

DEBS

FREEDOM MONTHLY

Vol. I



SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 2



THE PRISONER OF ATLANTA

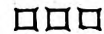
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CURRENT COMMENT
POETRY OF THE REVOLUTION
THE WORKERS UNIVERSITY

Price
15 Cents



\$1.50 A Year

Published Monthly by Freedom Publishing Co., 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

"Entry as Second Class Matter applied for at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879"

Debs Freedom Monthly

Permanently Established.

Debs Freedom Monthly made a tremendous hit!

Debs Freedom Monthly is selling more rapidly than the magazines can be furnished.

The first issue was entirely exhausted within a few days of publication!

Street sales have been enormous for a new magazine of this character.

Proving that the common people not only demand the freedom of Debs and all political prisoners, but that they are also deeply interested in making some radical changes in their government.

Whatever speculation might have attended the launching of Debs Freedom Monthly, all doubt regarding its future has been speedily swept away.

Debs Freedom Monthly fills a vital need in the working class movement. It has been welcomed most warmly by the toilers of America from Coast to Coast.

First—the workers want the release of political prisoners. Second—they want a new deal in industry that will insure to them the full social product of their labor.

Debs Freedom Monthly is launched for this twin purpose, and it will fight to the end for these two things. The one we must have immediately. The other as soon as the change can be made.

Debs Freedom Monthly has started a campaign for the Release of Debs and all Political Prisoners that will not end until the last victim of capitalistic injustice has been restored to freedom.

Debs Freedom Monthly has entered the struggle for the overthrow of the capitalist system with all its horrors, and it will not rest a moment until the eagle of victory perches for once and all upon the banner of labor.

Debs Freedom Monthly is here to stay! We thank you for the cordial greeting we have received and for the hearty support accorded us all over this broad land.

Debs Freedom Monthly hopes to have the co-operation of all those who are working for a New Day, regardless of economic or political affiliation.

**BOOST DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY, WHILE WE
BOOST FOR FREEDOM.**

Once more we thank you, as we March Onward for

DEBS! FREEDOM! SOCIALISM!

DEBS

FREEDOM MONTHLY

A HERALD OF THE DAWN

Volume 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER, 1921.

No. 2



WITH GATES AJAR.

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

A recent statement of Attorney General Daugherty would indicate that Debs will be released on condition that he apply for a pardon and confess that he was wrong. Debs would rather die in prison than to abandon his convictions. The address given below was delivered by Debs at Cleveland Ohio, a few days before he was taken to prison and indicates better than anything else his position toward the espionage law and the right of free speech, free press and peaceable assemblage.

"How true it is that there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will! It may seem strange to you, but in my plans, in my dreams, I did not think of going to the penitentiary—and I—I had a thousand times rather go there and spend my remaining days there than to betray this great cause.

"So far as I am concerned it does not matter much. The margin is narrow, the years between now and the sunset are few, and the only care that I have personally is that I may preserve to the last the integrity of my own soul and my loyalty to the only cause worth living for, fighting for and dying for.

"It is so perfectly fine to me to look into your faces once more, to draw upon you for the only word I have ever had, the only word that has ever come to me, the only word that I can ever speak for myself. I love mankind, humanity. Can you understand? I am sure you can.

"We are close of kith and kin, we are human and when we get into close touch with each other, we come to understand that our good depends upon the good of all humanity.

Opposed to System

"I am opposed to the system under which we live. I am opposed to the government that compels you, the great body of the American people, to pay your tribute to an insignificant few who enjoy life while the great body of the people suffer, struggle, and agonize without ever having lived. Can you understand? I am sure you can.

"Let me get in touch with you for a while. I am going to speak to you as a Socialist.

"And what is the thing that the whole world is talking about? What is it that the ruling class powers of the world are denouncing, upon which

they are pouring a flood of all their malicious lies—what is it? It is the rise of the workers, the peasants, the soldiers, the common man, who for the first time in history said, 'I have made what there is, I produced the wealth; I want to be heard.'

"Now, for the first time in history, his bowed head lifted, he stands erect and is beginning in his grim strength to shake off the manacles, straighten himself in the sunlight, in his gigantic attitude, opening his eyes, beginning to see for the first time, beginning to ask why it is that he must press his rags closer to his body, that he may not touch the rich man's costly silks, that he himself produced—why it is that he must walk in alleys, while he is forbidden to enter the great palaces he has erected—why it is that he must provide all the banquets of the world that he may not taste.

"He is beginning to think. That is the revolution in Russia! That is the beginning of the end of capitalism and the end of the beginning of Socialism!

Earth Beginning to Shake

"And because we say this they are going to put us in jail. With every drop in my veins I despise their law and I defy them. If the Scriptures are true, Paul was sent to prison, and shortly afterward the prison doors were opened by an earthquake.

"The earth is beginning to shake beneath the feet of the profiteers.

"I am appealing to you tonight—the crowd, the mass, the common people—I do not care anything about the Supreme court, begowned, befettered, bewhiskered old fossils, corporation lawyers every one of them—they have not decided

anything. They never have; they never will.

"Sixty years ago the predecessors of the same body confirmed the validity of the fugitive slave law. They declared that a black man had no rights which his master was bound to respect. They imagined that chattel slavery was secure for all time. And within five years that infamous institution was swept from the land in a torrent of blood.

Did Not Meet Issue

"They did not dare to meet the issue. They did not decide that the espionage law was constitutional. They dared not put that decision upon record. Have you read that law? The amendment to that law that makes it a crime for you to criticize crime in the United States? That makes this country take the place of old Russia under the Czar.

"Have you ever read it? Know anything about it? Know that it is a gag upon your lips, fetters all your constitutional rights? That law—do I respect it? No.

"How perfectly fine it is to stand straight up and do what Wendell Phillips said: 'When they pass that kind of a law, put it under your feet.'

"Do not say a word against war—not one. That is treason—to the ruling classes. They make war; you do not. You never did. You paid all the bills, shed your blood, made all the sacrifices. You did not say a word. Have your limbs shot off, your eyes gouged out, gassed, come back and then hunt for a job.

"The finest thing I know is to carry yourself as a man—face humanity, look up into the sun and not feel ashamed of yourself; walk straight before the world, and live with it on terms of peace; look at yourself without a blush. Have you ever tried it?

"The great world is in travail today. A great upheaval is shaking the foundation of capitalist society. The master class are driven to extremities. They are going to establish a League of Nations to preserve the peace, to prevent war. What does it mean?

Master Class Staggered

"Simply this: That the master class itself is staggered by the cost of modern war. Here are all these modern nations, great and powerful in economic and military ways, straining to harmonize their various conflicting interests. In theory it is perfectly fine; but how ridiculous it is to imagine for a moment that the interests of nations that are innately in conflict can be permanently harmonized.

"What does it mean? It is the last desperate, temporary expedient of the master class, the commercial interests, the economic interests, to prolong their sovereignty. Have you any views on it?

"Who is it that is making the terms of peace? Is it not strange that the great common people who shed their blood, fought the war, made the sacrifices, should have no voice in making the

terms of peace? The working class—the working class, which for 1,000 years constituted the slaves in the tragedy of history—I recall it as I speak, I can see across all the centuries, the amphitheatres, while they poured their slaves into the Coliseum to destroy them for pastime—and through the middle ages, how the serfs were killed for their profit and glory—through all that, I can see the working class, that youth, the victims of the ages, the martyrs of the centuries, you who went to war when it was declared, you who were in the trenches, you who shed your blood like water, you who suffered the agony that human speech can never tell, you who had your limbs torn from your bodies—you have no voice in that peace conference, no representative there.

"Just one second-hand one, Sam Gompers. The other day Sam, four-foot Sam, was banqueted by a seven-foot Russian duke, and the duke was in poor company.

"The world is in turmoil. Where is your representative; where did you elect him? What did you have to say about these terms? Not one real representative, but politicians and diplomats and thieves and liars, the tools of your masters—that is who is there.

"They are going to make the world perfectly safe for democracy, and that is why I am going to the penitentiary.

World Being Remade

"You can think a bit, and I want to stir you into thought and action. We are on the eve of tremendous developments. The world before your eyes is being destroyed and recreated. Russia is making a beginning; the Soviet is just a sample. They have shed some blood, and they have made some mistakes, and I am glad they have. When you consider for a moment that the ruling-class press of the world has been villifying Lenin and Trotzky, you can make up your mind that they are the greatest statesmen in the modern world. In that brief space of time they have done more than all the capitalist governments have ever dared to do in constructive work. They have refused to compromise. They said to the old reactionaries, 'You will not have any voice in the government until you do useful work.'

Appeals for Solidarity

"We need to unite. We need to get together. We need to feel the common touch. We need to recognize our kinship. The world is against us if we are not for ourselves. Through the history of the ages you have been oppressed, you have been downtrodden, you have been exploited, you have been degraded. When you go for a job to the master class you work under conditions they prescribe. You depend upon them for tools, you work for their benefit. Do you like this? This is capitalism.

"The system in which you enrich your master and impoverish yourselves, the system under

Continued on page 17.

The March of the Hungry Men.

In the dreams of your downy couches, through the shades of your
pampered sleep,
Give ear; you can hear it coming, the tide that is steady and deep—
Give ear, for the sound is growing, from desert and dungeon and den;
The tramp of the marching millions, the March of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean-limbed Spartans at Locris's last ascent,
As William's Norman legions through Sussex meadows went,
As Wolfe assailed the mountain, as Sherman led the way
From Fulton to Savannah—as they, and more than they;

So comes another army your wit can not compute,
The man-at-arms self-fashioned, the man you made the brute,
From farm and sweat-shop gathered, from factory, mine and mill,
With lever and shears and auger, dibble and drift and drill.

They bear no sword or rifle, yet their ladders are on your walls,
Though the hauberk is turned to a jumper, the jambeaux to overalls:
They come from the locomotive, the cab and the cobbler's bench:
They are armed with the pick and the jack-plane, the sledge and the
axe and the wrench.

And some come empty-handed with fingers gnarled and strong,
And some come dumb with sorrow, and some sway drunk with song,
But all that you thought were buried are stirring and lithe and quick,
And they carry a brass-bound scepter—the brass composing stick.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness, with the distant stars
for light,
They are coming the while you slumber, and they come with the might
of Right;
On a morrow—perhaps tomorrow, you will waken and see, and then
You will hand the keys of the cities to the ranks of the hungry men.

—R. W. K., in "Life."

Current Comment.

A recent news item reports that Samuel Gompers, speaking for the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, has announced that a non-partisan political labor organization will be perfected in every city and every legislative and congressional district under the direction of the Council. This is Gompers' final notice to the Labor Party to exit and the fulfillment of his dream summarized in the slogan: "Reward your friends and punish your enemies." It is a well known fact that Gompers did more to wreck the Labor Party than any other one person. By controlling the old international unions, bossing the state federations and threatening the principal city central organizations, he was able to block every move of the labor party people in the election of 1920. His new organization will force every city central body into line on a non-partisan basis and thus rob the Labor Party of any chance to reorganize its shattered forces. From the beginning those who backed the formation of the Farmer-Labor Party were doomed to failure. How long will it take organized labor to realize that it cannot go half way and get by? How long until the wage worker, the exploited farm hand and bankrupt tenant farmer realize that they must go it alone and go the whole route to collective ownership of the means of production and distribution? The fourteen points of the Labor Party represent another one of those delusions, the skeletons of which are found along the entire track of American history.

The explosion of the ZR-2 with a loss of 53 lives brings to mind some things that cannot be repeated too often. How the German gas bags that dropped their ballast of T. N. T. on defenseless cities were condemned during the war! The war was to put an end to this business. Anyway, only brutal militarists of the Hun type would use such devilish means of destruction. Now the war has been over two years and we find the United States engaged in an effort to perfect a gigantic airship that would carry tons and tons of explosives. Orders have also been placed for new submarines. It will be in order for someone to rise and explain that this great American Commonwealth was just experimenting with this airship and that it never intended to do such things with it as the Germans did. What delusions the simple mind invents to excuse its own cussedness!

The parley between Great Britain and Ireland goes merrily on with an ever growing danger that the war will be renewed against the Irish people. Lloyd George, speaking in the name of his Royal Highness, the Nabob of the British Empire, of-

fers Dominion Home Rule. But the offer is conditioned on a number of very material concessions on the part of Ireland, the most serious of which is the division of Ireland into two sections, north and south, with two parliaments. This we presume in order that the Irish may be kept busy fighting each other while the British Landlords get away with the swag. The exchange of notes is bringing out some very useful information. If it goes on long enough Lloyd George is liable to tell the truth in a form the common people can comprehend. When you reach into England's bag of rights to rule Ireland, you find at the bottom one big club labeled: "Brute force."

"All the beans you can eat for fifteen cents." So reads a sign on a New York restaurant. Excuse our English, we mean a New York bean shop. This joint was opened recently. The owner, announces that it was opened for the benefit of the unemployed, then hastily adds that almost every fellow has fifteen cents. Here the fellow out of a job can get ten cents worth of beans and warm water for fifteen cents and by straining his imagination can convince himself that he got a bargain. Such is Capitalism. Business is bad, you know. Every business man will swear by that. Work is scarce. Every unemployed man will endorse that statement. So the business man eats porterhouse and waits for business to pick up, while the workker eats beans and waits for a job. Will someone suggest beans and brains? Capitalism can get by without the brains, but what would it do without the beans?

The newspapers report civil war in West Virginia. It is nothing new. Civil war has been the order of the day in the coal mining sections of that state for years. In fact ever since the Baldwin-Felts armed guards were placed in service by the mine owners. Civil war will continue as long as employers endeavor to make slaves of their workers. Men will not willingly be reduced to bondage. The fight of the West Virginia miners is the fight of every worker in the United States. The talk about lawlessness on the part of the miners has no place and should have no standing. The real criminals are the mine owners and mine guards. In sending in militia and federal troops to uphold the gunmen and sustain the frightful conditions that prevail in the mines where men are treated as dogs, makes the officials of West Virginia and the Federal Government accessories after the fact.

The President has announced that action in the Debs case will be taken when the treaty with

Germany is ratified. Just what the action will be nobody knows. Nothing should be left undone at this time to influence the officials at Washington in this matter. Write to the President and demand the release of these unjustly imprisoned men and women. Don't confine your letter to Debs. Insist that all be released. Write to Attorney General Daugherty and to your Senator and Congressman. Keep at it day and night. The American Legion will lose no time in using its power to prevent the release of these prisoners, you must not lose any either. Above all, insist on the unconditional release of all and the restoration of civil liberties. Do it today.

The Nelson bill has passed the United States Senate. Reduced to brass tacks, this bill provides that any citizen can be indicted in any part of the United States and taken from his home and placed on trial without any preliminary red tape. This means that kidnapping such as took place in the case of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone will be perfectly legal. If you reside in Chicago and are indicted in New York, they will come and get you, put you on a train, take you to New York and place you on trial. No more fooling with writs and delays. This wonderful piece of republican legislation is on a par with the war time legislation of the democrats and is made to order for labor leaders.

The Chicago Daily News recently said editorially: "War is the cure for war." History would indicate that it takes an enormous amount of this medicine to cure the disease. As long as the capitalist press can catch readers with this kind of bunk, there is little hope that war will end.

The Attorney General of the United States announces the appointment of William J. Burns as Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. If the American people were not such a sober lot, they would surely laugh themselves to death over this. For years Burns has made it his business to frame up labor leaders, supply secret agents to employers, pack labor unions with spies and break strikes. For this very useful work, he is now rewarded by being appointed to direct the work of investigation for the Department of Justice. He was the "King Bee" in the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone Case. Instead of being designated director of the department he should be designated "Faker for the Department of Injustice."

During the war many wooden ships were built to transport men and supplies to France. None of them were ever used for the purpose. The average cost of each ship was approximately \$430,000. The other day the papers reported that two hundred and five of these ships were sold for \$2,100 each. Nuf sed!

In view of the presence of six million unemployed, wouldn't it be great if some inventor came along and perfected a device by which an unemployed man could store his stomach. Quite a large number of folks have stored their furniture recently. These, however, were all plain everyday workingmen. Not a single business man has been affected in this way.

"The workers must get along without the luxuries to which they have been accustomed," reads a report of a lecture delivered by one of our worthy college professors. About six million of them have already obeyed this injunction. Others are rapidly falling in line.

If the employers could run things to suit themselves, the workers would be enslaved just as the black man was before the civil war. All that stands between the workers and downright bondage is the labor organization. Backward as these organizations appear at times, they nevertheless represent the pillars upon which the structure of emancipation must be reared.

What do the republican workers who voted for Harding think of our present wonderful prosperity? Looks a good deal like the Wilsonian brand of 1913.

Let every one of the million citizens who voted for Debs for President write to President Harding and insist on the unconditional release of every political and industrial prisoner including the unjustly convicted Industrial Workers of the World.

DEBS

It is not his craft or creed,
It is not the winged word
That springs from his soul to his lips, at need,
And, flying, is felt and heard;
But something down in us all
That makes us respect the man
Who says unto great and small:
"You've a right to do what you can;
You've a right to preserve and keep
Such things as the gods gave you;
You've a right to your hours of sleep,
And the worth of the things you do;
You've a right to the million or dime
That your brain or your brawn has won;
But not in the length of time,
In the light of the moon or sun,
Have you a right to a thing
That you steal or wring
From me or any one."

—Walter Juan Davis.

DEBS AND FREEDOM

need your aid. This plan will not cost you a bit of time or trouble. We need the names of radicals in every city and town. Will you sit down now, make out a list, and forward to this office without delay

DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY

59 E. Van Buren St.

Chicago, Illinois

The Price We've Paid.

By IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

At a summer cottage in New Jersey a man in a Palm Beach suit sat at a porch table and wrote his name on a bit of paper; and the Great War was at an end!

Standing around him were tennis players, children and a few politicians. One of them remarked, "Well, Mr. President, that's that"; and the President smiled and said, "Yes, that's it."

So that's it, is it? That's all there is to ending a war? In such manner came to a ridiculous close the struggle which has blasted the world and wrecked civilization!

On that day when the President of the United States signed the declaration that war with the Imperial German Government was over, all the world waited tense and breathless.

Far out on the deep Pacific, amid the snowy wastes of Labrador and Alaska, in dense equatorial jungles of Africa, in France and Japan, men listened tense and eager for a word. Toward New Jersey all eyes were turned, that day in hot July.

But it was not toward the summer cottage where the declaration of peace was signed; nor was there one bosom the whole world over which beat any the faster for the knowledge that the World War was officially over.

Another issue thrilled mankind with painful suspense; for history waited to learn whether Dempsey or Carpentier was to be crowned the champion slugger of the world. At least there was no doubt who won that war.

Peace thus came to the land at last; but how great a mockery has the word unveiled!

"Peace" which is but a clamor of preparation for worse wars;

Peace which was begotten in corruption and brought forth in iniquity;

Peace which desolates the world, and by which the homes of the race are despoiled!

What manner of peace is this which is worse than war?

Pestilence and famine sweep over Europe and desolate Asia. Hatreds and corroding feuds divide nation from nation and people from people. Chaos and confusion cover the earth like dark waves torn by whirlwinds upon a desolate sea.

For we loosed upon the world the dragon of destruction, the Wild Beast of the Abyss, and the thunder of its roaring still shakes the night with terror and makes horrible the hours of the day.

The tide of blood and fire has ebbed indeed; but now with blanched faces and staring eyes mankind gazes at the world in ruins, while our leaders reckon with twitching fingers the price that we have paid for our stupidity, and the price that is yet to be paid.

"The war is over,—let us forget it," say those who have lined their pockets thick with gold from its spoils. But there are those who cannot forget; and there is a reckoning that must needs be paid!

II.

Ten million men are dead in war—killed outright, or dead by tortures unspeakable, or slain by loathsome lingering diseases;

Thirty million men are but wrecked and broken carcasses, dragging themselves around in misery; their lives blasted and blackened;

A hundred million women and children were starved to living death, and those that yet survive are ghastly mockeries of life.

Six hundred cities have been wiped out. A regiment of empires, hoary with the dust of centuries, have crashed down into ruins; and upon their debris a crop of quarrelsome little nations ramp and yell, already bankrupt at birth.

A war debt beyond the power of any imagination to conceive has been loaded upon the shoulders of our children to remotest generations.

Wealth to the value of three hundred and fifty billion dollars was utterly destroyed in the conflict, and two hundred billion dollars' worth of what was left is mortgaged forever to pay the cost of past wars and to meet the reckoning of wars that are yet to come.

Ninety-three cents out of every dollar received by the United States government is taken to pay the expenses of this organized world murder.

Five times as much is now spent every year by our government to prepare for future wars as the whole government cost five years ago.

And in the midst of this madness, battleships costing fifty million dollars apiece are blown to bits in a few minutes by aeroplanes dropping bombs.

New poison gases are invented which destroy all living things, men, women, children, dogs, birds, trees and grasses in the villages whereon they are dropped from the sky;

The best minds in the world are bending every energy to invention of new means of death—long range guns, new poison gases, deadly germs that can infect and destroy whole populations,—all these in preparation for new wars which are not far to seek.

Smoldering ruins, lit by the ghastly fires of lingering conflagrations, cover all the fairest lands of Europe.

All Asia lies ready to burst into a flame at the touch of menacing sparks.

In Ireland, in Silesia, in the Rhineland, in Syria, in Anatolia, in Siberia, in the islands of the Pacific, lie fresh heaps of dynamite, threaten-

ing hourly to explode again, and ruin yet further what pitiful shreds remain from the great disaster.

Bankruptcy stares all nations in the face. England and France and Italy are unable to pay even the interest on their loans from us.

Millions they can pour out for new wars; billions of dollars are spent for new navies and new armies, new battleships and new fleets of poison-bearing aeroplanes to insure this "peace"; but on the debts already contracted nothing can be paid.

America, loaning fresh millions with lavish hand to those already so deeply in our debt, can find no money to pay her wounded and disabled soldiers who suffered at her call.

Swiftly the great Debt of Destruction increases and compounds and doubles by its usury upon our heads.

Frantic statesmen seek for means to extort from peoples already sorely overburdened, yet vaster taxes to meet the swiftly increasing debt, multiplying by four and five the crushing burden now piled on the shoulders of the poor.

Meanwhile six million men walk our streets unemployed, and our markets are choked with unsold goods, and our factories close down by platoons, and our merchant ships lie idle in the harbors, and the cry of hunger begins to arise.

From the ground comes a deep and ominous rumbling. The wrath of the people grows loud and strong against the burden they are compelled to bear, and the yet heavier loads that are to be loaded upon them;

For our people, in their workshops and their homes, are beginning to take stock of the price that we have paid for the frenzy of mad horror that we call the Great War; and the question arises more and more insistently—"What was it all about? And what did we get for this price that we have paid, and still must pay?"

III.

Through shams and hypocrisies and lies, one by one, that piercing question tears. One by one the slogans and deceptions shrivel and fall; and the earnest inquiry of a world seeking for truth still thunders forth "What was it all about?"

But no man dares reply; for to tell the truth about this war might chill the ardor and dampen the enthusiasm of those who must fight the next war, so swiftly nearing.

But there is a far heavier toll that we have paid, and a greater price that is yet to pay. It is not only the torn and bleeding bodies of the dead, nor the maimed, enfeebled bodies of the living that were flung to the God of War; it is not only the debt of money that we must bear to remotest generations. But the soul of America was sullied and the spirit of her truth despoiled by the madness of those years.

We can count our dead, and build monuments above their corpses; but who shall number the

scars of the spirit, and what monument may commemorate a soul destroyed?

Then from the millions who had suffered and been slain arose a hoarse and angry cry: "Was it for this?" they said.

"This imperial alliance of the bankers—was it for this that we bled and died?"

Gone was all the nonsense about Democracy, forgotten all the idealistic moonshine about a War to End War; the Secret Treaties we were to repudiate were written into the Law of Nations, and the Debts of the War Gamblers became the sacred obligations for which the young millions have died.

Was it for this—this patched-up jumble of nonsense and outrage—this militaristic imperialism merely moved from Berlin to Paris—was it for this that the world agonized so long?

So rising in their wrath the American people smote down him who was responsible for the Farce of Versailles: struck him down and all that were associated with him, in a repudiation so complete that history has not known the like.

New politicians come to the fore; and again the delegates of the governments are to assemble at Washington, and once again they will patch up a peace.

But all over the world, in and through the turmoil of quarrels and truces, rings the steady, insistent demand, "What was it all about? Why do you not first discover the cause of the wreck, that you may prevent another one?"

"We have paid the price, but we have not obtained the peace we purchased. We have paid and have bonded our children to pay, and you have given us nothing but windy words and meaningless promises. Give us peace!"

In those black years all power over the daily lives of the people was placed in the hands of A. Mitchell Palmer and Albert Sidney Burleson. Under them the postoffice system was turned into a system of spies, and under the name of the American Protective League, fostered by the Department of Justice, every dime novel hero who was afraid to go to war was given free license to play upon helpless and inoffensive neighbors all the devilish tricks that perverted minds could invent.

Spies followed us around; spies tapped our telephone wires and listened in on every conversation. Spies raided homes. Spies kidnaped men, women and children without warrant, imprisoning them sometimes under torture for days and weeks without the knowledge of their kin.

Schoolboys were conscripted into the reserve army; and cities which had been too poor to provide lunches for starving children, now found plenty of money to equip every high school boy with a rifle for skilled instruction in the arts of death.

Any teacher who taught history truthfully was suspended or expelled or brought before the de-

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A Victim of the Espionage Law

On August 20th, 1921, Emil Herman will have completed his third year of imprisonment in the U. S. Federal Penitentiary on McNeil's Island. An anniversary of peculiar significance to the Socialist Movement of the Northwest, for with his incarceration the working class lost the active services of a remarkable educator and organizer: one who combines a warm idealism with a shrewd business judgment which spells success.

Emil Herman had served two years as State Secretary of the Socialist Party of Washington, having taken office on April 9th, 1916, and was re-elected in the spring of 1918, with an overwhelming majority over his opponent. Under his businesslike management the Socialist Party of Washington had prospered, and bid fair to become a power to be reckoned with in the 1918 elections. His years of active service as organizer throughout the state had given him an intimate, personal knowledge of membership and conditions invaluable in carrying on the work of organization building, and rendered him a person much feared by the Masters of the Bread.

He was placed under arrest, charged with violation of the Espionage Act,* upon April 19th, 1918. There was no specific charge of any word or act; but after he had been removed to the Snohomish county jail his office was entered by three men in the service of the Department of Justice, and U. S. Marshal Rook, and thoroughly searched by them. They confiscated an immense quantity of literature and supplies, taking one dozen each of every kind of book or pamphlet, samples of Dues and Assessment Stamps, Account Books, etc., etc., the complete office files for the four years directly preceding arrest, samples of advertising posters used in touring speakers, and everything which they imagined might possibly be used in fastening some sort of a charge upon him.

After going over the office, thoroughly, three

times, and satisfying themselves that everything which might possibly be used against the accused man had been located by them, or was in their possession to be located at their leisure, they called up headquarters and demanded that a dray be sent in which to remove the confiscated materials. A wait of some thirty minutes' duration ensued, during which they lounged and talked idly, and looked over the various pictures and mottoes scattered about the walls. While engaged in this latter occupation one of the detectives removed, from the side of the literature shelves, an attractive motto or calendar—possibly considering it a desirable addition to the collection

of his own room, or, maybe, thinking that the wording could be twisted to resemble something "illegal." Whatever his motive we shall never, certainly, know, for its removal revealed a tiny, three-and-a-half by four-and-a-half inch "sticker," so faded and discolored with age as to closely resemble the brown bookcase upon which it had been stuck so many years ago. Being in an investigating mood this detective read the words upon the "sticker," straining his eyes to do so, and then—Aha! "Boys, look here! THIS WILL CONVICT OUR MAN! If we'd just 'a found it sooner! We can GET HIM ON THIS!"



Mr. and Mrs. Emil Herman.

The "sticker" was removed, with great difficulty, by using a damp towel, was placed between two blotters and carried away in the coat pocket of Marshal Rook. In a subsequent raid the bookcase itself was taken, to appear in court at the time of the trial.

The words upon the "sticker"? They are generally attributed to Jack London, and are an earnest arraignment of "Militarism"—not "against the government," not "against the war with Germany," not even against war as an institution. Just simply against that very "MILITARISM" which our country, through those then in official positions, had just declared its intention of as-

sisting to crush—in Germany. And it had been placed where it was found by a former incumbent of the office of State Secretary, as was conclusively proven at the trial. Also, it was proven that the accused man, Emil Herman, was unconscious of its presence in the office; that he had never called anyone's attention to it; had never, by word or act, attempted to prevent the enlistment in the U. S. Army of any who wished to do so. In fact, the only thing which the prosecution did prove—and this no attempt was made to deny—was the fact that it was found upon the bookcase, UNDERNEATH ANOTHER CARD OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT NATURE, and that HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT.

Chas. Petrovitsky, "prosecuting witness," perjured himself in giving testimony to the effect that the "sticker" was the "first thing which met his eye upon entering the office." He brought no evidence in support of this contention, although Marshal Rook, R. E. L. Johnstone and Detective George English had been with him, and had seen its discovery, and Peter Husby and the wife of the accused, also eye-witnesses, testified that it had been found as related above.

Although the situation was very unpleasant there were little touches of humor during the three hours occupied in the "raid." For instance, George English, a sad-faced young man of the "cigarette and detective story" type, found a little "adding machine" of an obsolete type—one of those with a double disk and a little "pointer" to manipulate the numbers—and held it up to view with a flourish, exclaiming, with a triumph irresistibly funny, "That's the combination to the safe!" And Johnstone, who seemed in command of the party, while pawing through a pigeon hole came across a copy of the poem, "My Message," written by Ruby Herman, and effected to be much impressed, begging the author to allow him to take that copy as a gift from herself, and appearing quite distressed when she remarked that "she didn't see how she could prevent his taking it, if he wished to do so, as he seemed gifted with peculiarly taking ways."

Herman was given a preliminary hearing before Commissioner Mansfield, and bound over to the grand jury under \$25,000 bond, spending a week in the Snohomish county jail awaiting filing of the bond. Upon indictment being returned by the grand jury, arraignment before Judge Jeremiah Neterer resulted in date of trial being set for May, and new bond in the sum of \$20,000—but the property which had been accepted as ample security for the \$25,000 bond was adjudged insufficient for this new bond of \$20,000, and the defendant was held in the King county jail during the time intervening before the trial. Conditions in the King county jail were vile. Food was poor, dirty and scanty. Attendants were brutal and foolish—with a particular "spite"

toward Socialists. An attempt was made to put him through the "third degree," a form of sport at that time very popular with city and county officials in Seattle, but, for some unexplained reason, this was given up, after about an hour of "grilling," only one of the "grillers" becoming abusive, and he and his mates appearing uneasy and worried after the little ebullition of temper which led to his "cuffing" the prisoner upon one side of the head.

The trial, during the last week in May, was a feverish nightmare. There was a Red Cross "drive" in progress and the streets of the city were crowded with women and men in nurse's uniform who behaved like carnival-mad children, tooting tin horns, and screaming their demands for money while they seized passersby by arms or clothing, vowing they would not let go till their demands were met. For three or four days before his case was called Herman was taken daily from the jail to the court room in the Federal Building with those others who were being tried or also awaiting their turn, and confined in the "cage" in an anteroom until he should be called. This "cage" was exactly what its name implies,—a steel-barred cage, six or seven feet square, with a narrow bench running around three sides, and upon this bench, in the semi-darkness, the prisoners sat all day, or paced the few feet back and forth when sitting became unbearable.

Herman's trial was characterized by vindictive bitterness and crafty venom peculiarly and surprisingly intense. Again and again he was denounced to the jury as a "German spy." Time after time irrelevant testimony was introduced, over the objections of the defense, in the form of letters or reported speeches WRITTEN OR MADE BEFORE THE PASSAGE OF THE ESPIONAGE ACT, in an attempt to prove a "disloyal attitude of mind." Yet, in spite of all this, it could not be proved that there was a mental tendency towards law breaking.

For three days the storm raged, only abating somewhat whenever the prisoner's wife was called to the stand in Herman's defense, although each time he became the target for untrue implications made by "Special Assistant to the Attorney General for War Work, Clarence L. Reames"—as he always signed himself. Implications which were immediately met and refuted by the defendant, although, strangely(?) enough, such refutation does not always show in the record of the case!

Continued in October issue

A LIVE WIRE

Enclosed find five subscriptions to Debs Monthly. I'm not much of a seller but you bet I'll do all I can for the greatest man, in or out of jail, and his movement.—J. H. Jensen, Los Angeles, Calif.

Famous Words of Undesirable Citizens.

Peace is always beautiful.—Whitman.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.—Curran.

Where liberty dwells, there is my country.—Franklin.

None can be perfectly free until all are free—Herbert Spencer.

One sharp, stern struggle and the slaves of centuries are free.—Gerald Massey.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage.—Addison.

He is the freeman whom Truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.—Cowper.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show
That slaves how'er contented, never know.
—Cowper

So every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity.—Shakespeare.

What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk free and own no superior.—Whitman.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery.—Patrick Henry.

The man who will mockly submit to wear a shackle contemns the noblest gift of heaven and impiously affronts the God that made him free.—Dr. Joseph Warren.

“We close our eyes and call it night!
We grope and fall, in seas of light—
Would we but understand!”

—Gilman.

“I have always thought that all men should be free, but if any should be slaves it should be first those who desire it for themselves, and secondly, those who desire it for others. Whenever I hear any one arguing for slavery I feel a strong impulse to see it tried on him personally.”—Abraham Lincoln.

“The strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindred.”—Abraham Lincoln.

Daring is the price paid for progress.—Hugo.

Revolutions never go backward.—Wendell Phillips,

Revolutions are not made, they come.—Wendell Phillips.

GEMS FROM LOWELL

As for war, I call it murder.

They have rights who dare maintain them.

'Tis as easy to be heroes, as to sit like idle slaves.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone.

They are slaves most base, whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race.

Once to every man and nations comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet the scaffold sways the future and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the Truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who fear to speak,
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

“There is something wrong in a government where those who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when honesty wears a rag, and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust and the infamous sit at banquets.”—Robert G. Ingersoll.

THE CO-OPERATOR

236 Commercial St., San Francisco, California
RATIONALISM in all its ramifications, radical in everything, especially religion, six years old and still going. Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription or 10 cents for sample copies, none free. The Crucible, 1330 First Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Hail to the Revolution.

At the dawn of every day my hearty hail goes out to all the workers of the world. They are my comrades, and I covet no higher honor than to share their lot and no greater wealth than to have their respect and love.

And I include them all, on equal terms, regardless of race or creed or sex; and my loving greeting goes out to them all as it follows the sunrise around the world.

For centuries and centuries these workers, these doers and makers of all things, these living and breathing foundation-stones of the social fabric, have been loaded with fetters and bowed to the earth; but at last—at last!—touched by the magic of their common misery and inspired by the genius of solidarity, their latent power is beginning to pulse in their veins, they are learning to stand erect, and as they lift their eyes they behold that a new sun has risen in their somber skies.

In their long travail their unpolluted hearts kept time, and now they beat in unison as the one great heart of the human race. With the love-light in their eyes and their hands outstretched they greet each other as "Comrade," while in their united heart-throbs may be heard the drum-beats of the Proletarian Revolution.

All hail the sons and daughters of this glorified international host, with whom I proudly march to Victory or Death.

Eugene P. Debs

DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY.*A Herald of the Dawn.*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FREEDOM PUBLISHING CO., 59 EAST VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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MONTHS SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY CENTS. SINGLE COPIES,
FIFTEEN CENTS."ENTRY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER APPLIED FOR
AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE
ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879."**DEBS TODAY.**

James H. Maurer, member of the National Executive Committee, went to Atlanta as a representative of the Socialist Party on September 5 to secure an interview with Debs. All sorts of obstacles were thrown in his way by the new prison administration. Excuses ranged from the "unwillingness" of Debs to see any visitors to the statement that his visitors were so numerous that his quota had already been exceeded. At length, however, Maurer succeeded in gaining admission within the fortress walls. He was allowed to leave with the Prisoner a number of typewritten reports and communications, but no printed matter of any sort was permitted. One condition of the interview was that no statement should be given out for publication. Debs is still bearing up well under the prolonged strain of confinement; sustained by the knowledge that millions of hearts are beating with love for him and for the cause which he represents.

How much longer shall America's greatest soul be kept in prison for the crime of telling the truth, which all men now know to be the truth? It lies with you to say.

Debs Monthly is published for the single purpose of concentrating all efforts on the task of releasing political prisoners. Debs is not the only one, but he is the best known of them all. Will you help, by spreading this magazine, to secure this aim?

Send us a list of twenty-five names accompanied by one dollar and we will mail out for you copies of this magazine to any address. We particularly want names of persons as yet unconverted to the cause of American Freedom. Help us win them over. Send in a list of 25.

WE WILL BE GLAD

to send sample copies to those desiring them, or if you have friends you think will be interested please send us their names.

THE HUNGRY MEN.

The march of "The hungry men" is a fact.

According to the report of the United States Department of Labor, almost six million men are out of work.

All students of the subject agree that there is no prospect of an immediate revival of business. On the contrary the belief is general that things will get worse and that new additions to the army of unemployed are inevitable.

This condition is general throughout the world. The army of the unemployed runs into the millions in France, Germany, England, Italy, Japan and every other so-called civilized country of the globe.

This is the same condition that existed in 1914 just before the outbreak of the world war.

It is a condition characteristic of the present system of private ownership and direction of industry.

Under private ownership the mills, mines, factories, all the means of production and distribution are owned by a few hundred thousand capitalists in each country.

These capitalists operate the industries for profit. Their profit is realized through the sale of the products produced by the workers. The less the capitalist has to pay the worker for making the product, the greater will be his profit. But the less the worker is paid the less he can buy. His purchasing power is limited by his pay envelope measured in the market price of the things he buys.

It is safe to say that at any time all the money received for a week's work by the American working class will not buy back over two-thirds of the products created by the workers during that week. Approximately a third of the commodities produced by American Labor cannot be sold to the American working class. A foreign market must be found. But England is in the same fix as are all other countries that produce with modern machinery. Every country must have a foreign market.

How are they going to get it? There is just two ways. One is to sell cheaper than every other country. The other is conquest by force.

The capitalists of every country are trying to undersell the capitalists of every other country. This accounts for the widespread wage reductions and the growing demand for the "open shop." But every time wages are reduced, the already limited purchasing power of the workers is cut. This results in new additions to the army of unemployed because it restricts the sale of goods which in turn restricts the production of goods. Thus is created the vicious circle in which the capitalist system whirls and whirls with no hope of a solution.

It was this situation that caused the world war. That war was fought for conquest. All the talk

about democracy, self determination for small nations, right and justice, was just so much "bunk." It was a war of conquest for the markets of the world and the sources of investment.

The treaty was a treaty of conquest. The victors took everything they could get away with. But the war did not solve the problem.

The unemployed are with us still. Business is very sick. Every problem that confronted the capitalist statesmen before the war confronts them today in a more aggravated form.

There is no permanent solution of the question of unemployment under the present system of private ownership and production for sale.

That question will be solved only with the elimination of private ownership and the substitution of collective ownership by the workers and for the workers with production solely for use.

This will end unemployment because then the worker will reap the full reward of his labor. He will be able to buy back to the last farthing the full social value of his product. There will be no need for dear selling and cheap buying. There will be work for all, plenty for all and peace and happiness for all.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE

Millions are hungry in Soviet Russia. Hundreds of thousands are dying.

Every penny that can be collected and turned into food and medicine and rushed to the Russian border represents lives saved.

This is the task of the working class. The master class has no real, fundamental interest in it.

The American relief organization directed by Herbert Hoover is hostile to the Soviet authority.

This condition of famine and despair was brought about by intervention, counter revolution, civil war and the brutal blockade participated in by the government of the United States and endorsed by Hoover and his kind.

It is our opinion that whatever the Hoover organization does will be done with an eye to business and we would not be at all surprised if counter revolutionary activities grew out of this relief work.

The Workers of America should not hesitate a moment over differences of opinion. They should help now.

We know there are many calls upon the slender resources of the average worker. But a few pennies more or less will not mean much.

Here is a question of life and death. Will you help the helpless?

A VERY LITTLE GIFT WILL SAVE THE LIFE OF A CHILD! GIVE THAT FOOD MAY BE HAD FOR THE HUNGRY; MEDICINE FOR THE SICK!

SUCCOR THE DYING IN THE WORLD'S FIRST SOCIALIST REPUBLIC!

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

Put into one sentence, the unemployment problem in the United States is chiefly the result of a conflict between industrial capital and speculative capital. Speculative capital, in order to avoid the taxation levied to cover war debts, is rushing by millions into tax-exempt securities, that is, bonds of city and state issue and Federal bonds which are free from taxes. This leaves the whole burden of this huge taxation to be borne by industrial capital, that is, to be borne by wealth engaged in production. Industrial capital is simply unable to stand the burden, and factories are closing down everywhere rather than pay the taxes.

At Washington a conflict, titanic in dimensions and in results, is being fought over this issue. Reduction of excess profits taxation with its retroactive feature; reduction of the surtax on big incomes; the sales tax; the turnover tax; all of these are battles in the big game of predatory or gambling wealth against industrial or productive wealth.

The foreign markets, it is said, are closed to us as a result of the exchange rates, because of which it is cheaper to buy in any other market rather than in America. This, it is true, has something to do with the situation. But our foreign trade is a mere bagatelle when compared with the stupendous volume of our home market. The home market is being wrecked in this conflict between speculative finance and industrial finance.

Road-building here and there, public works in this city or that, benevolent measures such as "half-time for all," will not relieve unemployment. Nothing but the abolition of speculative wealth will end it; and this means the ending of this huge system of gambling in life and death which is at the basis of our financial structure.

For conceal it as we will, none can longer deny that the whole power in our present organized life is in the hands of those who control credit; and that this control of credit in private hands is used for private gambling. It matters nothing to them that millions are reduced to starvation and want as a result of this huge game in which countries are counters and armies are the stakes. Nor should we blame the masters of credit for this. If the common people are content to allow their lives to be played with as pawns in so wild a chess game where the pawns are certain to be sacrificed, why should we find fault with the players?

Unemployment is a natural and inevitable result of capitalism. As long as society is on a money basis, life will be sacrificed to money.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood.

—Markham

Kansas Miners Fight Against Slavery.

By Alexander Howat, President District 14, U. M. W. of A.

When Governor Allen was in the Kansas coal fields during the miners' strike in the winter of 1919 he told the miners they should return to work at once. He told them they should pay no attention to their official representatives, or to the mine workers in other parts of the country, but should return to the mines and produce coal, because he, the governor of the great state of Kansas, said so. He told them they should return to work on the terms and conditions laid down by the coal operators. He told the miners the state had taken over the mines, and that he was the largest coal operator in the world, and that he was going to give the Kansas miners the first opportunity to work for him. The mine workers, however, refused to pay any attention to this political egotist.

Such action on the part of the members of our organization injured the dignity of this shrewd and cunning politician, Henry J. Allen, to such an extent that he decided he would wreak vengeance in some way, not only on the mine workers of Kansas, but on the organized labor movement of the entire state. Consequently, acting in accordance with a statement he had previously made to the effect that he would have a law passed that would forever put a stop to strikes in the state of Kansas, he issued a call for a special session of the Kansas legislature to convene in Topeka on January 5, 1920, at which time Governor Allen, through the assistance and advice of a few of the large corporation lawyers, had a bill introduced in the legislature known as "The Kansas Court of Industrial Relations."

Governor Allen Selected Opportune Time

Governor Allen selected an opportune time to perpetrate this outrage against organized labor, as the strike was condemned by the press in all parts of the country, and was misrepresented to the people. We were charged with trying to overthrow the government. In fact, nothing was left undone by the large employers of labor, and the corporation press, to distort the real facts, and to prejudice the minds of the people. In this they were successful—the people were deceived. With such strong sentiment against us in all parts of the country, Governor Allen found no trouble in having his so-called law passed, which is intended to enslave the working class of this state.

The Industrial Court has accomplished nothing in bettering labor's conditions in this state. A few wage claims involving but a very small number of men have been handled by the Industrial Court. A few crumbs have been handed out as a bait to labor, but for every penny that has been

paid out to labor, hundreds of dollars have been given to the public utilities corporations in increased rates. A small increase in wages was given to the employees of the Joplin and Pittsburg Railway Company, who were already receiving a starvation wage. At the same time, the passenger rates of the company were almost doubled by the Industrial Court. The Industrial Court also added about 33⅓ per cent to the value of the telephone company at Topeka, and did the same at Kansas City, Kansas, and permitted their rates to be adjusted accordingly. This action on the part of the Industrial Court is in full accord with the policy they have practiced since it first came into existence. It has cost the tax payers of Kansas many thousands of dollars directly, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars in increased rates to public utilities that have been given by the so-called Industrial Court. It has prevented no strikes, and has done nothing but aggravate the labor problem and create industrial strife.

Four Years' Strife for Industrial Freedom

The mine workers of District 14 went through a four years' strike to establish the United Mine Workers of America in this state and to compel the coal operators to recognize our rights as working men and American citizens to belong to a labor organization. Before we were organized, we were at the complete mercy of the employers of labor, and were in practically the same condition as if we had been that many slaves. We were fighting for a principle; for the right to belong to the United Mine Workers of America. We were, also, fighting to strike from our limbs the shackles of oppression, with which we had been enslaved for many years. We were fighting then, to establish for the men who toil in the coal mines in this part of the country a larger degree of liberty and justice than they had received in the days gone by. We were also fighting with the hope that when the battle was over, we could stand forth and say, "AT LAST WE ARE FREE MEN."

And now, after the great industrial struggle which we passed through, in which several of our members gave up their lives, fighting to establish the principle that we should be free men in Kansas, Governor Allen, the politician; Governor Allen, the would-be slave-driver and labor-hater, has decided that our suffering and struggles of the past to be free men, amounts to nothing, and that we are again to be enslaved in this great republic, that is called "Free America." This law is an infringement on the sacred

rights of every working man and woman in the state of Kansas. This so-called Industrial Court Law is an insult to every man and woman who believes in the principles of liberty and justice, and is a disgrace to the state of Kansas. This law is meant to enslave organized labor and to place us in the same condition we were in years ago, before we had an organization. It is meant to place us at the complete mercy of the employers of labor. It is another blot on American history, and in fact, is only the beginning of a movement which is finally intended to enslave the working class of America, and to destroy the organized labor movement of the entire country.

Governor Allen is at the present time advocating the enactment of this law in every State in the Nation. I am pleased to say, however, they have failed to pass this law in any other State outside of Kansas. This law means to take away from us all the rights we ever enjoyed as Union men, and to place our business in the hands of three politicians, or corporation lawyers. When the Kansas Legislature passed this law at the instigation of Governor Allen and the corporations of this State, they struck a blow at our constitutional rights as free American citizens, and as Union men, and the principles of Liberty and Justice for the organized workers of this State were trampled under their feet without the least degree of consideration.

Organized labor in Kansas cannot afford to take a backward step. Regardless of the Industrial Court Law, we intend to exercise our constitutional rights as American citizens. The fight must be made in Kansas, because it is here where they first tried to crucify labor, and we have decided that neither the Industrial Court Law, or any other law, will ever chain the men to their jobs like slaves. Regardless of what the consequences may be, the fight is going on and on until the principles of free men and free women are again recognized and re-established in this State.

Just what the people of Kansas think about this Industrial Court Law is best indicated by the following affidavit made by the jurors who tried the last case brought against us under this law. IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CHEROKEE COUNTY, KANSAS,

SITTING AT COLUMBUS.
 State of Kansas, Plaintiff,
 vs.
 Alexander Howat
 and
 August Dorchy, Defendants.

AFFIDAVIT.
 State of Kansas, ss.
 Cherokee County,
 Norman Owens, Wm. Mallett, W. H. Childers, W. B. Davies, S. J. Cook, George Benson, W. B. Fancher, Hugh Gilliland, J. A. Duncan, Henry Irwin, Jess Jarvis and P. Baker, each of lawful age, being first duly sworn upon his oath, deposes and says: That he was one of the Jurors at the trial in the case of the State of Kansas versus Alexander Howat and August Dorchy, at Columbus, Kansas, during the week beginning June 27th, 1921; that upon the case being submitted to them they retired to the jury room, where they remained and deliberated about twelve hours before they reached a verdict on the misdemeanor charge; that on the first ballot taken in the

jury room the vote was nine for acquittal and three for conviction; that they and each of them carefully went over the instructions of the Court; that they entered into a general discussion with reference to the merits and demerits of the Industrial Court Law, and that each and every Juror expressed himself as absolutely and positively opposed to any such law as the Industrial Court Law; that there was no expression in the Jury room, at any time, by anyone, in favor of said law, and that they entered into a unanimous agreement to sign a statement setting forth these facts and give such statement to the public press; that the only reason they arrived at a verdict or that any of them favored a conviction even on the charge of a misdemeanor was because they had taken an oath, when qualified as Jurors, that they would be governed by the law as set forth in the Court's instructions, and the evidence, and that had it not been for said law given them by the Court in said instructions that not one of said Jurors would have made a finding that the defendants had done any wrong; that each and every one of said Jurors expressed himself as believing that neither of said defendants had done any wrong; affiants further state that each of them have voluntarily and gladly made the statements above set forth.

Norman Owens, Wm. Mallett, W. H. Childers, George Benson, W. B. Fancher, Hugh Gilliland, Henry Irwin, J. A. Duncan, Jess Jarvis, P. Baker, W. B. Davies.

Continued from page 4

With Gates Ajar.

which five per cent of the people own the wealth of the country and the great body of the people struggle through all their years for an existence and pass away without ever having enjoyed one hour of real life. How pathetic and tragic it is that in our land, with its boundless resources and treasures, its machinery, its workers, everything for production for every man, we have in the midst of these benefits the great body of the people struggling for existence.

"How foolish it is to vote for the perpetuation of such a system. Yet that is exactly what you do when you vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket, or any ticket, except the Socialist. While you are doing this the master class looks upon you with sovereign contempt.

"You who produce everything, you who really create, you who are conserving capitalization—is it not humiliating to think that you are the bottom class, the lower order? That is the system that you support or help to destroy by your vote.

"I appeal to you just once to stand perfectly erect in the majesty of your humanity. You owe it to yourself."

MINUTE MEN DISBANDED

No sooner had the first issue of Debs Freedom Monthly been placed on the newstands than objection was raised that the organization of the Debs Minute Men was an attempt to launch a new political party.

In proposing the Minute Men this was farthest from our thoughts. The Idea was to rally that vast following of Debs into an organization devoted solely to agitating for the release of political prisoners. However, rather than cause misunderstanding, the plan to organize the Minute Men has been discontinued. The work that would have been done by these Minute Men will be carried on by means of general publicity and through existing organizations.

The Worker's University--What do you know?

1. What is the world's greatest song of the working class, and who composed it?
2. What does it profit a small farmer to sell out and go to town?
3. Of what consequence was the uprising of slaves under Spartacus?
4. What great contribution did Eli Whitney make to modern industry?
5. Who is known as the "poet of Democracy," and what is his best known poem?
6. Describe the Malthusian Theory. Has it a scientific foundation?
7. What is the meaning of the word "Utopian"?
8. Who said, "The world is divided into two classes, the shearers and the shorn"?
9. Who rose from a humble peasant boy to be the world's greatest painter of lowly scenes?
10. Name the only considerable commodity still furnished freely by politicians.
11. Where is Salt Creek?
12. Where is the Levant, and what does the name mean?
13. What have the Republican and Democratic Parties done for the working people?
14. What common characteristics have beavers and bees?
15. When you are out of a job with three cents in your pocket, how much are beans a thousand?
16. What great service for the Cause of Freedom was performed by Toussaint L'Overture?
17. Who originated the famous phrase, "There is a fool born every minute"?
18. Under what circumstances would hell be a blessing?
19. Why does the United States Congress employ a chaplain?
20. What is the meaning of "16 to 1"?

Answers to What do you know?—page 21

CRIMES OF THE BIG FIVE

The Packing Trust

The Big Five control thirty large stock yards in America, besides many in Argentine, Canada and Australia.

The Big Five control 75,000 Branch Houses in America for the distribution of their products.

The Big Five control 91 per cent of the refrigerating cars, thus having absolute power over food shipments and a strong influence over the railroads.

The Big Five control unlimited cold storage facilities, which enables them to dictate the marketing of the products of other corporations.

The Big Five are doing business entirely on the people's capital, as they have control of sixty-two large banking institutions, and hold stock in many others.

The Big Five are operating numerous fruit packing plants, canneries and creameries, which, together with their other holdings, gives them complete control of the food supplies of America.

The Big Five have a dominating influence in hundreds of other corporations and at the present rate of monopoly will soon be the largest group of industrial pirates the United States has yet developed thru the private ownership of industry.

The Big Five are getting ready for Socialism, for they are doing more than all other forces to organize industry and capital so the workers may take charge thru political power and make these institutions the property of those who produce all wealth.

BONAZA FARMS

In 1870 there were only 3,500 farms in the United States containing more than 1,000 acres each. In 1910 there were more than 50,000 farms with acreages of 1,000 acres or more. The small farmer is joining the laborers in town.

EFFECTS OF LOW WAGES

"The death rate of babies whose fathers earn less than \$10 per week is 256 per 1,000, while those whose fathers earn \$25 or more per week die at the rate of only 84 per 1,000. Thus the babies of the poor die at three times the rate of the fairly well to do."

REVOLUTION

Looking back over the industrial history of the last quarter century, the industrial disputes which have attracted the attention of the country and which have been accompanied by bloodshed and violence have been revolutions against industrial oppression, and not mere strikes for improvement of working conditions.—From the Report of the Industrial Relations Commission.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

If you are not yet a subscriber to *Debs Monthly*, you can do no greater service for the Cause of Freedom and the Release of Political Prisoners than to have your name on our rolls. Send in your subscription today. One Dollar for Eight Months.

DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY
59 E. Van Buren St Chicago, Ill.

Songs of Freedom.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that live and die,
In want and hunger and cold,
That one might revel in luxury
And be lapped in a silken fold.
Ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace of riches rare.

In the sweat of their brow, the desert blooms;
The forest before them falls;
Their labor has bullded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls.
The one owns cities and houses and lands
But the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so weary, and dark, and long,
At last shall the morning bring,—
Then over the land the victor's song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring;
And echo afar from zone to zone,
Rejoice! for labor shall have its own.

THE CALL.

Oh, Duty is bare and the sark of Care is ragged and thin
and old;
I will cast her aside and take for my bride a Muse in a
cloth of gold.
I have heard the call of the wind-swept pine and there
bides no rest for me;
My soul is drenched with clear starshine and drunk with
the wine of the sea.
What care I now for the broken vow and the word by the
deed gainsaid?
Ere the night was torn with the sun, newborn, my life
to my fate was wed.
I am going south to a bayou mouth where quiet forever
reigns;
Where the migrant flight of the geese by night and the
sober-stalking cranes
And the stars that creep o'er the crystal deep in the
course of the southern night
Not yet complain of the lesser Cain who comes with
his gun to smite.
There the long low moan of the ocean-tone as it rides
on the wind afar
Doth make one think that he stands by the brink of a
sea on another star,
Not here where men, again and again, in a treadmill
day by day
Go round and round in a narrow bound and labor their
joy away.
Ere my heart grow sad and the joy I've had fade out
and die like a dream
And my soul peak thin mid the hurry and din and the
noise of hammers and steam—
(For the bought and the sold be the getting of gold) I
will leave the city behind,
And my soul shall be as wide and free as a heaven-
searching wind.

Persuade me not, for a passion hot and a wild wind-
drifted cry
Sweep over me like the tides of the sea—I must go, or
my soul will die.
I have heard the call of the wind-swept pine and there
bides no rest for me;
My soul is drenched with clear starshine and drunk
with the wine of the sea,
And Duty is bare and the sark of Care is ragged and
thin and old;
I will cast her aside and take for my bride a Muse in a
cloth of gold.
—Harry H. Kemp,

THE WORKER.

I have broken my hands on your granite,
I have broken my strength on your steel,
I have sweated thru years for your pleasure,
I have worked like a slave for your weal.
And what is the wage you have paid me?
You masters and drivers of men,—
Enough so I come in my hunger
To beg for more labor again.

I have given my manhood to serve you,
I have given my gladness and youth;
You have used me, and spent me, and crushed me,
And thrown me aside without ruth;
You have shut off my eyes from the sunlight,
My lungs from the untainted air,
You have housed me in horrible places
Surrounded by squalor and care.

I have built you the world in its beauty,
I have brought you the glory and spoil,
You have blighted my sons and my daughters,
You have scourged me again to my toil.
Yet I suffer it all in my patience,
For somehow I dimly have known
That some day the worker will conquer
In a world that was meant for his own.
—Bert Braley.

SHALL 'GENE BE FREE?

"Should 'Gene be free?" Is this your question, then,
Our own Eugene, the finest prince of men;
Most loved disciple of the Crucified,
Whose glowing, love-filled face hath deified
Our humblest cottage and our foulest den!

"Should 'Gene be free?" Whose prophet voice hath
thrilled
The souls of working men, till we were filled
With Christ's own vision of a Better Day
When Love and Truth and Liberty hold sway!
"Should 'Gene be free?" Should God's own voice be
stilled?

"Should 'Gene be free?" Whose lion-courage dared
To speak for Truth when weaker men were scared!
Whose dauntless soul stood firm, nor stooped to take
A felon's pardon when 'twas Truth at stake!
Who kept his faith in men while men despaired!

"Should 'Gene be free?" Whose prisoned eyes still flame
With fire of Freedom's torch; whose words proclaim
From dungeon's darkest doors the Gospel light
That heralds the ending of this awful night!
"Should 'Gene be free?" O, Sons of God, for shame!

"Should 'Gene be free?" And who will free him, pray?
Those powers of night which put him there? Not they!
Ye Sons of Toil, 'tis your own life that lies
Locked in those prison walls with 'Gene! Arise,
And build your Brother-World, or die—TODAY!

"Should 'Gene be free?" Awake, ye slumbering slaves!
Roll up your protest, till its mighty waves
Shall sweep from off the Earth this fiendish lust
For money and for power! Arise! Ye MUST—
Or lose your right to live! What will ye, slaves?
—G. L. Barnes, Chicago.

THE PRICE WE'VE PAID.

Continued from page 9

partment of justice. Whole faculties were driven from universities.

Any preacher who said in public that Christ meant what He taught was in danger of lynching. Tar and feathers, scourging, lynching, was common medicine for any who dared expose the corruption in high places.

For all this hatred against pacifists and "seditionists" was carefully engineered and directed by those who were coining into fat profits for themselves the blood of the slain and the groans of the bereaved.

A wave of massacre swept across our land. There were massacres in Ludlow, Colorado; in Everett, Washington; in West Virginia, in Northern Michigan, in Oklahoma.

Race riots, in which hundreds, both white and black, were killed, broke out where negroes were imported to cut down the wages of the white workers; there were riots in East St. Louis, in Chicago, in Washington, in Omaha, in Duluth, in Tulsa; lynchings and massacres in every part of the land.

New crops of boy murderers sprang up in every back alley; we had bank robberies by the score and unnumbered assassinations with children as the assassins, imitating the exploits of the heroes of whom they heard so much.

We had pogroms against Socialists, led by British officers or by the American Legion, in every state and city: women beaten, men scourged or tarred and feathered, children crushed and clubbed by the heroes of the swivel-chair who compose the American Legion.

We have created a military caste to take the place of that led by the German Crown Prince, and we have thrown the Hohenzollern idea of the divine right of soldiers far in the shade by the damnable tricks of our new military aristocracy.

Democracy was having the time of its young life.

Oh, the price that we have paid! It is not only the lives that were lost in battle, in starvation, in disease; not only the blasted loves of those whose dear ones went and never returned;

It is not only the mangling and shattering of the millions of forms made in the image of manly beauty, and now distorted into horrible wrecks;—not only the minds ruined, wrecked by the accumulated horrors of war.

No; but the beauty of life and thought which has been overlaid with the defouling slime of an outburst of primeval hate, of savage, barbaric passion, scientifically organized and stimulated;

The beauty of child-minds nurtured in hatred and twisted into admiration of the arts of destruction, of murder, into the worship of War—

This is the heaviest of our losses, and long in-

deed shall it be before that fearful debt is paid!

We have as evil a soldier caste as ever cursed Prussia; we have accepted and clasped to our hearts the malignant monster we entered the war to overthrow.

This is our loss!

Jesus has been turned into a shouting legionary; bishops and priests and ministers united in proclaiming that were He alive today, He would have been fighting with a bayonet in the front trenches of the Allies, disemboweling the Germans who held up their hands and cried "Comrade!"—

Ah, dear Christ! have Christians lost even you? How heavy, how heavy is the price we pay to Caesar!

IV.

At last the world horror drew to its close. Armies slaughtered and were slain until the last moment of the armistice. And then the thunder of the guns ceased, and for the first time in four years the soldiers could hear all over Europe, in the shattered trees above them, the songs of the birds.

Then from every country arose the wild cry thrilling out of a world's despair, "This must not happen again!"

So off to Paris went the envoys to make peace. They had not known what war is like; safe in the arms of their swivel chairs, how could they know?

Thirty-three nations gathered at Versailles to make the world safe for democracy; but thirty-three nations are too many to be democratic. So the thirty-three was reduced to fifteen.

Fifteen was yet too many; so that number was reduced to five—to the Five Great Democratic Powers having General Interests; that is to say, having large armies and large navies.

But five were still too many. Italy demanded too much land and was thrown out by the other four.

Japan demanded racial equality, and was thrown out by the other three; so then the Three remained;—

Three old men; three gray-haired survivors of the Age of Fable, three septuagenarian remnants of the Mid-Victorian Era, Wilson, Lloyd-George and Clemenceau, met in secret session month after month;

Like the ancient Triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus and Caesar they mapped out the world between them, tossing a province here and a nation there to the yelping dogs of war.

In dense, dark secrecy—in obscurity compared to which the deepest midnight is as the noonday sun—they conspired together for six months, six long and dreadful months, six agonizing months, during which seventeen little wars were raging all over Europe, and the lurid flare of towns in flames illuminated the dreadful spectacle of a continent starving to death;

And at the end of it they handed us the Treaty of Versailles!

But how can the Harding conference give us peace when it will not face the facts of war? How can the world build peace upon a secure foundation when it persistently bases its foundations upon the quicksands that have already so nearly engulfed it?

The last Great War was caused by commercial competition. It was fundamentally a conflict between the Suez Canal owned by England and the Berlin to Bagdad railway planned by Germany. It was a war of seaways against railways.

Competition between two groups of mercantile exploiters caused the World War. That competition still exists. It is intensified now, for the plunder that remains to be seized has been greatly reduced by the struggle.

France and England are hourly at daggers points over the question of Syrian tariffs. America and Japan glare at one another over the matter of Pacific cables and Oriental tolls. England and America are on the verge of a bitter conflict over Egyptian cotton and Mexican oil.

So in order to solve these problems the youth of the world are even now being warned to keep the rifle handy and the bomb-throwing arm in good practice, because the day of battle steals on us as a thief in the night.

Again the midnight airship raids; again the lurking submarine lending terror to every wave; again the suffocating of women and children—whole cities full—to settle a question about which thief shall plunder the survivors.

Oh, the price that we have paid for our stupidity—the price that we are paying—the price that is still to be paid! So long as we endure the capitalist system—so long as we worship the golden image—so long shall we be compelled to burn our best and bravest in the fire of Moloch and offer our wealth upon the altar of Mammon.

For the price that we have paid is but a fore-taste of the price that is yet to be paid.

Until we awake from our blinded dream of folly: until the scourge of hunger and of pain drives us into wiser ways; until we have replaced this hideous nightmare of capitalism with the sane and ordered intelligence of Socialism

—We shall keep on paying the price!

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THE CO-OPERATOR

236 Commercial St., San Francisco, California

ANSWERS TO "WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

From Page 17.

1. The Marseillaise, composed by Rouget de Lisle in 1792. It never became popular until the Marseilles Battalion sang it in the streets of Paris while marching to storm the Tuilleries.

2. Nix! On the farm he may walk two hundred miles cultivating his corn and 'taters, but in the city he is sure to walk seventeen hundred miles looking for a job.

3. Spartacus was a Thracian, enslaved by the Romans. Escaping, he established headquarters in the crater of Mt. Vesuvius. With the thousands of slaves that flocked to his standard he gained control of Southern Italy. Repeatedly defeating the Armies of Rome, he was finally subdued by Crassus, 71 B. C.

4. Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin about 1793. This machine made the production of cotton possible at one two-hundredth the cost of hand labor. The consternation caused in industrial circles by its use was an influential factor in bringing the Civil War. Tho the machine has made fabulous wealth for capitalists, Whitney received not a penny. Thus does capitalism reward its great thinkers.

5. Walt Whitman, born in West Hills, L. I., May 31, 1819. His most famous poem is that written on the death of Lincoln, "Oh, Captain, My Captain!"

6. The theory that in time the world will become over-populated and the food supply will be insufficient for all. This theory is entirely groundless, as the one state of Texas, under scientific cultivation, could feed, clothe, and house the world's people.

7. "Utopia," meaning "nowhere" in the Greek tongue, was popularized by Sir Thomas More. More wrote a book in 1516 entitled "Utopia." In this work he pictured an ideal society living on an island, where want, sin, sickness and sorrow were unknown, and perfect freedom and harmony reigned. The main objection to it has been as to modern Socialism, "too good to be true."

8. Talleyrand, Prime Minister of Napoleon Bonaparte. He further added, "let us then be among the shearers." Ninety per cent of the American people are among the shorn, and more accommodating than ordinary sheep, they meekly march to the polls every four years for the "shearing."

9. Jean Francois Millet, 1814-1875. His most widely known pictures are "The Gleaners," "The Angelus," and "The Man With the Hoe." These masterpieces rank among the world's greatest paintings.

10. Hot air.

11. Geographers have not as yet definitely mapped the course of this stream, but of one

ON THE FIRING LINE.

COMRADES!

Listen! Listen! Comrades,
Don't you hear that call?
It's sounding forth humanity,
Yes, for one and all.

It's sounding forth a trumpet,
For they're mobilizing fast;
And now we say that slavery
Is over, yes, at last.

We'll take the non-producing class,
And work them where we can;
We'll make the cringing parasites
A race of goodly men.

—C. W. McCort, Battle Creek, Mich.

A. O. Grigsby, Tolesboro, Ky., says he can't get around, but lands with a bundle of ten. We'll tell the world he's stepping some.

The Buckeyes are in the fight to stay. H. M. Kohr orders his company to the front for action. Watch Urichsville, O.!

Tillie Pyzik is making them sick. She drops six nice ones from the Windy City on the Lake—Thompsonville.

California is way in the lead in this grand fight. C. S. Johanson went over the top twice this month, bringing in ten plutes and four near plutes. Of the ten he says, "Found them all at the Federated Trades Council." Boys, make the rounds of the Unions and wake 'em up.

Geo. Adams, I. A. M., Oakland, Calif., wants fifty copies for eight months. Adams, you're steamboating some. Keep it up.

You'll have to show M. I. Ferguson of Kirksville, Mo. He staggers in with nineteen subs and pleads to have us awaken the dubs. We'll do it, Fergie.

Huntinburg, Ind., W. G. McMillen, is going to fill 'em. He raises his ante from ten in August to thirty in Sept. Go after them, Old Scout, you've got 'em on the run.

E. F. Everitt, Redlands, Calif., says, "Keep pounding away at rotten conditions." He orders ten more of the August Number. He is pounding away like a trip-hammer. Everitt True, more power to you.

"Go to it, boys! Send another bundle," says Dr. C. A. Boorman, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. The Badgers are strong for justice, but so far they have gotten just ice.

E. J. Hewitt, Ashtabula, O., pays for a bundle of ten. Leave it to Hewitt, he's sure to do it.

P. B. Sharp, Orienta, Okla., orders ten shells for Big Bertha. "I'll do what I can to get a circulation for it." If you hear them yelping in the solid south, you will know that Sharp has stuck 'em.

W. W. Comaz, Sacramento, Calif., wants "\$2 worth of DEBS FREEDOM all in one package." We are putting some mighty powerful explosives in small packages, Comaz; Handle with care!

Dallas, Tex., had ten Aug. and wants ten in Sept., says G. R. Barrett. Dixie Land is going red and the plutes can't bear it.

In McMechen, W. Va., W. H. Martinez soon ran out of ten copies and sent an S. O. S. for twenty-five more same issue. You're railroading, old boy. Pull her wide open!

Angela Murphy, Parkersburg, W. Va., ran ten plutes ragged in Aug. and requests ammunition for fifteen in Sept. We need more angels in this great work.

Kentucky is on the war path again. J. F. Redman, of Glendale, had ten Aug. and wants ten Sept. Make room for the noble redman.

Alexandria, Minn., E. C. Wokl, is rampant again,

look out for the yoke. "I can't get 'em in bunches, but they're coming fast one at a time."

Without Comrade Hughey, what would we do? Two subs and a bundle order from Springfield, Mo.

Sutton! Sutton! who's got the button? Two yearlies and a bunch of ten copies to corral more. Remember Sutton, Grover Hill, O.

John A. Henron, Anadarko, is having quite a lark. A bundle of long range shells and two recruits to man the big guns in Okla.

Albert Nelson, Berkeley, Calif., wants ten every month. "Don't forget the I. W. W.s, too," he says. We won't forget anyone that is unjustly confined in Capitalist Bastilles, Al.

Will DEBS MONTHLY rest till all workers are free? Nix.

El is a barber just full of such tricks.

He had ten Aug. and wants ten Sept. quickern —!

Huntington, Ind.

Send ten every month, says Louis Pauls, shooting \$1 from Schofield, Wis.

John Schneider, Manitowoc, Wis., drops \$2 for 20 copies. Don't worry about Schneider, he'll catchup.

Galesburg, Ill., is being startled by John Sjodin, who rings 20 copies on the register. Leave it to Sjodin, the plutes will be snowed in.

"DEBS MONTHLY is sure good reading," says Lydick with a bunch of subs, "and I hope will make for good among a lot of Henry Dubs." San Diego, Calif., is hearing from W. S. Lydick.

Boys, let's rally with Nora McNally. She drags in three from Pittsburgh, Pa.

Seven huskies are landed by Comrade Helfrich, Louisville, Ky. Give 'em Helfrich.

Also seven from E. G. Filbert, Marysville, Kans. There may be nuts in Kansas but they're not filberts.

The Machinists are live wires everywhere. Walter Mura, Clifton, N. J., wants ten a month for this militant bunch.

J. H. Monahan of the Machinists, Cinn., O., has put a nice bunch thru several times. We want more like Monahan, Flanagan.

Eight from M. Axelrod, Cleveland, O. Our big guns will sure reach the front with such axlerods.

Ten fat prisoners from Comrade Holeschik, Staunton, Ill. When this chick grows up we fear for privilege.

One dollar for a sub and four for the Debs Freedom Fund, says D. H. Dyck of Halstead, Kans. This dyke does everything in reason to confine the floods of treason.

Bert Broadhurst, Pittsburg, Kans., throws seven bombs into Harding's camp and the damage is appalling.

A vallant worker is H. R. Edward, Marysville, Calif. "I'll try to corral them everywhere I go." You'd be surprised how easy it is, Edward.

De Soto discovered the Big River, but W. S. Turner, De Soto, Mo., discovered how easy it is to sell DEBS MONTHLY. He says, "I sold ten in twenty minutes, rush ten more."

Paul Ritter, Chicago, is on the job. He sends \$10 for the Freedom Fund and to help put the MONTHLY on the newsstands of Chicago. Thanks, Comrade, DEBS MONTHLY is going strong in Chicago.

Ten cases of Freedom Gas for F. C. Gassman, St. Louis, Mo. Plutes, get your gas masks ready.

Edward Pletcher, Spokane, Wash., has the enemy annihilated. He sold eighty of the Aug. and wants fifty each month.

Mt. Healthy, O., is not healthy for 100%ers. Geo. Markert is on the job and deports four to the happy hunting grounds.

Jobs For Workers

Do you know that the first issue of Debs Freedom Monthly was exhausted before it was off the press a week? Do you know that many unemployed workers are making money selling this popular magazine on the streets?

Debs Monthly Sells Like Wildfire

If you are jobless, don't starve! Send for a bundle of Debs Monthly and hustle! It will get you by nicely 'til the big industries open again.

Thousands are sold on the streets of the large cities. Some of our agents sell easily 100 a day.

The public wants to know about Debs and Freedom!

Make Big Propaganda! Make Good Wages!

We trust you! Write for a bundle and get busy!

You can build up a permanent trade in short order.

Debs Freedom Monthly

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