

SEPTEMBER NUMBER

DEBS

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No. 13

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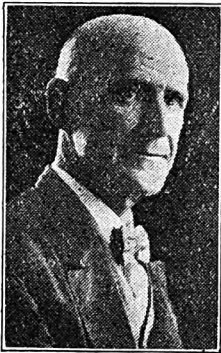
DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Vol. 2

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 13



ANNOUNCEMENT BY EUGENE V. DEBS

The "statement" being circulated that I have no connection with the Magazine that bears my name does harm and injustice both to myself and to the Editors of the Magazine.

Since my release from prison I have been the Chief Contributing Editor of "Debs Magazine" and shall continue to be so. I have had to do with shaping its policy and have written something for it each month.

I am in constant touch with its Editors and am very much interested in its success as a propaganda organ.

—Eugene V. Debs.

THE RIGHT TO WORK!

PRESIDENT HARDING will be remembered as Ex-President Taft is remembered, for his contribution to the never-ending discussion of the "right to work."

In his recent and unwitting utterance upon the subject, the President said more in his few words than he would have said upon maturer deliberation. In declaring that a man has the "right to work" without let or hindrance, and without the consent of any other man or set of men, nothing was farther from his thought than to give approval, as his words literally interpreted unquestionably do, to one of the fundamental principles of the Socialist movement.

No indeed, that was not what Mr. Harding meant. Far from it. He meant only that a man "has the right to work," and if necessary under the protection of federal bayonets, when another man goes out on strike against inhuman conditions and starvation wages. The latter has the inalienable right to quit when the conditions of his employment become unbearable, and there his right ends under the capitalist system, represented and served by President Harding and his administration.

He may no longer picket his former job, under recent court decisions, which construe picketing as intimidation; and if he protests at all against being replaced by a scab employed by the capitalist to break his union, lower his wages and keep him in industrial slavery, he must do so under his breath and when some spy or gunman of the owner of his job is not looking. It is true

that he is still permitted, according to Chief Justice Taft, to politely ask a scab in a ladylike manner not to take the job he deserted temporarily to maintain a decent standard of living for the benefit of the scab as well as himself, but the chances are, in a present day strike, that he will be prevented in one way or another from getting anywhere near the "independent" gentleman who enjoys the indefeasible "right to work" and break a strike, according to President Harding, to keep the striker and his class in industrial servitude.

Is it not a little strange that the only time a workingman has the "right to work" guaranteed to him by the government, and secured to him by its courts and armed troops, is when he belongs to a scab-recruiting and strike-breaking agency instead of a labor union, and when his pernicious service is required by greedy profiteers and exploiters to starve honest workingmen into submission, and defeat all their efforts to maintain themselves and their families as human beings?

The government has no such interest in, nor solicitude for, the self-respecting worker under the capitalist system. He has no vested interest in his employment. The capitalist owns his job. He has no "right" to work; he works only at the pleasure of his master. The master says "come" and he cometh; the master says "go," and he goeth. He works primarily and essentially for the profit of his master, and only secondarily and incidentally for his own benefit.

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WRECK AND RUIN

By Irwin St. John Tucker

CREEPING paralysis stuns the nation's arteries of traffic, as the rail strike grows and spreads.

Day by day, engines in bad repair pile into the ditches train loads of passengers or commodities. Day after day, wrecks multiply and increase. The risk of shipping grows so great that business halts. Travel languishes, as hundreds of trains are cancelled.

A demand rings out from Congress for "government ownership" of railroads and mines, to prevent such a disaster's recurrence. But in all the clamor and in all the plans, not a word is said regarding the truth of the evil and the seat of the distress.

A nation's system of highroads is its very life. Fellowship depends on communication. Along the railroads the products of each city are hauled to the end of the world in exchange for goods from other parts. From Atlantic to Pacific the swift trains fly, shuttle-like, back and forth, weaving the life of the nation into a rich and manifold web.

It is they which make the nation one. Cut the highroads, and the community disappears. Destroy transportation, and a nation breaks up into little quarrelling groups, incapable of nationhood.

Transportation is the history of civilization. When Rome's roads were cut, the civilization of Rome vanished, and for a thousand years Europe lay in darkness and barbarism, because none knew how to repair the roads. Roads are life to a nation, as the veins, through which rich blood courses from the heart to the furthest tissue, are life to the body. If blood ceases to flow, if the heart ceases to beat, the life of the body is gone.

So are the roads to a nation, and such are the railroads to the United States. But as on the breast of a sleeper a vampire may fasten its claws, and plunge its fangs into his breast, and drink the rich warm blood from his veins until he dies—so have the vultures fastened upon the breast of the sleeping nation, draining it of the lifeblood which should nourish its farthest tissues with prosperity.

Every railroad in the country is under the control of a group of stockholders, who have no knowledge of and no interest in their holdings save to squeeze out of them all the money that can possibly be extorted. To them, service means nothing, safety means nothing; all that matters is to use their control of the nation's lifeblood to enrich themselves.

By control of the railroads they control industries, for no industry can live except its supplies and its products be handled swiftly and well by the railroads. By control of industries they reap an exorbitant toll from the people, great and

small. Not a pound of wheat or steel, not a bolt of clothing, not a pair of shoes, goes from maker to consumer except it pay a tribute to the owners of the railroads.

There is a superstition connected with these men—the vulture gang who intrude their lust for swollen fortunes between maker and buyer. It is a false and pestilent superstition, absurd on the face of it. It is that the railroads could not run if these vultures did not reap their tribute—as though a sleeper cursed by the horrible thirst of a monster of the night, could not live except his lifeblood were drained by it.

The men who perform the service of moving the trains—THEY are the railroads. The travellers who buy passage and the shippers who send freight by the roads—THEY are the employers, for they employ the roads to carry them and their belongings for shorter or longer distances. But between employer and railroads—between the People and the Workers—there intrudes this bunch of gamblers—speculators in life and death, in war and peace, in plenty and famine.

They extort tribute from the workers by low wages, and exact profit from the people by unjust rates. Robbing both parties, they are held in power by that mutual antagonism.

It is to challenge the power of the vulture flock that the strike was declared. They had defied the power of the Government in refusing to abide by the orders of the United States Labor Board. That Board demanded that they cease the practice of having repairs done by outside contractors, to whom they paid outrageous prices, dividing the graft between directors and contractors.

But by their strike the railroad shopmen have imperilled this conspiracy between corrupt stockholders and corrupt government. Thereupon the cry is raised for a military law, for government ownership of the railroads on terms that make of every railroad worker a soldier under discipline, a law that would present forever any such joint action as the shopmen have taken toward justice.

Government ownership under Harding would mean slavery for people and workers alike. It would mean that Chief Justice Taft, avowed enemy of labor, bitterly hostile to the common man, would interpret the law that controls the federal bayonets.

Harding has let the railroad situation and the coal situation "drift" with an avowed intent. It is to allow matters to become desperate, so desperate that the people will sanction any step taken to end it. Then he will use the Federal power to seize the railroad and to establish forever the control of the nation's industries—coal and transportation—in the hands of those whose rule means national slavery.

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NO SURRENDER!

By Alexander Howat
Pres. Dist. 14, U. M. W. A.

THE United Mine Workers of America have now been on strike four months. According to information I have at hand, there are more than six hundred thousand miners engaged in this gigantic struggle, which was brought about because of the refusal of the coal operators to meet with the official representatives of the miners, as provided by contract. They not only refused to meet with the miners' representatives, as they had previously agreed to do, but in every statement given to the Press by the coal operators, they have said there must be a substantial reduction in the miners' wages.

These Coal Operators, who pose as one hundred per cent Americans, should be ashamed to look an honest man in the face, when it is taken into consideration that they have not only exploited and robbed the general public for many years by the outrageous prices they have charged for their coal, but in addition to that, they have kept the miners and their wives and children in hunger and starvation for all this time.

The Operators, in their appeal for public sympathy, contend that they are making the fight to reduce the miners wages because of the interest they have in the welfare of the people, while the real facts are, they want to reduce the miners' wages so they may put the additional profits in their own pockets.

The Coal Operators are working hand in hand with the Railroad Corporations. They sell their coal to the rich and greedy Railways at about the price it cost them to produce it at the mine, and then charge the general public enough for the coal they sell them, to make a large profit on the coal they sell to the Railroads at cost of production. Yet, in the face of these facts, they are appealing to the Press and to the general public for sympathy in their fight to reduce the miners to starvation wages.

The miners who produce the coal to keep the people of the nation warm, are today living in poverty and destitution, while the Coal Operators are living in luxury on the profits they have made from the miners' labor. The miners of America, however, have asserted themselves. They will no longer agree to bow in humble submission to the dictates of the coal corporations. In the tremendous struggle in which the miners are now engaged, they are standing up like real men. They are making the most brilliant and magnificent battle that has ever been fought by the workers in the history of the world. Their splendid fighting qualities and their spirit of determination in their heroic battle for industrial freedom and justice, commands the respect and admiration of the people of the entire nation.

Arbitration has been proposed in trying to settle the miners strike. Arbitration has always been a curse to organized labor. The miners are fully competent to make their own contracts, and they should fight to the last ditch to maintain that principle, and never agree to permit any commission or board of arbitration to tell the coal miners of the country what their wages and conditions of employment shall be.

The outcome of the struggle in which the miners are now engaged, is being watched with a great deal of interest by the people of the entire nation. This is a real fight, and the coal miners have demonstrated that they are real fighters. If they lose, they know it means to go back to the days of old when they were at the complete mercy of the coal operators, when they were treated as if they were that many slaves. On the other hand, if they win it means a brighter and a better day, not only for themselves, but for the generations that are yet to come.

Every miner in this country should feel proud to take a part in this brilliant battle of the Miners' Union, fighting for justice, with all the powerful corporations of the nation arrayed against them.

In addition to this the Federal Government has joined hands with the coal barons and has said that all the power of the Government will be used to assist the operators in the production of coal, and to crush the hopes and aspirations of the United Mine Workers of America.

But the fighting spirit of the coal miners cannot and shall not be destroyed. They are fighting a noble battle in a just cause. They are fighting with the same heroic spirit of determination that made the heroes of 1776, when the people of this country fought against the domination of Great Britain in order that America should become a Republic. Men with courage such as the miners are imbued with, shall not falter. They shall not fail. They will make no surrender. The principles of justice must and shall triumph over the greed and opposition of the coal corporations.

In this battle of the miners and railroad men, let us all put our shoulder to the wheel and do our full share in the onward march for Justice, and let us proclaim to the world that the time has come when the rights of the toiling masses of the nation must and shall be respected.

The mine owners are now about ready to try and operate their mines at greatly reduced wages, under the protection of state and Federal troops. They are of the opinion that the miners and their wives and children are about starved into submission, and that the men are ready to return to the mines. In this, however, they will be disappoint-

Editor's Note—Since the above article was written the coal strike has been partially settled. The anthracite miners are still out however.

CURRENT COMMENT

THE United States Steel Corporation announces an increase in wages of 20 per cent for common labor to take place Sept. 1st. This class of labor has been receiving 30c an hour, under the new scale they will get 36c. While a voluntary raise in wages at this time comes as a surprise when other corporations are doing their **best to beat down the wage scale**, it is probably only a temporary measure adopted to secure badly needed help in turning out the large orders on hand. In spite of the fact that there are myriads of unemployed there are few indeed who care to undergo such arduous toil for the mere pittance of 30c an hour and some difficulty has been experienced by the steel barons in recruiting the necessary slaves to man their mills. In fact wages along the line have been so very low that strange as it may seem a worker cannot "afford to work." If they do so they will be in the position described by the conundrum, "What is the difference between a workingman and a tramp?" The answer, as all too many can vouch for, is, "There is only ten cents difference and the tramp has the dime."

* * *

Yet as low as the old steel scale was it was much better than what the U. S. Labor Board is trying to force upon the trackmen who are out on strike. Under the new ruling they would have to accept \$66.71 per month, providing that they were steadily employed, which does not always occur. Under the schedule this permits the magnificent sum of 85c per day for food and \$8.94 per month for housing.

* * *

There are few places in the United States where a decent pig can be housed on that sum to say nothing of a family of five people. Wretched shacks rent for \$15 to \$25 per month; poor houses from \$25 to \$40; and ordinary comfortable shelter runs from that figure up. The 85c per day which the Board sets aside for food for five people means 17c per day each to feed a man engaged in strenuous labor, a hard working housewife and growing children.

* * *

The utter misery of such an existence can be better understood when we remember that the Government allows 40c per day for each soldier's ration and this is spent at a wholesale price or about one-third of that the workers must pay. The average jail in the United States sets aside about 35c to feed the vilest criminals, so this is only one-half the prison ration. Under the circumstances the men are just as well off physically and perhaps more so while refusing to work at this paupers' wage, than by accepting it and trying to eke out a precarious existence. This is

entirely aside from the principles involved and the many issues at stake that mean a great deal more to the strikers than just that of bread and butter.

* * *

The Interstate Commerce Commission reports that the railway incomes for May, 1922, were nearly double that for the same month last year. It also shows a 6 per cent decrease in expenses during the same time. All this in spite of the falling off in coal shipments. We can well understand the attitude of the railway barons which is always, "All the traffic will bear," but it is indeed difficult to fathom the reasoning of a public board like the Labor Commission in their efforts to drive the scale of living of "Free American Citizens" far beneath that of common criminals.

* * *

So the farce goes on! Railway barons running the workers through a wringer to obtain the last bloody nickel, whilst they boost rates to the skies and prevent the vast majority of people using the roads that should be the property of all. Thousands of women and children starving on every hand, actually and literally murdered by the incompetents in control. Incompetents of three classes should here be considered. First, President Harding and those who comprise the nominal government; Second, the Railway Owners and financiers who are the actual government; Last and always least the workers who could displace the other two groups and become the government if they had the mule sense to do so.

* * *

Murder is the rule under capitalism. If a worker murders another in a foreign land he returns home a cheap hero and spends the rest of his days begging for a bonus for doing the dirty work. If a master of bread murders women and children in their filthy hovels by cutting off their bread supply, he is lauded as America's foremost citizen and school children are admonished to follow his example. It is only the fool workers who desert industry, go on strike and starve their wives and children that receive no glory from the death and destruction that follow their actions. This is serious business!

* * *

Murder is murder, wherever or however perpetrated. Those who control government either nominally or actually can put an end to it when they choose to do so. For every life lost, for every iota of suffering or starvation inflicted upon the "least of these" they must give account sooner or later. But the workers cannot escape their share of the responsibility for this wholesale slaughter of innocents. It is no excuse to say that they are striking for higher wages to benefit their wives and children, any more than they could excuse throwing oil upon a dangerous fire by saying they were trying to put it out.

To use the outworn weapon of the strike to overcome the capitalist class is sheer nonsense. It is like using a skiff to cross the ocean when a liner is at hand. The workers can end the class struggle once and for all. They can stop this widespread murder of women and children whenever they choose to do so. All the ranting against the masters is of no avail. The only sensible thing to do is to march to the ballot box in a body, take control of Government, and legislate for the workers as the shirkers are now being legislated for. Strikes have been proven futile. The ballot box has never been tried. The elections are coming. Every vote for the old parties is a vote to approve the robbery and murder of the master class. Every vote for Socialism is a vote for peace and plenty for all, all the time. Let murder cease!

* * *

Attorney General Daugherty in a speech to the American Bar Association at San Francisco, declared that the preservation of liberty and prosperity in America requires that the people be re-taught the fundamentals of government established by the fathers.

* * *

If the worthy Attorney General knows anything about government he has not betrayed it in any of his dealings with the workers. Our fathers ordained that "no citizen shall be unjustly deprived of his liberty" and that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," and yet more than one hundred of America's best citizens still remain brutally confined in loathsome dungeons because of their knowledge of the "fundamentals of government established by the fathers" and their courage to act thereon. Daugherty did not say that he was acting upon such principles when he received a fee of \$25,000 for getting the arch thief Morse out of prison.

* * *

Before you are competent to address the most ignorant of our citizens upon the "fundamentals" of government, General, you had better obtain a copy of McGuffey's Primer and at least acquaint yourself with the "Bill of Rights." It is too much to ask that you get an understanding of the "Declaration of Independence" for that is far above your capabilities. It is safe to say that if Patrick Henry and John Hancock were here today you would have them imprisoned in the same vile dens that now gaol the brave men and women who still breathe their spirit of Liberty!

* * *

To show their solidarity with the American strikers every union railway worker in Mexico stopped work during a period of four hours, recently. We have heard much about the Mexicanizing of the American workers but if the action

just noted is any indication of this procedure may it sweep the ranks of labor from coast to coast.

* * *

How different is the selfish, snarling attitude of the Brotherhood of Engineers, if Warren S. Stone expresses them correctly. When interviewed about the men leaving their posts at some points he is reported to have said, "We are not joining the shopmen who are on strike. We are only seeking to protect ourselves." Could anything be more cruel than this brutal expression of the law of tooth and fang?

* * *

Is it any wonder that Henry Ford charges that unions are a detriment to the workers? for says he, the capitalists can handle millions of men and maintain their place and power by simply manipulating a few leaders? Now since Stone, Lee, Robertson, Shepard, Gompers and the political bosses of the big unions believe that the strike is the weapon of defense against the profit sharks, then they are in duty bound to call a general strike. The same as if they were attacked by overwhelming odds they would use the largest club obtainable, so now if sincere and consistent they should use the biggest strike possible. Of course that would be industrial unionism, the gateway to Socialism, and the masters do not want that. About the only conclusion reasonable in the face of these facts is that all too many so called leaders are listening to their "master's voice."

* * *

Carlyle once warned us against considering ourselves virtuous simply because our economic position was such that we could afford to refrain from immoral actions. "And," said he, "do not congratulate yourself upon your good morals when you only have potatoes." Social workers contend, and rightly, that crime and unsocial acts are the result of poverty and not of any desire upon the part of the victim to commit an injustice.

* * *

Thousands of cases could be submitted in proof of the foregoing, but one vivid case will suffice. In a recent raid upon disorderly resorts in Chicago a woman was brought in who told the following story: "I am the mother of an eleven year old girl. I want to educate her if I can and give her some of the advantages that other girls have. During the war I made \$42 per week and could keep my daughter in a boarding school. Since peace was declared my wage dropped to \$14 per week and I could not get along. I was forced by circumstances to enter the place where I was arrested and have been able to barter my virtue for about \$125 per week. I want to continue until my daughter is educated."

Continued on page 14

Wisps From Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

"When Winter Comes" we'll
all be bums!

* * *

Rubles are not good money, I
see by the "paper."

* * *

Thru the Hollywood the scandal
lights are gleaming!

* * *

Obregon must take care he does
not slip out of his job on the oil.

* * *

"Congressmen Plan Trip to
Yap." It should be a great home
coming.

* * *

Ford says that Hebrew finan-
ciers control the railways. Look
out for the jew-jew cars!

* * *

England should recruit her
finances with a Sir-tax on the idle
class.

* * *

"Peace Between Rockefeller
and Obregon." Oil's well that
ends well.

* * *

Lasker's ships of course all car-
ry physicians but none of them
carries a dry doc.

* * *

How can Germany help being
yellow with the Allies dun-ning
her all the time?

* * *

The War Mongers cannot kill
the race off entirely. They must
spare a few to keep up the fight-
ing.

* * *

Ford has not yet complained
because the Kentucky Derby was
won by a Jewish horse,—Mor-
vich.

* * *

The inventor of the ukelele
reached the ripe old age of 80
years. How did he escape its mu-
sic so long?

* * *

"Two Thirds of Farms Mort-
gaged." How you going to keep
the farms down under the farm-
ers, after they've seen the banker?

That dangerous list in the Ship
of State, is a list of profiteers.

* * *

"Motor Load of Jugs Captured.
Empty!" The Car of Juggernaut.

* * *

The Dry Movement seems to
have received quite a cold chill
from Alasker.

* * *

Cheer up, little strike, don't you
cry; you'll be a revolution bye
and bye!

* * *

"Few people can think on their
feet," says orator. Few people can
think on their seat!

* * *

"Banditry Increasing." Why
not have Mexico come in and re-
store order?

* * *

"The Sun Never Sets on the
British Empire." It looks like the
whole family has set on Ireland.

* * *

An avatrix fell from an aero-
plane while watching a man. Most
any girl will fall for the right man.

* * *

It leaks out the Government
will prosecute the Tile Trust.
Caught draining the Treasury?

* * *

"Prohibition Officers Equipped
With Rifles." Ready; Aim; Vol-
steady: Fire!

* * *

Ninety and nine per cent of the
human race spend their time try-
ing to knock the "if" out of Life.

* * *

Why give Babe Ruth all the
glory? The Prodigal Son made a
thrilling home run.

* * *

Science is wonderful. Turn an
X Ray on a bull dog's lungs and
you can see the seat of his pants.

* * *

Turn it on his stomach and you
will see the seat of the other fel-
low's pants.

Rubles are selling five for a
cent. That's the rub in the ruble.

* * *

"Bonus Would Be Candy for
Veterans." Sort of a bon-bonus.

* * *

"Noisette" appears on the menu
card of a fashionable Chicago res-
taurant. In ordinary places it is
just plain soup.

* * *

Stock men are cutting down the
supply to keep up the price. The
people may get a close shave from
these safety raisers.

* * *

Deprived of aviation supplies
the Germans are now making
aeroplanes from fly-paper.

* * *

War is an unspeakable crime
against intelligence. When the
world reaches this conclusion it
will be well out of the war zone.

* * *

It is indeed shocking the things
that are made from currents at
ohm in violation of the Volts-
tead Act. Watt!

* * *

Piggly Wiggly has declared a
six months dividend of \$511,000.
At this rate it will soon be a Hog-
gly Woggly!

* * *

"Chicago Nurses Organize
Band." In this case what gallant
would object to coming out the
little end of the horn?

* * *

No Clarence, I would not ask
for a commission in the Army,—
be satisfied with a straight salary.

* * *

Oh to leave all this war and
strife behind and settle in some
peaceful country like Mexico.

* * *

Under capitalism you may fuel
all the people some of the time,
and some of the people all the
time, but you can't fuel all the
people all the time.

THE ONLY WAY

There is no royal road which leads to Freedom,
The straight and narrow path the ONLY way;
And they who hold the vision of the future
The price, in unremitting toil, must pay.
No bed of ease, for them, nor crown of laurels,
The "plaudits of the crowd" oft turn to jeers;
'Tis oft, for them, as bravely on they journey,
That friend and foe alike have naught but sneers.

And often, too, it seems some sunny by-path
Must be a pleasant "short cut" to the goal:
But they who turn aside to haste their footsteps
Soon find themselves in deadly quicksands' hold.
The farther onward, then, they seek to struggle
The deeper sink their limbs into the mire,
Until the choking sands have sucked them under
And thus, ignobly, there must they expire.

The way is hard for those who hold the vision,
And hopeless, oh, so hopeless! oft it seems.
But ah! ten thousand times the way is harder
For those who prove unfaithful to their dreams
To them is lost the glory of achievement,
The knowledge that because to it they came,
The world, when they have left it, will be better—
Be cleaner, happier, healthier—more sane.

If Freedom's our desire, we must not falter;
Must e'er be watchful lest our footsteps stray;
Must e'en forget self-glory in the labor
Which brings the human race a fairer day.
Ah, yes! 'tis worth the price of our endeavor,
This Future Time when all in truth are free;
When we have put an end to war and murder—
An end to crime and want and misery.

Then shall not we our energies give gladly
To this the end that we, at length, may live?
For quickly, now, we must attain that vision
If we our best and truest efforts give.
There is no royal road which leads to Freedom—
The straight and narrow path the only way;
And they who hold the vision of the future
The price, in hard and unremitting toil, must pay.

—Ruby Herman.

DEBS MAGAZINE
A Magazine of Militant Socialism

EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . Chief Contributing Editor
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"STAND BY YOUR GUNS AND WIN!"

E. V. Debs

ONE YEAR ago, with fears and doubtings, Debs Magazine was launched. At that time Eugene V. Debs was still in prison in Atlanta. A numbing palsy seemed to have settled over the Socialist movement. Scattered fragments twitching convulsively seemed to be all that remained of the great movement to which so many had given their lives. Imperialism was triumphant. Harding Republicanism seemed rock-ribbed and unshakable.

Today we issue the first number of the second volume of Debs Magazine. In the year that has passed since the first was issued, Debs has been released. The steel walls of the great Penitentiary at Atlanta were forced open by the undying love and gratitude of the millions who strove without rest for his freedom. Today, labor is engaged in a gigantic struggle for control of the nation's two dominant industries—coal and railroads. The miners have won a partial victory. The railroad workers have demonstrated a quiet strength none dreamed they possessed. The third great element in our fundamental industries, the farmers, are quietly massing their strength. Primary after primary gives evidence of the very great discontent with the vacillating pusillanimity of the Harding administration. The Democratic Party was practically wiped out in 1920. The Republican Party is on the rocks in 1922. Men's minds are upheaved with an unrest that has not yet found a concentrated outlet.

Slowly, step by step, political revolution toward the co-operative commonwealth gathers strength. Sold into the hands of conscienceless profiteers, exploited, robbed blind, deaf and dumb by monopolist combinations, the anger and unrest of the people grows day by day.

Across in Europe the black thundercloud grows hourly more menacing. France's bitter revenge has forced the German mark, once four for a dollar, to the calamitous figure of 2,000 for \$1. Germany is almost ready to join hands with Russia

in a military and industrial alliance. In Asia, Sun Yat Sen, Socialist, has emerged dominant from the welter of confusing claims in China, and the Japanese military imperialists have learned a severe lesson from which many generations will profit.

In all these changes and upheavals, Debs Magazine has tried to speak for the good of the common people, the workingman and his wife and their family, as Debs would speak. For the first half year we had not the assurance nor the inspiration of the presence of the Grand Comrade. After his release from prison his physical condition was such that it was impossible for him to assume the active editorship of the magazine.

This month, however, he announces his official connection with the magazine which bears his name, as Chief Contributing Editor. He has helped to formulate the policy which it will follow, "Unity on All Fronts." He urges all persons interested in Socialist propaganda to make use of it as an organ of enlightenment and education.

We are proud of having survived this disastrous year, which has seen the demise of so many promising ventures. None of the editors or contributors has been paid. The work has been voluntary, a labor of love. To have kept alight the flame of hope for a better day of justice and of peace is their sole reward.

We ask those who are in sympathy with the Magazine and its work to continue their support and assist us in building up an educational machine that will carry the message of Debs and Socialism into every corner of America.

THE GARY WRECK

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER is becoming the national scapegoat. Because of the shopmen's strike, railroad engines and cars are in bad condition and are becoming increasingly worse. Every day, and sometimes many times a day, there are wrecks in many parts of the country. From California to Maine the ruins pile up, unnoticed and unmentioned by the daily press. But there was a wreck near Chicago, in which several lives were lost. Public attention was aroused. The engine in question had broken wheels but in spite of this was ordered out to run at 60 miles per hour. This fact must be rigidly suppressed. So the scabherders, the railroad officials and the private detectives discovered that "spikes had been removed from the rails" in a dastardly plot. Of course when a steel locomotive goes off the track it pulls a section of track with it, including the spikes. This fact, unknown to the general public, was carefully concealed by the railroads, in their feverish anxiety to lay the blame somewhere else. The frantic absurdity of supposing that

railroad workers commit suicide to win a strike is carefully concealed.

So Foster's office, the headquarters of the Trade Union Educational League, was raided, and a couple of tons of propaganda taken to detective headquarters. The detectives had themselves photographed in studious attitudes poring over the mass of correspondence. After three days of hard study, they came to the conclusion that there was nothing said by Foster which directly advocated the pulling of railroad spikes out of ties in order to wreck trains, and therefore he must be temporarily cleared.

Three days later, however, he was arrested because of an absurd performance of the National Executive Committee of the Workers' Party, which showed all the futile childishness of a ceremony of the Ku Klux Klan. They met out in the woods near a small town in Michigan, where every stranger is an object of nine days' discussion, and where the movements of every unknown person is followed with heart-rending zeal by small boys and graybeards alike. If the Workers' Party really wanted to meet in secret, they would assemble in the middle of State and Madison streets, Chicago, or in the lounge of the Auditorium Hotel, or in Union Square, New York. Midnight meetings in deserted groves is just pie for the average detective, whose imagination runs in grooves strangely similar to those of the W. P.

Seventeen of the committee were arrested and held in Michigan, and Foster was arrested on general principles—said principles being that Foster shows more intelligence than any ten other propagandists. His principles are simple and therefore terrifying. They are:

1. Radicals of all sorts should not flock by themselves in little mutual admiration societies miscalled "Revolutionary Committees," but should work boldly and openly in the unions for what they desire.

2. What we desire is common understanding and joint action; amalgamation of the tool crafts in any industry into a larger unit which can control the industry.

That is why Foster is a terrific specter. He is a mild, cheerful, bald-headed Connecticut Yankee, strongly averse to oratory and full to the gills of statistics. This attack was directed as much by the A. F. of L. college of cardinals, fearful of losing their \$18,000 a year salaries if any amalgamation takes place, as by the capitalist class.

Frame-ups of this sort are what the head of the United States Secret Service, William J. Burns, used to lay the foundations of his fortune. He is now using the Foster scare to shake down wealthy and timorous manufacturers into paying him \$20 a day for a \$3.25 a day detective to shadow the abandoned criminals who are trying to teach the wage-workers ordinary principles

of intelligence. Foster is a gold-mine to Burns. Everything he does or says is magnified into a shadow-bogy, hovering hugely over the horrified heads of capital. He is depicted as a sort of a super-man, half demon and half spook. Bill Foster is just a regular fellow with a cheerful grin and hearty handshake, who has an idea and is using it to better the conditions of his fellow-men instead of building up for himself a marble-tiled office in Washington, D. C. Here's to Bill Foster. May his shadow never grow less.

MINERS WIN

Through the treaties signed between the coal miners and the operators of the central competitive field, the miners win out their biggest victory.

It should not be forgotten that the miners did not strike. Their contracts came to an end April 1st, and the operators flatly refused to meet their official representatives. For four months they held out, while the mines idly waited. All that time the coal operators were trying to break down their solidarity, hoping by means of starvation and the threat of non-union labor to destroy their spirit.

Once the effort assumed a bloodier form. The coal operators of Herrin tried to arrange a general assassination. Daily newspapers of New York and Chicago were notified, ten days before the slaughter at Herrin, that there would be a general clean-up of the union officials, and correspondents were in Herrin from two weeks to ten days, waiting for the "story." But when it came, the shoe was on the other foot. Two union officials were assassinated, and then the workers and farmers of Williamson county destroyed the mine plant and massacred the strike-breakers. It was a hideous, ghastly, horrible crime; but it was not planned by the miners, and it promptly stopped non-union operation of coal mines.

The miners have forced from the President of the United States the official announcement that coal is a public necessity, whose production must be safeguarded through a national official agency. They have established their claim to regulate wages and hours in direct conference without "arbitration" by third parties. They have forced the nation to realize their conditions of toil, and by the drastic method of bringing the ordinary citizen face to face with a heatless winter have written into the conscience of the people the dictum "a public necessity is a public trust."

The victory is not complete. Not until all coal mines are declared the property of the people, to be operated by the miners themselves without the grafting interference of stockholders and "operators," will the coal problem approach intelligent settlement. But that will come by evolution of events. The national "strike" of the bituminous coal workers has crossed the divide toward Socialization of the mines.

AN HOUR WITH DEBS

By Maude Ball

KNOWING with what loving anxiety the readers of the Debs Magazine await information concerning the personal welfare of their beloved "Trismegistus," I accept with pleasure, the invitation to report through these columns, a recent interview with him, which it was my rare good fortune to enjoy on the occasion of his transfer from the Chicago to the Elmhurst headquarters of the Lindlahr Health Institutes.

During these forty-five minutes I experienced more genuine thrills of admiration, love and wonder inspired by the radiant personality and glowing, glorified countenance of our leader, than in a lifetime of contact with all sorts and conditions of men. For Debs' leadership today is greater than can be comprehended in any organization or movement, limited by anything less than the outskirts of the universe. He represents not a definite formula or program, but principles universally true—principles of conduct for all men at all times and under all circumstances. He can no longer be claimed by any one sect or group, but belongs to all of humanity; to every one whose face is set forward and who looks for something higher and greater in human experience.

Mr. Debs arrived at the Lindlahr Sanitarium early in the morning of July 14th. His arrival had been expected for several days, but the exact train by which he would reach the city had not been reported. He therefore walked into the office on Ashland Boulevard unaccompanied and unannounced. It was a matter of only a few minutes, however, until the hundred or so guests, medical staff and employees were assured that a "Personality" was in our midst.

Two enterprising newspaper reporters, who must have X-Rayed a communication in transit, had sat in the office all night awaiting the arrival of the distinguished guest. I was the first to see and recognize him, and the gracious warmth of his greeting almost took away my breath. That he would know of me was a thing farthest from my imagination. What was my surprise to find that he not only remembered my former connection with "The Little Comrade," an obscure and long defunct organ, but after a little effort recalled articles which I had myself long since forgotten.

For the first day or two he was diligently pursued by newspaper men, and although much in need of rest and relaxation, he would deny audience to no one, until it was found necessary to protect him from any unnecessary demands upon his vitality.

On the transfer trip, the car stopped at a garage for a few minutes, and immediately a me-

chanic in greasy overalls, with sun-browned, oil-begrimed countenance illuminated by the most radiant of smiles, stepped up to the car and seized Mr. Debs by the hand. "I count this one of the greatest moments of my life," he said, as Debs shook his hand vigorously and thanked and blessed him with the utmost graciousness.

A sign on the boulevard, "Don't Kill a Child," arrested Mr. Debs' attention and seemed to impress him deeply. "If they could only realize," he commented, shaking his head sadly, "how many countless thousands of children they are putting to slow and torturous death by malnutrition, oxygen starvation, disease, and by the stunting and dwarfing of little bodies and minds, in the mills and shops and mines, they would have those signs in front of every residence on the boulevard, in letters that scream to the heavens."

Passing some large tracts of open land, Mr. Debs was reminded of the natives that must at one time have proudly and joyously counted those beautiful prairies as their home. He spoke regretfully concerning the atrocities and treacheries committed against these trusting and generous peoples; of the outrages by which they were despoiled of their lands, and ruthlessly slaughtered in wars of extermination.

He had once met the widow of General Custer, the occasion being a club meeting at Delmonico's at which he had, with others, been invited to speak. There, he found himself surrounded by the coldest and most unresponsive of audiences! The crystallized snobbery of the ultra-fashionable and plutocratic New York society. The chairman, who must have been a poor, pitiful, intellectual and moral bankrupt, introduced Mr. Debs in his turn, with the admonition: "Kindly endeavor to bring your message and language within the limits of what is decent and fitting for an audience of ladies and gentlemen."

If anything were needed to quicken the quivering spirit of so sensitive a soul, this gross insult served to stimulate Mr. Debs to speak the truth in all its naked purity. We can well imagine the overpowering deluge of facts and living vital truths which poured down upon the heads of the defenceless listeners; the baptism of fire that descended upon those icy auditors, whose ears were so unaccustomed to hear the truth. Mrs. Custer, whom he described as a very charming and gracious woman, beautifully gowned in white, was one of the two or three who came forward and shook hands with him and congratulated him upon the fearless and effectual manner in which he delivered his message. The editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, who was present, apolo-

gized for the chairman, and in an editorial the next day, suggested that the chairman might well have taken lessons in manners and polite speaking of this man from labor's ranks, whom he had so ignorantly and brutally undertaken to disparage.

Mr. Debs first entered the dining room on the occasion of our Annual Home Coming Banquet, at which graduate students and visiting physicians from various quarters of the globe were present.

His appearance on the scene was the occasion for a tremendous burst of applause, to which he responded in a brief but remarkably impressive address of congratulation to the founder and director of the institutes and an appeal to the courage and persistent endeavor of the students and practitioners of drugless therapy, going out to meet the opposition and discouragement that confront all who take a stand for the new or the greater truth.

In part he said:

"We live in a marvelous age—an age of rapid change! The miracles of today are the commonplace of tomorrow. Old things are passing away and a new social order is evolving from the present chaos.

"The world today needs as it never did before the young men and women who have the mental and moral equipment with which they have been provided here, that they may serve their fellow-beings.

"This ought to be the high purpose of every young man and woman who starts out in life. The self-ambition defeats itself. To be imbued with a feeling as one with the great human family. And if endowed with a superior mind and having had superior training, to that extent you are under obligation to your less fortunate fellow-beings. If I take advantage of my superior ability and exercise it to advantage over my fellow-beings, I may attend church but I am not civilized. (Applause.) The only way I can prove my superiority is in the service of my fellow-man. (Applause.)

"If I had not had some of the bitterness of life in my cup I might envy you. There is something infinitely beautiful about youth. You will only know the meaning of what we call youth when it has passed away. I wish you could understand your marvelous possibilities; what can be achieved in these very important days, when the world is lifting itself to a higher plane. If we have vision, if we have understanding, we can already behold the sunrise. There is not a pessimistic strain in my nature. (Applause.) I do not hate any individual in this world. I do not hate those that hate me; I feel sorry for them.

"It takes some spirit, some moral fibre to

plunge into the stream, and with a determination to reach the other shore, brave all the billows.

"Every new truth has to fight its way into recognition. Ancient prejudices have to be overcome. But in the struggle you develop all your latent powers and you fulfil yourselves in noble achievement. You must screw your courage to the sticking point. A fine thing is ambition rightly developed. The noblest of the children of men today are not engaged in the pursuit of material things. (Applause.) Let me say to you that real riches come from within; the spiritual riches. Be true to yourself, no matter if the whole world be against you. Be true to your own conscience so that you may always be able to look yourself in the face without a blush.

"You may have a thorny path, but if you have the right will you can not fail, and at night you can retire with your self-respect and in the morning you can face the whole world, as Henley has said:

'Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

'In the fell clutch of circumstances,
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody but unbowed.

'It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul!'

The first work which Mr. Debs expects to take up upon re-entering active service is an expose of prison conditions. He intends speaking the full truth concerning the graft, brutality, and inhumanity practiced in connection with prison administration.

He appreciates deeply the solicitude of all those who have inquired concerning his welfare. He wishes me to express his deep gratitude to those who have asked permission to visit him. He appreciates still more the patient and loving restraint exercised by those who are silently waiting for him to "come back" and who out of respect for his need of rest and freedom from care of any kind for the present, have refrained from any attempt to see him.

His presence lingers here like a benediction; to meet him face to face is to experience a sort of spiritual baptism. As of old, every one who comes in contact with him feels the irresistible charm of his magnetic personality. It will be long before the effect of his presence is lost in "The Unconscious." To have met him and had such an intimate glimpse of the soul of Debs, is a never-to-be-forgotten incident in my life.

TELL ME NOT

Tell me not in box car numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
If you're working for a railroad,
Oh, how happy life must seem.

Life is business on a railroad
Where you have to do things right—
Do just what the general tells you—
Labor hard from morn 'till night.

Lives of railroadmen remind us
We should never be sublime,
But, when going, leave behind us,
Garnishees upon our time.

Garnishees which perhaps some other,
Wandering o'er this stormy main,
Some freeloved wayward brother,
Seeing, shall pass on again.

When our working days are over
And our harvest days are spent,
With our shoes all torn and dusty,
With our backs all tired and bent.

We shall near the gates of heaven
But inside we'll never get,
For St. Peter then will tell us
There're no railroadmen here yet.
—C. E. W. in Switchmen's Journal.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

Continued from page 3

Millions of unemployed workers at this very hour bear tragic testimony to the terrible truth that workingmen and women, the wealth producers and burden bearers of the world, have absolutely no "right to work" assured them, and therefore no right to live under the capitalist system which prevails throughout the "civilized" world.

Ex-President Taft will be remembered for his "God knows" in reference to the right to work; and President Harding for unwittingly stating the truth and giving affirmation to a fundamental principle of the Socialist movement.

When capitalism has been overthrown, when the capitalist class has been abolished and the people come into possession of the nation's industries and establish industrial and social democracy, as they will in the inevitable process of evolution; when every worker owns his own job and secures to himself the fruit of his labor; when the free, collective, self-governing life of the people has taken the place of the masters and slaves of capitalism, then, and not until then, will men and women have the "right to work," the right to play, and the right to live the lives and achieve the divine destiny of civilized human beings.

Eugene P. Debs

Continued from page 7

Capitalism stands for lust, prostitution, vice, robbery, oppression, treachery, murder and all manner of crime, misery, sin, disease and death. Socialism stands for peace, virtue, love, good fellowship, mutual consideration, helpfulness, abundance for all, health, happiness and harmony. The elections are approaching and you may again take your choice. A vote for either of the old parties is a vote for capitalism and all it stands for. A vote for socialism is a vote for home and humanity. Which shall it be?—C. L. D.

NO SURRENDER

Continued from page 5

ed. They will understand fully, when the fight is ended, that the union coal miners of this country, will not work under the protection of soldiers, and that they cannot be hoodwinked and deceived by the professional politicians and mine owners, as they have been in days gone by.

This is a critical time in the Miners' Union. All the strength of our Organization should be united in a mighty effort to strike a final blow for freedom and justice for the miners of America.

The miners and the railway shop men, are fighting the battle of the working class at this time, and they are slowly but surely bringing the coal and railway corporations to their knees. The employers are beginning to feel the power and strength of the workers, and the workers are beginning to realize their own strength, when they stand united in a common cause.

So let all the power and energy of the workers of the entire nation be used to the full limit to assist the miners and railroad shop men, in the battle for their rights and for the uplift of the men and women who toil.

This is a fight that will be written in the pages of history. It will be an inspiration, not only to the workers of today, but to future generations. The fight of the miners and shopmen will stand as a beacon light in the history of the labor movement.

So, on with the fight for Liberty and Justice. Let us all stand united in this great battle for the emancipation of the working class. If we do this, success will crown our efforts, and the obstacles that stand in the pathway of justice, great and powerful though they may be, will be swept aside in the onward march of the workers, and a brighter and a better day will be near at hand for the toiling masses of our Republic.

Let there be no compromise in fighting to establish the principles of justice.

Let there be no backward step! Let there be no surrender!

MODERN DAYS

By John Flanagan

Social Democrats fighting in Hungary;
 Sour Democrats starving at home.
 Stalwart Republicans in Ireland;
 Shivering Republicans in the U. S.
 Whites in Russia turning black;
 Reds rapidly becoming pink.
 Tired business men;
 Tired of doing no business.
 Dry officials issuing dryer statements.
 Liberals becoming radical;
 Conservatives becoming reactionary.
 Statesmen going on strike;
 Strikers becoming statesmen.
 Saloons selling ice cream;
 Confectionaries purveying hootch.
 Pleasure cars murdering people
 On the highways.
 Farmers burning their corn;
 Miners eating the coal.
 Ten cent stores becoming lunch rooms;
 Restaurants giving way to dance halls.
 A judge refereeing ball games;
 Other judges using ball-bats on labor.
 Magazines dropping fiction;
 Newspapers publishing all fiction.
 Old ladies dressing like grand-daughters;
 Girls wearing their brother's clothes.
 Hollywood actors leaving the screen to
 Play farce comedy and tragedy in real life.
 Every move in this old world
 Is a picture no artist can paint.

WRECK AND RUIN

(Continued from page 4)

Socialism demands ownership of the coal mines, the railroads, and all other socially necessary industries, by the PEOPLE—not by the Government, except as it represents the people. It demands the operation of these fundamental necessities by the workers; it demands the elimination of the bloodsucking vampires and the establishment of the rule that none may receive anything from any industry except in return for his service performed therein.

There are but two ways to end disastrous strikes that paralyze the nation's life. One is the Harding way, the step to Imperialism; reducing the workers to serfs, establishing the tribute taken by robbers as a nationally guaranteed debt, a lien upon all life.

The other way is the co-operative Commonwealth; establishment of the guiding rule that none except they who serve shall receive; that rewards shall be conditioned upon service; that gamblers shall be exiled, and labor be rewarded in proportion to the social value of its toil.

This is the only way toward assumed justice and enduring peace.

This is the way to Socialism!

STORIES OF NEW BOOKS**"HISTORY OF IMPERIALISM"**

By Eugene V. Debs

THERE has recently been jointly published by the Rand School of New York and the National Office of the Socialist Party a book that should at this particular time be in the hands of every one who can read and who is interested in the march of human events across the stage of history. The book was written by Irwin St. John Tucker, after years of delving into ancient, medieval and modern history; years of patient research into original sources, and years of deep study and mature deliberation. It is a brilliant work, and a distinct acquisition to the enlightening and liberating literature of the day.

The title of this book is "A History of Imperialism," and it covers 400 pages of solid matter, beginning with the dawn of history and tracing, with comprehensive grasp of every fact and detail, the growth of empire and the sway of imperialism in all the stages of its development through the ages. It is a wonderful compendium of the facts of history bearing upon the origin and evolution of imperialism as a social phenomenon through which, in every age and in every nation, the few have contrived to fasten themselves like leeches upon the back of the common herd, drain their veins, riot without shame in their misery, and by some inscrutable magic keep them in patient, submissive, and sodden subjection.

To the mind that thinks, the heart that feels, and the conscience that impels to service in the cause of the suffering and downtrodden, it is an inexplicable mystery that the many, the vast overwhelming majority, resign themselves to the meek submission of dumb beasts to the cruel tyranny and merciless exploitation of a few vulgar parasites—the tragedy of the ages.

Tucker brings science and philosophy as well as history to his aid in sketching the course of empire as the rise and progress of imperialism from ancient Egypt, first of Empires, to the present day. He shows not only when and where Imperialism had sway, but also the underlying historic, economic and psychological causes that brought it into existence, and sustained and nourished it with the lifeblood of the masses throughout its cruel, despotic and infamous career.

The book begins with the story of Egypt, and it is absorbing and thrilling as a romance. Isis and Osiris are vividly drawn at the dawn of empire, and given their proper historic setting with a literary charm peculiar to the gifted author.

Next follow in separate chapters the stories of Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Nicea, Islam, France, Germany, Spain, "The Strife of the Eagles," England, India, and finally America.

Each chapter is replete with the facts peculiar to the story narrated, each falls in its chronological order, making the book as a whole a consistent, logical and most appealing and inspiring presentation of Imperialism through the centuries of recorded history.

Since the world war, a new and infinitely more powerful, resourceful and despotic imperialism has, through the force of arms and bloodshed without parallel in history, fastened itself upon the world. It has already entered upon its ruthless and crushing career of conquest, and what shall be its destiny and fate upon the human stage will be written, most likely in tears and blood, in the next and final chapter of capitalist imperialism.

This splendid book of Irwin St. John Tucker comes at precisely the opportune time, and most earnestly do I hope that it may find its way, for their own good, into the hands of millions of readers throughout the world.

Hands Across the Sea

FROM

Workers to Workers

SOVIET RUSSIA Needs Machinery — Vast Quantities of It

The peasants cannot harvest the crops unless they procure **HARVESTERS, BINDERS**. They cannot prepare the fields for the winter unless they are furnished with **Tractors, Plows, Rakes, Etc.**

The factories in Russia will remain idle if the workers do not obtain **Machines, Lathes, Engines, Pumps, Etc.**

**American Workers! American Farmers!
You Know What it Means to be Without Tools
Help Provide Tools and Machinery for Soviet Russia**

Stretch your hands across the sea in brotherly help, in working-class solidarity.
Do what the capitalist governments refuse to do.

Today HELP! At Once
International Tool Drive for Soviet Russia

CONDUCTED BY

FRIENDS OF SOVIET RUSSIA

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WORLD'S FIRST

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Accept my contribution of \$.....to
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READ "SOVIET RUSSIA," OUR OFFICIAL ORGAN—\$2.50 PER YEAR