

A New Edition of
The Jungle

By UPTON SINCLAIR

This novel, first published in 1906, caused an international sensation. It was the best selling book in the United States for a year; also in Great Britain and its colonies. It was translated into seventeen languages, and caused an investigation by President Roosevelt, and action by Congress. The book has been out of print for ten years, and is now reprinted by the author, at a lower price than when first published, although the cost of manufacture has since more than doubled.

It is generally stated that the packing houses have been cleaned up since "The Jungle" days; but this belief is packing-house propaganda. The author has told in "The Brass Check" how the New York "Herald" conducted an independent investigation, and found conditions worse than ever. This report was suppressed, and has never been published in any American newspaper. As for the conditions of the workers, neither the packers nor the government considered it necessary to make even a pretense that anything had been changed. The author of "The Jungle" wrote: "I aimed at the public's heart and by accident I hit it in the stomach." In this new edition of "The Jungle," he aims once more at the public's heart.

"Not since Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous has there been such an example of world-wide celebrity won in a day by a book as has come to Upton Sinclair."—*New York Evening World*.

"It is a book that does for modern industrial slavery what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for black slavery. But the work is done far better and more accurately in "The Jungle" than in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—*Arthur Brisbane, in the New York Evening Journal*.

After "The Jungle" had been rejected by five leading publishing houses, the author announced in the "Appeal to Reason" his intention to publish the book himself, and Jack London wrote the following:

CIRCULATE "THE JUNGLE"

DEAR COMRADES:

Here it is at last! The book we have been waiting for these many years! The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of wage slavery! Comrade Sinclair's book, "The Jungle"! And what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for black slaves, "The Jungle" has a large chance to do for the white slaves of today.

It is essentially a book of today. The beautiful theories of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" are all very good. They served a purpose, and served it well. "Looking Backward" was a great book. But I dare to say that "The Jungle," which has no beautiful theories, is even a greater book.

It is alive and warm. It is brutal with life. It is written of sweat and blood, and groans and tears. It depicts, not what man ought to be, but what man is compelled to be in this, our world, in the Twentieth Century. It depicts not what our country ought to be, or what it seems to be in the fancies of Fourth of July spell-binders, the home of liberty and equality, of opportunity; but it depicts what our country really is, the home of oppression and injustice, a nightmare of misery, an inferno of suffering, a human hell, a jungle of wild beasts.

And take notice and remember, comrades, this book is straight proletarian. And straight proletarian it must be throughout. It is written by an intellectual proletarian. It is written for the proletarian. It is to be published by a proletarian publishing house. It is to be read by the proletariat. And depend upon it, if it is not circulated by the proletariat it will not be circulated at all. In short, it must be a supreme proletarian effort.

Remember, this book must go out in the face of the enemy. It will be laughed at—some; jeered at—some;

abused—some; but most of all, worst of all, the most dangerous treatment it will receive is that of silence. For that is the way of capitalism. Comrades, do not forget the conspiracy of silence. Silence is the deadliest danger this book has to face. The book stands on its own merits. You have read it and you know. All that it requires is a hearing. This hearing you must get for it. You must not permit this silence. You must shout out this book from the housetops; at all times, and at all places. You must talk about it, howl about it, do everything but keep quiet about it. Open your mouths and let out your lungs, raise such a clamor that those in the high places will wonder what all the row is about, and perchance feel tottering under them the edifices of greed they have reared.

All you have to do is to give this book a start. Once it gets its start, it will run away from you. The printers will be worked to death getting out larger and larger editions. It will go out by the hundreds of thousands. It will be read by every workingman. It will open countless ears that have been deaf to Socialism. It will plough the soil for the seed of our propaganda. It will make thousands of converts to our cause. Comrades, it is up to you!

Yours for the Revolution—JACK LONDON.

“The Jungle” was made into a moving picture film in 1914, under the direction of Augustus Thomas, with Gail Kane and George Nash in the leading roles. The censorship barred it from Chicago, but in Los Angeles it filled the largest auditorium in the city for a month. Those who owned the picture made way with the profits, and the concern was thrown into bankruptcy. The negative was bought by Mrs. Sinclair and has now been placed at the disposal of the Labor Film Service.

So far as we know, this is the only out-and-out Socialist moving picture which has ever been produced in America. For terms for the showing of this film, address The Labor Film Service, 31 Union Square, New York.

I never expected to read a serial. I am reading "The Jungle," and I should be afraid to trust myself to tell how it affects me. It is a great work. I have a feeling that you yourself will be dazed some day by the excitement about it. It is impossible that such a power should not be felt. It is so simple, so true, so tragic and so human. It is so eloquent, and yet so exact. I must restrain myself or you may misunderstand.—*David Graham Phillips.*

It is one of the most powerful and terrible stories ever written. As a portrayal of industrial conditions I have never read anything in literature that equals it.—*Robert Hunter.*

It comes nearer than any book yet published among us to being the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the social tragedy of our great cities.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

In this fearful story the horrors of industrial slavery are as vividly drawn as if by lightning. It marks an epoch in revolutionary literature.—*Eugene V. Debs.*

That book of yours is unforgettable. I should think the Beef Trust would buy it up at any price—or you, if they could. If the American public wants to know how its meat is provided, and at what cost to them, they can find out here.—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

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