

DEBS

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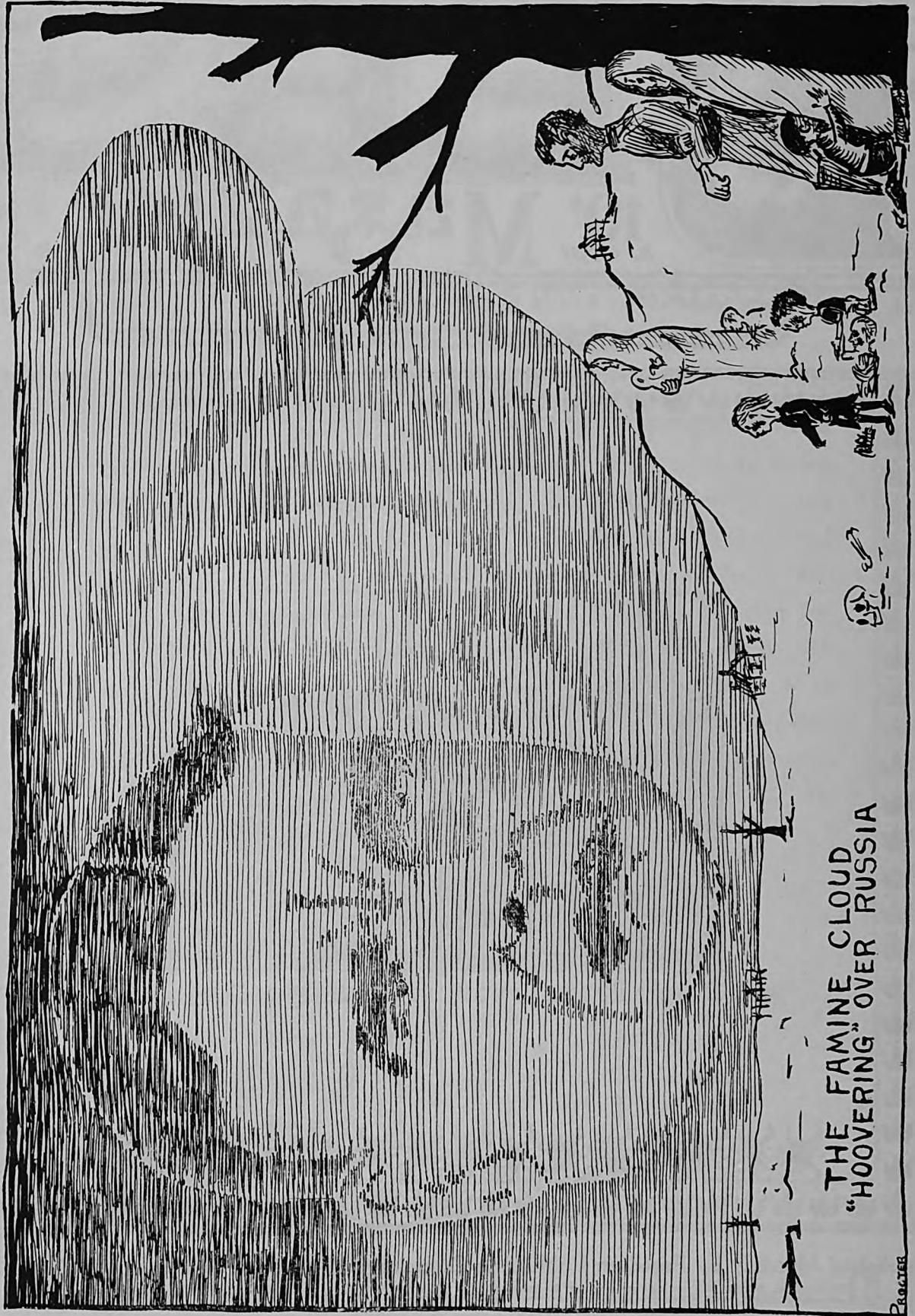
No. 7



"FLEEING FROM STRICKEN RUSSIA!"

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THE FAMINE CLOUD
"HOOVERING" OVER RUSSIA

P. G. W.

For a United Working Class on Every Front

(Debs is not financially interested in this Magazine. He is responsible only for articles appearing over his own name.)

DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Vol. 1

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1922

No. 7

Give Account, Mr. Hoover!

Eight millions of people disappeared from Russia between the years 1916 and 1920, says the census just published. Plague, pestilence and famine swept them away. Starvation has destroyed its victims by multitudes in the fertile valley of Mother Volga. Horrors beyond the power of pen to paint; misery surpassing conception, agonies multiplied beyond imagination; have swept over Russia in a steady stream.

In America the farmers have been burning their corn by carloads because they are unable to sell it.

Between America's surplus and Russia's awful agony stands fat, complacent Mr. Hoover, Director of the American Relief Forces in Europe, saying: "Let them starve."

Hoover and his financial cronies dislike the Soviet Government. They do not believe that governments should protect lives as against property. They do not believe that the workers should own and control industry.

And because the Russians do desire these things; because they think that the workers should own the wealth their own hands create; because they insist that the farmer should own the land; because they believe that the government should be of, by and for the workers.—the executive hand of Hoover is raised to prevent the American workers aiding their starving brethren of that benighted land.

Congress appropriated \$20,000,000 to send American grain to the famished Russian people. Hoover has control of this and he is using it as far as possible to overthrow radicalism in Russia.

And when a great movement arose among the people; when governors, senators, mayors, doctors and clergymen by the hundreds thruout the nation joined the American Committee for Famine Relief, to send American grain direct to starving Russia; to send milk, butter and cheese from American dairies to famishing children in that stricken land and to ask the people in the states to contribute of their bounty to carry this food across the seas,—Hoover's power is used to halt

and destroy that movement and to make it of none effect.

Hoover's efforts have not succeeded entirely. In direct answer to his attack, Gov. Blaine of Wisconsin has proclaimed a Famine Relief Week, and every citizen of the state is officially asked to give what they can to save the dying babes and women of Russia. All honor to the governors and senators, mayors and others who are supporting this humane movement. Many more will follow until Hoover and his financial pirates will be snowed under entirely. Russia will yet be saved in spite of our bogus relief forces in Russia and their profit seeking leader.

So far, so good! But let us not forget where the fault lies.

It was the blockade of Russia by America and her Allies, after the war was over, that directly caused this famine. No grain or other foods, no iron, steel, machinery, nor any of the many needed supplies were allowed to enter that beleaguered land. Our profiteers did not approve of the soviet form of government, therefore, no trade was permitted, and millions were condemned to perish in agony.

Attacked on all sides, compelled to defend as many as thirteen different fronts at one time to repel the enemy, with hostile navies anchored off every port, Russia's safety required that the skilled artisans, the machinists and mechanics, every man that could be spared, be called to the defense of their firesides, which left no opportunity for reconstruction. The Revolution must endure at all hazards, and it did endure though millions paid the price of freedom that American \$\$\$\$ should be protected.

Hoover, tool of militaristic France, servant of the profiteers who hold the world in their ghoulish grip; Hoover, fat, smug, well paid and well fed, sits in his Washington office, as a spider in a web, regarding the sufferings of myriads of women and children with a sinister smile. "Let the Russian people starve and the world will be well rid of bolshevism and safe for American gold."

(Continued on page 13.)

Comment

The editorship of the Christian Science Monitor has changed with marked improvement (in that excellent paper) as many can say. In reply to a letter from Louis F. Post, the Monitor comes out openly for the conscription of property and wealth, as well as men, in time of national exigency. Splendid! Many socialists are still in jail because they took a radical stand on this principle when it was unpopular to do it. To be consistent now the Monitor should ask the release of all those who were imprisoned for demanding the conscription of wealth as well as men during the late war. Will it do so?

More than that the nation is now passing thru the throes of a new birth, more painful and agonizing than ever war itself. A great national exigency again confronts us. Millions of our best citizens are workless, penniless and without daily bread. These men were conscripted to save the world for "democracy." It is not yet too late to make "property" bear its share of the burden. Debs Magazine demands the immediate conscription of the idle mines, mills and factories. It demands that they be opened and operated by the millions that are out of work and that the products created therein be returned to the workers at cost. This will soon drive poverty, want and woe, from our midst. It will restore prosperity, as America has never known prosperity, and bring happiness and plenty to all of our citizens. This is the demand of Debs Magazine. We need you in this fight, Monitor! Are you with us?

The Supreme Court has handed "up" a decision prohibiting the State of Wisconsin from reducing railway fares within its borders. In another decision it upholds the Interstate Commerce Commission for increasing the passenger fares and carrying charges on milk and cream, against the wishes of the New York State Railway Commission. Meanwhile hundreds of babes perish in New York City for lack of milk. This court is supreme only in ignorance and stupidity. Take over the railways and operate them for the people. Now!

Another piece of asininity in the thirty-second degree is the reversal by the Supreme Court of the North Dakota grain inspection law passed by the Non-Partisan Legislature. "Verily the ox knoweth his master's crib," and that master dwelleth not on the blizzard swept, and sun baked prairies of North Dakota. It proves furthermore that until the workers capture the entire

nation very little headway toward progress can be made by holding the outposts. On to Washington!

Secretary Hughes returned March 6th from a vacation. The enormous reductions he accomplished in the world navies told on him heavily. If he had not returned at all we should not have missed him.

At a cost of \$125,000 nearly seven million dollars worth of lumber was saved from fire in the forests of the Coast States by the Air Patrol Service. Now we learn that this service is to be greatly reduced by reason of lack of funds. We squandered billions in the world war, filling the pockets of our drunken war lords to overflowing, but we haven't got the money to protect our vast timberlands for ourselves and posterity. The thousands of aero-planes burned in France could here have found some useful service. No, this would interfere with the piling up of colossal fortunes by profiteers, with the active assistance of the Administrations, late and present. It is high time for a house cleaning all round. We may yet teach the people that this government should be used for the benefit of all instead of for the private profit and enrichment of a few greedy parasites.

The chief objection to Governor Reilly of Porto Rico seems to come from the politicians because he removed several judges from their places of power. The socialists and liberals of the Island are supporting the Governor and up to the present he appears to have the best of it. Any governor who has the courage to tie a can to a judge made law and court oppression in America as it stands today, deserves not only the commendation but the backing of all thinking people. Hit them again, Reilly!

Uncle Joe Cannon will retire from Congress this year after hoodwinking the voters of his District for half a century or more. Cannon has had much power in Washington during that time. It has always been used in favor of organized greed and never in the interest of the workers who sent him there. Still we do not blame Uncle Joe. He is a kind old ignoramus, very little above zero in intelligence. After all, a stupid clientele cannot send an intelligent man to represent them. Suppose the workers of Danville and vicinity, that are living in hovels, constantly on the verge of starvation, had used their fran-

chise with some understanding and had kept a militant representative in Congress fighting for their interests for the last fifty years? What could he not have done for the advancement of labor? Good bye, Uncle Joe, you have delivered the goods to your masters, while pretending to represent the workers. We won't miss you, so long! Another just as ignorant will take your place.

Article 22 of the Washington Treaty provides that in case of war the signatory powers may cast aside all the restrictions of the treaty. That is, the rules against war are only operative in times of peace. If the world contains a bigger joke than this, memory fails to recall it.

Japanese women and children are leaving California in great numbers, every boat being loaded with them. Japan had a great war with China in 1894, and was victorious. Ten years later she fought Russia in 1904, and was victorious. Ten years later she fought Germany in 1914, and was victorious. Every Japanese schoolboy and still more, every Japanese soldier, looks forward to 1924 for the crowning victory. None but the Japanese workers, already loaded beyond endurance with the heavy weight of war taxes, are opposed to "heimin," the next conflict. Japan is rent and torn now by the demands of the workers for more power. Here's hoping. Banzai

Before leaving for Paris to confer with Premier Poincaire, Lloyd George spent a night at the residence of Sir Philip Sassoon, London agent for the House of Rothschild, receiving his orders from the money power of Europe. Poincaire is the stepson of Freund, a Paris agent of the House of Rothschild.

The Genoa conference, according to the Chicago Daily News, will "reapportion" the gold held in the United States. What does that mean—a raid on the United States Treasury by the hungry nations of Europe?

Judge Clarence N. Goodwin of Chicago told the National Conference of Bar Associations that "Equality before the law is impossible so long as the rich and powerful are represented in court by highly educated lawyers, while a large part of the poor and ignorant are represented by untrained and ignorant men." This, being interpreted, means that justice is to the highest bidder, which is not new to anybody but has been kept sedulously quiet.

Now comes Reginald C. Augustine of the American Optometric Association, claiming that the high cost of living is due to poor eyesight on the part of the producers. Quite right! For twenty years we have been trying to teach the workers how to own and operate the industries for themselves. But they can't see it, Reggie, they can't see it!

Senator King has introduced a Resolution in the Senate demanding the withdrawal of American Troops from the Republics of Hayti and San Domingo. All lovers of liberty should immediately write to their senators and congressmen to support this bill to the limit. It is high time that the murderous rule forced upon these freedom loving islanders by the sugar trust should come to a halt, and the governments of those republics be turned back to the people who inhabit them. Write your congressman today!

This Magazine is for a strike whenever and wherever it can better the conditions of the workers and gain some advantage from the shirkers. But to continually strike under the present system is an idiotic habit. It only serves to increase the cost of production, and that cost comes back to you in higher prices on other commodities.

If you are enabled to escape the consequent rise in prices, the cost is passed on to your brother workers in other industries. It is high time the workers were considering the effect upon themselves in the mass, instead of in some particular union.

The ratio of exchange is now 175,000 soviet rubles to one gold ruble.

Having thrown off the most galling portion of the British yoke the Irish workers are now demanding that conditions be speedily remedied by the Irish Bourgeois Government that has succeeded to power. The Irish Labor Party headed by Thomas Johnson is making very far reaching demands upon Mr. Griffith and the new government will do well indeed to heed them. Much has been said about British oppression in Ireland but to exchange one yoke for another is not bettering things a great deal. Neither De Valera nor Griffith have pretended to be for the workers, nor for a complete social change, as is needed on that unfortunate isle. However the workers have much better opportunity now to face the real issue untainted with prejudice or mock patriotism. Already the Irish immigrant is a thing of history. He is staying home to win Ireland for the Workers. On with the Revolution in Erin!

Millions Starve in Volga Valley

By Isaac McBride

In one of Turgeniev's stories, he tells of a Russian peasant preparing for death. He received the last sacrament, took a steam bath in the village hut, put on a clean shirt and slowly, calmly, solemnly lay down on his bench to await death. So like Turgeniev's peasant, the inhabitants of the famine-stricken Volga village "slowly, calmly, solemnly await death."

An American friend who has just returned informed me that the villages are silent. Silence—that is the characteristic trait of famine. A dreadful ominous silence. No movement, no wail of despair, only resignation. A superhuman submissive hopelessness. When they are told, "Wait just a little while, help will come," they invariably reply, "Yes, we have heard of this help. It is not here yet. Who will help us? We are forgotten."

Before the snow came there were great dark distances; on every side black wastes. Not a grass blade. All that the peasants had sown was burnt out. The earth itself was burned to a depth of half a yard, parched, crumbled into powder.

Now that the snow has come and there are no more acorns, birch leaves, grasses, locusts and field mice, on which many of them subsisted, what will become of them? How will it all end? Tens of thousands are dying now. Must they die by millions or can their lives be saved?

The refugees by the thousands—fleeing from the famine district, travel like gypsies, their covered wagons loaded with all sorts of household goods.

The horse moves along slowly, unsteadily, as if drunk, and the peasants silently follow the wagon in the same way. Suddenly the horse stops, and the peasants are afraid to urge it on. The refugees are coming from remote villages into Samara; from there to Siberia and all along the way, their horses are falling dead by the thousands.

The parents, crazed from hunger, desert their children and go to the station to wait for a train.

If they can only succeed in getting a place on the platform of one of the cars, or on the roof, anywhere. Only to go ahead—that is their only hope. They don't inquire where the train is going. What difference can it make? Siberia, Turkestan, Moscow, it does not matter. Only to get away somewhere and not to see the bare earth and look death in the face day after day.

From the month of April, 1921, throughout the

summer and on into the winter, these endless wagon trains dragged along. From day to day the Samara station, the square before it, the platform and along the track swarmed with men, women and children, waiting to get somewhere to get food.

Samara was the thriving city of the Volga valley, one of the great grain centers of the world before the war, but subjected to cruel war and invasion several times in the last four years. It is now a city of the dead.

On the streets great throngs of hungry children are lying about while hordes of wretched hungry dogs sniff vainly for food. Coffins made of unplanned boards are stacked high on every side.

No matter which way you turn, you encounter starving children, dogs, coffins, rags, stench and filth. The very air reeks with poison. Thousands upon thousands of children have been left behind by refugees. These little waifs pick out grains from horse's manure with their fingers and eat them. They are such children that only famine can produce, with enormous stomachs, little swollen feet that appear like cushions, and tiny wrinkled blue, absolutely dead faces, with sunken tearful eyes.

What has been done to alleviate all this human misery? A great deal.

The Samara council stopped the disorderly fight. The refugees are now being moved in accordance with the worked-out plan, taking the inadequate transport means into account.

The most completely helpless were removed first to districts where they will not perish. Those needed in the Volga remain, that the region may not be entirely depopulated.

Sufficient numbers must be encouraged to remain through the winter to insure sowing of seed in the spring if the famine in the valley is not to be repeated next year.

Relief is on the ground in the form of food and sufficient is on the way from America to save the lives of 1,000,000 children, or about 20 per cent of the children in the Volga valley.

This relief comes as a result of an appropriation of \$20,000,000 by the American government. It helps a great deal but it is inadequate.

The peasants of the Volga must not be allowed to cry out much longer—"Yes we have heard of this help. It is not here yet. Who will help us? We are forgotten."

Put and Take

"Landis Leaves the Court Bench for the Base Ball Bench." There is no mourner's bench we assure him.

Landis deserves great credit for finally mustering up some respect for the courts. It is much more than we can do.

The Editor of this Magazine has met the Judge face to face on more than one occasion. The last time he was almost moved to tears, for the dear old Judge said, "Twenty Years."

This reminds us of one of the I. W. W. prisoners in the late Chicago trials who criticised the Judge's English severely because his sentences were too long.

Lives of judges oft remind us
If we steal a lowly dime
To supply with bread our loved ones
We will soon be doing time.

Let us then be up and doing,
Doing them for that's their fate;
Still receiving, still securing,
Get the big graft at the gate.

The worthy Judge first sprang into prominence by fining the Standard Oil Company \$29,240,000. He sprang out just as quickly when Rockefeller appealed the case to his own Judge and reversed the decision.

The Judge will now spend his time between baseball and the American Legion. He does not say that he will assist in organizing the Ku Klux.

Organized baseball is a worthless and parasitic graft but he will be much better employed there than on the bench sending liberty-loving citizens to long terms in government prisons.

Still there will be splendid opportunity Judge to exercise your tyrannious spirit of reaction

against the rising power of the workers thru the American Legion.

Yes, Judge, we give you credit. The courts are too slow. When you meet a radical, it is often difficult and sometimes impossible to put him out of the way by legal processes. But with the aid of the American Legion he can be tarred, tortured or lynched in record time.

Whatever your motive Judge we are not altogether convinced that the \$50,000 per year does not have something to do with it.

Why didn't you stand pat Judge? But there has been a noticeable streak of yellow in all your dealings with the people. You have served your masters well and are entitled to a much more lucrative berth than you have received. You should have joined the grafters union and stuck out for your price. The masters pay much better, when they have too.



"Why do you sleep here, Little One?"
"I have no home, kind Sir."
"What does your father do?"
"When he is working, Sir, he builds homes!"

Box Car Ballads

By Ho Beau

Prophets of unrest want to abolish the profits that make unrest.

Harding guards the mail from bandits. Debs would guard the passengers from the railway owners.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear," is a warning so far unheeded by our profit-ears.

"New Dollars Do Not Stack Well." However, it will not prevent Morgan piling them up.

Sixty years ago Sherman said. "War is Hell." If he were here today he might add "So is Business."

Skeletons have been put on the free list. Why import them when we have a bumper crop at home.

If the workers were not green so long they would have more long green.



The Ku Klux calls the U. S. the star of nations. Their star is full of tar.

The Steel Trust has sent Pepper to the U. S. Senate from Pennsylvania. Pickled again!

"Two More Women to Run for Congress." What's the idea? Too many mis-representatives in Congress now.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte will not accept the crown of Albania. Easy lies the head that rejects a crown!



The rich girls play bridge while the poor girls play Bridget.

We now have in Congress, a farmer's bloc, a banker's bloc, a manufacturer's bloc, etc., all elected by blocheads.

It is high time the workers of the world called a conference on the Limitation of Ignorance.



"Business is Looking Up." Probably looking up to see what hit it.

Pershing advises reduction of army officers from 17,000 to 12,000. We may win the war yet.

New York City is to place a Statue of Justice in front of the City Hall. Quite proper! There is none to be found inside.

Harding in Washington; Wood in the Philippines; Bone in Alaska. The hard heads are in the saddle.

Farmers save your cotton. When we kick the politicians out of Washington, they will want a soft place to light.

Fourteen hundred millions for war, seven hundred for education. Twice as much to shoot brains out of people as to shoot them in.



The latest fad on Fifth Avenue is golden cuspidors for Spitz dogs.

We have not recognized Mexico, nor will we be able to recognize Russia when the Allies are thru with her.

The Russian ruble is pretty low, but it will never get so low as some of our politicians.

Most of us get the tax where the chicken gets the ax.

It would help some to cut out the goose step going to the ballot box.

The atrocious phrase of the 100%ers "Work or Fight" is now revealed in all its horror, "Beg or Starve."

When the Allies open trade with Russia, it will knock the Hun out of hunger.

The Conference may take the poison gas out of war, but only the voters can take the poison gas out of Congress.



Religion is now at great disadvantage. Business has gone to hell and the crowd is after it.

In 1919 there were 3,374 strikes in the United States. In every case the workers were struck out.

Dr. Adler says there are ten million feeble minded people in the United States. Doctor, there are more Republicans and Democrats than that!

Brisbane says that 999 out of every 1000 people never have a thought. He might add, they have nothing to think with.

Woman

By Eugene V. Debs



While I scorn the chivalry that kisses the hand of woman, and then denies that hand the reins with which she might guide the rolling world along; while I would not bow to her as being more than man, yet I would give her every right I claim for myself. Still, I cannot think of her without a feeling of reverence that amounts to worship, and that which I worship in her I would also worship in man if he had not banished it from his life.

Great is the hand of man. He smites the mountain ranges, and they smooth out into plains; he strokes the ocean, and it carries his craft in safety; he shakes his fist at the night, and creatures of steel come forth to do his bidding. But if the hand of man is strong to do, the hand of woman is greater still, because it is softened and skilled to comfort and heal. If the hand of man is magical with accomplishment, the small white hand of woman has even greater magic, in that it soothes and blesses ever. With the touch of her fingers she changes the hard sick bed into down and dreams. With the stroke of her palm she banishes the tears of childhood and gives smiles for sobs.

If man, the titan, makes the world big, woman, the enchantress, makes it beautiful. If man finds the food, it is woman that brings the babe through paths she sets with roses; and it is she who makes shining and sweet the gateway when the soul fares forth to the unknown land.

Man may make the nation, but woman does more—she makes the home.

When I think of what the world would be without the inspiring influence of woman, I am ashamed of what the world has done with her. She has done everything for the world, and man has done everything evil to her. He has filled her delicate hands with weights she could not bear, and laid upon her shoulders burdens that crushed her to the earth; and though she stumbled on uncomplainingly, kissing the hand that smote her, he has taunted her as an inferior and ruled her as if she were a slave.

Still is the woman guardian of the sacred fire. Should she fail, earth would return to the stone age, and man become again a naked barbarian. It was woman who invented all the arts, from agriculture to weaving, from architecture to music.

It is woman's voice that bears the soul in prayer and hymn toward higher things.

In a world that God made beautiful, there is nothing so beautiful as woman, and without her divine ministrations, all things would speedily lose their charm. It is woman that bears the future in her body, and on her sweet and sacred bosom nurses life into higher forms and nobler ways. There is nothing so wonderful as motherhood. There is nothing more sacred, more divine, than womanhood charged with the future destiny of the race, which means the weal or woe of all that breathe.

No true man can think of his mother other than as perfect. No husband who is still a lover—as every husband ought to be—can believe that his wife is less beautiful or feel that she is less dear than when in the bloom of beauty she first won his heart.

I have a vision of woman that is loftier, nobler and diviner than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters, have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present. In the full-orbed day of the world to come woman shall be free. In that hour woman shall have opportunity; and because her day has come at last, everything that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessings that shall come to the race. Love shall reign instead of hate, beauty shall take the place of deformity, peace of war, plenty of poverty; and all the world, under her unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and saintly, sweet and satisfying.

THE "CHEKA"

By Isaac McBride

According to the latest press dispatches, the "Extraordinary commission against the Counter-Revolution," better known as the "Cheka," has been abolished by the soviet government of Russia, and is to be replaced by a Department of Justice in the Council of peoples comisars.

The "Cheka" was organized in 1918 to protect the revolution after repeated attacks had been made upon it by Monarchists, Cadets and other counter revolutionary bands. It was given wide powers to meet an existing and critical situation—a situation that brooked of no delay in its handling if the government was not to be overthrown and the monarchy restored. And in proportion to the opposition the government had to meet from these elements, the drastic action from time to time employed by the "Cheka" was determined.

The various crises in four years through which Soviet Russia passed added wide power to the "Cheka";—the right of search, arrest on suspicion, condemnation and of sentence without appeal.

It was the guardian of the revolution in much the same way that the Revolutionary Tribunal was the guardian of the French revolution. Every revolution must produce the necessary organized power to protect itself, if it is to live.

History records that many mistakes have been made by organizations of this kind; but the fact remains that they come into existence as a matter of necessity at a given period, and disappear when the necessity for them no longer exists.

If the Cheka has been abolished in Russia, it means that the crisis in the Russian Revolution is passed, and that the soviet government can maintain itself without any extra-legal bodies of any kind.

The armies sent against Russia have been defeated. The blockade partially lifted; the Russian minorities and the world in general have come to realize that whatever faults the soviet government has, it is in Russia to stay for a long period at least, and that active opposition to it must be given up.

The "Cheka" will become an historical landmark of the Russian revolution, and as opposition to the Workers and Peasants government recedes and finally disappears so will all repressive measures set up by that government to protect its existence fall into disuse, and become historical landmarks of the Revolution.

If my soldiers would really think, not one of them would remain in the ranks.—Frederick the Great.

BANKERS ALARMED

Edison has periodically come forth with startling ideas of no mean social value. However, none of his other actions have caused the alarm in high financial circles to compare with the huge bomb he recently dropped right in the camp of the money pirates of Wall Street.

Of itself his theory is not new. But if he can help to abolish a few of the financial ghosts that have always haunted the American public, they will be assisted remarkably on their way to bettering their own conditions.

Edison has sent out a questionnaire to the prominent robbers of the country, fortified in the largest banks of the nation, it reads as follows:

1. What, in your opinion, would be the approximate market value of a troy ounce of pure gold if all the governments of the world should demonetize it?

2. If the United States government were to build fireproof concrete sectional warehouses at desirable points, using therefor money received from taxation, and should receive, grade, and store for stated periods of time (say one year) selected necessities of life, issue a certificate or receipt for same, and should enact a law that the United States district treasury or the federal reserve bank might issue 50 per cent of the market value of these commodities in money (such market value being based on the average selling price over a period of twenty-five years and so indorsed on the certificate), would this money so issued be sound money? If not, give your reason.

3. Would the money thus issued be as sound as a dollar secured by, say, 50 cents' worth of gold and the promise of the government? I mean, in the ultimate analysis and not considering the gambling chance, that it is very unlikely that every one would want their gold at once.

4. The subject matter of Andrew D. White's work called "Flat Money Inflation in France," is used as a terrible example. Is it not true that there are two sides to this question, of which White gives only one side? France, just before the issue of assignats, was hopelessly bankrupt and would have been worse off without assignats than pensions for the depreciation of assignats, which ultimately caused France to become one of the richest nations. The fiat money of our Revolution became worthless directly and 1,000 per cent good indirectly. This is no argument for fiat money, as, in my opinion, all general money within a country should have practically twice the value of its par behind it.

5. Germany has issued and is now issuing enormous quantities of fiat money. This appears to be serious. Yet all her people are working furiously. America, it is said, has no fiat money. Four million men are idle, living off the workers, and we have depression in business. The same case in England. Point out why this is so and what will probably be the final result.

Send me another bundle of Debs-Lincoln Edition, by return mail. The natives here will be surprised at the next election, at the amount of socialist votes that will be cast.—E. G. Filbert, Marysville, Kan.

Did you order your Fool's Number? Wake up the boobs around you!

Poems of the Revolution

We'er Glad to Say Good-Bye,

We'ev had a man within these walls
 For thirty months or more,
 A man who's shared the sorrows here,
 Who's every act has been to cheer
 Poor souls behind this door.

His countless acts of kindness,
 His ever willing hand,
 Extended to these broken men
 As beasts locked up within a den,
 A spark of hope he's fanned;

A hope of future happiness,
 Of future joys to share,
 A life sublime, a world devine,
 A purpose other than doing time—
 In this great land so fair.

He's been a man among us,
 A gleam of light in the fog,
 Staunch and true with a heart true blue,
 Forever ready a favor to do
 Or lift up the under dog.

He's going to leave us tomorrow—
 We part but our hearts are sad,
 While these long years roll by
 Like a bright light on high
 Of his meeting we'el always be glad.

We'er glad to see him leave us
 We'er glad although we cry.
 A friendship dear, more true than gold,
 Our memories will ever hold.
 We'er glad to say good-bye,—
 But still we sigh.

—Theodore Murdock,

Christmas Eve., Atlanta, Dec. 24, 1921.

Eugene V. Debs

Not there "for life"—Oh, no!
 A transient was he;
 And yet he saw behind those walls
 What transients seldom see.

With prisoners he walked—
 Calm, and erect of head;
 Like them he slept in prison cell
 Like them ate prison bread.

With prisoners he toiled,
 Under a stern command;
 To them he spake a word of cheer—
 Held out a friendly hand.

Each bore a weight of care—
 A crushing, cruel loss;
 Each felt the bitterness of life—
 The "chaff" and worthless "dross."

From them he hid his pain—
 The ever-present smart;
 None read the hopes within his mind,
 The prayer within his heart.

Yet something in a smile,
 A smile on kindly face,
 And something in a pair of eyes
 Brought sunshine to that place.

O, Eugene Debs, I bring
 This tribute to thy name!
 'Twas Christ himself within thy soul—
 Love was the burning flame.

—Carrie E. Koch.

NOTE:—The verses, "We're Glad to Say Good-bye," were written by a prisoner as a farewell tribute to 'Gene on his leaving the prison, and read at the meeting of prisoners 'Gene addressed at the memorable Christmas Eve celebration in the prison, at which 'Gene took his farewell from the boys behind the bars, he so loved, and whose leaving behind filled him with a sadness that took the joy out of his liberation. The verses were written by an inmate of the hospital. If ever poetry issued from the hearts of human beings it is to be found in this expression of appreciation and love inspired by a fellow-feeling as holy and divine as ever sprang from the fellowship of mutual suffering, sorrow and sympathy. These verses are published precisely as they are written, for it would only mar the real poetry they express to have them polished and prettified.

DEBS MAGAZINE
A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Editor
IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

Managing Editor
CHARLES L. DRAKE

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CONTRIBUTORS: EUGENE V. DEBS; ISAAC McBRIDE;
RABBI JUDA L. MAGNUS; ALEXANDER HOWAT; EMIL HER-
MAN; AND MANY OTHERS.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Just one year ago the new reign began. Promises of prosperity and peace filled the air when Harding's term began, and men looked for a bright dawn of a new world.

One year! and in that year we have touched the bottom of helplessness and despair. Farmers are hungry; workers are desperate. Everywhere wages go down while the cost of living mounts up. Men wonder dumbly how they can live through another day; and over all and under all runs the sodden refrain "What's the use?"

Not the poverty and unemployment, not the hunger and want, is the terrible thing; but the loss of hope, the pitifully broken spirit, the weak and whining wail that goes up from the contemptible cowardice of millions "What is the use?"

"As things are," they cry. "they have always been. One man is out, another man is in, and things are no better. The rich have always grown richer, the poor poorer; there is no hope, there is no help, and the struggle for better things is but an illusion and a waste of time!"

Thus speak old campaigners, men who for a generation have fought the fight for better things. Thus speak young and eager souls, who only a year or two ago were wildly prophesying the immediate regeneration of mankind and the overnight rebuilding of civilization.

A thick miasma of hopelessness seems to hang over them all—for the fierce fire of the war years has been burnt out, and the dull cold ashes have not yet begun to glow again with the resurgent glory of the eternal hope.

Yet what folly is this! The world is trembling and afraid with the collapse of the old order. Nation after nation, government after government, totters and quivers abroad upon its false foundation. Here at home disorder shatters the ranks of the old guard. In Washington the bulwarks of privilege yell with fear as the fierce re-

sentment of those they have betrayed batters down their well-built defenses.

Across the Western states strong tides of upheaval run. While the international unions meet together to plan new alliances of offense and defense, the farmers demand and win post after post in the high councils of finance. New plans for currency, new plans for distribution of power, schemes to reorganize and reconstruct, fly thick and fast.

The American Legion, foe of all progress and sworn enemy of intelligent government, disgraces itself as a dollar-chasing gang of hoodlums. Conservatism is bankrupt. The old order gives way, and men seek eagerly here and there, far and near, for a new foundation.

It is only those who have borne the burden and heat of the day for long years who are weary of their ancient battle. So long they have striven, so long, that they must needs go apart and rest themselves awhile. Meanwhile multitudes seek eagerly, crying "Where are they?" for they are anxious to hear the new message and to descry the new hope.

Up, comrades! the night is far spent, the day is at hand. Regiments change, the line of battle shifts and swings forward and back, but the flag is the same and the cause is unaltered.

Let us amend our discipline where it is faulty, replace leaders where they have failed; but let us press into the ranks the strong young eager blood that clamors for the combat, and move forward.

Justice is our watchword, liberty our aim. Overthrow tyranny, establish peace, is our plan. Even though you and I may not see the victory, we are but members of an endless host. Our children press on behind us, and according as we fight or falter their task will be more difficult or more sure.

Even though our ears when we fall are full of the clangor of the combat and not the shout of triumph, yet we know that the winning of our cause is sure; and meanwhile to fight on the right side,—this is the victory!

Tom Edison and Henry Ford have thrown a bombshell into the camp of high finance. Ford suggests a currency based on actual wealth, instead of gold. This is hooted at by bankers. Whereupon Edison hands out the question: "How much is a pound of gold worth if demonetized by all the nations in the world?" And the bankers are mum.

Come, boys! Gold is your toy, your plaything, your stock in trade. How much is it worth just by itself without any artificial value from a governmental stamp?

Of course, the value of gold aside from its monetary usage is determined by human vanity. Gold earrings, wedding rings, watches, bracelets—these are love-tokens from man to woman, and vanity-tokens of woman to herself. This is its eternal justification. Untarnishable, not easily broken, lovely to look at—this is the basis of its enduring worth.

* * *

But gold has practically ceased to appear in finance. Paper certificates have taken its place, whose worth is derived solely from the guarantee of the government which issues it. Now why should not the government guarantee the performance of a day's work at common labor in return for a five-dollar bill, thus making labor the standard instead of gold? Why not? Ford would like to know, Edison would like to know.

* * *

We're for the scheme, as far as it goes. It doesn't touch the root of the problem. How is a man to be assured that he will receive the full social value of his toil in return for said toil? How is a man who does no useful work to be prevented from accumulating in his hands the fruit of the labor of other men?

* * *

Changing the money system won't do that. Changing the system of ownership of the means of production will do it. But when the world's greatest independent industrial capitalist and the greatest inventor get together on such a problem as this, our disposition is to throw up our hats and cheer. Go to it, boys! Watch the fur fly on Wall Street!

The Shipping Board has in charge 1470 vessels that are to be sold for a song or perhaps given away to big shipping corporations with a pull in Washington. Not only are these ships, which belong to the American People to be given away but a bill is being rushed thru Congress to add a present of \$30,000,000 as a bonus to the pirates for taking them. In Europe millions are starving, needing the unlimited supply of grain our farmers cannot sell. Why not use these ships to open trade with the nations of Europe at the cost of transaction without graft or rakeoff for the profiteers? When, oh, when! will the workers wake up and raise an intelligent voice in the conduct of this Government? There is no working class on earth so stupid as the American workers! In no nation on the globe could the thieves propose such shameless and colossal steal without being swept from power in a revolution. Stand up on your feet. Workers of America and compel the Administration to retain these ships for the people, to whom they rightly belong!

GIVE ACCOUNT, MR. HOOVER!

(Continued from page 3)

Hoover seems to fear that relief forces not under his control will create sympathy for Russian ideas. He and his coterie of pirates are afraid that if we understand what the Russians are doing politically, we may want to do the same thing. He admits this openly. There must be no widespread, popular movement for relief; it is far too dangerous. There must be no movement of American workers to assist their brothers and sisters of Russia. For when people deal directly with people then war is at an end and justice reigns supreme.

Hoover's presence in the President's cabinet is a foul disgrace to the American people, and a direct insult to the working class of the nation. His administration of the American Relief Forces in Europe should be severely examined. His distribution of funds and food paid for by American labor and used to bolster up the dying order of capitalism in Hungary, Austria and Russia, and to kill off self-determination in Europe among the common people merits the sternest condemnation.

Hoover's attempt to torpedo the American Committee for Famine Relief in Russia, is but the latest of his many moves to keep the workers of the world in eternal bondage to the buccannery of Wall Street.

His words: "When radicalism rises from the cellars and slums, we can crush it down, but when sympathy for radicals is created in well to do circles then it becomes dangerous and must be stamped out"—are the stupid, reactionary words of a vicious supporter of this outworn, war torn, system of master over slave.

The war is not over. It is being waged with famine and pestilence, with atrocious indifference to the needs of dying babes. Its victims are not strong men on the battlefield, but frail women and delicate children, perishing in indescribable misery on the blizzard swept steppes of Soviet Russia.

Hoover's inhumane administration of the Russian Relief situation is one of the world's greatest crimes.

Will you, reader, help clear America of this guilty stain? Write a letter to your Congressman and Senator today, demanding an investigation of Hoover's actions in Europe. Tell him you want your money used to feed starving babes and not to overthrow working class governments.

Call upon your Mayor and urge him to become a member of the American Committee for Famine Relief in Russia!

Let's have a real man in Hoover's place! Make way, Mr. Hoover!

You smile while children die—make way, Mr. Hoover!

THE CHOSEN NATION

Irwin St. John Tucker is royally gifted. The gods have tipped his tongue and pen with the holy fire. Among other things he is a poet by divine right—a poet whose songs issue from the hearts of the common people and burst forth in protest and revolt against their oppression and misery and voice their clarion demand for liberation.

“The Chosen Nation,” by Tucker, is an inspired poem. It has the loftiness of spirit and the sweep and magic of an epic. There are lines in this masterly composition that glow and burn with the inspiration of the International Revolution of which Tucker is prophet as well as poet.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

“THE CHOSEN NATION,” of which Comrade Debs writes the glowing eulogy above, was written during the trial of the five national officials of the Socialist Party—Berger, Germer, Engdahl, Kruse and Tucker—before Federal Judge Landis. Growing weary of the constant trickeries of the government’s lawyers, Tucker spent his hours of enforced attendance at the trial in writing in flowing verse this vision-drama of the Council of the Nations. At the close of the trial, when Judge Landis asked the defendants if they had anything to say, Tucker handed him a copy of the poem, in return for the Judge’s sentence of twenty years in Leavenworth.

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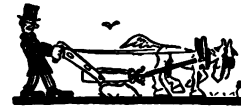
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Judge Gary says: “There will soon be work enough for all.” How are we going to get you to do your share, Judge?

Abolish military music and uniforms, and war will cease.—Napoleon.

Before nations get rid of their arms, the workers must use their heads.

Am pleased to say that I was delighted with the January Number, and hereby extend congratulations to the entire staff and contributors.—J. H. Kallmeyer, Los Angeles, Calif.

Permit me to express my high appreciation for the intellectual feast your paper is giving me with each issue. All success.—Aug. Andrae, Lakemont, Ga.

Debs is out of jail but not free. Now for the rest of them out of jail, then everybody free.—W. J. Lyon, Rockford, Ill.

Hope to see your list run up to a million copies soon.—J. F. Redman, Glendale, Ky.

Stay in the fight! Debs is out of prison but your paper is needed so long as capitalism lasts.—Everton G. Reed, Exeter, Mo.

The best educational number yet—The Fool’s Number for April.

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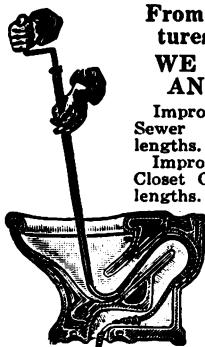
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In the name of humanity—in the name of Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

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