

JUNE NUMBER

# DEBS

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No. 10

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# NEWS FROM RUSSIA

DR. ELIZABETH SHAPLEIGH

The famine in the Volga district is making terrible suffering and a high death rate. I am in Buzulyk (which is a little over a hundred miles east of Samara). The Society of Friends, Quakers, have started headquarters for feeding the people. To almost wholly feed the 25,000,000 people who are affected by this famine is a terrible undertaking. The American public must be aroused to send food and clothing.

This is a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Homes have been provided to care for the children, and dining-rooms to feed the children who live at home. People from the outlying country districts, where the famine is felt worse because of lack of transportation, are pressing into the town. Parents leave their children in the market place or on the streets, and return to the country without them. They do this because they have heard that there are homes established for children only. These children wander about the streets crying, a bitter, moaning wail. Finally they are picked up in a more or less starving condition, and taken to a special house from which they are distributed to the proper home or hospital.

These children are in such a state of starvation when they enter this home, that every morning from ten to twenty dead children (and even more) are picked out from among the living ones as they lie crowded on the beds or on the floor. The faces of the living are pinched and white from starvation, and they are not much more than living skeletons, who sooner or later will die also.

People in the country are eating grasses, clay, leaves of trees, and weeds of various kinds. They make a kind of a bread out of them which has little food value.

Yesterday I visited a children's dining room where the children were receiving only some thin, dirty looking soup, and some cocoa without milk. They had no bread nor anything else. The soup was made of the bones of the head of beef creatures, of the legs below the knees, and a few livers, hearts and lungs. This soup has very little food value.

I wish I had a camera. If I had I would send some pictures to you. We seldom go anywhere—even to and fro to the office, but that we nearly step on some poor man, who, homeless, has wandered the streets until he dropped dead of starvation. As yet there is no epidemic, but we fear that typhus will come later. At present

they are dying by the hundreds of pure starvation.

At a town not far from Buzulyk there is a large building which was formerly used as a barracks for the men who worked in a Franco-Belgian factory. This building is divided into rooms 80x30 feet. Into this building children are being brought from all of the surrounding country. There will be about 2,000 children in this one house this winter. Already a train load of food supplies has been sent there.

Many requests for food and help are unanswered because at present there is comparatively little food here. It is like only a handful among these millions of starving people. One children's home which I visited had not sufficient beds, and about eight or ten boys from five to nine years of age were lying in a straight row on the floor, covered with the same comforter. The doctor introduced me, and they so heartily said "Thank you for the white bread," in Russian, that I wished Americans could hear them.

In the children's hospital where infants up to three years are placed, they have no milk of any kind, and have not had any except a few boxes of condensed milk which the Friends have given, which did not last long. When I saw those tiny babies, too small to speak, eating crusts of old black bread with a few spoonfuls of a thin dirty-colored soup; and knew that that was their daily food, I knew that few if any could survive. They must slowly starve, for that was not enough to sustain life. Their pitiful faces and low moanful wails were too much for one American relief worker, and he was forced to go out.

One relief worker, who has been in French, Polish and German relief work, said that she had never before seen anything to begin to compare with the terrible conditions here.

At present there is nothing to give adults, although they need it as much as the children. After the parents die of starvation there is no one to care for the children, and they soon die. Even if they are taken to the house, there are so many and the food so scarce and so thinly spread out, that what each receives will scarcely keep life in the child. Oh, if America would only hurry up with the food! If they could catch a glimpse of these pitiful, starving little faces, and hear this moaning wail (which you can scarce go on the street without hearing) they would empty their pockets to help save them.

FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT

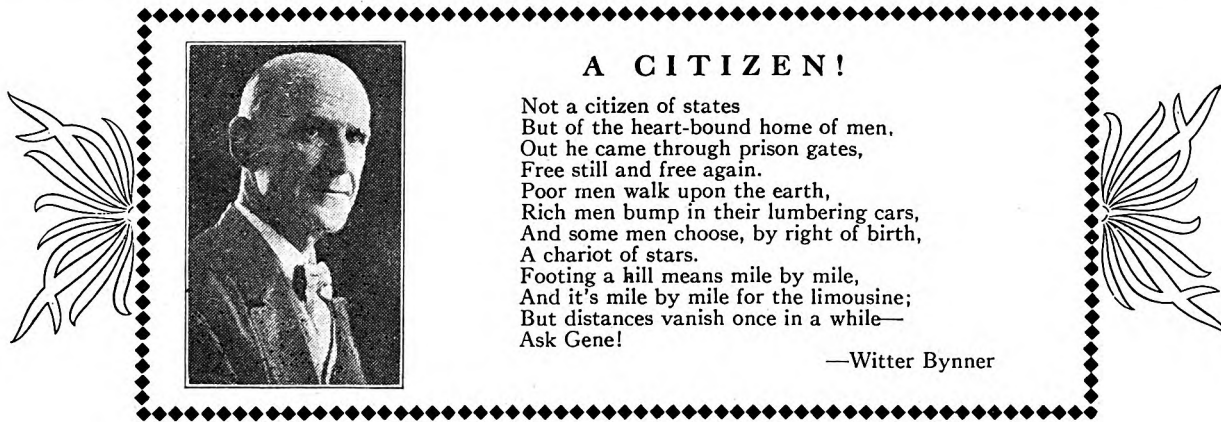
# DEBS MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Militant Socialism*

Vol. 1

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1922

No. 10



## A CITIZEN!

Not a citizen of states  
But of the heart-bound home of men,  
Out he came through prison gates,  
Free still and free again.  
Poor men walk upon the earth,  
Rich men bump in their lumbering cars,  
And some men choose, by right of birth,  
A chariot of stars.  
Footing a hill means mile by mile,  
And it's mile by mile for the limousine;  
But distances vanish once in a while—  
Ask Gene!

—Witter Bynner

## The War and the Workers

(By Theodore Debs)

The world of capitalism has been all but destroyed by the world war of capitalism. It would seem to be the irony of fate that the capitalist system, the system that, beyond any other in history, consumes and ravages and destroys, must eventually destroy itself. The war precipitated by the capitalist rulers upon one another, or rather upon their subjects and dupes, shook all of the institutions under their predatory system to their foundations. Some of these institutions collapsed wholly, others in part, while still others were subjected to radical and unexpected changes. In the chaos which followed and which still prevails throughout the world the capitalist masters are seeking vainly and striving frantically to prop up their collapsing system and perpetuate their corrupt and criminal misrule.

In this catastrophic ruin and disaster it is not strange that the revolutionary movement of the workers which advanced with such giant strides and gave promise of such glowing achievements before the war should also have been shaken violently in the general upheaval and subjected to the most crucial test in its history. It would have been a miracle indeed if this very thing had not happened.

There is no occasion to lament over this calamity so far as the international movement of the future is concerned. On the contrary its grim lessons and bitter experiences will prove in time to have been the making of the actual revolutionary movement for the overthrow of the savage despoilers and the emancipation of their exploited victims. Temporary trouble and vexation of spirit there are abundantly enough for us all in the present discordant and confounding aftermath of the great massacre, but these are only the birth-pangs of the worldwide readjustment that must inevitably follow and quite as inevitably result in a more thoroughly united, intelligent, powerful and militant international than would ever have been possible at a lesser cost to the workers.

Let us not, therefore, be discouraged or downcast for a single moment. Rather let us take heart of the revolutionary courage that fears not and conquers ever in the final contest, gird up our loins, marshal our hosts in battle-array under a united banner in spite of all attempts from within as well as without to keep us divided, and soon we shall be united within a single international and marching to victory shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart all around the world.

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# The Children to the Lions

By IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

By a unanimous vote, the Supreme Court of the United States has declared unconstitutional the Child Labor Law. Under the terms of this law, an excise tax of ten per cent was imposed on the net annual income of any mill, cannery, workshop, factory or quarry which employed children under 16 years of age.

Under its operation seventy per cent of the child toilers had quit the chains of their industrial slavery, and the free sunshine welcomed them again to their native inheritance of play.

Stript of all defense, helpless now against the grinding wheels and pounding hammers of industry, the army of little toilers is marshalled again to march into the pits of death.

Time after time the forces of militant motherhood and pitying chivalry sought to throw around them the arm of protection. Time after time, and year after year, the crusade went on, until finally the Congress of the United States passed, and the president signed, a law whose teeth closed sharply down on those who for their profit would harness little ones to the wheels of toil.

But not so easily is the wolf defeated, and not with such weak forceps may his glistening fangs be drawn. Before the august tribunal of the Supreme Court he crept, and his lawyers argued and fought, seeking to prove that the law was an outrage in free America.

The ancient doctrine of States Rights, once called upon to shelter the slave owner in secure possession of his human property, was dug up from its boneyard to rattle its dead bones in the hearing of the judges. And they, won over by its ghastly eloquence, pronounced the doom of death upon this shield of protection wrought in many decades of toil by the devoted labors of the lovers of little children.

They have struck down the defense of childhood, crippled the armies of the defenders of the little ones, and riveted again on tiny hands the manacles of industrial slavery.

By the mouth of William Howard Taft this infamous decision was rendered. Taft is the most completely repudiated man in American history. He was made president by the bulldozing of Theodore Roosevelt. In his four years of office he covered himself with the contempt of every living American. His most eloquent speech in his campaign for re-election was "Even a rat in a corner will fight," and he was the rat in a corner. By a vote so staggeringly decisive that it passed all precedent, Taft was repudiated, completely, decisively, overwhelmingly, and Woodrow Wilson was elected.

Then the wheels of time rolled round again. Harding was president; and his first act was to elevate into the seat of supreme power, a

power terminating only with death, a power supreme above Congress and President, and un-reachable by the people, the man whom all America had so unanimously thrown out.

This is the first decision that Taft's own hands have written and his own lips handed down. This is his reply to the America which thought it had rid itself of him—a mean, a contemptible, an infamous revenge! The fathers voted him out of office, and he avenges himself upon the children. Babies who were unborn when Taft ran for office must pay the penalty of his spite.

You who elected Wilson to get rid of Taft, and elected Harding to get rid of Wilson, when will you understand? It is not the man who does these things, it is the system which he represents. Taft, Wilson and Harding alike are masks of Capitalism. Taft in his decision shows the fear which drives him to do this thing.

"One must be blind" he says "not to see that the purpose of this law is to abolish child labor . . . Grant the validity of this law, and all that Congress would need to do hereafter in seeking to take over under its control any one of the great number of subjects of public interest . . . would be to enact a detailed measure of complete regulation and enforce it by a tax . . ."

Thus the children are enslaved as a defense against public ownership of public necessities. The little phalanx of tiny wage slaves serves as the first defense against the oncoming waves of the army of economic freedom.

When the German army seized the women and children of Belgium and used them as a screen against the fire of the allies, terrific indignation was thundered against them up and down our land, and the story of that conscription was used to speed recruiting.

Shall it not be so now? The little army of child toilers is used as a smoke screen by the owners of entrenched privilege. For this cause tiny hands are doomed to the mill and quarry again, tiny ankles must again bear the ball and chain—and the plutocratic jowls chuckle, and the swollen bellies of stolen prosperity heave and quake with mirth at the thought of their own cleverness.

Shall we not use this infamy to enlist recruits in our cause? Oh comrades, tell this foul thing abroad and multiply its echoes until it rings by every hearth.

There is no way of curing capitalism by piecemeal and patchwork. We must rebuild the structure on a foundation of solid economic truth. Production for profit is the source of all these woes; production for use is the only solution of them. There is no cure but Socialism!

# Soldiers and the Revolution

By Benoni O. Reynolds

(Late Captain, Field Artillery, 32nd Division, A. E. F.)

Four years ago this month the writer stood on the hill near Reddy farm, north of Chateau Thierry, beside the bodies of eight American boys, shot thru the helmet as they were approaching an enemy machine gun in the approved military fashion, bayonets to the front, their corporal in the center. Ten yards away in the machine gun pit lay the body of a flax-haired German boy, full of bayonet wounds inflicted by the avenging second wave of Americans.

Other dead dotted the fields, singly and in groups. Their faces were blue and swollen in the intense French sun, and flies gathered on them—soon to depart to the chow of the artillery batteries bivouaced near by.

"They all died in a good cause, they all died in a good cause," repeated a major to a squad of hospital men who were digging a big grave.

A "good cause!"

The cause of the World War was a "tariff on hogs" imposed by Austria-Hungary on Serbia, according to Monsignor Kelley writing in the Catholic Extension magazine. Woodrow Wilson in his St. Louis speech confirmed the assertions of the radicals who said it was a "commercial war." All wars in history have had their source in the quarrels of rival land-grabbers, and are the direct and inevitable outcome of an economic system which promotes the expropriation and exploitation of the masses for the benefit of a few privileged individuals. Any frank scholar must admit this fact. Besides wars are useful in keeping the working class in subjection.

Militarism is the accompaniment of the search of our greedy capitalists for new fields to exploit. We have only to look to Haiti, San Domingo, Nicaragua, free nations crushed under the iron heel of American imperialism, and to our threatening gestures toward Mexico to see that the World War did not change this rule.

Among the 6,000,000 unemployed who hungry tramp the streets of American cities, there are 600,000 former service men. They endured the horrors of the front, the insolence of petty bourgeois, suddenly elevated to officers' rank, the sickness of the camp; all to put the Kaiser out of his job. Now they have none of their own.

These men are beginning to comprehend the economic facts back of war, learning them in the hard knocks of the class struggle. And Congress turns down the cash bonus and dilly-dallies over a certificate bonus which would put a cold \$100,000,000 in the hands of the bankers.

Soldiers who have seen the front are not numerous among the marauders who, yielding

to the influence of the privileged class, have attacked free speech and free assemblage under the pretense of "upholding and defending the Constitution."

The men who have seen the horrors of war are dead set for peace. And they realize that only one remedy will remove the fundamental causes of nationalistic conflicts, and that is a change in the economic system which is responsible for them—the Social Revolution!

The spirit and motives of our men in France were admirable. There is much that is praiseworthy in patriotism. But let us have real patriotism, not "paytriotism"; a real love of country and not a system of government that puts the dollar mark before human values.

There is much that is good in Americanism, but let us have real Americanism of men endowed with certain inalienable rights, Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. Let us strive to attain this ideal by peaceful means, remembering "that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it!"

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## MAHTMI GHANDI

To Gandhi has been given the power, as to few religious leaders in the history of mankind, to mold and impress the spiritual life of a great people. In India they compare him with Jesus and Buddha, and without blasphemy they have regarded him as the living incarnation of a new spiritual and mystic message on earth. He has unified the warring factions in India as no British authority ever dreamed they could be unified. The "untouchables" and the outcasts, the caste system, the age-long hatreds between Hindu and Muhammadan—all the rigid and ugly imperfections of Indian civilization, have yielded to the purity and supreme spiritual confidence of this extraordinary man. The revolutionists of India abandoned their violent plans for a general and bloody rising before his eloquent fervor. He had only gone a little way toward his goal, but in this world, so spiritually arid since the terrible holocaust in Europe, his was a unique career burdened with an irresistible message for human brotherhood.

It is a mistake to suppose that with the arrest of Gandhi the harbingers of violence in India will be able to seize for their own purpose the Indian National movement which he has built up. Gandhism is no longer personal creed, but a great popular movement in India. As Gandhi goes to prison he leaves with his followers the same message that his lieutenants who were liberated: "Abandon violence."

—Editorial in Christian Science Monitor.

# Current Comment

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Gifford Pinchot's victory in winning the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania is a token of the breaking up of the Old Guard. Pinchot is only an amiable sort of liberal, with leanings toward the Committee of 48, of which his brother Amos Pinchot was a founder. But coming in the rockribbed old state of Boies Penrose and Matthew Quay, his winning of the Republican Senatorial nomination shows a slight improvement in the thug-ridden state of Steel. Pepper and Pinchot are "good men" in a state owned and controlled by the worst industrial monopoly known outside of West Virginia. We haven't any hope of their accomplishing much, but it is cheering to know that Pennsylvania can have a spasm of conscience now and then.

\* \* \*

France has wrecked the Genoa convention by demanding that all Russian affairs shall be decided by a committee on which no Russians shall be allowed to sit. Nothing funnier has ever come out of a "war for democracy and self-determination" since that hoary slogan of deception and fraud was first coined back in the days of Pharaoh.

\* \* \*

Lloyd-George is heading rapidly toward an alliance between England, Russia and Germany. Disgusted with France, and unable to count on Harding's administration knowing its own mind for two days in succession, the wily Welshman is constructing a psychological basis for recognizing an economic necessity. England, the world's greatest commercial nation; Germany, the world's greatest scientific nation, and Russia, the world's richest nation in natural resources are being forced together by the stern hand of the economic necessity. Production and exchange of commodities being the process on which national commerce and national life depend, the skilled politician is he who sees where that process tends and grabs what he can while the grabbing is good.

\* \* \*

Seven times the Children's Crusade, led by Kate Richards O'Hare, has marched up to the gates of Jericho—represented in this case by the door of the White House—and been repulsed. President Harding does not intend to see the children of the political prisoners, and his door is closed to them, on the advice of Attorney General Daugherty.

\* \* \*

But meanwhile Daugherty is fighting for his life. By an act of insane idiocy, "normal" to a Republican administration, he ordered the dismissal of an army captain employed by the Department of Justice, for the crime of "disloyalty"

—not disloyalty to the nation, but to the Department. This Disloyalty consisted in telling Congressmen certain facts about the war graft of profiteers which caused the Attorney General's office to appear remarkably like an ordinary thieves' roost. Hundreds of millions of dollars worth of government supplies were sold to the lowest bidder, instead of to the highest bidder, at prices that hardly paid for the paper on which the bill of sale was written. After trying in vain to have the Department do something about it, the captain in question told some of his former buddies in the service about it. Hence he is dismissed for "disloyalty!"

Take note of this, ex-soldiers. A man who risked his life in battle is disciplined for "disloyalty" for revealing theft by an administration which cannot find a means for caring for its wounded and injured soldiers. This is the gratitude the warrior gets.

It is mean to say "We told you so" so we won't say it; but that subdued chuckle you hear is the sound of the Socialists you legionnaires persecuted, laughing in their sleeves.

\* \* \*

Newberry's admission to the United States Senate opens the money barrels again. They had been a trifle tight since the corrupt practices act was passed; but now that the Supreme Court has decided that it's all right to buy an election, provided you win, the good old days seem to be coming back. In Washington they are circulating a badge showing a white berry marked by a black dollar sign, bearing the legend "G. O. P. New Berry." In Wisconsin the Stalwarts are are raising a slush fund of millions to defeat La Follette. John D. Rockefeller gave \$5,000 to a New York lawyer to help defeat LaFollette. The lawyer cashed the check and disappeared, and now poor John D. is howling for his \$5,000 back.

Money is in the saddle and riding hard. But the stench and savor of this putridity is awakening the consciences of the people, doped for so long with war-patriotism. Beveridge's victory in Indiana and Pinchot's victory in Pennsylvania are direct results. The times are ours, if we can but make the people see that purchase of political office is a necessary result of capitalistic ethics.

\* \* \*

This is only one more instance of the vicious corruption of American courts. The American courts are not rotten, they are absolutely putrid and no decent citizen can ever have anything but contempt for them so long as they are bought and sold by the eminently respectable profiteers who are ravishing the Goddess of Liberty in her own home.

Harding, an open enemy of Socialism, set Gene Debs free. But Socialists, professed friends and lovers of Gene, are in grave danger of murdering him with kindness. The constant procession of visitors and "friends" to Terre Haute gives no rest to the overstrained body that has championed the cause of labor so valiantly and so long.

Let Gene alone! Don't go to Terre Haute without an express invitation. Give him a chance to recover his strength; and don't think that the progress of humanity depends on your converting Gene Debs to Socialism. He doesn't need long lectures from new comrades. He needs rest, and is entitled to it. Help him get well. Send a greeting, but stay away.

\* \* \*

That the "American Valuation" tariff is intended to conceal outrageous profits made on manufactured goods is shown by Senator Capper of Kansas in a list of tariff rates prepared from the schedules proposed. His list shows:

Eighty-one chemicals; Underwood bill 16 per cent, Payne-Aldrich 18, Senate bill 33, house bill 71.

Seventy-eight wool items; Underwood 35 per cent, Payne-Aldrich 57, Senate bill 51, House bill 78.

Eighty-seven silk items; Underwood 44, Payne-Aldrich 52, Senate 55, House 83.

One hundred and twenty-four paper items, Underwood 16, Payne-Aldrich 28, Senate 28, House 36.

Two hundred and thirty seven wood items, Underwood 12, Payne-Aldrich 18, Senate 19, House 41.

Advocates of high tariff always claim that the working man gets the benefit, because high tariffs enable the manufacturer to pay high wages. So far, so good. The tariff undoubtedly enables him to pay high wages; but the next question is, does he do it? The answer is clear. He does not. The highest protected industries are always the lowest paid. Neither high tariff nor low tariff is of any particular benefit to labor, until labor controls the industries and regulates its income by the value of its product. This is the goal of militant socialism.

\* \* \*

Now that we are getting some rest from the psychology of the World War just passed and before the next one begins that France is forcing upon Europe the public mind seems to be clearing up somewhat or shall we say returning to "normalcy." This is greatly evidenced by courts granting damages to men mobbed during the raids of the paytriot and 100 per centers, and other indications too numerous to mention.

\* \* \*

One of the most remarkable of such cases and one that stands out as the most outrageous act of the respectable mobs that terrorized the country for three years is that of the Centralia Conspiracy against the I. W. W. This case is too recent in our memory to require reviewing. The startling

feature of the situation is that the men on the jury that convicted the seven I. W. W.'s are reversing their decision made under duress and a misunderstanding of the facts. It will be remembered that when Vandever, counsel for the defendants, endeavored to show a conspiracy on the part of the paraders to attack the I. W. W. Headquarters the judge refused to admit the evidence and the jurors were even prevented from hearing the arguments made by the attorneys for its admission.

\* \* \*

Up to the present three men who voted for conviction have made sworn statements reversing their opinions, made in the jury room two years ago and for which seven innocent men are serving long sentences of imprisonment. Without any question many more of the jurymen will take the same stand. The men claim that the facts in the case were withheld from them and they did not learn the true situation until the trial was over and they were released from jury service. In spite of this and the great pressure brought upon the jury by the patriotic business element of the community, the element that lynched Wesley Everest, the men claim that a trial ballot taken before the discussion began resulted in an unanimous acquittal for the accused. It was only after much argument and a thorough understanding among themselves that a recommendation be given the court for leniency that the jury agreed upon the verdict that has since become famous in labor history and American jurisprudence.

\* \* \*

These three men are now of the opinion that the prisoners were absolutely innocent of the crimes charged and that they never could have been convicted had they not belonged to the I. W. W. This proves beyond cavil that the men on the jury voted for conviction for the reason only that they feared to release the men in the face of the murderous mob spirit worked up in and around Centralia by the respectable robbers who had control of public opinion. The fate of Everest was all too recent in their minds and they did not have the courage to acquit these men and face the wolves that were demanding their blood. This of course is much to be regretted but even so they are to be credited with making an effort to right the base wrong they have committed against their fellows.

\* \* \*

The Mooney Case still smells to high heaven. Ninety per cent of the people know Tom Mooney and his associates to be innocent. The Courts that had charge of the case have admitted his innocence but because they have been found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment upon the perjured testimony of criminals, there is no remedy in California Law to have them released or even obtain for them a new trial. Such is justice in this great land of freedom. The law can be twisted forty ways from breakfast, and broken in a hundred places to railroad working men and women to the

filthy dungeons of the capitalist system, but there is no possible way of getting a person out of jail after he is once there, no matter how innocent he may be.

\* \* \*

Governor Stephens says that he cannot pardon Mooney and the others because there is no evidence that the labor movement wants them released. All too true in part. The labor grafters who have been in control of the labor movement on the coast and in many other places do not want Mooney released. These labor politicians have played hand in glove with all the enemies of the working class in America and it is high time that a thorough house cleaning were made of the organized labor in this nation from "Sammy the Gump" down to the doorkeeper in the smallest union, who does not come out openly for the political and industrial solidarity of all workers the world over.

\* \* \*

In the meantime if you belong to an organization of any kind, do not delay your action on either of these cases. The Governors of both California and Washington should be notified in unmistakable terms that we expect the immediate release of all the workers in their jurisdiction that have been convicted upon trumped-up charges or frame-ups. Let these Governors know where you stand!

\* \* \*

The kept press is howling itself hoarse over the commandeering of church treasures by the Soviet Government. Yet the good work goes on and gold, silver, jewels and precious stones by the ton are being garnered and sold to feed the famishing babes of that unfortunate land. No church or institution, public or private, has a right to retain vast treasures while the populace perishes with hunger and disease. The church authorities and capitalist press have made a stout fight against the procedure but to any thinking person it seems the church should have been the first to aid the miseried millions with every resource at its command. No better evidence can be given of the continued awakening of Russia than the gathering of these age long treasures to be used for the people.

\* \* \*

A most astounding case of brutal indifference to the needs of his fellows and his duties both to religion and society was that of the old Archbishop Tikhon, head of the Russian Church. He did all in his power to obstruct the work and when interrogated on the witness stand for his actions he bluntly stated it was no business of his if all the people in Russia perished for lack of food. This is nothing new. It has been the stereotyped attitude of religious grafters for ages. They cared nothing that the poor, and oppressed of earth starved and died by the millions so long as church supremacy was inviolate. It may take more revolutions such as the Russian before the church will awaken to its duties and recognize that institutions which perform no service to society have no moral right to exist.

That there is an awakening going on in religious circles the world over is quite true and it is making rapid headway with those whose religion is anything more than a graft. At the Conference on Christianity held in Evanston, Ill., recently by the Methodist Episcopal Church a bomb was thrown by Prof. John H. Gray of Carleton College that may be very far reaching in its effects. Professor Gray completely repudiated capitalism and pointed out quite clearly that Capitalism and Christianity are antipodal and can in no wise be reconciled.

"Our economic order," he continued, "rests on the theory of private property, freedom of individual contract, and the universality and beneficence of competition. The theories on which we act grew out of circumstances that have entirely disappeared with the appearance and development of capitalism.

"When this system took shape, society was virtually stagnant, and if the amount of production increased, the surplus went to the producers in fairly equal portions. Rapid invention, discovery and the development of capitalism with its working classes without ownership enormously increased this surplus, and caused it to go to the owners of the means of production, to the virtual exclusion of the workers.

"Such a system is incompatible with as wide a political franchise as we have today."

With a few more staunch champions like Professor Gray in the college and church Christianity may yet have a chance to be tried and proven successful. More power to Prof. Gray.

\* \* \*

The colossal expenditure of the people's money by reckless profligates in Washington claiming to represent them goes on unabated. The outrageous appropriations made for the postal service are coming to the fore. A little burg down in Arkansas, by name Eldorado, population 4,000, was allowed \$250,000 for a post office. It is surely an Eldorado for political grafters and corrupt office holders. Yet the people permit it to continue and when they get tired of Harding as they nearly are now, they will replace him and his bunch of pirates by another crew that will do their best to scuttle the Ship of State. On with the dance!

\* \* \*

Socialists more than all else should be informed as to the conditions in our prisons and do all in their power to eliminate them. We have just been notified of the destruction by fire of the State Prison Library at Huntsville, Texas. The prisoners are making every effort to collect books and periodicals to re-establish it in some manner. Donations of books and magazines will be greatly appreciated. Please act now! Gather up all the books you can spare and forward them direct to the prison. Do not delay. Suppose you were shut in for your life or for many years with nothing to read or think about except the brutality of capitalism and all its horrors. Forward the books!

Debs Magazine is fine.—John H. Guise, Cactus, Ariz.



# FOOLS' GOLD

By IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

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All Asia is in turmoil, for India, Lure of the World, has awakened from her long sleep.

Since the days of Pharaoh, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the eyes of men were turned toward India and their ships and caravans left the palmy distance to reach her.

For the castes of India manufactured such woven work and jewelry, such cotton and silken fabrics, such metalware and rugs, as men and women the whole world over coveted for their own.

Caravans from Egypt and caravans from China have gone into India since history began, taking thence camel loads of precious freights.

Control of the trade with India governed the rise and fall of empires. Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Venice, Genoa, Islam—all of these brought their precious things from the handicraftsmen of India, who in their immemorial villages wrought and forged as their forefathers had done; until Mohammed welded the fierce desert tribes into an all conquering sword, and barred the way to India from the questing merchants of the West.

Then Columbus sailed toward the setting sun, and Vasco da Gama clove the dark seas to the South of Africa. The gates of the East swung open, and the doors of the sunset were unveiled.

Then wars were fought for mastery of these seas. The ships of England drove from the seas the ships of Spain, of Holland and of France and England built an empire in India.

France, disinherited and dispossessed, built the Suez Canal to cut through her way to India by sea; and England stole the Suez Canal.

Germany tried to build a railroad from Berlin to Bagdad, to cut into the trade with India; and England, with America's help in four years of war destroyed the dream of Hindenburg.

But now in that mad jealousy of trade, France is building a railroad from Paris to Bagdad; and all the hatred that once flamed between Germany and England burns now between the erstwhile allies, England and France.

But while the Western nations plan further mutual murder for her control India takes fire. The ancient guilds of India have awakened. They will no more manufacture for the British raj. No more will they destroy their own industries, centuries old and rich with marvellous inheritance of skill and pattern, to swell the market of a Lancashire mill owner.

The guilds of India are making and buying their own products. Cotton weaver, silk weaver, metal worker, potter, jeweller, their

cry is all "India for India"; and the throne of the British raj totters, and the golden stream flowing into his coffers shrinks and dries away.

While the heir to the throne of the King-Emperor drives through sullen silent streets, and makes long speeches to empty and deserted halls, Gandhi the Liberator though in prison sways uncounted millions by his slightest word.

India is all aflame, and stolid China catches the blaze. Betrayed by her mentors and allies, sold by those she trusted to keep their plighted word, China begins to bestir and awaken. Her students carry burning words to her illiterate millions. Even while the bankers of America and Europe conspire fresh robberies and plan new loot, the thronging multitudes of China band themselves with bloody oaths against the thieveries of the West.

Japan, rudely awakened from her centuries—long sleep amid plumb-blossoms and chiming bells by the mailed hand of America hammering at her temple doors, began to arm herself and to take lessons from her conquerors. Now she stands armed and ready, dominating the East, with a memory of many insults and long drawn humiliations to be avenged.

So the planet spins on in its brief circle round the sun; and life for each one of us flashes like a spark in the darkness; and we conspire to spend that fleeting instant of mortal existence in hates and rivalries, steeping the planet in blood and misery for the treacherous glitter of worthless gold!

---

## POLICE PERSECUTION

Comrade Harry Jaffe, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested and fined \$5 for selling Debs Magazine on the streets of New York City. This in the home of the Goddess of Liberty is enough to make a horse laugh! We have released Debs from jail. Now we must guarantee that his message shall reach the workers, so his flaming pen may compel the release of all prisoners. Send your contribution to the Debs Magazine Legal Fund—Today!

---

The humble give the great their dignity,—  
Their obedience makes them command;  
But the light is breaking for eternity  
O'er the desert lies but one sand;  
The humble will have their own  
Forever to stand.

—Fred Kant.

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**DEBS MAGAZINE**  
A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Editor Managing Editor  
IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER CHARLES L. DRAKE

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MAN; AND MANY OTHERS.

### CHICAGO LABOR'S FIGHT

By raids, indictments and wholesale crusades of vigilantes, Chicago business is out to crush organized labor. A series of raids and confiscations has been launched against every union connected with the building trades and the moving-picture theaters. The press proclaims that in this cleaning up of crooks, all the heads of organized labor stand in peril.

We're for the crusaders. Here's hoping they put dozens of union men in jail and smash the union treasuries good and hard. There is no other way in which labor will learn the lesson that political power is the price of its own safety.

Union labor was honeycombed with spies and paid agents. Strikes were bought and paid for. Graft was the order of the day. Whenever anyone raised a protest, he was treated with violence. Whenever Socialists tried to make their fellow members understand that political power is a necessity in order to protect industrial rights, they were hooted and hissed off the floor.

When the confession of Albert Balanow, a secret service spy, an operative for the Burns and the Thiel detective agencies, was made to the editor of this paper, an effort was made to raise a fund from the unions mentioned in his confession for the prosecution of the case. Balanow named men in official positions in many unions as being representatives of the detective agencies. Several times the membership voted funds to prove out the case, only to have secret pressure from mysterious sources kill the appropriation.

Many evils exist in the building situation. But these evils are directly traceable to the competition among contractors. It is to the interest of each contractor to cripple his competitors by buying strikes. Facing this peril he finds it much cheaper to pay a small and regular tribute than to run the risk of a strike bought by a competitor and rival. From such a basis an interlocking system has grown up by which the business agent is forced to stand between rival employers, taking tribute from each.

The interest of the union man is to keep

working at the highest wage he can command. What method his representative uses to enforce his interest is immaterial. He wants a steady job at high wage, simply because he is ordinarily a man with a wife and family to support, and he can support them only through his trade.

The present fight centers around the Landis award, which was the concluding act of Kene-saw Mountain Landis before leaving the judicial bench for the baseball bench. Himself about to receive a salary of around \$50,000 a year, Judge Landis ruled that the average building trades worker must be content with \$35 or \$40 a week maximum pay in times of steady work. Landis had been accepted as an arbitrator by many of the trades, but when his decision was made they rose in rebellion against it.

This gave the Citizens Committee to Enforce the Landis Award a handle, and right skilfully are they using it. Whenever a bomb is planted or an officer shot, raids against union headquarters follow. By the confession of Balanow it was made abundantly evident that the commonest tools of the enemy of labor are the planted bomb and the secret bullet, fired by a paid agent of detective concerns or of the capitalist powers themselves. But public sympathy has been so worked up and worked upon by the newspapers and the discreditable series of events preceding, that labor's defense gets no hearing. Without a press and without any political representation, labor's back is against the wall.

The Farmer-Labor party, started by the Chicago Federation of Labor, was a dismal fizzle. Without a definite platform and lacking discoverable principles, it had no backbone with which to survive a single defeat.

Unless labor the country over learns the simple lesson of Socialism, that the state is the weapon of the master class, the executive committee of the dominant power, its organizations are doomed. Until it learns that it must possess itself of political power, it can survive only by selling itself out to those who are possessors of political power.

Corruption in labor is not due to the inherent wickedness of the hand that toils, but to the inherent crookedness of the capitalist system, which places a premium on possession and a penalty on production. While it endures, labor officials must make the best terms they can with the dominant class.

Until labor shall produce for itself, undertaking contracts without the intervention of the contractor, each industry handling its own product until it reaches the consumer, labor must continue on the defensive, bearing at each crisis the burden of unworthiness thrust upon it by the system itself.

Socialism is the only remedy.

# Wisps From Timothy Bay

By C. L. D.

Prohibition cannot abolish poverty tho it is fast disa-beer-ing.

• • •

"Jazz Dying Out." May it rest in peace, it has suffered long.

• • •

"Judge Rules Wife is Worth \$8,000." Cash or conversation?

• • •

"The World Is Awakening." That's snooze to us.

• • •

Some people use a mighty big gun in discharging very small duties.

• • •

Congress wants to repeal a few laws. Why not re-peal the Old Liberty Bell?

• • •

Recently a colored child was sent by parcels post. Another case of blackmail!

• • •

If any battleships are really scrapped, the junkers may redeem themselves.

• • •

"We are robbed by profiteers and farmers." More accurately the former than the farmer.

• • •

Franklin said, "There never was a bad peace." Ben never ordered pie in a Bowery restaurant.

• • •

Each nation is trying hard to make its own "jog" in the geography.

• • •

"Navy to Cost Less." We have noticed nothing going down but submarines.

• • •

They have abolished every stein but the Holstein. That's an udder story.

• • •

Morgan says he does not see so many poor people as formerly. Course not, they don't come out—afraid of the autos.

The average business man will tackle any deal but an ideal.

\* \* \*

The Call of Liberty is always a radi-cal.

\* \* \*

Cast your doughnuts on the waters, they may return as life-savers any time.

\* \* \*

"Scientists say, we have conquered the air." If our nose knows, the stock-yards district has not yet surrendered.

\* \* \*

Opportunity knocks for every-one once, they say, but in all too many cases she knocks them out

\* \* \*

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? It isn't since all other spirits have departed.

\* \* \*

The girls have a new style in lingerie. Can't tell the whole story—it's an Arabian Nightie.

• • •

Ford objects to the endless stream of money flowing to the Hebrews. Why? It flows thru the gen-tiles.

\* \* \*

Cupid might launch oftener on the matrimonial sea were it not for the high cost of courtships.

\* \* \*

Man arrested with nine bottles of whiskey released. Judge couldn't make a case out of nine bottles.

\* \* \*

Scientists say "Birds Smell with Difficulty." Too bad we can't make some use of our difficulties.

\* \* \*

"In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling."—but the Goddess of Prosperity still refuses to gloam.

\* \* \*

Some of our prominent citizens complain of hold-up men. They might not be able to get home if they were not held up.

A Swedish butler may be de-ported for falling in love with a rich girl. Hans across the sea!

\* \* \*

Miss Mathilda McCormick says, "My millions do not bother me." Of course not, her millions bother lots of other folks!

\* \* \*

Morgan says, "Money goes farther than it used to." It sure does, Morgue, but it does not take us along.

\* \* \*

"Prosperity is Turning the Corner." Corner of the universe between Jupiter and Betelguese.

• • •

A man made a big fortune from moonshining. He says he inherited the money. Probably a boot-legacy.

• • •

We thought Mexico would settle down, but how can it under O'Bregon.

\* \* \*

Judge Gary has been made an L.L. D. by Northwestern University. Quite properly. The Steal President is an expert at doctoring the laws.

\* \* \*

"I could not find anyone in America that suits me," said Miss McCormick. Probably not, livery stables have been out of style for some time over here.

"Coming Generations Must Pay War Debts." Posterity left at the post.

\* \* \*

We have had some hard headed ministers at the Court of St. James, but it is the first time we have had any harvey-ized.

\* \* \*

Einstein has discovered the theory of relativity, but it will take a Zwei-stein to discover Harding's Prosperity.

# Six Great Souls

CLARENDON ROSS

## Leonid Andreyev

(1871-1919)



Walls, walls, walls.  
I found myself enclosed by walls:  
The granite wall of natural law,  
The bloody wall of the laws of man,  
The slippery wall of my own mind,  
The murky wall of the unknown,  
The iron wall of fate,  
The gray wall of old age,  
The lofty wall of death.  
On these seven walls I pounded  
Till I fell by the wall of death  
At the age of forty-eight.  
Perchance you that now live  
Have gained the way to freedom?

## August Strindberg

(1849-1912)



From crag to crag  
Flew my restless spirit,  
Settling for a moment,  
Then sweeping on.  
At one time or another  
I was skeptic,  
Materialist, pessimist,  
Determinist, individualist,  
Nietzschean, Swedenborgian.  
At length my claws wore down;  
This was why, on my death bed,  
I asked for the Bible,  
And muttered—  
Placing it on my breast—  
"This is the best book of all."

## Leo Tolstoy

(1828-1910)



By the cold lamp of reason I wrought five laws  
Which would bring to earth the Kingdom of God:

Be not angry,  
Run not after women,  
Take no oath,  
Return not evil for evil,  
Make no war.

I wanted to rest on these laws,  
But, in the final analysis, could not.  
There was something further, something larger.  
Wherefore, in my last hours,  
I fled into the wilderness.

## Henrik Ibsen

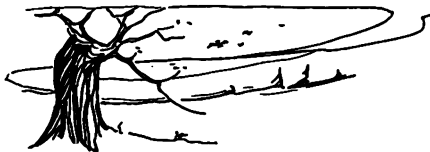
(1828-1906)



Some little wooden animals I had on my table  
I used them to represent persons  
While I was building my plays.  
By degrees the toys overpowered me  
So that I could no more depict real persons . . .  
I started out bravely, with my feet to the road;  
Realist I was, and a great moral force:  
In drama, and in letters in general,  
I, more than any other, planted the idea  
Of social guilt and social conscience,  
So that the modern age has been named after me,  
And no name would serve better.  
But by degrees the toys overpowered me.  
I wandered into the misty wood of symbolism,  
And there I lost myself.  
Now a symbol—speaking in terms dramatic—  
Is nothing more than a huge "aside";  
'Tis something the audience apprehends,  
But not a part of the play's own reality,  
And not perceived by the players themselves.  
One day, after I had dispatched my latest,  
Suddenly came to me this question:  
"Isn't life just a huge 'aside'?"  
Thereafter I wrote no more plays,  
But for seven years sat at my table  
And fumbled with the little images.

## Friedrich Nietzsche

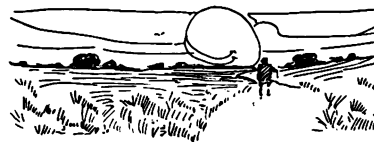
(1844-1900)



In the long night-time of my last eleven years,  
Glimmered one star of conscious thought.  
Whose pale ray fell along the vista of my life  
And made me loathe myself . . .  
The last words I wrote were these  
On a slip of paper in my study:  
"I am taking narcotic after narcotic  
To drown my agony.  
Today I will take such a quantity  
As will drive me out of my mind."  
And so it happened—I was driven out.  
But I had held it as one of my doctrines  
That incurables should be exterminated.  
Now why did I not exterminate myself  
Instead of becoming one of those very incurables,  
Those blighting fungi on the tree of life,  
Whom I condemned?  
This thought was my sponge of vinegar  
In the eleven years of darkness.  
But now I am quietly resting  
Beneath the sod of your Christian Democracy.

## Walt Whitman

(1819-1892)



Oh what joy it was to live!  
To loaf along the open road of the country,  
To lounge along the bustling street of the city.  
Oh, how those two mistresses,  
The country and the city,  
Fought over me!  
Never for long was I possessed by either of them.  
Oh, the smell of the lilac blossom, and the smell of  
the hot asphalt!  
Oh, the song of the hermit thrush, and the song of  
the locomotive!  
Oh, the gait of the rolling ocean, and the gait of the  
omnibus!  
Oh, to live from top to toe!  
To soul it and to body it,  
To saint it and to sinner it.  
Oh, the vision that enwrapped me as in a flag of  
stars,  
The vision of the beautiful city of comrades!  
Look closely! Walt Whitman is not dead.  
I spring up everywhere and forever.  
Look for me under your boot soles.

---

## A TERRIBLE SOMETHING

By George N. Falconer

Many thousand years ago, on the desert, there lived a tribe that crawled in the dust. All its members, men, women and children, crawled along on their hands and knees, eyes fixed on the dust and the mire. And no one had ever dared to look up. For the tribe believed that above in the sky loomed a Terrible Something—something intended to crush them—and if a man looked up, then he would instantly die.

One day a very old man, crawling along in search of food, suddenly fell exhausted at full length upon the ground. His eyes for a moment were turned to the sky. In his eyes flashed a look of amazement and joy. With a shout he staggered to his feet.

"Brothers," he cried, "look up! Here is no terrible thing! Here is only—"

But his speech was stopped. For his neighbors, in blind terror at his boldness, their eyes still fixed upon the dust, reached up and pulled the old man down—and choked him till he died.

And so the tribe crawled on.

But one man, who was young and filled with fierce revolt at the thought of the long weary life ahead, a life in the mire and dust—thought to himself of the old man's cry. It was with him while he toiled all day, it rang in his ears in the night.

At last, one dazzling morning, he suddenly leaped to his feet. He threw up his head, gave one glad look, burst into a peal of laughter.

His laughter was cut off. He too was dragged down by frenzied hands. He too was choked to death.

But his laughter—and the old man's cry began now to work in the minds of others.

Two men, by sidelong looks and whispers, resolved to spring up together. This they did. Before they could both be dragged into the dust a third man had risen, then a fourth! And soon a score of young men were upon their feet shouting,

"Brothers, look up! Here is nothing terrible! Here is only a bright blue sky, and a flashing sun, and air to breathe."

And from that day onward the tribe walked erect.

The great only appear great because we are on our knees. Let us rise.

Cleanse the mind of superstition. Dare to think! Stand erect! Be Slave to no one—not even to yourself! Unite with your fellows and help make this world a decent place to live in. Be not afraid. "A Terrible Something" is only a myth, a fake. Fear is the jailor of the mind. "The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded."

# Correspondence

Dear Editor:

Public Ownership and Democratic Control of all Large-Scale Industries is all the platform we need. It includes both political and industrial democracy and the rental business, being a large scale industry, it, also, includes the land question. Yet it very beautifully leaves the home untouched. There is nothing can be done for the common cause that could not be consistently done under this one demand. Then why mar its simplicity and detract its force by making other demands?

Such a demand, standing alone, would have a hundred times more force than it would make in connection with other demands. Standing alone this all important thought would get undivided attention. Its wisdom would be so self evident, its significance so great and its structure so short that its force would be beyond calculation. No one could see or hear such a platform without having it indelibly stamped upon his memory forever. Think how easily we could familiarize the voters with it. Then think of the years we have labored in vain, trying to acquaint them with our long platforms. Notice how sharply it draws the line between the interest of capital and labor. What laboring man could be so dull as to stand on the wrong side of such an issue?

The briefness of such a platform would enable us to carry it at advertising rates in all the daily papers. We could post it on billboards along every public highway. We could have it flashed upon the screen of every moving picture show. It would be so short and forceful men could not dismiss it from their minds. They could neither forget nor get away from it. In all their trials of life, including every hour of despondency, it would be with them, not as a party name, but as a great redeeming truth, pleading for fair consideration.

Where a long platform would never get a reading, it would be heard, respected, considered and obeyed.

—H. D. Winniford, Dallas, Texas.

We are delighted with Debs Magazine.

—Addie D. Fries, San Diego, Calif.

Here's hoping that Gene can consolidate the radical forces into a steam roller that will carry him up the White House steps the next election.

—F. R. Walker, Puente, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Comrade, far friend, near foe—I'm yours but to command;

Do the best with what you know, and here's sweet Freedom's hand.

Not knowing what you did, this little's enough to say; I must accept your bid and grant you right of way. Subject to suggestion's laws I bend my royal self, To fold my muse's claws like mummy on a shelf.

Red flames from my campfire snap many a wanton spark,

With it's burning heart's desire to light someone in the dark. —Phebe J. Price, Seattle, Wash.

## BACK NUMBERS WANTED

Many requests have been made for the August Issue (No. 1) of Debs Magazine, including the New York Public Library which requested a full file for reference service. The supply has long been exhausted and if any of the comrades in the field have this number and do not care to preserve it, we shall be glad to receive copies of it and forward to those demanding it.

Editor Debs Magazine.

Dear Comrade:

The underlying cause of all our misery is ignorance; and the worst of that is the ignorance we display choosing our representatives in government. We give to the most ignorant a full vote, compelling him to vote about things and for people he knows nothing about. I even voted for Woodrow Wilson; found out my mistake too late.

Now such a state must be altered, and I propose the following plan. The people to be divided into units, say of a hundred or two, and these to select one to represent them on all occasions and throw their combined vote. A voter can select the right one from a hundred, and this ends his responsibilities and his duty. Then a hundred of such representatives to come together and elect amongst themselves one to represent them, with power to throw their combined votes. That's all they have to do and we have 10,000 citizens voting unani- mously, we keep up that system till we have at the head about a hundred honest, intelligent men; into whose hands we intrust all our government affairs. All subject to the initiative, referendum and recall.

Fraternally,

Edward Stavenow.  
Canton, O.

Dear Editor:—The March issue of Debs Magazine came my way and is filled with interesting matter.

Its references to the inquiry which is up by Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison was most interesting.

I often wonder how much longer the almost sainted leaders of the movements of socialism, single tax, anarchy, etc., etc., are going to "cause the insanity dodge" on the money question.

Out of our 100 most excellent books advertised by the Appeal to Reason none appears on the list about money and Mr. Hoffman came nearer knowing how to extricate mankind from their past and present evils than any—via the money question, but he did not see quite clearly enough and single taxers are so orthodox that they have not a person of whom I am aware has written on the money question.

Workers in almost any factory or other place sell all their time and get paid off in a kind of money that will not buy all the work of workers in other factories—measured by time. Thus is to be seen at a glimpse, at least, that the mere mechanism of money houses or covers up an error and which more consideration will disclose to be the "nigger in the woodpile" and which single taxers and socialists superstitiously believe to be either "Land Value," "merit" "unearned increment," etc., or the "Machine," "Capital or Capitalism."

A more critical scrutiny of the entire premises is most likely to result in bringing socialism, single tax anarchy, communism, I. W. W., A. F. L. and other hosts—even Edison and Ford under a triumphant banner.

Fraternally,

James M. Rea,  
Independence, Mo.

## MAILING LISTS NEEDED

If you wish to assist in the educational work of Debs Magazine you can perform a great service to the Cause by sending us a list of your friends and neighbors who might be glad to receive a copy of the magazine and we will provide them with free samples. In preparing your lists be careful to enroll the names of those only who are interested in the triumph of the workers. It is a heavy and useless expense for us to send sample copies to those who will not read them or pass them on to their fellows.

# BARS AND SHADOWS

**THE PRISON POEMS**  
of  
**RALPH CHAPLIN**



Price - - \$1.00 per copy

Ralph Chaplin, a commercial artist with a bent for verse writing, was tried before Judge Landis in 1918; was sentenced under the Espionage Act, and is now serving a twenty-year sentence in Leavenworth prison. It was his membership in the I. W. W. and his editorial work on "Solidarity" that sent him to jail.

I am undertaking the publication of a little book of Chaplin's verses for three reasons:

1. They are well done.
2. The publication of the book will help to ease the terrible strain of a long prison term.
3. Mrs. Chaplin, in whose name the book is copyrighted, is working from day to day for the support of herself and her little son. Every cent that is made on this book, above the actual cost of manufacturing and distribution, goes to her.

You will want to own the book, and to pass it on to your friends and neighbors in order that they may realize just what kind of men we are holding in prison for their opinions. But more than that, you will want to do your part toward assisting the family of this man who is serving a jail term in the name of all our liberties.

I am hoping, therefore, that instead of ordering a single copy of the book, you may be able and willing to take five or ten copies, and either resell them or distribute them among your friends. This is a real opportunity for each of us, by doing a little, to help this man and his family a great deal.

**Scott Nearing**  
7 East 15th Street  
New York City

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In addition to this the President has the exclusive use of a palatial sea-going ship, the Mayflower, which requires 200 men to man, and a torpedo boat destroyer to tow it in and out of the dock.

Budget Commissioner Dawes is insisting on the strictest economy in every branch of Government. How about beginning at the White House, Col. Dawes?

## PROPAGANDA

A plan which should awaken millions to study the evils of capitalism.  
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NEW YORK

## CRISPETTES

By L. Fried

**Free Speech Is Expensive in the United States**

Tho' many starve, a man-of-war is always fed.

Boom times have proved a boomerang.

There are no vitamins in humble pie.

The wages of sin is the sin of wages.

Many a self-made man is the result of scab labor.

Because you work like a horse doesn't prove that you have horse-sense.

It looks as if the full-dinner pail has become a vacuum bottle.

Socialism, boiled down, means that men are of greater importance than iron men.

Industrial oppression is the cause for industrial depression.

We have outgrown cannibalism, but still practice cannonballism.

The real reason why the Powers are antagonistic to the Soviet Government is because they can't get a Red cent.

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# IRON HORSES

Izvestia, Moscow, March 15th, published the following letter from the famine area:

"The volost (district) was allotted forty poods of corn, and was requested to draw them from the Sergileev county famine depot. But this has not been done so far, and cannot be done, because there are no horses left. The volost executive attempted to harness people to the carts, but they were too weak to walk five miles. And the starving volost, which has forgotten the taste and smell of bread, must give up all hope of these forty poods of corn—which would maintain it for two or three days longer—and await death by starvation in utter hopelessness!"

The peasants in the famine regions accept their fate stoically. Their horses are dead, and it is time to plow. They will patiently harness themselves to the plow, but the hunger ordeal has been long and strength has ebbed away. There is no hope for them unless they can get automotive farming machinery.

"Iron horses," tractors, are needed to replace the dead draft animals. The Friends of Soviet Russia, thanks to the generosity of workers and sympathizers, is about to send to the Volga district 20 tractors with complete operating equipment, including expert machinists.

This is a small but hopeful beginning. Help to increase this essential aid. No less than 2,000 tractors with plows and other implements are

needed to assure efficient cultivation of the Volga plains under present conditions.

And there is much more than hunger relief involved in the donation of these "iron horses." They may well prove vital to the existence of the world's first labor commonwealth and its unexampled policy of fair dealing with the oriental nations. The survival or fall of Soviet Russia will decide whether there shall be a peaceful or a bloody settlement between the Orient and the Occident.

Centuries of strife and woe, culminating in the miracle of 1917, have set the stage for a tremendous drama, fraught with incalculable significance for all of us today and for our children tomorrow. The vast Russian realm, embracing nearly one-fifth of the earth's habitable area and one-tenth of the human race, has arisen mightily in a key position as the possible peacemaker between the teeming East and the hustling West. Already Soviet Russia's policy of generosity and brotherhood toward the eastern peoples is bearing good fruit.

The old, grasping, ruthless imperialism must not be allowed to come back to kill this heartening promise. Recurrence of famine is a serious menace in this direction.

Send "IRON HORSES" to plow for the famine-stricken peasants of Russia. Give the new, healing spirit of the Soviet Republic a chance to endure and redeem the world.

## International Tool Drive for Soviet Russia

Authorized by the All-Russian Famine Relief Committee, Moscow, and the Workers International Russian Famine Relief Committee, Berlin (Friends of Soviet Russia, affiliated.)

Conducted in America under the direction of the  
**FRIENDS OF SOVIET RUSSIA**

(NATIONAL OFFICE)

201 WEST 13TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

*Here is my contribution of.....to help send "iron horses" to plow for the famine-stricken peasants of Soviet Russia.*

Name.....Street address.....

City.....State .....

*P. S.—Put my name on the Roll Call.*

(N.R. 5-10-22)

**Send  
IRON HORSES  
to plow  
for the  
famine-stricken.**