

TERRE HAUTE" EDITION

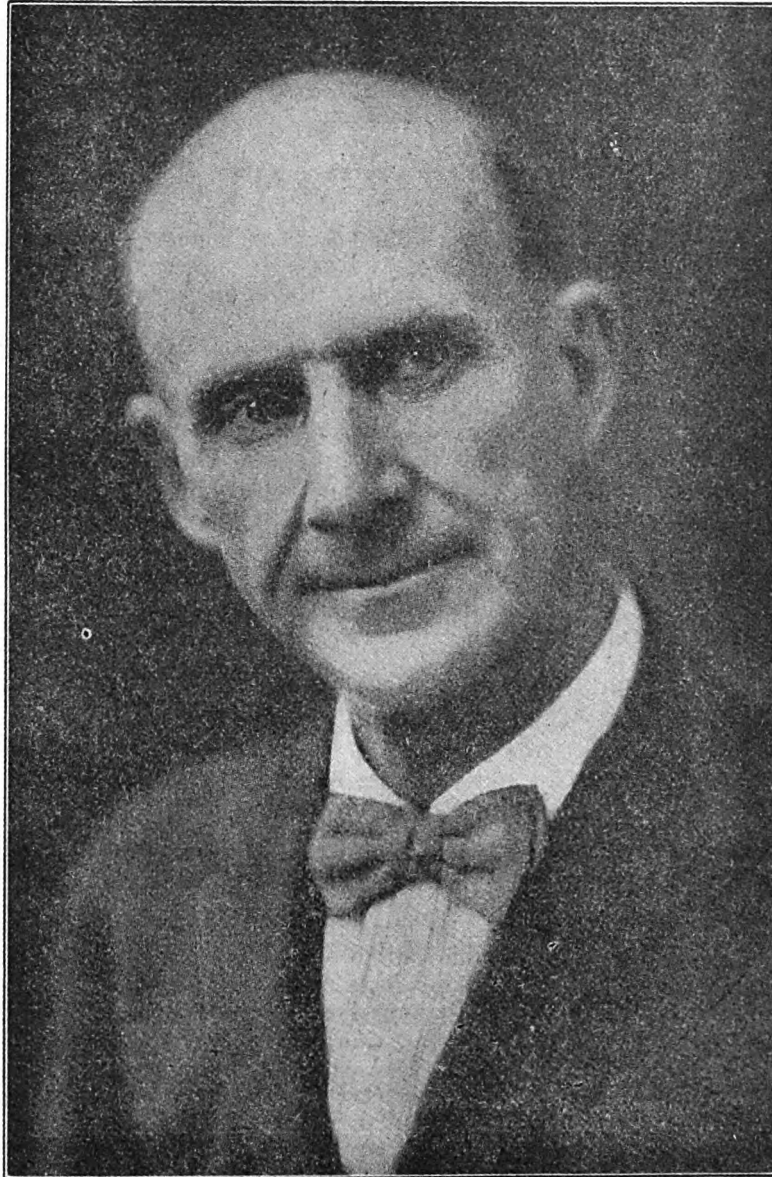
DEBS

FREEDOM MONTHLY

Vol. 1  114 DECEMBER, 1921-JANUARY, 1922

No. 5

10 Cents
a Copy



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a Copy



"I am 66 years young! I have only begun to fight!"

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CARRY-ON! CARRY-ON!

DEBS IS FREE! BUT THE WORK OF THIS MAGAZINE HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN. WE HOPE TO HAVE YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT IN RELEASING THE OTHER PRISONERS AND CARRYING THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT FORWARD TO VICTORY. IN THIS WE SHALL HAVE THE ACTIVE HELP AND ASSISTANCE OF OUR GENE HIMSELF.

IMPORTANT

Debs Freedom Monthly has been accorded generous support from the comrades and friends of the liberal and radical movements the nation over.

The Editors and Office Force want to thank the many friends who have made this Magazine possible, a thousand times and again.

More than this, we are trying to show our gratitude by working day and night, sometimes against great obstacles, to give you the best to be obtained and to make successful the work entrusted to us.

The time has come that we feel we can give you much more for your money and by so doing increase the usefulness of Debs Monthly.

In this spirit a change will be made in the price of Debs Monthly which will affect both the subscription, news-stand and bundle order departments of our patronage.

Beginning January First the following prices will be inaugurated:

Subscription Rates.

One Year	\$1.00
Six Months50
Three Months30

Bundles.

7c Each, or 15 for \$1.00.
100 or more, 6c Each.
Retail Price, 10c per Copy.

As Debs Monthly is essentially a propaganda magazine this will enable the comrades to place a Magazine and one-half where only one could be placed under the old rate.

To those handling bundles we have tried to give as much profit as possible. Fifteen copies will now be sent to our \$1 a Month Subscribers instead of Ten.

This change will be made without lessening the value of Debs Monthly in any respect. In fact it will grow more attractive with each Issue.

Trusting that we shall hear from our patrons much oftener under the new arrangement and pledging ourselves to renewed consecration to the Cause we all Love, We wish you all a Happy New Year!

DEBS MONTHLY WILL KEEP YOU IN TOUCH WITH DEBS AND HIS WORK! SUBSCRIBE NOW!

≡ DEBS ≡

FREEDOM MONTHLY

A HERALD OF THE DAWN


Volume 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER, 1921-JANUARY, 1922

No. 5

Gene in "Terre Haute"

(Speech from porch of his home)



"Mr. Mayor and Friends—and Neighbors—and Comrades! HOME AGAIN! What a wonderful, beautiful demonstration! What a picture to greet the eye and the heart and the soul on my return. From the very depths of my heart I thank you for your kind welcome. I thank every one of you—every man, woman and child who have been kind and sympathetic. I thank the kind friends who have been the cheer and support of my dear wife and family during my absence. And I thank you over and over again for your devotion. What a beautiful home-coming. I felt in leaving here that you were with me in spirit and I was sustained by your faithfulness and devotion. I thank every one of you for the efforts you have been putting forth in my behalf. You have succeeded at last.

"But I am not free so long as any are in prison. I have a heart for my fellow man. I hope to devote my life to the liberation of those who are imprisoned. And I shall know no rest until they are restored to their families. I was saddened because I was compelled to leave behind me in Atlanta my fellow-men in prison.

"In my heart there is no bitterness, only a resolution not to yield, but to remain true to my honest convictions and to my ideals. I could do no otherwise. I have no regrets. I was faithful to the trust.

"What fond recollections will rise in memory. You and I may differ from time to time, and yet may grasp the hand of fellowship. On this touching occasion how little of the emotions struggling within me can be expressed in words. I pictured your faces tonight. I felt your heartbeats. I would it were possible for me to put my arms around you and express the love that I bear for you.

"I could not make a speech tonight, but I can again thank you from the bottom of my heart. This picture will remain forever on memory's walls. It can never be forgotten.

"I offer you my grateful thanks, and wish to friends and comrades—Good-night and Godspeed."

"HOME AGAIN."

Around the curve from Indianapolis a hoarse whistle sounded; and from fifty thousand throats went up a shout that rocked the Union Station at Terre Haute:

"Debs! Debs! Gene V. Debs!"

Jammed into the train shed, crammed along the tracks, packed in the street outside, and all through the park across the street, a happy, yelling, cheering, gloriously exultant crowd, fifty thousand fellow citizens of the Prisoner of Atlanta,—sent up a roar of welcome that rent the very firmament, when the train that bore Eugene V. Debs to his home again slowed down to rest.

All Terre Haute and half of Indiana were there besides many from the country at large. Whole populations of nearby towns had dropped their tools and locked their doors and chartered special trains to take them to join in Terre Haute's greeting of the world's Great Lover. Organized labor was there in full force, called out by the special action of its local Federation. Every wheel had stopped and every industry was still, for the workers had downed tools and gone to the station to meet Gene.

Red fire flowing from a thousand torches sent up a billowing, vermillion smoke, tinging the walls and the trees with rich crimson. Everywhere were flags, everywhere were ribbons and streamers with the international color of red, everywhere were mottoes proclaiming the principles for which Debs had suffered.

The Thousand Days of penal servitude were over; the long weary days and weeks of prison life, of lockstep and silence, were ended. Debs was home again!

And when the long, lanky figure of the Home-comer appeared on the coach steps, all previous noise was eclipsed in the long-drawn joyous roar that rose and sank and swelled again, echoing down the streets and shaking the windows of stores and houses, and splitting the very clouds that hung overhead.

In a dense mob they all trooped after the trucks that carried him in triumph to his home. From curb to curb along the street the broad river of cheering humanity bore the trucks like chips upon a swirling flood. At the door of the frame house where Debs has lived so many years stood his gray haired wife, waiting, trembling and happy, to fold him again in her arms, widowed so long.

Then there were speeches of welcome; and Debs spoke, briefly but warmly and lovingly; the crowd cheered again and again; flowers were presented; then Debs went into his house, and closing the door behind him, was at home again.

But the crowd was not satisfied. Down the

length of Seventh street to Wabash avenue, down Wabash to the River and back again they paraded, headed by a band of negro musicians who insisted on playing without pay to testify of their love for Gene, because of his love for the negro prisoners of Atlanta.

Cheering, laughing, singing, crying, but all gloriously happy, they marched up and down streets of Gene Debs' town, welcoming the Greatest American back to his fireside.

The train that carried him along the line was driven by a grizzled old engineer who had joined the American Railway Union the same year that Debs joined it, back in 1870. Fifty years of service had entitled him to retire on a pension. And this was his last trip; and when his hand pulled the whistle cord and closed the throttle that slowed down the train that brought Gene Debs home, his last service was performed and his life's work was over. There were tears in his eyes and on his cheeks as he shook hands with Debs.

"It was worth working and waiting for fifty years, Gene," he said, "to bring you home again!"

This edition was delayed waiting for the Release Story of Debs.

GENE DEBS.

Your body in their hands
Your soul they cannot touch
Your spirit mounting higher
Shall at last make man desire
Justice, Beauty, Truth.
We salute thee, comrade!
Thy spirit heralds the future,
The good glad day that is coming.
Hark! Beyond yonder portal
Is the dawn that is to be
A dawn for all Humanity.

—F. E. McCarthy.

MOTTOES IN DEBS PARADE

THE GREAT LOVER.
STEAL OR STARVE.
THE TRUTH WILL OUT.
THE GREAT AMERICAN.
FIGHT WITH THE BALLOT.
HE NEVER ONCE FLINCHED.
'GENE THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.
DEBS, CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.
BIGGEST HEART IN THE WORLD.
WE HONOR HIM FOR HIS WORK.
WELCOME HOME, COMRADE DEBS.
HE SERVED THE WORKING CLASS.
WHO KNOWS JUDGE WESTENHAVER?
PRISON NOR PRESIDENTS CAN SCARE OUR
'GENE.
HE SERVED THE WORKERS, HENCE THE
PRISON.
WOODSTOCK! ATLANTA! WHITEHOUSE!

JEWELS FROM GENE.

I love Love.

I hate hate, but I do not hate its victims.

I am concerned only with being true to Truth.

The boys went away heroes. They returned hoboos!

My last speech cost me ten years. I do not know what this one will cost me.

No attempt has been made yet to deny the Truth of what I said.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart, but I am not yet free.

Pressed against prison bars of Atlanta, I left the faces of 2,300 fellow men no more guilty than I.

I shall devote my life to securing freedom for them and all mankind.

It is not so important to get men out of prison—the important thing is to get the prison out of the hearts of men.

I am opposed to every prison on earth.

White and black, they are all the same to me. While they are in prison my soul is in fetters.

You have it in your power to set them all free.

I would not imprison those who imprisoned me. I have no unkind thought for any of human kind.

I started for the White House several times and landed in Atlanta.

I thank God for putting the Truth into my heart and giving me the courage to express it.

When the roll is called of the maimed and dying after battle you don't hear the names of any plutocrats.

The greatest curiosity on earth would be a one-legged member of the Chamber of Commerce.

There are four hundred war heroes in the prison at Atlanta. No soldier on earth is my enemy. I am their friend. They know it.

I am a brother to every human on this earth.

We have the red spirit; we cannot retreat if we would.

I am sixty-six years young; I have only begun to fight!

We are opposed to war and the system that creates war.

Love is the greatest power in the Universe. You must learn to love.

We are at the great dawn. It is ours to make heaven our home, here.

I know what happened to Lincoln and Jesus, and I know what will happen to me.

The powers know that when we unite it is the end of the present system.

This generation will reject us. It will misrepresent us. That is to be expected.

I said this was a commercial war. President Wilson said the same. I said it first. He said it last.

I received eight hundred letters and telegrams a day in Atlanta. From all over the world. From priests, poets and peasants.

The beacon light of the world is Russia. It is the first organized attempt of ours to establish self-government.

An effort of the people to do away with exploitation and to use all its great productive forces, not for a few but for all.

An order of society in which human life and happiness are of first consideration and not the conservation of property for the benefit of autoocracy.

The great outstanding figure to emerge from the war is Nicolai Lenine of Russia.

The poor will have opportunity for the beautiful things of life, now unknown to them: music, art, culture. Socialism will build a race of men and women truly in the "image and likeness" of their Creator.

Have you ordered your Debs Lincoln Edition?

"TERRE HUT."

With fifty thousand people cheering themselves hoarse, midst the clanging of fire bells and the blowing of sirens from a thousand whistles the three coach dinky on the Penn. R. R. pulled into the Vandalia Station at Terre Hut, bearing humanity's most precious burden and the most loved man since the Lowly Carpenter trod the earth. The Great Heart that made the supreme sacrifice for his principles and defied hell itself for the Truth was "home again."

Home after three years of exile from family of loved ones; home from an enforced sojourn in dungeons dark and dismal; home to the hearts of his lovers from his enemies of privileged power. "Terre Hut" was out to the last man, woman and child, and thousands poured in from the country far around. None were too feeble or too hearty; none too rich or too poor; none too ignorant or too wise, but their hearts leaped forth to enfold this Gene Lover to their bosom again. "Terre Hut" did the right thing and she did it most grandly. Terre Huttians are beginning to realize that the Prince of the Ages dwells in their midst and they wanted to make up for their neglect in days gone by.

The train dragged its weary way thru a maddening mob of shouting, yelling, frenzied lovers of Gene the Magnificent. A mob of happy, joyful humanity; a mob of weeping, laughing humanity; a mob of mortals, "human all too human," many miseried and brutalized by this hellish disorder of society, but for the moment lifted to heights divine—for was not Gene home again—our Gene, most loved of God's glorious children?

"Terre Hut" has not seen before, will not soon see again anything to equal this welcome to Debs the Devoted. When Gene returned from Woodstock he was greeted by thousands. The writer remembers his wondrous reception on the Red Special Train. It was only a drop compared to this tidal wave of unbounded joy that swept from Atlanta westward and reached its historic apex on the Banks of the Wabash, tho it goes sweeping down the corridors of time and will be remembered forever.

Not soon again will the natives of this prosaic town permit Gene to be torn from their side and gaoled in dungeons deep. No! their spontaneous heart to heart greeting of this Worker has shaken the timbers of society itself and while "Terre Hut" cheered Gene Debs' name to the farthest stars, the rulers of "this earth and all that therein is" were shrinking in cowardly terror, for they know only too well that the Devil of Greed hath

but a short time; this narrow planet is not large enough for Debs and the Devil! Ordinarily we do not believe that devils can be yelled away; but there are forty thousand witnesses that the demonstration for Gene Debs in "Terre Hut" Wednesday night has scared the Devil out of Wall Street and all corners of this old earth where the unjust system of master over man rears its hydra heads of greed.

And what a motley crowd! No belted plutocrats were officially told off to greet this citizen of mankind. No political party claimed the rights of honor! The demonstration was free from all and for all—Gene Debs. Miners from the dirty, grimy Hoosier hells; clayworkers whose lives like their work is mostly mud; trainmen from the icy tops of industrial hurricanes; steelworkers who work the steel and from whom "they" steal; sewer diggers whose existence is worse than the sewers they dig. Yes, we were all there! Boodlers and boodled, lawyers and liars, theologians and thieves, workers and shirkers, farmers and farmed, heroes and hoboes, traders and tramps, vamps and vamped, silked and sockless, satined and soiled, robbers and robbed, sharks and poor fish, glut-toned and hungry, wise and otherwise, the good and those who are only careful, fortunate and luckless, men and misers, bootleggers and one-leggers, proud and timid, starved and starvers, fat and lean, short and tall, moonshiners and starshiners, painted and the plain, preachers and povertyed, bankers and busted, trustocrats, plutocrats, autocrats, democrats and alley-cats, republicans and rushthecans, anarchists, socialists, Methodists and hypocrites.

Yes, we were all there, trying to edge ourselves into the healing glory of this Common Man; trying to forget our daily miseries in the joyful light of his glowing countenance; trying to bring heaven into our shriveled existence; trying to catch a glimpse of the Great Heart that beats for all mankind; trying to touch but the hem of his prison garment that we might be made whole and come into the heritage of Our Father! Yes, we were there! Thousands have taken a new lease on life because of his smile. Multitudes have been born again in his presence. We tried to shake his hands but we could only reach his knees. That is enough! His head is in the eternal clouds of Truth. He sees not our tininess. He knows not our selfishness and vice. He sees only Christ men and Madonna women everywhere. He sees only boundless and uncharted seas of Divine Love, beautiful beyond our comprehension. Some day we shall see as he sees, this alone is enough to

Continued on page 14

THE WORKERS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I have listened to the sighing of the burdened
and the bound,
I have heard it change to crying, with a menace
in the sound;
I have seen the money-getters go unheeding on
their way,
As they went to forge new fetters for the people
day by day.

Then the voice of Labor thundered forth its
purpose and its need,
And I marveled, and I wondered, at the cold dull
ear of greed;
For as chimes in some great steeple tell the
passing of the hour,
So the voices of the people tell the death of
purchased power.

All the gathered dust of ages God is brushing
from His book;
He is opening up its pages, and He bids His
children look;
And in shock and conflagration, and in pestilence
and strife,
He is speaking to the nations of the brevity of life.

Mother Earth herself is shaken by our sorrows
and our crimes;
And she bids her sons awaken to the portent of
the times;
With her travail pains upon her, she is hurling
from their place
All the minions of dishonor, to admit the Coming
Race.

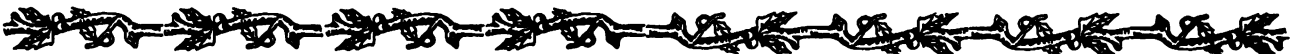
By the voice of Justice hidden, she has torn the
mask from might,
All the shameful secrets hidden she is dragging
into light;
And whoever wrongs his neighbor must be
brought to judgment now,
Though he wear the badge of Labor or a crown
upon his brow.

There is growth in Revolution, if the word is
understood;
It is one with Evolution, up from self to brother-
hood;
He who utters it unheeding, bent on self or
selfish gain,
His own day of doom is speeding, though he toil
or though he reign.

God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and
the peer;
He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour
is near;
For each rotting throne must tremble and fall
broken in the dust,
With the leaders who dissemble and betray the
people's trust.

Still the voice of God is calling; and above the
wreck I see
And beyond the gloom appalling, the great
Government-to-Be.
From the ruins it has risen, and my soul is over-
joyed,
For the school supplants the prison, and there are
no unemployed.

And there are no children's faces at the spindle
or the loom;
They are out in sunny places, where the other
sweet things bloom;
God has purified the alleys, He has set the white
slaves free,
And they own the hills and valleys in this Gov-
ernment-to-Be.



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"ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUG. 6, 1921 AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879."

A MAN COMES TO WASHINGTON

Eugene Debs stepped off the train from Atlanta at the Washington Union Station, and immediately the whole scrabbling mob of diplomats at the arms conference shrank to the size of pygmies.

Through the twisting fog of lies and promises, reservations and sleight of hand, cleft the utterances of a man who tells the truth and sticks to it.

"It is idle," said Debs, "to talk of limiting the weapons of war, when the causes of war remain."

How trivial, how cheap Attorney General Daugherty appears beside the man whose release he was forced to grant by the aroused tide of public feeling!

What transpired in the conference between Debs and the President he has not told. But Debs could have been free years ago if he had announced his repentance; he could have gained his liberty at any moment that he was ready to forswear his principles.

But he said: "I will never purchase the freedom of my body by the sale of my soul." And we know he made no promises to President or Attorney General that will limit his speech hereafter.

In the great white light which a true soul sheds on all around him, the politicians in Washington stand revealed in their tawdry tinsel of purchased power.

A man came to Washington—and Washington was afraid.

FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

When Lloyd George offered to militant Ireland a treaty embodying the affirmation that Dail Eireann is to take oath of allegiance, not to the sovereign as a personal overlord, but to George V as head of the commonwealth of Nations composing the British Empire, an epoch in history occurred. It marks the transformation of the last European Empire into a federation something like

the United States of America, but with far less power over its component members.

When the Irish Parliament receives control of its own taxation it has received the essential function of government. Taking an oath to the British King will stick in the throat of some of the extremists; but Griffiths and Michael Collins are realists who are unwilling to continue a war which could not gain them anything more substantial than what they have thus obtained by conference.

Alone among the political parties of the last campaign the Socialist Party and the Farmer-Labor Party demanded the recognition of the Irish Republic by the United States. This treaty fulfills essential independence.

HARDING AS EMPEROR

In his message to Congress President Harding asks for a grant of the two powers remaining which are needed to transform the country into an empire. These are exclusive Presidential control of tariff and exclusive Presidential control of international indebtedness. The two powers are, of course, intimately connected, for adjusting the debts owed us by allied nations will require a careful manipulation of the tariffs.

Only one thing more is needed. If the President is given exclusive control of the taxing power within the nation—a demand for which is strongly foreshadowed in this message—he will have control of the whole fundamental powers of government. He will have all the powers of Augustus.

Well, why not? Capitalism requires imperialism. Economic monarchy such as is exercised by American finance requires a political monarchy to protect and defend it. If we are content with the fact, why not accept the title?

Democracy has never been won in any other way than by control of the products of labor by the workers themselves. When that is lost, the political vote is a shell without its meat. When that is won, all else follows.

Even to their latest days the Roman Emperors continued to act in the name of the "Senate and People of Rome." But the Emperor ruled. So let it be with Harding. We tolerate Morgan's actual power, why should we refuse his political representative what little comfort may be derived from a title?

Write your congressman and suggest that he introduce a bill changing the title of the President to Emperor. Point out to him that he might as well have the title as the power. Explain to him that "Emperor" merely means "Commander-in-Chief," and that since the Emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria have fallen, since the British Empire is no more, having been trans-

formed into a commonwealth of nations, there it but one emperor now, and that is the Emperor of Japan. Explain to him that it would be a darned shame to have the Japs get away with such a thing as this; that the white race must have its emperor too, and the President of the United States is the only available candidate.

Try it out—and see what happens!

The biggest and best yet. Debs-Lincoln Edition!

CHRISTMAS

Christmas!

Since the dawn of humanity, mankind has ever kept with gladness and rejoicing the season when the winter's long darkness begins to turn to light again.

From that long bright day, the twenty-first of June, when the sun appears earliest and stays latest above the horizon, day by day the shadows grow longer and the light grows less.

Day by day the sun swings further and further to the Southward. Day by day dawn comes a little later, darkness a little earlier, till the birds fly away and the leaves turn yellow and sere; the grasses wither, keen winds begin to howl from the black and frozen north.

For countless ages of ages, mankind did not understand why the bright sun seemed to fly away and the cold darkness to draw so fearfully near. They did not know that the Earth, swinging in her ninety-million-mile radius around the sun, being tilted a trifle toward the plane of the orbit, followed these motions with mechanical regularity. They never felt sure that the sun would come back, that the days would lengthen, that the glorious Spring would dawn once more.

Always, up to the present, they knew, it had come back; but there was a lurking fear that some time the sun might keep on going south, that the days might keep on growing less and the darkness longer, that the cold might increase until it swallowed up the warmth and light, and all the world be covered with the horrible cold and black death forever.

Therefore on the shortest day of the year, December 21st, in all ages penitential processions were held, and intercessions offered to whatever gods they worshipped, that the light might come back again, that in the dark caverns of the underworld where the Sun nightly fled the New Year might be born—the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings.

So on the fourth day thereafter, when the light begins to lengthen by ever so tiny a degree; when the sun arises a little earlier, and stays a little longer though it be only for a moment—on this day, since mankind began, rejoicings were held and hallelujahs sung to whatever God men worshipped,

in the name of the Rebirth of Life, the glorious hope of resurrection from the dead of all things slain by the cruel spear of Winter.

* * *

And now on this black year, when the darkness swallows up so many things we held most dear; when horror has overwhelmed the earth and gross darkness the peoples; when day by day the children of the poor sink into deeper and deeper peril; when cold and hunger and want and misery make their inroads daily more and more bold—

In the midst of the blackness and the darkness appears a bright glow; even though it is only by little and little, the light does reappear and a warm new hope is born.

Christmas Day, the Rebirth of the Sun of Righteousness, the yearly festival of the eternal triumph of Life over Death, of Right over Wrong, of Light over Darkness, of Justice over Iniquity—on this Christmas Day knowledge of the strength of our cause and the certainty of our triumph comes to us with healing strength.

There is a long winter yet ahead of us; the coldest months come AFTER and not before the turn of the year; but we have seen the rebirth of the Light, and we know that we shall triumph.

DEMONSTRATION BIG SUCCESS

Too much credit cannot be given to those comrades who worked for weeks making ready the plans for the reception of Our Gene. Much work was to be done and sufficient funds provided to make it a success. Phil Reinhold was chairman of the local committee and was well supported by Comrades Moore, Boston, Cameron, Miller, and many other citizens of Terre Haute. The visitors from out of the city organized into an auxiliary committee which proved of great service in making arrangements and during the reception.

Among the visitors present were Dan Farrell and C. E. Motter of Dayton, O.; J. J. Fried and Moskowitz, of Cleveland; George Koop and Daniel Uretz, of Chicago, Ill.; Frank O'Hare, Fred Strickland, Ross Brown, Millard Price and many other prominent Socialists. The Socialist and radical press was well represented by C. W. Erwin of the New York Call, Kate O'Hare of the Rip Saw, Otto Edelman of the Miami Valley Socialist, Dayton, O.; G. A. Hoehn of St. Louis Labor; M. Sigel, Jewish Daily Forward, and Charles L. Drake of Debs Freedom Monthly, Chicago, Ill.

Men my brothers, men the workers,
Ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest
Of the things that they shall do.

—Tennyson.

ARMAMENTS AND PEACE.

With a magnificent gesture Secretary Hughes opens the Disarmament Conference by proposing to scrap a large proportion of the battleships of England, Japan and the United States, and discontinue building battleships for ten years. It will save hundreds of millions of dollars, and on the surface seems like a great step toward peace.

But a slight glance at the facts of the late war shows that the big battleship is of no earthly use in conflict. During the whole struggle between England and Germany for mastery of the seas there was only one battle between the grand fleets, and that meant nothing to the general issue. English and German battleships met in the fog off Jutland, fired a few shots, sank one or two small craft, and then ran home again.

* * *

Scrapping the fleet of battleships simply means that there will be more money to spend on submarines, aeroplanes and poison gas; for with these implements of murder the wars of the future will be fought.

There was a time when all warriors of noble birth wore heavy coats of mail. These protected them from sword and spear. But when the gun was invented, it was found that the heavy suits of armor were really no advantage, but a burden. So with a magnificent gesture the knights of old laid aside their shining armor, and announced that hereafter they would fight in the same garments worn by the commoners. It sounded well and it did no harm. Such is the proposal of Secretary Hughes. An aeroplane with a bomb can sink a \$50,000,000 battleship in twenty minutes. Why waste the \$50,000,000?

* * *

The burden of armaments had got to a point where the people of all nations were feeling that the governments they enjoyed (?) were not worth the cost of protecting them. If such a feeling became general the fires of revolution would be nursed. So in discarding the program of big battleships the capitalist governments will be insuring their own lives for a few years longer.

Don't be misled by the glittering splendors of a statesman's address. Look at the facts, folks, look at the facts!

* * *

On November 7th the daily papers of the United States published details of a new weapon of warfare which has been perfected in our Governmental laboratories. This is the aerial torpedo, operated by wireless, which can travel 5,000 miles in the air without a human passenger. The moving picture news supplements a few weeks ago carried a series of views of the wireless automobile, which can be guided by pressing the button of a battery half a mile away. The aerial torpedo

works on the same principle.

A few months before that the Chief of the Chemical Warfare Division of the United States army announced that a new poison gas had been perfected nine times more deadly than the chlorine gas used by the Germans. A small vial of this gas poured out over an ordinary small village would kill not only all the men and women and children, but also the dogs, cats, mice, and even the grass and flowers, leaving the village an absolute desert.

Picture now a combination of Aerial Torpedo and Mustard Gas! A fleet of aerial torpedoes could be launched from a safe spot far behind the line of battle, sent through wireless manipulation to the proper location, and there made to drop a barrage of death and destruction. Without danger to the men operating the fleet, this deadly gas could be spread over a country of limitless extent, wiping out life of every kind. And a fleet of such air torpedoes costs only a small fraction of a fleet of torpedo boats, to say nothing of the giant battleships.

* * *

In the course of organic evolution the Megatherium was developed, a beast hugher than all others, thickly armored and giant muscled. But the Megatherium was so excessively heavy that he died of his own weight, while the lesser and lighter animals went on in progress of developing life. Such is it with the giant battleships. They cost \$50,000,000 apiece and are worth nothing when completed, except to feed the pride of the people and the purse of the armor plate contractor.

* * *

But as long as the causes of war exist so long will weapons of war be manufactured. First the sharp stone, then the club, then the spear, then the sling; the sword, the arrow, the musket, the machine gun, poison gas; rafts, galleys, men-of-war, Monitors, Merrimacs, Dreadnaughts, super-dreadnaughts; and now the aerial torpedo. In such wise does the evolution of the art of murder proceed.

* * *

As long as national groups quarrel over the means of life, so long will the art of death prevail. War is not a question of national hate, for national hate is produced by something deeper, namely, the pressure and conflict for the means of life. Under the capitalist system of ownership of productive machinery in the hands of a few, surplus product also is left in the hands of a few and must in some way be disposed of. Foreign markets must be found in which these surplus

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ANCIENT WISDOM FOR MODERN USAGE

"Such hath it been, shall be, beneath the sun, the many still must labor for the one." Such was Byron's view of society in his day. Some changes have occurred during the hundred and fifty years since. Taking it broadly, tho it still is true. The many still must labor for the one.

Yet the power that "one" holds over the many is daily, yes hourly, momentarily, lessening. The many cease to respect the power of the one, nor are they longer fooled by the bugaboo of Divine Right. The tables are rapidly turning and we can be certain that within a few years the one will be laboring for the many.

The present order of society is decadent at both ends. The poor are overworked and underfed. The rich are satiated with luxuries unearned, causing physical and moral corruption. As Shelley so aptly puts it, "The many faint with toil that the few may know the cares and woe of sloth."

Note that he does not say the joy and happiness of sloth, but the "cares and woe." Many think that they would be happy if they could only gain the backs of their fellowmen and ride as the rich. But any thinker knows that the misery of want and squalor is equaled fully by the misery of idleness and luxury. Socialism will balance the scales.

Under Socialism the rich will find the happiness longed for in true service to humanity. The poor will no longer hate the rich for robbing them, but will enjoy the fruit of their own labor in contentment. The rich will learn the delight of living lives of usefulness.

It is said that in ancient times the choice of public officers was made by a bean lottery, or "selective service" as Woody Wilson put it. There has not been much change in that respect. It is still a bean gamble for the politician, the only question being, "How many beans must I spend to get the office, and how many beans can I get out of it?" This is the greatest nation on the globe.

Sidney Smith said many years since "Let every man be occupied." Certainly good words for a sane social order. Sidney did not foresee the time would come when a few men owning the jobs of the many might turn them out to starve and die at their own sweet will.

He knew that every man has the right to labor, and having labored in the sweat of his brow, he is entitled to the full enjoyment of the product he

has created. The very fact that a child is born into the world is proof conclusive that its means of living is born with it. This is the law of compensation that has never been set aside.

Thru ignorance the good things of this world have been left to accumulate in the hands of a nonproducing class of parasites. They do nothing and have everything. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet their splendor rivals the glory of Solomon. But charge these things not alone to the idle class. They are caused by ignorance. Ignorance is reflected both by the workers and the shirkers. Intelligence is the only answer.

When the workers learn to conduct their own industries, in the interest of all the workers, then they can abolish the class of idlers and prove that every man's work is born with him. They can also enforce this law of nature by setting aside the work for the idler to do, and seeing that he does it.

Under Socialism every man and woman will be occupied producing things, not for profit but for the convenience and comfort of his fellows. And we are frank in saying that the nowadays parasites will also be occupied earning their living instead of riding the backs of the workers. Let every man be occupied.

Demosthenes was once asked what is the first principle of oratory. He replied, "Action." His questioner likewise asked what the second requisite of oratory might be. The sage again replied, "Action." Nothing daunted, the inquisitive one came back demanding to know the third necessity of forensic ability. Once more the famous orator replied, "Action." So with our social problems of today. They can only be solved by the workers, and the answer is not talk, but work—Action, Action, Action!

This program is strongly backed by the great scientist Huxley, who said, "The great end of life is not knowledge, but action!" What will it avail us, though we know thoroughly the science of economics from Aristotle to Marx and yet make no move to put that knowledge into action? Everyone should work out his own line of conduct in such a manner that it will provide for some time given to the education of the workers to the end that they may be finally emancipated from the thralldom of capitalism thru "Action."

I am in this earthly world, where to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly.—Shakespeare.

PUT AND TAKE.

Fifty thousand bags of onions dumped into the Gunnison River in Colorado! Fifty thousand people in the state coal regions not knowing from whence will come their next meal.

Forty-five thousand bushels of potatoes plowed under by the farmers of Aroostook County, Maine. Forty-five million people in dire need of potatoes and without the money to purchase them.

Twenty thousand watermelons thrown from the cars in Kentucky. One million left to rot in the fields of Louisiana. Twenty thousand children going to school daily in Chicago without sufficient breakfast, one million in the nation.

Unnumbered bushels of corn burned for fuel in the West. Multitudes of hungry men and women tramping the streets. Thousands of bales of cotton destroyed in the South. Freezing, ragged workers looking vainly for work, on every hand. This is the prosperity of Harding. Yea, it is the prosperity of Wilson and all the supporters of robbery.

Prof. Johnson of Yale says that our state legislators are uneducated. Only fifteen per cent have had a college education. That is probably one thing in their favor. What would Prof. Johnson do, ruin the other eighty-five per cent, too?

Strange how the present order of society places a premium on crime and corruption, while the good purpose must always go a-begging. Witness Edward J. Donegan of Brooklyn. Two years ago he was broke, and probably honest. Then came prohibition.

Donegan immediately formed a bootlegging trust. His resulting financial gains can only be estimated by the fact that he paid an income tax in 1920 of \$1,653,797. This is the trust age. A bootlegging trust may not be so respectable but it is just as moral as a beef or sugar trust. More so, as more people are robbed by the others.

If Debs and the citizens in prison wished to retain their freedom in God's brilliant sunshine, they should have organized a drunkards' trust, or better still, monopolized the milk and starved thousands of babies. This would have been good, respectable, business.

Real Americans have little chance under capitalism. How forcibly we are again reminded that we are all foreigners. One million of acres of prime Texas land is claimed by the Cherokee In-

dians. The Republic of Texas set aside this land for the use of the Cherokee Nation. When the Lone Star cast her lot with the U. S. A., greedy business interests soon drove the Indians off and scattered them to the four winds.

It is a pitiable sort of attempt at home-coming on the part of poor Lo. What opportunity they have to recover under a layout where might alone is right, we'll let the 100 per cent foreign-Americans say. Yet when we contemplate the fate of this once powerful race of our brothers, three million strong, we must hang our heads in shame and degradation.

Three millions of humankind, finest specimens of physical men and women, totally wiped out almost within the memory of our oldest inhabitants. Yes, we Christianized our red brothers with a vengeance. Sure, we forced our Bible upon them, without mercy, while we murdered them by wholesale to steal their lands.

Of course we sent our missionaries among them. But for every prairie schooner that hauled a Bible westward there were a dozen dragging their hellish freight of Winchester rifles and burning fire-water. There are but few of the real Americans left. They take no interest in our modern life of mammon worship. They prefer to become extinct as a race rather than to take their place in the inhuman dog-eat-dog society we maintain.

The Indians never have been able to understand the meaning of all this big business anyway. Not strange, inasmuch as we fail to comprehend it ourselves. This was illustrated when one of their famous chiefs visited the Great White Father in Washington not so long since. No stone was left unturned to give the chief a good time and make a lasting impression on his simple mind.

He was royally wined and dined. He was joy-ridden without restraint. He was taken to the big industries and shown the marvelous machinery the white man has enslaved for the benefit of a few. After being treated to one wonder after another for an entire week, he was triumphantly asked by his escort what impressed him most of all he had seen. A look of indescribable horror overspread his coppered countenance as he ejaculated in deepest contempt, "Papooses working!"

In Russia today, with their limited resources, and want and squalor walking the streets in broad daylight, the children are the first consideration of all, from Lenine down to the most obscure mujik.

HORSE SENSE.

Altho millions of American people are on the very verge of starvation and no ray of economic light yet appears to penetrate the blackness of our prosperity, the biggest problem of our Boards of Trade is what to do with the enormous harvest of corn and other cereals produced by our peasantry.

There were 219 million bushels left over from last year. Our eager peasants added 2 billion 700 million more bushels this year, making a grand total of over 3 billion bushels to be disposed of. This does not mean of course that there is no need for such monster crops.

It only means that the people are unable to buy corn products, and that the Boards of Trade are unable to export it at a profit to the grain gamblers. So the millions of women and children in America must go without, and proceed daily to the hunting of masters, without food in their stomachs.

It would not take any sense to provide for the distribution of this vast mountain of food to our needy population. But it would interfere with profits, so the surplus is being burned and dumped into rivers, in order that the sacred right of profit may not be abrogated.

A neighboring farmer once owned a horse that was very gentle and submissive. In fact, it was so well trained by the farmer that it refused to touch the grain placed in its manger until the halter had been adjusted. This became a fixed habit on the part of the horse and quite often it saved the farmer some annoyance.

One day the farmer and family were called away for a few days. He stocked the faithful horse's manger with water, clover and grains to last until his return, but in his haste to leave had neglected to place the halter rope around its neck. Witness his surprise upon returning several days later to find his fine horse nothing but a shadow and the water and grain lying untouched in the manger. The halter lying loose on the floor told the story.

It is not strange that some horses have not horse sense, when it is plainly evident to all, that millions of people in America have not even goat sense. They refuse to touch the bountiful crops that nature has bestowed upon them until the halter of rent, interest and profit is placed around their necks by their masters. Untold quantities of corn, beef, flour, canned goods, and other sub-

stantial food lies in our mangers, but we refuse to touch it, and the profiteer's halter lies loose on the floor of our stall.

With our modern system of food manufacture developed by scientists, this corn supply alone could be made into an endless variety of toothsome goodies to supply our millions of undernourished women and children, to say nothing of the streets full of men who hope in vain for a break in the industrial chaos that they may return to a master for the halter.

Under a sane social order this food and all other products would be returned to the people a cost. Of course that would be un-American, treasonable, pro-German, Bolshevistic, paternalistic and other things too awful to mention. Yet it would mean food, clothing, shelter, employment, prosperity, and even happiness to our willing, but idle millions.

The New England States are interested in consolidating their jails to cut down expenses. This is good business policy. Why maintain fourteen sheriffs, jailers, heating systems, and kitchens with their huge expenses in the little state of Vermont to care for probably fifty prisoners? This is an outrage in the extreme against common sense.

While considering the question it might not be out of place to suggest that all sheriffs, jails and the full equipment of our crime-breeding penal institutions should be scrapped. We are on the high road to civilization. Return to the workers the wealth they create and they will not need to recover it illegally from the pirates who have robbed them within the law.

Again we are promised by our Wall Street President that the case of Gene Debs will be "considered." Considered, indeed! Mr. Harding is not very keen of perception or he would have discovered that six million voters are daily considering his case, and as they are not busy producing for the Plunderbund they have plenty of time to consider his case in its every angle. They may even be driven to admit that had Harding gone to prison and Debs to the White House, justice would be nearer expression.

Everyone admires Lincoln! Debs and Lincoln are inseparable in the minds of noble men and women. Order a bundle of the Debs-Lincoln Edition for your friends.

"TERRE HUT"

Continued from page 6

hope for, and to bear us onward to sublime victory in the end.

We must win because he won, and we can know no failure in the light of his smile! We will follow where he leads! We have endless faith in his Love! We are on the way and if true we must arrive as he has, before us. Hosanna in the Highest! Harding has left himself out of the jail of his own conscience. Debs was never confined. He could not be! But we welcomed him to "Terre Hut."

He was never out of our hearts. Let the stars resume their courses. Let the old earth swing again on its rusty axis. Our Great Lover Gene is Home Again! That is Enough!

ARMAMENTS AND PEACE

Continued from page 10

products may be sold. But every other nation is seeking to control these same foreign markets; and in the struggle to grab them, wars are generated. Let us not be misled by the windy rhetoric or, as in the case of Secretary Hughes, by admirably direct and clear statement of a proposed plan. Hughes and Harding say what they mean. Let us also say what we mean. There can be no peace as long as capitalism endures. And as long as surplus products accumulate, every nation must be armed to the teeth with the best means of murder known to man. Socialism is the price of peace; there is no other. War or Socialism—which?

I. T.

THE NEW DAY

The National Socialist Weekly.

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Editorial Associate—Victor L. Berger.

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OVER THE WIRE TO GENE

"Born again."—(Author unknown.)

"God give you life and strength to carry on your blessed fight for human freedom.—Rabbi Juda Magnes.

"Gene, we join comrades outside with cheers. Shake hands! Spirit unbroken! Price paid! All hail the coming Workers' Republic without cannon or the crime of war. Without master or slave. — Madison Hicks, for the Leavenworth prisoners.

Space will not permit us to publish at this time any more of the thousands of telegrams that came from all over the world to Gene. Messages of love and congratulations from Bernard Shaw, Anatole France, Jean Longuet and many of the world's most prominent people.

Wake up your neighbors! Are they prejudiced or dogmatic? Debs-Lincoln Edition will "get them." Order a Bundle Today!

A Hindu threw a club at the Prince of Wales—and missed him. He ought to be bastinadoed for bad marksmanship.

* * *

For a year and a half we have been promised that as soon as the war is officially over, the war-time prisoners will be released.

Now the peace is signed, and the treaties proclaimed, and the war-time laws repealed; but still 160 victims of the war fury lie in bonds.

Every Socialist Local should order 1,000 of the Debs-Lincoln Edition \$35 per \$1,000. Ready Jan. 20th.

NOTICE

To assist the selling of the magazine on news stands and by comrades, we are setting the date of the Debs Monthly for December ahead one month. This requires that the December and January Numbers be combined. It will, however, make no difference to subscribers. The Magazine will now be issued the first of the month instead of the last, as formerly.

NOTICE CHANGE IN PRICE

Now that the price of Debs Monthly has been reduced to \$1.00 per year, or fifteen copies for \$1, we trust that all our friends will renew their efforts to place Debs Monthly in the hands of all their neighbors. Circulation means publicity. Publicity is Freedom for our Comrades. Why not fill that sub list today?

ASK YOUR NEWS DEALER

for Debs Monthly. If he does not handle it, notify us and we will send him a small bundle. He can remit when he sells them. Make your dealers carry **YOUR MAGAZINE. ASK THEM TODAY!**

A Birthday Greeting to Eugene V. Debs.

By Henry Da Silva

Dear Mr. Debs:
 I was a service man,
 A volunteer,
 A rabid militarist
 And interventionist,
 A Socialist hater,
 A patrioteer.
 I was 12 months in France
 It was my fate
 To see little
 But I heard a lot,
 And on my return
 I saw and heard
 A great deal more.
 I also heard about you,
 First with contempt
 Then piety
 And finally love,
 For before I met you
 I roamed about
 Without any destiny
 And without conception
 Of my relation to life,
 And now you have opened to me
 Skies infinite
 And made me a
 Man of Ideals
 And filled me
 With a joy of living
 And a religious fervor
 That the good Sisters
 Who taught me
 In my youth,
 And the Fathers
 Who preached to me
 During my life
 Failed to teach me,
 For mainly through you
 I came to know the real
 Nazarene of Galilee
 And I learned
 That he, like you,

Was a Man of Ideals
 For the welfare
 Of Humanity;
 That he also said,
 "Do not kill,
 But love each other,
 For you are all brothers,"
 And he was tried as
 A criminal
 And executed
 Upon a Roman Cross
 By an ignorant,
 Misguided mob
 Of patriotic zealots.
 You tried to be a Christian,
 And you too shared
 The wrath and fury
 That befell Him;
 And only the fact
 That we are a bit advanced
 From 2,000 years ago
 Saved you from the fate
 That befell Him.
 I have come to admire,
 Respect and love you,
 For you so taught me
 To love Humanity,
 And in so doing
 I feel a man, born again
 In a new world
 Of understanding,
 Realizing my full
 Obligations
 To mankind
 And I consider this
 A debt
 That can never be repaid,
 But by giving all my effort
 To help in the cause
 Of the emancipation
 Of Mankind
 From the slavery

Of superstition,
 Ignorance and hatred.
 I could continue indefinitely
 For my aching heart
 Urges me on,
 But I am afraid.
 I have already
 Detained you too long,
 And my sentiment
 Might become a bore,
 So on this,
 The anniversary
 Of your Birthday,
 I want to thank you
 For the inspiration
 You have given me
 With a message of love
 And vote a wish
 That you may soon
 Enjoy the freedom
 That is the just desert
 Of a true libertarian
 And humanitarian.
 And another word,
 When your delivery comes
 And you are
 Triumphantly acclaimed
 By a realizing multitude
 I know
 You will not forget
 To forgive
 My former buddies
 Who, unfortunately,
 Were unable to see the truth
 As it was given me to see,
 For He also said:
 "Forgive them, Father, for
 They know not what they do."
 Good-bye, Daddy,
 May God bless you
 And the Angels watch you.

Brooklyn, Nov. 5, 1921.

TUCKER-DARROW DEBATE

On January 15 at 2:30 P. M. a mammoth debate will take place between the Editor of Debs Monthly, Irwin St. John Tucker, and Clarence S. Darrow, the prominent labor attorney. The question at issue: "Is Socialism the Only Hope of the Race?" Tucker says it is; Darrow says it is not. Receipts of this meeting will go to the Debs Freedom Fund for the release of all prisoners. Tickets in advance at Radical Book Stores in Chicago, and Cook County Office, Socialist Party. Admission, 55c. Friends of Debs Monthly will make this debate a huge success.

DEBS LINCOLN EDITION

DEBS MONTHLY IS PREPARING FOR A BIG RUN ON THE DEBS LINCOLN EDITION OF THE MAGAZINE WHICH WILL BE READY JANUARY 20TH. LOVERS OF THESE TWO NOBLE CHARACTERS WILL BE SURPRISED AT THE MANY IDEALS THEY HAVE IN COMMON. IF LINCOLN WERE HERE TODAY HE WOULD BE WITH DEBS, NO DOUBT! THIS WILL BE THE BEST AND BIGGEST EDITION YET OF DEBS MONTHLY. ORDER A BUNDLE TO GIVE TO YOUR FRIENDS. THE SPECIAL LOW PRICE ON THIS EDITION WILL ENABLE YOU TO GIVE IT AWAY WITHOUT HARDSHIP. ORDER TODAY. KNOCK THE PLUTES COLD WITH DEBS LINCOLN EDITION. SEND CASH WITH ORDER. PRICE, \$1 FOR 20; \$4 per 100; \$35 per 1000. Orders will be filled as received.

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TUCKER - DARROW

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