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FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT

DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

Vol. 1

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST, 1922

No. 12



* * * * *
THE VOICE ---
--- OF DEBS
* * * * *

UNITY ON ALL FRONTS!

THIS is the attitude of the Magazine for which these lines are written. The powers of capitalist imperialism that are making the drive against the labor movement with the avowed purpose of destroying it or at least reducing it to impotency are all united.

There is no friction in their machinery, no dissension in their ranks when it comes to an issue with the working class. Whatever differences may divide them they are shrewd enough, they have horse sense enough to unite and present a solid front when it comes to facing the common enemy.

But the workers, unfortunately, with all the bitter and costly experience for which they have paid with their liberty, their blood, and their very lives, have yet to learn this simple and indispensable lesson. Until they do, they will have to continue to pay in defeat and suffering to the extreme limit of endurance.

Of course there are differences to face and settle, but there is a time and place for that. Certainly the time is not when the arch-foe is delivering his deadly blows, nor the place the battlefield where the workers are making their stand against the onslaught, and where unity alone can save the day and division means inevitable disaster.

Just at this supreme juncture it is all-important that the workers should be industrially and politically united and fight their battle against slavery together.

The battle is now raging on a vast field. Hundreds of thousands are engaged in the conflict. The strikes now in progress are of enormous magnitude and the importance of the issues involved beyond computation.

If now, while the battle is so fiercely raging, the workers will lay aside all their differences and concentrate upon backing up every strike and every striker, giving them the overwhelming support of a united, militant and determined working class, the differences that are now deemed so vital and that have wrought such pathetic havoc will melt away in the heat of battle, the workers will be moulded and hammered into solidarity and emerge from the smoke of battle more class conscious than before, and more resolutely set upon achieving emancipation from the wage slavery of the capitalist system.

The Magazine is unqualifiedly committed to this policy, and will use all the power it can command in cementing the unity of the workers, in advocating the fundamental principles of their movement, and in fighting their battles for the overthrow of capitalism and the industrial freedom of the workers throughout the world.

Let all those who favor this attitude and this policy give the Magazine their hearty support, spread it broadcast among the people, especially the workers, and every atom of its power will be used in support of the cause of the toiling and producing millions in their struggle for industrial emancipation.

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THERE IS NO PEACE!

WHEN the armistice was signed and hostilities ceased between the capitalist allies and the capitalist central powers nearly four years ago we were told that the war ended and that peace had now come to the world.

But has there been a day of actual peace since the "treaty of violence" was signed at Versailles? Was the world ever more chaotic, belligerent, hateful and eruptive in all its history than it has been in this era of so-called peace which came in the wake of the sickening slaughter of mankind for which capitalism will yet have to answer at the bar of judgment?

As a matter of fact there is no peace and there can be no peace in capitalism. Capitalism and peace are mutually antagonistic terms. Where capitalism is there can be no peace and where peace is there can be no capitalism.

Capitalism is based upon the exploitation of man by man, class by class, and nation by nation, and exploitation is the conventional term for robbery, and there can be no peace in any system of society that is corner-stoned in robbery.

When there is no actual war, no sanguinary human slaughter going on in countries ruled by capitalism; when such peace as is possible in a war-breeding system prevails it is then that another form of warfare which never ceases is brought into prominence and in that warfare men, women and children by thousands are maimed and mutilated and sent to premature graves.

How many are there who give serious thought to the appalling fact that nearly a million human beings have to lay their limbs and lives upon the altar of industry every year in the United States?

In this silent warfare the slaughter and sacrifice are continuous and increase in magnitude year by year, and this mainly because life, human life, the life of those who toil is the cheapest commodity that enters into the productive process.

If it were the capitalist instead of the wage-slave who had to sacrifice his life to industry how speedily casualties and their victims would be reduced to the minimum!

But it is not the warfare with the productive forces to which I wish to call attention in this article. It is the warfare that goes on day and night, year in and year out, between the capitalists and the wage-workers in what is called the class struggle that prevails throughout the world.

It is in this savage warfare, now open and now covert, that the empty stomachs of the workers are pitted against the stuffed bank vaults of their capitalist masters. This has become more and

more the case in the strike of the miners against the ruthless coal barons in progress at this writing. The smug and well-fed operators can well afford to sit back and wait until their slaves are driven back into the pits under the merciless lash of starvation. Meanwhile should the miners become restive and make a move that is not in accord with the law laid down by the masters to keep them in slavery, the soldiers stand ready with their fingers on the triggers to send the leaden messengers of death into their hunger-ridden ranks.

From the president down to the last justice of the peace, from the highest to the lowest judge, from the commander-in-chief of the army to the last recruit every solitary public functionary and every atom of power under the government is on the side of the operators and against the miners. And this is true of every strike of the working class against starvation wages under the capitalist system which they indirectly support through their reactionary craft unions and directly support by belonging to the political parties and voting for the candidates of their capitalist masters.

When the governor of a state orders out the soldiers to shoot striking workingmen, which he invariably does, that is exactly what workingmen empowered, authorized and directed him to do when they elected him to office as a representative of the capitalist system.

Capitalism means power and wealth, leisure and enjoyment for the capitalist class and poverty and slavery and misery for the working class, and until the great host of wage-slaves realize this and unite their forces industrially and politically and develop the power which solidarity alone confers, they will be beaten down in their strikes and shorn of all rights except the right to beg for a job and to produce wealth for their capitalist masters for just enough to maintain themselves under the low standard of wage-slavery.

The attack upon the labor movement by the railroad trust, the mine monopoly and the pot-bellied profiteers in general is being made all along the line and unless the workers are willing to see their unions smashed and themselves reduced to peonage they will at once cease their bickering and internal dissension and rally their forces in industrial and political unity to resist the invasion of the capitalist enemy and to strike a united blow for industrial freedom.

Eugene P. Debs

Hold the Fort

By Irwin St. John Tucker

AGAINST the quiet, stern determination of more than half a million miners, the embattled forces of capitalist political power are shattering themselves in harmless impotence. Presidential ukases cannot dig coal. Armies of militia called out in half a dozen states stand idly by their bayonets, for bayonets cannot dig coal.

Governor after governor issues orders for the mine owners to produce; but they who own the mines cannot dig their own coal, and the miners will not.

Creeping paralysis numbs the nation's industrial arteries. Trains by the hundred are annulled. Mail is transported by motor trucks. Factories, with their supply of fuel gone, close down their doors.

Fear has taken hold of the captains of industry. Frantically they implore Presidential aid. The President issues statement after statement, threat after threat, and promises drastic action. But the coal remains in the bosom of the earth, and the wheels of industry run down as the motive power diminishes and disappears, while the miners remain steadfast.

More is at stake, much more, than at any Congressional election. More is at stake than in any Presidential election for many years.

For the miners of the nation are basing their all upon one supreme demand; that the mines of the nation shall be recognized as a national trust, and administered as an industrial unit.

Their demand is that the whole of the nation's natural resources of potential power locked up in its seams of coal shall be treated as a common treasury, and that the men whose lives are daily risked in the producing of that national supply shall be entrusted with the power to regulate its production.

Faced with thundering threats of terror and destruction, the miners remain unmoved and calm. For deep in their memory burns the unforgettable picture of terrible things.

The blazing pit at Ludlow, where their wives and children were slaughtered and burned alive under the hail of machine gun bullets;

Freezing winters in the mountains of West Virginia, where whole communities, their aged and sick, were compelled to hide and skulk under cover from the guns of the private armies of the coal companies;

Bullpens in Colorado; hounds of hell armed with club and gun turned loose upon defenseless neighborhoods, to work their will on women and children;

Armed miners marching over the hills in West Virginia to avenge murder and outrage at the

hands of the sheriffs and their gangs of thugs:

Long, slow starvation in the cold of bitter winters; long wretched years in miserable tumble-down shacks, miscalled homes, where the price of existence was willing and servile obedience to the whim of the chance owner of their lives;

Children growing up ragged and ignorant; men turned out of house and home by spiteful blacklist, wandering the country in search of a job, while wife and family wait and starve at home.

Widows and orphans wailing at the mouth of flaming mines where hundreds of luckless workers were trapped, doomed because of the petty avarice of company owners.

Cave-ins and choke damp, accumulating through lack of life-saving appliances;

All these horrors of the past remain in their minds as they fold their arms and stretch their sturdy legs and wait for the Nation to compel the West Virginia operators and the mine owners of Illinois to agree "These workers are men, and the rights of men they shall enjoy."

It is a silent struggle of titans. Like Ursus locked in terrific struggle with the wild bull of the Northern woods in the amphitheater of pagan Rome before Nero and his applauding hosts, the giant strength of the Miners Union is locked with the giant wealth of the Coal Owners Association, to determine the issue of life and death for a nation's industry.

Never was a struggle on so huge a scale witnessed by our nation. Never was it conducted with such self control, such discipline and such certainty of success.

After false starts and moves for four years, the miners have at last settled into the test of strength for the miners are united.

Emergency priority lists are issued by the Government. The Industrial Commerce Commission takes over the operation of trains, war routings are established, and the transportation system of the nation is stripped for battle—with the miners.

But the miners remain steadfast, and the coal remains undug.

Meanwhile the railroad shopmen are also on strike. But how different, there, is the case!

While the shopmen are out, engineers and conductors, trackmen, switchmen, telegraphers and railway clerks, remain at work, handling trains that are repaired by strike breakers.

The four big brotherhoods, because their own pay envelopes are secure, join in crushing the effort of their fellow workers to establish their ascendancy over their own tasks.

Forty Railroads have established "company unions," organized by owners and masters. The

Continued on page 15

Current Comment

PRESIDENT HARDING made a speech recently at Marion, O. All presidents make speeches off and on. They have to do it. They are kept busy apologizing for the things they fail to do, altho they had no intention of doing them when elected. This was a funny speech. Mr. Harding is a funny man, in fact as funny as he is stupid. Among other jokes he offered this one, "A free American has the right to labor without any other's leave."

* * *

Mr. Harding probably was not aware that he was quoting a fundamental plank of the socialist program. He was absolutely correct. A workingman has the "right" to work without anyone's leave. All he needs is the opportunity to exercise his basic right. That opportunity can only be gained by the intelligent use of power—Power that is now lying dormant in the hands of the workers of America.

* * *

A million men are now on strike, asserting in a very crude and ancient manner their right to work and also their right to quit if they don't like the employer's terms. Yet tho these men have the "right" to abstain from labor—what a shrieking farce it is. The belief that the workers can defeat the capitalist by deserting the industries and going out to starve to death, or finally be compelled to resume work on the masters' terms at lower wages than before, is sheer idiocy.

* * *

Every man has the right to work! What an empty right amounts to without a means of enforcing it, many of the readers of these lines have learned by cruel experience. We will even carry the axiom farther and insist upon the principle that all men, including the bloated bondholders, and piratical profiteers of Wall Street, with their servile sycophants of Washington, have a right to work and it will be the first duty of a working class administration to see that they generously exercise this fundamental right.

* * *

In the meantime, altho strikes may be continually lost and the suffering entailed upon helpless women and children cannot be computed, they are necessary, for the workers will not learn in any other way. Let it be clearly understood that socialists do not support strikes because they expect to win them, nor because they hope to better the workers' condition in such obsolete manner. All militant workers labor incessantly during these strike periods that the workers engaged therein may reap the last full measure of enlightenment therefrom, and have their serried ranks more closely compacted by the massive

assaults of the rapacious capitalist class and its hirelings.

* * *

Socialists give every ounce of energy within them to the labor conflict no matter what form it may take. The only hope of a reorganized society must come from the workers. Education and organization must be carried on at the very point where the struggle is most intense, and at the very moment when defeat on the economic may make victory more certain on the political field.

* * *

It is apparently correct that no strike has ever been won on the economic field, as the capitalist always retaliates by lowering wages to the unorganized or weaker forces of labor, as well as raising prices all along the line, which enables him to rob on a larger scale than before. It is nevertheless true that no strike has ever been lost, for the understanding that is starved and shot into the workers in each succeeding strike, is slowly but surely preparing them for final victory, in the taking over of all industries for the people.

* * *

In accord with the law of compensation, let us remind the workers in the industries on strike as well as the millions of men who are unable as yet to find a master, that "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." And as we struggle with the millions in conflict, gaining or losing a foot each day as the ranks attack or retreat, it must be repeated that these vicious industrial conflicts cannot be charged alone to the lords who have control. There is much more responsibility on the shoulders of the workers. In fact, they alone are to blame.

* * *

We cannot forget so soon the avalanche of votes with which the workers now on strike surrendered all political power to their masters, and placed the whip in the brutal hand that now most unmercifully goads them. They are only reaping where they have sown. They fully deserve what they are suffering, and enough more to awaken them to their political follies. Until they have the manhood and intelligence to stand on both feet, march to the ballot box and take control of every branch of government, to operate for, by and of themselves, thus putting an end forever to the commercial hell now triumphant, let us hear no more of the "unfairness" of the capitalist class. Let us hear more of the ignorance of the working class and the enlightenment that is fast displacing it. Let us hear less of strikes with their attendant loss of labor and life, and more of the gospel of labor omnia vincit.

This Fall will bring another opportunity to wipe out the bloody past. Labor has the power to enforce the "right to work"! Will labor use it? Socialism alone is the way!

* * *

The unspeakable hellishness of everything that springs from the present system of dollars over man, is graphically portrayed in our prison methods of dealing with those unfortunates who have been victimized by our insane social disorder. Conditions became so rotten in the District of Columbia that a grand jury investigation of the prisons was ordered. The report but recently issued is very "darkening." Accidentally or otherwise the commission was composed of men, and not politicians. The verdict condemns in no soft terms the atrocious practices borrowed from the dark ages still in vogue, and seeks immediate measures to remedy them.

* * *

But let us quote the finding directly. A more damning indictment could not be drawn.

"No provision has been made for a separate room for the execution of the death penalty, and the present crude tho historic gallows stands at one end of the corridor used as a dining room. The gallows is also in full view of at least half of the cells facing the corridor. A view of this kind to greet a prisoner on first awakening, when he eats his meals, and when he retires for the night, is certainly no inspiration."

* * *

When we remember that the District of Columbia is fully under the management of a Committee from Congress, we are forced to admit that their criminal negligence in regard to local jails is exactly the same in quality and degree as that with which they have tackled national problems dealing with the affairs of millions. No intelligent person today is in favor of corporeal punishment for those who are more wronged against than wronging. Yet if one were to be convinced of its necessity, it must be on the ground alone that those should be severely punished, who favor or even condone the jungle tortures wreaked upon these unfortunates in our penal institutions.

* * *

All of which makes of prime importance the agitation to bring about immediate and humane changes in the nation's prison policy. Many radicals will oppose such action on the ground of "opportunism." Quite true, it is not a vital move in the capture of government. Neither is the public school system. Yet every effort is being made to improve the school and remove it from the blighting hand of capitalist domination, because we want the children to have at least half a chance. The prisons after all should be schools. Most of the inmates have child minds, and they should be carefully trained instead of brutalized.

At any rate, since the radical workers form no mean part of the population of the prison houses and the drift thitherward bids fair to increase rather than diminish it would be only common sense to make these noxious places as comfortable and attractive as possible. A militant program of action cannot neglect this important factor in national affairs. The prisons must be reorganized and humanized for those who require restrictive education. The prisons must be opened for those who are unjustly confined. Remember the 113 political prisoners!

* * *

At the recent Edinburgh congress of the British Labor Party the Communists were refused affiliation by a vote of 3,086,000 to 261,000. The objection seemed to be, not so much to the program of the Communist Party as the desire of the British workers to control their own affairs and not have them dictated from Moscow. A few more suggestions of this nature and the Third International will be convinced that its province is to express the Revolution and not dictate it.

* * *

The theory of craft unionism is that a non-union man should not take the place of a union man who has gone on strike for higher wages or better conditions. Tho such a man may be entirely ignorant of the principles of unionism or class solidarity; tho his family may be starving because of worse conditions they are subject to than the organized workers; such a man is severely condemned and often times mobbed for "scabbing" and assisting the capitalist in breaking what otherwise might be a winning strike of the union concerned.

* * *

Now, really, what is a "scab"? We would like to know from Sammy the Gump, Stone, Lee, Jewell or any of the prominent advocates of aged and outworn "graft" unionism. Is a "scab" a man that blindly takes another's job, tho he knows nothing of the principles involved; with a sick wife and puny children crying for bread in the tumble down shack called home? Or is a "scab" a man that belongs to another strong labor union that operates mines and banks, with millions in its treasury, whose wages have not been reduced, whose individual members are the highest paid in the economic scale, and whose personal condition is secured by a fat bank account, yet who continues to drive the locomotives and run the trains for the profit wolves who are in control?

* * *

If there is anything to unionism at all (and there is everything to it when properly organized), then every man in every industry directly connected with the transportation system, or even remotely associated with it, who continues to work while the shopmen are on strike, is a "scab"

in every meaning of that opprobrious term. The only possible way for the shopmen to win is by every union man in the railway industry leaving his post to support them. But so long as the Big Brotherhoods merrily lend their support to the Railway Barons in mulcting the workers in general, and crushing out their fellow unionists in particular, there is no excuse for their traitorous action, and no way for them to escape all the condemnation that can be heaped upon them in the word "scab."

* * *

The unorganized shop workers, and they are few indeed, who may be taking the places of the men on strike stand far higher in the scale of class integrity than the members of the Four Big Brotherhoods who remain at their posts assisting the Wall Street buccaneers in breaking up the Shopmen's Union. This, of course, is nothing to the credit of the non-union workers. Their only salvation, both morally and economically, is to join the union of their industry. But those who still hold to the master's form of unionism, which must inevitably go down in defeat, need not bother to call the non-union worker a "scab." Those who live in glass houses should dress in the dark!

* * *

Another method of "scabbing" which is uniformly advocated by the politicians in the graft unions is to keep the union men from supporting the political party of their class, while they sell them out to the vultures that fatten on their ignorance. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Any union man or set of union men who endorse or work for the success of any political party whose program is opposed to the welfare of the workers is nothing more or less than a "scab," and it is high time for them to realize it. Let us set aside such childishness and get to the work before us. One Big Union for the Workers! One Political Party for the Workers! On to Socialism!

* * *

Harding continues to make the world laugh. Not since the Cobbler of Koepenick donned a uniform of the Kaiser's Guards and marched the local garrison all over the county, has there been such side-splitting vaudeville enacted at the expense of any administration or government, as was offered by the President this week. The White House received a strong telegram threatening the overthrow of the system and immediate revolution if the use of troops in the strike zones was not discontinued. The message was signed "Railway Employees Publicity Association, J. Cleve Dean, Chairman."

Harding immediately registered holy horror, and calling his advisers drew up a scathing reply

of 1000 words, containing a bucketful of respectable platitudes about law and order, broadcasting it to the nation. The President gave orders to double all the guards on duty, took a hitch in his suspenders and awaited the onslaught. It never came.

Sammy, the Gump, becoming alarmed and fearing to lose his soft snap, made an investigation. Hah! Unhand me villian! Ods Bodkins! 'Sdeath! The Country is saved! It turns out that there is no authoritative association of that name, and J. Cleve Dean was an obscure flagman on the Alabama Great Southern.

The labor leaders are trying hard to comfort the President for making a jackass of himself. In the meantime consistency no longer proves to be a Jewell, and the world continues to guffaw while it takes off its hat to this new Dean of the Labor Movement. More power to him and his revolutionary unionism!

* * *

Hurrah for Laddie Boy! Hurrah again! No, my khaki clad friends, who put the Kaiser out of a job and lost your own, Laddie Boy is not a great war hero who crept four miles thru barbed wire entanglements and captured seventeen Huns single handed. No indeed! Laddie Boy is President Harding's Airedale pup. He was just one year old this week and flattering admirers, with more money than brains, sent him a birthday cake with 457 dog biscuits in it, all covered with frosting and everything. 'Rah, 'Rah, isn't it raw? You never saw a tidbit like that. No doubt you slept in pup-tents during the war but you will have to go some yet to catch up with decent, respectable dogs. How do you like it, you men who are on strike or still seeking a master? You cannot provide even pigtailed and sauer kraut for your loved wife and children, but puppy dogs have delicious cakes. Don't blame Laddie Boy or the folks that pamper to him. Blame yourselves. When you voted for Harding you voted for his dog.

A few more strikes, a little more cold, hunger, desperation and death, some more Wall Street bullets in your hides, and you will wake up! You may not develop horse sense for some time, but there is a fair chance of your acquiring ordinary pup-sense. Hurrah for Laddie Boy!

—C. L. D.

DEBS IN YOUR HOME!

Debs Magazine is now able to furnish bronzed metal busts of Our 'Gene. They are five inches high, excellent likeness, characteristic pose. These busts will not be sold but will be given free for five subscribers to Debs Magazine at \$1 per year. Make Debs a member of your household!

The Great Railroad Strike!

By Emil Herman

AS the strike of 400,000 railroad workers develops and their ranks are increased by other thousands until they now number half a million, it is becoming more and more evident that Presidential proclamations can not operate the railroads. Nor will the swearing in of deputies and the calling out of troops prevent cars and engines from getting out of repair. Neither will they prevent hot boxes from burning the axles until the wheels fall off and wrecks occur.

No, proclamations, deputies, guards, troops, guns, bayonets, and the few imbeciles who can be induced to scab will not keep traffic "normal" on the railroads. It takes men, real, red blooded American working men, to operate the railroads; and 500,000 of these refuse to work at less than the half-starvation wage that they had been receiving, and another half million are threatening to join them—and for mighty good reasons.

As I travel across the country in cities, towns and other places along the railroads where maintenance of way-men work to keep the tracks safe for people to travel over, I find them living with their families in box cars which have become un-serviceable for the transportation of cattle or other commodities. Perhaps you have also noticed the box car palaces in which these people live who are now asked by the railroad labor board, and the plutocrats whom they represent, to accept a reduction in wages of forty cents per day "in the interest of the service" and "for the good of the public."

All over the country wrecks are occurring. The press gives but slight notice to them. Why? Is it because they are subsidized by the railroad and other capitalist interests? Judge for yourself.

A few days ago, while riding on a B. C. & T. train from Casper, Wyo., to Billings, Mont., we were delayed for six hours at Thermopolis, Wyo., because of a freight train wreck some five miles ahead of us. I carefully searched through the local papers for a report of the wreck and the delay of traffic but found no mention of it. Why?

Half and full page ads from the railroad corporations calling for strike-breakers filled the newspapers. There was big reason in their silence.

What is the solution of the authorities for this situation?

Being representatives of the capitalist-class and believers in the system under which the workers are exploited of the wealth they produce, they have no solution.

They are terror-stricken by their own incapacity.

So their only remedy is to endeavor to suppress the facts. They do this by depriving the people

of the constitutional right of free speech and peaceable assemblage on the streets of our cities and towns.

At Denver, Colo., the writer had been given a permit to deliver three lectures in front of the Post Office. On June 30th the first of the series was delivered to a large and interested audience. The next evening a still larger audience was anticipated.

I was about to begin my lecture on, "Why We Have Poverty In the Midst of Plenty," when several plain clothes policemen appeared and informed me that my permit had been revoked "because of the R. R. strike."

Were they afraid we would incite the strikers to violence? Socialists are opposed to the use of violence in the arbitrament of wage disputes. Besides, the railroad workers, like the coal miners, are opposed to violence and have not resorted to force except where they have been compelled to defend themselves against the assaults of gunmen and armed strike-breakers.

Capitalism is breaking, and as capitalism breaks socialism develops.

We Socialists have a tremendous responsibility upon us.

We must reach the workers with our message of industrial and political solidarity to the end that they may achieve their emancipation from wage slavery.

All socialists worthy of the name must re-dedicate themselves to the great task that lies directly before them—education and organization for their own emancipation.

Wake up Comrades. Do your duty. Get to work. The harvest is ripe, let's get into action.

THE NEGRO WAGE-SLAVE

F. W. Taylor, "scientific manager," in his "Principles of Scientific Management," tells us that laborers can be found, each of whom "more nearly resembles in his makeup the ox than any other type." Evidently that is the kind of workers Mr. Taylor would like to develop.

* * *

Gaze now on this poor, lowly slave of toil,
"O God!" you gasp, is there a soul within?
Within that bent form, horrid than sin,
That seems but little better than the soil!
Does not his hopeless state make thy blood boil?
Canst think what, with a chance, he could have been?
Yes, from the sweat of his brow others win
Luxurious ease for which they did not toil.
His heavy sorrows few have told in verse,
And when he strives and mutters to be free
Swift on his head flames down his master's curse.
But like the branches of a lordly tree
Comrades of his, around the universe,
Lock arms with him in Christ-like sympathy.

—George W. Smokey.

Wisps From Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

McCumber will no longer encumber.
* * *
The wages of gin is debt.
* * *
Ten mills make one millionaire.
* * *
Thou, too, flow on, O Sip of State.—
Wrongfellow.
* * *

If the oil wells stop shooting the
armies will.
* * *

Where there's a will there's a rela-
tive.
* * *

China has already cinched the
washee concession in Russia.
* * *

Wonder if Doyle can locate the
Spirit of '76?
* * *

Lasker's Fleet consists of 1,400
ships and numerous schooners.
* * *

No one has successfully denied that
war bonds are guilt edged collateral.
* * *

Signor Flasker will now offer a pa-
thetic little ballad entitled, "Comin'
thru with the Rye."
* * *

Some folks have a Rolls-Royce, oth-
ers a Ford, but most of us have a
dodge.
* * *

"Peace in Sight in Ireland." Sci-
ence has wonderfully improved the
telescope.
* * *

Probably the Shipping Board can-
not secure crews for a cruise without
a cruise.
* * *

Prices haven't come down much.
Straps are still seven cents in street
cars. Yet, that's fare.
* * *

Now they say the Volstead Act
needs more teeth. Such biting sar-
casm.
* * *

President Harding says, "I'm a pres-
ident, not a marionette." Has Main
Street gone back on him?
* * *

The Kaiser has sold his book to
American publishers for \$10 a word.
Socialists have not yet been accused
of buying it.
* * *

Conan Doyle says it is possible to
communicate with the dead. Why
don't we hear something from the
Democratic Party?
* * *

Cotton farmers say if the insect pest
doesn't get them the bankers will.
They might choose the lesser of two
weevils.

In heaven, everyone must work, ac-
cording to Doyle. That's h—ll.
* * *

Lasker insists that a good sailor
must keep "three sheets in the wind."
* * *

"Jazz in Infancy." Long life ahead,
"the good die young."
* * *

The Allies object to Russia for her
remarks and her Karl Marx.
* * *

Lasker's ships may sail with the tide
but not with the nip tied.
* * *

Many are beginning to wonder
whether it is a fuel strike or a fool
strike.
* * *

In America we have three kinds of
farmers—tired, retired and rubber-
tired.
* * *

If you must join the army, Clar-
ence, try the aviation service. Then
if you don't like it—drop out.
* * *

What makes more noise than a pig
under a gate? A workingman who
voted for Harding.
* * *

Lenin isn't worrying about the fall
of the mark. He has t-roubles of his
own.
* * *

We would not object to a "soldier's
bonus" if we could keep the onus off
us.
* * *

All most people want is a little peace
of mind. All most people have is a
little piece of mind.
* * *

Girls in Czecho-Slovakia are adver-
tising for husbands. It was ever thus
with the fair czechs.
* * *

Stills should soon be out of the
country with so many people running
them.
* * *

"Oily to bed and oily to rise," when
you're working for Old John D. and
the guys.
* * *

The American people are not trou-
bled by lone sharks. They come in
schools.
* * *

Senator Watson has a clock which
he says will run 400 days without
winding. He doesn't say how long
it will run after winding.
* * *

They're selling Manhattan again.
Coming out of the Grand Central Sta-
tion I met a cabby yelling, "Any part
of the city, 50 cents."

Columbia, the "ahem" of the Ocean.
* * *

For lessons in "backsliding" apply
to the United States Slipping Board.
* * *

Ships used to sail from and to, now
they sail with "port."
* * *

"Rooster Drunk on Malt Mash."
Probably a boot-leghorn.
* * *

German bands will be the first to
play the Russian muh-zick.
* * *

Jill must have found it up hill work
getting the jack.
* * *

Griffith and De Valera should con-
duct their negotiations by 'ireless.
* * *

Profits: What the capitalists stand
for; what the workers fall for.
* * *

Latest reports indicate that the sup-
ply of cash down from the public
goose will be heavier than usual.
* * *

Orders from Russia will continue
to be dictated and "red."
* * *

"Next War in Air." Why not fight
it with air and leave it to Congress?
* * *

What does the American Labor
Movement stand for? Anything!
* * *

At least there is no denying that
rubles are "reddy" money.
* * *

The difference between paper
money and gold is that between the
ink and the clink.
* * *

Capitalism makes schools into pris-
ons. Socialism will make prisons into
schools.
* * *

Russia strongly favors one Ameri-
can institution,—the little Red school-
house.
* * *

Now a cut glass trust has been
formed. If there is anything left they
will goblet.
* * *

"Japan Occupies Siberian Ports."
She will get more than she can chew
if she keeps on Nippon.
* * *

The Chicago Library advises, "Take
some books for the week end." Well,
that's where they are most needed.
* * *

A farmer with five hogs can borrow
\$100 at any bank, but a farmer with
five children can't borrow a cent.

THE MILITIAMAN

A Ballad

Part I—The Maid

"O my soldier, my brave soldier
Just returned from dreadful war;
You went in search of glory,
O come tell me what you saw.

"Always in my lonely vigils,
Since you went away from me,
All my thoughts were of you only,
Lovingly they dwelt on thee.

"Dreaming in the silver twilight,
Up some barricaded height
I saw your regiment charging,
You were leading in the fight.

"In my thoughts I oft have seen you,
When no other hand would dare—
Raise high our flag of freedom,
Wave its challenge in the air;

"Saw you lift a wounded comrade,
Bear him from the battlefield,
Then to the zone of danger
You returned, you would not yield.

"Even to the fallen foeman
Your big human heart was good,
Your speech to him though foreign
He your kindness understood.

"Enough! Your own loved lips shall tell
Of splendors wrought midst shot and shell!"

Part II—The Soldier

"Clerk was I in a country store
Doing the same things o'er and o'er.
Monotonous grew the daily grind,
I wanted to leave it all behind.
But how to do it? ah! simple plan,
I'll go and 'soldier' for Uncle Sam.

"Now I was always a careful lad,
I sampled the goods all dealers had.
Before I bought, it was in this way
I managed to get the best for pay.
So I decided to try this plan,
Even in dealing with Uncle Sam.

"To sample the 'Soldier's life to be'
I joined a militia company.
At night dressed up in my uniform
I was the happiest boy e'er born.
Dreaming all day of deeds heroic,
Even at work became more stoic.

"I waded swamps of the tropic south;
I trailed the stream to its mighty mouth.
Sat around fires in camps at night
(Romance bloomed in their mystic light).
Heard the dull booming of distant gun
Proclaiming the night attack begun.

"Into the darkness I led the way
To where the evening's gunners lay.
To belching cannon we paid no heed;

The foe retreated in wild stampede.
When war was over—our country won,
We all got medals for deeds well done.

"But these were all dreams, so now the true
And actual facts I'll tell to you.
In a little town some miles away
Workers demanded increase of pay.
Employers refused to give them more
So workers quit working by the score.

"From distant cities a human scum
Came hurrying down the mills to run,
The 'scabs' were housed on factory floor
And machines were started up once more.
The strikers fumed at the owner's plan;
Declared they would fight it to a man.

"Living in mills was against the law.
Elated, the strikers saw the flaw
In the subtle trick, so went to see
The mayor of their community.
He received them, but impatiently,
The strike meant nothing to him you see.

"A week went by and the mills yet ran,
The mayor had winked at the owner's plan.
And the starving strikers day by day
Growing enraged at the law's delay.
Cried 'If masters with impunity
May defy the law, why so can we!'

"Then war was declared, and rioting
Became at once a regular thing.
When strikers and scabs would chance to meet
Battles were fought on the public street.
The mayor unable to cope with them—then
Petitioned the state militiamen.

"The governor called out his dogs of war,
My regiment went to uphold the law.
Boldly we marched through the little town,
For what cared we for the strikers' frown?
How wan and wretched they seemed to be!
The bosses received us joyously.

"We pitched our tents in the city square,
For ominous signs were in the air.
The climax burst like a sudden squall
On a summer day ere rain drops fall.
Strikers had met on the market square,
They had always held their meetings there.

"Impassioned the leaders spoke to them,
Praised their efforts to live like men.
Our colonel hated their spirits proud
Commanded us to disperse the crowd.
Our orders were 'shoot,' I now recall
We never knew why,—we shot, that's all.

"That night in many a worker's home
Loved mothers and children starved alone.
Wee babies prattled their father's name,
To babies' prattle no answer came.
The strike was broken and so no more
Do 'scabmen' sleep on factory floor!"

—Charles Clarke.

DEBS MAGAZINE
A Magazine of Militant Socialism

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

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 Juda L. Magnus, Alexander Howat, Emil Herman, and
 many others.

BLOODY PROFITS FIRST

THE very smug Mr. Hoover in a recent address before the National Conference of Social Work, in reference to legislation to eliminate from industry the labor of children, said, "I suggest that a final effort be made to bring all states into line to abolish child labor. If that cannot be accomplished quickly I regretfully join with those in favor of Federal action."

That statement is plain enough. It needs no elucidation. Mr. Hoover speaks with authority and he speaks for the administration. The two million children dragging out a meagre, tortuous existence in the industrial hells of America need expect no mercy from the Harding regime whose cruel, heartless Chief Justice but recently read the death sentence of thousands of these little ones. The bloated trustocrats who control the Administration will stop at nothing to pile up their ill gotten gains. The murder of 40,000,000 people and the wrecking of a continent was but an incident in their plunder scheme, so why should they hesitate to grind the bones of our tiny ones into shining shekels of Mammon? Mr. Hoover well knows, as do the pirates for whom he speaks, that the states cannot be lined up for individual action against child labor and the few states which have taken action in passing laws have made no effort to enforce them, with a few notable exceptions. This simply means of course that Hoover is for a perpetuation of these ghastly crimes against the children. The only effective action can come from a Federal Law with a commission of workers empowered to enforce it. Our sleek Secretary of Commerce would "regretfully join" with those demanding relief. Regretfully indeed? To those who are conversant with Hoovers' record in the famine relief work, how he willingly starved millions of children in far off Russia, this attitude is not a novel one. Yet as savagely vicious as is the Harding-Hoover-Taft program of slow murder for the little ones in the mines, mills and factories, we do not blame them for their stand. They have one and all been

reared in the lap of indolent luxury. They regard the workers and their children as the legitimate prey of the profiteers. They were elected for the purpose alone of swelling the bloody profits of the plunderbund and when they are faithful to their masters we have no complaint to make. You the workers, and none else are responsible for the gruesome murder of babes in the industries and you, the workers, will have to give account. You cannot escape the burden and the guilt—you who cast the 23 million votes for Harding and Cox. The blood of these babes is on your heads. You can only redeem yourselves now by voting a straight socialist ticket for their release. Socialism will take the tiny tots from the mills of mammon and place them in comfortable homes and attractive schools, with the best of the land at their service. "Suffer little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Yours is the answer! Will it be capitalism or socialism?

LAWS FOR RICH AND POOR

Although the Espionage Act was manifestly unconstitutional and the ablest legal talent in America agreed thereon, the efforts of millions of citizens were of no avail in having it repealed or set aside by the Supreme Court. Some 113 of its victims are still in prison with no appreciable chance of them being released before their sentences expire. Contrast the enforcement of this nefarious law with that of the Lever Act. There was a nation wide demand during the war for an act to prohibit and punish profiteering in food stuffs. With a grand blare of trumpets and the waving of flags by the looters themselves the Lever Act was passed. This seemed to be a signal for the commercial hyenas to attack with renewed fervor. Billions of dollars were soon ground out of the workers, the principal profiteers being in direct communication with the White House and operating in its very shadow. To what extent were these Huns prosecuted under a law broad enough to have put them all in jail for the rest of their days? The Supreme Court acting as first aid immediately declared the Lever Act unconstitutional. Total fines assessed by the Government amounted to \$277,000 and the amount actually collected reached the startling sum of \$122,000. What a farce! To make the situation thoroughly dramatic Senator Elkins now steps forth and suavely introduces a bill to remit the fines levied against the profiteers under the Lever Act. It is to make a horse laugh. To complete the scene will some swollen advocate of the system please come forward and announce that, "In America the rich and poor are equal before the law?" Haw! Haw! Haw!

—C. L. D.

THE RAILROAD STRIKE

Solidarity by the shop crafts workers has brought the Government and the railroad heads to their knees.

A warning was transmitted to President Harding, July 28, by the Railway Labor Board, that unless the strike were ended within a week the systems would collapse because of the deterioration of rolling stock. Repairs are not being made.

Enginemen are no longer mechanics, they are only steam chauffeurs. Firemen are only coal shovellers. Within five years the shop crafts, from being the ragtag and bobtail which they were styled by the heads of the Big Four Brotherhoods, have become the key men of the system, for only they can make repairs.

On the issue of seniority the fiercest fight is waged. To an outsider this does not seem so important. But it is the very lifeblood of union labor. To allow scabs to take precedence over the loyal workers would be to destroy the unions themselves.

It must be remembered that the strike was precipitated by the defiance hurled by the railroads at the government, in refusing to abide by the rulings of the Railway Labor Board. It must also be remembered that point by point the men have forced the President to back down from his imperial attitude of threatened conscription into a position of hostility to the insanely arrogant railroad heads.

Establishment of a national adjustment board, one of the three chief demands, means that the railroads are to be a national industry and not the sport of stock gamblers.

Compulsory obedience to the Railway Labor Board in outlawing outside contracts means that the capitalist gamblers are forbidden to milk the railroad systems for their own private profit by awarding themselves fat jobs in repair work.

Without help from their brother unions except such as they have compelled by their own weight and pressure, the shop crafts unions have apparently forced the biggest step in history toward the unification of the railroads under workers' control.

Stand by them until they win!

DEBS TO LENIN

Eugene V. Debs on July 24th cabled to Nikolai Lenin, in reference to the trial of the Social Revolutionaries in Moscow:

"I protest, with all civilized people, in the name of our common humanity, against the execution of any of the Social Revolutionaries or the unjust denial of their liberty. Soviet Russia can set an example by refusing to follow the practices of world-wide czarism, and should uphold the higher standards we seek to erect and profess to observe."

SOLDIERING IN SANTO DOMINGO

By Edward J. Irvine

(Ex-private 32nd Co. 4th Reg. U. S. M. C.)

WHEN I landed at Sanchez, D. R., with the 32nd Co., 4th Regiment, like the rest of the marines I thought that we were "saving the natives from themselves." So we beat and robbed them, and for one of our wounded they usually lost ten. We thought that God himself smiled down from the heavens in approval, for we were reared in the atmosphere of capitalism. Our government could do no wrong.

At the battle of La Saba we are reputed to have killed and wounded 169 natives, while we ourselves suffered but one casualty. We were far better equipped than the Dominicans, who had only old, rusty French Mausers while we had the modern Springfields, Colts and Benet Mercier machine-guns.

Major Hughes threatened to burn the city of La Saba on his return, but was severely wounded and could not carry out his threat.

At Sanchez, a sergeant of a patrol knocked a native clear across a street (the streets are narrow there) for asking a marine-private for some money which was owing to him. The same sergeant prevented me from saving a native-boy (who was being beaten by a man with a chair), saying, "Let him knock his brains out, he'll only grow up to be a damned spick."

We compelled store-keepers to give us merchandise while we in return signed fictitious names. Thus the merchants were always swindled out of their just dues.

A mutiny took place at Monte Christi. Kuhar (an Austrian Socialist), led the revolt, and forced "non-coms" and officers to wait upon privates and shine their shoes. The mutiny was quelled and Kuhar imprisoned, accused of being a socialist agitator.

I deserted, in company with 3 other marines. We led the life of bandits, lived on wild-hog in the jungles, stole horses, and were captured by General Cha Cha's rebel army and later on we were taken prisoners by the marines and sent to Portsmouth Prison with a 3 year sentence hanging over our heads.

A Dominican accused of being a spy was taken aboard the U. S. S. New Hampshire, and hung up by his feet, while sailors threw loaves of bread at his head.

We were a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. Imperialistic whites owned everything,—the railroads, the dye-woods, and the sugar plants, and Dominican money became practically worthless, yet after robbing the West Indians, the U. S. government states that the Dominicans owe it millions of dollars.

Goodness grant that the time may soon come when the "Devil-Dogs" will be recalled from the Dominican Republic.

Stories of New Books

IMPERIALISM

America's transition to Imperialism is more clearly set forth in this book of John Kenneth Turner's "Shall It Be Again?" than in any other book or combination of books I have read. It is chiefly a compilation from President Wilson's speeches and from the laws and regulations issued by governmental bodies during the world war. It shows the complete Hohenzollernization of our Governmental structure; it shows the animus underlying this transformation, namely the protection of war profits. It shows the flood of propaganda whereby the mentality of the American people was swept over from a theoretical democracy to a passionate acceptance of the imperial and autocratic principle.

Augustus Caesar found Rome brick and left it marble, according to his dying boast. Woodrow Wilson found America a republic and left it an empire. Harding is the twenty-eighth President and the second Emperor. That crown of imperialism which originated in Egypt 5500 years before Christ, and which descended down through Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome and the Holy Roman Empire, Russia, Austria, Germany and England, has found lodgment by the banks of the Potomac.

It is idle to blame Wilson or to censure Harding. The industrial and economic transformation of our country from a farming community—always democratic—to a financial and industrial community—always imperial—dictated the political change from republic to empire.

Turner's book asks a question which can have but one answer. The terrible events which he portrays will happen again and again so long as we remain an empire. There is no means of averting imperialistic wars save the substitution of democratic industrialism for financial imperialism; and that means a political revolution, for which Socialism is the only champion.—T.

Shall It Be Again? John Kenneth Turner. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.50.

THE WORLD IN REVOLT

Frazier Hunt is the newspaper correspondent who first gave to the world a sympathetic picture of the struggle of Russia to be free. He has travelled over the Orient, wherever in this tremendous era of upheaval there was a popular outbreak, and in his book, "The Rising Temper of the East," he holds out a wide sweeping telescope in which we may see the hearts of the world in revolt.

How it thrills and awes one to catch through these lucid pages the surge and swell of that great ground tide which is remaking the face of mankind, even while we watch. Gandhi in India, Zaghul in Egypt, the Students in Chicana, the persecuted Socialists in Japan, the terrific struggles of Korea to be free; Siberia's republican leaders, Quezon in the Philippines, Felipe Carillo and Pancho Villa in Mexico—in a vivid panorama they pass before one; leaving a picture that can never be effaced.

Pancho Villa took Frazier Hunt and showed him a huge old dusty patio. "This is to be our school" he said, with tremendous pride. "I'm fixing it up as fast as I can. Everything is tumbled down and the roofs have fallen in, but I am repairing them, and we shall have a school here in a few weeks, with four teachers. It's going to be the best school I know how to start, and every child on this ranch is going to attend. . . . Schools are what Mexico needs above everything else. If I were at the head of things I would put plenty of schools in the cities and towns, and I'd put a school on every hacienda."

This is Pancho Villa, "the butcher," the man to get whose scalp President Wilson sent an army in Mex-

ico. Hear a voice from Siberia "America is a great free country, and if America will help Siberia there will be two great free countries, and they will make the whole world free. . . ."

The Rising Temper of the East. Bobbs, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis. \$2.00.

THE LAST WAIL OF THE DODO

This is one of the funniest books I have ever read. It is a labored exposition of the oldest of theories, the divine right of aristocratic birth to rule the world, put forth by a Harvard Ph. D. The doctrine is that in order to sustain the heavy burdens of a complex civilization a ruling caste is necessary. Superior brains necessarily gravitate to the top. The Under-Man grows resentful, and in his blind efforts to rebel against his divinely appointed rulers he wrecks civilization.

It is the Brahmin theory, and comes, properly enough, from Boston. Boston is almost unique among American cities. All its "leading citizens" live in the suburbs, and the terrific burden of taxation and citizenship is borne by the working class, who live in Boston proper. This working class element, since it bears the burden of taxation, naturally enough runs the town: and the Brahmins, who live out in the hills and commute in every morning and out every night, hold up their hands in pious horror at the ingratitude of these beasts of burden, who refuse to accept their guidance.

Lothrop Stoddard's book is the despairing wail of a Boston Brahmin who sees the sacred codfish desecrated by the hands of labor. Bolshevism is a revolt against superior birth and breeding. Labor is ordained to toil, and the "best families" are divinely appointed to rule them for their own good. Rome perished because the "best families" were ignored. Babylon perished because the rude illiterate workers took over the government.

It would be impossible to get a better or clearer picture of the world crisis than by reading together these two books, "The Rising Temper of the East" and "The Revolt Against Civilization." One gives the hope of a glorious tomorrow, the other laments with the despair of a corrupt and decaying past. It is the last wail of the dodo.

The Revolt Against Civilization. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

Dr. Taylor was pastor of a large Baptist Church when this book was published. It so incensed certain among his parishioners that they demanded a retraction of his sentiments, or a resignation. He manfully declined to change his faith to any other. The book is an impassioned indictment of the war madness. It traces the history of the war god from century to century and from race to race. Particularly keen and pungent is Dr. Taylor in considering the moral collapse of American Christianity.

"Generally in Europe," he says in his closing chapter, "the Church was bound up with the state, and when the state went to war the Church was necessarily in it. But in America the case was different. The church boasted of its freedom from state control. Its participation in the world war was entirely voluntary. It left Jesus out of its war councils, and deliberately rendered unto Caesar the things it had dedicated unto God. . . . Its hands are full of blood. All alike have adopted the heathen idea of doing evil that good may come." Dr. Taylor has written a powerful book.—T.

The God of War. By Joseph Judson Taylor, D.D. F. H. Revell Co. \$2.00.

HOLD THE FORT

(Continued from page 5)

Shopmen's Union has been declared an outlaw by the Government, and those new unions, owned and controlled by railroads, are to be given official recognition by Uncle Sam.

And the fellow workers of the outlawed men go calmly on with their tasks, aiding in grinding to powder the efforts of the railroad shopmen.

* * *

How can they fail to see that if one union is crushed, the others will follow? If the shopmen are defeated, then the switchmen and the signalmen, the telegraphers, the engineers and the conductors will come next.

How long, how long will labor not realize that these strikes, costing hundreds of millions of dollars in waste and unpaid wages, and hundreds of millions in excess prices, are the result of their failure to act together toward the great dream of a unified community of producers?

Strikes here and strikes there only pile up future disaster. Let us act together, and the crisis

will be passed. The nation's wealth will find its rightful owners, and there will be no more occasion for struggling.

But a physical unity of action can only follow a spiritual union of desire. If our eyes are set on a future nation, in which poverty, and disaster, hunger, homelessness and starvation are forgotten, and where all toil together in a labor that has ceased to be a burden because it is done for joy—then by acting together, the day of struggle will have gone forever.

Dear Editor:

Hurrah for Debs Magazine! Just got hold of the Lincoln Number. Enclosed find three yearly subscriptions.

—C. F. Hughes, Grand Prairie, Alta.

Dear Editor:

I have been in the A. F. of L. for twenty years. I used to think the capitalists and workers owned it in common but it seems that Gompers insists upon driving all the workers out. I am a crank on political literature but will say that "Debs" is the best by a long way.

—C. S. Johanson, San Diego, Calif.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ!

SOCIALIST CLASSICS OF ALL TIME THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY LIBERAL LIBRARY

- Evolution of Man
- Triumph of Life
- Collapse of Capitalism —Boelsche
- Socialism for Students —Cahn
- Socialist Philosophy —Cohen
- Origin of the Family
- Socialism, Utopian and Scientific —Engels
- Germes of Mind in Plants —France
- The Class Struggle
- The High Cost of Living
- The Social Revolution —Kautsky
- Evolution of Property —La Fargue
- Right to the Lazy —La Monte
- Socialism, Positive and Negative
- The Art of Lecturing —Lewis
- Memoirs of Karl Marx —Liebknecht
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