

SPECIAL ARTICLES BY EUGENE V. DEBS
(Debs is not financially interested in this Magazine. He is responsible only for articles appearing over his own name)

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DEBS' MAGAZINE

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No. 6

"With malice toward none, with charity for all"

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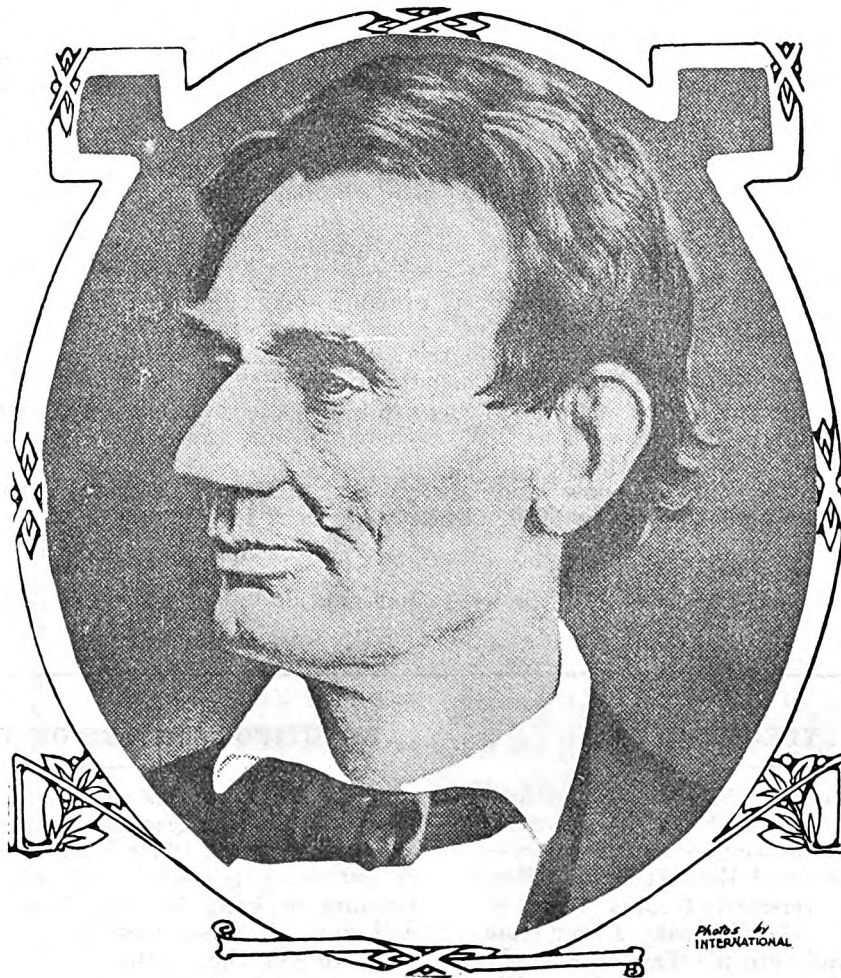


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The Great Emancipator

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DEBS CALLS TO ACTION!

The Lion of the Working Class has returned to his lair victorious. A few weeks of needed rest and he will launch a drive against embattled greed that will carry the American Working Class to victory in 1924.

His first articles in this number should be read with great care. Millions have been waiting and watching the radical movement since the war devastated the world to catch the first faint glow of Solidarity among those who claim to be saviors of the world in America. They have been painfully disappointed. Debs is their only hope!

This Magazine made its appearance six months ago amidst a storm of abuse and defamation from the petty politicians of seventeen different factions of the radical movement. They did their best to embarrass and destroy it. No attention was paid to their attacks.

We stated openly that we worshiped no tribal fetish or clannish dogma. We proclaimed Debs Socialism as the clean, clear-cut political appeal that would reach the people and establish industrial democracy in America. We demanded the union of all workers on this program.

Time has justified the wisdom of this action. It was based on the principles for which 'Gene Debs and many others have fought and suffered. We still fight on that ground and we are winning thousands as we forge ahead.

We have taken the fight direct to the people on the street corners of the large cities and the lonely cabins in far Alaska. They are with us. Debs' Magazine is now the fastest growing magazine in the world!! Because Debs speaks for the People!

Once more we invite you to join the growing throng of militant workers. Whether you are a Socialist, Communist, I. W. W., or S. L. P.; if you are a worker you belong with us; if you are a parasite, but look for a better day for all, you belong with us. We welcome to our ranks everyone who has his face toward the Dawn!

Debs' Magazine is now and always for a United Working Class. America for the Workers in 1924. Unite with Debs for Victory.

FREEDOM LYCEUM BUREAU

Debs' Magazine has now available for lectures on Release of Prisoners; The Next War; Russia; and other subjects, two well-known lecturers---Irwin St. John Tucker and Emil Herman. Herman has just been released from a term in McNeil Island Prison. He will make a tour from Puget Sound, East and return. Tucker is ready for dates in the central region at any time. We have a plan for an organization or committee to have a lecture in their city without cost. Write for the plan promptly. Let's unite the working class!

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF 'GENE DEBS

Debs' Magazine has secured a limited number of beautiful lithographs of Our 'Gene. They are in five colors, 12x18 inches in size, same pose as cut on page three, and just the thing for framing to hang in your home or office. We will not sell these pictures at any price. We want to get them into the hands of the most active of our readers absolutely free. So long as they last we will mail one to each comrade who sends in five subscriptions to Debs' Magazine at \$1 per year, or sends five dollars for five yearly sub-cards. Act quickly while they last!

FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT

DEBS' MAGAZINE

A HERALD OF THE DAWN

Volume 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 6



Freedom For All Political Prisoners

As long as a single man or woman is in prison for the expression of an opinion, the United States Government, with its professed democracy, stands impeached before the civilized world.

I appeal to every comrade, to every friend and sympathizer, to continue to wage the campaign for the liberation of our political prisoners with unremitting energy and determination.

My freedom is only partial, and can only be made complete when they step forth free again. All of them—Jim Larkin, Ben Gitlow, Harry Winitzky, the Industrial Workers of the World—all of the prisoners, regardless of their affiliation or non-affiliation, and above all, Tom Mooney, who has been outraged and has suffered most of all.

They are all in prison, whatever the pretext may be, for their connection with the working class. And it is the duty of the working class to prove its worthiness of their loyalty by pledging itself not to rest until they have been restored to freedom.

Eugene P. Debs

THE WORLD IS WAITING!

By Eugene V. Debs

For nearly three years I have been out of touch with what has been going on. During these three years the world has been turned upside down. A great part of it is in ruins. Empires have fallen, and governments have arisen. Wars have been ended and new ones begun, since I went to prison.

Thousands of letters have poured in upon me daily. Telegrams by the hundred are unanswered because I was swamped by their number. But one fact emerges very clearly.

Capitalism has brought ruin and destruction upon mankind. The threat of war hangs like a black and monstrous cloud over the face of all humanity. So long as capitalism remains in power, so long as vultures exist who grow rich on war, so long will wars continue.

Here in America millions are hungry and unemployed, eager to work but unable to obtain work because they cannot be used at a profit for some individual or firm.

But in the face of the most tremendous opportunity that has ever faced it, the Socialist movement, which seeks to eliminate unemployment and hunger, is split and divided into petty fragments. People are disgusted by our factions, instead of being heartened by our message.

We must stop all this petty wrangling. We will always have differences over weighty matters; but must face the foe of the capitalist system with a united front. The people are ready and eager for our message. But as an aftermath of the war we find ourselves divided into hostile camps, each busily engaged in discrediting the others. We call one another bad names; "yellows," "disruptionists," "traitors." We have driven everybody out of our movement by the wranglings within it. There are more than 200,000 people in the United States today who are eager and anxious to join a united party; but we are all saying that our little faction is the only real representative of the working class. Fundamentally there is not enough real difference between these scrapping factions to warrant any division at all. As far as fundamentals are concerned, we are all seeking the same object, and faced by the same foe. But the leaders become personal in their endeavors to obtain or to hold on to office. And in their attacks on one another they ignore the cause of their own existence. Each seeks to get the credit for himself. There is the difficulty. The real Socialist does not want credit for himself; he gets his credit from the

knowledge that he is working for the cause of all humanity.

There are two things above all others that are now nearest to my heart. One is the Russian situation—feeding the starving millions in Russia first of all, saving every life that it is possible to save. Oh, if I only had my strength, I would go out now and shake the soul of America with the supreme and paramount duty of rescuing these starving millions!

And the other thing that my spirit is eager to do is to fight in the cause of the political prisoners. I cannot be at peace while there is still a political prisoner under the Stars and Stripes. What a mockery, that there should ever have been one!

* * * * *

I want to get to work with my pen. I want to summon the rank and file together. When we can get them together we will burn out all these differences between the leaders. People are so restless that they do not know which way to turn.

I am not at all discouraged by all the trials we have undergone. The war is responsible. In the long run the experience will prove to have been a great, fine thing to us; for it has subjected Socialists to a test, and it has tempered us to a finer grade of steel. It has purged the movement of those who did not vitally belong to it. When a movement begins to show signs of prosperity, it attracts a great many who do not rightly belong to it.

Through these differences of belief we will arrive at a better understanding. These differences all relate to our tactics. We have had these experiences, and we will profit by them. Having emerged from them, we will have a better equipment to meet the next crisis. We must keep hopeful, confident, and everything will turn out right.

Comrades call and write by hundreds, and say that everyone is waiting for me. Just tell them that I will arrive on schedule time. I can feel the life forces at work. And all it requires is time enough for recuperation. A man cannot presume to proclaim to all creatures what shall be done, when he has been deprived of the information as to just what has been done.

The world has been turned upside down; it is in ruins; empires have fallen and arisen since I went to prison. Present problems are too great for the wisdom of man. In prison I was cut off. I was not permitted to receive any papers. But now, I am going to receive information from the

representatives of all these groups. I am going to receive them on equal terms; I am going to talk to them all; and when I have got together all the information that each can give, then in obedience to my conscience and my judgment, I will take my place and will do what I feel that it is necessary for me to do; and I will take that position if I stand alone.

I am satisfied that the great body of the working class movement in this country want to unite. They are tired—exhausted—by all these factional squabbles. They are ready to work for the cause of humanity, but they are not willing to work to build up a faction at the expense of any other faction.

Leadership of the working class must come from within. Under the bourgeois conception of leadership, the leader is the boss, who tells the herd what to do. He is the sheep herder, they are his flock. They are his mutton. For instance, the Republican and the Democratic party members wait for their leaders to come and tell them what the issues are. They do not think on their own account. But the principal aim of the working class movement is to teach our comrades to be their own leaders.

It is true that some of us, by virtue of experience or qualities of judgment, are entitled to assume the position of representatives. But to be a representative of the mass, expressing what the people think and organizing their activities to secure their aims, is not to be a boss. Under Socialism there can be no boss; for if a movement tolerates a boss, it is not the Socialist movement. Socialism and bosses are mutually antagonistic. The reason why the Socialist movement develops power is for the purpose of conferring power on the rank and file.

It is a difficult thing for men, when they get into official position, to hold the balance true and recognize themselves to be servants of their

brothers. Every man has a certain amount of personal pride. When he becomes an official, after a while he rouses a certain amount of opposition, and his first thought is to safeguard his office. He appoints his own henchmen to positions, he dismisses others, he builds up a machine, and he comes to think more of his own rights and dignity than of securing the objects for which the organization was formed. It is so all too often with trade unions.

The union official begins to turn the union into a political machine. The average convention of the average trade union is run that way. Take the case of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, for example, and take the man who is their president. He is wholly unfit for that office; and the railroad companies, through their henchmen, see that such men are re-elected. He has no capacity, yet he is the leader of more than 100,000 railroad men. So long as this is true, how can there be hope for the betterment of the working-class on any sure and sound foundation?

Leadership does no good as long as it is confined to a few. But we can only help ourselves by developing intelligence, solidarity and ideals in the mass. When we have done that, we will get somewhere. A man does not have to be in the limelight to be a leader. Often it is the case that a man who quietly and in secret uses his talents as best he can for the good of the cause, is the most effective kind of a leader.

Comrades, I have a plan that I am working out within my own mind for bringing about unity in our ranks. I am sure we can present a united front to the capitalist system. We can! We must! When the great mass of the people, who know nothing and care nothing about factional differences, feel the Calling of our Cause, then they will flock to us in their hundreds of thousands for the bringing in of the Commonwealth of Man.

LINCOLN AS A POET

(The following poem Abraham Lincoln wrote in 1811, while on a visit to the home of his childhood.)

My childhood home I see again,
 And sadden with the view;
 And still, as memory crowds my brain,
 There's pleasure in it, too.
 O, memory, thou midway world
 'Twixt earth and paradise,
 Where things decayed and loved ones lost
 In dreamy shadows rise;
 And, freed from all that's earthy vile,
 Seems hallowed, pure and bright,
 Like scenes in some enchanted isle.
 All bathed in liquid light.

THE NATION'S DUTY

"With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work before us; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—Lincoln's Second Inaugural.

"DEBS FREEDOM MONTHLY."

The release of Debs from prison has required a change in the name of this magazine. The future name cannot be fully decided upon at present and this issue is being run under the title of Debs' Magazine.

MY YEARS IN PRISON.

By Eugene V. Debs

When a man is in prison for a long time, he undergoes a change. No matter what his mastery over himself, he is shaken and wrought upon by that experience.

In spirit I was always free, for a man whose heart is free is never in bonds. But with all that, when a man must live on prison fare and be bound down by prison rules, it eats into his very nature.

What hurt me most was the daily brutality I had to see inflicted upon others. Guards with cruelty in their hearts and clubs in their hands worked their savage will upon helpless men, who were their legitimate prey, and no one dared to voice a protest. I saw a great deal of that.

I spent a great deal of my time trying to brace men up. When a man is all day long trying to minister to others in desperate distress, it works upon his soul. Groans and screams all day, curses and sobs all night! I had to read letters by the thousand from the helpless families of men imprisoned. When a man gets a letter saying that his whole family is starving, that they are going to be put out on the street because they are sick and unable to pay the rent; or that his wife has gone wrong, or that his daughter has become a prostitute, it tears at his soul. And when one has to try and comfort men in such straits as this, not once, but many times a day—then it exhausts him spiritually as the horrible surroundings exhaust him physically.

A prison is an incubator for vice and crime.

The prisoners are the legitimate prey of the contractors who grow rich on plundering helpless men. I have seen shoddy before, many times, but the prison clothes are "shoddy-of-shoddy." The suit they gave me when I left was made out of that sort of goods. If I had been caught in the rain, my trousers would have been knickerbockers. The shoes they gave me are paper. Think of the Government of the United States sending a man out to face the world with a suit of clothes like that and a five dollar bill—after it has branded him as a convict! And many things my wife sent me the guards and the officials confiscated. I never saw them.

One of my fellow prisoners was a boy fifteen years old, who had been condemned to prison for ten years because he went to his father's funeral. He was in the army, and he got a telegram from his mother saying that his father was dead. He asked his commanding officer for permission to attend the funeral; but this officer was an autocrat and a brute, and he refused. The boy went

to the funeral anyway, was court martialed and sentenced to ten years in the Federal penitentiary.

I have heard hundreds of stories like that from the boys who were in the army. Those soldiers are all my friends. They were all American boys, who had been tried before a court composed of officers, permitted no defense, and sent to prison some for twenty years.

I could show you a fifteen-year-old boy who was put into a cell with perverts, degenerates of the worst type. At the end of a year he was like them—knowing everything they knew, ruined forever. And then they branded him as a convict; and if a man has once acquired a prison record, he is convicted in advance forever after.

I was kidnaped in the first place. That is to say, I was legally tried and convicted; but when the United States Supreme Court affirmed my conviction, the legal process was for me to surrender to my bondsmen and for them to surrender me to the court; which we were proceeding to do. But they seized me the moment I entered Cleveland. Two thugs were sent to take me. I was not given time to write a note to my wife, or to communicate with my lawyers or my bondsmen.

There were a number of comrades with me at the time, and there were 5,000 people who were waiting to hear me, for I was to have spoken in Cleveland that time. I could have defied the guards, and had thousands around me to defend me at once. But that is not the way we fight.

They took me and hid me away. The capitalistic government was quaking in its stolen boots.

They got a high powered machine and rushed me out of town. They had the train stopped out of town and took me to Youngstown on the train; and then by five different trolley lines they took me to Moundsville. They had strict orders not to let me see or talk to anybody on the way.

When they got me there they hired six extra guards at a cost of \$200 a week, with high powered rifles, to guard me. Moundsville is near the coal fields of West Virginia, and they were afraid that the miners would march down in their might and liberate me from the prison walls. That was one of the excuses they gave for taking me to Atlanta; the prison was too near the coal fields. Also, the State of West Virginia complained that it was too poor to afford the cost of the extra guards. The truth is, that they were scared stiff, the whole pack of bourgeois scoun-

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HOW THE GATES SWING OPEN.

By Theodore Debs

Few people realize what a tremendous thing it is to be released from prison. 'Gene Debs didn't expect to be set free on Christmas day. He had been fooled so many times that he got to the point where he completely ignored all the hints and the warnings. Attorney General Daugherty had been giving out statements for the past six months that he was going to "change the phrasing" in his pardon recommendations to the President. That got to be a standing joke with us, "changing the phrasing!"

It was my wife who insisted that I should go to Atlanta for Christmas. There were about twenty newspaper men there from every big paper and news association in the country, and they knew nothing and could find out nothing. They were camped in relays all around the penitentiary, day and night, waiting to catch the least bit of news that might leak out in regard to his release.

Christmas eve I called up Warden Dyche, who told me to be at his house at 8 o'clock Christmas morning. I was convinced then that he would only tell me that 'Gene had been sent to Washington or somewhere else. But I got up and went out in a taxi, and close behind me came another delegation in Attorney Castleton's car: Dave Karsner, Celia Rotter, Sam Castleton, Sweeney of the New York World and two others. They had had no breakfast—and it was a bitter cold day.

The warden invited me in to a delicious Southern breakfast; and 'Gene was there, with his prison clothes on. He whispered me in an aside, "We leave for Washington at 12 today." We stayed there a couple of hours, and then went over into the prison; meanwhile that carload of reporters sat in the freezing cold, without any breakfast, until well nigh noon.

I was not present when the other prisoners bade 'Gene good-bye. But it was a scene entirely without parallel in penal history of the world. The whole 2,500 prisoners crowded to the windows, barred as they are, and their cheers, cries and sobs as they shouted "Good-bye!" rang after us for well nigh a mile.

Why were they so passionately fond of him? For one reason, because he was the only man who dared confront the hideous brutality of the prison guards. There was another man from Terre Haute, for example, who saw the killing of a prisoner by one of the guards. He had only three months more of his sentence to serve, but when they called upon him to tell what hap-

pened, he flatly declined. "When I am out," he said, "I will tell. But not now."

The men are so brutalized by fear that they dare not protest, no matter how cruel the guards are to their fellow prisoners. But 'Gene told very frankly exactly what the guards were doing. "If a man is not a criminal when he comes in here," he said, "he certainly will be one when he goes out." They asked him, "Who is responsible?" and 'Gene said, "The deputy warden is principally responsible." 'Gene related specific instances, and it was not very long before the deputy warden was dismissed, and a new man put in.

This deputy warden was a brute. He pretended to be tremendously religious. He would go to church on Sunday, and then would tell a poor starved man who was being held in solitary for weeks on bread and water, what a splendid dinner he had just eaten, in order to torture him. The prison is a different place since he went out.

We arrived in Washington on December 26th, a legal holiday, and both the President and the Attorney General were in their offices waiting to receive 'Gene. He had been given tickets to Washington, and had to come; this talk of his going "of his own volition" is nonsense. When the Attorney General announced that Debs had asked for the interview, the reporters asked me, "How about it?"

I said: "Is it usual for the President and the Attorney General to remain in their offices on a legal holiday to meet a man who has made no appointment with them?"

They said: "No; it is unheard of."

"Well," I replied, "'Gene made no request for an appointment."

So they all chuckled at Daugherty. Of course, one must not quote the President; all that I can say is that Mr. Harding received 'Gene very courteously and they had a very pleasant talk of half an hour.

But the reporters! They were at him day and night: every minute of the time. The afternoon paper men started coming in about 5 a. m., so as to get a good start, and the morning paper men left him about 2 a. m., to be sure of missing nothing. Between those hours he was talking, talking all the time, and could not get a chance for a bite of lunch. On the train it was the same way; and when we got here there were 50,000 people waiting to greet him.

LINCOLN---CHAMPION OF LABOR.

By Eugene V. Debs

Abraham Lincoln has been proclaimed as the patron saint of the Republican Party for so long that his reputation is in danger of permanent injury.

If Abraham Lincoln were to rise in the Republican Congress and utter the words he used to speak in the ears of all America, he would be in danger of lynching. They would howl him down as a Bolshevik.

How can a party which represents Big Business be descended from a man who fought capital on behalf of labor? Lincoln championed the rights of the workingman. The Republican Party is the tool of the money power. Lincoln was born in poverty. His education was gained by long night study by a log cabin fire; in the glare of a flaming pine knot he learned the law. He earned his living first by hard manual toil, then by constant service at a small country store. His comrades and associates in those early days were men and women of the soil, hard muscled, keen witted. When he became a lawyer his talents were at the disposal of the humblest.

Bred on the frontier, he was an Indian fighter, a railsplitter, a pioneer down the Mississippi. Lincoln was bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the common people. Their blood was in his veins, their sorrows in his heart. When the great moneyed power, then enthroned in the slave autoeracy of the South, began pressing on to conquer new empires in the West and Northwest, Lincoln saw the challenge. It was not a question of compromise or of adjustment, but a question of right and wrong.

Statesmen, Senators, Presidents, were interested in making allowances, in reaching understandings. Lincoln said, "Is it right or is it wrong?" So doing he reached a comprehension of eternal principles. He set them forth in such plain and simple language that the most ignorant could understand and the wisest could not gainsay them. I cannot do better than quote his own words, for they have been hidden and largely forgotten.

Here is his outline of the true aim of government:

"In the early days of our race, the Almighty said to the first of our race, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' And since then if we except the light and the air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without having first cost labor. And inasmuch as **most good things are produced by labor**, it follows that **all such things**

of right belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened in all ages of the world, that some have labored, and others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government."

Will the present Republican Party subscribe to such principles as these? No, it cannot. It has been bought by those who "without labor, enjoy the fruits of the labor of others."

Lincoln says again:

"The habits of our whole species fall into three great classes—useful labor, useless labor, and idleness. Of these, the first only is meritorious, and to it all the products of labor rightfully belong. But the two latter, while they exist, are heavy pensioners upon the first, robbing it of a large portion of its just rights. The only remedy for this is to so far as possible, drive useless labor and idleness out of existence!"

Drive out of existence all useless labor and idleness!—how can this be done, so long as the sources of wealth are in the hands of idleness, and useful labor is made a pensioner on the bounty of exploiters?

How shall one distinguish between useful and useless labor? Lincoln proposes an illustration. He says:

"If at any time all labor should cease, and all existing provisions be equally divided among the people, at the end of a single year there could scarcely be one human being left alive. All would have perished for want of subsistence. So again, if all that sort of labor which produces provisions should cease and each individual should take up as much of his share as he could, and carry it continually around his habitation, although the amount of labor going on might be as great as ever, as long as it could last, at the end of the year the result would be precisely the same—none would be left living. The first of these propositions show that universal idleness would speedily result in universal ruin; and useless labor is in this respect the same as idleness.

"As labor is the common burden of our race, so the efforts of some to shift their share of the burden onto the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race."

Much of the labor performed by our high salaried class today consists in an effort to shift the burden of actual production on somebody

else's shoulders, while the exploiter busies his brain in devising means to expand his profits. That this may be done, it is necessary to keep the actual producing class in ignorance. For when labor begins to understand that by its union it can wrest control of the wealth of the world from the hands of its slave-drivers, then labor begins to become dangerous.

Again, how modern, how up-to-date, Lincoln is in his utterances! He said in his Milwaukee speech, on September 30, 1859:

"By the 'mudsill' theory it is assumed that labor and education are incompatible, and any practical combination of them impossible. According to this theory, the education of labor is not only useless, but pernicious and dangerous. In fact it is, in some sort, deemed a misfortune that laborers should have heads at all. These same heads are regarded as explosive materials, only to be safely kept in damp places, as far as possible from that peculiar sort of fire which ignites them. A Yankee who could invent a strong handed man without a head would receive the everlasting gratitude of the 'mudsill' advocates.

"But free labor says, 'No.' Free labor argues that as the author of man makes every individual with one head and a pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should co-operate as friends, and that that particular head should direct and control that pair of hands. As each man has one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands to furnish food, it was probably intended that that particular pair of hands should feed that particular mouth, and that each head is the natural guardian, director and controller of the hands and the mouth inseparably connected with it; and that being so, every head should be cultivated and improved by whatever will add to its capacity for performing its charge. In one word, free labor insists on universal education."

The struggle between capital and labor runs through all his public writings. In his first regular message to Congress, delivered in December, 1861, after the Civil War had begun and was being prosecuted in bitter earnest, Lincoln traces the war to the effort of the slaveholders to place capital above labor in the structure of our government.

"It continues to develop," he says, "that the insurrection is largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principles of popular government, the rights of the people. . . ."

Not the rights of the black man as distinguished from the white, but the rights of the common man as distinguished from the aristocrat—these were the objects of the onslaught. And President Lincoln goes on, in words which are to be found in his first regular message to Congress:

"It"—namely, the rebellion—"is the effort to

place capital on an equal footing with if not above labor in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded thus far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what we call slaves. And further it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer is fixed in that relation for life.

"Now there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed. Nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of hired labor. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless.

"**Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed.** Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

At the time when he wrote, it was true that "there is no such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of hired labor." But how swiftly things have changed! Corporations have taken control of the land, the water, the railroads, the mines. Farmers, equally with wage workers, are in bondage to corporations. They have come perilously near to the status of fixed hired labor which Lincoln prophesied could never come true in free America!

But there is a remedy, and this again Lincoln pointed out to them in that same speech. To that large majority of his day who neither labor for others nor have others working for them, he issued a warning:

"Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which if surrendered will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix liabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost!"

How terribly true this warning rings today! Labor has surrendered political power into the hands of its masters, and dearly shall it pay! All is not lost, so long as the unconquerable will to freedom is retained. Labor, if it desires to be free, has the power to secure its freedom. But the slave-will paralyzes all energies, destroys all efforts, makes salvation impossible, and the future a closed door.

Closely responding to Lincoln's every move in the struggle was the heart of an obscure German professor, living in retirement in the squalor of London. This was Karl Marx, an exile from his

(Continued on page 14)

EYES OF THE DAWN.

By an Atlanta Convict.

(This sweet, touching poem was written by a fellow prisoner in Atlanta. Think if you can of the cruel tragedy of fate that locks a soul with such a poem in it in a penitentiary as a common convict.—Eugene A. Debs.)

When the gray of the dawn steals into my cell,
And the night of oblivion dies,
Oh I wish that the power were mine to tell
What my heart in its anguish cries.

For the baby lips that are pressed against mine
And the baby hands soft on my face,
They are gone; when I lift my arms to entwine
There is only—the empty space,

And a sunbeam perhaps that stole through the bars
From the blue of the morning skies,
But the sun I would give, and the moon, and the stars
For the light in my baby's eyes;

And the memory of the pink little hand,
And the baby lips, rose-ripe and red,
Is the heaviest chain in my shadow land
Where the tears of longing are shed.

And he comes to me at the dawn of each day
As he did in the past with a smile,
When he crawled from his crib to where Daddy lay
To be playing with me for awhile,

With the laughing eyes and the Indian yell
He was sure I would wisely heed
When he thought 'twas time for the breakfast bell
And his "tummy" was ready for feed.

When I open my eyes—it is only to find
He is gone, with his baby prate;
Between me and him are the years of grind
And the bars of an iron grate.

And never again shall the light in his eye
Be the rays of my dawn, as of yore—
When the years of my thralldom behind me lie
He will be a baby no more.

Oh God, thou mayst keep Thy paradise
And the light in Thy heavens above,
If Thou give me the light in my baby's eyes
And the light of his mother's love!

DEBS AND DAUGHERTY.

Said the ant to the oak-tree
That high above it towered
"I've ordered you to visit me
Because I'm so empowered."

Said the ant to the oak-tree
That still and lofty stood,
"I trust your future conduct
Will prove your gratitude."

Said the ant to the oak-tree
That grew in majesty
"I hope you won't commercialize
Your notoriety."

Said the oak-tree to the ant
Not a word;—the royal oak,
Lost in silent dreams and memories
Did not know the insect spoke!
—Miriam Allen DeFord.

THE CONQUEROR.

(When Debs left Washington, he urged Murray E. King to take up his poetry again. This is the result of that injunction.)

He does not bend or blanch or trim his speech;
He stands with frail, bent body in the breach—
A stopgap 'gainst the tides of war, forsooth;
His god is Truth.

Against war's tyranny we see him rise,
The lightnings of defiance in his eyes;
His voice with wrath of all the thunders fraught;
He feareth naught.

Reviled, imprisoned, gagged, he cannot stay
The light within that turneth night to day;
Out of a prison hell, with hands divine
He builds faith's shrine.

Conqueror, he strides majestic from that place;
Stooping in comradeship to kiss the felon's face;
He knows no high, nor low, nor great nor small;
He loveth all.

Truth, Faith, and Love and Courage absolute
Before these higher things, let intellect be mute;
In all that moves men's hearts, in vision and in dream,
Debs stands supreme.

—Murray E. King.

Slavery wastes its victims and destroys the masters.—Henry Ward Beecher.

It is a great piece of folly to try to make anything out of me or my life. It can all be condensed in a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in "Gray's Elegy," "The short and simple annals of the poor." That's my life and that's all that that you or anyone else can make out of it.—Lincoln.

His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."—Shakespeare.

Lincoln is the gentlest memory of our world.

Lincoln never finished his education to the night of his death. He was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. He pitied the imprisoned and condemned. He took the unfortunate in his arms, and was the friend of the convict.

Nothing is grander than to break chains from the bodies of men—nothing nobler than to destroy the phantoms of the soul.

Thru all the years Lincoln will be known as Lincoln the Loving—Lincoln the Merciful.—Tngersoll.

BOX CAR BALLADS

By Ho Beau

Hell and hunger, the Gold Dust Twins.

It's the oil in the soil that makes the turmoil.

Ultima-"tums" are usually played on the drums of war.

We will have hard times so long as we have hard heads.

The best that can be said of Congress is that it has done nothing.

The workers should organize in every nation but damn and stag.

The Far East does not look at all distant compared to the Land of Peace.

Baron Kato is here to see that all steel entering China is well japanned.

Ireland expected to ring in Liberty as we did in '76, but she got her Belfast.

A long head makes a wise guy, but both long head and long ears make a donkey.

Funny how much noise some politicians can make with such small hats to talk thru.

We could take a lesson in dis-arming from the Venus de Milø. She went the limb-it.

Many people wonder where Russia gets so many roubles—out of her t-roubles, of course.

Disappearing jobs and disappearing wages have their part in driving the girls to disappearing skirts.

If the workers had voted for Debs instead of Harding they could now be scrapping their hardships.

Why do unions say, "We will call a strike."? All they do is the calling, the police do the striking.

President Harding surely believes in prosperity. He selected the Chief Justice from the fat of the land.

Shakespeare said "the 'pen' is mightier than the sword." It is also mightier than the White House

The cloud some people think is the return of prosperity is only the dust we knocked out of Industry.

Why shouldn't Henry Ford pull the D. T. & I. out of the ditch. He pulled the C. O. I. N. out of our pockets.

In this wonderful age of invention we can make everything out of cotton except a living for the growers.

When Barnum said, "There is one born every minute," he did not consider the fools men make of themselves.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Yet few of the workers would refer to their enforced vacation as a "sugar loaf."

There is nothing soft in the average person's life but the drinks.

The only way to make peace last is to make everything else first.

While the profiteers revel in champagne the people suffer in real pain.

Congress could be much more illuminating with a great deal less gas.

Germany is now using a rustless steel. It has nothing on our restless steal.

There may be a highway to prosperity, but the world has taken the subway.

"The Next War Will Be in the Air." Let the politicians fight it; they're used to it.

Ireland is now calling for a loan of twenty millions. There is no green like the long green.

The Allies insist upon a stable government in Russia. Probably with John Bull in the stable.

If the workers were well bred in economics they would not be on the loaf. Say it with flours.

Scientists say the earth has fourteen movements. There are more than that among the radicals alone.

We will have to dispel the fogs that are blinding us before we can expel the hogs that are grinding us.

Labor unions will find it much harder shoveling since the Supreme Court has ruled they cannot "picket."

The Treasury Department threatens to wash our money again. How foolish! A germ couldn't live on our wages.

You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear, but many a shirker's purse is lined with gold from a worker's hide.

Mary Garden says sleeping out of doors is a fine recipe for beauty. There is a widespread beauty drive on in the U. S.

Everything is so high these days, we can't tell whether the ribbon around the pretty girl's neck is a collar or a garter.

"Bandits did not hold up the mails so often under Burleson as under Hays." Course not! They never knew when it was coming.

Ex-Gov. Frazier says that he is going back to the farm. We would like to go back to the farm, too, but we have to make a living.

The Bethlehem Steel Company says it is not interested in war. Perhaps not, but many a big gun would rust away without a Schwab.

DEBS' MAGAZINE*A Herald of the Dawn.*

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

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

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE DOLLAR. SIX MONTHS SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. IN BUNDLES, SEVEN CENTS PER COPY.

"ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUG 6, 1921 AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879."

AN ARM CHAIR HERO.

The editor of the Marysville (Kansas) Advocate publishes a column and a half editorial attacking President Harding for releasing Debs. He says: "We stand with the American Legion."

The convention of the American Legion at Kansas City was, according to authentic reports, a disgraceful orgy of hoodlumism. Girls were stripped naked in the streets; restaurants were invaded and wrecked; stores were looted; law and order were scorned and defied, during those three terrible days, by men wearing the Legion button.

The resolution denouncing Debs' pardon was jammed through by threats of immediate violence to any who dared speak or vote in opposition to it. Does the editor stand for all these things?

But aside from this, what Debs was condemned for was attacking the profiteering that went on in high places. There is not a soldier who wore the uniform who does not know, by now, that the "100 per cent patriotism" that shrieked so loudly during the war was a masquerade for conscienceless robbery of the living and of the dead. Every man who is tramping the streets looking for work; every soldier who found on his return that his wife and family had been robbed while he was gone, and knows that he is being robbed now that he is back; every such soldier knows perfectly well that Debs was right and the Legion is wrong.

We will bet a silk opera hat against a plugged nickel that if the hero of the Marysville Advocate had faced the poison gas and the shrapnel, the barbed wire and the machine guns, and then came home to find every promise broken and every hope dashed by ridicule, he would be standing where the real soldiers who saw the hardships of the conflict are standing now—for the Revolution, with Debs.

We received a letter from an Irish comrade accusing us of being bought out by Northcliffe's

British gold, because in the last issue we asserted that the Irish treaty fulfilled essential independence. Since the editorial was written, however, the Dail Eirann accepted the treaty and the Irish Free State is now in existence. Dail Eirann is a better judge of Ireland's needs than the editors of this magazine; but it is a matter for wonder how valiant many people are in demanding a "fight to the death" while still three thousand miles away from the conflict. Arthur Griffith's party shows more sense than the Versailles Conference and the Washington Conference combined, in recognizing that the essential of independence is not political titles but economic control. If Ireland wants a Republic, it will be in a far better shape to demand it after its treasury is filled, its army disciplined and its merchant navy built under the control of Irishmen elected by the Irish people.

* * *

Wool was selling last spring at 6 cents a pound. The highest price it reached last year was 20 cents a pound. There is no conceivable way whereby it can be figured that the cost of carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing and handling it brings the cost of a yard of the finest sort of pure wool cloth to more than \$1. Yet first-class wool cloth is sold at from \$5 to \$8 a yard.

Why? The answer is simple. The American Woolen Company owns 519 out of the 529 woolen mills in the United States. The remaining mills are so small that they are unable to turn out more than one sort of cloth. If any manufacturer buys his cloth from them the Woolen Trust shuts off his supply.

The Woolen Trust is owned by W. M. Wood, who is not an American, but a Portuguese.

When the King of Great Britain forbade the Colonies to manufacture and control their own cloth industry, the American Revolution followed. But today we kiss the feet of the Woolen Trust in the name of 100 per cent Americanism.

* * *

President Harding is the most distinguished reader of Debs Magazine. Hardly had our editorial on the conflict between speculative and industrial finance reached the White House than he incorporated in his Presidential message to Congress a demand for the abolition of tax-exempt securities, the refuge of speculative capital.

France won't tell what she was those 90,000 tons of submarines for. England cannot help remembering, however, that all her Mediterranean traffic passes close under the coast of France. Hardly had Germany's Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad been smashed when France started building the Paris-to-Bagdad railroad along the same right of way. The big struggle is still on for control of the way to India.

LINCOLN AND THE TOILERS

Arranged by Mary Gallagher

Let us forget errors.

This nation cannot live on injustice.

Workingmen are the basis of all governments.

The severest justice may not always be the best policy.

I never knew a man who wished to be himself a slave.

Let the people know the truth and the country is safe.

If it must be that I go down, let me go down linked to the truth.

The man who will not investigate both sides of the question is dishonest.

This country with all its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Men moving in an official circle are apt to become merely official—not to say arbitrary.

I believe I have made some mark which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone.

The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats.

The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just.

Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men I am opposed to what ever tends to degrade them.

I shall try to correct errors, when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views, as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

Our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better.

The authors of the Déclaration of Independence meant it to be a stumbling block to those who often times might seek to turn a free people back into the paths of despotism.

It is a cheering thought throughout life, that something can be done to ameliorate the conditions of those who have been subjected to the hard usages of the world.

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.

If there is anything that is the duty of the whole people never to intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions.

It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. . . . The prayers of both could not be answered.

If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any constitutional right, it might in a moral point of view justify a revolution—certainly would if such right were a vital one.

With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor.

I fear you do not comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the citizen.

It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of Kings.

DEBS' TO THE FRONT

America can be carried for the workers in 1924! The people are ready for a change. They are looking to' Gene Debs for guidance! Help us carry his flaming message to every worker in this broad land. Debs' Magazine is now \$1 per year. Every worker in the nation must be placed on the roll. Help Debs carry the country for Socialism!

ONWARD TO VICTORY!

Join the 'Flying Squadron'

Debs' Magazine is the fastest growing magazine in the world. This will please our friends and terrify our enemies. The people are hungry for the Message of Socialism; they listen eagerly to the words of life and hope from the lips of 'Gene Debs. Our force is working day and night to supply the demands upon us. Yet hundreds of thousands of magazines are needed for the next two months. We won't borrow any capital and we don't want contributions. But you can help greatly. We must enlarge our equipment and add to our growing force each week. We want our friends to invest \$25, \$10, \$5, \$1; whatever they can, in VICTORY SUB-CARDS. Each card will cost you a dollar and is good for One Year's Subscription to this magazine. You can easily dispose of them and get your money back. Do what you can today! Ask your neighbor to do the same! Make a motion in your union to buy \$25 worth of Victory Cards. Can we count you in this fight with Debs? If so, fill out this blank and mail today. Let's give Debs a hearing!

The people are divided into two classes, the many who with backs to the sunrise worship the past, and the few who keep their faces toward the dawn. The many who are satisfied with the world as it: the few who labor and suffer for the future.

ORDER FOR DEBS VICTORY SUB-CARDS

City.....
Debs' Magazine, Chicago, Ill.

Comrades: I want to win with Debs and carry America for the workers in 1924. Enroll me in the "Flying Squadron." Enclosed herewith is \$.. ..for.....

VICTORY SUB-CARDS.

Name

Address

LINCOLN—CHAMPION OF LABOR

(Continued from page 8)

native land, founder of the International Workingmen's Association. How closely Marx and Lincoln thought together is evidenced by the message which the American President sent to the workingmen of New York in March of 1864—the very battlecry of the First International.

Lincoln said:

"The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and kindreds and tongues!"

Not a league of governments, of exploiters united in robbing their own peoples and oppressing the weaker lands abroad; but a bond uniting all working people, of all nations and kindreds and tongues, joined together in a worldwide brotherhood of creative energy for the ending of all slavery, oppression, injustice and wrong—this was Lincoln's dream for the peace of the world.

There is no other hope for a solution of the evils which afflict mankind. There is no other way to peace. A truce patched up between bands of robbers is only a truce; it can never be made into a peace. The world faces now an outbreak of war more terrible than any which it has ever seen. It cannot be averted save by the union of all working people in the bonds of an international fellowship of peace.

DEBS' MAGAZINE CARDS

Yearly subscription cards for Debs' Magazine are now ready at \$1 each. These cards make it a joy to take subscriptions. No receipts, no trouble. Sell to your neighbors at \$1 each. They send them in and receive the paper for a year. Debs is not free until all are free. He counts upon you to back him to the limit in this struggle for freedom.

DEBS LEAFLETS

The articles by Debs in this issue are now ready in leaflet form. Circulate them as widely as possible. Let's unite the working class!

"A WAITING WORLD."

"MY YEARS IN PRISON."

60c per 100; \$5 per 1,000; over 1,000, \$4 per 1,000.

NOTICE, ADVERTISING MEN

Debs' Magazine needs advertising representatives in every large city. Liberal terms. Big opportunity. Address Adv. Dept., this magazine.

MY YEARS IN PRISON

(Continued from page 6)

drels and their political office holders; and I believe that I, the prisoner, was the only calm soul among them.

Their plan was to smuggle me out of the prison the same way they smuggled me in. But I said, "No! I came in your way, but I will go out my way!"

My plans now are, of course, indefinite. I have been asked to lecture and to write for the capitalist newspapers and magazines. In so far as I can reach the people through these means, I shall do so. What I do will be done according as I can serve the cause of human freedom. I happen now to be in a position where the great capitalistic papers can make something for themselves by using me. But that is because the people are awake and eager to hear the message of human brotherhood, and I must speak to all, for all are eager to hear.

I feel the effects of my long confinement, now that I am home. I do not give out easily, but there is always a reaction. My heart and my zeal are unflagging, but my body must have a chance to recuperate.

Two doctors have told me that I must absolutely see nobody, and avoid all excitement, or I will never make another speech. It hurts me to refuse to do anything for the cause, to shut myself out is very hard. But the comrades seem to understand. When I came home there were something like fifty thousand who came to Terre Haute to welcome me. But they were as considerate of me as though they had been a mother caring for a babe.

I want to live long enough to see this movement of ours get somewhere. And if I can for about two or three months longer gather my strength in quiet and get myself together, I have a message to deliver that I believe will help to shake the world.

LINCOLN THE MERCIFUL

Union generals were always complaining that the army was being ruined by Lincoln constantly granting pardons to the boys sentenced to death. One story is told of a mere youth who marched away to defend the colors, leaving his beautiful sweetheart behind. The long wait was too much; she turned elsewhere for admiration and love. Hearing of it, the youth asked for a furlough. It was refused, whereupon he deserted, hastened home, won back his sweetheart and was married. Upon reporting for duty he was speedily tried and ordered to be shot. The "dear one" made a flying trip to Washington, only to appeal to Stanton in vain. At last she reached the President and laid the case before him. He pondered deeply. "Well, I guess

I would have done the same thing. Give me that pen." The reprieve was granted midst transports of joy and gratitude from the "dear one." Her thanks knew no bounds, but it was too much for the hardy old rail splitter and he burst out with this admonition: "Lady, do not thank me. I only seek to punish the boy severely. Within a year he will wish that he had been shot."

CONCERNING FORCE

Capitalist newspapers frequently express horror that labor, driven to bay and in extreme desperation, should even think of using force to attain its liberation. In connection with this there is a story told by Lincoln in a trial in which he was the attorney for the defendant. His client was accused of bodily injuring another man, who, he claimed, had attacked him first. Lincoln said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, my client is in the fix of a man who, going along a highway with a pitchfork on his shoulder, was attacked by a fierce dog that ran out at him from a farmer's dooryard. In parrying off the brute with the fork, its prongs stuck into the dog and killed him.

"What made you kill my dog?" said the farmer.

"What made him bite me?"

"But why didn't you go after him with the other end of the pitchfork?"

"Well," demanded the traveler, "why didn't he come at me with the other end first?"

When capitalism abjures force in labor disputes, it can make the demand of labor with clean hands.

CHANGE IN NAME

To aid the army of newsboys now selling this magazine by the thousands over the nation, a slight change has been made in the name. Instead of Debs Freedom Monthly, the title will hereafter be Debs' Magazine. It is much easier to call the latter name on the street. Try it!

Lincoln obtained his early education and his matchless literary style from reading Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, the Holy Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and a copy of the Indiana statutes. When he was elected President he was a plodding country lawyer with a library of twenty-two volumes.

What would American history be without Lincoln and Debs? We never tire of them or their deeds.

The three brightest stars in the black night of the ages—Jesus, Lincoln, Debs. All of, by and for the workers of the world.



THE FASTEST GROWING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

Debs' Magazine is forging ahead at a splendid rate of speed, which means that Debs will soon have a voice to reach every nook and corner of this great land. Like every growing machine, we need workers. Many that have been unemployed all winter and on the verge of starvation are now doing fine work for Debs and Freedom, and being well compensated for it. We have work for hustling men and women in every city and hamlet in America. We can use all your time or part of it. Do you find it hard to make ends meet? Would you like to have clean, congenial employment? Do you desire to recruit your finances? Then write for Our Plan. Do not delay. Be the first on the ground in your city.

Address:

DEBS' MAGAZINE,
59 East Van Buren Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Circulation Manager.

