

FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT

# DEBS MAGAZINE

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## LESSONS IN CAPITALISM

By Eugene V. Debs

“MY heart is with the fifty men who are still in Leavenworth, under the infamous wartime laws. The I. W. W. is the most shamefully persecuted organization in America. If they were convicted under the Espionage Act, their conviction was a crime.

“We are going to stand back of the men on trial in Michigan, and see that they get a square deal.

“In the last few days we have learned more than we ever knew before about the infamous methods to which the capitalist masters resort to destroy the organizations of labor. They hire the most conscienceless spies, informers and traitors to enter our ranks, to make threats, and to commit acts and outrages to serve as a pretext upon which Socialists and radicals of all organizations may be condemned as traitors and as enemies of the people. We have to suffer all the odium of their criminal acts, which have been perpetrated by their secret agents. Now they are trying to shirk the responsibility in these cases, and to have it appear that they have been as innocent as lambs. But the fact remains, that these disreputable creatures have been in their service, and doing their criminal work. We never had then and have not now any connection with these acts, but we have been the victims of the infamies for which the masters are solely responsible.

“When you hear of another “bomb plot,” another threat to assassinate, I want you to bear in mind that it originated with the master class and not with the working class.

“Oh the shame of it all—that the Department of Justice is the employer of these in-

famous creatures! The Department of Justice in Washington, the government under which we live, is an active agent and participator in these outrageous crimes. What do you think of it—and what do you think of the Government under which we live, that will resort to such methods for breaking down the protest of the people against their criminal misrule?

“Years ago I found myself face to face with a dilemma. Either I must let go entirely, confess myself beaten, and give up in despair, and be ashamed of myself forever after, or else to resolve that come what might I would stand against the capitalist system if I had to stand alone. It doesn't matter to me in the slightest who deserts or who proves weak, or who is found to be a traitor. That affords me no excuse, no pretext to desert myself and to abandon those ideals that are more precious to me than my own life. Without them I should have no cause of being, no purpose or mission in life. Those ideals that are ever before me; they keep me company by day and by night. They come to the rescue in every hour of darkness and distrust. They never fail a man who is true to his conscience to his manhood. Those ideals have consecrated me to the cause,—and how richly I am compensated every step of the way for my efforts, however slight, in this great cause!

“I have a dream that will some day be realized. There will not always be this inferno of capitalism. The workers are awakening. The people are beginning to bestir themselves, and the day of my dreams is coming soon.”

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# The Struggle for Freedom

*By Eugene V. Debs*

**T**HE capitalist system has steadily developed until it has reached and passed its climax, and now it is being supplanted by the system of industrial democracy.

This is the supreme task before us; it can be done only by ourselves; and that is why the Socialist movement is essentially an educational movement. It appeals to the workers to be true ever to themselves, to develop their capacities, to think clearly upon the vital questions of the day. Capitalism does not expect you to think.

The Capitalist does not even care whether you have such a thing as a thinker of your own; his interest is only in your having hands; and that is why he calls you his "hands." When he wants you he does not advertise for men, but for hands—not for heads. He thinks that he furnishes the head, and you furnish the hands.

"Don't you know that a man who has not a job he can call his own is a slave? And don't you know that there is not a working man in Chicago today who has any assurance that he will have a job six months from now?"

"Capitalism does not guarantee you your job; it gives you no right to live. It buys your labor power in the labor market when it needs you. And when it does not need you, it does not buy you.

"Before you have a chance to work at earning your living the capitalist must first be convinced that you will produce some profit for him. His profit comes first; you are a secondary consideration. The Labor Market expresses the most melancholy fact in Christendom!

"Every time you give your vote to the capitalist parties you bear evidence to the fact that you are satisfied that you need a master, and that without him you would have no job; that you would be in a sad predicament if you had no one to take from you what you produce.

"Now you imagine you depend upon him for a job. As a matter of fact, he is absolutely dependent upon you. You hire him. You engage him to take from you all that you produce except just enough to keep you in producing order. If you do not change this system, you may rest assured that the capitalists and their parasites will not change it. They are content with the arrangement, for in it you do all the work and receive nothing, they do nothing and receive practically all you produce. They get rich and you remain poor.

"This condition of things is due entirely not to them but to yourselves. You are a majority. You have got to unite, to make common cause. They realize this if you do not. That is why they have their agencies plant spies in our ranks. That is why they sow the seed of dissension among us, and have you quarrel with each other because you are not of the same race, or color, or creed. You suffer yourselves to be divided, and pitted against each other. You go to the polls in hostile camps, and you vote to perpetuate the system in which you are but food for exploitation.

"It is a very simple proposition. You have heads as well as hands. You can think as well as work, and to the extent that you realize this simple truth and close up the ranks and stand together side by side in the true spirit of solidarity—not in separate craft unions, but in a consolidated industrial union,—you are invincible. And here let me state very emphatically that until you are industrially organized, there is no hope of your emancipation.

"But there is an army of so called labor leaders in this country that are drawing comfortable if not extravagant salaries; an army of them, at the head of a vast number of craft unions. They are doing all they can to prevent unification of the workers, that they may continue to traffic in the ignorance of their dupes and to draw their salaries at their expense. You workers have to unite in spite of them.

"The craft union was built upon the individual tool. But the machine has taken its place. The skill of the worker has been transferred from the tool to the machine. It has compelled him to desert the little shop, throw aside the individual tool, and be recruited into groups and armies.

"Have the intelligence of the capitalists! You never find them pitted against one another on the eve of battle; but it is when the workers are driven to extremities and have to strike against starvation wages, that they find themselves tied up in conflicting agreements.

"The Socialist movement is bound to triumph. It is allied with the inexorable forces of evolution. The question is, shall we assist it or shall we retard it? It is for you to say; the choice is yours. You can continue to affiliate with the capitalist parties, you can continue in your craft unions, but then finally you will have to pay the penalty in industrial servitude.

# EUROPE AFLAME

By Isaac McBride

When France entered the Ruhr and especially Essen, the only thing noticeable on the part of Germany was pronounced silence. Naturally, they felt like fighting but after the Versailles Treaty, the Germans were disarmed and they knew it was useless to resist France without arms. But as the result of the invasion there has developed in Germany a hate more intense against France, than has ever prevailed in the history of the two countries. It is a hate that can only culminate in one thing sooner or later, and that is war.

France lies to the West and Poland to the East of Germany. France has a military alliance with Poland. This alliance pledges Poland to come to the aid of France in time of stress.

France controls through Alsace-Lorraine, the iron ore of Europe and is trying to gain control of the coal of the Continent. If she succeeds in gaining control of the coal she will become the most powerful nation of Europe.

The Ruhr coal cannot be controlled by France unless she subdues Germany. This brings us back to Poland. If tomorrow Germany should actively resist France then Poland by agreement must rush to the French assistance. Should this occur another European conflict would be precipitated.

Soviet Russia has massed on the Polish border upwards of 200,000 troops. And while it is true that Russia has no military alliance with Germany, in order to preserve peace in Europe, if possible, Russia has already notified Poland, that in the event she moves against Germany, the Red Army will be thrown into Poland without further warning.

It is said in Europe today that the reason France does not penetrate further into Germany is through fear of an alliance between Russia and Germany. If this should come about it would surely mean the annihilation of France as a leading power.

The talk in the press about an alliance between Russia and France is the result of a political move. It never came up until the Ruhr invasion. It came then only because of the fear in France concerning a German agreement with Russia. In order to combat such a possibility France sent her emissaries to Moscow to throw up a smoke screen and conceal her raid on the German coal fields. The French Premiers have always claimed, referring to Soviet Russia that they could not

"shake hands with murder," but history records that when a country lives in fear it is compelled to do many things not on the calendar.

In the commercial struggle between France and England, France must control the coal of Europe. The Ruhr attack has nothing to do with reparations. France is in the Ruhr to capture the coal center of Europe. This will give her definite industrial control of Europe and enable her to dictate the economic policy of the continent.

The Ruhr District supplies coal for the entire motive power of Europe outside of Russia. Why don't England interfere? Unless she does interfere quickly, before France gains supreme control and makes the German mines her property, British imperialism will be wrecked and France will become the leading European power.

Since the invasion England has been delivering coal to the Stinnes industries to prevent France from overwhelming the country and jeopardizing British industry. England cannot supply sufficient coal for this purpose. Within ninety days France must surrender control of the Ruhr mines or there will be another great war in Europe. There is only one nation on the Continent that can prevent such a war. That is England. She will be compelled to do it, if not for humanity's sake, then for her own preservation.

The recent vote in the British Parliament against the McDonald resolution for meditation in the Ruhr, was not a protest against intervention, but a vote to sustain the British Premier, for had the resolution passed, Bonar Law's Cabinet would have fallen. English Capitalism is definitely opposed to French policy and is simply marking time.

There is no doubt, but that when the situation becomes acute then England will interfere, and France will be compelled to reverse her tactics, and that is what Germany is hoping for. The Teutons are unable to defend themselves and are expecting that help will come from the West. England or America.

The crushing defeats of Bonar Law's ministers in the by-elections and victories for the Labor Party, prove the English people are opposed to France in this conflict. Bonar Law waits because France is an ally under the Versailles Treaty. France insists that Germany must meet her obligations under that treaty. Of course, the invasion is only a move

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## Current Comment

**B**URTON Quaales of Wilmington, Del., was freezing during the last cold spell. But having produced wealth in his day which he never got, he refused to freeze to death without some effort to obtain warmth. Many cars of coal were standing on the B. & O. tracks and why should he not make use of the coal other workers mined. He appropriated 75c worth of the shining jewels.

\* \* \*

He was apprehended, tried and sentenced to 15 lashes on the naked back and one year in the State Prison. Morgan and his associates have stolen the mines from the people. They operate them solely for their own profit. Five hundred thousand men and their families depend upon their mines for bread and butter. They get very little but hell and misery from their slavery. Morgan and his pals draw hundreds of millions in blood and gold each year from the slaves and the public. They are respectable and sit in the front pews in the Church.

\* \* \*

Not one of them but is many times over a greater criminal than Quaales. They steal within the law. Quaales did not, he was man enough to take a chance and pay the penalty. Morgan and his fellow thugs will continue to live in luxury and ride on the backs of the people. They will continue to pile up huge fortunes while miners' wives and children starve and other slaves of the system rot in jail for daring to take of earth's good things. Hands off the earth! It's Morgan's.

\* \* \*

The brutal system of capitalism has no respect for life, when life is that of the workers. More than a hundred miners went to their ghastly deaths in coal mines during the past month. The biggest casualty was at the Phelps-Dodge mine at Dawson, N. M. Upwards of thirty lives were blown up in an explosion at Cumberland, B. C. . We were under the impression that such criminal mining tactics were only employed in the U. S. but it seems that the Canadian plutes are fast learning life is cheaper than protection.

\* \* \*

In 1913, 261 miners were murdered by the same Phelps-Dodge mining corporation in the same series of mines in New Mexico. It would cost a lot of money to fix the mines and make them safer for the slaves to work in. As the Syndicate was deeply interested in having Woodrow Wilson elected President about that time they could not be expected to pay attention to such trivial matter as the lives of a few hundred miners. It took a lot of swag to elect

a man that favored war. Why make a mine safe for the workers, when the money was needed to make the U. S. safe for such murderous pirates as are operating these mines?

\* \* \*

Under Socialism the mines would be operated by the people and for the people, and the benefits would be returned to the people. You don't like this method of operation. Neither did the miners. They wanted private ownership. They voted for Wilson, the puppet of the Phelps-Dodge buccaneers, and Harding. Therefore they have no kick coming and no complaint to make. It might be observed in passing that capitalism is founded upon the destruction of life, liberty and happiness.

\* \* \*

No remedy is in sight until the system is changed from private to co-operative ownership thru the action of the workers taking control of Government. So long as you vote for the grey wolves in power, so long you will have to starve, and freeze, and suffer in misery, even to the giving of your life, while the plutocrats revel in stolen wealth. You can make a change when you are ready.

\* \* \*

Judge Gary and a ship load of millionaires are cutting the balmy waters of the Mediterranean Sea in the palatial liner Mauritania. None of the steel workers at Gary cared to go on the cruise, so they obligingly paid \$40,000 for a luxurious suite for the dear, old Judge. This is said to be the biggest list of high class robbers that ever left the U. S. in one boat. Altho the Judge is away and will be for some time, the mills have not shut down, nor will they. Mills are still running on twelve hour shifts, with a double shift of 24 hours every two weeks. It just shows that these esteemed gentlemen are about as useful to America as Jesse James was to Missouri.

\* \* \*

We hope this band of thieves will meet with no misfortune while abroad, for we expect in the next few years the pleasure of putting them to work and teaching them how to become useful citizens. Yet if this floating palace should turn turtle during some of the wild revels of the parasites, it would mean little or nothing to the industries of the country. They would run on just the same. We might be reminded that Judge Gary and his fellow panhandlers do not run the industries—they only own them. The workers run them. And should they ever develop the horse sense to use some of their own money and take a trip, even a trip to Podunk to see Grandma,

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the industries to that extent, would have to shut down until they returned.

\* \* \*

Those who think that a few should forever live from the sweat and toil of the many; who think that those who hold the nation by the throat are divinely appointed; who think that the workers are only made to be slaves; will look with favor upon these millionaire junkets at the cost of the workers lives. Those with the least spark of principle will endeavor to awaken their fellow slaves to the necessity of abolishing the robbing of the many by the few and establishing an equitable society, in which those who build the ships shall travel in them, and those who plant the vineyards shall eat thereof. That will be Socialism!

\* \* \*

Charles M. Schwab, our greatest "dollar a year patriot," leaving London for the sunny slopes of Italy to squander thousands more of the workers' wealth, was quite visibly impressed by the large number of unemployed he saw on every hand. He writes, "Dr. Brown who is traveling with me, says 'It would be almost merciful, if after being fed plenteously so they could get some real enjoyment out of life, many of them were put into a lethal chamber.'" It is pretty tough, Charlie! After robbing these dupes of untold millions, it must be provoking to have them standing around the streets forever reminding you and your class of your crimes against them. Give 'em the gas.

\* \* \*

We do not have much faith in the gas cure. These boys were pretty well gassed in France but it did not seem to wake them up much, yet they are learning. How would it be, Charlie, if these slaves of yours should refuse to take the gas? Suppose they should rise like they did in Russia, and will sooner or later rise everywhere, and overthrow the damnable system that places you and your friends on their backs to ride, while you suggest only gas for them, after squeezing the last nickel from their broken carcasses? Suppose they should do that, Charlie? They have the power. All they lack is the brains and leadership, and these are rapidly being supplied. Anyway it does not take much intelligence to throw a tiger from your throat, once you determine to do it.

\* \* \*

They might even go so far as to suggest that the foremost highbinders of the thieving

class that has been robbing them down the centuries should be placed in a lethal chamber and relieved of the unutterable misery of living only for self and sensual gains, as the idlers have always lived. You know, Charlie, such things have happened in the world's history, frequently, and they may happen again at any time. The socialists are opposed to violence on every hand, and that is why we are doing our utmost to educate the ignorant ones, high and low, so that they will be prepared for a peaceful change when the accounting comes, for by all indications it is near at hand. In the mean time, Charlie, step lightly on the gas.

\* \* \*

Two negroes held up a man in St. Louis recently but when they found he was a toiler they left him go free, saying, "We are not robbing any working people." Yes, these are only common criminals, that would probably be sent over the road for life if apprehended. The respectable robbers at the top who ride around in limousines are not so particular. They rob the workers and the workers only, for those who produce nothing cannot be robbed. The workers are robbed by the shirkers from dusk to dawn and all day long. Capitalism is essentially a robbers' system. The rich have made it respectable, on the surface, but it is full of all manner of evil and "dead men's bones." Socialism will destroy robbery but save the robber. It will make a man of him in spite of his millions.

\* \* \*

There is some talk about taking over the British Antilles in part payment of the huge war debt. The talk is only in the U. S., of course. A traveler returned from the region says the people do not want to become subjects of Uncle Sam. Oh yes, America is the greatest country on earth say the 100'ers. No one says it but a few half baked patriots. The Carpenter said, "If I bear witness of my own self my witness is not true." If we brag up our country we are likewise liars. It will be hard to find a foreigner that says America is the greatest country on earth. They know better. Darkest Russia had one Czar. We have fifty industrial czars that control the destiny of our lives. We cannot live, move, and have our being without paying toll to them for the very right of existence. The British West Indians are in no hurry to assume our fetters.

# Albert Bailin

All the details of the infamous tricks resorted to by private detective agencies in planting spies and agents provocateur in the ranks of the radical movement to fatten on it, were revealed in the testimony of Albert Bailin, alias Balanow, for many years a private detective in the employ of the Burns and Thiel detective agencies, of the U. S. Secret Service, and of the State's Attorney in Chicago.

Bailin told how the Communist Party in the United States was organized by private detectives; how at one time the whole membership of the I. W. W. propaganda committee was composed of spies; how, when once the Burns and Thiel agencies called all their men off the job of spying on radicals, there were not enough left to form a quorum, and all meetings were temporarily abandoned.

In this issue we present the life story of Albert Bailin, telling how his infant days were passed in prisons and in association with prisoners. He tells how his father was condemned to prison, and how he used as a child, to smuggle whiskey into the prisoners. As a page out of a sordid, hopeless life, it is one of the most illuminating pages in contemporary literature.—Editor.

## STORY OF MY EXILE

I WAS born on June 4, 1893, in Kreslavka, Vetebkskoe Government, Dvinskoe Uezda, and given the name of Albert Balanow. When I was seven years old my father was arrested on the charge of a spy and taken to Dvinskoe jail, where he awaited his trial for two years and eight months. My mother got Attorney Slanemski from Vilna, a very high attorney. He defended my father, but it was a paid jury and he was found guilty and sentenced to ten years at hard labor—"Katarsnoe Rabota"—at Ostroff Sochalen, or Island of Sakhalin. The case was appealed and was denied. My father was transferred to Vetebkskoe prison. We then moved there. He stayed there for about one year. I was always in prison, with my father. He was then transferred to Strunskoe Tsantralnoe prison, four miles from Polotsk, in a small forest. The prison was a very dark one, because it stood so low.

We, the family, moved into the forest, called Stroona. I was permitted by the warden to be with my father all the time except in time of inspection. I hid myself under the beds or I went home until the inspection was over, with my mother, who lived about half a mile from the prison.

At times the prisoners made out lists of what they wanted, and I went to the city of Polotsk, which was about four miles from the prison, to get them. At times they gave

me money enough to hire a farmer with a horse, so that I would not have to walk. The farmers charged me 40 kopeks for taking me to the city and bringing my orders and me back to the prison.

At that time they were not allowed to smoke in the prison, so I used to smuggle in tobacco by giving the door guard a package of tobacco. I used to smuggle in playing cards, by putting them into my shoes. I was hardly ever searched, because all the guards liked me well. Some of the guards were really good men.

At one time all of the prisoners put up a big list and took us up about 200 rubles. That was for New Year. They also wanted me to get them several bottles of good whiskey. I promised them I would bring it, so I went to town, bought everything—meats, sugar, tea, white bread, candy, paper envelopes, and 250 pounds of herrings. I told the herring man I wanted my herrings to be put into another barrel. He said, "All right. I will do this for you". But I told him that I would do this myself.

He gave me a barrel and I put in some herrings, and then I went and got ten quarts of the best whiskey, and put it in between the herrings.

When I got to the prison it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The man at the gate took out his long knife and wanted to push it into my barrel of herrings. But I jumped up and started to cry, "You will cut up my herrings!"

He said, "All right, take it in. You always make more fuss and noise than all the prisoners together." I said, "Here, take five herrings for your supper," and he took them.

Then I called to some prisoners and they jumped up and carried in all my stuff, everything that I had brought. These I passed out to everybody, giving each what he ordered, but the barrel of herrings I told them to move into my father's room.

Then I carried up to every room herrings and some whiskey, and each prisoner gave me ten kopeks, for my work.

They immediately proceeded to get drunk. They were all drunk—very drunk. They started a big riot, breaking windows and the doors. The warden rushed into my father's room and shouted, "The minute Albert arrives from town it starts in trouble, either with cards or whiskey or some one cuts the bars and escapes. I am not going to let you in here any more, you damn rascal! Dress yourself and get out from here at once!"

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This was already about 11 o'clock at night, and I was afraid to go through the woods by myself, so I started to cry. The warden said, "I will send a guard with you to take you home. Don't cry."

He gave me a three-ruble bill. Then he added, "Don't you come near the prison again."

The guard took me home. I could not sleep that night. Early in the morning I went up to the warden's house, and his cook said, "Why are you crying?" I said, "I want to go in to my father." Then the warden's little girl came out. She was about my age. Her name was Nina. She said, "Alexander, why are you crying?" I told her, "Your father doesn't let me see my father any more." And then she started to cry too.

Her mother came out and said, "What are you two crying about?" She said, "Papa don't let Alexander see his father. I want him to see his father!"

The warden's wife came up to me and kissed me and Nina. She took us both into a nice dining room and gave us a breakfast, which I did not see the like of since my father was in prison. Then she took me into the room where Nina slept, and made me and Nina stay and play. In about an hour she came in and brought in a very nice overcoat, and said, "This is a present for you, Alexander, from me." It was then very cold, being about New Year's, and I had no overcoat and my mother had no money to buy me one.

Then Nina gave me a box of candy. Nina and I went into the warden's office, and she started to cry that he should let me go and see my father. The warden said, "But he makes lots of trouble for me." Then his wife came in, and he said, "All right. Tell the guard I said to let him in again. But don't you dare to bring in anything there, unless I see it first." Of course, I denied bringing anything in.

I was again permitted to be all over the prison. In the afternoon I played with my little sweetheart, Nina.

One day Gvotkin Brotsky and several others who were convicted for all their lives, asked me to get them some saws, to saw their way through the bars and escape. They gave me 10 rubles. I told my father nothing, but went to town and got the saws. I bought 20 small saws, paid 10 rubles and put them into my boots and brought them in. Next day I gave them to the prisoners. In about two weeks later they were gone, and the warden again got after me, that I play all those tricks on him; and he threw me out from prison. But a few days later I again got in through my sweetheart, Nina.

We stayed in that prison for about two years. My father used to sew clothes for the warden and his wife, so my mother had money to get along. Bread, the warden let me take out to my mother, every day all that I could carry out.

One day the warden informed my father that he got instructions to send him to Moscow. In about four weeks, the warden shipped the whole family along with him. I went, my youngest brother and my mother, too. We went to Veleki Lvoki, and stayed there about two months. I stayed there with my father and my youngest brother with my mother. Then we went to Moscow and were there over a year. I was no longer permitted to be with my father, and had to be with my mother in a home right near the Moscow prison. The lady guards used to take us out every week to see the great city, and on the way they bought us candy. We got lots of candy free of charge from the people in the streets. There were generally 200 to 300 children of exiles and prisoners staying in that home, and there were about 100 lady guards, so this attracted the people, who showered gifts on the children of the prisoners.

From Moscow we went to Nijni Novgorod. We remained there for a few weeks. From Nijni Novgorod we went to Samar. We met in Samar thousands of people with packages giving them to all of us, and money and all kinds of fish. We remained in Samar for about three months, and then were ordered to move on again. We went to Cheliabinsk, and there found about nine car loads of prisoners. From Cheliabinsk we went to Krasnoyarsk. We stayed there for about three months, and from there were sent to Yeniseisk, 350 miles from Krasnoyarsk, and from there to a small village called Belskoe Valost.

From there we went to Perevsk, where we remained for six months. Then my father moved out from there to Yeneseisk. We lived in Yeneseisk for two years. While there I got acquainted with a man by the name of Frankfort, who was a dentist—a Jew, a political prisoner. He had his wife also with him. She was a dentist also. They taught me how to read and write Russian. I was with them all the time until they moved back to Krasnoyarsk.

My father bought two horses on money which was given to him by political prisoners, and every month he used to transport from five to ten men and women to Achensk, where they started for America, or some other country. But my father was caught again, and was given a year in prison. After the year we had to move out from Yeneseisk back

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# In This Our World!

When thieves fall out honest men get their dues, is an old saying. In the Chicago municipal campaign there are a host of thieves who haven't fallen out among themselves, though we have not seen many honest folks getting any benefit from it. There are about the usual Heinz's variety of republicans calling each other names and generally telling the truth about one another, and the democrats. Judge Daniel P. Trude of the morals court has sprung a sensation that at once condemns the whole city government of Chicago.

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Trude says, "Profits of vice in Chicago amount to \$13,500,000 a year, part of which goes to the police. That figure is arrived at in this way: There are 500 houses operating, an average of five girls to each, or 2,500 girls. Each must earn \$15 per day for her 'man.' That makes \$37,500 per day, \$1,250,000 for thirty days. Multiplied by twelve gives the yearly toll taken by vice-mongers." Now what do you think of that? We have often been told that "Socialism will break up the home," etc.

\* \* \*

Well if it did not aim at destroying the "homes" of these 2,500 girls, whose innocent lives have been ground into profits for the vice trust, it would not be worth talking about. This is your boasted civilization! This is Americanism, 100% and more! Just take this stupendous sum and multiply it by the large cities of the country, and you have an answer that staggers the most brutal imagination. Yet it is what the majority of the people vote for. It is what the old political parties stand for, and their campaign bills are paid largely from funds wrung from starving, dying girls. This, in America! Aren't you proud of it? Yes, Socialism will break up these dens of vice and crime, and right quickly. Socialism will provide remunerative, attractive employment for all girls, free from exploitation, and release them from the economic necessity of becoming slaves of such respectable citizens.

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Around one thousand car loads of Washington apples were dumped into the Columbia and Wenatchee Rivers recently. This valuable fruit, the result of a year's work of many an apple farmer, was allowed to stand around in the railway yards without protection until frozen. Thousands of people in the cities large and small, many on the farms, never see an apple, let alone knowing the luxury of sinking their teeth into one. This criminal waste goes on year in and year out. That is

one of the biggest steals of the profit system to shut perishables off from market and enable the commission hogs to double their profits many times over. The more that is wasted, the more suffering for the many, the greater profits for the few. Gold, gold gold, human life is nothing. Capitalism, thou art hell!

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The end is not yet. Fifty million bushels of potatoes were left to rot in the ground. Freight rates are so high and prices so low to the farmer he could not afford to dig them. It cost money and sweat and toil to raise potatoes, but the farmer chose rather to lose all that he had invested than to get in much deeper with no chance of getting out, and pile up huge fortunes for the railroads.

\* \* \*

Capitalism is a steal from beginning to end. The best thing about it is, that it is fast disappearing and can last but a few years longer. Socialism would put a premium upon every iota of food produced and it would be jealously conserved for the use of all. If you want America's 110 millions to be fed and clothed, and given a chance for development, then put your shoulder to the wheel and push society along the road to socialism where there will be enough for all--all the time.

\* \* \*

An interesting bit of history is called to mind by the recent passing away of Thomas W. Shaw, aged 91, the last surviving member of the Light Brigade that rode "into the mouth of hell," as immortalized by Tennyson in his thrilling poem. This renowned charge took place at Balaklava, October 25, 1854, in the Crimean struggle between England, France and Turkey on the one side, and Russia on the other. Of the six hundred dashing lancers ordered to charge the Russian lines only a corporal's guard returned to tell the tale. "Their's, not to reason why; Their's, but to do and die;—"

\* \* \*

How times have changed! There is not a nation in the world today where the troops can be mobilized and ordered to their certain death without some opportunity of reasoning and quite often of refusing to go. The last war proved this beyond question. Armies have evolved. They are now beginning to think. It has been said that more officers were shot from behind than from the front.

\* \* \*

As great as the destruction was the only thing that saved our jungle civilization from complete extermination was the ideal of com-



## DEBS MAGAZINE

radeship between opposing forces. That put an end to the war. It began in isolated Russian trenches, on the Dnieper, spread thru the whole army; over along the Somme, into the Argonne, down on the Piave and finally compelled the armistice. Today England is kept out of the Ruhr mess because her army is heavily represented in the House of Commons and they refuse to slay further. When soldiers begin to think, Capitalism will disappear.

\* \* \*

If the unfortunate inmates of the New York Asylum at Matteawan, were to be placed in complete control of all the affairs of government in Washington it would be hard to expect of them a more insane administration than we are now having. The most foolish, asininal thing yet staged was the opening of a sailor's grave in search for the Russian Crown jewels. Every school boy knows these world famous gems are resting safely in the Kremlin at Moscow. The transfer of power from one party to another at the Capitol has been simply the turning out of one group of idiots to make way for another. "Hope springs eternal." Some day the workers will get tired of the shameless graft and corruption and take charge themselves.

\* \* \*

The socialists in the Wisconsin Legislature had the militarists in agony for several weeks. The reds introduced a bill in the lower house to abolish the National Guard. It created a furore and after a stubborn fight all along the line, the bill passed on a vote of 65 to 14. Fifty members who were not socialists voted for the measure.

\* \* \*

Supporters of the bill thoroughly alarmed sent a hurry up call to Washington and apprised La Follette of the situation. He immediately sent word over the wires to kill the bill in the Senate if possible, and failing there Governor Davis was ordered to veto it. The bill lost out, but the next attempt to kick the militarists out of the saddle will probably succeed.

\* \* \*

It also shows that La Follette's radicalism is only a donkey in a lion's skin. Those who expect any real relief from these capitalist politicians parading as radicals will get one bitter disappointment after another until they learn that the workers alone can abolish the system that fattens on their toil. Then they will elect their own representatives to the legislative halls and do away with every phase of government that does not make for the good of all. Socialism will abolish militarism.

\* \* \*

The various stubborn blocs in the Senate deserve great credit for killing the notorious

ship steal. This was one of the most flagrant grabs ever proposed in that robbers' roost. It looks mighty rank but it could have been made to look a little better for Wall Street jeggmen, if they had shown the least consistency in their affairs.

\* \* \*

Here is a bunch of pirates sailing away for three month's cruise in the Orient at a cost of \$2,000,000. Judge Gary's suite of rooms alone cost \$40,000 for the trip. Is this gigantic sum spent with American ships? Not by any means! It is paid to the British Cunard Company for the palatial Mauritania. Again the Chambers of Commerce of America are sending several hundred delegates to the International Convention in Europe. No, they are not sailing on American ships but are patronizing the same Cunard Line.

\* \* \*

Of course it is understood that the gigantic shipping lines are internationalized, so far as ownership is concerned and Morgan is getting his share of this business. Nevertheless you would think if they wanted to put their shipping steal thru smoothly, they would be a little more considerate of American shipping and back up their steal in Congress with consistent action in business circles. The capitalist class has no brains. It does not rule by intelligence, but by reason of the ignorance of the working class. The people will have proper shipping facilities when the socialists take control and no sooner.

\* \* \*

### HOUSE OF DEBS

Socialists and liberals of Indianapolis are planning the construction of a mammoth building to be called "The House of Debs." This House will be a general recreation center and club house for all the workers of the city. We wish them great success and hope other communities will soon follow with more Houses of Debs. Full information from Emma Henry, 41 Baldwin Blk. Indianapolis, Ind.

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### DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Chief Contributor  
EUGENE V. DEBS

Managing Editor  
CHARLES L. DRAKE

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#### Contributing Editors

Irwin St. John Tucker, John M. Work, Isaac McBride,  
Rabbi Juda L. Magnes, Alexander Howat, Emil  
Herman, James H. Maurer, Maude J. Ball,  
and many other prominent radicals

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# Songs of Revolt

## SUBMERGED

The stars are afraid of our fever,  
The earth is afraid of our song,  
The gods are afraid of our bondage.

Look at our gyves—

Are we goats,

Prancing upon the mountain,

Cavorting in lechery?

Or gargoyles,

Grinning from their high places

Against the sun?

Or griffins,

Tearing and muzzling flesh in the night?

Are we shadows

That walk the moors with death?

Look at our gyves—

We are men,

And our bones are broken,

Our flesh is torn,

Our dreams are spattered

With brutishness—

Come, let us sing

Of a terrible jungle,

Where the trees are alive

And lithe as serpents,

A jungle of dark things

Crawling—

Our broken bones are in the way of their darkness.

Our mauled flesh is in the way of their crawling,

Our spattered dreams are in the way of their brutishness.

The stars are afraid of our fever,

The earth is afraid of our song,

The gods are afraid of our bondage.

Goats, nor gargoyles, nor griffins,

Nor shadows of death;

We are men,

Lost in the jungle,

Gyved and beaten,

In the black jungle

Where the trees are alive

And lithe as serpents,

And dark things crawl—

We are men,

Gyved and broken,

For the blasphemous dream of a great cross,

A cross of fire,

Devouring the jungle.

Our bones are in the way of its darkness,

Our laughter is in the way of its litheness,

Our dreams are in the way of its brutishness.

—Martin Feinstein

## MORGAN'S WORLD

I came to a mill by the riverside,  
Half mile long and nearly as wide,  
With a forest of stacks and an army of men,  
Toiling at furnaces, shovel and pen,  
What a most magnificent plant, I cried:  
And a man with smudge on his face replied:  
It's Morgan's.

I entered a train and rode all day  
On regal coach and a right of way  
Which reached its arms all over the land  
In a system too large to understand;  
A splendid property, this! I cried,  
And a man with a plate on his hat replied:  
It's Morgan's.

I sailed on a ship, trim and true,  
From pennon and keel, cabin and crew,  
And the ship was one of a monster fleet,  
A first class navy could scarce compete;  
What a beautiful craft she is! I cried;  
A man with akimbo legs replied:  
It's Morgan's.

I dwelt in a nation filled with pride;  
Her people were many, her lands were wide;  
Her record in war, in science and art  
Proved greatness of muscle, mind and heart;  
What a grand old country is this! I cried;  
A man with his chest in the air replied:  
It's Morgan's.

I went to heaven; the jasper gates  
Towered high and wide, and the golden walls  
Shone bright beyond; but a strange new mark  
Was over the gate, viz.: Private Park;  
Why, what is the meaning of this, I cried:  
A saint with the livery on replied:  
It's Morgan's.

I went to the only place left; I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit  
On the griddled floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a leering lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place:  
It's Morgan's.

Anon.

# Russia From the Shadows

“Russia is at the crossroads as far as her economic life is concerned,” says Issac McBride, known throughout America because of his activities on behalf of Russian famine relief, and who has just arrived in Chicago after a second visit to Russia since the revolution. “Either she will develop, under Soviet rule, a form of industrial organization comparable to that of western Europe, or she will return to a most primitive mode of production.”

McBride went off the beaten path of travelers now visiting Russia. Out into the coal mines and the industrial districts of the Don Basin he traveled, to see for himself what has happened to the revolution or since the revolution.

“The Russia that I visited in 1919 is no longer there,” he asserts. “The Russia of 1923 is not only a new Russia—it is a new Russian people. These people are thinking new thoughts. The peasant is living in a new world. His age-long dream has been realized.—he has secured possession of the land. Barring the horrible famine in certain districts last year, it must be said that the Russian peasant is better off from a material standpoint than he has been in his whole history. To be sure, he is suffering for want of certain material things, but he does have a sense of ownership, and that has made a new man of him.”

In McBride’s opinion, there is not and cannot for the present be any such thing as communism in Russia. “With the breaking of the blockade in the fall of 1920,” he said, “and the defeat of outside forces, there automatically came the necessity for forming a new organization to build the economy of the country which had been devastated in seven years. Accordingly, in March, 1921, the new economic policy was announced—a policy that would have been declared as early as 1918 had there not been the blockade.

“This policy is not one of communism. They are suffering under an illusion who think that in twelve months communism could be introduced. There never has been any communism in Russia and there cannot be any as long as the productive forces of the country are so disorganized that millions must live without sufficient food and clothing.

“Whatever industry existed before the war, was largely made possible by foreign capital, especially French, British and Belgium.

“I travelled widely over the south of Russia, and in many places I saw some of the finest blast furnaces, steel and rolling mills,

rail and wire mills to be seen anywhere. They constitute the standing industrial capital of Russia—built by foreign money. Some 60 to 70 per cent of it is intact. Yet the whole of Russia is working, at a maximum, at only 15 per cent of pre-war production.

“The reason for this is the fact that during the war all industries concentrated on making war necessities, and that many articles of machinery were reshaped to make the production of war necessities possible. When the time came for re-converting them for their former purposes, it was found that this could not be easily done.

“Fact is, Russia is poor in machinery parts, in food, and in clothing, so that her people cannot properly exploit the tremendous resources of the country.

“In spite of her potential wealth, Russia will remain helpless until her industrial life can be so organized and sufficient materials produced by the Russia people that they may sustain themselves without outside aid.

“Thus far the Russian Soviet Government has clung to the hope of securing outside help. It seems to me that it is up to her statesmen to realize that the Russians must depend upon themselves and not upon outside aid.”

McBride had an unusual opportunity for seeing the industrial disorganization of the country. He visited all of the larger industrial plants in southern Russia and 40 per cent of the coal mines. The industrial plants have been turned over by the government to what is known as industrial trusts. Each of these is directed by a collegium of seven men, four of them communist engineers and three non-communist technical experts.

“There is enough intelligence in each of these trusts,” says McBride, “to so stimulate production that Russia can compete favorably with the rest of the world. But the tragedy is that there is no material to work with. Also, the government has been unable to pay wages, some workers being as much as five months in arrears with their pay. In the absence of money, they have been given “pyck” or living rations; but these, too, have dwindled down until many workers have left the industries and returned to their little villages, where they are eking out a precarious existence tilling the soil.”

In the coal mines, according to McBride, production is only 25 per cent of pre-war normal.

About the production for 1922 McBride said, “Technical experts declare that the

(Continued on Page 15)

# Wisps From Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

The new Watch on the Rhine is a dollar watch.

\* \* \*

Day by day Standard Oil is getting well-er and well-er.

\* \* \*

Why quarrel about "who lost the war," when everyone knew where it was all the time?

\* \* \*

Non-partisans want to abolish party lines. Socialists want to abolish bread lines.

\* \* \*

Light travels 180,000 miles per second. Accounting for our light-headed flappers being so fast.

\* \* \*

Harding to run again. Is there any hope that he will run back to normalcy?

\* \* \*

Judge Gary says he went to work when he was twelve. Wonder if he worked after he got there?

\* \* \*

America was not set so far back by the immigrants as by the land grants.

\* \* \*

It may be all right to curse Turkey for her atrocities, but that won't bring back our three million Indians.

\* \* \*

The Germans have sent a lot of honey to France as part payment. That ought to be good bees-ness.

\* \* \*

An exchange asks, "Can a couple marry on \$20 a week?" Easy! But what will they live on afterwards?

\* \* \*

Reformers now claim that criminals should be amused. Jazz players seem quite capable of amusing themselves.

\* \* \*

Women will take their styles from King Tut, says Paris note. It is not probable they will wear even their short clothes so long.

\* \* \*

Doctor says Bolshevism is due to the condition of the teeth. Wrong again, Doctor! It is generally caused by the stomach.

Kaiser means Caesar, but Poincare is the seizer of Caesar's.

\* \* \*

Kemal Pasha says America should take a few lessons from him. Kemal, Pshaw!

\* \* \*

The meek inherit the earth, but can't get possession on account of the big inheritance tax.

\* \* \*

Every time the dove of peace is sent out it returns with an oil-ive branch.

\* \* \*

Mary had a little lamb, but under the new packer merger she will have still less.

\* \* \*

Congresswoman Huck demands that the Phillipines be freed from American capitalism immediately. Sounds sort o' Huck finish.

\* \* \*

Supreme Court decides that a Hindu is not a white person. Now, if it can prove Taft is not a lean person, it may justify its existence.

\* \* \*

An exchange claims that the Romanoffs are still alive in Europe. Mussolini seems to be very lively for a Roman-off.

\* \* \*

Harding says, "Those fellows in the State Department don't know why they don't want to recognize Russia." Oh, what's the Hughes?

\* \* \*

King George lost an American shipment of corned beef. Yet it would have been lost anyway, in the Royal Gorge.

\* \* \*

Dr. Sven Hedin, noted explorer in backward countries, is coming to the U. S. No comment is needed upon the direction we find Sven "headin."

\* \* \*

Harding wants 20 million from Congress for scrapping the battleships. Most of us would scrap the combined fleets of the world for less than that.

American doughboys cost Germany 255 millions. Lafayette, we're dear!

\* \* \*

Harding is working the workers all through, he made work new for Work and new work for New.

\* \* \*

Regarding modern food theories in the Ruhr district, France seems to favor the fightamines.

\* \* \*

Paper money is being used for soap wrappers in Austria. While there's life, there's soap.

\* \* \*

After turning around several times before lying down, the average dog can sleep like a top.

\* \* \*

No, Clarence, Swiss clocks are not made in Italy, even though when you look at them you see the day go.

\* \* \*

Figures are at times queer things. For instance, two ants may be tenants in a sugar bowl.

\* \* \*

A countryman when asked if he was hard of hearing, said, "No, but I've heard of Harding." Wonder if he has "heard" of Coolidge?

\* \* \*

A slave asks, what had the Liberty Bell to do with Independence? Not much except that a strong bell is always the center of rebellion.

\* \* \*

Republicans are going to renominate Harding. He could probably be re-elected on the snappy slogan, "He kept us out of beans!"

\* \* \*

Man gets year in jail for stealing two cents. Time would not be long enough for the profiteers to serve at the same ratio.

\* \* \*

Stock yard odors should be taken care of, says expert. Most of them are strong enough to care for themselves.

\* \* \*

Morgan must hear with regret of the great star burning in the heavens. Too bad there is no way to save what might be his future property.

# Socialism is Inevitable

By JOHN M. WORK

**B**ECAUSE Socialism is not an arbitrary plan, scheme or invention, but is the logical natural goal of economic evolution.

Then, why do we insist upon working for it with such ceaseless activity and indomitable energy?

Because it can be hastened by its friends and delayed by its enemies. And because in saying that it is inevitable we take into account, not only economic evolution, but also the well known qualities of human nature. It would not be inevitable if it were not a certainty that human beings will work for it as soon as they realize it is to their interest to do so. It can not introduce itself, without the aid of human beings. We must enlighten people about it. We must also guide its course safely away from republican and democratic pitfalls, and set our political house in order for its reception.

Socialism is the next step in the evolution of the human race. For centuries, we have been getting ready to take that step, and the time is now ripe to take it.

Time was when the tools in all industries were simple and inexpensive. Each worker was able to accomplish his task without the assistance of others. It was natural that under such circumstances each worker should own his own tools.

But tools have developed into marvelous labor saving machines. The worker is not able to own the machinery. And he is no longer able to turn out his product without assistance. He has to co-operate with many others in producing. The development of labor saving machinery made this a necessity. The workers have to work together. It is therefore natural that they should now own the industries together.

Time was when each worker produced his own food, built his own house, and made his own clothes. He was practically independent of his fellow men. Private ownership was natural at that time.

But the industrial development from the hand tool to the labor saving machine, from small industry to great industry, has made such a life impossible. It has specialized the industries. It is no longer possible for us to get along without our fellow men. Industrial development has made us all mutually interdependent. It is to our interest to co-operate with each other. It is therefore natural that the people should now own the industries together.

The wage worker works part of the day for his wages and the rest of the day for nothing. It is a certainty that so long as the present capitalist system exists, the workers, by their labor, will enrich the few owners of the industries, instead of getting the benefit of their labor themselves. In order to get the benefit of their labor themselves, they must have the collective ownership and control of the industries which are now used for the purpose of robbing them.

The capitalists set the price of what the farmer sells. They also set the price of what the farmer buys. They pluck him in both operations, and thus lift the bulk of the value of his product right out of his hands and put it into their own pockets. In order to get the benefit of their labor themselves, the farmers also must have the collective ownership and control of those industries which are used for the purpose of robbing the workers.

So, Socialism becomes the logical, the natural and the necessary result of the evolution of the hand tool into the labor saving machine and the development of small industry into great industry. The development of the industries into trusts and combines has ripened them for collective ownership.

There is simply no other way for the people to come into their own.

The present capitalist system, by its own inherent nature, must infallibly work its own downfall.

Capitalism carries within itself the germ that dooms it to death.

Practically every move made by the capitalist class hastens the doom of capitalism. When they settle labor troubles by raising wages, they whet the appetite of the workingmen for the full value of their labor, which they can only get through Socialism; by lowering wages, they convince the working men that the Socialist ballot is their only hope.

It is the very nature and essence of capitalism to concentrate more wealth into the hands of a few. The more wealth a man acquires, the more he is able to squeeze out of other men.

When modern industry began to develop, the men who secured possession of the industries became wealthy. At that time they were considered wealthy if they were worth only a few thousand dollars. As time went on, they crowded their competitors out of business wherever possible and kept on increasing their wealth by pocketing the proceeds of other men's toil, until, in awestruck

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**KING TUT'S WEALTH**

(Continued from Page 10)

Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Persia, Greece, Rome, Carthage, and many we know not of, perished because the wealth of the empires drifted into the hands of the few, and they could not exist with the majority in slavery. We are not drifting, we are flying faster than time itself into destruction, because a few have monopolized all the resources of the earth. If you want this civilization to pass as others have passed, continue to stand pat and slave for the plutocrats. If you want this nation and others to exist, and develop their service for all the people, then you must wake up soon and help establish Socialism, which alone can preserve society by making the natural resources and access thereto, the property of all the people. Socialism or Barbarism?—C. L. D.

**RUSSIA FROM THE SHADOWS**

(Continued from Page 12)

mines are now in good condition again and that the output could be increased enormously if there were sufficient food for the miners."

It all comes back to supplying Russia with the necessary materials, machinery and food, in the opinion of McBride. "Russia can only be saved," he says, "if she can be supplied with the necessaries for keeping her industries going. There are huge markets right inside of Russia to take care of all her products. She needs no foreign markets for years to come. For the next five years, at least, all her industries could run at 100 per cent capacity just to satisfy home needs.

"I want to say this for the Soviet Government, that it is doing all that can possibly be done to remedy conditions. Remember, that it took our own country fifteen years to bring order out of chaos after our revolution. The great fact remains, as far as Russia is concerned, that the Russian people, suffering more than any other people ever suffered during the same length of time, are making a heroic struggle to get something worth while out of life. Soviet rule is firmly established and must be reckoned with by other countries in near future.

"The revolution as such is over. It no longer needs to be defended in the press and from the platform. Nor does Russia need technical help from the outside. I took this question up with the highest authorities and found that Russia has all the experts she needs right in her midst. The problem is to give them sufficient food, and to offer them a cultural life out in the provinces that is comparable at least in a measure to that of Moscow."

**NEVER MORE!**

Hark, now all ye Sons of Mothers!  
Don't you hear Greed's cry of pain?  
He is calling all your Brothers  
With another War's refrain.

How his slimy fingers itching,  
To be at the Nation's wealth;  
While you freeze in rotten ditches,  
He will roll in stolen pelf.

Heed him not, my brave Comrades,  
Kill your brother, not for him!  
He is but a vile traitor,  
Soul soaked deep in vicious sin.

Now again the bands are playing,  
While Old Glory proudly waves;  
And his lying lips are praying  
That Democracy you'll save.

Just remember, Soldier Brother,  
How they fooled us once before;  
And the oath we pledged each other--  
That we'd listen "Never More!"

—Thomas Richard Gaynor.

**EUROPE AFLAME**

(Continued from Page 3)

of the French Junkers but still the French people are in favor of the subjugation of Germany. For fifty years a psychological fear of Germany has dominated the French people and they are still afraid that if Germany should become strong again she will attack France.

The French peasants view the invasion as a defense of the homeland. The imperialists publicly proclaim it as such, but secretly know it is purely and simply an economic conquest.

In the three countries there is a strong group of workers protesting night and day against the French policy, but up to the present they are miserably in the minority.

The great fact remains that French Imperialism is now in the saddle and if not halted soon by some power or powers, the working class of Europe will be plunged into another bloody war.

Many Congressmen are going on junkets.  
They are afraid to go home.

\* \* \*

"The History of the Appeal" by Lincoln Phifer, will begin soon in serial form. Watch for it!

\* \* \*

I want to be of some use to Gene and our Cause. Here is a bunch of nine subs.—J. Sands, Weirton, W. Va.

**SOCIALISM IS INEVITABLE**

(Continued from Page 14)

whispers, men began to be pointed out whose fortunes ran up into the hundreds of thousands.

Then came millionaires.

Then multi-millionaires.

Then men worth a hundred million.

And two hundred million.

And three hundred million.

And, now, there are three or four men in America who are probably billionaires.

This process has been one of infinite tragedy.

One by one, the smaller businesses have been ruined by the big concerns.

Dun and Bradstreet report from a hundred and fifty to three hundred business failures every week with the regularity of clockwork.

This long and excruciating tragedy has hurled millions of small business men into the ranks of the working class, and shattered the opportunities of the rest of them under this system.

The development of capitalism has constantly decreased the number of people whose interests demand the retention of capitalism. And it has just as constantly increased the number of people whose interests demand the destruction of capitalism and the introduction of Socialism. So, at the present time, those whose interests demand the destruction of capitalism and the introduction of Socialism are in the overwhelming majority. The only reason they have not already destroyed capitalism and introduced Socialism is because they have not understood the situation. Nothing enslaves but ignorance. But the ignorance is fast being dispelled.

So, I say that capitalism carries within itself the germ that dooms it to death.

Its overthrow, and the consequent introduction of Socialism, is just as inevitable as the relentless march of time.

But it can be hastened, and it can be delayed.

See that you hasten it.

Send more copies. The one I had is worn out. Let us make it a million subs.—W. S. Daves, Brazos, Texas.

\* \* \*

I would rather read Debs' writings than those of any other writer.—A. G. Cornell, Dellvale, Kans.

**THE PASSING SHOW**

Why do they pick on Harding? He never did anything.

\* \* \*

Lame ducks are birds that were shot by the voters.

\* \* \*

Night-hoods were not in power when knighthood was in flower.

\* \* \*

Preachers who preach to empty churches seem to make the loudest noise.

\* \* \*

Harding finds a place for New. Government of the lame, by the halt, and for the blind.

\* \* \*

Taft wants to name another judge on the Supreme Bench. We we went to war to knock out Me and Mine Army, now we have Me and My Court.

\* \* \*

When a judge appears before a bootlegger it is a good joke. When a bootlegger appears before the same judge it is a fine joke.

\* \* \*

Harding complains that the progressives will not help him out. To a man up a tree it looks as if they're doing their best to help him, out.

\* \* \*

An article produced for a dollar and sold direct for a dollar and a half is not good business. When it goes thru a dozen hands and sells for twelve dollars, that's big business.

—John Flanagan

**ALBERT BAILIN**

(Continued from Page 7)

to Perevsk, Belskoi Valost. We moved out there and I worked for the farmers for 20 kopeks a day on the farms. My youngest brother and my father also worked at anything they could find. We then decided that I should go to America, to the home of the free and the land of the brave.

In 1910 I started to go to America. I stopped again to see all of our relatives in Kreslavka, and remained there for some time. From there I got into Germany, to Etkun. From there I went to Hamburg, where I remained for about two months, awaiting from my brother more money and a ticket. I had brothers in America. When I arrived in this country I came to Chicago.

—A. Balanow.

Send the Magazine one year. Long may Debs be spared to us.—Brodie, Morgan Burntisland, Scotland.