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The slaughter at Herrin is a hideous incident in the age-long struggle between the makers and the takers. As startling as these events may be from time to time, and regardless of what measures may be adopted to remedy them, the fact remains that violence is the child of ignorance, and can be eliminated only thru education of both the oppressor and the oppressed.

Debs Magazine has been launched for the express purpose of aiding to bring about a peaceful revolution in our political and industrial life. We ask those who deplore bloody outbreaks on either side to join us in carrying forward the educational work that will supplant the bullet with the ballot.

Until enlightenment displaces ignorance these class feuds will continue unabated. Homestead, Croton Dam, Pullman, Cabin Creek, Coeur de Alene, Ludlow, Lawrence, Herrin and other class massacres will follow each other like snowflakes and pass into history.

DEBS MAGAZINE, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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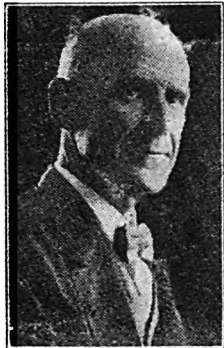
DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Vol. 1

CHICAGO, ILL., JULY, 1922

No. 11



“INJUNCTION BILL”

Eugene V. Debs

THIRTY years ago, in 1892, William Howard Taft, a mediocre lawyer, who had just been placed on the federal bench in Ohio, issued an injunction that gave him a national reputation and later made him president of the United States. At a still later time the same injunction brought him his crowning glory in making him an honorary member of the Steam Shovellers' Union.

The injunction in question paralyzed the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and defeated their strike on the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan railway. I have a vivid recollection of the facts in the case as I was at the time a national official of the latter union.

William Howard Taft and Augustus Ricks were the federal district judges in Ohio at the time the strike was declared. Ricks was soon afterward involved in charges which forced his retirement from the bench.

Realizing that they were beaten in the strike the railroad officials at Toledo appealed to Taft, the district judge at Cincinnati. The judge responded with amazing alacrity. The road was ordered cleared for Judge Taft and a special engine with a special car attached made a record trip hauling him to Toledo. After a brief consultation with the railroad officials and without consulting the brotherhoods involved, the paralyzing injunction was issued, the strike was broken, and the fame of Taft echoed and re-echoed through the capitalist press and spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. The obscure district judge became over night a national character. His picture with fulsome eulogy

appeared in all the papers. He was a man after the corporations' own heart and henceforth his rise to power and glory was assured.

Had the national officials of the engineers and firemen in charge of the strike not surrendered to Taft abjectly there would have been a different story. But Taft had them arrested and brought before him and when he threatened to put them in jail they pleaded for mercy and were let off on condition that they would obey his despotic and unlawful order breaking the strike, to which they agreed.

The bricklayers' union was next laid low by a Taft injunction and others followed in their order, including the American Railway Union whose officials in charge of the Pullman strike in Ohio in 1894 would not be spaniels at Taft's command, and who were promptly sent to jail by him.

It was owing to this record as a wrecker of unions by the injunction process that William Howard Taft, once president, later honorary member of the Steam Shovellers' Union, and now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, came to be known as "Injunction Bill."

There was one brief period in Judge Taft's political career—and he has been at the public trough ever since he left school—when he loomed large as the friend of organized labor. It was during the world war when Wall street had him made joint chairman of the war labor board. It was then that he smiled his most expansive smile upon the labor movement and was most careful to avoid saying or doing anything to reveal his true attitude toward the slaves who were needed for the trenches.

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Before the war the sobriquet "Injunction Bill" summed up his achievements in behalf of the working class. During the war he served the capitalist government as recruiting agent for the labor movement. Since the war he has been rewarding labor unions with a prodigal hand for their patriotism, and they certainly have no reason to feel that he has forgotten them.

"Injunction Bill," whatever may be said of him, cannot be charged with inconsistency. He has been running true to form straight along and there has been no variation in his loyalty to the master class in whose service he issued the injunctions for which they, with the votes of their slaves, made him president of the United States.

In 1912, after he had been four years in the White House as the tool of the trusts and corporations, he was swept from there in a whirlwind of repudiation by the voters whom he appealed for re-election. He and just one other patriot of the same breed have the distinction of being the sole beneficiaries in all the nation's history of such an overwhelming repudiation by the people.

And this qualified "Injunction Bill" pre-eminently for a life tenure as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

He served his trust faithfully and now enjoys his well-merited reward.

And to show that he is grateful for favors received it is only necessary to examine the decisions he is "handing down" to the working class in general and to organized labor in particular.

The child labor law has once more been sent glimmering and the children of the poor will continue to be ground into profit in the mills of the masters by the express sanction of the Supreme Court.

The decision in the Coronado mine case is a smash straight in the face of the United Mine Workers and every other labor union in the country. Under this decision they can be dragged into court at any time, bound and gagged, their funds confiscated and the homes of their members, if they have any, taken from them and turned over to their masters.

It is a great decision, handed down by a great

man (it requires a hay scale to weigh him), and it accords perfectly with the injunction he issued that started him on the road to fame and fortune thirty years ago.

In summing up the case of "Injunction Bill," the moral of whose public career is too obvious to require comment, it is due him that he be accorded full credit for having issued the pardon that relieved a noted multimillionaire of a long prison sentence. For reasons of his own he disavows responsibility in the case, preferring that his friends shall bear it, but the fact remains that "Injunction Bill" alone had the power to issue the order and is therefore solely accountable for the act which harmonized perfectly with his entire official career.

The moral is plain. Through all these years the workers have been the victims and they who have trafficked in their ignorance in the service of their exploiters have been the beneficiaries.

The workers have been and still are divided and sub-divided into a myriad of antiquated craft unions with conflicting jurisdiction which prevents unity and solidarity, and in every election they give their support to the candidates of their masters and cast their votes for capitalism and wage slavery.

As long as the ignorant, deluded workers pursue this policy they will be weak, they will lack power, and they will be treated with contempt.

They may talk about "taking a strike vote," but that will only amuse their masters, for well do they know that a strike vote means nothing unless it has the power of unity behind it which industrial unionism confers and which craft unionism denies and makes impossible to the undoing of the rank and file who support it.

Industrial unity and political unity of the workers is their salvation and should be their unceasing inspiration. Instead of the craft union representing a trade or the fragment of a trade there should be the industrial union embracing every worker in the industry it represents. Instead of giving their votes to capitalist parties the workers should support their own party, elect their own candidates on their own platform and thus develop economic and political power through which alone the capitalist system can be abolished and the toiling masses emancipated from wage-slavery.

SPREAD THE LIGHT

Violent outbreaks are the result of ignorance. You can help avoid the next one. Help Debs Magazine in its campaign for peaceful revolution and to take over the mines for all the people. See page two for information.

DEBS' LIFE

We still have a few copies left of Karsner's book, "Debs Life, Writings, and Speeches." These will be mailed to the workers in the field who send in a list of five subscribers at \$1 per year.

IT IS WAR

Irwin St. John Tucker

Forty-two strike breakers herded in the mines of the Southern Illinois Coal Company at Herrin, hoisted the white flag of surrender after twelve hours of terrific bombardment from a force of five thousand coal miners surrounding them.

Under the white flag they marched out and were tied together by their captors. They were sent running down a country road, and as they came to a barbed wire fence they were shot down in droves. Some were hanged. Some were beaten to death. Out of forty-two captured men, twenty-one were killed.

A thrill of horror went round the world—that world that had grown so callous to massacre Newspapers that four years ago were hailing as heroic feats the mutual massacre of millions of soldiers raised holy hands to heaven denouncing the crime of the miners.

Blood has flowed in mine quarrels since the discovery of steam. Down in the burning pit beneath the flaming tent colony of the miners at Ludlow, eleven mothers and children were smothered, while mine guards wearing the uniform of the State of Colorado sent a hail of machine gun bullets to stop all who escaped.

In West Virginia and Pennsylvania, men, women and children of the families of the miners have paid with their lives for daring to oppose the sway of the coal mine owners.

In Little Falls and in Lawrence, Mass., leaders of strikes were indicted for murder because their fellow-strikers were killed by police. The theory of the state was that if there had been no strike the victims would not have been killed, therefore those who called and managed the strikes were guilty of their murder.

Always hitherto it has been the workers who felt the weight of this injustice. Now it is the workers themselves who hold control of the local law in the hollow of their hands. And because they had this power they have used it as bloodily as the masters ever used theirs.

* * *

On April 1 the coal miners of the nation went on strike, to compel the owners of the coal mines to sign contracts recognizing their right of collective bargaining.

Detective agencies had brought into the little mining town of Herrin a swarm of dregs of the earth, sweepings of the slums, and ex-convicts to take the places of the home miners in digging the coal where it lay exposed.

The public road that led through the mine territory had been barricaded and fortified, and all who sought to pass through it were turned back with threats, insults and violence.

Then two union men were assassinated by the strike-breakers. And from all the neighboring towns miners came armed to clean out the nest where the assassins lived.

Under heavy fire they surrendered—then came the slaughter, conducted according to the approved methods of "Take no prisoners and show no quarter" so assiduously taught on the firing line.

It was a war over coal. It was a war motivated by the same purposes and aims as that which for eight years drove the nations of mankind to slaughter one another's sons with all the hideous forms of massacre that devilish ingenuity could invent.

Over the battle line in Europe, piercing through the murky clouds of poison gas and the drifting fumes of lyddite, rang shouted slogans of high and holy things;—"Liberty, Democracy, Justice."

But when the fumes had cleared away and the dead had been buried and the moaning of the wounded had stilled, it was found that the things for which the nations fought were the same as those for which the miners of Herrin massacred their foes;—namely, coal and highroads.

The chivalry of France was nerved in its onslaught against the German hordes by the desire to recover for French shovels the coal and iron mines of Alsace Lorraine.

The Coal and iron mines of Silesia and Poland drove Germany against Russia. The barricaded highroad of the Berlin to Bagdad Railroad way, threatening the dominance of the Suez Canal hurled England into the fight. Interference with American traffic in war munitions by the German fleet of submarines compelled America to leap at Germany's throat.

Coal is the motive power of industry. Without it the furnaces would cool and the giant power of steam would remain locked up in the silver breast of the rippling streams.

Without it the railroads would halt, and the trip hammers cease to fall. It is a public necessity. We must have it to heat our homes and to drive our industries.

Since steam machinery was invented, possession of coal has been the driving motive behind war among the nations. And now possession of the coal mines is the animating lust behind the struggle of the classes for it is the key to industrial power.

Continued on page 14)

Current Comment

Walther Rathenau was assassinated in Berlin almost at the same time that Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was assassinated in London, and the Herrin massacre occurred on the same day. The seeds of war, so easy to scatter, are harder to uproot than dragon's teeth.

* * *

Whenever any group of radicals begins to get radical, no matter by what name they call themselves or how vigorously they protest their innocence, they are immediately termed Socialists, Bolsheviks, and revolutionists. The Non-Partisan League was a movement within the Republican Party; but because the things it stood for looked toward public ownership of public necessities, Leaguers were reviled and vilified with the same terms that have always been applied to avowed Socialists.

Before there can be any fusion or any concerted movement for a political agreement, a fundamental decision must be made. What are we after? Do we want to gain a little for our side in the class conflict, or do we want to abolish the class conflict by abolishing classes and instituting a new order of society based upon the cooperative principle, instead of the competitive principle?

* * *

The radical movement moves along all lines. The Church Socialist League and the Church League for Industrial Democracy are both organized within the Church, to make a united and aggressive campaign for the recognition of the social ideals of Christianity. The League for Industrial Democracy is the old Intercollegiate Socialist Society, organized to fight for freedom of economic teaching in the colleges. All three are active and enthusiastic champions of the ideal of the cooperative commonwealth.

Wisconsin Socialists decided at their state convention to nominate no candidate for the United States Senate, thus throwing their strength to Robert M. La Follette. In the last Senatorial election Victor L. Berger polled 110,000 votes. If all of these go to La Follette he will be elected. This action was taken in pursuance of the spirit of the resolution adopted at the last National Socialist Party convention, providing for fusion under certain conditions. The National Convention action provided that under no circumstances should this fusion take place with a Republican or a Democratic candidate. La Follette, of course, is a Republican.

* * *

Slowly the Russo-German alliance is dissolving the Entente. France, deserted by Belgium and by England, recedes from her opposition to

meeting the Russian delegation at The Hague. Frantically insisting on reservations, desperately striving to snatch at a shred of advantage here, or there, France is slowly but inevitably forced backward out of her grab-all attitude. Infinite hunger and starvation marks the road.

* * *

Seventeen Socialists were elected to the Dail Eirann in the Irish elections just closed. The Treaty was overwhelmingly sustained by a vote of approximately five to one. This bears out the view of Debs Magazine; that it is infinitely more important to consolidate gains already won than to sacrifice all in the effort to seize everything at once. De Valera's idiotic statement that it might be necessary for him to "save Ireland from itself" demonstrates how far the one-time defender of Irish rights has sunk.

* * *

One of the most remarkable court decisions of recent years is that just handed down by the Illinois Supreme Court to the effect that "police confessions" cannot be accepted as evidence against prisoners. Not only does Illinois' highest court have the courage to take a stand against this decidedly brutal American institution but it censures the police of the country severely for using such criminal methods in their collection of evidence.

* * *

To which the police department replies that 95 per cent of its convictions would be nullified if sweat-box confessions are barred from the courts. This is indeed a surprising confession in itself and one that the most apathetic of our citizens should heed. Many of us have long been cognizant of the rottenness and depraved cruelty of the police system, but we supposed they were at least more than 5 per cent efficient. In other words nearly all of our supposed criminals are railroaded to prison upon sweatbox admissions of crimes they never committed but were tortured into confession thereof, because the police were absolutely incompetent and could not bring the real offenders to justice.

* * *

Justice Duncan who rendered the decision then points out that the police department has no authority to enforce confessions. He further adds that the only province of the police force is to gather evidence upon the ground and array it in court against the prisoners defense. If this procedure is followed carefully, 95 per cent of our so-called criminals will be found to be innocent, and the police will have much more time to apprehend the real offenders which in all too many cases may be found close at hand.

The American police system, and there is none like it on the earth, has long offended even the most stupid of our citizens and if this proves to be an opening wedge by which it may be renovated and be made endurable even to our capitalist civilization a worthy step has been made in progress. Now let all the workers back up this ruling of the Illinois Court, and we will soon have some radical changes in labor cases. It is but a little farther ahead to have all the frame-ups and other notorious fakes of the plunderbund eliminated from court procedure.

* * *

Colonel Wedgewood of the House of Commons seems to be much worried concerning an alleged plan to restore the Kaiser to the German Throne. He got little satisfaction upon interpolating the government though Harmsworth speaking for the ministry admitted that such a scheme had been discovered, but refused to discuss the matter further. It has long been known that there is an element in England that would gladly restore the once hated Kaiser to his pre-war power. However, there is little chance of such a coup being successful for a moment. The abject failure of the Kappist group to deliver the German Government to the monarchists is still in our memory. If such an absurd thing were again attempted it would no doubt result in the capture of the reins of power by the Independent Socialists as well as bringing about a situation in Britain that would lead to the accession of the Labor Party with perhaps the complete overthrow of the Crown. The powers that be in England may be in the saddle but their seat is altogether too insecure to warrant them in championing the Kaiser at this stage of the game.

* * *

Many will be glad to learn that Mrs. Anna Olesen defeated the machine in the Minnesota Democratic primaries, gaining the nomination for United States Senator. Not that it marks any step forward for the workers of that trust ridden state, but it does indicate that women are taking their rightful place in public life where their influence has long been badly needed. We have not shared the belief held by many that the advent of women to office would make any appreciable change in the body politic. The Socialist parties of the world have, since their existence, admitted women to their councils on the same basis as men. These women attacked problems naturally from the workers' point of view. The bourgeois women will also approach matters from the narrow perspective of their class although they can hardly be so absolutely ignorant of economics as the men have been.

Many people were somewhat encouraged by the stand taken on public questions by America's first congressman, Jeannette Rankin. She made a creditable record if not a satisfactory one. No congressman from Montana up to the present has been in any degree so efficient as she was, nor will any be in the near future. On the other hand, the puerile and senseless remarks of Miss Robertson of Oklahoma, in Congress, on matters of great import to the workers, have utterly disgraced the woman's cause. Not that woman has a cause separate from that of the workers in general, but she thinks she has, which is about the same thing. Be that as it may Congress has been an intolerable vacuum for many years, and until we can fill it with the workers themselves, men and women, it will be a gratifying change if we can only say, "There are some women in it."

* * *

The brilliant Attorney General of the Harding regime has been unable to find any objection to the two groups of steel companies now in course of merging. So in Don Quixote fashion he steps forth and calls upon all who may find fault with the legality of the matter to come forward and state their case. Well now, Harry, we have not the least objection to this consolidation. In fact we have not only prophesied it years ago, but we have always approved the trustification of industry. In the future, near or far, depending upon the education of the workers, we are going to relieve Mr. Schwab and Judge Gary of the onerous duty of running these huge plants and make them serve all the people. Before this can be done easily the great industries must be consolidated. First, the socialization of production, next the collective ownership of distribution, with the democratic management of both. Schwab and Gary are doing marvelous work for the Industrial Republic. Who can deny it?

* * *

While Supreme Justice Taft is hobnobbing around the Court of St. James with our harveyized ambassador he might be handed a tip or two he had not bargained for, in reference to setting aside laws the people want on the statute books.

However, it is too much to expect this puppet of Wall Street to learn anything from English Court Procedure. He makes his laws as he goes along serving the masters and living in luxury. When the workers obtain control the Supreme Court will be abolished forthwith for there will be no need of a parasite six feet around the stomach and six inches around the head to tell us when a law is a law. The will of the people will be the law and the people alone can reverse it.

Wisps From Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

The Blarney Stone is evidently a sham rock.

* * *

The zeros get the bonus and the heros get the bone.

* * *

Some folks wander in their minds but they can't get far from home.

* * *

Lasker is a typical old salt, he uses the quadrant and the sextant but draws the line on the hydrant.

* * *

Some folks are really interested in the South Seas while others are just crazy with Tahiti.

* * *

Germany is getting the "rep," but what she needs is the "rations."

* * *

"Future Wars to Be Fought in the Air." Good. It won't cost much to fortify our air castles.

* * *

Why brag of the mileage of our motor cars? Columbus crossed the ocean on a galleon.

* * *

Wet Orator—"We'll never give up our booze!" Audience—"Hip! Hip! Hip!"

* * *

"Senator Plans Stable Tariff." Every donkey has a right to his view.

* * *

"Widows' League Being Formed in Chicago." Many a widow has made a thrilling home run.

* * *

"Bootleggers Carry Whiskey in Fountain Pens." Explaining why some of our prominent citizens look so pensive.

* * *

We would like to put in a first class wireless outfit, but find there are too many bills we al-radio.

Spare the strapper and make the flapper.

* * *

Conan Doyle will not have to look far for the spirit of unrest.

* * *

Business may be sound, but it sounds like h—ll.

* * *

A monster industry seems to be growing from radio sets.

* * *

Why not put suckers on the police force? They'd soon catch the sharks.

* * *

The soldiers demand immediate relief so we suggest old age pensions in place of the bonus.

* * *

The members of the Congressional Agricultural Bloc are doing their harvesting by radio.

* * *

"Surupoff to Succeed Lenine." The allies may now receive a pill without a sugar coating.

* * *

Speaking of disarmament the H. C. of L. is surely junking the courtships.

* * *

It won't take much more beating around the Busch to show "Booze Who" in Washington.

* * *

Two big corporations contest ownership of a varnish formula. A fight for a finish!

* * *

Motion picture rights are big money makers, but nothing like motion picture wrongs.

* * *

Attorney General Daugherty says he won't act in the coal strike until the public is pinched. Trying to crab it again General?

* * *

What's so strange about man springing from a monkey? Mr. Bryan sprang three times from a donkey.

Some folks have too much back-bone, it runs to their hats.

* * *

The dry act must be soaking the wets or they would not halloo so loudly.

. . .

"Ford to Invade Germany." Proving peace to be more deadly than war.

* * *

"The world does move." Bootleggers are making fifteen-year old whiskey in fifteen minutes.

* * *

The Red are fast converting the unread.

* * *

"Jews Leaving Ireland." The Harp of Tara is evidently not a jews-harp.

* * *

Hell and Hunger are winning their strike in the vitamins.

* * *

Fashion Hint—"A corset is no longer proper for a woman." Corset isn't.

. . .

"Financiers Say Paper Money Unsound." Well it doesn't clink like their gold.

* * *

Lloyd George may pass the buck, but it will cost him dear.

* * *

"Ireland Is Free." The next step is to develop a crop of garden-seed statesmen.

* * *

It will not take three coal strikes to put the miners out.

* * *

"Dairymen Construct Pipe Line." That's nothing new, our milk has been pumped for some time.

* * *

Old King Coal may be "a merry old soul," but he will frown upon millions this coming winter.

* * *

The race is not always to the swift,—Russia may yet win in a Trotzky.

America--May the Thirtieth, 1922

By Ruby Herman

The Kid and I went "down-town" on Memorial Day. The Kid wanted to try his hand at selling DEBS' MAGAZINES and, being only a "kid," felt that he'd be a wee bit safer if "mamma" were in calling distance, so I tagged along.

My memory of Seattle in the old days "before the war" had not prepared me for the dead calm of the city streets. A few flags there were, floating bravely in the breeze, and the closed banks and other places of business added a holiday appearance, but the general atmosphere was more that of a funeral and the condition of the streets reminded me quite forcibly of "The Deserted Village."

We first went to the Everett Interurban Depot for the Kid had an idea that he could sell a great many to the crowds on their way to the two large cemeteries, to reach which one must take the Everett Interurban car. Having promised not to "butt in" I took a seat in a corner where I could watch progress.

The old man with white chin-whiskers and a bag of pop-corn bought a copy, eagerly, and proudly displayed it to the world as he promenaded up and down. The sour looking individual behind the soft drink counter glanced at the front-cover page, hissed "DEBS-S-S-S!" in passionate disgust, and flung the object of his disapproval back to the Kid with the injunction "take that thing out 'o here; we don't want nothin' to do with that man!" Then returned to his task of polishing the counter with the superior air which proclaimed his undeniable membership of that class designated by the vulgar as "Plutes!" The little mother of five children (all under ten years of age, all hungry for soda-pop and candy and all more or less painfully conscious of unaccustomed finery (?) on their little persons) looked through the pages, hesitatingly, counted the change in her flat, worn purse, and handed it back with a shake of the head and a pitiful attempt at a smile. Three well dressed men each bought a copy and tossed a jovial remark at the immensely pleased Kid as they passed on.

Business languished. The car arrived from Everett and discharged a cargo of eighteen or twenty persons and took on one of nearly twice that number—if one counts babies and all—but none of them, going or coming, wanted a magazine. A half-hour passed. Another car arrived, unloaded, loaded again and departed—and still no more magazines sold. A thoroughly discouraged little boy sought my side and suggested that "perhaps the Tacoma Interurban would be a better place," so we boarded a south-bound car for the Tacoma Interurban.

His judgment proved good. After two hours of patient labor the remaining twenty magazines were sold and the jubilant Kid suggested a walk through the streets of that part of "down-town," which looked very interesting to his unaccustomed eyes.

The streets were thronging with men; almost always one can find plenty of men in that section of Seattle, lumberjacks, mostly,—all workingmen as one can see by a glance at their clothing. In the days before the war they were a jolly, quarrelsome, happy-go-lucky lot; but today they slump along the street, with a complete lack of the proud unconcern of other times. Nearly all look shabby, even for working people, and it used to be that a lumberjack in town dressed in **the best of woodsmen's uniform.**

A disabled World War veteran stood on a corner and offered shoe-strings for sale. No one bought. (I've often wondered just why they take up shoe-string peddling and have never yet found any one who knows!) A little farther on another World War veteran, legless, sat upon the sidewalk and offered a tin-cup to the passers-by for the reception of donations—it was empty; and, though we stood there for about fifteen minutes to watch, it was still empty when we passed on. The Kid wanted to know if he should give him a dime, but I shook my head.

I caught sight of a woman at the next corner, so went over, for I was getting a little self-conscious being the only woman on the street. It proved to be a blind girl, with the inevitable tin-cup for contributions, accompanied by a man who was not only blind, also, but maimed in the back and legs beside. Her face was the fair, pure, sweet face of the innocent country lass of a generation ago; she was not over eighteen years of age, and pathetically nervous over her occupation. The man played an accordion; it was really pretty good music of its kind and would have won satisfactory applause in the ordinary vaudeville theater. Men were crowded five deep along the curbing, and all were deeply affected by the pitiful sight of the girl's sweet face so disfigured as to eyes, and the man's twisted body and big dark glasses to hide the revolting lack of eyeballs. "They worked in a munition factory during the war," said the keeper of the little cigar stand at my elbow, "and there was an explosion one day. I've known 'em for years. Used to play with the little girl when she was a baby. Cute little thing. He wuz awful patriotic and wanted to go overseas, but his family needed him so bad; he just went into the munition fact'ry instead, and the girl went along too. Family's dead, now, went off with the "flu" that first winter it was so bad. Only them two left, and

(Continued on page 11)

DEBS MAGAZINE
A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Editor Managing Editor
 IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER 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.

WHY NOT A NEW CONSTITUTION?

Senator La Follette at the Cincinnati convention of the A. F. of L. launched a bitter attack against the right of the United States Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional an act of Congress. His contention is that under the Constitution Article 1, Section 1, all legislative powers are vested in the Senate and House of Representatives. The Supreme Court has arrogated to itself legislative powers, of which it must be deprived.

"Only once" said Senator LaFollette, quoting Chief Justice Clarke of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, "have the courts of England attempted to assert a right to set aside an act of Parliament, and then Chief Justice Tressilian was hanged and his associates exiled to France. Hence subsequent courts have not relied upon it as a precedent. . . . No court in England since Tressilian's day has refused to obey an act of Parliament."

Since the Child Labor decision, curbing the Supreme Court has become the chief political issue of the day. A constitutional amendment is necessary to accomplish this, because the Supreme Court would doubtless ignore any Congressional resolution, and would declare any law limiting their power to be unconstitutional.

Within the past few years we have had a deluge of constitutional amendments. When the machine needs so much tinkering, why not get a new machine? Our present instrument was framed in 1789, when there was not a telephone or telegraph in existence, when steam railroads were not in use, when our nation consisted of a handful of poorly populated villages. We were then a nation of poor farmers. Now we are a nation of complicated industries. Why not a New Constitution—a Constitution of Industrial Democracy?

GOMPERS AGAIN!

Samuel Gompers was re-elected President of the American Federation of Labor for the forty-first time at the convention just closed in Cin-

cinnati. Whatever Gompers' faults, and they are many, let us remember that he has this one pre-eminent virtue—he "puts it over." The fact that he is hopelessly behind the demands of the time; that there is no single issue on which Gompers can be claimed to think and speak with intelligent forethought, must not blind us to the fact that he has actually maintained the A. F. of L. in existence. Having seen so large a fruit of his life's labors, Gompers naturally looks with distaste at the new forces which are beginning to shape destiny. William Z. Foster's educational campaign under the name of the Trade Union Educational Alliance drew down Gompers particular wrath at Cincinnati. The Federated Press was bitterly attacked by Matthew Woll, one of Gompers' lieutenants. Soviet Russia was vilified and reviled again, as so often before, by Uncle Sammy. This is but normal. Don't get excited about it. Labor moves in accordance with economic pressure, not in obedience to speeches and resolutions; and economic pressure drives even the A. F. of L. toward Industrial Democracy.

BAKHMETIEFF

Bakhmetieff has resigned! The erstwhile Ambassador from a Government that went down in revolution five years ago has found it impossible to hold his fat berth in Washington against the wishes of the American working class, altho every effort was made by the former and present administrations to support him in his false role. He reminds us of the Richmond darkey employed by a law firm. He was often late and consequently incurred the displeasure of the head of the firm who fired him upon each occasion but out of keen sympathy for his plight inevitably took him back again. However, the time arrived when Mose later than usual was peremptorily fired for the eleventh time. This was too much for the patience of the old servitor and he turned upon his kindly employer, in great wrath, "Mars Jones, all I gets out ob you suh, is fiah, fiah, fiah. Now dis hab gone too far suh, an' I notifies you now, dat if you fiah me jes' once more, suh I'se gwain to quit." Bakhmetieff has been disowned so often by America and the Russians that in desperation he finally disowns himself. That is the only thing he has ever done for the people he claims to represent, and they will appreciate it indeed.

MINERS NOT ALONE

To blame for the crimes committed at Herrin. You and I are also responsible for neglecting the education of the workers in the mines and elsewhere. Do you want to help now? Fill out blank on page two and mail today.

AMERICA--MAY THE THIRTIETH, 1922

(Continued from page 9)

they've got a hard row to hoe." "Why doesn't the government do something for them?" I suggested, rather than asked, and the man laughed, scornfully—"Say, lady, where you been, lately? Don't you know a fella can't get nothin' out o' the government? Oh, yes, I know there's a lot in the papers about what's being done, but if you knew the boys that was in the army and the munition plants and the shipyards like I do you'd know that it's all just newspaper stuff, that's all!" And he turned away to speak to some one else. The music ceased; now was the time for a general depositing of coins in the tin-cup—but not a man moved. They cast sheepish, sidelong glances at one another—and, one by one, melted into the back-ground. One man passed me, his face working with the emotion he could not control, and exclaiming, under his breath, "It's awful! It's awful! That pore young girl, all blind!" But not a coin had been dropped in the cup. The Kid stirred uneasily at my side, and put his hand in the pocket where reposed his newly acquired wealth, looking anxiously up at

me. I nodded, and he marched resolutely up and placed two dimes in the cup, looking around with reproach at the rapidly dispersing crowd. One shabby old man hesitated, slowly extracted a nickel from his purse and added it to the amount. The cigarstand man deigned to come back and speak to me—"The fellas just ain't got the money," he apologized, "ain't any of 'em been working any lately. God knows what they'll do next winter if things don't open up pretty soon."

Gentle reader, I could go on with this sort of stuff for several pages—but what's the use? The Kid and I went through several blocks of it, till our senses rebelled. "Let's go home!" he begged, "We can't do anything for all these people. NOBODY seems to be able to do anything—Let's go home!" And we went.

Your grand articles and editorials make me wish I were able to fully explain the wonderful work you are doing for the thoughtless millions who are either unable or unwilling to grasp and appreciate the lofty principles your journal stands for.—Sig Dan, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIGHT FOR THE 113

By C. M. Sweet

The fight for free speech and the release of political prisoners in the United States is evidently considered, by some people, as practically won. Just because a few of those that were leaders and well known in their respective movements, and to the people at large, are now free, the cause is not, therefore, won. For there are 113 still held prisoners. Until these have been released, the fight has just begun. It is unfortunate that there are some who are ready to call it a good job and quit. They do not realize that the remaining ones are unknown workingmen, without the sympathy of great masses of the people, and without great reputations. They are not great orators, or officials of a large, powerful organization of labor. Unknown, sincere, law-abiding working people who have been outraged, these make up the list of political victims who are still unfree.

Such are the remaining ones, and as such, they have received the greatest measure of ill treatment. The full rigors of jail life with its tortures have been accorded them. When released, they have not a place to go for rest and quiet. Their families have not had comfortable homes with plenty to eat, while the father and husband was in jail. For these families have lived in shacks, and in despair. The little children have had to go forth to earn their daily bread. Are

we going to lie down and let them serve their time out, or die in prison, without fighting hard to gain justice and freedom for them, just because they are not leaders?

Most people believe in leaders, and think with the aid of leaders. Their interest is centered in the leaders of the various movements for the most part, rather than in the principles of those movements. Naturally they are aroused and indignant when a leader is imprisoned or severely dealt with; but they are with difficulty aroused when it is a humble, unknown, one of their own number, without followers.

It is an outrage that there is such a thing as a political prisoner; but it will be a greater one not to make as hard a fight for these 113 as has been made for those that have been released.

Do not allow the children of the Children's Crusade who are now in Washington to make the fight alone.

Order and sell the Debs Magazine. Gather names to petitions, and take up collections from individuals and organizations. Help make it a political issue!

Act politically by becoming a member of a labor party, which now becomes a necessity in this fight for political freedom.

Do not compel the little Children to make the fight alone!

"This Is America"

By EUGENE VICTOR DEBS

The radical elements of the American working class must either accommodate their tactical differences and unite in a solid phalanx against capitalism or they will surely be further divided and ultimately devoured by their enemies.

It was inevitable that the advent of revolutionary change in Russia should affect the Socialist parties of the whole world, but it is likewise true that each nation has its own psychology that are foreign to the workers of other countries.

It does not follow that because Russia seemed to be able to take the shortest cut to revolutionary change every capitalist or imperialist country in the world is able to accept their identical formula and pattern after it. The workers of a certain country must of necessity adapt themselves to the methods and manners of that country, and out of their own national psychology build toward an international purpose.

If every man, woman and child in Russia were suddenly deposited in the United States, and every American should some morning awake and find himself in Russia, and the Russians in America and the Americans in Russia were told to adapt themselves to their strange environments and use the tools and the machinery of the displaced workers of the others' country, we know that nothing could come of the experiment but chaos, and that in a very little while Americans would begin to come back to their native land, while the Russians would abandon our industrial cities for their own farms and vineyards.

As it would be extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible, for this physical transplantation to take place between Russians and Americans, so it seems to me to be equally difficult, if not impossible, for Americans to suddenly assume the state of political and social mind that has engaged the working classes of Russia since the overthrow of the Czar. American workmen think as Americans, not as Russians, or Japanese, or Germans—indeed, American workers do not even think as English workers, and this is proven by the fact that in each of those countries there are labor unions, guilds and political parties, each distinct from similar organizations in other lands and each adapted to the peculiar temperament of the people that desire to attract members, and also adapted to the industrial and political management of the country wherein they function.

This does not mean that I am criticizing the Russian workers for the manner in which they accomplish their revolution. I would be the last to

aim a dart at them, and all that I am trying to point out is what seems to me to be an obvious truism: That the Russian way may not be the American way; and the German Socialists may feel that they are entitled to work out their own revolutionary principles along the lines of the German working class psychology.

We can give the Russian revolution and the Soviet Government every possible support, morally, spiritually and financially without surrendering our own identity as American Socialists and workers who have social and industrial problems peculiar to our national life and with which the average Russian in Russia is wholly unfamiliar.

* * *

Internationalism does not mean to me that any one country shall arrogate to itself the right to impose its nationalism upon all other countries, thus making them international. There is an international ideal that must be upheld, and that ideal embraces freedom for all mankind, regardless of race, sex, creed or color. But it remains for the workers in each nation to achieve their revolutionary aims through their own efforts, and not by accepting without question or scrutiny the program of the one country which first saw liberty through the light of its people.

Russia could no more invoke its revolutionary methods and manners upon American workers with any degree of success than a single American family could force their peculiar traditions and mannerisms upon their neighbors. Any attempt so to do would only result in an open conflict which might possibly be aired in the police court.

* * *

I have gone into this subject from this angle because to me it is patent that by far the larger element of disagreement within our own ranks found source in the revolutionary inspiration furnished by the Russian revolution. Americans should not ignore the fact that this is America—and I cannot too often stress that geographical fact.

There is absolutely no certainly that the American workers would meet with success should they decide to abandon their own program of militant industrial and political unionism for that of Moscow; but there is a degree of certainty in the belief that they would get no hearing from the masses of American people. We cannot talk Russian temperament and psychology to American workers and voters and expect them to grasp its virtues in a twinkling, if at all. Nor would Russians lend a sympathetic ear to any American protagonist of political and industrial change if he

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Debs Magazine,
Chicago.

Comrades: Enroll me in the Contest for a Scholarship in the Peoples College and send me without cost Magazines and Subscription Cards to begin work. When magazines are sold I agree to remit for them at 10c each, and \$1 each for the Sub. Cards.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued on page 15.)

Book Reviews

Up Stream. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni, Liveright & Co.

I began reading this book with a strong prepossession in its favor. I finished it with a feeling of acute disgust. A prolonged whine, a pitiful centering of the huge and devastating struggle of the World War around the author's loss of a soft job in the University of Illinois;—this is what Lewisohn hands us, under the plaintive plea that American democracy is not all that he used to think it was.

Lewisohn was born in Germany. His father was a total misfit in business. He emigrated to this country, landing in South Carolina, where he obtained the position of installment collector for a furniture house dealing mainly with negroes—a damnable job, by which Ludwig was sent through high school and college and later through two years of post-graduate work at Columbia. Then he found it difficult to get the position he hankered for—professor of English Literature—because of his unmistakably foreign face, name and accent. This difficulty he accentuates through whole chapters of explanation of what a wonderful student he was, and how much more he knew than all the professors and all the other students. He eventually obtained an excellent position in the German department of the University of Madison. He threw this up to take a similar one in the University of Illinois. From this he was dismissed for anti-war utterances during the heat of the struggle. With a thankful heart he went to New York. "An atmosphere of stale tobacco smoke, beer and Wiener Schnitzel enveloped me. Here, at least, civilization existed"—this sentence gives an acid picture of his mental equipment for the teaching of English literature.

Lewisohn complains that the young men and women who study in our universities come there not to experience soul tragedies, but to become expert engineers, agriculturists and physicians. They are healthy, clean in body and mind—this he regards as an affront to his literary soul. He boasts of the greatness of his intellectual conflict against the war madness; and yet he whines like a whipped pup when his boldness encounters the inevitable result. He wants to be brave without the danger of a wound; to defy the lightning in perfect security from ever being struck.

Aside from one's regret that the book was ever written and published at all, the atrocious spelling comes ill from one who expounds at great length his mastery of the English tongue. There is no excuse for a book of this sort coming before the reading public with typographical errors on almost every other page. Professors of English literature should at least learn how to spell.

I. T.

"The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals."

By Wm. H. Hornaday, director New York Zoological Park. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

To all lovers of nature this book comes as a refreshing shower in a land of drouth. Starting with this trumpet word of truth, "Every harmless wild bird and mammal has the right to live out its life according to its destiny; and man is in honor bound to respect these rights," Mr. Hornaday continues throughout the three hundred charming pages of this work in the same high magnanimous and humane manner. He has indited an "Animal's Bill of Rights," which if studied and adhered to by mankind would bring many a ray of sunshine and happiness to the benighted existence of those noble beings who have as much right to earth's good things as man himself, but who have been almost exterminated in indescribable cruelty, by this bigoted "lord of creation."

Not since Dr. Howard Moore championed the cause of these under races subject to man, has there appeared a book of such great value on this long neglected subject. Man in his conquest of the earth has wiped out entire species of loving, harmless animals that had the same moral claim to life as himself. It is all but too late to awaken this criminal to his depredations against common decency even if it were possible to pry him loose from his crystallized anthropocentric view of things. Mr. Hornaday does not take an interest in the question as a matter of maudlin sentimentality, but on the contrary presents it from a practical and reasonable standpoint entirely. "By his vicious and cruel nature many a man is totally unfitted to associate with dogs, horses and monkeys." How true this is, yet among the most enlightened radicals there is little or no consideration for our feathered and furry friends of the fields and streams. I could continue indefinitely setting forth the aspects of the situation that Dr. Hornaday touches upon, but it would not be possible to do him or his book justice in this limited space. You must read for yourself. If you are a socialist, you will be a much better one after becoming acquainted with your little comrades of the outdoors. If you are not, these friends of the wilds will teach you many things in mutual aid and co-operation that you cannot learn elsewhere. May we hear more from Mr. Hornaday and that soon.

C. L. D.

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Boni and Liveright, N. Y.

A boon on the human race was conferred by the firm of Boni and Liveright when they published Dr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "Story of Mankind." Most of us are children, no matter how old we are. Dr. Van Loon, who is pro-

fessor of the Social Sciences at Antioch College, told to his small sons the history of the human race in simple picturesque language, illustrating it with rough sketches. The publishers put these bedtime stores out in book form. Up to date the book has sold half a million copies, and it's still going strong.

It ought to sell forever. For no matter how long the world lasts, things come to pass as a result of previous happenings. These previous happenings are themselves the result of prior events, and all human activities are knit together with one another and with cosmic phenomena such as drouths and floods, in such a way that to comprehend any one event one must know the history of the human race. To make this pleasantly possible is the proud service of this book.

Unalloyed pleasure is the fruit of reading. It is no such pretentious attempt as H. G. Wells made to filter all knowledge through his brain. It is a father's attempt to educate his sons; and so beautifully is it done that the book, barely six months old, has already become a classic. Your public library ought to have the book. If it hasn't, make them get it. You will take a calmer view of current events when you comprehend how very old an institution the world is.

The Next War. By Will Irwin. By E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50. If your library holds no other book, it should contain this. Will Irwin, one of the world's best known war correspondents and fiction writers, recounts briefly and dispassionately the steps which the nations are now taking toward perfection of means of warfare. The poison gas, the aerial bomb, the germ warfare; the careful mobilization of the best in mind and body of each nation to be sent first to the slaughter, lead up to a final catastrophe in which mankind destroys itself by means so horrible that they cannot be described. Clear, dispassionate, cold, it tells facts so lucidly and so convincingly that one cannot lay it down, and yet one shudders as every page lays bare fresh horrors held in reserve by modern science, animated by hate, used in the service of nationalist greed.

MOB PSYCHOLOGY

Dear Editor:—

I am writing this in the post office. The scenery is very beautiful around here. Street car men are on strike. A street car approaches manned with strike breakers and protected with chicken wire. Mob psychology soon gets to work. A dozen men break into the car and prance around inside, amusing themselves by beating and pummeling the men who are running the car. They pull them out and beat them and everybody takes a kick. This is what the master wants, as he can then get troops. On election day mob psychology is again at work, and they vote the democratic and republican tickets into power. This is also what the master wants. They catch them coming and going.

Elliott Copeland,
East Liverpool, Ohio.

IT IS WAR

(Continued from page 5)

So long as the struggle exists, so long will blood be shed in its conflicts. So long as one group owns the coal deposits of the world and exacts an outrageous tribute for the use of it; so long as that group uses every weapon of treachery and deceit to prevent knowledge of their profits; so long as they use every weapon of force and fraud to keep in subjection the men who perform the labor of production—so long will the workers likewise band together to defend their lives; and so long as murder is the weapon on one side murder will be the weapon on the other.

Violence solves no problem. The massacre at Herrin has injured the cause of the miners in public sympathy. But so long as you and I permit conditions to continue which breed massacre; so long as we rest content with private ownership of a public necessity; as long as the class war remains because the world is divided into classes by reason of private appropriation of public need; so long will the blood of Herrin be multiplied a million fold, and so long will you and I share in the guilt.

Coal, a national necessity of life, must belong to the nation. It must be owned and controlled by the people who consume it. The mining industry must be operated by the men who do the work, serving the public welfare directly.

Only in this way can the ceaseless blood of these consecutive massacres be ended, and the day of peace with justice shall dawn.

The coal mines for the people!
There is no way but Socialism!

THOUGHT

Think, though the world be reluctant
To fathom the deep of your thought,
For everything beautiful, reverent
To appreciation is brought
By the star-reaching wing—meditation,
The depth-braving plummet—I'll learn;
God fashioned for investigation,
And gave man the jewel—I yearn.

Think, though the hail of derision
May pelt you and bruise with its scorn.
Thought's soul is as free in a prison
As on peaks that are kissed by the morn,
And remember, dear brother, that thinking,
Though it's born in a cell of despair,
Has comradeship ever and linking
With the spirit and uplift of prayer,

There are trails that the feet of the masses
Have followed until they are worn.
Strike from them to untrodden passes
And canyons rock-littered and torn.
Be a pathfinder in that dominion
Whose boundaries only are mind,
And men—'tis my humble opinion—
The door of your cottage will find.
Yankton, S. D. —Will Chamberlain.

SHALL IT BE AGAIN?

The True Story of
America's Participation
in the War

by

John Kenneth Turner

The first book which embodies a general and detailed challenge to the theory that our participation in the war was an exploit in pure righteousness. Point by point the author takes up our professed reasons for entering the war and analyzes our conduct in the light of those professed aims. The result is startling.

The author denies:

That our territory was at any time either attacked or threatened;
That Germany was ever in a position to invade America;
That there was any justification for the theory of world peril.

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That our entry into the war was caused
(1) by the deliberate un-neutrality of Woodrow Wilson;
(2) by the tremendous propaganda conducted by the allied powers.
That our participation prolonged the war unnecessarily and was a crime against democracy and permanent peace;
That the great myth of the war was Wilson idealism.

Now, at last, the truth about the war has been told. The foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson—virtually that of the present administration—contains the seeds of new wars. Only a knowledge of the roots and sources of that policy will prevent our being again swept into an undemocratic war—a war which the American people do not want. It is this which makes the war the real issue of the day and

SHALL IT BE AGAIN?

the book of the moment.

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A copy of Turner's Great Book will be given free for a list of 10 subscribers to Debs Magazine at \$1 per year.

FAMOUS OPTIMISTS OF TODAY

John Flannagan

The Republicans that think President Harding will be re-elected by seven million majority.

Republican Congressmen that ask to be re-elected because of the good work they have been doing.
Hopeful individuals waiting for the landlord to reduce rents.

Ford owners who are still expecting to get arrested for speeding.

Ex-Vice President Marshall waiting for his good five cent cigar.

Secretary Hughes waiting for a shave.

Wm. J. Bryan advocating prohibition.

Old fashioned folk who expect the girls to soon go back to long skirts (instead they have blossomed out in knickers).

The man who thinks the saloons are going to re-introduce the free lunch.

Uncle Sam patiently waiting to collect the eleven billion foreign debt.

Ex-soldiers that expect to get a bonus from this administration.

The happy old soak that asked the prohibition agent to give him the pledge.

MARRIAGE

as it was, is, and should be. By Annie Besant. An intensely interesting brochure, 25c. "Law of Population" (Birth Control) by Annie Besant, 25c. "The Scarlet Review," 25c. "Diana," a psycho-physiological essay on Sex Relations, 25c. "The Crucible" (agnostic), 4 different samples, 10c.

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* * *

TO EUGENE DEBS

Position does not make the man,
Position is but dross.
The character of man's the gold
That gives to it its gloss.
A Christ upon it glorified
A malefactor's cross.

Unworthy men to honor's place
The country often calls.
Their presence serves but to disgrace
The legislative halls.
A Eugene Debs in durance vile
Ennobles prison walls.

—B. H. Davis.

ILLINOIS BEST LABOR PAPER THE SEARCHLIGHT

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to laboring men.

(Continued from page 12)

sought to convert the Russian to the
American plan.

The workers in the United States
must come together some time if they
would be saved from the jaws of the
capitalist shark. Their unions now
are flung apart about as far as they
well can be and still be called unions,
and in a political sense, the workers
were never weaker than they are at
this very moment.

The time was never better than
right now for unity between the fac-
tions of the industrial and political
movement of this country. Divided,
the workers will gain nothing. United,
the world and all its treasures are
theirs.

Let us cease bickering and quarrel-
ing, do the work that is necessary and
within reach of our hand, and walk
arm in arm toward Socialism.

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