life, without asceticism on the one hand, or debauchery on the other, is considered perversion.

The young man may risk all of his possibilities as a father and undermine his natural romanticism with the lust that is bought and paid for, and still be respectable, but the one who speaks of any clean relationship between men and women, even though it be pregnant with ideals and barren of any social consequences, is a dangerous person, profaning the whole earth. All this denatured cant Havelock Ellis recognizes as hypocritical prudery and vicious sentimentalism. Over against this, he urges reasonableness for the sake both of health and of the human spirit.

Ellis' task has been to trace the evolution of sex through its many manifestations in life. As a biologist, he sees in it the force which creates all things from the molecule to man, and makes all nature fragrant with variety. As a sociologist, he knows that sex and hunger are the two great positive forces behind the vast range of social phenomena. For example, he sees in the religious revival the factor of sex pathology as a kind of spiritual inebriety. Perhaps in this field no more sane book has been written than his "Social Hygiene," in which he points out the necessity for a reconciliation between love and eugenics, downrightness

and simplicity with biological knowledge, purity with a rational recognition of human nature.

But this is not the greatest significance of Havelock Ellis to our time. In the broader spheres of humanism, in the study of our modern social evolution and in the inspiring studies of the great literary sources of the past and present, he has proved himself a great and sympathetic critic, even the kind of critic Walter Pater used to talk about, the creative critic. He has evidenced this in his "Affirmations," where we have the most illuminating study of Friedrich Nietzsche that has appeared in English, and the greatest appreciation of Casanova that has been published in any language.

But the best thing that Havelock Ellis has done is "The New Spirit." Here is an attempt to get a sympathetic point of view from which to sound the fundamental in religion and in life. As in Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," it is proposed to wed Christianity to Greek paganism; to take the simplicity, sympathy and pity of the Man of Nazareth, divorce them from the corruptions of Paulinism and ecclesiasticism and unite them to the gladness, the frank acceptance of life and beauty which was the genius of the Greek. This done, religion will be brought within the reach of those who have considered themselves intellectually superior to that puling Christianity which Benjamin DeCasseres charges with having amputated life at the navel.

The universe in which we live is to all practical purposes infinite. We may not know it all, but we may apprehend that which is nearest to us. "There are about us a limited number of souls, like the theoretical atoms of the physicist, never touching." Like the "souls" of Walt Whitman, these are made up of both mind and body. What influences and stirs the mind likewise changes the body. The souls are acted upon by other souls and by the world around them, and to these influences they respond according to the way they are affected. When things or people are harsh, unpleasant or discordant, the result is a kind of contraction or withdrawal; in the presence of what is harmonious and beautiful, and in the company of the like-minded, there is experienced a joy, an expansion. Pain, therefore, which results in grief, is a kind of contraction, and all joy is expansive. The secret of great living, then, lies in surrounding oneself and human society with those things which give rise to the expansive impulses stored up within us; and religion itself "is the sum of the unfettered expansive impulses of our souls." Here, then, is a religion that is both personal and comprehensive, and one that sends us out in the world with a cosmic attitude of mind and heart. "For to receive any impulse from without or within that may yield us a rare moment, or may raise us above the petty round of daily tasks," one must become a sort of cosmic bohemian.

There is the religious impulse which comes from the heart, the liberation of forces that are stored up within us when touched by the creative evidences of those about us in song or sculpture. The impulses coming from within ourselves when under the spell of that imaginative sense of things causes us to reinterpret the strange corners of the world we live in. Then, too, there are the impulses from without, from others in the past or present whose contact with life brings us inspiration; those who, like the Man of Nazareth, St. Francis, Lincoln or Walt Whitman, have lent new dignity to the way of living, and who, through the printed page, speak to us out of the past. There is also a religion which comes to us from our mothers or friends of childhood, and perhaps this, more than any other, is the reason why, despite our intellectual protest, some of us still go to church.

Nature woos us into a religious mood; the sight of great mountains, of the tawny desert, or of the vastness of the sky awakes in us the memories of old psalms and rebukes our puny and vexatious human woes. Even a great war appears as a battle of ants when we look out some clear and splendid night upon Orion or Arcturus. The rebuke of Nature, however, is accompanied by a sense of expanse and uplift, both in body and spirit, which is essentially religious whether we care to name it so or not.

And then, says Ellis, there is the great religious impulse that comes with the intuition of oneness with the world. It is the peculiar genius of the mystic which led Jesus of Nazareth to say, "I and my Father are one," and yet it is a thing which bears the light of scientific analysis, a thing to which even so hard-headed a thinker as Samuel Butler would give assent. Since a society of cells of which "I" am the supreme ruler and creator, and which "I" have borrowed second-hand from all sources great and small around and about me, is the thing that is called "me," since the energy which makes up my spirit has been filtered through other spirits, and since biologically all life is of one tissue, and that tissue, as far as any of us is concerned, is comparatively immortal, the tissue is practically the "father," and "I and the father are one," and I am in the family relation with all things. Then comes the ecstatic consciousness, once or twice in our lives, perhaps through the love of a woman, perhaps through the love of nature, perhaps from sheer good health, which makes us know that life is one. "If I know that my own body is not mine, and yet that the whole earth is mine, and again, that it is both thine and mine, no harm can happen then." Then we are in complete harmony with the universe, and that is the great religion. It is coming, as Butler liked to say, from under the influence of the law into grace. It is the great freedom of the finite in the infinite. To such a religionist, science is necessary as a means of understanding, enjoying and mastering the world. But while science is necessary, religion must not be scientific—it is as impossible to make it so as it would be to make poetry so; both spring from the emotions. Religion being an expansive impulse, all this rationalistic twaddle about the "religion of science" becomes absurd, just as absurd as an ethical religion. Ethics is necessary insofar as discrimination and good taste are necessary, but discrimination does not give us ecstasy and good form is not inspiring.

The religion of art springs from feelings, and feelings are the central source of life. Let us accept the fact. We are not rational. God knows the world about us is not governed by reason. Our own lives belie that, and the chaos of what we call society is yet under the reign of such cruel whimsicalities as to give the lie forever to the notion of rational progress. We may not always maintain ecstasy, nor forever stand upon the mountain tops, but not to go there now and then is to become hardened and cold. To give ourselves wholly to reason is to render life stern and barren, but these pagan Christians would align us with gentleness without marrying us to superstition. They would make us constantly depend upon those forces in nature which have taken us along the road to where we are, and are capable of taking us to the heights that are ahead. As Havelock Ellis says in the incomparable conclusion to "The New Spirit," "Our supreme business in life—not as we made it, but as it was made for us when the world began—is to carry and to pass on as we receive it, or better, the sacred lamp of organic being that we bear within us. Science and morals are subservient to the reproductive activity; that is why they are so imperative. The rest is what we will, . . . in one word, religion. If religion is not science or morals it is

the sum of the unfettered, expansive impulses of our being. Life has been defined as, even physically and chemically, a tension. All our lives long we are struggling against that tension, but we can truly escape from it only by escaping from life itself. Religion is the stretching forth of our hands toward the illimitable. It is an intuition of the final deliverance, a half-way house on the road to that city which we name mysteriously, Death."

### THE PRISON

And I saw a gaol lifting its grimy walls to heaven.  
And they that passed by looked at it askance, for they said, "It is the abode of Sin."  
And to them the broad sky and all the earth was fair to look upon, for they saw the early buds opening and heard the birds that had come back from the South, and they felt the sun, which was new, warming the hearts of beasts and plant.  
But within the prison, and behind its cold, thick buttresses, and its small, round, triple-barred windows, that looked like tunnels, they heard faint groanings and sighings and much lamentation, and they said, "It is most just, for it is the abode of Sin."  
And I heard a Voice saying, "Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!"  
And I looked again, and I saw in the gaol those deliverers who in each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and gyves were on their wrists and ankles.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And I saw the Praetorian Hall and One that was bound therein, and the soldiers bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him and then led Him away to proclaim Love to the world.  
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!  
And I saw within the gaol them that gave liberty to the slave, and them that unbound the mind of man, and them that strove to free his conscience, and them that led onward to Freedom and Justice and Love.  
And I saw there also those who in our own time have counted themselves as nothing if they could but point out God's way unto their brethren.  
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!  
And lo, the sky became clouded, and night fell, and there were no birds nor blossoms, but a chill came upon the earth, and they that passed by shivered and trembled; and I beheld, and saw that they were not men, but they were really wolves, and apes, and swine.  
And within the gaol was a great light, and a pleasant warmth came from the barred windows, and I heard a burst of triumphant song.  
And the gyves fell from the limbs of the prisoners, and there was great joy.  
And they that passed by would now come in but they could not; and now within was freedom and without was captivity.  
And the hosts within held up their arms, and the marks of their shackles were upon them.  
But I hid my hands behind me, for there was no mark on my wrists.  
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!  
GERTRUDE RICHARDSON.

### POSSESSION

You who belong to another,  
And are mine!  
You who will wear another's name  
Where all may see,  
And mine like a scarlet letter  
Beneath your bodice . . .  
After the blasphemy of words is over  
Many will think they read your happiness  
On your gay lips;  
Particularly he who will possess your fragrant husk . . .  
But you . . .  
You who belong to another, and are mine!  
You will read loathing in your mirror;  
Scorn  
In the gray eyes that give you stare for stare;  
Hate  
In the quick heart that, spite of you, was true.  
You will recall a day of scarlet, and a red sunset;  
And a cold flame will burn in you . . .  
And you will come to me,  
Dry-eyed,  
Through the sobbing night.

VINCENT STARRETT.

### UNION LABOR HAS HOSPITAL

A free hospital and not run by charity either, is a discovery made in the Golden West, says the Newark Leader.

It came into existence a few years ago when a union lumber man had been injured. His companions could think of no better way to help him than to give him into the care of a doctor and nurse.

Before he was cured, another one of their number claimed medical attention and was passed over to the doctor and the nurse.

From this beginning grew the labor union hospital; and even though the lumber barons practically wiped the labor unions out of existence, the hospital survived.

It was upon a co-operative basis; the yearly membership tickets at \$12 each entitled holder to surgical and medical aid in the hospital.

This income has been entirely sufficient to make the hospital the best in the country and paid off money that had once been borrowed to establish it.

The unique hospital is located at Eureka, Calif.

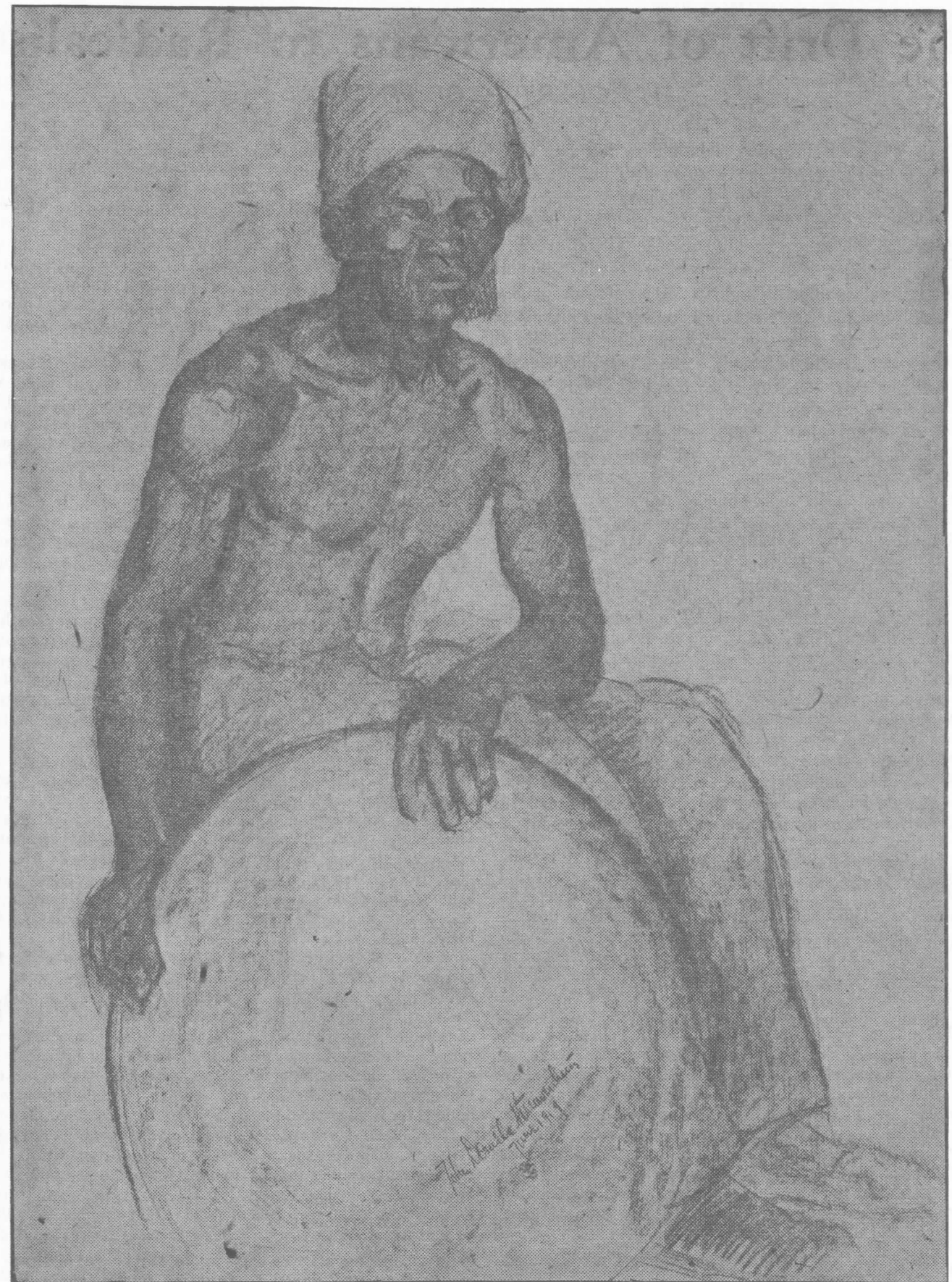
The President has had an attack of dysentery. Is it possible he has begun to realize what the peace treaty really means?

The most expensive luxury of the plutocrat is exclusiveness—it is purchased by the sacrifice of honest friendships.

A people always gets as good a government as it deserves—which is to say, as bad a one as it will take.

If Lloyd George hangs the Kaiser, will the English court go into mourning for the royal cousin?

When a business man or politician says, "Live and Let Live," he very often means steal and let steal.



A Study in Black and White

Drawn by John Domela Nieuwenhuis.

# The Drift of Americans to Radicalism

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Perhaps the most intensely astonishing thing in these times is the drift of Americans to radicalism. It seems that the descendants of the old stock are coming out freely and firmly and taking their stand beside the Socialists, whom they know are fighting the battle for Truth and Reason and the better things that are possible and readily obtainable upon this earth. Descendants of generals and statesmen who lived and fought in the times of the Revolution are found in ever-increasing numbers in the ranks of the radical element. There is nothing really strange about this. On the other hand, it is but history repeating itself—for so long as there is slavery and oppression upon this earth so long will there be men eager to spring to the front to carry the banner of Liberty through the night of darkness.

Just how great faith the Socialists and the many Americans who are fast becoming Socialists place in the Constitution of the United States will never be known of course for lack of a medium of nation-wide expression. Nevertheless it is a profound truth that all Americans, especially those whose forefathers fought and died for this country in the name of Liberty, look upon the Constitution as a sacred document not to be tampered with by a smug plunderbund and court bloodsuckers such as represent the ruling classes. Such despicable infringements upon our legal rights set down by men who had sweated blood for this country in times of stress must not be taken lightly. Those great men of the past had been tried by fire and steel. They had realized in a full measure what freedom and liberty mean and had made up their minds that, come what may, they would safeguard the people of the future by such sacred written documents as would ensure universal freedom of thought and action, speech and press; and safeguarding the people, too, from the odium of imperialism and the manacles of mental and physical slavery. And, these same Americans have seen that same Constitution used as a foot-mat by those powers whose only hope for existence lies through keeping themselves the power above any power any Constitution may assure through its honesty and righteousness and its appeal to the hearts of the people—its appeal to the most sacred in man and not the most rotten and corrupt. And when I mention rotten and corrupt, I may point to such powers as the late deceased Father Phelan, the St. Louis Catholic leader who hurled defiance at the government of the United States, crying: "To hell with the government of the United States . . . the Pope is the ruler of the world. All the emperors, all the kings, all the princes, all the presidents of the world, are as these altar boys of mine. The Pope is the ruler of the world."

And again in the case of Governor Peabody, who, fairly purple with rage to think that his power was being assailed, broke out:

"To hell with the Constitution of the United States. I—I—I am the Constitution!"

And it will be remembered that this same Peabody was wine and dined and feted as one of the choicest

flowers of Americanism in the country—but of course only by those whose "Americanism" reached as far as the pocket-book. The other humble people descended from our great men who gave their lives for this country have never been wont to shout their 100 per cent Americanism from the house-tops. But where their presence is needed in the putting down of oppression and slavery you will find them foremost, apart from such presidents whose parents were European and therefore whose sympathies are more directly with the country of their father's birth than with America.

Daniel Webster was a vigorous defender of constitutional rights; and but for his opposition in 1814 to the conscription measure, then up, we would have had conscription and a war with Canada. In the present day we find a descendant of the Webster family fighting the battles of the common people. I refer to the famous Socialist editor, poet and writer, Max Eastman.

During the course of the War five Russian Jews of New York, four boys and one girl, were sentenced to twenty years in prison each for distributing pamphlets protesting against the invasion of Russia by American troops.

Writes Upton Sinclair:

"The point of view of these Russian children is: America has attacked their friends at home; American soldiers are shooting down their fathers, their sons, their brothers in Northern Russia and Siberia; American armies are destroying what these children consider the hope of the world's future, the first working class government in history. And this without an act of Congress, without a declaration of war, without the American people having had a chance to say whether or not it wishes the Russian revolution to be destroyed and a Russian counter-revolutionary ex-admiral of the Tsar set up as a despot over the Russian people, to make them pay interest on the Tsar's debt of four billion dollars to the bankers of France. Such is the situation, as it appears to the Russian Jew of Hester Street, New York. I won't say how it appears to me, a native-born American, great-grandson of an American naval officer, once commander of the 'Constitution.'"

The very thought of America turning down the Constitution of the United States seems outrageous to true Americans. The very citadel of our liberty, our claim to distinction amid all the nations of the world, has been assailed. We are profuse in wishes upon various countries of the world to determine their own political life; self-determination has been shouted from the house-tops. Our expectations have been great. We have devoutly hoped that the great men of the American nation who warned against involving themselves in any entangling alliance with European nations or kingdoms would have borne fruit, but apparently this is too much to hope for. We have seen men sent to prison for long terms merely for expressing their opinions on various subjects. These men are now languishing in jail, with sentences upon their heads ranging all the way up to thirty years simply because they had dared to function within their constitutional rights.

Speaking recently for amnesty for political prisoners,

## THE COMING DAY

I am the Principle that was in the Beginning, is Now, and Ever shall be;  
Men have fought me, men have tried to subdue me, and ever shall try to subdue me;  
But I shall win, for thus 'twas ordained in the Beginning; the Pharisees of all the Ages cannot subdue me;  
I am the Principle for which men have died: I am the Principle for which men have killed;  
I am the Principle that has shone throughout untold millenniums to be;  
Men opposed me when Christ walked the earth: even now men oppose me;  
But in the manifest destiny of things, in the lottery of eternal progress, I cannot but win, and this Man knows—  
But yet he delays my coming, he plots against me, he persecutes the instruments of my progress, when yet he knows—  
That I am Right, that I am Justice, that I am Freedom, AND THAT I WILL COME.

—Harold Russell Coy.

## AN APPEAL TO CLOAK MAKERS

Striking cloak makers of Los Angeles have issued the following appeal to members of their craft in other cities:

"About a month ago a manufacturer of this city locked out our union men working in his shop. He did this in violation of the agreement which exists between us. They were out two weeks, when he asked the union to arbitrate. At first they refused, because he is directly responsible for the trouble. Pressure was brought to bear, and we considered our previous decision and consented to arbitrate.

"The manufacturers lost the case, but even then they failed to comply with the decision of the umpire. Their attention was called to this breach of faith, but still they did not comply. A strike was therefore called in the entire trade.

"The manufacturers besought the U. S. Mediator to intervene, claiming they did not know what the strike was called for. The mediator got us together, and then and there they consented to grant the award the next day. The following day they complained that we also violated the agreement, and asked us to present our grievance in writing. This we did—they sneered at what we presented, and asked whether it was all. We informed them that it was not. The next day we presented the affidavits of ten members who were working under the scale. The association asked time to answer these charges. This was granted, but they failed to answer even one—no, still better, they did not even attempt to answer them, but talked of the new agreement. This was satisfactory to us. They, however, wanted us to return to work, before they would take up the matter. We submitted this to our members, and they unanimously rejected it. Their decision was, not to return to work until the new agreement was signed. Therefore, we wish to request all union men to stay away from Los Angeles—pay no attention to advertisements or agents who may try to influence you to come here.

(Signed) "STRIKE COMMITTEE."

Charles Mundell, Socialist organizer of California, descendant of Davy Crockett, hero of the Alamo, said:

"The Declaration of Independence is the beating heart of Americanism, and when the principles set forth therein are destroyed, there is nothing left but the corpse. It is the Sun around which all our American traditions and doctrines revolve. We are met here tonight to demand the liberation of certain persons and certain groups, imprisoned, under sentence, or under indictment, charged with the crime of being un-American and treasonable. We simply demand justice for those whose only crimes have been the expression of the sincere and conscientious convictions of their hearts, and those against whom evidence has manifestly been manufactured and framed for the purpose of discrediting and disrupting the forces making for social justice.

"Liberty is a word without which all other words are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Without liberty life is a mockery, a hollow sham, a pretense, and I would have every one who hears me tonight SWEAR, 'GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH.' Let us not relinquish our sacred and inalienable rights without a protest. These political and class-war prisoners, for whom we are demanding a general amnesty, are where they are because they were caught in the pursuit of noble ideals!"

No less passionate and vehement is the demand made by Vernon P. Greene, of the State of Nebraska, a direct descendant of Nathaniel Greene, famous general in the Revolutionary war. He writes:

"My family has fought on the side of America in every war since the Revolution. I have the proof and documents which show that Nathaniel Greene fought with Washington to establish freedom of speech and conscience. Richard P. Greene, my father, fought in the war of 1845. I was wounded at Gettysburg. My youngest son was with the Rough Riders in Cuba. And three of my grandsons are now in the Army of Occupation Over There. This shows where I stand. As a rock-ribbed American citizen, I protest with all my heart against a condition whereby an Italian monarch has greater consideration for the rights of man and freedom of conscience than the heads of our blood-bought Republic!"

And so it goes. From the sturdy voice of that intense Socialist, Fred Warren (the direct descendant of the Warren who died for his country at Bunker Hill) down to the humblest of the American sons there is a demand, a genuine, passionate demand for a new respect and adoration for the American Constitution.

## MILITIA MOBILIZED AGAINST "REDS"

The master class of New York State is scared stiff. Trained in the use of violence, it suspects the workers, too, to be plotting the violent overthrow of the government—this in the face of the fact that all the great labor disturbances of recent date—Lawrence, Seattle, Winnipeg—have witnessed remarkable restraint on the part of the workers.

To impress its organized power upon the workers, the master class recently mobilized the first and second infantry brigades of the state militia. It was reported that "this was a test of the rapidity with which precaution might be taken to avoid any disorder or uprising." The workers are wondering whether this is Berlin under the Kaiser, Petrograd under the Czar, or an American metropolis presided over by the Goddess of Liberty.

# Motion Picture Bolshevism

By MITKA XANROV

The money interests and reactionary forces throughout the world have overlooked nothing by which they might combat the spread of radical ideas since the success of the revolution in Russia. They have neglected no means by which they might discredit, misrepresent and villify the new Soviet Republic. By oratory, by press and by armed force they vainly try to stem the rising flood. It is not strange that they are now to utilize the moving pictures as a factor in their campaign to slander and stigmatize the greatest social system which mankind has so far been able to establish.

In a few weeks the country is to be flooded with what is known in the studios where they are made as "Bolshevik stuff." For weeks and months past most of the larger moving picture studios have been frantically occupied in grinding out pictures of this type to order. Since the money necessary to produce these pictures is furnished by New York millionaires, among whom are many of Wall Street's best known representatives, it is hardly necessary to say that the sentiment which they attempt to express is violently reactionary and opposed to the cause of Russia.

In treatment these pictures range all the way from out-and-out comedy, in which the sufferings of American soldiers and Russian peasants are alike made a theme for laughter and ridicule, to tragedies with darker threads and more ulterior motives. To one who knows how they were made and knows the true conditions which they so gloriously misrepresent, they are filled with a strange, dark humor fit only for cynics. Play Russian soldiers, in theatrical uniforms made over from play German uniforms constructed when war pictures were in vogue, charge down a street of false fronts representing a Russian city and fall upon a crowd of our townsmen who went out to play the part of Russian working men because they needed the three dollars and luncheon which they were to receive. And since working men the world over look much the same, and since they were not any too well fed, they earned their money without an undue amount of acting or "makeup."

The camouflage itself is all right. That is a part of the moving picture industry. We do not expect realities at a theatrical performance. We will not even speak of the errors and inconsistencies of costuming and setting, though there are quite enough of them. It is not these things alone which will condemn most of the productions from the standpoint of art as well as from that of truth, human feeling and historic accuracy.

These pictures fall short in the two great requirements: art and truth. They fail in their art because most of them preach. They preach in a bald, undisguised manner, which destroys every vestige of a great art in them. They might yet be worth while if what they preached were true. Their historical interest might save them. But they tell lies. What they preach is not the truth.

For example: one of the so-called "big scenes" in one

of the films soon to be released is based upon the old, shop-worn and long ago discredited falsehood of "nationalization of women," which the reactionaries are still endeavoring to foist upon the world. Another scene represents a milk line in which women of the Soviet Republic wait their turns to receive milk for their children and themselves. The officials in charge are represented as cruel, overbearing and wasteful. A play-bolshevik officer drinks from a mug of the precious fluid and throws the remainder upon the pavement under the hungry and longing eyes of waiting peasant women. Red and black flags drape the false fronts of the houses and every thing is done to give the thing an atmosphere of reality. Women cry and wring their hands as their beautiful daughters are carried off by bearded monsters in grease paint and crepe hair. Sometimes, however, a handful of American, Allied or White Guard soldiers of the old regime of the Tzar dash to the rescue and disperse whole rebel armies with a few swift kicks and well-placed blows. It is all so childish that one wonders how after all such distorted and impossible things can afford amusement.

Of course the men who give these productions financial backing do not forget to offer their pet remedies in order to combat the new radicalism. Mobs of working men who an hour before were firmly bent upon owning collectively what they use collectively suddenly abandon this as a wicked delusion and with prayers for pardon go meekly back to work to earn "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work." Or the cruel mill owners that the day before refused to raise wages suddenly agree to build a free hospital for their employees as the strikers file eagerly back to their wage slavery.

Notwithstanding technical skill and the talents of many great "stars," these pictures will fail to convince the thinking community. They should not forget that these men, women and children moving upon the screen are, after all, but actors, actresses, working men and women who have to play to make their bread and butter and who are not responsible for the theme or treatment of these pictures, and that these are not in reality Russian men and women, soldiers and sailors and peasants who actually accomplished and maintain the great Soviet Republic. Also one should remember that these plots and happenings are not historic but emanated from the brain of some hack writer on the scenario staff, frantically endeavoring to fulfill his endless task of "pleasing the public." About the only thing that these pictures will accomplish is to advertise the radical movement to the utmost. Thinking people will become curious and inquire into the subject—and, inquiring, will learn the truth.

Some of these moving pictures might be retained to demonstrate at some early future time their absolute lack of truth—a fictitious curiosity in the face of history. However, long ere that they will have passed into the oblivion of forgotten things along with the names of the men who produced them.

A slave I despise; a rebellious slave has my profound respect and admiration.—Wendell Phillips.

# The Social Prophecy of Ragnarok

By R. D. J.

There are preserved to us in the Icelandic Eddas a collection of mythological stories, which at a first perusal seem to deal almost exclusively with the Asa faith; and the adventures of the Gods, giants, dwarfs, and other creatures with which the Scandinavian imagination had peopled the universe. As such the Eddas are both good literature and fascinating reading.

When, however, we look more closely we see the soul within, as it were. We see there the spirit of truth within all great religions, however base their outer forms may be. Time and again have men sought to interpret the Northern myths as nature myths. They have attempted to place each character as a personification of a phase of nature. They say one represents thunder, one ice, one the summer warmth, etc. To a certain extent this will work, for Thor does show the attributes of the thunder storm, and the Jotuns or Frost Giants show those of the ice, etc. Still, you can not explain it all in that manner.

The Vala, or unknown prophet, left a great record of things to come woven through these tales for men to know when the time was ripe. It is a well known fact that if one sees and understands the relation of events he will act more intelligently and usefully in the face of them. It seems, therefore, as though the Allwise One had given us these, for the very purpose of giving us greater comprehension of events.

Some idea must we have, to start with, of the true meaning of the characters.

Great Odin is the warlike spirit of the north (a spirit, however, that fights shy of the unjust cause). Thor, the thunderer, represents the people of the north, the Anglo-Saxons, Scandinavians, even all the races of Gothic root. He typifies their truth and liberty loving spirit as manifested in the Reformation and the American Revolution. Baldur, the Bright One, is the true spirit of the highest on earth (who was slain by Hodur, the superstitious, ignorant one, at the behest of Loki, the evil one himself). So on with them all.

It is further related that Loki, (evil personified) with the giantess Angerboda (literally anguish boding) had three evil children. Fenris, the wolf, typifies war for greed and domination—Imperialistic war. Hel represents the disease and sickness which comes with evil practices. Lastly, the snake Jormagander, represents the great body of selfish ones, who are known to advanced thinkers as the "School of Black Magic," which is dominating certain sects, at the present time.

Following these characters through that part of the Eddas which tell of what is now the past, we find the world's history generalized and certain events treated in detail as Thor's fishing sets forth the reformation. The part that interests us, though, is that upon the present and immediate future, which is called Ragnarok.

As a prologue, so to speak, we behold six Fimbul-Winters of woe, untempered by a single summer, immediately preceding Ragnarok.

The Elder Edda says:

"Brothers slay brothers;  
Sisters' children  
Shed each others blood.  
Hard is the world;  
Sensual sin grows huge.  
There are sword-ages, ax-ages;  
Shields are cleft in twain;  
Storm-ages, murder-ages;  
Till the world falls dead,  
And men no longer spare  
Or pity one another."

Then begins the real drama. The curtain is raised and we behold the universe, with the plain of Vigrid a hundred rasts broad and a hundred rasts long before us. All is dark from the winter storm except for the lightning's flash.

Fenris-wolf, breaking from the bonds the Gods had put upon him, devours the sun. The other wolf, Maanegarm, takes the moon. The sea rushes upon the earth as the Midgard serpent, Jormagander, writhes up from beneath the sea. On the waters floats the ship Naglfar, which is constructed of the nails of dead men.

Fenris advances with open mouth, his jaws so vast that the upper reaches heaven, and the lower the earth. Jormagander, by his side, exhales great clouds of poison, which fill the air and waters. The heavens burst asunder, and from Muspelheim comes Surt and his flaming ones. His sword is brighter than the sun.

As they ride over Bifrost (the rainbow, which is a bridge between Asgard, where dwell the Gods, and Midgard, abode of men it bursts in pieces. Fenris, the Midgard-Serpent, Hel, (ho has come forth from Niflheim, land of corpses) Loki, his followers, and the frost giants hasten to Vigrid, Whither also hastens Surt, who however, keeps apart from them. Heimdal, watchman of the Gods, blows a mighty blast upon the Gjallar-horn. Without delay the Gods assemble, and sally forth to Vigrid, there to meet Loki and the evil ones in combat.

They clash, Thor engages Sormagander, and slays him, but falls himself, poisoned by the monster's foul breath. Great Odin is swallowed by the Fenris-wolf, but Odin's son Vidar avenges him. Frey encounters Surt, and after a terrible struggle falls. Maanegarm kills Tyr and himself falls. Loki and Heimdall fight and kill each other. Hel disappears forever. Surt then flings fire and flame over all, and the earth is consumed.

All this is not without meaning. The six Fimbul-winters date from the first Balkan war, and are scarce over. Vigrid is the visible world upon which we witness the struggle. We are told that Loki had been bound before Ragnarok. That seems at first a puzzle, for we often feel as though the world were full of evil. However, when we consider, for sometime men have kept the Devil submerged; have at least refused to countenance him openly. Thus is he bound. Now, evil seems breaking loose, the police report waves of crime. Atrocities are committed in the old world.

Fenris breaking loose is the letting loose of bloody war



for greed, and his jaws reaching from heaven to earth indicate the immensity of the menace. His devouring the sun means that useful knowledge has been forced into the service of war for the purposes of destruction. Maanegarm is hunger, and he destroys the moon of sustenance. Naglfar is the Karma of men's evil deeds "come home to roost." The sea is the religion under which the serpent was hidden, and it shall spread, even as the serpent emerges. Jormagander seeks, with world domination, propaganda, etc., to gain control of all.

Surt is the personification of that force called Revolution. His sword being brighter than the sun means that he works by intuition. He is spontaneous. The fact that he keeps apart means that the true revolutionist fights shy of the forces of evil. Mifrost is the imagination that connects us with the unseen. After Ragnarok we shall know.

Hel's being consigned to Niflheim before Ragnarok is explained by the fact that vice has been segregated, but seems now in certain places breaking forth almost unchecked. Heimdall is forethought, intellect, in a material way. He is that which makes us lay by against a rainy day—and yet hunger is his finish. His blowing the Gjallar horn is merely a warning of what is to come. Thor, typifying the race he does, cannot help fighting Jormagander. The mental attitude of the race all through history is sufficient evidence. They want all honest, open and above board, they worship liberty and truth. So the Jormagander serpent, who is the very anti-thesis of them—is their natural enemy. Thor himself dying is simple. It is a well known fact that the present race is to be succeeded by the sixth root race, which is evolving in Australia and America, out of the old. We all know too what a terrific toll these people paid in the war, with the exception of the true Scandinavians.

Odin is swallowed by the Fenris-wolf—for the one who fights for right is swallowed by those who fight for might. Vidar kills the wolf. By war is war discredited, and by the sons of war is war abolished. That is, the ones who fought in, and were earnestly affected by this war will be the ones who will prevent any such catastrophe in the future.

Frey's encounter with Surt symbolizes that blind satisfaction with things as they are which cannot see any possible good in change, and has to suffer the consequences. Maanegarm killing Tyr is means that hunger robs us of strength to resist.

Loki and Heimdall fight and kill each other. Forethought kills evil. Men's knowledge of the consequences keeps most of them straight. After Ragnarok we won't need the consequences to make men good. Likewise Hel has to disappear. She won't have a chance. Prostitution thrives no longer in free Russia.

Surt flings fire abroad. Nothing will be able to withstand him. The earth is scorched and many dead things destroyed, but we shall be truly purified by fire.

As an epilogue, follows Regeneration.

"But when the heavens and earth and the whole world have been consumed in flames, when the Gods and all the enherjes (heroes in Valhalla) and all mankind have perished, what then? Is not man immortal? Are not all men to live in some world or other forever?" Mr. Rasmus Anderson, author of "Norse Mythology," asks.

Vidar and Vale survive. Neither the flood nor Surt have harmed them. Man will continue to struggle—but with

nature and for good. He will still exert efforts, but constructive effort.

Mode and Magne, sons of Thor come back with their father's hammer. The Australians and Americans shall be the great preservers of the dignity of labor. "Hoenir is there also and he comprehends the future." Long ago he parted with the Gods, for long ago men thought it evil to be able to communicate with the unseen, but now they are changing their attitude. They no longer burn witches at Salem.

Baldur and Hodur sit and talk of what was, what is, and what shall be. The true knowledge will again dwell on earth and Hodur's presence means that man will still have a great deal to learn. Know that Knowledge and the need of knowledge are eternal. The sun brings forth before she dies a daughter more beautiful than herself. That is, material knowledge will not be so severe, nor so irreconcilable with the unseen.

Then of the greatest thing of all speaks the vala:

Then comes another  
Yet more mighty,  
But him dare I not  
Venture to name;  
Few look further forward  
Than to the time  
When Odin goes  
To meet the wolf.

Men turn to All father the Supreme and absolute Diety, the only foundation of lasting faith.

## Is Violence Ever Desirable?

By ALANSON SESSIONS

Is the use of physical force justifiable in the social revolution?

Are there instances in which the use of violence is not only desirable but imperative?

In short, is the wisest course for socialists the one of non-resistance?

The writer is a pacifist—not a bourgeois pacifist, but an international socialist pacifist. I do not believe that it is necessary to use physical force to overthrow the capitalist system. I believe that through education, through moral persuasion, through organization, the present vicious social order can be abolished much more easily and in a much more satisfactory manner than if the revolutionists resort to the use of guns and bombs. In point of fact, I am a non-resistant. I refuse to murder and commit violence in any kind of a war. I conscientiously objected to participating in the World Fratricide because, even if democracy were at stake—which I did not believe—I thought it could not be saved by organized plunder and murder. Nor do I believe that any social revolution worth a continental will occur if it is ushered into the world by violence. The good that will come of it will be the good resulting from the lofty principles of social justice embodied in it, despite the physical force concomitant.

The violence accompanying the great upheaval of the French Revolution was simply a froth of blood fringing a deeper and mightier revolution of THOUGHT. It was not the guillotine nor the pike which elevated the moral and social conditions of the French people; rather was it

the pens of Voltaire, Diderot and D'Alembert. And in so far as the infuriated masses of France sought to drown their troubles in the blood of their oppressors they hindered, rather than helped, the real revolution.

Jesse Wallace Hughan, in a recent letter to the writer, says:

"I am still convinced that in so far as the Soviets are flirting with violence, they are losing. As you say, it is hard for them not to meet the counter-revolutionists with their own weapons, but I still contend that force cannot overcome force.

"Since your last letter, the great war has ended, and Germany has become a Socialist republic. Yet to me the case is clearer than ever. Our arms have conquered, but in overcoming German militarism and tyranny we have fastened the chains of militarism and reaction upon ourselves and undermined our morale as years of defeat could not have done. Then in Germany itself, Liebknecht and the Sparticides are clearly the party of freedom and internationalism, but in standing for violence they are compelling a union between the bourgeois and the majority socialists and perhaps opening the way for allied interference again and the fall of Socialism in Germany.

In Russia, the counter-revolution has merely been checked, not crushed, by the executions, and it is those executions, alone, which have furnished the excuse for allied intervention. If we could say to the American people, 'The Russians have not executed a single enemy, but have consistently applied the Tolstoian principles,' I believe the government would be compelled by a storm of indignation to withdraw the troops. But it is because Albert Williams, with all his noble enthusiasm for the Bolsheviks, cannot deny that there has been some deliberate and plainly unnecessary bloodshed, that we cannot secure for them the justice their magnificent cause warrants."

There is some talk in the socialist movement of this country about the use of violence against capitalists. Fortunately, it is only sporadic, and it is not taken seriously by the rank and file. The last vestige of this tendency must be educated out of the masses. It is a tremendously difficult job, for since time immemorial man has always resorted to brute force to settle his disputes. Innumerable national wars have schooled the race in the ways of violence. The cruel process of evolution with its planless, bloody scramble for the means of existence has planted deep in the breasts of men the instinct to strike back with slight provocation. The World War, in particular, has inculcated in the minds of the masses the idea that liberty, fraternity, equality and democracy can be purchased with the sword. It will require generations of education to purge even a minority of the souls of men of this poisonous training.

But it must be done. Violence in the labor movement must be shunned as a source of infection and corruption. Those who have the social revolution truly at heart must be ever vigilant to help appease blind anger and substitute cool, scientific thinking. For the most part, the history of the socialist movement has been a history of peaceful propaganda—a history of educational persuasion—a history of bloodless organization. Let us not deviate from this path, ignominiously descending to the use of the cave-man methods of brute physical combat.

The important task before us is to fight within the working-class movement for non-resistance,—to use a badly misunderstood word—that is, to oppose violence in every way. The Revolution has come in Europe and is coming here. What kind of a revolution do we want?

We do NOT want a revolt that will entail years of civil war with years of successions of military dictatorships, the slaughtering of countless innocents, the brutalization of the proletariat. To resort to this kind of revolution would be only to justify the infamous teachings our capitalist masters have given us for four years.

On the other hand, we have only to educate and organize the masses, persuade a militant minority to take action, and then cripple the capitalist system with the folded arm. Impractical? Point out a single instance in history where violence brought a permanent national or international gain!

When the Socialist Party reaches the point where it countenances the use of violence, then it ceases to function as a genuine revolutionary organization.

## With the Books

### TEN WORTH-WHILE STORIES

Edward Lucas White had the fortune to have his first novel a success that has continued in steady demand. This was "El Supremo," a South American tale of twice the average novel length of the present day, and published when Mr. White was past fifty years of age. Mr. White is a teacher of the classics and it is not surprising that his second novel, "The Unwilling Vestal," dealt with Rome under the Caesars. The combination of classical information and ability as a writer make this life of the Vestal Virgins of special value.

"The Song of the Sirens" is the titular sketch in a recent volume of short stories—ten stories such as one sees all too little—which take us to Greece, Carthage and Rome, as well as Italy in the middle ages. It is more than a ripened scholarship that brings the information to Mr. White which is embodied in his tales. Most of them have been lived by him over and over in his dreams. As an occultist, I have my interpretation of this fact, but that matters little from the literary viewpoint. The point is that Mr. White has made to live in the best of modern language the best of ancient days. Those who like the element of gloomy pessimism that runs through so many Russian stories will especially like this element in Mr. White's tales. I do not like this feature, but like the stories in spite of it, just as I do not like a great deal of Russian literature because there is so much of that sort of "realism," which, after all, is real, but no more so than sunshine and hope.

"The Song of the Sirens" will add to a name already distinguished in the field of historical fiction. And in the midst of the "historical fiction" produced by the diplomats this is an accomplishment of no mean worth.

(E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.90 net.)

DAVID BOBSPA.

### LETTERS FROM A PRAIRIE GARDEN

With a title so all-enticing and a great splash of Chinese text on the cover, I couldn't help being attracted from everything, except the more or less exciting little diversion of making a living, until the letters had been read. Mrs. Underwood says in her foreword they are genuine, not fiction—written to an artist who heard her laugh over the telephone at a middle-western hotel, with whom she exchanged ideas on art and life, but re-

fused to meet. Whether this is also a part of the make believe is of little moment. She wrote those letters to me and to you (if we are worthy) They have the unfinished finish of genuine letters in their discussion of Latin poets, art and literature of all ages, paintings, dreams and life (if the last two be not synonyms). A part of the letters were sent from a Kansas garden, where the correspondent went to "pursue that phantom that man calls happiness." She learned in the city that "poetry is only a fillip of nothing stirred by a fallen god."

"Art does not imitate! It creates." So her creed; and measured by it her letters are art.

(Marshall Jones Co., Boston; \$1.50 net.)

DAVID BOBSPA.

**THE TORTURED NEGRO**

A poetic appeal for common decency toward a race which for half a century has been singled out for systematic fiendish persecution in America is voiced, under the above caption, by a member of another race which has been the object of somewhat similar cruelty throughout a good part of Europe for something like two thousand years. The author, Louis Michel, is, to quote his preface, "an American citizen, a Jew and a defender of humanity." The hundred-line poem possesses a quality of white-hot fervor and blazing sincerity which would offset far more serious technical flaws than those of which the author is guilty. It is published in neat pamphlet form by Mr. Michel at 1263 North Kingsley Drive, Los Angeles. R. R. B.

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# Jimmie Higgins

A Story : By Upton Sinclair

## Concerning "Jimmie"

David Starr Jordan writes:

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

Louise Bryant writes:

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

From the "New York Tribune":

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

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

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

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

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