

JANUARY NUMBER

DEBS

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BIG DRIVE IS ON

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DEBS MAGAZINE

59 East Van Burent Street

Chicago, Ill.

FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT
DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Vol. 2

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1923

No. 17



Debs' Challenge

EUGENE V. DEBS issued a challenge to an editorial writer on a Terre Haute newspaper to a public debate on the question of whether political prisoners are guilty of certain "charges" which Debs says the writer in question made against them.

Debs' challenge was contained in a statement which he made public as follows:

Editor Post:—It is rarely that I pay attention to newspaper lies and misrepresentations, but I can not allow the column editorial in a Terre Haute paper (not The Post) of Dec. 8, inst., under the caption, "Wails From Borah and Debs," to pass unchallenged.

The writer of that editorial is either guilty of deliberate falsehood and misrepresentation, or he is in pitiful ignorance of what he is talking about. He would have it appear that Senator Borah and I, in demanding the release of political prisoners, long since granted by every other country engaged in the war save alone the United States, are pleading in behalf of the most vicious and degenerate criminals in the land, and inferentially that we condone and approve the crimes with which the editorial charges them. There is even less truth in these charges than there was in the Belgian atrocity lies that were made to order as a part of the campaign to lash the United States into the world war. It has since been proved overwhelmingly that fully 90 per cent of these so-called "atrocities" were pure fabrications, and every one now knows it.

Now, what are the facts about the political prisoners still held in the penitentiaries of the United States? In the first place, to show that the editorial writer in question does not

know what he is talking about in his reckless attack upon the lives and liberties of men who are bound and gagged and unable to defend themselves, they are not in the Atlanta penitentiary at all. Most of them are at Leavenworth. But this point is of no consequence beyond showing that the writer knows nothing about the case he presents to the public in his column of vicious falsehood and misrepresentation.

He sets forth in detail the infamous crimes for which these men are alleged to be held in prison, and I answer that the charges he makes are false in every instance and in every particular, and that he simply repeats the lies and calumnies of which these men were the victims in the war hysteria, when to have an opinion of your own and the self-respect to express it, was to be branded as a traitor and to be charged, as I was myself, with every infamy by the profiteers and their scribbling hirelings.

To prove what I say here, it is only necessary to refer to the court records. The cases of these political prisoners were appealed to the Federal Court of Appeals and that court threw out all such charges on the ground that they were not sustained by the evidence. The only count against these prisoners that remained after the Federal Court of Appeals had reviewed their cases was that of having violated the espionage law in expressing their opposition to the war.

And it is for this reason, and this reason alone, the expression of an honest opinion, that these men are still held as criminals in the prisons of the United States, under whose government free speech is guaranteed as the fundamental right of citizenship.

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Let me ask the editorial writer just one question. If these political prisoners are guilty of all the infamous crimes with which he charges them, why were they not prosecuted under the criminal statutes of the several states instead of the federal espionage law enacted ostensibly for the prosecution of spies and plotters against the government?

The editorial writer does not know that even the church people appointed a committee to investigate this matter and that this committee, after a thorough examination of the court records, found that there was no evidence to convict the political prisoners of any other crime than that of expressing their opinion in regard to the war, and this committee, representing the church people, espoused the cause of the political prisoners, taking sharp issue with the attorney general, and demanded their unconditional liberation.

Let the editorial writer connect with the Rev. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University at Washington in regard to these cases. Father Ryan made a painstaking and thorough investigation on his own account and, as a result, concluded that the political prisoners were held in prison for no other offense than that of having expressed their opinion in regard to the war and that it was a reflection upon the government professing to stand for free speech, and he wrote a personal letter to the President appealing for the sake of the government as well as for the sake of the prisoners, that they be at once released.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes, well known minister of New York city, made the same investigation with the same result. Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the former speaker of the house of representatives, knows the facts and will tell the same story. Roger Baldwin, chairman of the National Civil Liberties Bureau of New York, is familiar, after thorough investigation, with every detail of these cases and has reported over and over that the political prisoners are held for their opinions only and has accordingly insisted upon their liberation.

Jane Adams of Hull House, Chicago; Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Lincoln Colcord of Washington, John Lovejoy Elliott of New York City, Prof. Felix Frankfurter of Harvard college, Norman Hapgood of Washington, Helen Keller, Robert Morss Lovett of Chicago, Rabbi Judah L. Magnes of New York, Frederick C. Howe of Washington, Vida D. Scudder of Wellesley college, Helen Phelps Stokes of New York, Bishop Charles B. Williams of Detroit, Jeannette Rankin, former congresswoman from

Montana; Norman H. Thomas and Oswald Garrison Villard of New York, and scores of other prominent American citizens who supported the war and who are not Socialists or I. W. W.'s, who have taken the time to investigate for themselves, and who have not taken the word of lying newspapers, know and declare the innocence of the political prisoners save alone as having stood opposed to the brutalities of war in which those responsible shed no blood, and uniformly demanded their immediate and unconditional release.

A United States army officer of high rank, whose name I do not at this moment recall, who happened also to be a lawyer, after an investigation of the court records on his own account, took it upon himself to go to Washington and to declare in a public statement that the charges of crime made against the political prisoners, other than the expression of their opinion in regard to the war, were false, that there was not a scintilla of evidence in the court records to sustain them and that they should be at once given their liberty.

It is easy enough for the editorial writer in question to indulge himself in his sweeping tirade against the I. W. W. That is cheap and popular business. It requires no courage and involves no risk. Thousands of lies have been told about the I. W. W. and its members and most people who know nothing at all about the I. W. W. of their own knowledge have swallowed these lies and believe its members to be criminals fit only for the prison and gallows.

I now challenge the editorial writer to name the political prisoners he charges with these infamous crimes. We will then examine the court records and see if he is lying, or if these men are guilty as charged.

I challenge him, or any one he may name, to meet me on a public platform in Terre Haute to make good his charges against imprisoned and helpless men and by implication against their cruelly outraged mothers and wives and children. They cannot speak for themselves but I can speak for them, and I will.

I demand that the editorial writer in question produce and publish the proof of his infamous charges against the political prisoners, or that he retract them and confess to his readers that he has traduced and villified these men and their families.

The political prisoners are in prison for a principle which they steadfastly refuse to sacrifice for their liberty. The editorial writer in question will never go to prison on that account.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

What's Wrong With America?

Alfred Baker Lewis

IS there anything wrong with our America? Do you think that conditions in our country are as perfect as the newspapers try to make us believe that they are?

Stop and think for a few minutes. Don't you know that even while millions of men are out of work throughout the country, while many more are on short time, and while many others are striking to prevent the bosses from reducing their wages to the starvation point or smashing their unions, rich people are still living as luxuriously as ever, usually on money which they don't earn by useful work but get as income on their wealth? Usually people who get their income from wealth merely inherited the great wealth from which they get their money instead of earning it.

People who do the longest, hardest, and most unpleasant work get the least wages, those who do the easiest and most pleasant work get larger salaries, and those who do not work at all but simply own industries get the greatest incomes of all. Is that just? Is it fair?

If you think it is not right that people who are capable of doing useful work by hand or brain should get an income without working, you agree with the Socialists.

How can some people get big incomes apart from the work they do except by legalized robbery of those who do work by hand or brain? The truth is that the rich class, which includes the landlords, employers, bankers, manufacturers, and profiteers, get their money by legalized robbery of the working class, because instead of working for a living, they get their money by owning the means of production, distribution, and exchange. People like landlords, employers, bankers, manufacturers, and profiteers who all get their money by owning instead of working, are called capitalists.

The trouble with our America is that the capitalist class have far too much wealth, which keeps on rolling up and increasing by reinvestment, while the working class have far too little wealth, and what little they have they may lose by sickness, unemployment, or old age.

The capitalist class, or the rich, who have too much wealth and power, are a small minority, but they are well organized into Chambers of Commerce, Manufacturers' Associations, and Bankers' Associations. Above all, they control the newspapers and the Republican and Democratic parties. The working class, who have too little wealth, are the great majority, but they are often unorganized, or organized only into craft unions which tend to keep the workers divided

and to waste their power. Above all, the workers are fooled into voting for parties controlled by their class enemies, instead of for the working class party, the Socialists

The one, real, big, political issue in America today is between the capitalist class, a small minority, who have too much wealth and power, and the working class, the great majority, who have too little. Other issues are only put forth by politicians to fool the workers and thus prevent them from thinking about the real issue.

The real issue is between the haves and the have-nots. You can't be for both the rich and the poor. You can't be faithful both to the interests of the capitalist class or the bankers and employers, and the working class. You can't represent both the landlord and the tenant, the profiteers and the consumers. Any politician who says he can represent both groups is either a liar or a fool.

Why is the capitalist class rich and the workers poor? The rich are rich because they own and control the means of production, distribution, and exchange, such as, mines, mills, factories, workshops, railroads, ships, and banks. By owning these the capitalist class control the jobs of the workers and so dictates the workers' only means of livelihood.

When the workers don't produce big incomes for the capitalists, the bankers, and the employers, in the form of rent, interest, dividends, and profits, the capitalist class under the present system can fire them and refuse to let them work at all until starvation forces them to accept a big cut in wages. So long as the capitalist class control the workers' jobs, the workers are not truly free. The workers are poor because someone else controls their jobs. The only freedom they have is to leave one boss—and hunt another.

If the workers demanded the full value of what they produced under the present system, they would be fired by the capitalists. This will happen so long as the capitalist class is permitted to own and control the jobs of the workers by owning and controlling the means of production, distribution and exchange.

The Socialist Party wants to put that ownership and control into the hands of all the workers together. Then the rich capitalist class would get less and have to work more, and the working class would get more and have to work less. Wouldn't that be better than paying big incomes to those who do not work but only own, as we do today?

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DEBS AT ELMHURST

By Maude Ball

THE GREAT ELM TREES that shade the streets of Elmhurst, particularly the splendid specimens that ornament the grounds, some of which were transplanted in full maturity, at an expense of \$400 each, always were a great attraction to Gene and called forth expressions of boundless admiration. He recalled having met the late renowned scientist and author, Enos Mills, and advised our reading the book by this author, entitled "The Thousand and Eight Year Old Pine." This fascinating book, as Mr. Debs related, gives an account of how Mr. Mills, who reads trees as we read Encyclopædias, discovered somewhere in the west a giant tree, whose age, he estimated from signs known to tree-ologists, at 1,008 years. To the trained observer, the Sherlock Holmes of treedom, this wonderful specimen was a record of rare historic value. Its bark and branches, roots, and minute inner markings all bore evidence of its great age, and imbedded in its wood were relics of historic ages, such as the Revolution, the French and Indian Wars, recurring drouths and floods, and various climatic changes of interest. This pioneer tree was to him a conscious sentient being; a personality, rare and beautiful; a sacred heritage, a gift of nature which it were sacrilege of the basest sort to wantonly deface.

This tree, however, happened to have grown and lived and had its being upon land privately possessed. It thus became, not a monument to the past, an Epic poem of surpassing beauty, a historic tome of priceless value, but a piece of property, valued in dollars and cents, to be destroyed for the personal gratification of a single individual.

In vain, Mr. Mills petitioned the owner to spare this magnificent tree. The hand of the woodsman was not to be stayed. Mr. Mills then begged to be notified in advance, when the tree was to be felled, so that he might be present at the majestic funeral. On receiving notice, he traveled a long distance to be an eye witness. As the tree quivered and fell it was shivered into a thousand fragments as though in a defiant protest against the degradation of being converted into cash, for private gain. This story impressed Mr. Debs, and he related it with tender feeling.

Speaking of books and especially of French literature, he recalled how tenderly and reverently his father had been accustomed to handle the choice and beautifully bound volumes by Mme. Recamier, Mme. Pompadour, Mme. Campin, Mme. Sevigne, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Rousseau, Eugene Sue, Dumas, M. Victor Hugo and other great French writers. He described with touching details, the patient efforts and sacrifices with which his ageing father had saved,

in order to procure, one at a time, the rare collection of which he was so fond. With what eagerness he had pored over their contents until every volume, every page, paragraph and line were as familiar to him as the face of a beloved friend! How, in his father's hands, these books had seemed to him to become almost vibrating, throbbing, breathing creatures, of life and joy and pathos!

Feelingly he described how with his father's failing eye sight he was deprived of the great joy of reading; how he would then grope his way to the book shelves, feel along the rows of books, lifting one after another and calling them by name, and how his face would light up with a smile of recognition as his fingers came in contact with the volume of his choice, and he would ask to have certain pages and paragraphs read to him.

A question concerning his connection with the "Firemen's Magazine" brought a train of reminiscences. One, of how he had been the first to give recognition to the afterward famous poet Cy Warman, the author of the popular song "Sweet Marie." Another, of John A. Hill, who won literary recognition in the columns of the "Fireman's Magazine" under Debs' editorial management. Later, Mr. Hill became a several times millionaire, through numerous inventions; so numerous, as to fill a large building in New York City, the Hill Building, set aside for their display.

Mr. Hill was described as a pathetic example of a man who in the midst of "success" no doubt felt himself something of a failure, in not having lived consistently the principles which he understood through his early experiences in the railroad life and labor struggles. Having become wealthy, and marrying out of his class, he was looked upon with disapproval by his former associates, and himself despised the snobbishness and selfishness of the class in which he found himself. Thus, he died, prematurely, somewhat of a recluse and misanthrope.

As long as he lived, however, the friendship between himself and Debs was continued. During railroad union troubles, when the union was made bankrupt by intriguing politicians, 'Gene could always borrow an unlimited amount from Mr. Hill, with the assurance that there was no necessity to return the loan. Every cent was strictly accounted for, however, and the amount returned in full by 'Gene, who persistently refused to be obligated in any such manner. When Mr. Hill was so busy with "affairs" that it was very difficult to secure an audience with him, and every applicant for an interview was required to submit in writing a statement of his business

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Unlimited Stretch of Asininity

By John Flanagan

ONCE UPON A TIME, many years ago, when the world was young, before man attained the wonderful wisdom he enjoys today, and before he attained his supremacy over the other animals on the earth, there was a nation of Jackasses, that lived in a rich, fertile, and beautiful country situated in the midst of the plains of Araby.

Now, there was no reason in the world why this nation of asses in this splendid country with a mild, temperate climate, should not have lived a happy life, but as always seems to be the case in all nations since the beginning of the world, they were troubled and pestered with the ills of mis-government. They had a constitution handed down to them by their grand-asses; they had courts of justice; they had their houses of parliament; they elected a chief ruler every four years, and they also had two leading political parties, one known as the Hee Haws and the other known as the Ha Has.

Both of these political parties lived up to their names as far as possible, the Ha Has hardly ever accomplishing anything, except to make a tremendous noise and hub-bub with their constant ha ha-ing and the Hee Haws were a great crowd for promising all kinds of reforms, prosperous times, progressive government, etc., but when they came into power all the poor m-asses got from either was the merry Ha Ha, along with the merry Hee Haw.

At the time our story opens the Hee Haws had elected their candidate for the chief rulership, one of the biggest, fattest, and laziest in their entire ranks. He was supposed to be of the better class, very learned in the law, etc., a man of justice because he had been a judge, and the poor, deluded m-asses expected great things. They were doomed to disappointment, however, as this chief ruler had long ago lost all sympathy for the working m-asses, if he ever had any, which was doubtful. He had fed at the public manger for years, holding different public snaps, taking the finest corn and oats, until he came to think of himself as an aristocrat, and of the working m-asses as if they were made of different clay and fit only to work and slave for him and his class, who did not work at all.

Nevertheless, he thoroughly enjoyed himself in this exalted office. All he did was to go around the country (at public expense, of course), attending banquets, dinners, and big celebrations of

all kinds, where he made speeches on good donkeyship, urging the m-asses to respect the law and its officials. His term of office was one round of luxurious festivities.

When it came time for a new election, the storm broke. Even his own party balked at re-electing him again, split in two, and the voters at the polls defeated him worse than any candidate that had ever aspired to this high office. One would think this would be enough and after his disgraceful defeat he would seek office no more. But it was not so. His ambition to draw oats from the public manger was like his appetite, boundless.

The Ha Has now went into power and for eight long years they held on with a grip of iron, until the people in desperation and disgust elected a new Hee Haw candidate by the stupendous majority of seven million. One of the first acts of the new president was to appoint the former chief ruler, whom the m-asses had kicked out, to a position of great trust and power, the office of Chief Just-ass of the highest court.

He was now in a life position, where he cared not at all for the people. He soon showed his love for the rich and powerful, and his hate and contempt for the poor and lowly, and the decisions from this court came like lashes upon the backs of the working m-asses.

Labor laws galore were declared unconstitutional by his court, and therefore null and void. One law in particular relating to colt labor, that had been in effect and had worked great benefits to the weak colts, was declared unconstitutional to the consternation of all good-hearted asses.

There was much resentment because this Chief Just-ass took such power, regardless of the m-asses' wishes, and many plans were proposed for remedying the constitution, so that it could not happen again. But the now powerful Chief Just-ass only laughed in their faces. The protests of the m-asses were loud and threatening, and as usual, they were going to do this and that, but in the end they did nothing. The wise among them soon realized that they had lost their liberty and it was the beginning of the end, for without the blessed boon of freedom, their government lost the love and respect of the m-asses, progress died, and the nation shortly perished from the face of the earth.

This happened because they were after all only a nation of Jackasses! Don't be a Jackass!

Slavery chains a few; more chain themselves to slavery.—Seneca.

* * *

The worse the man the better the soldier.—Napoleon.

Ability is of little account without opportunity.—Napoleon.

* * *

Too long, that some may rest, tired millions toil unblest.—Watson.

Wisps From Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

Butler: His master's choice.

To some it was Yule Tide; to others cruel tide.

The corkscrew seems to be bent on coming back.

Some day the human race will enter the human race.

Women may have the last word but it is generally "Amen."

American Labor so far has developed nothing but a "bloc."

Johnny Bull has made an awful Mesopotamia.

A man paid \$10 for a pint of tea. Safe tea first!

Some folks get taffy and some epitaph-y.

After all their strikes the workers still remain in good chloro-form.

Wall St. sing's but not at Sing Sing. "Nobody knows how sly I am."

Prohibition forces plan drive on tobacco and snuff. Another big war for the "Freedom of the Sneeze."

Sherman said, "War is hell," but he never saw this peace.

Time may be money but we would rather be doing money than doing time.

"Many Succumb to Poppy Drugs." Say it with flowers.

"Armies to Return to Small Guns." Good, now we may expect very little fighting.

Every time a politician talks through his hat he doesn't blow the lid off.

"Prohibition Carries in Palestine." Except Israelite wines and beer.

Now that Egypt has decided to keep her mummies we will be glad to add a few Congressmen to her collection.

They say Russian finances are in bad shape. Still we can't see anything the matter with the shape of the rouble.

Free America First!

John Bull's attitude to Turkey is "oil or broil."

"Two Killed in Denver Mint Holdup." Every mint with a hole in it is not a life saver.

The Attorney General of Louisiana who is investigating the Ku Klux is evidently not afraid of his Coco.

The ancient query, "Why does a chicken cross the road?" has been referred to the laymen.

When women run the police force there will be no plain clothes officers.

The workers will continue to get less and less till they get a lesson.

Why doubt the Biblical account of the talking ass? Congress is full of them.

I want to be in Dixie where the kuklux gwine around the door.

"Auto Derails Train." On the auto-Mobile and Ohio?

European nations bury the hatchet but retain their axe yet.

We are making our bebt's that the profiteer's debts must be paid by the bebt's.

"No Strings to Ship Subsidy." It will take more than strings to keep it from the profiteers.

"Poet in New Congress." He will surely have great inspiration to write blank verse.

Ivanof, former Czarist general, arrives in New York looking for work. War 's 'ell, Ivenough!

"Princess Pushed Into Mud Puddle." The punishment should fit the grime.

It wouldn't hurt to send a few profiteers to jail, there Armour in the Stock Yards.

Many business houses are giving away thermometers in advertising. This should be an immense help to those starving by degrees.

Can the Cuckoo Clan!

The glow in the Anglo-Saxon race is from the torch of Liberty.

Oranges this season are speckled with green, says a trade report. Ulster might join the Free State in a "Watch on the Rhine."

The merchants may sing, "In the Sweet Buy and Buy," but they want it now.

Some folks like manufactured jokes and others like homespun.

Diplomacy is rapidly taking its place with the diplodocus.

In view of the bootlegging at Annapolis no one will dare to insist that "All is 'well' on the Potomac."

The company that is trying to salvage a wrecked rum runner will have to keep beyond the three mile skim-it.

Woman has taken up prize-fighting. Well, for years we've had a sign on every corner, "Letter-Box."

In slavery days they would sic the dogs on a man when he left his job. Now they do it when he asks for a job.

Some folks are optimistic and others are misty optic.

"Farmer Builds Hog Hotel." Have the profiteers gone back to the farm?

It seems to be the general opinion that if France occupies Germany she will Ruhr it.

"Europe Needs a Moses." Let's give them Senator Moses.

"Man Wills Fifty Millions in 34 Words." The profiteers took several billions in one word, "War."

A Russian General lands at New York seeking an honest job. Would this condition were more general among generals.

As the devil passed through Leavenworth, He studied a "civilized" cell, For it gave him an idea on how to improve His fiendish tortures in hell.

Songs of the Red Dawn

THE FINAL CONFLICT

By Jack Elten

(This interesting poem describes the conflict of Socialism and Capitalism under a mind picture of a battle at sea. It is a novel idea, brilliantly carried out. We welcome Comrade Elton to the ranks of our Singers.)

Out of the hills the rumbling came
Over the fields of ripening grain;
Into our midst, came the flash of might,
Destroying justice, faith and right.

The sounds I'd heard in the days of yore
When Hell unleashed the dogs of War;
And innocent victims met their fate,
Mangled by the fangs of hate.

I turned my back, my heart turned cold;
A battle at sea my eyes behold;
So many Subs, so many Dreads,
Against the goodship Gene V. Debs.

Arrayed against those ships of might
It carries the fight on through the night.
Against its sides, break the shafts of spleen,
Its broadsides of truth form a halo, serene.

At last, the "Capitalist," mad with disgust,
Turns and rams the "Banking Trust";
Then Greed, on the old ship "Standard Oil,"
From the Battle of Truth begins to recoil.

Then Old King Coal turns the "Anthracite"
And leaves the scene in hurried flight
While the "Armor Plate" of the Old Beef Trust
Sank to a watery grave, to rust.

The other ship of Lesser Lights
And the subtle Subs of the Parasites
Turned tail, and disappeared from sight,
Torn asunder by flashes of Truth and Light.

The goodship Debs is alone, supreme,
Conscious of victory, calm, serene;
Its name stands out, a blazoned light,
No mark to tarnish or dim the sight.

So it will go down in history,
Down through the ages to Eternity;
With Lincoln's, in the Hall of Fame,
Eugene V. Debs, an Honored Name.

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

Soft, gray buds on the willow,
Warm, moist winds from the bay,
Sea-gulls out on the sandy beach,
And a road my eager feet would reach,
That leads to the Far-away.

Dust on the wayside flower,
The meadow-lark's luring tone
Is silent now, from the grasses tipped
With dew at the dawn, the pearls've slipped
Far have I fared alone.

And then, by the alder thicket
The turn of the road—and you!
Tho' the earth lie white in the noonday heat,
Or the swift storm follow our hurrying feet,
What do we care—we two?

OUR 'GENE

Standing like a shaft of light,
Cloud by day and fire by night,
For the thing you think is right,
Dominating all your scene,
None may daunt you, brave Eugene!

We may bind and make you mute,
We may stripe you in the suit
Of the meanest felon. Aye,
We may scourge and crucify,
But your soul, sublime, serenc,
Who can crucify, Eugene?

Nay, I am not of your Cause.*
I hold firm we dare not pause,
Till we sear the fangs and claws
Of the Beast; that Devil's own
Squatting on the Potsdam throne.

Yet, altho' I flout your clan,
Tho' I disbelieve your plan,
Answer me who will or can;—
Who out-mans you as a Man?
Humble, homely, lank and lean,
Heart un-veiled and conscience clean,
Kindly-minded, clear and keen;
Pomp and Pilates seem but mean
Shadowed by your soul, Eugene.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

*The above poem was written in the courtroom by Edmund Vance Cooke, at Cleveland, O. Reprinted by request. (Editor).

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for things I've done.

I don't want to keep on the closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself;
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show

I can never hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
I will keep my account straight with me
And always be true, happy and free.

— Alberta Labor News.

Mammon's Gambit

Dedicated to Eugene V. Debs

By Charles Abrell

A THIN LAYER of fine granulated snow covered the battlefield of Flanders; here and there a standing wall and heaps of debris marked the graveyard of some little town or village, a grove of tall trunks, the skeletons of what once had been trees in rigid death stretched their shattered limbs imploringly skyward; thousands of shell-craters overlapping and intersecting, the sloping walls black where wind and sun combined to dwarf the snow-drift, covered the whole landscape with dark rings, as though the earth was smitten with the scourge of small-pox; far flung trenches like gargantuan scars and welts inflicted by the lash of some titan criss-crossing.

Other tokens of carnage, scraps of murderous tools devised by the cunning of some evil genius lay broadcast over the plain; the thin layer of snow making a vain attempt to cover the shame of man. A bunch of fire-arms left by some freak chance still stood, the stocks firmly imbedded in the soil, the bayonets fixed to the rifles like tall sword grass or cacti of some strange land, the blades tempered to steel by the hatred of man.

Close by, mounted upon a slight rise of the ground, lay the skeleton of a slain soldier with a death's-head ensconced in the crotch of his arm, as though it were a token of some sacred trust.

A drift of snow in streaks like the bleached strands of age covering the crown, minute particles drifting in and out of the large, orbless sockets, and truncated nose; the lower jaw still

hinged to the upper, slightly apart, and two rows of excellent teeth emphasizing its horrible grin.

The wind playing through the cavities undulating as it rose and fell—a faint melody—rising in strength with the aspect of desolation and carnage, a song of deceit.

The mocking song like an evil demon drunk with murder and devastation leaping from the grinning jaw of the deaths-head on to the rusting cluster of bayonets, thence in ribald revelry omnipresent dancing over the battlefield; nestling in the mouths of wrecked cannons, mounting the saddle of some carcass-horse, slinking in the debris of villages, moaning amongst the shattered limbs of trees, playing hide and seek in the depths of shell-craters, fleeting along the trenches, scaling the steeple of a distant cathedral and beckoning from atop the Christian symbol of "Love and Good Will among men"; thence in heinous mockery mourning beside the corpse of the slain soldier. The blonde hair slightly astir, the blue eyes with the death-stare robbing the pale angel-face of its sweetness and the firm closed lips sealed the battlefield's message:

"J'ACUSE! Mammon! Oh Mammon!"

And the deaths-head's challenge with horrible grin, the silent voice singing—ringing.

And from afar riding the wind a polyglot wail, countless shades of patriots bemoaning their fate:

"Patriotism??! Fraud, sold for Gold! Mammon! Oh Mammon!!!"

RICARDO FLORES MAGON

On November 21st, in a cell in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, there died a MAN. He who had given a long life of unflinching service to the Working Class at last succumbed to the years of cruel, merciless confinement as a political prisoner—in the land which has been known as the "Haven of Refuge for political offenders of all lands." Ricardo Flores Magon has died.

He died, as he had lived, true to himself and his ideals, true to the Class with which he identified himself—the Working Class. Old, sick and blind; separated from friends and family (and a man of his type loves his family with a strength and fervor beyond the comprehension of the average individual), he refused to stultify his manhood and repudiate his principles to gain his release from unjust imprisonment.

Appeals of his friends for his release were denied by the President and the Attorney General

because, forsooth, "there is no evidence that this man has repented."

And he did not repent. To the end he remained steadfast, and proud of his lifelong labors for the Ideal of Human Freedom. To the end he kept his high faith in the ultimate realization of his Dream. And the Working People, for whom he gave up his life in the fullest sense, for whom he struggled, suffered, and died,—What of them?

It does not seem to realize that he ever lived. It continues its aimless prattle about—The Mahoney Case—The latest about Jack Dempsey—Whether "flappers" should be censured for smoking cigarettes!—Fatty Arbuckle's latest scandal!—Their favorite movie star!—The "prettiest waitress in the city!"—Babe Ruth's "marvelous" playing!—Ad nauseum! They do not know that Ricardo Flores Magon ever lived!

Ruby Herman.

"Good God--Good Devil"

By Mary O'Reilly

THE Chicago Federation of Labor sent the following cablegram to each of the sixteen labor members in Parliament of the so-called Irish Free State on December 23rd:

"Barbarous killing of prisoners of war stunned civilized world. You are urged to resign as member of parliament as a protest."

The position of the "labor" members of the masked English government in Ireland is most grotesque. As an old Irish proverb has it, they are saying, "Good God, good devil!" and holding down their jobs. They qualified their oath of allegiance and accepted the treaty "under protest," declaring that it has been "imposed upon Ireland by threat of superior force" and "not freely determined by the people nor their representatives." They declare that if at any future time the people of Ireland shall denounce, alter or amend the treaty, nothing in our declaration of allegiance shall be a barrier to our freedom of action."

Johnson, their "leader," is an Englishman, with an Englishman's gift for saying one thing and doing another. The policy of attrition has robbed Irish labor of intelligent leadership. The followers of Connolly and Larkin are dead, imprisoned or in the Republican Army, while puppets and straw men sit in their mock parliament and listen to apologies for Mulcahy's rule of force.

John Steele, of the Chicago Tribune, who modestly claims to have originated the "Free State," describes the Parliament as a "business parliament." The power of the labor members was shown in the first test vote, when they were defeated three to one on a resolution supporting the striking post office employees. John Steele's Free State took the stand that government employees have no right to strike.

But the labor members did not resign.

When Rory O'Connor and Liam Mellows, prisoners of war since last summer before the truce, were shot down beside their open graves in "reprisal," the labor members did not resign. When the atrocities continued, horrifying the world in their disregard for the rules of civilized warfare, the labor members did not resign.

They saved their consciences with their two-sided allegiance. They said "Good God" and then "Good Devil!" and kept their seats.

Oh, to see Jim Larkin standing in front of the Dublin Trades Council, lunged forward, arms flying, voice bellowing at the cute little diplomats! They would not pause to explain. The exodus from the Irish Labor movement and the Free State Parliament would be sudden if not impressive.

The Irish Labor Movement needs Larkin, but Larkin is in jail, not in England nor in Ireland but in America.

Oh, land of the free!

A petition asking the release of Larkin has been presented to Governor Smith in New York.

One of the supporters of the plea is Archbishop Hayes, who is quoted as saying that the efforts of the Irish Free State officials to keep an Irishman in an American prison influenced him to ask for Larkin's release.

One of the prisoners in Leavenworth penitentiary who was not released and deported by Harding's New Year's "pardon" is Dan Buckley. Harding might have ordered him deported to Ireland, but the "Free State" would probably not be pleased.

THREE *** MEN

Three men were working in the shop of a large corporation when a stranger approached and asked them what they were doing.

The first to answer, a young, active and intelligent-looking man in the early twenties, said, "I am working for this company, giving them the best of my brains and body, hopeful that some time in the future my work will attract the attention of my superiors, thereby win promotion for me, and perhaps in time I may become one of the high officials of this great company."

The second, a middle-aged man, said, "I am working here for my daily wage. As I am not a driver of my fellowman nor a spy upon him, I have long since given up hopes of promotion and just work faithfully all day long, trying to satisfy my numerous bosses, and at night rest content, knowing well that I have earned every cent that I receive."

The third, an old man, said, "I work here because I have to. I have worked in this same shop the greater part of my life, for a mere pittance, just enough to keep body and soul together. I, together with others, have produced untold wealth for greedy stockholders, parasites that are never satisfied but want more and more all the time. Now they seem to hate me, for they wish to give me still less, because I have worked and slaved for them all my life so that they do not have to work at all."

—John Flanagan.

Bill Haywood, says a news dispatch, has resigned as director of the Kuzbas enterprise. If Bill ever comes back to the United States, he will be met at the dock by a direct action committee of the I. W. W., who will leave very little for the Government to do. Kuzbas is now headed by a man who is not a "leader" but who occasionally keeps a promise.

THE MASKED TERROR

OVER THE LAND a new terror rides. Masked and hooded figures pass in the darkness, speaking high words to cloak the deeds of devils.

In midnight silence, in far secluded spots beside a fiery cross, they pledge themselves in heroic words to uphold the sacred traditions of American liberty; and thence with features carefully hooded and figures draped into formlessness, they sally forth to teach Democracy to the world.

Why should Americans mask their faces and hood their forms to display their loyalty to our trust?

America wins its wars in the open. Washington wore no mask; Lincoln spoke in the open sunlight. Defenders of truth and upholders of ideals—why should they gather like rats in a hole? Squeaking and gibbering like bleached bats in a deserted belfry, with death and torture as their weapons and glut of vengeance as their aim, how can things like these quote such high and holy words as the authors of our hopes once uttered, without searing their mouths?

Ebbing waters of that frightful flood-tide of war left behind them a foul and stagnant mud, out of which frightful misshapen things crawl and spit. Up from the bottom of the slimy ooze a tidal wave brings to light upon the clean shore many a hideous monster bred in the darkness and left there forgotten by the march of centuries, until a convulsion of nature brings them out to view again.

So is it with the Ku Klux Klan. For it is the offspring of the war madness, and its Invisible Empire was begotten in the frenzied terrors of that hideous time. When in the name of patriotism the world was set on fire and the nations were brought to wreck and horror:

When in the name of Liberty and Democracy men who believed in peace and honesty were pilloried and slain;

When in the name of national honor foul and nameless things were done in the open, by mobs sanctioned by the law and upheld by the government,—then the black abyss that lurks within mortals was stirred and shaken, and creatures that dwell there came crawling forth to light.

Lurking perversions that exult in torture, savage remnants that grin horribly at the tortured shrieks of others, grew fat upon that devil's feast. We had beaten down the beast in us by centuries of discipline. But now, his appetite fed by those years of bestial glut, he grows strong and stronger, and bellows for more food.

For all the centuries of starvation that civilization enforced, now the Beast exacts his toll. The moral leprosy of war leaps through all our veins, creating new and yet more horrible diseases as it ravages, widens and spreads.

The Ku Klux Klan is a symptom, it is not the disease. It is a fruit of madness, not the cause of it. It is born of the lunacy to which we have all subscribed.

How shall we meet it, how roll back the tide of terror? Darkness can be fought only with light, terror only with reason. They who love darkness rather than light do so because their deeds are evil. Let us speak in the open, speak words of honesty and truth. Our purpose is the setting of mankind free from the yoke of terror; the ending of war and war's madness. Socialism seeks to save the world through intelligent, scientific planning of a civilization meant for the good of all and the service of humanity.

Let the children of light walk in the light!

PAGE CAPTAIN KIDD!

Never in the history of any government has there been the shameless, swinish swilling of the people's money as that conducted by the conscienceless buccaneers in Washington since the outbreak of the Great War. Open looting has become so common that nothing the pirates can pull off lends anything new to the orgy of crime and corruption in public life. The following statement by John Skelton Williams shows how the Federal Reserve Bank officials are going thru the people's money like a fat sow thru a slop bucket:

The increase alone in the salaries paid in the past twelve months as compared with the calendar year 1918, amounts to more than three times the total amounts of salaries paid during the past year to all members of the United States Senate; all members of the United States House of Representatives; the President of the United States; the Vice-President; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; all members of the Supreme Court; all United States Circuit Judges; all members of the President's Cabinet; all members of the Interstate Commerce Commission; all members of the Federal Trade Commission; all members of the War Finance Commission; the General of the United States Army, and the Admiral of the United States Navy, all combined.

Then they have the unmitigated gall to come before the voters and prate about saving the public funds. Shrimps and mushrooms! This bunch of thieving yeggmen should be packed off bag and baggage, and were they given the sentences they have been handing out to workers their terms on the rock pile would not expire until doomsday in the afternoon.

The matter goes deeper than may be seen upon the surface, for where such corruption is permitted by the populace the people themselves are rotten to the core. The first duty of the American people is to resurrect its manhood and womanhood, and when that is done these hogs will soon be rounded up into the pens where they belong.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE

BEFORE ME LIE the two magnificent volumes of "The Outline of Science," a work which undertakes to summarize in picturesque yet readable form all the results of scientific discovery. It is edited by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson.

It is a perilous undertaking. Even while the books were in the press, new discoveries were being made, new theories propounded, new fields of research laid bare,—so speedily the work of knowledge presses forward. But to read these books, and to look at these pictures, is to thrill with a surge of wonder at the marvellousness of the universe, and with pride of the human mind which can follow so closely the steps of the Creative Intelligence by whom the worlds were made.

Here, within the reach of the ordinary toiler, are laid the fruits of the work of the scientific searchers in a thousand fields.

Beginning with the stupendous story of the Universe, of the whirling nebulae, of the dead stars and the new born worlds; the incomprehensible glory of the sun and the swirling ocean of molten metals that make up the globes of Jupiter and Saturn; going on thence to the beginnings of organic life; the single-celled amoeba, the starfish and the trilobite and the primeval fishes that inhabited the sea in the far-off times when the ocean covered all the world; tracing the story of Evolution through invertebrates, reptiles, insects, mammals, man;—the book unfolds a series of marvels far more wonderful than the most romantic imagination could devise.

There is historic import in this work. Before the French Revolution, came the Encyclopaedists, whose ambition was to publish in one work so that all could read and understand, all that mankind knew of the world and the relations of man with man. By the powerful blows of this new science, the towering structure of medieval superstitions was swept away, and the fable of the divine right of kings shattered into dust.

When the common man is enabled, as he is in the "Outline of Science," to know in his own right all that the universities can teach about the constitution of the universe, then the wonder will inevitably arise, "Since human science knows so much about the heavens, why can it not undertake the simpler task of so organizing human life to avoid misery and waste?" (Outline of Science, 4 vols., \$15; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

* * *

Since we know so much about the tides of fire on the surface of the sun, and since we can measure the amounts of carbon and hydrogen in the clusters of Hercules, which are so far away that light, traveling at 186,000 miles a second, takes 106,000 years to reach us—why can we not meas-

ure the amount of human needs one year in advance, and so organize our system of production and exchange as to supply every human being with plenty in return for his contribution to society?

Socialism is a scientific study of humanity directed toward so organizing society that the production of commodities will be adjusted to the needs of life. It aims toward the elimination of poverty and want, of sickness and destitution; it proposes a scientific system of production and exchange so that all will have plenty for the body and the mind, so that wars will be ended, and thus the marvelous fruits of scientific knowledge made accessible to all.

If you desire such an order and such a system, join the organized movement which seeks to accomplish it. Join the Socialist movement. Study society; and use your knowledge to help it toward that goal which our knowledge has made attainable—the goal of prosperity and peace.

In his speech before the congress of Soviets in Russia in November, Nicolai Lenin apologized for and withdrew the twenty-one points which were published by the third Congress of the Third International as conditions of admission of Socialist parties throughout the world. It was on the basis of the refusal of the American Socialist Party to agree to these twenty-one points that most of the splits and subsequent denunciations were based. Lenin's latest speech vindicates the good sense of the American Socialist Party, and clears up the atmosphere in a thoroughgoing way. Will our extreme comrades follow their infallible pontiff when he declares previous encyclopedes to have been wrong?

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
—Goldsmith.

DEBS MAGAZINE
A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Chief Contributor
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THE PEOPLE'S CAPITAL

ON JULY 1, 1922, the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank, founded by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, opened its doors for business. Two months later its deposits reached the figure of one million dollars. It had three thousand savings accounts, and was steadily growing.

Approximately seventy per cent of the savings deposited in the banks of the nation are the savings of wage workers. It is on the cash so deposited that the credit system of the nation is based.

In the ordinary bank, the money deposited by the worker is made the basis of credit on which the employer fights the workers. The money loaned any industry to tide over a period of strikes is based on the money deposited by the workers who are on strike.

Labor banks will not do this. They will not loan labor's money to labor's foes. The Amalgamated Bank is controlled by labor men, who forms its directorate. The Engineers' bank in Cleveland is run on the same basis. Labor banks are being founded in St. Louis, Birmingham, Denver and Minneapolis. The movement is spreading. When Labor, which has in its own hands the basis of credit—namely, the cash deposited by the toilers who draw it in their weekly pay envelope—then it will have obtained control of the whole structure of industry which depends on finance.

The big salaries are not paid in cash, but by checks. Big accounts are transacted by check almost entirely. But the working man is paid in cash, and deposits cash. For every dollar of cash he deposits the bank is entitled to loan ten dollars on credit. For every dollar he withdraws from a capitalist bank, ten dollars of credit is withdrawn. Every dollar transferred to a labor bank is ten dollars worth of credit taken away from the capitalist and transferred to labor.

The Labor Bank is a powerful weapon of labor in obtaining control of industry.

BRITISH ELECTIONS

THE following figures indicate the steady advance made by the Labour Party in respect of general election aggregate votes, and membership of the House of Commons, since 1900:

Year	Seats Contested	Seats Won	Aggregate Vote
1901-2	15	2	62,698
1906	50	29	323,195
1910 (Jan.)	78	40	505,690
1910 (Dec.)	56	42	370,802
1918	361	57	2,244,945
1922	414	142	4,200,000

DEBS AT ELMHURST

(Continued from Page 6)

errand, 'Gene calling one day, sent in his card, marked "Debs. No business." Every one else was dismissed and the door was promptly opened to the friend of his youth, perhaps the one man of his acquaintance who had shown himself to be incorruptible by any selfish influence.

Feasts, banquets, honors, flattery and all attempts to "influence," mollify or subdue 'Gene have been equally futile. On one occasion at least, when a luxurious banquet was proposed in his honor, by the most prominent, wealthy and influential citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis, he politely thanked the gentlemen for their consideration and kindness, but explained that in justice to himself he could not accept, adding: "By such food I would be choked," and advising, "Gentlemen, if you have so much to spend in banqueting me, I would feel more highly honored if you gave the money to the starving children, men and women of the city."

To 'Gene's consistent adherence to his guiding principles, he attributes the fact that he is still vigorous and fairly healthy and active, both mentally and physically, while many of his early associates who betrayed their own consciences by deserting the cause of labor have been out-lived by him.

The United States Secret Service announces that the Russian crown jewels have been smuggled into the United States and are hidden in a grave in Brooklyn. Our earnest and sincere advice is to let them stay there. Jewels were never of any good to any one. Paste would do just as well for decoration, and have the great advantage of being easily replaced if lost. Let the dead sailor's bones rest in peace!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

(Continued from Page 5)

Socialists don't want to "divide up." We want all the people together to own the mines, mills, factories, railroads, and banks, etc., for the good of all the people, collectively, just as all the people together own the parks, schools, roads, and public libraries, already. Anyone who says that we Socialists want to divide up is either mistaken or lying. If he is lying he is probably a paid liar; if he is mistaken he has probably been fooled by some paid liar.

The trouble with our America is that it isn't ours. It belongs to the landlords and capitalists, the bankers and the employers. Make it ours. Join your union and the Socialist Party!

The Best Editorial from the Bourgeois Press

A STORY, which is possibly not wholly accurate but which bears many of the earmarks of truth, is current in Washington, to the effect that President Harding, being asked by an intimate political friend why he did not recognize Russia, responded, with some heat, "I don't know why I don't recognize Russia. There are some fellows over at the State Department who say that Russia must not be recognized, but I don't know why."

The problem of the recognition of Russia is rapidly becoming one of the European matters pressing for immediate solution. It ranks well on a level with the Near East question, or that of reparations, for it is impossible that this vast extent of land, which was once the granary of Europe, and this vast body of people, who were once the customers of all exporting countries, should be left long outside the pale of commercial intercourse just because there are "a bunch of fellows in the State Department who say that Russia must not be recognized."

The Russian government situation ought to be viewed as what the diplomatists call a *fait accompli*. Lenine has held power for more than six years—is, in fact, the only war-time Premier still in office. Every attempt to overthrow his Government by force from without has been defeated. There is no visible opposition to his rule from within. That this rule has not contributed, as yet, to the well-being of Russia, either industrially or socially, is true enough, but it is unquestionably the Government which the Russians, at the present moment, choose for themselves.

It would ill beseem the United States to refuse to recognize a Government founded upon revolution, for that is the basis upon which the American Union was built. There is perhaps more plausibility in the contention that recognition should be denied to a Government tainted by responsibility for assassination and the seizure of private property, but the long history of spoliation and oppression of the Russian people under the tzars affords much excuse for the methods taken to get rid of that dynasty.

It is asserted by some that the protection of society throughout the world demands the ostracism of a government which holds Communism for one of its essential doctrines. But the answer to this is that the Russian Government is obviously thrusting its communistic theories aside as rapidly as it dares, and that the process of overthrowing that doctrine could in no way be more expedited than by filling Russia with the commercial travelers of other nations, who would show its people what they might buy if they were prepared to enter upon the ordinary methods of commerce.

The claim is made that the Russian Government is essentially godless, the foe of the church and of all forms of religion. An American religious worker, recently returned from Petrograd,

told a story which throws illumination on this point. He quoted one of the Russian missionaries as explaining the attitude of the government thus:

"The Soviet Government makes no war upon religion or upon the church. It does make a war upon superstition. Nowadays when a peasant's land brings forth a poor crop he doesn't seek to get better fertilizer or improved agricultural implements wherewith to till it. He goes for aid to the priest. The priest tells him to join his neighbors in buying a few pounds of candles and therewith parade about the fields with the candles burning, and chanting some form of invocation. On this form of religion we are making war. We want to teach the peasant when he wants to improve his condition to go, not to the priest, but to the Department of Agriculture, which will advise him how to proceed intelligently."

All who know Russia at first hand and without prejudice admit that the Soviet Government has come to stay. That many of its more extravagant doctrines will be pruned away is probable; indeed, the process of pruning is already apparent. Other men will come to take the place of Lenine and of Trotzky, but the general theory of government by representative assemblies has seized upon the mind of the Russian peasant and will not be eradicated. Great Britain is already giving an indirect form of recognition, and her ambassadors of trade are busy in Russia. The United States seems to cling to the position that it will do nothing to help the Russians to help themselves. It will not throw down the barriers to trade, nor will it encourage the resumption of industry, but if, because of these conditions and, of course, others contributing, famine and distress come upon the land, the American people will be asked to contribute heavily towards its relief.

Would it not be more logical now, instead of planning for another season of feeding a starving Russia, to take the necessary political steps for the restoration to the Russian people of the right to a restoration of industry, of trade, and of commerce to the end that they become again self-supporting?—Editorial, *Christian Science Monitor*.

RALLY FOR IRISH REPUBLIC

Mrs. Hannah Sheehy Skeffington, Mrs. Muriel MacSwiney, Miss Kathleen Boland and Miss Linda Mary Kearns will speak at a mass meeting in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, under the auspices of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, Monday evening, January 22. They represent the Irish Woman's Mission. They will speak for the Irish Republican Soldiers' and Prisoners Dependents' Fund, headquarters, 8 E. 41st street, New York City.

This will be an opportunity for those who wish to understand the struggles of the Irish Republic to get information which American Tory and Capitalist newspapers will not publish.

LETTERS

The December Number of Debs Magazine is the best ever put out. Send me 10 more copies.—H. O. Bockewitz, Ft. Dodge, Ia.

As E. Haldeman Julius has assassinated the dear "Old Appeal to Reason" we who love justice will have to look to some other source. Yours for pure, undefiled Socialism.—R. N. Jeffreys, Huntsville, Tex.

I hasten to subscribe to Debs Magazine. It is what we need. Something to make people think.—T. S. Hewerdine, Olivia, Minn.

Debs Magazine is too good to be true,
That's why I'm sending this \$ to you.
—Edw. J. Irvine, Washington, D. C.

I enclose \$1 for your splendid little gatling gun. I have all copies from No. 2 and would like a copy of No. 1. I am three score and fifteen years young Jan. 27.—Fred Stanley, Cupertino, Calif.

Editor's Note:—The office supply of No. 1 has been exhausted for some time. Maybe some Comrade can send a copy of it to this warhorse, he will appreciate it very much.

Here are three subs and will get more when the mines open up.—Frank Rauscher, Neffs, O.

I am sending herewith four subs and I wish you well merited success.—Jay Baldwin, Abingdon, Ill.

I was more than overjoyed to read Deb's inspiring words in his speech, "The International March to Victory." It applies to all of us, let us put it down in our hearts. Our fighting days will never be over as long as Capitalism curses the earth. Either Capitalism or we will have passed away before our fighting days will be over." I am adopting this slogan and send herewith three subs with prospects for more.—J. E. Wilshire, Piqua, O.

I will do my part for Debs Magazine. Enclosed find \$5 for five sub cards. Fred Dinkelman, South Chicago, Ill.

Greetings from an 80-year-old Marxian Socialist. I will do all in my power for Progress and Civilization. Send me a bundle.—A. D. Latshaw, Brinsmade, N. D.

Put these six on the list for Debs.—H. L. Sabournin, Seattle, Wash.

Send us 30 December and 15 a month for 10 months.—A. H. Shulman, Br. 4, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here are five to help make 25,000 by February 1st.—David Tuff, Rugby, N. D.

List three more for Debs Magazine, One Year.—Ross Payne, Pimento, Ind.

Rush 30 copies December Number.—I. Wolfson, W. C. Br. 206, New York City.

Put these ten subs over the top for "Debs." One Year.—I. J. Grant, W. C. Br. 287, Oakland, Calif.

We have been in the Movement ever since Coxe led his march to the White House. We will do our mite as long as we are able. Enclosed herewith \$5.00 for five cards.—Mrs. W. F. McCormick, Everett, Wash.

I have thousands of magazines I have to read, but must have the writings of Debs and Tucker. \$1 enclosed.—Wm. H. Hammack, Books and Music, Hagerstown, Md.

I am 84 years old, but am to live to see Wall Street hurled from power. Send me Debs for One Year.—Charles Bonsall, Salem, O.

I am enclosing Postal Order for \$1, and shall appreciate it if you will put my name on your mailing list.—Hans Thogersen, Shanghai, China.

Find enclosed \$10 for sub cards. For any request Gene Debs makes it is a pleasure for me to comply.—Daniel Jackson, Chicago.

Here is \$3 for two subs and a bundle. Success—P. L. Case, Loveland, Colo.

Send us 15 a month for ten months.—Charles Brodsky, Indianapolis, Ind.

Send me six cards for the enclosed \$6.—Carl Piltz, Estes Park, Colo.

I will do my part. Send me five cards.—G. V. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

Debs' and Longuet's speeches give us courage and hope. I have only a dollar to spare but think the best investment is to order 15 copies December Number.—John D. Bradley, Music, Ky.

Here is \$1 for "Debs." It should grow by leaps and bounds now. Debs Magazine must fill, expand and bless the Socialist Movement.—Minnie A. Shinn, Green River, Utah.