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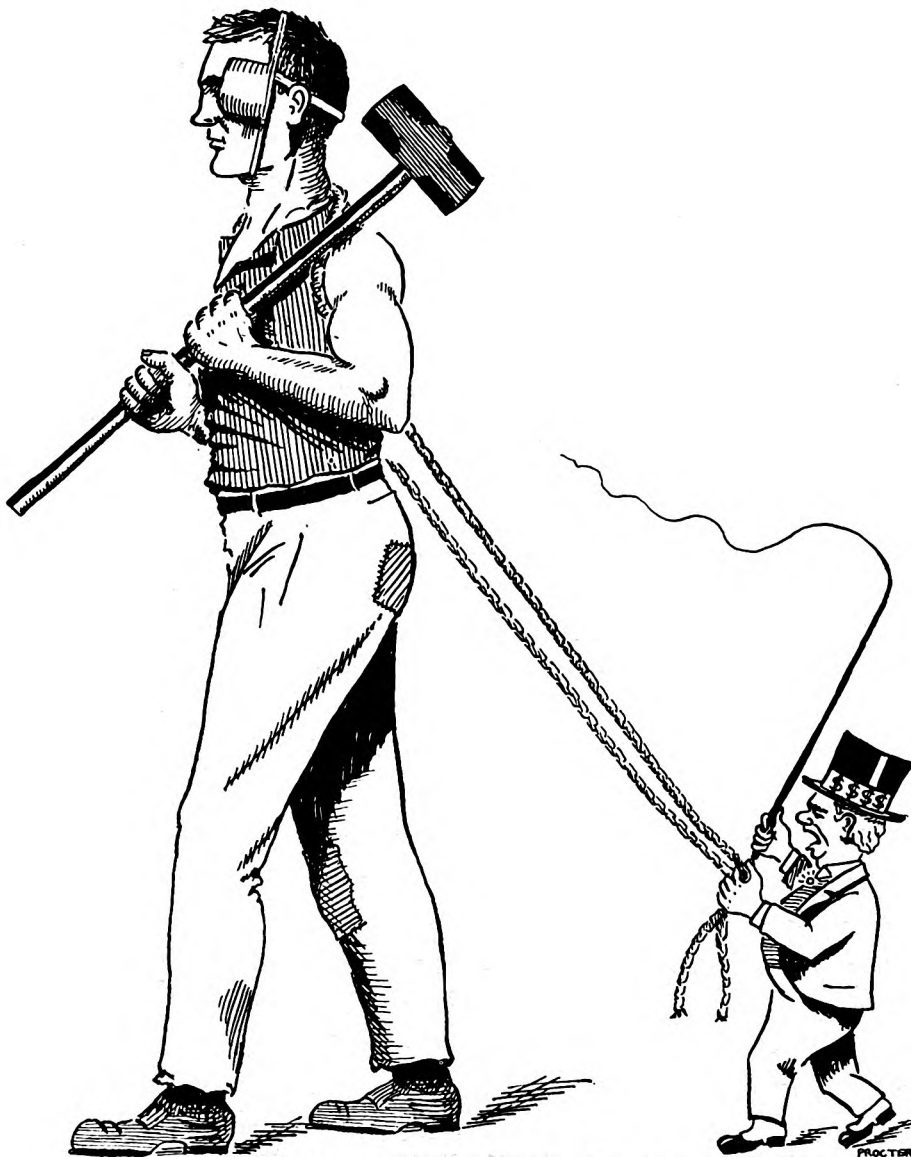
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a year

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1922



No. 8



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FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT

# DEBS MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Militant Socialism*

Vol. 1

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1922

No. 8

## What Fools These Mortals Be!

By Irwin St. John Tucker

All the gold in the world is locked up in our treasury vaults at Washington—and our people are bankrupt.

We have gathered in bigger crops than any other nation ever saw before—and our farmers are starving.

A nation of a hundred million people is eager to buy—and our markets are dead.

Millions are eager to work to produce the things they need—and factories by the thousand are closed down.

Our army came home victorious over a desperate foe, where all others had failed; and the bemedalled heroes of that army tramp the streets seeking vainly for shelter and work and bread.

What fools we mortals be!

\* \* \*

Labor grumbles bitterly because judges enforce decisions that make the workers serfs; and labor at each election clothes these same judges with unlimited power.

Labor yells hatred against "capitalist" and "boss," and stubbornly refuses to take any needful step which will give it power against its oppressors.

What fools we mortals be!

\* \* \*

In Europe darkness covers the heavens and despair shrouds the earth. Hunger, want, disease and helpless, hopeless misery engulf the people in vanquished and victorious nations alike.

Printing presses pour out paper money in bales, and the credit of the governments goes down lower and lower until there is no faith nor credit left; and all flounder around in the hideous morass of universal bankruptcy.

But profiteers reach out and gather in yet more and more of the wealth of their fellows, piling up altars to themselves of the skulls of the starving.

Defeated Germany manufactures steel ships and gives them as an indemnity to England; and English shipbuilders, out of work and starving,

march in processions many thousands long, cursing the government and stoning the Premier.

France, bitter and revengeful, glowering with the flaming madness of a thousand-year hate across the Rhine at Germany, wrecks every conference and destroys every hope for redress of Europe's disaster.

Whatever plan is devised to lighten the burden imposed on Germany, so that the Germans can at length pay it and end the horror of remembrance—France flames up with burning bitterness and destroys the hope of peace.

Whenever sane minds work toward recognition of Russia, that the balance wheel of Europe may again revolve with a smooth and even swing, France's madness flares up again; and the legions of Poland are launched against the Russian borders;—

Because France is in the hands of her money kings, who have bled the generations of the fathers and will cause the children to bleed, rather than lose a penny of their interest;

And all the while, the utter wreck of the world draws nearer.

\* \* \*

And all the while the workers, who bear the burden and pay the price, whose lives are the pawns of their masters game and whose happiness is the fuel for their bonfires of hate—all this while the workers are divided in ignorance and sloth, herded and driven like sheep to the slaughter pens, reviling and deriding their saviors and worshipping the pirates whose knives are at their throats.

O, fools and blind, when will ye understand?

A bloodier sacrifice they now prepare than any which has yet burned before the temple of Moloch.

Poison gases that destroy all living things—grass and trees, mice and dogs, babes and cattle, and horses and men;

Deadly infections that sweep across continents, in hideous plagues that can rot and consume help-

—Continued on page 18

Published Monthly by Freedom Publishing Company, 59 E. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second Class Matter August 6, 1921, at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879."

## Comment

George Jones, of Los Angeles, Cal., borrowed \$100 at 10% monthly compound interest from Henry Stuart on January 18, 1897. On March 9, 1922, a court figured that Jones owed Stuart three hundred trillion dollars and sixteen cents—\$304,840,332,912,685.16. There is no such sum in the world, nor ever has been, so Jones gave Stuart \$100 and a ten cent cigar.

But this absurd verdict illustrates the compounding power of money. The war debt is doubling and trebling over our heads in just such wise. We have never yet paid off the Civil War debt, and even the Revolutionary debt has some remnants hanging over our heads.

We are in favor of repudiating all war debts and all war appropriations. But NOT until Europe disarms and wipes out the causes of war. To allow them that sum otherwise would merely mean that we provided them with fresh credits for renewed wars.

Meanwhile the Jones-Stuart case shows how our posterity will labor during all the ages to come under the burden that war has bequeathed. Cancel all war debts—but cancel war first!

\* \* \*

A worker in Ludlow, Mass., fell heir to 200,000 kroner from an estate in Galicia, Austria. This naturally gave him many exciting thrills for several days. His imagination saw glorious castles, and spacious gardens on the romantic Dneister River. But his dream of avarice was of short shrift, for he was soon informed that his huge fortune was worth about \$20 in American money.

Those whose only ambition in life is to make money, should hasten to Europe while the harvest is ripe, and billions in money can be gathered with but little effort. Which only serves to drive home the lesson that money, of itself, is less than nothing. Sane people do not want money. They want food, clothing, shelter, travel, music, art, and the joys that make life worth living. These are the products of labor alone, and when the products of labor are returned to those whose sweat and blood create them, money will sink into its merited insignificance—merely a medium for the exchange of the products of the worker's toil.

Socialism will dethrone money and its fictitious power, and set up honest labor and true service to mankind in its place. This means enough for all, all the time.

\* \* \*

If you have subscribed for Debs Magazine, see that your neighbor and shopmate do the same. Rate, 10,000 kronen per year.

Before Labor can control its own industries it must control its own finance. Therefore the showing made by the Co-operative Bank founded by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in Cleveland, Ohio, during its first year is of great encouragement to labor everywhere.

One million dollars' worth of stock was subscribed, 51 per cent by the brotherhood and 49 per cent by individual members. Profits on stock are limited to 10 per cent, all over this being paid as an extra dividend to savings depositors. Such a dividend of 1 per cent was paid the first year.

In this first year the bank acquired resources of \$10,000,000. It kept up the rate of interest paid on savings deposits in Cleveland, and introduced the habit of figuring interest from the date of deposit instead of from dates arbitrarily fixed by the bank.

William Z. Foster, organizer of the Trade Union Educational League, is issuing the Labor Herald for the purpose of persuading radical workers to remain in their unions and work with the existing organizations, rather than flock all by themselves in airtight groups of mutual admiration. American trade unions contain only one out of every twenty-seven workers, as against one out of every six in England, and one out of every four and a half in Germany. Foster places the blame for this squarely on the ultra-revolutionists, who must always organize new movements when they cannot get the jobs they covet in the old.

\* \* \*

The constituency of West Edinburgh, Scotland, is threatening to send George Bernard Shaw to the House of Commons. Shaw is objecting very strenuously. He says he has no desire whatever to join the group of gentlemen who are wrecking England in their wild endeavor to ruin the world. It would be interesting to know what Shaw thinks of our Congress. ("Our" is used to denote location, not possession.) If our bunch of Industrial Wreckers of the World can be equalled in stupidity by the members of the British Parliament, we have had no indication of the fact.

\* \* \*

Si O'Donnell collected \$5,000 for supplying the labor for a \$2,000,000 building job—a tax one-fourth of one per cent. But the bankers collected \$130,000 for supplying the credit for the same job—six and one-half per cent. Si may be a lawbreaker, and the bankers not—but that is because the bankers make the laws.

Much fuss is made because a Russian Admiral and a General of the Czar's regime arrived in New York as steerage passengers from Europe. What is so alarming about this? Millions of Russian mujiks, the best citizens that country has produced, were driven, without mercy, from Black Russia in the old days though they were quite willing to produce plenty for themselves and society.

There is a law of compensation operating in the universe. Those in power today are tomorrow on the street begging, and so it will be until social justice is established. Junkerism is the same in all countries. How many times these relics of feudalism condemned the Russian patriots to death, or barbarously banished them to Siberia, we do not know. We do know that the capitalist class has tortured and starved the workers without mercy in all lands. These officers could have remained in Russia without molestation, had they contributed something in labor for their support. This is too much to expect of born parasites. So they left of their own accord. Yet had they been driven out with the extremest cruelty, they would only be "reaping where they had sown."

\* \* \*

John Roach Straton, New York Pastor, says "With 10,000,000 of the human race rotting in untimely graves because of humanity's war lust, preachers are needed who will dare to speak the truth at all hazards, even though they are quartered in the streets and nailed to the cross." But the time for saying that was before the ten million died, not after. Another war is impending. Nothing but Socialism can check it. Will you join us, Brother Straton, or take it out in hot air?

\* \* \*

Great, indeed, are American institutions, but not so great as American bunk. Switzerland has 100,000 unemployed and a special session of parliament is called to deal with the situation. America has six million hoboes and the President goes golfing to Florida. Great, indeed, is de-mock-racy!

\* \* \*

State's Attorney Charles Abbott told a convention of judges and lawyers "there is scarcely a judge on the bench, federal judges included, who is not aiding and abetting bootleggers." If a Socialist said that he'd be accused of violating the espionage act.

\* \* \*

Crimes against Federal laws increased 300 per cent in 1921, says Attorney General Daugherty's chief assistant. We are still enjoying the fruits of victory.

France says that the American demand for compensation for the Rhine forces is a "deliberately unfriendly act." Yet France has kept Europe in turmoil for five years because of her demand that Soviet Russia repay the money loaned the Czar to suppress the Revolution. France has her foot on a nickel.

\* \* \*

Kansas working girls are told they can clothe themselves decently on \$82 a year. Chicago girls need \$117. New York girls require \$250, but Edith Kelly Gould simply must have \$45,000 a year, she swears to a judge. Gaudy wrappings mean cheap goods.

\* \* \*

The leader of the Danish Communists has been arrested for lese majeste. Kings and fools never learn!

\* \* \*

The United States Supreme Court upholds the Kansas Industrial Court Law. It also delivered the Dred Scott decision.

\* \* \*

If the Lascelles wedding had occurred in this country, we'd say Princess Mary had lost an election bet.

\* \* \*

Urbain Ledoux tried to get a warrant for the arrest of the delegates to the Washington Conference on the ground that they were trafficking in stolen China.

\* \* \*

Dr. Charles D. Keyes of Iowa says that he can turn lead to gold, but it costs more than the gold is worth. It's much cheaper to make your gold of some one else's sweat.

\* \* \*

America is to swap all poison gas recipes with England. We'll give them Hoover and call it square.

\* \* \*

Cyril Armstrong, Chicago lawyer, rejects the title of an English earl. This earl-y bird scorns the British worm.

\* \* \*

A Virginia railroad man burned \$75,000 in Liberty Bonds in his station furnace. That's nothing! The United States burned up forty billion dollars' worth in the furnaces of the war munitions manufacturers.

Celebrate May Day by distributing The Solidarity Number and taking subscriptions for Debs Magazine.

# All Fools Day—Election Day

By James O'Neal

Can there be anything more foolish than the usual election in this country?

Consider the situation. Hen Dubb's life is one long round of dodging the landlord and staying off the grocer. He is fortunate if he can take Henrietta and the kids to a jitney show twice a month. His boss locks him out when the goods Hen produces pile up in the boss's lap.

Or Hen joins with others of his class in a strike. The ballot he cast in the last election comes back with an injunction written on the other side. He "gets the election returns at the end of a policeman's club," as Jim Carey used to say. He is mauled right and left and told that he does not produce enough, work long enough, or accept without complaint a mule-standard of living.

He decides to get even. Election day approaches, and Hen regards it as a day of judgment. He is going to "reward his friends and punish his enemies." Magnificent idea!

He votes his "friends," the Democrats, into office. They take him by the scruff of the neck and thrust him into a war to make things safe for petroleum. While he is away the big skimmers rob his family and friends. When he returns he finds that it is dangerous to kick about it. Some had kicked and were placed in jail. He does not want to go to jail, so he decides to get even in the next election.

He votes for "normalcy." He does not know what it means. Harding doesn't know and nobody else knows. But it looks good to him. Anyway, it is against the Democrats. They had been his "friends" and are now his "enemies." He'll show 'em what a red-blooded American can do when he is aroused and determined.

In go the Republicans, and out come the Democrats. But Hen finds that the difference between his present state and his former state is that under the Democrats he was out and under the Republicans he isn't in. Skinned again!

Now Industrial Prostration sets in. The gang that fattened on him and his family while he was at the front now throw him out of work. They tell him to give up his union. If he refuses they try to smash it for him. They tell him that "Americanism" means billions of organized cash facing millions of unorganized workers.

By this time Hen looks like the bird who has been playing with the other fellow's loaded dice. He is what the money bags call "deflated."

Meantime the guys he voted for and those he did not vote for are at Washington. They are "statesmen." One rises to address his fellow members. Five are in the chamber, besides the presiding officer and a messenger. One is snor-

ing. Another is reading the sporting page of the morning paper. Two are talking about the baseball score, and the fifth is scribbling a note.

The presiding officer looks on with a bored look. The orator roars. He is talking "for the record,"—that is, for Hen and his kind.

This scene is repeated day after day. A handful of leaders do the talking. From time to time the mass of dummies manage to get consent to print speeches that were never delivered. These are all mailed to Hen and his fellows during a campaign. Some of them hire a specialist to write speeches for them and these are printed and mailed to Hen.

Finally come the closing hours of the session. All the dummies are then rounded up. They are instructed how to vote. They vote according to orders. What they vote for and what they vote against they do not know. They have to obey orders or they will not get consent to print and mail out speeches that were never delivered. Republican and Democratic dummies both obey orders.

In their quiet hours of enjoyment, both have a hearty laugh and exchange knowing winks. Nobody appreciates All Fools' Day more than they.

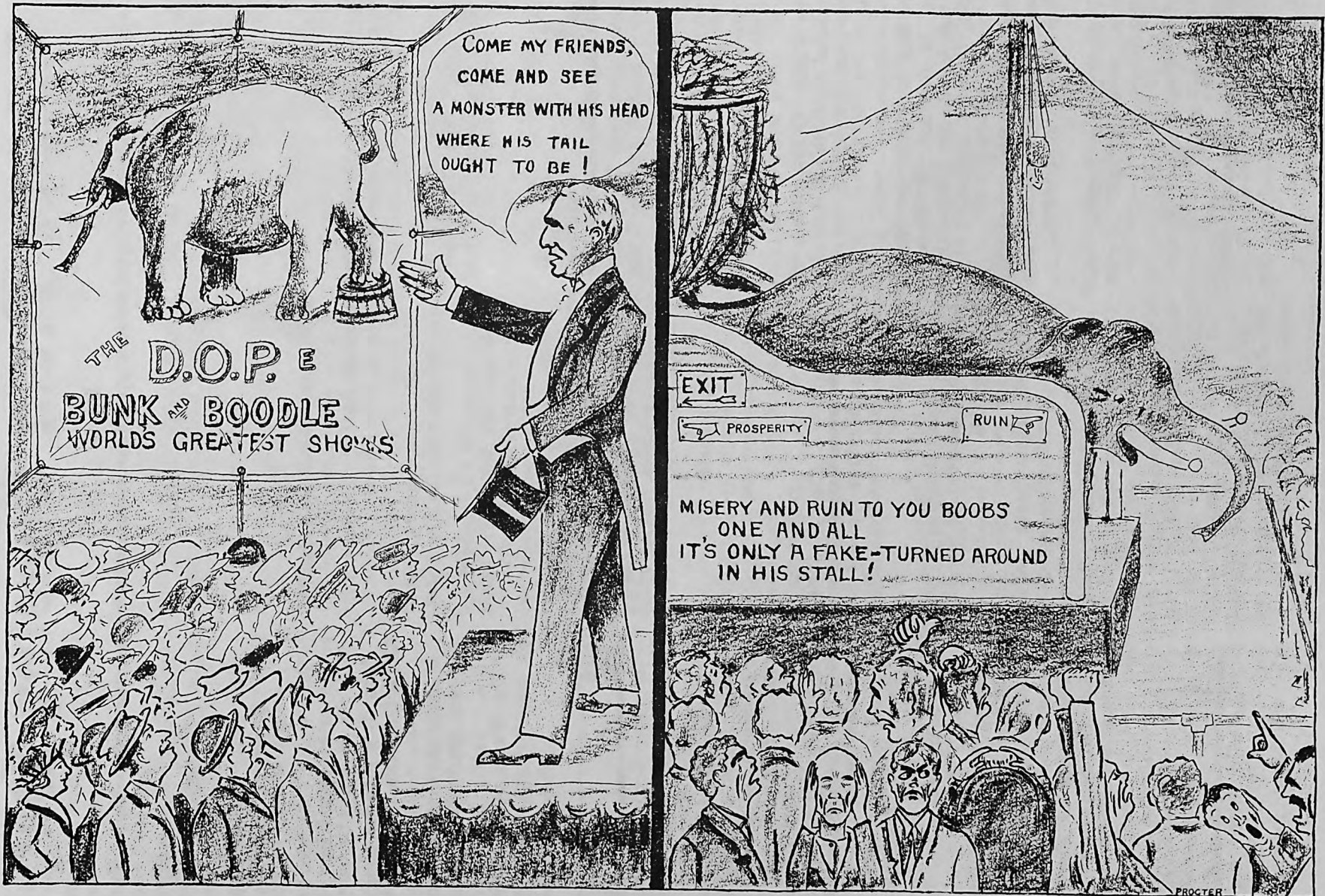
They go back to their respective districts for re-election. They point to their undelivered speeches as evidence of their activity and importance in Washington. Hen is stunned by their magnificent presence. He thinks it is just grand to be a Congressman or a Senator. It takes brains—at least more brains than he has—he reflects.

He comes across a Socialist meeting, and he remembers what one of the other fellows said. That Socialist guy would make this world a hell of a place for Hen. That guy didn't "stand behind the President." Now Hen is anxious that everybody should stand behind the President. It means so much to him!

Hen proceeds to the voting booth again. Never mind how he votes. It doesn't make any difference anyway. Rep or Dem makes no difference. He is generally there with the goods. So are the dummies at Washington. He gets—well, just what he gets. The dummies get—him. Hen's skimmers get—happy, very happy.

Were fools ever swindled as these are swindled? Were there ever so many unwitting accomplices to their own skinning? Roulette, three card monte, loaded dice and the pea under the shell sink into insignificance compared with this game.

Why not make All Fools' Day a national holiday in honor of the Great American Working Class?



THE GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS

# Wisps from Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

Who put the "onus" in the soldiers' bonus?

When a superior race hates an inferior race, neither is.

The war drums have given way to the tantrums.

The more horse power in the motor, the less horse sense in the driver.

"Army of Trained Lobsters on Crusoe's Isle." Page Mr. Hughes, we might need such allies in a pinch.



"Kansas Hen Lays Thirty Eggs in Thirty Days." An egg a day keeps the hatchet away.

Congress might adopt some elastic currency that would enable our housing experts to make good on the home stretch.

The Pacific Ocean covers 36 per cent of the earth's surface and 99 per cent of what it is fighting about.

At last we have an "upper class" in America. Millions of our best people are now on their uppers.

The Milk Trust is as ancient as Pharaoh's daughter. It still gets a little prophet out of water.

"Prosperity Is Turning the Corner." We'll be glad if she gets by the corner.



Many a working girl will "come out" this year. Mostly at the toes.

"Business Is Looking Up." It should be hooking up and pulling out.



Praise John from whence oil blessings flow; praise John who owns oil here below.

The nations may brew a deal of near trouble with the Far yEast.

Let those who may prevent another war, we will try to avoid another such peace.

"Allies Want Sound Government in Sovietia." What is the matter with the Russian muzhik?

Too many breweries turned into glass factories, making glass eyes for blind pigs.

Are the homeless soldiers expected to sleep in the bunk Congress is handing out?



"Sitting Workers Do Not Eat So Much As Active Ones." More sitting bull.

"Drug Trade Booming in Bombay." It's the roar of the dope guns we hear.

They call them "peace" dollars. That's what makes them so scarce.

"Prosperity Is Coming Back." It must have run out of gas.

Perhaps Senator Pepper can bring the profane Senate to its sneeze.

It took Joshua to make the sun stand still, but any bootlegger can make the moonshine still.

"Man Held Up Twice Same Night." Banditto!

"The Dollar Is the American Idol." Too many idols, idle.

"Man wants little here below," but he wants it three times a day.

John D.'s favorite song: "Oil Alone, Oil Alone."

If continued the armament race may stop the human race.

"The Wages of Sin Is Death." No reduction yet announced.



"Minister Becomes Famous as Violinist." Just a Fiddle, D. D.

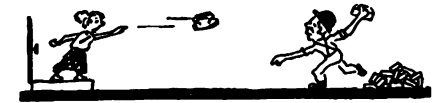
"Farmer World Famous for Feeding Hogs." Assign him to the profiteers and give the people a rest.

"Valuable Horses Stolen from Stock Car." Quick, Jinks, the Horse Marines!

"Two Rear Admirals Pass Away." Father Time is attacking us in the rear.

"Thought Metal Polish Was Whiskey—Dead." Let this be a shining example to others.

"The World Is Flat on Its Back." Surely, the profiteers are holding it down, while holding it up.



Peace with Britain may bring the Irish life and liberty, but what will they do for scrappiness?



## FAMOUS FOOLS OF HISTORY

It must be very plain to those  
 Cadmus \* \* Zoroaster  
 who read between the lines that  
 Moses \* Isaiah  
 the world has always condemned  
 Plato \* \* Socrates  
 and crucified its saviors and hon-  
 Spartacus \* \* The Gracchi  
 ored and worshipped its tyrants.  
 Jesus of Nazareth  
 Even while they lived a life of  
 Chrysostom \* \* St. Frances  
 sacrifice and devotion to their  
 Galileo \* \* Copernicus  
 fellowmen, striving in the sable  
 Bruno \* \* Arnold of Brescia  
 darkness of the ages to lift hu-  
 Latimer \* \* Savonarola  
 manity out of its dense ignorance,  
 Langton \* \* Wat Tyler  
 they have been vilified and per-  
 Wallace \* \* Rienzi  
 secuted to the end. Yet down the  
 Huss \* \* Winkelried

dark and bloody pages of history,  
 Gutenberg \* \* Lyall  
 the impenetrable blackness of  
 Columbus \* \* Magellan  
 "man's inhumanity to man," their  
 Paine \* \* Voltaire  
 names will ever glow with the  
 Henry \* \* Jefferson  
 brilliancy of Heaven's own light.  
 Rousseau \* \* Danton  
 These great, noble souls, men  
 Shelley \* \* Burns  
 and women, have all been "fools"  
 Fulton \* \* Stevenson  
 in their day. "Fools" because they  
 Emmett \* \* Wagner  
 have blazed the trail out of the  
 Marx \* \* Engels  
 jungle of the race's cruel madness  
 Darwin \* \* Spencer  
 and atrocious stupidity. "Fools"  
 Garrison \* \* Phillips  
 they were to their fellowmen, yet  
 Lovejoy \* \* Brown

their illustrious names will illum-  
 Abraham Lincoln  
 ine for all time the dark, dismal  
 Susan B. Anthony  
 pathway of mankind from sav-  
 Ferrer \* \* Tolstoi  
 agery to civilization, from slavery  
 Pasteur \* \* Harvey  
 to freedom, from ferocious hate  
 Haeckel \* \* Huxley  
 to Eternal Love. We are slowly  
 Bebel \* \* Jaures  
 emerging from the jungle in the  
 Edison \* \* Marconi  
 white, glistening light of liberty,  
 Mme. Curie \* \* Burbank  
 cast upon our way by the burning  
 Connolly \* \* Liebknecht  
 of earth's "fools."  
 Shaw \* \* Gandhi  
 Thank Heaven for our "fools."  
 Nicolai Lenin  
 They yet will save the race!  
 Eugene Victor Debs

## THE COAL STRIKE

The Convention of the Mine Workers has just ordered another nation-wide strike to begin April 1st upon approval by referendum vote. Boys, you just had a nation wide strike two years or so back. Then you were compelled to admit that you couldn't fight the Government.

The only way to make a strike effective once and for all is to strike at the ballot box. Take over the mines, mills, and factories, and operate them for yourselves, your wives and your children. Thus only can justice be established for those who toil.

Your demand for a six-hour day is a splendid thing. You must go farther yet. We stand for a "no-hour day" in the mines. We are for the total abolition of the mines. The industry of coal mining is one that belongs to the twilight of the race. It belongs to the jungle.

The average mining community, with its filthy underground hells, its sordid and crime breeding social environments, its degrading and inhuman, periods of starvation, should be done away with entirely. This may be a radical thought for some, but it is immensely practical.

Electrical development during the past few years has reached a point where by the help of waterpower, all the industries in the nation can be run at a minimum of labor cost and at great profit to the people.

Why drag thousands of cars of coal millions of miles during the year to obtain power? The same magical power can be sent over wires in the form of electrical energy, and be made to turn every wheel in the country for miles around.

Let the people take charge of the water powers of the nation, fast being monopolized by the Power Trust. Let them be developed for the good of the entire people and not for a few profiteers. Let us free the 600,000 coal miners from their brutalizing labors. Let us give their wives and children opportunity to live in beautiful surroundings, amidst plenty.

Let us release the railroads and the men who run them, from this ridiculous waste of labor, and operate them for the travel and enjoyment of the people. This is the demand of militant Socialism.

The radical forces in America will be powerless until they unite on the political field! What are you doing to solidify labor for its final victory? Debs Magazine for May will be the Solidarity Number. Ardent workers for Socialism will not miss this opportunity to close up their ranks for the decisive conflict. Order a Bundle for your friends and neighbors. \$1 for 15; \$4 for 50; \$5 for 100.

# Electrifying Russia

Isaac McBride

Electrification of Industry and the villages of Russia will be a reality within twenty years, if the present plans of the Supreme Council of National Economy are carried into effect. Already preparations are going forward for the establishment of large power stations throughout the country to utilize its vast water power resources.

Six months after the revolution came in Russia, word went through the villages that the government was working out a plan to install electric lights in peasant homes and on village streets.

This enterprise, however, like many others for modernizing Russia, was dependent upon the ability of the government to secure the necessary supplies in the form of machinery, etc., from other countries. The hopes of the people were shattered in this direction in 1918 when Russia was blockaded by the Allies and a ring of steel was thrown around the country in an effort to overthrow the new government. The onslaught made it necessary to concentrate all the resources of the country on national defense, which compelled the laying aside of all plans for reconstruction until the invaders were defeated and the blockade lifted.

From the Spring of 1918 until the Spring of 1921 (3 long years) Russia under its Soviet form of government fought for its very existence, and in spite of the almost insurmountable obstacles it had to overcome—disorganization of industry and transportation, lack of food and materials of all kinds—it expelled all invaders and succeeded in partially lifting the economic blockade.

The famine which overtook the people in the Volga valley last year is now overtaxing all that is left of the strength and resources of the present power in Russia. After seven years of war and blockade the task of saving these starving millions is colossal. Outside assistance is being rendered, but in spite of all possible assistance several millions may die before the next harvest. And in the meantime, until the famine is fought and defeated, little can be done in the way of reconstruction in Russia.

For the next month all transportation facilities will be given over to the movement of food to the famine area. Passenger traffic will be stopped, and of course this will mean to a large extent stoppage of deliveries of raw materials for reconstruction.

The Russian railways broke down as far back as 1915, and as the country has been forced to maintain a war footing since that year it is readily understandable that transportation is now in bad shape.

Real reconstruction cannot possibly come in Russia until the country is given the right to go into the markets of the world and purchase the necessary machinery and supplies to make reconstruction possible.

Russia needs finished products from America, France, England and Germany, for its rehabilitation. But it must also be kept in mind that the world is also dependent upon the vast resources of Russia in the years just ahead, if economic disorganization, with its inevitable consequences, is not to become the order of the day the world over.

The electrification of Russia will mean employment of modern production methods in the exploitation of the unlimited resources of that country, which will prove a boon to civilization in the years to come.

Without further parley or delay, in the interest of humanity in general, Russia must be recognized by the rest of the countries of the World.



# The Great Movie Hold-up!

Hundreds of millions every year are being gouged out of the people by the Theatre Trust. Not satisfied with their outrageous robberies, by their criminal negligence they are periodically sacrificing even the lives of their patrons on the altar of greed.

Of all the profiteers we have to deal with, the theatrical pirates certainly have everything else beat. They are charging as high as 66c to see cheap, silly productions that were offered before the war for 15c. And tho the buying power of most of their patrons has come down severely, and prices of many commodities, not a shadow of an effort has yet been made to reduce theatre prices.

Forty years ago, such a condition might have been overlooked. Then a stage drama was a luxury. Other forms of amusement abounded upon every hand and very little attention was paid to theatre going. With the coming of intensified industry, and the rapid development of motion photography, the change has been colossal.

Today a movie entertainment is an absolute necessity to the average worker. In fact it is not an entertainment but a narcotic. The workers have become so brutalized in industry that

they flee from the mines, mills and factories to take refuge in the movies.

To a tired, hungry worker, man or woman, there is nothing that offers the comfort and intoxication, the forgetfulness of hell, the surcease from economic nightmares, like the neighborhood movie show.

The fact that the plays are savage and degenerating, conducive to crime and corruption is acknowledged by all, yet no appreciable effort has been made to remedy them—no attempt to give highminded service to the millions craving amusement. The only question is, as ever, "How much will this production pay in gold"? Which means that our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters quite often pay with their lives, at least with their happiness, for the show seen at the corner movie.

The people must take over and operate their own theatres. Establish a National Bureau of Entertainment, and see that the most pleasing and highest forms of amusement are arranged for them. Nothing beautiful was ever done for profit. Collective ownership and operation of all theatres and theatrical productions is the answer. This is the program of Militant Socialism.

## SOLIDARITY! MAY DAY NUMBER

The May Issue of Debs Magazine will be devoted to the uniting all radical forces on the political field to prepare for the next campaign. Debs and prominent men and women of all factions will be given opportunity to express their views on "Solidarity" in special articles. Our readers are also invited to send in short letters on this subject and we will publish as many as space will permit. Celebrate International May Day by giving this Solidary Number as wide circulation as possible.

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**DEBS MAGAZINE**  
**A Magazine of Militant Socialism**

Editor  
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FREEDOM PUBLISHING CO.,  
 59 EAST VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE DOLLAR, SIX MONTHS  
 SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
 IN BUNDLES, SEVEN CENTS PER COPY.

CONTRIBUTORS: EUGENE V. DEBS; ISAAC McBRIDE;  
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 MAN; AND MANY OTHERS.

### THE CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION

Archbishop Curley said to the Maryland State Federation of Labor,—“If you say a word for the rights of labor today, you are immediately called a socialist. I am no socialist, and I do not believe that radical socialism will ever bring happiness and prosperity to anyone. In fact the Catholic Church and the American Federation of Labor are the strongest forces combating the spread of Socialism in America.” This in spite of the fact that the National Catholic Welfare Committee has just issued a startling “Encyclical on Industrial Democracy.” Is Archbishop Curley speaking for the Church or simply voicing his own private opinion? It is hard to believe that it can be the former. The Catholic Church can ill afford to start a drive against the International Socialist Movement at this stage of world development. Today the radical forces of the world, altho unorganized and chaotic, are the strongest and most powerful forces existant. These forces, acting somewhat blindly perhaps, but effectively, have dethroned kings; they have blotted out whole empires; they have remade the map of the world; they have all but overthrown permanently many thousand years of religious, social and economic tyranny; they have given countless millions of earth's oppressed new hope for the future, and the released myriads of toilers of every land are fast rallying to the call of Freedom. Can the Catholic Church be so foolish as openly to oppose this new order of society rising in our midst? Debs Magazine is not concerned with the religious opinions of any, but we feel sure that the ambitious Archbishop of Baltimore overstepped his authority in outlining the situation as he did. The rulers of the Church, either Catholic or Protestant, are not so foolish today as to endeavor to stem the tide of the rising power of the workers of the world. It is for all the supporters of the present system of robbery, rapine and murder, to state their position. It is for them to decide what their attitude shall be when the workers step forward to claim their own. “If they dam up the river of progress, at

their peril and cost let it be. The river will seaward despite them; it will break all its bounds and be free.” The workers are going to have the earth! They will get it peacefully if they can, but get it they will!

### BACK TO SERFDOM.

Judge Martin T. Manton of the United States Court of Appeals has rendered a “Slave Law” decision in the quarrels between the publishers and printers of New York which ranks with the most infamous in legal history. Judge Manton was chairman of the board of arbitration to which the struggle was referred, and his decision binds both parties until September 1, 1923.

Absolute control of the industry is given to the publishers. The workers are relegated to the status of serfs. The only function left to the union is to furnish laborers to the employers. Judge Manton's definition of an employe is as follows:

“The employer is deemed to have the superior choice, control and direction of an employe. The employe represents his will, not merely in the ultimate result of the work, but in the details. The employe is one who engages in the performance of the proper duties assigned him by his employer, and contracts to do so for pay. He labors for the pleasure or interest of another. His duties should be defined or directed by his employer. The purpose and thought should be to increase the quantity and quality of work, and add productivity inuring to the general wealth of mankind.”

According to this judge labor is a tool and a worker's sole interest is the pleasure or profit of another. At one blow—if this outrageous decision is sustained—all that has been gained in centuries of struggle is lost.

Well—Judge Manton is a political appointee. The workers elect the President. Whose fault is it?

### SANS SOUCI SHOULD WORRY!

Textile manufacturers of Rhode Island have refused to meet the representatives of the striking employes except with rifles and bayonets. Mediation under the auspices of the Rhode Island State Board has broken down because the manufacturers have absolutely refused to submit to anybody facts or figures relating to their own business. Governor Sans Souci refused to receive a deputation seeking to lay before him facts and figures proving abuses committed against old men, women and children by the militia.

“Sans Souci” means “without care,” or, as freely translated, “I should worry!” As long as the workers of Rhode Island put men like him in control of their lives and destinies, they can blame no one but themselves for disaster.

There is no record in natural history of monkeys starving in the jungle while the trees were loaded with coconuts. Such a situation can only occur among civilized fools. Why this uproar about a soldiers' bonus and the relief of the farmers? Why bother and worry about a solution for the unemployed, starving in our midst? The warehouses are filled to bursting with supplies we have produced. The industries are standing idle, while millions of willing workers tramp the streets in despair. The answer to the soldiers, to the farmers, to the unemployed, the answer to all who suffer from the legal piracy of the system is, "Take over the industries and operate them by the people, and for the people. Take over the huge stores of provisions hoarded by the profiteers and distribute them among the producers from whom they were stolen." People that willingly starve in the midst of unrivalled plenty richly deserve their fate. Fools! How much longer?

\* \* \*

The extreme ultra-radical always reminds one of the story of Mike and Pat in Art Young's "Good Morning." While hunting, Pat took aim at a quail.

"Don't shoot, Pat," says Mike. "The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," says Pat, "the bird won't wait."

That has been the idea. Shoot before the gun is loaded, because the bird won't wait. Immature haste, born of the self-importance of new converts, has wrecked the radical movement in America.

\* \* \*

### WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!

Continued from page 3

less innocent millions all unawares;

Light rays that can explode battleships and wipe out cities;

\* \* \*

Aeroplane bombs that shower destruction from the air from mindless mechanical monsters directed from a thousand miles away by the mysterious hand of the wireless;

These things are the weapons of the new sacrifice.

Battleships are scrapped because they are obsolete, and cannot kill in sufficient numbers to satisfy the blood lust of the new gods of war; and the chorus of fools resounds round the world with a cackling applause.

\* \* \*

Where then is hope, and what then is our remedy?

Not until intelligence shines in upon our darkness, and reason replaces folly as the guide of our lives;

Not until the common man, sport and hapless tool of the blood and gold-lust of his rulers, takes hold of his own destiny and directs the course

of nations;

Not until the fool is cleansed of his folly, and the stupidity of the lowly is dissolved away in the burning white light that comes with pain; not until then will the world see its hope, and mankind behold the dawn of its regeneration.

Until then the fools must suffer and the schemers will exult; for when folly is chosen as king, bitter is the tribute he exacts from them he rules. For until there is an end to their folly, even to the last least farthing of their ransom must they pay;

What fools we mortals be!

\* \* \*

What then can we do to be saved?

The judgment day approaches, when the seats of the mighty stand up for sentence before the throne of the humble and meek. For on election day the people speak. When America speaks this year the current of all future years shall change and veer as we direct.

\* \* \*

England and France hang upon our word. Germany and Russia look to us. Japan, Italy, China, guide their conduct by ours.

If our voice is given for yet further madness, then the world's crime shall rage unchecked.

If our voice proclaims that the end must come to this folly, and wisdom shall begin its reign—then the fools will hearken and the wise men take courage, and hope shall dawn again.

\* \* \*

How shall we speak, Americans, when the testing time shall come? when the people, man by man and woman by woman, pass to the ballot box to register their judgment on the rulers of this world?

Shall we urge on the madness of despair? Shall we bid the furies to prepare their most bitter scourges, and the plagues of pestilence and famine to look for yet a heavier toll?

Or shall we say "Enough! The world belongs to the workers, and we are at last awake to seize our inheritance?"

\* \* \*

Men of America! Women of America! As the voice of our next Congress speaks, the course of the world shall be turned toward death or life.

There is confusion and turmoil at Washington. There is no clear, sane voice that speaks, except the voice of Socialism.

Dispel the clouds and mist! Scatter the rolling smoke of lies, the smouldering fires of hate, with the clear light of the new dawn of Socialism!

Lift up the standard, close up the ranks! Our year is at hand, for men are weary of slaughter and despair. Let us end our folly—let us act wisely! Forward! The day of Socialism is dawning.

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**PERQUISITES OF A CONGRESS-  
MAN**

While you are faced with a 100 per cent increase in taxes, and are wondering how to pay it out of a 100 per cent drop in income, just ponder this, from Congressman Blanton of Texas, Jan. 12, 1922, on the floor of the House.

\* \* \*

"What are the perquisites of a congressman? Well, we get our salaries and we get mileage, 20 cents a mile. We Texas men get a mileage check of \$700, three times in each Congress.

"In the War Congress we each got \$2,100. In the last Congress \$2,100 each. Last April we each got \$700 mileage, and in order for us to get another \$700 mileage check in December Congress adjourned, as the late Speaker Clark used to say, for prudential reasons, adjourned for 10 days so we could get another \$700 mileage check in December. Four of the Texas delegation are bachelors. There are 67 bachelors in this Congress. Thus our four bachelor members from Texas each get \$2,100 a Congress for mileage. That is a valuable asset.

"Besides the waste and the extravagance of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, that one department of the Government has grafted about \$800,000,000 from this Government. We all know it, but when we go to reach these big things we are confronted with these little things that we take ourselves.

"Now, this House barber shop. Why should all those barbers there draw \$70 a month from the pay roll of this Government, I want to ask you? If it is a proper charge, why do you not put them on the roll as barbers and not as laborers or helpers? They are every one of them drawing \$70 a month. Why is it that Bruce over here and William Richardson are still drawing \$95 a month from the Government in that House bathroom, and Tompkins, another one of the body rubbers, \$78 a month to rub Congressmen when they come back from golf games or other places of amusement? Why should they be paid by the people's money? Why do we not pay them when we want to be rubbed, I ask you? Why, all those fixtures and that furniture in that bathroom and barber shop are paid for and furnished by the Government.

"In the splendid offices that are furnished each one of us, magnificently furnished, we are supplied with a secretary and an extra clerk. We are furnished with the finest furniture and carpets. We are furnished with two typewriting machines. We are furnished everything we need—comb and brush, clothes brushes, soap, hot and cold water, and clean towels every day. And what else? In every Con-

—Continued on next page

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gress each one of us has credited to his account \$125 each session for stationery. In the war Congress we each had \$375 credited to our account in the stationery room, and in the last Congress \$375 each. We have already had \$250 credited in this Congress, less than a year old, to each one of us, and we will have another \$125 credited next December. What do we do with the \$375? What do they keep in the House of Representatives' stationery room for us to buy with it? Let me show you some of the things they keep there in the stationery room for Congressmen of the United States to buy with Government money. It is all right for us to be furnished with official stationery. Why should we be furnished with stationery of this kind? (Exhibiting.) Big box of fine, fancy, lady's stationery. That box down town sells for \$6, \$8 or \$10, but you buy it over here because they buy it at the manufacturer's prices—you buy it for less than \$4 over here. What else do they keep over there? Fine desk pads like this, for instance, that sell for \$19 at manufacturer's price. The price to the Government is \$19. That is kept there for sale. What else is kept there? Take, for instance, carving knives and forks, with steels, like this. What use have we as Congressmen for such truck as that? What else is kept there? Let me see. Now this came from the stationery room. This is a leather-bound poker set, with four decks of cards and full of red and

white and blue poker chips. It is in a leather-covered box, and would cost about \$25 in the stores in Washington. It is kept there for us Congressmen to buy with Government money. And they furnish you with a dozen extra decks of cards to go with it. (Exhibiting them.)

"What else do they furnish? Things of this kind (exhibiting). Notice the color of the lining, fancy lavender, lady's manicure set; all these pieces, every one of them with pearl handles, that in the stores of Washington would sell for about \$40. Over here it sells for about \$20. That is what they keep there for Congressmen to buy.

Now, what else do they keep there? I have a number of things I want to show you that you can buy with Government money on your credit of \$375 a Congress in the stationery room. Here is a lady's toilet set with brush, comb, and a big fine mirror.

"Then they have fine electric chafing dishes that at manufacturer's prices cost about \$15, while in the stores of Washington they sell for about \$25 or \$30. I say, as the gentleman from Mississippi well said, the graft is too little for Congressmen to permit to exist longer."

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