

# DEBS

## FREEDOM MONTHLY

Vol. I



OCTOBER, 1921

No. 3

*THIS ISSUE CONTAINS*

### TELEGRAM TO PRESIDENT HARDING

**\$1.50**  
**A**  
**YEAR**

HOW I BECAME A SOCIALIST--Eugene V. Debs  
NO POLITICAL PRISONERS? - Norman Hapgood  
PREPARE FOR WAR - Irwin St. John Tucker  
LEAVENWORTH - - - - Albert Barr

And Many Other Big Features

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**15**  
**CENTS**

**THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE WAS SENT TO  
PRESIDENT HARDING**

### TELEGRAM

WARREN G. HARDING,  
President of the United States,  
White House, Washington, D. C.

Chicago, October 18th, 1921

In your speech to the Unemployment Conference you made the statement "we are politically unafraid". If so, why do you not release Eugene V. Debs and all political prisoners? The American People Want to Know.

DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY,

(Full text of message on page 14)

Charles L. Drake, Managing Editor

**His Startling Answer will be Found on Page 14**

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# "Workers of the World Unite!"

Debs Freedom Monthly is frequently asked "Where do you stand on the radical quarrels? What faction do you represent?"

In the first issue of this magazine we tried to make it plain that Debs Monthly is not interested in factional strife except to abolish it and unite all workers in one gigantic, militant machine to overthrow the capitalist system and establish Socialism.

Therefore we do not for a moment approve any movement to encourage the divisions already existing or that would prevent a rapid reunion of the working class forces both on the industrial and political fields.

Among our supporters may be found Socialists, S. L. P.'s, I. W. W.'s, Communists, Non-Partisans, Farmer-Laborites, Liberals and plutocrats. (The plutocrats we expect to convert into useful workers.)

This is not the time to condemn the many faults of these factions. Nor is it the time to exalt the virtues of any particular branch of the radical forces.

NOW as never before is the time to get together. We are going the same road! We have the same goal in view! The same battle is for all! Let us then join hands to overcome the foes in our path.

The way leads to Industrial Justice. The High Road is open to Socialism. Workers lay aside your petty rivalries, and unite hearts with hands for Victory!

Let us get the many comrades out of prison that they may support us in the struggle. This is the hope of Debs Freedom Monthly.

To this end we are working day and night. For this purpose we ask your co-operation. May we have it without delay?



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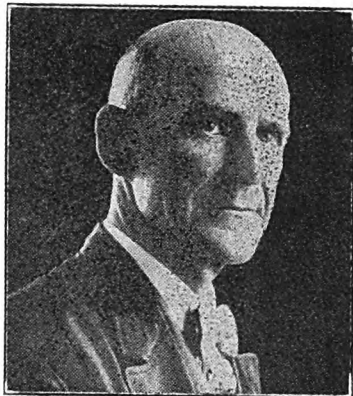
# DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY

A HERALD OF THE DAWN

Volume 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., OCTOBER, 1921.

No. 3



## HOW I BECAME A SOCIALIST

### A STORY OF THE GREAT A. R. U. STRIKE

By EUGENE V. DEBS

#### The Prisoner of Atlanta

On the evening of February 27, 1875, the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized at Terre Haute, Ind., by Joshua A. Leach, then grand master, and I was admitted as a charter member and at once chosen secretary. "Old Josh Leach," as he was affectionately called, a typical locomotive fireman of his day, was the founder of the brotherhood, and I was instantly attracted by his rugged honesty, simple manner and homely speech. How well I remember feeling his large, rough hand on my shoulder, the kindly eye of an elder brother searching my own as he gently said, "My boy, you're a little young, but I believe you're in earnest and will make your mark in the brotherhood." Of course, I assured him that I would do my best. What he really thought at the time flattered my boyish vanity not a little when I heard of it. He was attending a meeting at St. Louis some months later, and in the course of his remarks said: "I put a tow-headed boy in the brotherhood at Terre Haute not long ago, and some day he will be at the head of it."

Twenty-seven years, to a day, have played their pranks with "Old Josh" and the rest of us. When last we met, not long ago, and I pressed his good, right hand, I observed that he was crowned with the frost that never melts, and as I think of him now

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast and turns all the past to  
pain."

My first step was thus taken in organized labor and a new influence fired my ambition and changed the whole current of my career. I was filled with

enthusiasm and my blood fairly leaped in my veins. Day and night I worked for the brotherhood. To see its watchfires glow and observe the increase of its sturdy members were the sunshine and shower of my life. To attend the "meeting" was my supreme joy, and for ten years I was not once absent when the faithful assembled.

At the convention held in Buffalo in 1878 I was chosen associate editor of the magazine, and in 1880 I became grand secretary and treasurer. With all the fire of youth I entered upon the crusade which seemed to fairly glitter with possibilities. For eighteen hours at a stretch I was glued to my desk reeling off the answers to many correspondents. Day and night were one. Sleep was time wasted and often, when all oblivious of her presence in the still small hours my mother's hand turned off the light, I went to bed under protest. Oh, what days! And what quenchless zeal and consuming vanity! All the firemen everywhere—and they were all the world—were straining:

"To catch the beat  
On my tramping feet."

My grip was always packed; and I was darting in all directions. To tramp through a railroad yard in the rain, snow or sleet half the night, or till day-break, to be ordered out of the roundhouse for being an "agitator," or put off a train, sometimes passenger, more often freight, while attempting to dead-head over the division, were all in the program, and served to whet the appetite to conquer. One night in midwinter at Elmira, N. Y., a conductor on the Erie kindly dropped me off in a snowbank, and as

I clambered to the top I ran into the arms of a policeman, who heard my story and on the spot became my friend.

I rode on the engines over mountain and plain, slept in the cabooses and bunks, and was fed from their pails by the swarthy stokers who still nestle close to my heart, and will until it is cold and still.

Through all these years I was nourished at Fountain Proletaire. I drank deeply of its waters and every particle of my tissue became saturated with the spirit of the working class. I had fired an engine and been stung by the exposure and hardship of the rail. I was with the boys in their weary watches, at the broken engine's side and often helped to bear their bruised and bleeding bodies back to wife and child again. How could I but feel the burden of their wrongs? How the seed of agitation fail to take deep root in my heart?

And so I was spurred on in the work of organizing, not the firemen merely, but the brakemen, switchmen, telegraphers, shopmen, track-hands, all of them in fact, and as I had now become known as an organizer, the call came from all sides and there are but few trades I have not helped to organize and less still in whose strikes I have not at some time had a hand.

In 1894 the American Railway Union was organized and a braver body of men never fought the battle of the working class.

Up to this time I had heard but little of Socialism, knew practically nothing about the movement, and what little I did know was not calculated to impress me in its favor. I was bent on thorough and complete organization of the railroad men and ultimately the whole working class, and all my time and energy were given to that end. My supreme conviction was that if they were only organized in every branch of the service and all acted together in concert they could redress their wrongs and regulate the conditions of their employment. The stockholders of the corporation acted as one, why not the men? It was such a plain proposition—simply to follow the example set before their eyes by their masters—surely they could not fail to see it, act as one, and solve the problem.

It is useless to say that I had yet to learn the workings of the capitalist system, the resources of its masters and the weakness of its slaves. Indeed, no shadow of a "system" fell athwart my pathway; no thought of ending wage-misery marred my plans. I was too deeply absorbed in perfecting wage-servitude and making it a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

It all seems very strange to me now, taking a backward look, that my vision was so focalized on a single objective point that I utterly failed to see what now appears as clear as the noonday sun—so clear that I marvel that any workingman, however dull, uncomprehending, can resist it.

But perhaps it was better so. I was to be baptized in Socialism in the roar of conflict and I thank

the gods for reserving to this fitful occasion the fiat, "Let there be light!"—the light that streams in steady radiance upon the Broadway to the Socialist republic.

The skirmish lines of the A. R. U. were well advanced. A series of small battles were fought and won without the loss of a man. A number of concessions were made by the corporations rather than risk an encounter. Then came the fight on the Great Northern, short, sharp, and decisive. The victory was complete—the only railroad strike of magnitude ever won by an organization in America.

Next followed the final shock—the Pullman strike—and the American Railway Union again won, clear and complete. The combined corporations were paralyzed and helpless. At this juncture there were delivered, from wholly unexpected quarters, a swift succession of blows that blinded me for an instant and then opened wide my eyes—and in the gleam of every bayonet and the flash of every rifle *the class struggle was revealed*. This was my first practical lesson in Socialism, though wholly unaware that it was called by that name.

An army of detectives, thugs and murderers were equipped with badge and beer and bludgeon and turned loose; old hulks of cars were fired; the alarm bells tolled; the people were terrified; the most startling rumors were set afloat; the press volleyed and thundered, and over all the wires spread the news that Chicago's white throat was in the clutch of a red mob; injunctions flew thick and fast, arrests followed, and our office and headquarters, the heart of the strike, was sacked, torn out and nailed up by the "lawful" authorities of the federal government; and when in company with my loyal comrades I found myself in Cook county jail at Chicago with the whole press screaming conspiracy, treason and murder, and by some fateful coincidence I was given the cell occupied just previous to his execution by the assassin of Mayor Carter Harrison, Sr., overlooking the spot, a few feet distant, where the anarchists were hanged a few years before, I had another exceedingly practical and impressive lesson in Socialism.

Acting upon the advice of friends we sought to employ John Harlan, son of the Supreme Justice, to assist in our defense—a defense memorable to me chiefly because of the skill and fidelity of our lawyers, among whom were the brilliant Clarence Darrow and the venerable Judge Lyman Trumbull, author of the thirteenth amendment to the constitution, abolishing slavery in the United States.

Mr. Harlan wanted to think of the matter over night; and the next morning gravely informed us that he could not afford to be identified with the case, "for," said he, "you will be tried upon the same theory as were the anarchists, with probably the same result." That day, I remember, the jailer,

Continued on page 22.

## No Political Prisoners ?

By Norman Hapgood

Anybody who tries to keep up with the shifting reasons for keeping Eugene V. Debs and similar prisoners in jail will be in the same predicament as the snake who broke his back trying to follow the principles of Senator Lodge.

The story of the unhappy reptile was invented down here a year ago, and the political tacks to which it owes its birth were sweeping and colorful. But not even they compared in political elasticity to the variety of attitudes assumed on the subject of these political prisoners.

The latest ground is a return in full force to the Wilson position. It is found in Mr. Daugherty's pronouncement that there is no such animal, except in international law, as a political prisoner.

The statement as made is not true, for there are countries, France, for example, where crimes are divided into real crimes, political crimes and mixed crimes.

It is true, however, that the term political prisoner as used in this country is not a legal term. It is that lowly object, a term which everybody uses and which nobody understands.

Let me give an example: A certain man, whom we will call, for example, Morse, obtains money in ways forbidden by law; to wit: by fraud. His crime, according to the attorney general's speech at Cincinnati, is not particularly dangerous because it has no theory back of it. Morse simply needed the money.

The trouble with Debs, then, is not that his crime is worse than that of Morse or than the German spies in this country who have been pardoned or than the murderers and white slavers who have been pardoned, but that he had a theory. His theory was that it is permissible for him to believe all killing wrong and to state his belief.

Heaven forbid that I should defend such an ungodly theory. It is no doubt wicked beyond my powers of expression. But I am interested in the fact that, after forty-seven different announcements that the case was about to be acted on, and forty-seven different reasons for postponing action, the administration should at last float safely and calmly back into the harbor of refuge that served the preceding administration from November, 1918, when these imprisonments began to

be despotic, down to the 4th of March, 1921.

Of course these reasons are all what the plain citizen looking through his unabridged dictionary for the right expression would describe as bunk. The truth is that the long series of promises, postponements and new pretexts is brought about entirely by the shifting breezes of popular opinion, as they are reported, accurately or inaccurately, by the official weather bureau.

It is not a question of law at all, or law enforcement. The crime of having a mistaken opinion about certain Bible texts has been punished. It has been punished more severely than in any other country.

The actual nature of the question was recognized by the President before he came into office and immediately after. In those days we were told action would be taken as soon as in the press of new business the cases could be reached.

Then came the talk of picketing, and the administration induced the abandonment of that plan by another estimate of the short time that would elapse providing only the picketing plan were given up. There were various futile imaginary researches, all of which could not occupy ten hours of a good lawyer's time. The resolution declaring peace with Germany was camped on for a good long time as a date. After that delay was safely achieved, the most reliance was put on the peace treaty with Germany. That came, whereupon the date was shifted ahead to the ratification. No sooner has the new date been promulgated than we find this sudden return to the preceding administration's irrelevant talk about the law, which is not in question and hasn't been.

It is no more a question of law than it was when Lincoln set his will against similar movements. It is a question of political wisdom. We are approaching a Fall and Winter full of industrial hardships. To many of the men who may be hesitating between patience and revolt the spectacle of wavering cruelty in a line of cases which interests them will have a discouraging effect. That spectacle does not help to convince the disinherited that what we are pleased to call justice is indeed just.

—Chicago Examiner

## Current Comment.

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President Harding informed the Unemployment Conference that they might do anything they wished, except,

1. Ask for money out of the national treasury.
2. Discuss or advocate any fundamental changes in the United States Constitution.

With this pleasing prospect the conference was in much the position of the well-known daughter, whose mother informs her that she may go out to swim providing she does not go near the water.

The trouble with the Ku Klux Klan is that they started too much all at once. The Menace can fight the Catholics and get away with it; Ford can fight the Jews and get away with it; the capitalist press can fight radicals and get away with it; but the Ku Klux started in to fight them all at once. They are like the quarrelsome man in a saloon who loudly proclaimed that he could whip anybody in the room. There was no answer. Then he said: "I can lick anybody in this town." Again he was unchallenged. At length he said: "I can lick any man in the United States." Whereupon a tall stranger arose and proceeded to give him a thorough thrashing. Picking himself up from the dust, the challenger remarked: "The trouble with me is I took in too much territory."

United States Senator Knox, returning from a trip to Europe, said: "Our war with England has already begun." Only in the last stages does war involve the clash of armies. Economic rivalry for commercial advantages is the real struggle; and England is now straining every nerve to defeat us in that struggle. The net result of the world war was that the United States has displaced Germany as the rival of England's world empire; and England is losing no opportunity, by treachery and fraud or by smooth diplomacy, to outdistance our rivalry.

England is the ally of Japan; but England's dominions, Australia, Oceania and Canada, are allies of the United States as against Japan. The Disarmament Conference is primarily called to try and euchre Japan in the Oriental hemisphere.

This, to our mind, is the reason for the sudden reversal of the policy of our State Department in regard to Russia. Russia is the only neighbor that Japan really fears. Russia as our enemy would make Japan invulnerable. Russia as our ally would pen Japan in between two superior forces. It is not too much to look forward to an alliance between Russia, the Far Eastern Republic, and the United States for the purpose of curb-

ing Japan. This is the reason for Hoover's sudden spasm of friendship for the Russians.

Chicago's chief of police is taking a census of the unemployed for the purpose of curbing crime. Meanwhile the Municipal lodging house has been dismantled, and its furniture junked for the benefit of Mayor Thompson's particular political pets. Mayor Thompson refuses to appoint a committee on Unemployment because he is afraid it might be used to his political disadvantage. What's the difference if a few thousand starve, just so Thompson and his gang remain in power?

So we are not, after all, to have a war with Mexico. After eight years of political missionaries to the southern republic, sent by Presidents, Wall Street sends a delegation headed by Thomas W. Lamont of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, to conclude terms of peace with Obregon. The State Department is said to be "keeping itself informed" of the progress of this trip. Well it may; the State Department exists principally to protect foreign investments for American capital.

American capital is finding that production is much cheaper abroad, because one American dollar will pay the wages of several Polish or Austrian workmen for a long time. Therefore they are investing in foreign factories, closing down American factories, and letting the American workman starve awhile. Patriotism is for the worker only; when it comes to a question of profit, an investor's only flag is "one hundred per cent if possible."

On January 1, 1914, the agricultural property of the United States was valued in round figures at 41 billion dollars. On January 1, 1920, it was 78 billion, an increase of approximately ninety per cent. By January 1 of 1921 the increase was practically one hundred per cent.

This sounds fine. It is great for the men who own the farms. But tenant farming in the United States has increased with such rapid strides that now somewhere about two-fifths of the farmers own their farms, and the rest of them struggle on against mortgages and landlords. With the catastrophic fall in the price of farm products, and this staggering increase in capitalisation to pay dividends on, the farmers of the United States are in a plight that can be called only by the word "desperate."

What is the solution? Our plan is a new Constitution, one of whose first planks shall be "Use and occupancy is the sole title to land."

Senator Smoot announces that we shall soon be asked to subscribe to a new victory loan of seven billion dollars, in order to pay ourselves for the previous Victory loans which are now coming due. Do you get the beauty of that? The wage earners who were browbeaten and bullied into buying the last Victory loan and the previous Liberty loans have long ago surrendered their bonds to the bank at a loss of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Now the common people have got to dig down into their pockets again and dig up sufficient coin to pay back the bankers into whose hands the loans have fallen at par, plus interest. Meanwhile the unemployment crisis, depriving millions of their daily bread, is due more than any other one thing to the investment of all speculative capital in tax-free bonds, thus crushing industrial capital under the enormous burden of taxation which compels many enterprises to close down. Harding and prosperity! Whoop and Hurrah! Who did you say won the war?

A newspaper published in London under the name of Truth says of a book entitled "Sea Power in the Pacific": "This is a very able disquisition upon the approaching struggle, and especially upon the nature of the weapons being got ready by the combatants." Do you get that? "The approaching struggle"—meaning the coming war between England and Japan on one side and the United States on the other. Over in England they regard it as a certainty. Senator Knox says the war has already begun. Over in Washington everybody seems to think that the Disarmament Conference will be chiefly valuable as affording England and Japan an opportunity to try out whether they can bluff us into surrender without forcing a war too soon.

The American Legion is suffering from an overdose of its own medicine. A jaunt was organized to Europe, that the swivel chair heroes who organized the Legion might get a glimpse of the battlefields when it was perfectly safe to go near them. The party was organized in strict military style, with all the comforts and even luxuries for the officers, and the plain buck privates relegated to the steerage. On their return the said buck privates set up a fearful howl. It is difficult to see why: for all the glories of war are naturally the property of the officers, and as the Legion was organized to keep alive the memories of that glorious time, it seems to us as if the more hardships they pile on the buck privates, the better the said privates will be able to remember the war. But perhaps the Legion is now about to hand over its self-appointed task of disciplining the American people to its natural son and heir, the Ku Klux Klan.

The setting aside of a day of prayer by the churches to end war, is at least adding a touch of humor to the ridiculous (dis) Armament Conference in Washington. It takes us back to the unspeakable horrors of the London Plague. When the Black Death was at its height, sweeping the people off by multitudes, it is said the Bishop of London rose in Parliament and moved to set aside a day of prayer to save the stricken people. Another noble with more sense than usual, amended the motion to set aside a day to clean out the festering cesspools and sewers of the ill-fated city. This passed with enthusiasm, the work was immediately effected and the remainder of the people were saved. Such is true prayer. Let us set aside a day to retire the war lords into oblivion; then we can peacefully "beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks." Socialism will end war!

The railway magnates are surely making hay while the sun shines. It now comes to light that it is 75 cents per 100 pounds cheaper to ship eggs from San Francisco to New York via Shanghai, China, than directly over the Great Divide by rail. There is a bad egg in our administration somewhere. Also it is to be noted that 75,000,000 fewer passengers travelled on American railroads the first half of this year than during the same time last year. The workers are learning the futility of migrating to hunt work when capitalism covers the entire nation. It is high time for the workers on the farms and in the cities to join in "shanghai-ing" the present order with its long list of social crimes and criminals to the misty past. Vote and work for Socialism.

Mr. Harding is standing firmly behind the reduction in wages of workers in the Navy Yards. These workers, who now are only getting a pittance, are to be driven to a still lower standard of living. We have not yet heard of any reductions in the salaries of the 400 useless corporation hirelings in Congress! Nor will we. The workers voted for reductions when they voted for Harding. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is still the invincible law of compensation. You workers would not vote for Debs because you did not want a criminal in the White House, so you elected a respectable and servile tool of the Wall Street Pirates.

The smallest effort is not lost,  
Each wavelet on the ocean tost  
Aids in the ebb tide or the flow;  
Each raindrop makes some flowerlet blow,  
Each struggle lessens human woe.

—Mackay

## Put and Take

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Lord Meath, who owns extensive estates in Ireland, threatens to desert them as the upkeep is too great. Horrors! Nothing could startle us more. We trust the good Lord will not add insult to injury by joining the wageworkers and earning his daily bread.

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The Labor Commission sent to Panama to study conditions recommends that the open shop be established on the Zone. Why not? Union Labor turned over all its affairs to Wall Street when it elected Harding. When the workers appoint their own commission they will get justice, no sooner. If they get enough of Harding and Wall Street they may wake up, who knows?

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The United Mine Workers adopted a resolution in National Convention for the formation of a new labor party, electing men who are in "sympathy" with Labor. The "sympathy" of the masters is a sympathy of blood and iron. It is vividly expressed in the 6,000,000 vagrants tramping the streets for work, vagrants because of the "sympathy" of the parasites who own the nation. Away with such labor leaders and labor nonsense. Workers, elect yourselves to Congress and then you will not need to whine for "sympathy." Socialism is the way. Why wait to be driven there with bleeding feet?

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Britain has decreased her naval program quite noticeably. The militant, revolutionary labor movement of England is bringing this about. The two Georges must either reduce the war budget or vacate. The former appears to be the lesser of the two evils. There will be a new deal in the Little Island soon. Kings, make way for the workers!

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In Ponca City, Oklahoma, a judge has just sentenced a man to life imprisonment for stealing ten cents. Most of us have admitted that the present system breeds incorrigible criminals, but how so many of these criminals succeed in obtaining seats in our courts of injustice still remains a mystery. Certainly the workers who do the voting would not be so silly as to elect judges that would treat them thus when driven to starvation, certainly not, it is unthinkable. It is equally preposterous that these tyrants can secure office without the workers' votes.

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Socialists have swept everything in Sweden in the recent elections, carrying 106 seats. King Oscar the Last is now compelled to beg the reds to take charge of his government. The king business is getting mighty shaky. Your days are numbered, Oscar. Why not be a sport and apply for a job at the nearest government agency? If there is any manhood in your being, you will rejoice at the chance of serving your fellowmen. The world moves on!

---

President Harding will walk behind the casket of an unknown hero, in the grand ceremonies on Armistice Day. What mockery! The war veterans report 600,000 of their members out of work. Boys, they told us you saved the country! If you did, it should be yours. Did you save it from foreign huns, to be despoiled by domestic ones? It is now your move to save America from the Huns of Wall Street. Join the Socialist Movement. Socialism alone can employ you steadily and return to you the full product of your toil.

---

Wages of street railway men of Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and other large cities have been heavily reduced. The company at Schenectady has agreed to continue the present scale and no reduction will be made there. Perhaps the heavy socialist vote in the city has some influence on the masters.

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Secretary Davis of the Labor Department is raising a big fuss because the Russian Government refuses to receive deportees at his hands. He says that a number of Russians in prison in this country would be sent back to Russia if the Soviet Government would receive them, and also if the department had the funds available to send them home. Some reasoning! It reminds us of the two hungry tramps in the woods. One said to the other as he chafed his hands over the cheery fire and eagerly licked his chops, "Bill, if we had some ham we could have ham and eggs, if we only had the eggs."

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The Ku Klux Klan is being severely grilled by some who oppose it on principle, and others who have been left out in the cold. Representative Upshaw has introduced a resolution in Congress to investigate all the secret orders in the nation. Why not? Let us have the facts on these capitalistically inclined mysterious orders that keep the workers in ignorance by playing upon their superstition and credulity.



## America for the Workers

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When the pressure of unemployment became acute, President Harding, instead of asking Congress to solve the problem, summoned a conference of industrial leaders and labor representatives. To them he confided the solution of the biggest question that confronts the American people; the problem of averting needless starvation for millions of Americans.

Seven million more people voted for Harding than voted for Cox, his nearest rival. Approximately seven million people are now unemployed and facing want. Harding's supporters walked from the ballot box to the poorhouse.

All through the campaign we were told "Harding means prosperity." In smoking cars and street railways, in movie theaters and in passing conversations, one heard the constant refrain "Once get a good Republican administration, and our troubles are over."

We have had a Republican administration for six months, and things are worse than they have ever been in the nation's history.

Why did not the Republican Congress, elected with Harding, undertake the task of solving the industrial crisis? Why did not the President summon the political leaders of the nation to discuss this supreme question?

The answer is plain. Even the limited intelligence of a Republican President understands that *purely political representation* no longer means anything in particular. No amount of political resolutions can solve an industrial problem. Only an Industrial Congress, the representatives not of districts but of occupations, can talk intelligently of Industrial readjustment.

\* \* \*

President Wilson discovered the same thing, when in order to conduct the tremendous operations of the World War he formed a Council of Defense, chosen not according to states or congressional districts, but according to Industries and Occupations. Had he not done this, the gigantic industrial problems of the war would have resulted in a complete and hopeless chaos. As it was, the industrial problem—namely, how to produce the requisite amount of munitions and equipment—was solved quickly and scientifically. The political problem, namely how to make some use of the victory after it was gained, was left in the hands of politicians, and was muddled so completely and hopelessly that there is less sense in the problem now than there was when the war ended.

The financial problem of the war was confided to financial experts, and these solved it with a degree

of perfection that commands our admiration. That problem was, briefly, how to transfer the uncollectable debts which the Allies owed us, upon the shoulders of the American people. Our object in entering the war was to make secure the shaky loans which American bankers had already advanced to Europe, and if possible to enable those same bankers to make further profits. This was done. The Liberty Loans were the method hit upon by the financial experts who handled the job. The Liberty Loans were the means whereby the bankers transferred the debts of Europe to the shoulders of the American people. Financial experts were called upon to handle a financial job, and they served their masters well.

Now that our political Congress has got back its former position, it has muddled the financial situation again. It understands neither the psychology nor the science of money raising. It does not know how to make people like being robbed. It does not comprehend how to strip us of our last penny and make us howl with happiness the while.

\* \* \*

The moral of this is that in any crisis whatever, our present system of Government is set aside, and a new system of Government devised to fit the occasion. This new system of Industrial Representation is invented over night. It is handed down to us from above. It works not in the interest of the people but against their interest, for the simple reason that the men who operate it use it that way. An axe can be made to slaughter a man or to fell a tree, according to whether the man who uses it desires to serve or to slay.

Debs Monthly believes that these lessons are being felt by the American people. We desire to force home the answer.

It has always been the Socialist position that our national problems of distribution can be solved only by industrial representation. "Democracy in Industry" means simply that the farm should not be the sole basis of government, but since more than half of our people are grouped for production in industries rather than on the land, we should reshape our government so that at least half of the basis of representation should be industrial.

\* \* \*

We are in favor of changing the Constitution of the United States, so that one house in Congress and one house in every state legislature shall be composed of representatives elected from the industries. Thus each Senate would be composed of representatives from the Railroad Industry, the Oil Industry, the Mining Industry, the Textile Industry, the Lumbering Industry, and all other indus-

Continued on Page 21

# PREPARE FOR WAR

By IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

Get ready for war!

On Nov. 11, the third anniversary of the ending of the last Great War, statesmen from all lands will meet at Washington to lay the foundations of the next Great War.

One woe is past, but behold another woe cometh quickly!

In every land the roll of the war drums begins again its ominous thunder; battle-flags stained with new blood and rent with many a fresh bullet hole begin again to shake and flutter, as hot blasts from the scarce closed mouth of hell begin to pour forth anew.

Feverish activity wakes in every shipyard, where steel superdreadnaughts are rapidly launched, and new ones hastily laid down;

Feverish activity stirs in all chemical works, where new poison gases are being brewed;

Tons of propaganda commence to roll forth again, warning us against insidious pacifism; ponderous editorials prepare us for new exploits on the field of battle; valorous speeches by retired generals urge all young men to be ready to die for their country—

All these things accompany the preparations for the World Disarmament Conference in Washington, which is to usher in a universal peace!

Today President Harding, who called the disarmament conference, announces that it is idle to talk of disarming the world.

The day before he died United States Senator Knox explained that the war with England has already commenced, for commercial competition is the preliminary to war;

Last week Japanese statesmen declared that there can be no let-up in the building of new warships;

And all the time, through and over and under the bustle of preparation, sounds the undertone, "Get ready for the War!"

Here and there well-meaning persons bleat, "Let us all disarm, and then we cannot fight." O foolish ones and blind, as long as the causes for war remain we shall fight, even though it is with clubs and bared teeth.

One principal object of the Disarmament Conference is to reduce the expenditures on navies so that there will be more money to spend on aeroplanes and poison gas.

As long as those in power find it more profitable to send their people to slaughter, rather than to settle their quarrels by peaceful means, so long will the slaughter continue.

So while our nerves are yet quivering with the multiplied horrors of the war just closed; while the

sod is still new over the long trenches in which the mangled dead lie; while the smoke of the final salutes still hovers over the grave of the "unknown hero"—already we are told, "Be ready; we are going through it all again."

"But what is it all about?" ask the poor bewildered ones who thought that "autocracy" was the cause of war. They believed, because they were told by high authority, that the Kaiser malevolently sought to force his wicked will upon Europe by his armed legions. They believed what they heard from the hoarse voiced bellowing of the four-minute speakers, who proclaimed that if the Kaiser were only defeated, there would never be another war.

"What is there left to fight about?" they cry. "The war was fought to end all wars!"

Yes, but the war to end all wars was followed by a peace to end all peace. And as soon as the Kaiser was out of the way, France began fighting England over Syria, using Turks and Greeks as masks;

Spain began fighting in Morocco, and thousands of American soldiers have enlisted in the armies of the King of Spain because their own country, which they had "saved" couldn't find jobs for them.

Poland began fighting Germany over Silesia, and started in to fight Russia; but the Red Army soon called that bluff.

And now these little rehearsal wars fade into trivial insignificance over the looming threat of the Great War, of which the Disarmament Conference is to be the opening campaign.

"What are they going to fight about?" you ask. All wars have the same motive. Each nation's government is the executive committee of its ruling class; and the ruling class in every nation is formed by its big business men.

Each nation is dominated by some group of foreign investors who want exclusive rights to certain coal mines, or iron mines, or water power, or cable stations, or coaling stations: all these things are coveted because their possession is the guarantee of wealth.

Each nation's flag is used as a mask to glorify its groups of enterprising speculators, while concealing them from view in its folds.

Flags vary from nation to nation. Some are red, white and blue; some are red, white and black; some are red and white; some green and yellow.

Most of them are red white and blue, either with stripes running east and west or with bars running up and down.

So the soldiers who salute a square of cloth stained red, white and blue, running up and down, are taught that they must be ready to kill all men who salute a square of cloth stained red, white and black, running east and west.

The reason for the killing is that one firm of speculative investors seeks to get exclusive rights over a certain deposit of coal or iron laid down in the earth by geological processes twenty million years before there were any human beings thereon.

This is the dementia known outside the mad-house as "war patriotism," and inside the mad-house as "homicidal mania."

The war with Germany settled only one problem; namely, which power is supreme on the Atlantic Ocean and in the Mediterranean. Germany laid claim to sea power, and England defeated her claims.

Since she was defeated Germany has disbanded her army and destroyed her navy, and now is conquering the markets of the world beneath the feet of her competitors; while England, staggering under the increasing load of debt, finds victory more expensive than defeat.

For now that the supremacy of the Atlantic is settled, the problem of the Pacific arises; and on that problem the nations now train their guns.

Around the Pacific Ocean cluster those huge old nations which have slumbered since the dawn of time, awake now with a rising bitterness to challenge the rule of the white men.

China's sleeping millions huddle there, and India's surging restless tribes, now stirring with a fierce new passion of revolt. And there also shines Japan, fiercely jealous of her rising might.

And here lies the impelling impulse that is forcing a new world war. Just as Germany, thriving mightily within her narrow borders, felt the pressure of her population impelling her to adventures far afield, so that she sought empires in far-off lands to house her surplus peoples; even so Japan, penned within her thousand islands, with her children multiplying beyond the power of her rocky lands to feed them, seeks land abroad.

And this is the further tragedy; that Japan, recognized as one of the world's Five Great Powers, has no coal and not sufficient iron within her borders.

But an industrial nation must have coal and iron. And just across the Yellow Sea, in Korea, in Eastern Siberia, in North China, there are limitless deposits of coal and iron and oil.

Therefore Japan seeks to control those countries, that she may draw freely upon their coal and iron and oil. And therefore the hand of America is raised to stay her progress, because if Japan controls the coal and iron and oil of Eastern Asia, Japanese steel will banish American steel from the Orient.

While the rest of the world was busy with Germany, Japan bound China with many chains of

steel and gold. And now America, through the Disarmament Conference, seeks to pry Japan's grip loose from China.

But England is Japan's ally. And England's grip in India is shaken by the wildly rising tide of rebellion. Therefore England again makes common cause with Japan for mutual aid in the Orient. And at the council table of President Harding they will perfect their combination against us.

And all of this panoply of war will clothe the form of the United States Steel Corporation, out to protect its Oriental markets from the competition of Japan.

This is the corporation that reduced Pennsylvania and West Virginia steel towns to a living hell;

The corporation that butchered women and old men; that turned its cossacks loose upon children going to Sunday School, to trample and crush them on the steps of their churches;

The corporation that purchases Judges and Senators, and condemns men and women to life long imprisonment for reading the Constitution of the United States or the Sermon on the Mount in public;

This is the heroic figure that we must defend under the name of upholding white supremacy.

The Steel Corporation has done more to degrade and defile the American flag than any other influence since that flag was first flung to the breeze.

Wherever its influence is supreme, liberty is stifled, freedom of thought is banished, the spy is king, the inquisition is re-established.

Yet for the sake of this corporation, to preserve its ascendancy in the Orient, we shall be called upon to suffer anew the pangs of war.

And all the panoply of war, crushing taxation, long trenches filled with dead, poison gas and bombing aeroplane—are features in that competitive system that results from the efforts of one group of speculators to amass wealth for themselves at the expense of those who toil for them.

Japan's official religion is Buddhism. The prevailing theory is that America is a Christian nation. Therefore in the conflict for steel we shall be told that we are defending Christ against Buddah.

And all this in the name of the United States Steel corporation.

Watch and listen, as the months roll by; for the stage is set and the actors ready, the lines are written and the plot rehearsed, for the next World War!

Put me on the books for Forty Copies of the October Issue. Debs Monthly is a fine magazine and sells quite readily.

W. J. McMillen, Huntingburg, Ind.

## Famous Words of Undesirable Citizens.

---

Vile slaves laugh in mockery at this word of Liberty.—Rousseau.

The great are only great because we are on our knees; let us then rise up.—Brissot.

He that is one man's slave, is free from none.—Chapman.

Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not themselves.—Lincoln.

The love of liberty with life is given.—Dryden.

Man creates the evil he endures.—Southey.

Know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.—Byron.

For what avail the plough or sail,  
Or land, or life, if freedom fail.  
—Emerson.

For one tyrant, there are a thousand ready slaves.—Hazlitt.

We are ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times.—Tennyson.

The progress of Truth is slow but its ultimate triumph is secure.—Peacock.

The public is just a great baby.—Ruskin.

They that fight for freedom, undertake the noblest cause mankind can have at stake.—Cowper.

Whatever day makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.—Homer.

More liberty begets desire for more,  
The hunger still increases with the store.  
—Dryden.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illumed by one patriot name  
Then the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins to fame.  
—Moore.

For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Tho baffled oft, is ever won.  
—Byron.

## Workers' University

Napoleon the Great—An Oration by Robert G. Ingersoll

---

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags, I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and

Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who had ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knee and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

Note: Debs Monthly will occasionally publish the most celebrated parts of the great orations that may be of interest to the workers.

## Deb-its and Credits

By Eugene V. Debs

The chief end of governments has been and is to keep the victims of oppression and injustice in subjection.

To enslave his fellow in some form and to live out of his labor has been the mainspring of human action.

To escape submission, not in freedom, but in mastery over others, has been the controlling desire, and this has filled the world with slavery and crime.

The "pure and simple" trade union of the past does not answer the requirements of today. They who insist that it does are blind to the changes going on about them, and out of harmony with the progressive forces of the age.

The capitalist system has had its day, and, like other systems that have gone before, it must pass away when it has fulfilled its mission and made room for another system more in harmony with the forces of progress and with the onward march of civilization.

No honest workingman understands Socialism without embracing it.

The base and cowardly will sneer and sneak to the rear, but the brave and true, though hell itself gape, will do battle with all the blood in their veins, and write their names in living letters on the shining scroll of Labor's Emancipation.

The agitator is the product of unrest—his is the voice of the social deep; and, though he may be reviled as a demagogue who preys upon the ignorance of his fellows, the unrest continues and the agitation increases until the cause of it is removed and justice is done.

Steadily the number of class conscious toilers is increasing, and higher and higher rises the tide that is to sweep away the barriers to progress and civilization.

The workingclass alone made the tools; the workingclass alone can use them, and the workingclass must, therefore, own them.

We are not in favor of violence, but seeking to avoid it.

Looking backward over the last thirty years, the progress of the labor movement can be clearly traced, and its contemplation is full of inexpressible satisfaction. Looking forward, the skies are bright and all the tongues of the future proclaim the glad tidings of the coming Emancipation.

Courage, comrades! The struggle must be won, for Peace will only come when she comes hand in hand with Freedom.

The right is with the labor movement and the gods of battle are with the workingclass.

The most heroic word in all languages is Revolution.

It is popular to say that society must be protected against criminals. I prefer to believe that criminals should be protected against society, at least while we live under a system that makes the commission of crime necessary to secure employment.

In ancient times only slaves labored. As a matter of fact only slaves labor today.

Love and Labor will give us the Socialist Republic—the Industrial Democracy—the equal rights of all men and women, and the emancipation of all from the vicious and debasing thraldoms of past centuries.

The most barbarous fact in all Christendom is the labor market. The mere term sufficiently expresses the animalism of commercial civilization.

The political solidarity of the workingclass means the death of despotism, the birth of freedom, the sunrise of civilization.

Civilization has done little for labor except to modify the forms of its exploitation.

Through all the centuries the enslaved toilers have moved slowly but surely toward their final freedom.

The people are as capable of achieving their industrial freedom as they were to secure their political liberty, and both are necessary to a free nation.

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*Editor*  
IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER*Managing Editor*  
CHARLES L. DRAKE

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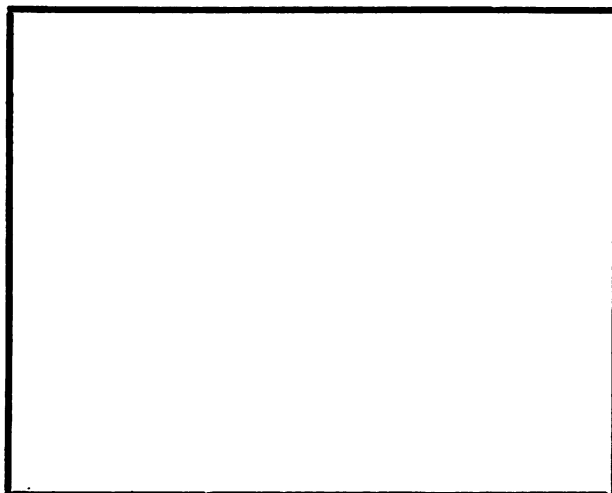
"ENTRY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER APPLIED FOR AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879."

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**Harding's Reply**

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The reply President Harding made to the telegram sent by Debs Monthly is such a great masterpiece that we give it first place in our editorial columns.



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**Editorials**

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**THE PRESIDENT SILENT.**

The following telegram was sent to President Harding on October, 18th. Up to the time of going to press no answer has been received.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 18, 1921

Honorable Warren G. Harding,  
President of the United States,  
White House, Washington, D. C.

In your speech to the Unemployment Conference you made the statement "we are politically unafraid," according to the press. We believe you are honest in saying this so why do you not release Eugene V. Debs and all political prisoners. Your action in keeping your political opponent in prison does not agree with your words. If you are politically unafraid what is it you fear, Mr. President? The American people want to know. Debs

Freedom Monthly will publish this telegram in its next issue, October Twentieth. We will be glad to publish your answer with it. May we have it?

Debs Freedom Monthly,  
Charles L. Drake, Managing Editor.

No comment is necessary; the ominous silence is louder than a thousand guns of war or the mighty roar of Niagara. With the greatest railway strike of history impending and no outstanding figure of proven ability to lead, the Master Class cannot take the chance at this moment of setting free the one man who has always had the utmost confidence and love of the toilers. They will not soon forget the strenuous days of '94, when their power was all but forever destroyed by Debs and the railroad workers. This Debs is now taken from us! The same ability to lead to victory is still his. The same desire to sacrifice for the workers; the same eager longing to be in the thick of the struggle and suffer with his comrades. The workers alone can say whether he shall be free. Write your Congressman, today! Write to your Senator! Write to the President, himself, and demand the release of Debs and all prisoners immediately!

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**HERE'S HOPING.**

As we go to press the opening roar of the railroad strike echoes over the land. The President and the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Railroad Commission and the heads of the Big Five and of the eleven other railroad brotherhoods are involved in vigorous controversy over the question of reducing wages before reducing rates.

It is too early to foretell the progress of events. But since the railroad workers voted so overwhelmingly to elect Harding President last fall, while the Socialist candidate was the pioneer railroad organizer of the United States, and since it was railroad men who carried Debs to prison and Harding to the White House, we cherish a strong hope that the Federal prison population will be replenished with a large number of those aristocrats of transportation who are involved in the present strike.

Not that we wish any evil to Lee, Stone and the rest of the "leaders." But in this issue of Debs Monthly, Our Gene tells how his own term in Woodstock prison opened his eyes and made him see the truth of the situation he was up against. Nothing but the hard experience of the fact that political power means police power; that political action means the club of the policeman, the saber of the Black Cossack, the machine gun and poison gas of the United States Army—nothing less than such experience can compel the collective mind of the American wage worker to understand that political power is absolutely necessary to attain and defend any economic gain.

Debs Monthly feels very strongly that we have lost sight of the plain meaning of words, in our

heated arguments pro and con upon this matter of politics and economics. Power is power by whatever name we tag it. Political power and economic power both mean ability to get a desired thing done. Economic action must be backed by political power; political action must be backed by economic power. Power is a unit; and to hand political power over to Wall Street while retaining economic power in working class hands is a futility which only experience can cure.

### DISEMPLOYMENT.

Under the present system of private ownership and direction of industry, the worker is reduced to a condition of slavery.

The raw material and tools with which products are fashioned into articles of use are in possession of a favored few. The worker acquires the right to use these means of production only by consent of the owner. If the owner can profit from the employment of the worker, the worker is employed, otherwise he is discharged and compelled to drift from place to place in search of employment.

The right to work has no standing in the present social arrangement, nor will it ever have so long as private property in the socially necessary means of production prevails.

Just now millions of willing workers are out of employment. Idle factories are found everywhere. The mills, mines and factories are being held out of use by their owners because these owners cannot make a profit by permitting the workers to operate them.

Under the present order the army of idle men is always on the march. During periods of active production the number of idle workers decreases, while in periods of depression the number increases by leaps and bounds.

The worker has no legal right to work. No law of any kind exists under which he can demand the right to work and with it the right to live in decency and comfort. The owner of industry controls all sources of employment and the worker is at his mercy.

The majority of workers do not as much as own their own homes. The shelter over them belongs to the landlord and they occupy them only so long as they can meet the rent.

The average worker has little chance to lay by anything for a rainy day and still less chance to provide for his old age. He is fortunate, indeed, if he can provide a savings account for six months, while thousands and millions of the poorer paid workers are seldom ever over thirty days from actual want.

It is just these major evils that Socialism will wipe out once and for all.

The ownership and direction of industry by the people and for the people carries with it the right to work.

Not only that but also the right to receive for one's work the equivalent of service rendered.

Socialism implies the elimination of classes. There will be but one class and that will be the useful workers. Ownership will cease to draw any reward. Service alone will be rewarded.

The worker will be secure in his employment. It will be to the advantage of society to have every able bodied worker at work. Every idle worker will represent a loss to the commonwealth.

Every worker will be able to own his own home. He will be provided for in case of sickness or disability and retired on a community pension to spend his old age in peace, quiet and security.

But Socialism implies more than these material gains. It means more, far more, than peace, bread and security. It means the elimination of the tiger, the savage and the brute in man. It means the brotherhood of man so long dreamed of by the poets. It means the end of slavery, the end of the domination of man by man.

The owning classes will not give the people either peace or freedom. No ruling class can enact freedom for a subject class. The workers must unite the world over for the abolition of wage slavery.

We stand where the roads fork. It is backward to barbarism, war and destruction, or forward to Socialism, Peace and Brotherhood.

### LINES TO EUGENE VICTOR DEBS

No finer outfit e'er tramped this earth  
Than that Gene Debs, from center to girth;  
He can't be bought, and never was sold,  
As honor to him is better than gold;  
With courage big and heart on fire,  
He'll bring man's heaven a wee bit nigher.

Our Debs is a man worthy to stand  
With the scepter of justice in his right hand;  
As father and friend to the toiling masses,  
Ready to right the wrongs of all classes,  
And win back to life hopes nearly dead,  
Of plenty and comfort, with shelter and bread.

I've always voted for Eugene V. Debs  
Who's free from all strings and capitalistic webs;  
He's a grand true man, with heart in its place,  
Carrying no evil around in his face;  
Born for a leader—not ruler—was Debs,  
A sea-worthy craft in high tides or ebbs.

—C. M. Brinsmaid Barney.

Debs Monthly is the best I have come across in literature since Mark, Luke, St. John and Co., of Jerusalem published the New Testament.

C. S. Johanson, Coronado, Calif.

# LEAVENWORTH

By Albert Barr

---

The writer started for Leavenworth from Kansas City, Kansas, wondering whether the well-known Federal prison would be as he had been told it would be, or some otherwise. However, as, sick and trembling, he neared the end of a mile-long walk from the car line with his twenty-five fellow prisoners, and the prison buildings came into view, frigid against a frigid winter sky, his wonderment gave way to relief at the thought that no matter what else Leavenworth would be, it would be a change from the twenty-five stinking, freezing, vermin-infested months of life in Kansas jails—the worst jails in these gloriously free United States.

A short walk from the road—a guard—a gate. A few hurried words—a clash of steel doors and keys—and he was in—in—hell.

He was taken to temporary quarters until he had been bathed, de-loused, shaved and clothed. The clothing consists of flesh-rasping, shapeless underwear, rough shoes and socks, coarse, striped shirts, brass-buttoned, gray cotton coat and trousers for winter, and blue overall suits for summer wear. But in all the writer's eighteen months in Leavenworth he could not escape the feeling that his clothes consisted mainly of numbers; for there are large black numbers stenciled on shirts, caps, coats, trousers, underwear, and in the bottom of all new shoes.

The writer, with most of his fellow prisoners, was assigned to work on the rock gang—known in the prison as Number Three gang—where the main body of the I. W. W. prisoners worked while he was in Leavenworth, and where they still work. Rock breaking in Leavenworth is not the hardest work in the world, considered from the muscular point of view; for the hours are not long and no "task" is set. But he breaks rock today, knowing—how too well—that he will break rock tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, the week after tomorrow, the month after tomorrow, the year after tomorrow. And this ineffable monotony is the essence of Leavenworth.

Almost the only break in the monotony of his days came when he was reported to the Deputy Warden, J. Fletcher, for some real or fancied infraction of the prison rules. And since no one—not the Deputy Warden himself—knows just

what the rules are, he was reported not infrequently.

Reported, he was called to the Deputy Warden's office, where he sat, a stone spider in the stone web of the prison, meting out impartial justice—impartial, because no one ever escapes him. The writer argued with him, cursed him to his teeth—and then received sentence; which is anything from denial of yard and mailing privileges for a few weeks to permanent isolation. Five of the spider's victims, I. W. W. men, have been in "permanent" for two and one-half years, and will remain there until death or an unjust government releases them. They have all been beckoned by death's dark hands since they went to "permanent"; and when the first one answers, no one in Leavenworth will be surprised.

But, ignorant and cruel though he is, the Deputy Warden has learned to respect the political—particularly the I. W. W.'s.—for they are men, whereas the majority of the other prisoners are—just prisoners; society's misfits, possessing neither courage nor brains.

The chief cause of dissatisfaction in the prison is, understandably, not the work, but the food. Excepting that given the patients in the hospital, all the food is steam cooked, which means that it comes to the table soggy, tasteless and offensive in sight and smell. Much really good food is bought, more is raised on the large prison farm; but after the writer saw the large working force in kitchen and mess hall—"mess" is so expressive of the Leavenworth cuisine—he could find no excuse for the dirtiness and poor preparation of the food. The fact of the filthiness of the food is made plain by the following passage of words overheard at the table:

White Prisoner: "I can't eat today—I have no appetite."

Colored Prisoner: "Appetite man, you don't need no appetite to eat here—you needs nerve."

You can read in your glaring cell in Leavenworth; you can study, after a fashion; you can see baseball games and motion picture shows; you can write a few letters a week; yet nightly nearly two thousand men lie down in their cheerless bunks with the feeling that Ralph Chaplin translated so admirably in one line of a recent prison sonnet:

"God, shall we curse or weep."



## Songs of Freedom.

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### THE SONG OF SHADOW LAND

---

We who live in the Shadow Land,  
 We whose lives are gray;  
 Can see life's shams and understand,  
 Life's sorrows, masked by play.

We who have lost life's keenest zest,  
 And are doomed to a living grave,  
 We victims of the law's grim jest,  
 Ever and always we gave.

We have been tried in the burning fire,  
 We have tasted the dregs of shame;  
 We bear 'cause we strove for a heart's desire,  
 A number instead of a name.

And yet, we cherish the hope, some day  
 That the world may understand.  
 For we strove for Right and Truth, always—  
 Tho we live in the Shadow Land.

Grover Perry.

(This poem was written in Leavenworth prison by one of the I. W. W. prisoners confined there.)

### HERE COMES A MAN

---

Here comes a man with one free call;  
 He shouts aloud nor does he fear  
 The foolish threat of deafened ear;  
 Nor does he heed who would enthrall.

Here comes a man with love for men  
 As pure and broad as boundless space;  
 He gathers light from every race,  
 And sheds it on the world again.

His joy is not alone for self;  
 His life makes glad some whom he meets  
 By turning bitter galls to sweets  
 And shaming every show of pelf.

Here comes a man whose like is rare;  
 A kindred heart for hearts that bleed;  
 A refuge in dark hours of need;  
 A burdened world his greatest care;

His call the call to Love and Faith,  
 To Love and Faith and Liberty;  
 But some decry, and some there be  
 Who say: "A Dream;" "A soulless wraith."

Yet, though his call be but a dream,  
 The love he sheds in spreading this  
 Will give the world much lasting bliss.  
 And purify a Hate-filled stream.

Then hail to him who loves so well!  
 The Brother of the Poor; the Friend  
 Of them that labor without end.  
 All hail the dawn he dares foretell!

George Bicknell.

### SONG OF THE BEAST

---

I have dug you deep mines,  
 To the heart of the earth.  
 And made you sweet wines,  
 To tickle your mirth.

I have built you great ships,  
 And I've mastered the seas.  
 I've slaved neath your whips,  
 While you lived in your ease.

I have toiled in your mill,  
 And gathered your grain.  
 I've sweat at your will,  
 In the sun and rain.

But I am tired of you now,  
 You must leave me alone.  
 For myself I shall plow,  
 And reap what I've sown.

So give me my right,  
 Keep out of my way!  
 The past was your night,  
 But this is my day!

Claude O. Grant.

### ATLANTA'S FAMOUS PRISONER

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When the kings and haughty rulers  
 Had prepared their murder feast;  
 When the hearts of all men were aching sore.  
 Then he spoke his fearless message  
 From the West unto the East  
 And now he is honored evermore.

He was true and he was fearless  
 In the world's eventful hour  
 And his soul like Jesus' was sublime;  
 Tho' he stood before the rulers  
 Yet he dreaded not their power,  
 Now he's known and loved in every clime.

Oh, how vain must be the spirit  
 That can hope to crush our cause,  
 By condemning the noble, true and brave;  
 They may build their concrete prisons,  
 They may pass their iron laws  
 But they cannot their evil system save.

Go ye patriotic rulers  
 To your ancient conclave halls,  
 There enact all our liberties away.  
 But the hand of evolution  
 Is now writing on the walls  
 And your kingdom shall pass for aye and aye.

We are many, many millions  
 And we will not stoop to prayer,  
 Neither will we resort to measures mean,  
 But you'll hear increasing clamor  
 And unrest be everywhere  
 Until you shall liberate our "Gene."

O. E. Enfield.

## The Outrage Against Emil Herman

Continued from September

The jury was out seven hours—and found him “Guilty” on two counts of the indictment, of having intended to do that which they acquitted him, on three counts, of having done! And the prisoner was remanded to jail to await the pleasure of the court in pronouncing sentence.

Upon June 6th, Judge Neterer imposed a sentence of ten years in McNeil’s Island penitentiary for each alleged “offense,” sentences, however, to run concurrently.

Contrary to custom in such cases the convicted man was hurried away to the penitentiary on McNeil’s Island immediately sentence was pronounced, although attorneys for the defense were busily perfecting the necessary preliminaries for appeal, and bond was being arranged for. When these preparations were completed and the papers were ready to be signed by Herman, they were informed that he had been committed to McNeil’s; upon going there they received the astounding intelligence that Herman had been rushed through the entering process, which usually occupies over a week, and had been shipped to Leavenworth—only remaining in McNeil’s a matter of two days!

The State Office of the Socialist Party of Washington was in charge of Mrs. Herman, acting under instructions from the State Executive Committee. From the party funds sufficient money was drawn to cover the expense of his return, since the government made no provision for sending him back, merely turning him loose there, and forwarded to him in Kansas. Needless to say, he lost no time in getting home again.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party met in Chicago in August. At the same time there was held, in the same city, a conference of State Secretaries. As a member of the Committee and a State Secretary it became Herman’s duty to go to Chicago to attend these meetings. He consulted his attorney and was assured that there was no earthly reason why he should not go, so, upon August 4th, he boarded a train at Everett bound for Chicago. He had made no effort at secrecy, on the contrary, had publicly announced his intention, and arranged affairs at the State office for an absence of about three weeks. And he had purchased a return trip ticket, while, for spending money, he was provided with the stupendous sum of fifteen dollars.

Well, the “Department of Justice” at Seattle got busy. They sent numerous telegrams to various places enroute, describing Emil Herman, and asking his arrest as a “fugitive from justice!” (Of course they could have stopped him even before his departure had they really wanted

to, for they knew all about his going. One of the Secret Service Operatives who was “on the case” was seen at the depot when he left Everett.) At Havre, Montana, the train was boarded by a determined individual with two “guns” and a deputy U. S. Marshal’s badge, who demanded Emil Herman. He afterwards admitted, when he and Herman became better acquainted, that he was “scared to death,” for the telegrams gave the impression that he was to arrest a “desperate character!”

He was given a brief hearing in a Montana Court, the judge giving it as his opinion that he was perfectly within his rights and should be allowed to proceed on his journey, but nevertheless being without authority to release him. So he was returned, under guard, to Seattle, arriving there upon the afternoon of August 16th, for he had been held some time in various jails in Montana. On the 19th he was given a “hearing” before Judge Neterer. The prosecution demanded his immediate commitment, upon the grounds that “the appeal was not being prosecuted in good faith!” and that he was likely to run away! Evidence in favor of the defendant was summarily dismissed—or “ruled out of court”—and the demand for commitment granted. The next day he was carried across the bay, and, for the second time entered in the McNeil’s Island Penitentiary—where he has since remained.

The bondsmen, in spite of the very obvious illegality of the proceedings, were bullied and frightened into paying “the costs of bringing Herman from Montana,” same being at Reames’ figures, a little over three hundred dollars! And were told that this was “a concession,” since they were, really, liable for the entire sum of \$20,000!

It being plain that Herman’s attorney, W. E. Bell, was either unusually incompetent, or had been “bought,”—and he is a lawyer with a remarkably good reputation for shrewdness—the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party engaged Austin Lewis, of San Francisco to perfect the appeal and otherwise take care of Herman’s interests in the matter.

When the lying reports came out in the newspapers, that Herman had “jumped his bond,” etc., Mrs. Herman, as Acting State Secretary, issued a letter to the membership of the state organization, telling the exact truth concerning the matter. This circular letter irritated the “Special Assistant to the Attorney General for War Work, Clarence L. Reames,” to such an extent that he was impelled to write the lady—a very sneering and threatening letter, evidently

with the intention of intimidating her. This letter was presented to the court at the hearing on commitment, but the judge merely waved it aside. The Special Assistant to the Attorney General for War Work lost his assurance for one brief moment when it was read, but the judge coming to his assistance so nicely restored his wonted aplomb.

The appeal was duly carried up, but the Circuit Court of Appeals declined to review the case, giving only the vague reason that some technicality had been neglected by Herman's attorney! Had the Court wished to fulfill its function—that of seeing that justice is done—it would have found, by going over the records of the Herman case, inadequate as these records are, that the following is true:

1st.—Herman was arrested on suspicion only.

2nd.—In spite of the fact that the government officials were in possession of all the office files, personal correspondence and papers taken in an illegal seizure at his home (when only the two little children and their grandmother were at home) copious samples of all literature, account books, and everything which might possibly incriminate, it was necessary, in order to return a true bill, at all, to base charges upon an insignificant "sticker" which was found by accident and clearly proven to have been there without the defendant's knowledge, and the subject matter of which had never been alluded to by him either publicly or privately.

3rd.—That irrelative testimony was introduced, over objections of defendant's counsel, with the sole object of creating prejudice and showing "condition of mind."—Spite of which it could not be proven that there was a mental tendency towards law breaking.

In the case of Henry Albers, wealthy German manufacturer, the government has voluntarily confessed error in having allowed the introduction of similar evidence—but all efforts to get the Herman case re-opened or reviewed are ignored or denied; yet the principal difference, technically, between the cases of Albers and Herman, is that Herman was not drunk.

So, there he is. Once each week he is allowed to write a letter—during good behavior, that is—and he has carefully preserved his standing as Al prisoner so that this privilege should not be taken from him. Regularly, then, each week his wife receives the letter, for he keeps this precious writing privilege for his family only, not being willing to wait longer than is absolutely necessary for his "talk" with them. And cheerful, hopeful letters they are, with never the least bit of a whine or complaint; although life has not been particularly joyous for him in McNeil's.

His first "job" there was at excavating for the new cell house, which has since been completed; and for a man who has been doing clerical work

exclusively for several years that sort of work comes in the category of "Hard Labor!" In the winter this was particularly disagreeable, as told by Politicals who have been released from there, for it rained almost constantly and the workers were always wet, with no means of drying their clothing after returning to their cells in the evening, wherein they remain, locked in, from four in the afternoon till eight the next morning. In the early part of the next year (1919) he was transferred to the "woods crew," a change which he hailed with delight, although the work was very hard, for it kept him in the open air, and the semi-freedom of the beautiful woods. Perhaps his joy was too evident, for he was not allowed to remain there long, but was set to work in the "garden." And then he did work. Although the two short pages which he was allowed had never seemed half long enough for his weekly letter, his exhaustion was often so great while in the "garden," that he was unable to fill them, and the customarily neat handwriting became a nervous scrawl. This continued until the first of June, 1919, when he was put into the bakery to "learn the head job," for the head baker was to be released within three weeks, and some one had to be prepared to take charge of the work. And there he has since remained.

In the Bake Shop the work is hard, for no labor saving machinery is employed, and the hours are long—practically regular "housewife's" hours, from five a. m. till nine or ten p. m. And Holidays, when the others are given an entire day free from labor, he has extra work which keeps him busy for at least half the day. At present the prison population (exclusive of guards and officials) is three hundred and four—just two more than at any previous time in the history of the institution—and of that number only eight have been there longer than Emil Herman!

However, the bakery job has its compensations. For instance, there are often times when he is at leisure for an hour or two in the afternoon, and he is then at liberty to read, study—and write, if he can get something to write upon. Also, he is not locked in his cell at night, for he must have the freedom of the corridor so that he can look after his dough, etc.

Under certain conditions three years is a long, long time. From day to day he lives in the hope that soon the comrades on the "outside" will act and all Political and Class War prisoners be freed.—And still he waits.

If, for any reason, the regular letters from home are delayed, it is difficult indeed to avoid becoming a prey to terrible visions of sickness, death, fire flood, or arrests—especially since the arrest, under the state Criminal Syndicalism Law, of his wife and her brother, in February of 1920; the case was dismissed the following November,

Continued on Page 22

## Imprisoned for Liberty

By JAMES ROWAN

Have the I. W. W. prisoners at present doing time at Leavenworth been forgotten? There are about one hundred and twenty of these men, all told. They are serving sentences varying from five to twenty years. I happen to be one of those serving a twenty-year sentence, so I can speak from first-hand knowledge.

We were arrested in 1917 under three indictments, known respectively as the Chicago, Sacramento, and Wichita indictments, charging us with conspiracy to hamper and obstruct the United States Government in the conduct of the war. After being held from one to two years under unspeakable conditions which caused the death of some, and others to go insane, in the county jails of Chicago, Sacramento, Wichita and other towns in Kansas, we were "tried," convicted, and given sentences varying from one to twenty years. Fifteen received twenty-year sentences and the majority of the remainder are now serving ten-year sentences.

Not one of us was proven guilty of any crime. We were convicted under the stress of war-time hysteria and public prejudice. Our real offense was that we all were, or had been, more or less active members of the I. W. W. We held, and still hold, certain opinions regarding the present system of society which are unfavorable to the ruling class and at variance with those held by the great majority of the people. Whether these opinions are right or wrong cuts no figure as far as the principle involved in these cases is concerned. If men can be imprisoned for their opinions then the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution no longer exist in the United States; free press and free

speech are only empty phrases used to deceive the unthinking. If we are forced to serve out these sentences then no one is safe. Anyone holding opinions which the American plutocracy consider dangerous to their privileges can be thrown behind prison bars and forced to spend many years in a felon's cell. Our imprisonment not only means loss of liberty and all that makes life worth living to us. It is also a direct attack on the liberties of one hundred and ten million people. If the American people stand for these high-handed and savage judicial acts, unparalleled in any modern civilized country, it means that they have abandoned all claims to the rights and liberties for which our forefathers shed their blood. The lives of one hundred and twenty men are of little consequence. If forced to serve out our sentences we can do so, and I for one would rather stay in jail with a clear conscience than bow the knee to privilege on the outside. The real tragedy lies in the moral breakdown of a great people.

The only power that can free us is aroused public opinion. These cases must be investigated and the facts given wide publicity, and such a strong protest made to the officials at Washington that they may see their way clear to take action leading to the early release of all political prisoners in the State and Federal prisons of the United States. A small group of liberals and radicals are doing all in their power to bring about general amnesty for all political prisoners. Needless to say we thoroughly appreciate their efforts on our behalf. We ask you to add your voice to theirs, to the end that justice may be done and the call of freedom, in unmistakable tones, may once more ring through the land.

## Under Soviet Rule

That the present condition of Russia is better than that which existed before the war is the opinion of Brig.-Gen. C. Birdwood-Thomson, a retired officer of the British Army, who has just returned from a visit to Moscow and Petrograd as a representative of the "Save the Children Fund." "I knew Russia well under the old regime," he said, "and I have no hesitation in saying that the population is happier under the present government. In the old days 30 per cent of the population lived at the expense of the remaining 70.

"The markets are open," continued General Thomson, "where cakes and fruit are sold. The bread is black, and at first I found it difficult to

eat, but a little practice made it perfectly palatable. When going on a train journey it is necessary to carry all provisions, as none are provided on the long journeys. The rate of money exchange is very peculiar. I wished to buy some cake and fruit for a few children whom I knew. With an English sovereign I obtained 200,000 rubles, and the purchases cost me 180,000 rubles. The hire of a cab costs something like 20,000 rubles. The theaters in Moscow are very well patronized. A great variety of plays are given, many of them written by well-known foreign playwrights.

"I think that the government should be recognized."—The Christian Science Monitor.

## America for the Workers

Continued from page 9

tries of national scope. The senate in each state legislature should be similiary composed. The other house would continue as at present to be chosen on a geographical basis. But the functions of the two houses would be sharply divided.

The Industries would represent the people as Producers, the Geographical house would represent them as Consumers. One house then would be composed of experts on production, the other of experts on Distribution. Thus order would be introduced into what is now wild chaos.

What, you say, would be the advantage of such a change? Why have two houses? Why not have simply one, and make that industrial?

Every person has two capacities, producer and consumer. As a miner, he produces coal; but he requires many more things than coal as a consumer. As a shoemaker he may produce shoes; as a railroad man he may produce transportation.

But as a householder he requires a home, food, clothing, sewerage, light, gas, schools, books, transportation. As a producer he is naturally grouped with other producers in the same industry. As a consumer he is naturally grouped with other consumers in the same district in which he lives.

Industrial representation is naturally occupational. Consumers representation is naturally geographical.

Besides this, we live in the United States of America. Any changes that are to be successful will have to be adapted to the method of thought of the American people. We are accustomed to the idea of changing our government by degrees. We have changed the basis of election of our Presidents and Senators a few times already. The proposals we advance would simply mean another change, and a more intelligent one than any yet adopted.

In further issues of this magazine we shall explain more at length the method we propose, and the arguments for the plan. It is the system favored by the Guildsmen in Great Britain, and has been officially incorporated in the platform and declarations of the Socialist Party. It is the plan for which Debs has campaigned in all his years of fiery activity.

Every crisis finds the exploiting class ready and willing to use Industrial Representation for their own purposes. It is time for the Producing Class to use its intelligence to remodel the machinery which determines the conduct of our national life, and to equip itself thereby to govern this country for the benefit of those who produce its wealth rather than for the benefit of those who steal it.

## Catholic Magazine Joins Fight for Debs

The Christian Family, a Roman Catholic magazine published at Techny, Ill., joins the fight for Eugene V. Debs with the following article, clipped and sent in by a Debs Monthly reader:

### Debs as Seen by a Priest

"Eugene V. Debs, Socialist standard bearer, alias convict No. 9653, who is serving a ten years sentence at the Atlanta, Ga., Federal Penitentiary, has won the esteem of Father Byrne, the Catholic chaplain at the institution. While indicating no religious preference, Debs, according to Father Byrne, is a deeply religious man.

"Atlanta Prison is a different place since Debs came here," Father Byrne is quoted as saying, by Charles W. Wood in the New York World. "He is an influence for good. He works in the hospitals and manages somehow to cheer the patients up."

"Debs, whom the servile capitalist press reviles and ridicules, is languishing in prison as a victim of the Espionage Law enacted during the war, a law that is a travesty of our free institutions. Debs held that the war was a quarrel between opposing groups of capitalists. For that he was jailed. When President Wilson himself admitted that the world war was not a political but an economic issue, he expressed a truth which when told by Debs meant prison bars."

The stern pressure of economic conditions is surely levelling the walls of religious prejudice and hate which have been reared to divide fellow workers.

### AFTER THE WAR

After the war is over,  
After the slaughter is done,  
After the people are ruined,  
After the victory's won,  
Labor will go on drudging,  
Wondering what it was for,  
Paying for generations,  
After the war.

### U. S. INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS REPORT

"Have the workers received a fair share of the enormous increase in wealth which has taken place in this country as a result largely of their labors? The answer is emphatically, NO!"

Cannon balls may aid the Truth  
But thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battles by its aid,  
Just wait a little longer.

—Mackay

**DUMB COMRADES**

I think I could turn and live with animals, they  
are so placid and self-contained.  
I stand and look at them long and long.  
They do not lie awake in the dark and sweat  
for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty  
to God,  
Not one is dis-satisfied, not one is demented with  
the mania of owning things.  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that  
lived thousands of years ago.  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole  
earth.

—Walt Whitman

**How I Became a Socialist**

By EUGENE V. DEBS

Continued from Page 4

by way of consolation, I suppose, showed us the blood-stained rope used at the last execution and explained in minutest detail, as he exhibited the gruesome relic, just how the monstrous crime of lawful murder is committed.

But the tempest gradually subsided and with it the bloodthirstiness of the press and "public sentiment." We were not sentenced to the gallows, nor even to the penitentiary—though put on trial for conspiracy—for reasons that will make another story.

The Chicago jail sentences were followed by six months at Woodstock and it was here that Socialism gradually laid hold of me in its own irresistible fashion. Books and pamphlets and letters from socialists came by every mail and I began to read and think and dissect the anatomy of the system in which workingmen, however organized, could be shattered and battered and splintered at a single stroke. The writings of Bellamy and Blatchford early appealed to me. "The Co-operative Commonwealth" of Gronlund also impressed me, but the writings of Kautsky were so clear and conclusive that I readily grasped, not merely his argument, but also caught the spirit of his socialist utterance—and I thank him and all who helped me out of darkness into light.

It was at this time, when the first glimmerings of Socialism were beginning to penetrate, that Victor L. Berger—and I have loved him ever since—came to Woodstock, as if a providential instrument, and delivered the first impassioned message of Socialism I had ever heard—the very first to set the "wires humming in my system." As a souvenir of that visit there is in my library a volume of "Capital," by Karl Marx, inscribed with the compliments of

Victor L. Berger, which I cherish as a token of priceless value.

The American Railway Union was defeated but not conquered—overwhelmed but not destroyed. It lives and pulsates in the Socialist movement, and its defeat but blazed the way to economic freedom and hastened the dawn of human brotherhood.

—From Debs Life, Writings and Speeches

**"HELP HIM THRU"**

Harry Herman

Even though in prison cell,  
Unto others he does well.  
Generous, open-hearted man,  
Each for all, that's his plan.  
Never spake a man so kind,  
Entire world search to find.

Victory for 'Gene, our brother,  
It is that, and nothing other.  
Calling to us loud and clear,  
Through the press, listen, hear,  
Onward, ye fellow-workers,  
Relegate to rear the shirkers.

Do your duty, help to free  
Eugene Victor Debs, for he  
Brings a message ringing true,  
So let's go and help him thru.

**OUR READERS**

can assist greatly in this fight for Freedom by sending in subscriptions. After reading your paper pass it to your neighbor. After seeing it he will be glad to give you a Dollar for Eight Months.

You can surely do this much for Debs.

**The Outrage Against Emil Herman**

Continued from Page 19

for lack of evidence, but one can imagine his feelings during the intervening months, as he waited!

He is keenly aware, too, that the financial situation for his family must be growing extremely precarious, for he is vaguely conscious of the fact that his wife has had no remunerative employment for several months, and, since it is a truly proletarian family, this must mean privation. And still he must wait.

Comrades, it is up to you. HOW LONG MUST HE YET WAIT?

**DEMAND THAT YOUR DEALER**

put Debs Monthly on sale in your town. The news stand sales of this magazine are big everywhere. Speak to your newsdealer about it. Merely displaying it will sell it fast. We will send him a bundle on consignment, then he will know how easily they sell. Speak to him Today, then send us his name.

## Editorials by Our Readers.

### MY MESSAGE

The history of labor is the history of the human race. The social system whose basis is greed, must develop chaos and hell. General Sherman so defined war and most people agree with him. It seems that impulse to get what we need by a contest that is robbery should be outgrown, but it is not. Witness the horrible struggle, now hardly over, to make way possibly for a greater one waged by a diplomacy that will work to replace the waste and destruction of war and build anew vast fortunes for an already powerful minority. Debs Freedom Monthly is among the hopeful signs of the times—may its success be now and ever upward is the message I wish to convey.—Julia Ward Pennington, Fayetteville, Ark.

### REBELS!

Since the imprisonment of Debs in Atlanta, Georgia, the ex-confederate soldiers have held a reunion there. Think of it! Hoary headed men who in youth, rebelled against their government, who shot not only the Stars and Stripes to tatters, but riddled their northern brothers with bullets, now coming out on parade, commemorating their treasonable actions of the past while Debs, who never so much as harmed a hair upon the head of any human being and who would not cause needless pain to any living thing, shut up and away from God's free air. We cry liberty, when there is no liberty; we prate of justice, when justice is dead. We seem to be a set of weak kneed, spiritless, spineless slaves, dupes and tools of an outgrown economic system in some respects more intolerant than the crowned heads of the old world.

Wilson, although besieged by petitions, refused to grant amnesty to the war time prisoners, nor does Mr. Harding seem disposed to be more liberal, although both are said to be the mighty champions of universal liberty.

How long, oh workers, how long will you consent to be the blinded dupes and the meek slaves of such leaders? Our cause is calling you, your families call you, justice calls you, right and human liberty call you to help us make the gates swing wide to our imprisoned comrades.

What is your response?

—O. E. Enfield, Woodward, Okla.

### SUPREME LOYALTY

The ten copies which you sent me probably went into the waste basket. I am a loyal citizen tho I belong to the Farmer Labor Party.—E. J. Anderson, Plainwell, Mich.

(We suggest that if Mr. Anderson continues to treat Debs Monthly in this manner, his waste basket will soon know much more than he, if it does not already.—Editor.)

### WARNING TO TYRANTS

While we are enjoying what is accepted as freedom we are constantly thinking of those poor souls now serving time in our prisons. We are reminded that they are serving for the sins of the working class, because they stood for the oppressed and against war and murder. The best we can do at present is for us to lend our time and money to the limit and exert every resource to the liberation of Debs and all political and industrial prisoners. Let us overthrow the system that is alone responsible for their incarceration and put those directly responsible to the cleaning of sewers and productive work in the coal mines. We warn the powers that be, that if Debs dies in prison, we will use every power within us to do the things that Debs has done, and say the things that he has said until the Message shall ring around the world and forever abolish the Profit System.—A. M. Rayl, Stateline, Miss.

### INFAMOUS WILSON ADMINISTRATION.

Of all the stupid and infamous deeds of the Wilson administration the case of keeping Eugene V. Debs, and all the other political and industrial prisoners in jail, is inexcusably the worst. That men such as Debs, who dared to come out publicly and speak against manslaughter and the corruption of capitalism are put in jail, is nothing new.

We have learned from history that most all great men who try to set others free were either jailed or assassinated. Jesus Christ was the first man who, like Debs, had the intelligence and the courage to speak against the avarice of the capitalist class of that time. He was also the first man known to accorded history to suffer the vengeance of his inferior adversaries.

My heart is heavy with sorrow, my eyes are wet with tears, my hands are trembling as I write these lines. I always feel sorrowful when I think that Debs, whose sound judgment of government; whose unchangeable spirit, and infinite love for the oppressed masses and the freedom of humanity, is rotting in jail, in the *Land of Freedom*.

When I hear the birds sing in the early morning, and praise nature for their freedom; when I look into the sky and see the clouds sail happily by, in the immensity of space; when I read the 8, 9, 10 verses of the Fifth Chapter of Matthew in the Bible, I think of Eugene V. Debs.

—E. Anderson, Chicago, Ill.

### NOTICE!

A few bundles of ten copies of the first issue were sent out to our best workers trusting that they would assist us in getting a large circulation without delay. Many of these have been sold and the money sent in. If you have a bundle still unpaid for, kindly remit for them at once, so the work of releasing these imprisoned comrades may not be delayed.

# "FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND CHILDREN

*will be unable to live thru the winter without  
foreign food relief."*      **ARTHUR WATTS**

Quaker Representative in  
Moscow since August, 1920



## ONE OF THE GREAT DISASTERS OF HISTORY IS DESTROYING THE CHILD-LIFE OF RUSSIA

The American Friends' Service Committee entered Russia in 1917 and has since carried on, interrupted only by the movement of armies, the feeding and clothing of undernourished children in various parts of the country.

During the past winter the Friends brought supplies of milk and fats and soap to 35,000 children in Moscow. Plans are now being made to open headquarters for relief work at Minsk. When the famine began in August they entered Samara, bringing with them sufficient supplies to feed 25,000 children.

*The relief which the Friends will bring is  
waiting for supplies which ONLY funds from  
America can produce.*



SEND MONEY NOW TO

## AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

20 South 12th Street

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Executive Secretary

CHARLES F. JENKINS  
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