

FOR A UNITED WORKING CLASS ON EVERY FRONT

DEBS MAGAZINE

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Pullman Greet Debs Again

A Few Words to the Old Comrades

"There is more eloquence and greater significance in the expression of your sympathy and goodwill than in anything I shall be able to say tonight. I am not vain enough nor foolish enough to accept for myself personally this demonstration. It attests your continued loyalty and devotion to the cause for which I am pleading to you and with which the name of Pullman is associated in the struggle for emancipation.

"The past rises before me like a dream. Twenty-nine years have passed. I see as vividly as if it were yesterday the employees of those great corporations, especially the women and children, on the verge of starvation, at the same time that those corporations had in their treasuries millions of dollars of undivided surplus that the workers had earned. I recall the appeal of Governor Altgeld to the state to give assistance. He espoused in his way the cause of the struggling, suffering poor. Then the American Railway Union came to the rescue. A great industrial battle followed.

"On the one hand were the impoverished workers who by their labor had enriched the railroad company. On the other hand were all the powers of organized capital.

"There have been many industrial conflicts in this country; in not one of them has greater courage and fortitude been displayed. The cause was so righteous! The workers were perfectly willing to submit the case to a board of arbitration, in which they did not ask to be represented at all. The reply of the Pullman Company was that there was "nothing to arbitrate."

"Wages had been reduced until the workers were on the verge of starvation. The Pullman Company commanded all the resources of the federal government. After the strike was won without a particle of disorder or violence, the troops were called in. 3,500 deputies were sworn in in one day. The Chief of police said these deputies consisted of thieves, thugs, and ex-convicts.

"On the night that this army was sworn in 'ostensibly' to preserve order, violence was incited in order that injunctions might be issued, the leaders put in jail, and the strike broken. I remember that Mr. Pullman was glorified in his "triumph" while the starving workers seemed beaten.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." In my heart there is no bitterness nor resentment toward Mr. Pullman. He supposed he had triumphed. Wrong may seem to succeed for a time, but at last only truth prevails. Only the right can win final success.

"You are fit for something better than slaves. You are human beings. You have souls and intellects and are capable of infinite self development. You hardly know what life is; you are taken up with the struggle for existence. The soul is the prisoner of the stomach. You want jobs but you don't know whether you'll have one a week from now. The fully developed capitalist has nothing to do with industry. He may live in New York or in Europe or wherever he pleases. By means of ownership he becomes fabulously rich doing nothing. It remains for you to change this. If you do not change the

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CURRENT COMMENT

SIX ex-ministers of Bulgaria, leaders of the war have been tried by the present government and sentenced to life imprisonment for forcing the war upon the Bulgarian people.

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This action following the execution of Grecian officials for throwing the people into war may show an awakening that is worth while. Just how long war would continue to scourge the race if those who favored and made war were tried and found guilty of murder as these men have been, it is easy to predict.

* * *

It is indeed high time that wholesale murderers were held responsible for their crimes as well as individual ones. It is safe to say that a few more incidents such as these and the war makers of the future will think twice before they incur the wrath of the people because of temporary power and the pressure of the war profiteers.

* * *

The wretchedness of life under capitalism and the uncertainty of it are most vividly brought home to us in the death of the beloved actress Sarah Bernhardt. Acclaimed by all, the greatest artist of her time, and worshipped by millions in every nation under the sun, this wonderful woman died a pauper. What few trinkets she did manage to save in her later years were attached by creditors before the last rites were spoken. Such is capitalism.

* * *

The world could easily afford to give all its Morgans, Rockefellers, Goulds, Vanderbilts and other robber barons for just one Bernhardt. Yet she who has contributed all of her marvelous talent to make the world a better place to live in, spent her last days in dire want, while the master pirates who do nothing worth while spend their lives in riotous ease. There is little consolation in the fact that future ages will love and revere the memory of the one, while the others will be utterly forgotten or be spoken of with scorn and contempt.

* * *

Secretary of War, Weeks, has rushed to the rescue of certain army officers who have been criticised for making speeches to aid the military program. "The officer is still a citizen," says Mr. Weeks, "and has a perfect right to speak as he may choose on any question." Wonder if the Secretary would say the same for the fifty-two political prisoners still confined in Leavenworth prison for exercising their right to speak?

As the boys marched away, the plutes were heard to say, "there will be nothing too good for them when they get back". Robert Williams a negro soldier got a judgement for \$50,000 against the Frisco Railroad and the Pullman Company for refusing him a berth in a sleeping car. Williams was wounded four times at Argonne and did a lot of fighting for the Pullman Company and the railroad barons. We hope he gets the money but realize he has little chance when the railway magnates carry the case to their own court. A reversal is in order.

* * *

We are all too well acquainted with the 100 per cent ignoramus who prate about the ignorant foreigners and insist they should be deported and taken back where they "cum frum". American education is supposed to have reached its height in New England. Yet in the one state of Connecticut 46 per cent of the school teachers are daughters of foreign born parents. If it were possible for all the foreigners to pick up and go back to their native lands it would serve America quite right if they should do so. We might then learn to treat them with fairness and hospitality if not with genuine gratitude.

* * *

If the young people of today could be made to look upon education as a serious matter we might expect something of the coming generation. Students in France and England two centuries ago used to climb to the bell towers so they could study their lessons by the light of the moon. Today the means of learning are abundant on every hand but the young folks are more intent upon spending their time in the movies or at jazz-fests, than in making something of themselves. Of course they reflect their insane environment and little else can be expected from them. This system of "dog eat dog", corrupts and ruins every phase of life it touches.

* * *

Stanley Baldwin, British Chancellor says the Empire lost 946,023 men killed and 2,121,906 wounded in the great war. The cost in money was nearly \$35,000,000,000. What an enormous sum of men and money to squander on wholesale murder! What these men could have done with this money to make England and her colonies fit places to live in! They could have abolished poverty forever for the British people. But socialists are such visionaries. On with the dance, let war be unconfined!

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Having captured the German iron mines the French government now has agents in America trying to market the stolen goods. It is claimed that France can lay pig iron down in New England much cheaper than the Steel Trust can place it there. So the war is not over yet. It remains to be seen how long the Steel Trust will permit this poaching on its preserves without crying for a high tariff on this commodity. At least Sammy Gompers and the A. F. of L. should take a patriotic stand against "furrin" exploitation in this manner, and insist upon patronizing our own home grown thieves and financial gangsters.

* * *

All the mush prevalent in the press about the German people's regret at the removal of the American forces is merely bunk. An official report submitted by the German Department of the Interior to the Reichstag charges the doughboys with twenty-five crimes of murder, rape and assault. They were very likely glad to get rid of such atrocious tenants. How would it do to quit harping upon Turkish atrocities for a while and pay a little attention to our own back yard? The troops are not so much to be blamed.

* * *

These boys were no doubt highminded and noble men before being "selected" for this service. We do not condemn them, as badly as they acted. They were taken by force from their peaceful lives and taught to commit crimes upon their fellow men in the name of patriotism. A little thing like the armistice would not relieve them from the desperate thoughts planted in their minds by military training. Nor did the government maintain huge camps for the purpose of teaching them to be clean and upright men. War is business and business was never known to wait upon justice or righteousness. Abolish war by destroying commercialism, the only cause of war.

* * *

Those fear patriots who were apprehensive that the Huns might raid New York and possibly over-run America need have no further alarm on that score. It will not be necessary for any foreign power to exterminate our citizens as capitalism is rapidly accomplishing that. Census reports just issued for 1921 show that 96,800 persons met with violent deaths in the nation. Battle mortalities in the Civil War amounted to only 86,400. In the late War, only 52,629 American soldiers were killed.

* * *

These glaring crimes of the present order do not seem to excite much interest among the super patriots. There is no wild call to

action to try and prevent such great loss of life. The nation's wealth and manhood are not marshalled in haste to wipe out the Huns in our midst. Why? We were fighting Germany for business reasons. Business is our only god. One hundred thousand lives offered upon the altar of gold, is not important. The private ownership of industry is the cause of this great destruction of life in the nation. Socialists alone have a remedy for it. That is the public ownership of the nation's resources for the benefit of all. This will abolish crime, insanity and hell.

* * *

Senator Brookhart says, the farmer gets 37c from every dollar the worker pays for his products, and the worker gets 35c from every dollar the farmer pays for his commodities. The two-thirds difference goes to the robber—profiteer. Socialism would do away with this gigantic robbery of millions each year by the idle class. It would place all the industries in the hands of the people. They would control their own credit. They would do their own exchanging without the parasites, middlemen and capitalists.

* * *

Socialism would free the slaves in the shops and on the farms. Socialism will be inaugurated when the workers get a little sense and throw these leeches from their backs.

You suffer to the extent of your collective ignorance. Turn on the light. Carry it to your neighbor. Civilization cannot last much longer half slave, and half free. If society is to continue, the system must be changed in a short while or everything will perish.

* * *

It is estimated that fifty million dollars worth of paper are wasted each year in this country. That is only a drop in the bucket. Millions tons of wood pulp are made into paper each year. Allowing six tons of pulp to an acre of forest it means that our great timber tracts are rapidly being denuded in the wild scramble for paper to circulate the lies of the capitalist press and keep the system going a few years longer. One notorious paper has a million Sunday circulation.

* * *

Is this great power used to benefit the people? Not at all, it is handled exclusively to further exploit them and keep them in bondage to their present taskmasters. The kept press from start to a finish is nothing but lies, lies, lies! The paper wasted in America in one year, if used to publish the truth, would redeem the entire nation from error. It would abolish poverty and crime. It would provide leisure and comfort for all. But the waste will go on until you stop it! Quit supporting the robbers press. Build up your own.

RUSSIA'S FUTURE

by Isaac McBride

WHAT is being done today in Russia under Soviet rule and the new Economic Policy to rehabilitate the country and eliminate the sufferings endured by the Russian people in the last eight and one half years—sufferings directly attributable to very definite causes, most of which were unforeseen by anybody, either inside or outside the country, previous to 1914? These causes in sequence being: the European War; overthrow of the Czar; Bolshevik revolution, followed by civil war; invasion; blockade; and last but not least famine.

All of Russia's misery today is attributed to Bolshevism by certain critics of Soviet Rule. This of course is begging the issue and refusing to understand the facts.

The Russian people have suffered frightfully since the Revolution, but to blame all this suffering on the Communist Party is like charging that Ex-President Wilson is personally responsible for the deaths of thousands of American boys on the fields of France in 1918.

Anyway this is all in the past, not easily forgettable, to be sure, but gradually being crowded into the background by the march of time.

What people, who show any interest in the Russian situation today, are asking, is—, Now that the Soviet Government no longer has to defend itself on battlefields, and the economic blockade is partially lifted, what is it doing to reconstruct the country? This is a practical question and merits a reply.

Russia's gold supply on hand, like the gold supply of many European countries has diminished until there is very little left. Russia has considerable gold still untouched in Siberian mines, which cannot be produced at present through lack of facilities.

Up to date the leading countries of the world have refused to help the Russian people, either in the form of political recognition or the extension of the necessary credits, to import materials and machinery of all kinds, to begin the proper exploitation of its national resources, and the reorganization of its industrial life.

In the absence of this needed assistance, which is usually granted to exhausted countries, Russia has been compelled to depend wholly upon the intelligence of an industrially backward people, and the meager capital left as a remnant of the devastation wrought throughout the long period noted above.

Under these conditions it has been a strug-

gle to produce constructive results since the adoption of the new economic policy but nevertheless they are discernable.

Concessions have been granted to outside investors to exploit certain resources and industries, and while most of this work is in the first stages, improvement is already manifest.

The large industries are operated through government trusts and production is still very low due to many causes, principally lack of material to work with. These large industries are working probably not more than 15 per cent of pre-war normal. The mining of coal, however, is gradually being organized and at the present the output is something like 40 per cent of what it was before the war.

Agriculture is being stimulated in various ways through peasant ownership of land, and the right of free trading in commodities. Last year's harvest was not sufficient to meet the needs of all the people, due to partial drouth, floods and physical exhaustion of the peasantry because of the terrible famine of 1921. Grain production is increasing with each harvest, and in the next two years Russia will likely have its bread problem definitely settled.

Plans for electrification are going on rapidly and there is talk of building a subway in the City of Moscow. Of course the completion of things of this kind is in the distant future.

The main task confronting the Russian Government today is obtaining sufficient food to satisfy the immediate needs of the people, millions of whom are suffering severely from undernourishment.

It must be said that there is none in Russia who understands what a hard struggle future years hold for the people more than the leading officials of the dominant political party. Practically all the energy of the Government and trade unions is directed now, and has been for two years, to economic reconstruction.

In an economic sense the Russian people are isolated from the world, almost as much as they were in the early days of the Revolution. True they have access to outside markets that they did not have before, but they inherited an exhausted country after the overthrow of the Czar. Therefore the outside markets are of little use to them until they are able to produce sufficient wealth to replace their losses and exchange part of it for the materials from abroad which they sorely need to increase production.

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Recollections of McNeil's Island

by a War Time Prisoner

THE Federal penitentiary on McNeil's Island consists of three cell-houses and a dormitory for lodging prisoners. The largest of these is the latest constructed and will accomodate eight prisoners to the cell. The three cell-houses will accomodate about five hundred men. When crowded for room, as was usually the case before the new cell-block was completed, prisoners were lodged in the dormitory and in the hospital.

All inmates in Federal penitentiaries work for nothing. This acts to the detriment of both the prisoner and society. The prisoner becomes careless, shiftless and indifferent in his work and he develops a vengeful spirit against society for having deprived him of the opportunity to support his family without making other provision for them. He feels, and justly so, that his family should not be made to suffer the pangs of hunger because he committed a crime—unlike society he does not hold them responsible for his deeds. When he is released he is given \$5.00 in cash, \$12.50 worth of clothes and transportation to his home. Ask yourself what chance has he to make good. No money, no clothes and no job, with most employers looking upon him with suspicion and his family in want and perhaps broken up and scattered. Is that to the benefit of society? Would it not be better if, instead of that "penny wise and dollar foolish" policy, these prisoners were paid for their work so they might support their families and perhaps lay by a little so as to be able to start life anew on their release? Think it over. What could you do—or, what would you do, if you found yourself suddenly in a position where your family is hungry, ragged, homeless; with five dollars in your pocket and your chances for employment obstructed by the suspicion and prejudice of employers against one who has a prison record behind him—I repeat what could or would you do? Well, it is the same with the others. So you see it would be cheaper for society and of vastly more benefit to pay prisoners for the labor they perform.

* * *

A barbed wire fence twenty feet high surrounds the prison yard. There are eight watch towers along this fence in each of which is a guard with a gun stationed as a lookout to prevent escapes.

On the ball ground inside the prison yard a game is played between two convict nines every Saturday afternoon when the weather permits, and sometimes on holidays. It was during a ball game on Labor Day of 1921 that Roy Gardner, the notorious bandit, made his spectacular escape—he induced two weak-minded

prisoners to make the fool-hardy attempt with him. Running behind him, as they had agreed to do they served as a bullet shield for him—both were shot down, one of them fatally.

Since my release from McNeil's Island I have read several accounts of the escape of Roy Gardner—including one purported to have been written by himself—all of which contain statements which are ridiculous on the face of them. One to the effect that he escaped with a stampede of cattle. Another that he hid in a hay-mow in the prison barn for ten days and lived on milk drawn from cows and that during this time he was nursing a wounded limb. Still another account has it that he swam four miles to the main-land.

There was no stampede of cattle.

He could not have fed on milk for the cows were not stabled at night during that time. For him to leave the hay-mow and go to the field to milk a cow was impossible because an intensive search was kept up night and day for two weeks and for him to venture afield would have certainly resulted in his apprehension.

Anyone who knows anything about Puget Sound knows that no man, let alone one weak from loss of blood and famished from lack of food, can live in its icy waters for the time required to swim four miles—to say nothing of treacherous under-currents.

I saw Gardner make his escape from the ball grounds to the timber—a distance of about one quarter of a mile.

He had somehow provided himself with a wire cutter and one of the two who undertook to make their escape with him and was shot down, but not killed, said the three had agreed that Gardner was to cut the gap in the prison fence and for taking that risk was to be permitted to remain in the lead unless shot. Naturally, the two in the rear drew most of the fire from the rifles of the five guards within whose range they were running. These two were shot down before they got half way across the open field through which they were racing for the forest. I saw Gardner stumble just before he made the rail fence at the edge of the woods. It was later ascertained that he had been hit by a bullet below the knee—and that is undoubtedly when it happened. However, he still had vitality enough to stumble across the fence and into the woods. It was late in the afternoon and the forces to patrol the shores of the Island were not organized until that night. That was the only opportunity, he stole a boat from one of the farmers living on the Island and under cover of darkness rowed to the main-land.

In This Our World!

"The people of the United States are robbed of \$90,000,000 annually by each raise of 1c in the price of sugar", says U. S. Senator Ladd. That is an enormous amount of money to be taking out of the people's pockets at 1c per pound, and if such is the case it is easy to understand what wholesale pillaging took place when sugar reached the top price of 32c some time ago.

Yet as gigantic as the robbery is, what right have the people to complain about it? They knew well enough when they voted for Harding that they were going to get a "business administration" and now that they have it on their necks they should be sports and suffer it through. So long as they fear the socialists will take the great wealth from the Sugar Trust and other combinations and "divide it up" they will continue to cry for more of this robbery, and like it. They shouldn't knock the administration they voted for.

* * *

Miners of the Vallier Coal Company in Illinois have introduced daily prayer into the work. This may be a novelty that is at times interesting but its practicability may be questioned even by religious people unless the miners see that their prayers are manifest in practice. The Company may now neglect all the safety appliances and in the event of accident throw all the responsibility upon the Almighty.

* * *

All that prayer is good for is to show a desire to do something better. A poor New England parish called a prayer meeting to beseech the Lord to care for the old minister who was nearly dying for lack of supplies. After the members had prayed for about two hours, a loud commotion was heard in the vestibule. The deacons ran forth in wrath that anyone should disturb the House of the Lord, "Hold! Hold! vile wretch what means this sacrilege?" "This is no sacrilege" said a husky fellow, throwing down two huge sacks of potatoes. "Father could not come, so he sent me to bring his prayers."

* * *

That is perhaps why the church has meant so little in the scale of human progress. It has spent its time and money in idle prayers and foolish rituals instead of doing the things that would upbuild society. When the Black Plague was sweeping away thousands in England, a Bishop rose in the House of Commons and said, "I make a motion to set aside a day to pray the good Lord to relieve us of this blighting pestilence". "Shucks" yelled a more sensible Commoner, "I make a motion to set aside a day to

clean out the sewers and gutters of London." The worthier plan prevailed and the Plague soon ended. Prayer alone for a new society will avail nothing. Get out and work for it!

* * *

Col. Goethals has brought the wrath of the administration down upon his head because of his charge that the office of fuel director of New York was only a bluff. After many futile attempts to relieve the freezing public he was forced to give it up as useless. He says that while the coal magnates are in control of the situation in Washington there is no relief in sight for the people. The only way to solve the problem is collective ownership of the mines for the use of all. But that would be socialism and the people wanted Big Business via the Harding regime!

* * *

Any one with a heart is forcibly reminded by the late Piute Indian uprising of the vicious, unspeakable atrocities that have been heaped upon the Indians by the white race since the country was first discovered. Search the annals of history down the ages and no parallel can be found, where a nation of three million souls has been completely wiped out save for a few remnants, in the short space of two hundred years. From Caligula to the German Kaiser, no atrocities perpetrated by savages, or civilized barbarians can hold a candle to the cruel and wanton treatment of this wronged race.

* * *

Agreement seems to have been reached which will permit the Standard Oil Company to share in the big oil robbery of the Turks at Mosul. France and England are very apprehensive that Kemal Pasha is not going to stand for this holdup game and expect any moment to be plunged into another great war with Turkey and Russia ranged against them. In the event of such an outcome to their plans they will feel much safer with the battleships of Uncle Sam behind them. How soon American youth will be again called by "selective service" to fight for the Standard Oil Company, we dare not predict.

* * *

Private Peat who worked day and night on the platform to boost the great war several years ago, has finally seen the light. He is working much harder now to make up for the damage he did then and the encouragement he gave to wholesale murder for commercial purposes. We welcome him to the new brotherhood that is being organized the world over to abolish war forever, from the face of the earth. More power to Private Peat and may his days be long in the land.

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A large clothing house is authority for the statement that a suit of clothes which cost \$20 to produce is sold to the retailer for \$30, and eventually reaches the consumer at a price of \$45 to \$50. It does not take a mathematician to see how this price could be reduced 75% by eliminating the great waste of distribution and cutting out the surplus value of the big clothing houses, and the woolen trust, who must have their pounds of flesh. Under socialism the workers would receive the full product of their toil and still prices could be reduced 50 to 75%. Socialism alone can save the people from the gougers.

* * *

Babson says there are 1,600,000 retail shops in the U. S. This means that each group of 80 people must carry on their shoulders and in their pay envelopes the burden of maintaining a retail shop. The shop only provides service a fraction of the time and during the greater part of the day there are several clerks standing around in idleness. These things may be necessary to the capitalist system of distribution but they will be quickly set aside when socialism becomes triumphant. The millions in waste that now occur would be conserved for the benefit of all.

* * *

More than one thousand war veterans have taken their own lives since returning from across seas. If our entry into the wholesale slaughter was such a holy act, and the churches with few exceptions, supported it, why are these boys left to face starvation and misery alone. Why are they refused the aid and prestige becoming the great patriots they were proclaimed by the 100%ers? We were told, when they left to carry fame and sword to foreign shores, that they were saving America!

* * *

Perhaps they were saving it, for John D. and other robber barons. We read in the same paper that John D. Jr's fortune increased \$104,000,000 in the last year. If these boys saved America, and the holy plunderers swore they did so, then by all that is good they should have what they saved. A socialist Congress would restore to these soldiers and their families the billions of dollars that were stolen from them by the profiteers while they were at the front fighting for the parasites. It is high time the workers and the war veterans in their ranks sent their own men to Congress to remedy these damning evils. Don't starve your wives and children in the midst of plenty. Rise to your feet like men and put an end to this high-handed brigandage.

* * *

The peonage camps of the Sunny South have long been a vile blot upon the so called governments of that region and a living death to the

hapless prisoners tortured there. Those in touch with American institutions have long known of these hell holes but it is only at rare intervals that some particularly atrocious occurrence brings them to the front. The turpentine and lumber camps of Florida are notorious the world over for their brutality, some out-doing in real life the graphic portrayals of slave life before the war as painted by the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

* * *

Inhuman cruelties are every day affairs in these camps. Martin Tabert, a North Dakota youth was literally flogged to death a few days ago in the camp of the Putnam Lumber Company at Clara, Fla. It is said the Sheriff would arrest men on the merest pretenses, drag them into court to be immediately sentenced and turned over to the convicts camp to become slaves of the Lumber Trust. The story goes that the Sheriff was paid \$20 for every man brought in, and the local judge called court and pronounced sentence on the spur of the moment.

* * *

North Dakota has taken up the case and is demanding an investigation by the Florida Legislature. More than that is needed. This shanghaiing of American citizens and selling them into slavery is being done in too many places. Senator Ladd of North Dakota should compel a Congressional investigation and have this disgrace to the working class wiped out forever.

Debs Magazine is about the only socialist magazine left in the country. If you appreciate our work kindly assist with a club of subscriptions.

DEBS MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Militant Socialism

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HUMAN NATURE

By John M. Work

NO, we will not have to change human nature in order to introduce Socialism. But if we did, we would only be doing what is being done every day. For human nature is constantly being changed.

No change whatever in human nature is necessary in order to introduce Socialism, to abolish exploitation, to abolish poverty, to establish economic justice, and to operate the industries successfully.

While we Socialists sometimes appeal to men's moral sentiments and their ideals, we appeal chiefly to their self-interest.

It is to the self-interest of the masses of the people to vote for Socialism.

The masses of the people at the present time are governed chiefly by their self-interest.

Consequently, no change whatever in human nature is necessary in order to get the people to vote for Socialism. All they have to do is to vote for their self-interest.

And when the Socialists win, no change whatever in human nature will be necessary in order to successfully operate the industries and insure justice to all the people.

A carpenter, or a merchant, or a farmer does not have to change his nature in order to become a postmaster or a mail carrier, working for the public.

A woman does not have to change her nature in order to become a librarian or a teacher, working for the public.

Neither will people have to change their nature in order to work for the public in the Socialist commonwealth.

All that will be necessary to make the Socialist commonwealth a brilliant success, from the ordinary point of view, will be for the people to follow their self-interest and try to achieve the greatest possible individual success for themselves. The nature of Socialism is such that one can only elevate himself by elevating everybody else.

So, to achieve success in the first stages and the primary objects of Socialism, no change whatever in human nature is necessary.

But, after the first stages of Socialism have been passed, after the primary objects of Socialism have been attained, after poverty and exploitation have been abolished, and after economic justice has been secured, it is expected that Socialism will gradually develop in its ideal beauty, that men will gradually lose their lower instincts, that they will become more interested in making the human race happy than

in making themselves happy. In short, that selfishness will to a very large degree give way to unselfishness. In order to attain this advanced or ideal stage of Socialism, human nature will have to be changed. It will have to evolve to a higher stage of development. And Socialism will provide the conditions wherein it will be easy for human nature to make that change.

It would be strange indeed if human nature were unchangeable.

Human nature is not a fixed quantity.

It is not always the same.

It is a growth.

The whole world is a growth.

The earth itself began a gaseous mass and came to its present condition through a process of evolution.

The infinite and wonderful varieties of the vegetable kingdom came up from lower forms by an analogous system of development.

Every species of animal life was produced in the same way.

Can it be possible that man stands alone in the midst of a universe of development, a clod, a stone, immovable, unprogressive, stagnant, hopeless?

It is not so.

Man is the noblest product of evolution. He is immeasurably the highest product of the ages.

He has come up to his present stage of evolution from the lowest depths.

Human nature has been undergoing a gradual and fundamental change ever since man began.

At first his nature was that of a brute.

The brute nature has gradually, little by little, been thrown off. Altruism, unselfishness, thoughtfulness of others, have gradually, little by little, been taken on. This has gone on until at the present time, although man is still in a glaringly imperfect condition, yet his nature is now as high above the point from which he started as the blue vault of heaven is above the center of the earth.

The chief factor in this constant change in human nature has been environment.

Man is chiefly the product of his environment.

Men are as good as their surroundings will let them be.

They are still governed chiefly by self-interest because the economic conditions by which they are surrounded make them so.

(Continued on Page 15).

Songs of Revolt

ART THOU A PATRIOT?

Dedicated to Gene Debs.

Who is a patriot? He who flies a flag.
And rants industriously as the crowd goes by?
He who holds up to ridicule
His fellows who refuse to volunteer?
He who doth worship fiery Mars?
He who forgetteth God?
He who would give his all
For that which profits nothing?

No! He is the patriot
Who walketh in the thorny way
That leads to understanding
Of that Truth which shall make him free.
He is the patriot who knows
That men are brothers in the House of God;
Not enemies, nor nations' 'slaves.

He is the patriot who sees
Behind the veil of plotting and of strife.
The Love that hath not conquered been,
Nor e'er shall be.
He is the patriot who hears
The clamor that dares not to raise its voice,
And, like the Master, long ago,
Stands forth for right.

Art thou a patriot? Dost thou dare say
That murder for a ruler's whim is right?
Then thou dost drive a nail
Through His good healing hand
Into the cross!
Art thou a patriot? Dost thou bow down
To that which would seek justice with the sword?
Then thou dost wield the spear
And plunge it in His side,
With ribald glee.

Art thou a patriot? Art thou a man
Created in the image of that God
Who hath made all things good?
And dost thou love thy country?
Lo, it is the world!
Thine are the friendliness and love
Of all men in all lands and climes.
Go thou now forth
And preach thy gospel to the multitude.
Thou mayest suffer; what is that to thee?
He who is false is doubly damned;
Who forswears Christ forfeits Eternity.

—Tom Tiddler

THE WARRIOR WIND

Once more the wind leaps from the sullen land
With his old battle-cry.
A tree bends darkly where the wall looms high;
Its tortured branches, like a grisly hand,
Clutch at the sky.

Grey towers rise from gloom and underneath—
Black-barred and strong—
The snarling windows guard their ancient wrong;
But the mad wind shakes them, hissing through
his teeth

A battle song.

O bitter is the challenge that he flings
At bars and bolts and keys,
Torn with the cries of vanished centuries
And curses hurled at long-forgotten kings
Beyond dim seas.

The wind alone, of all the gods of old,
Men could not chain,
O wild wind, brother to my wrath and pain,
Like you, within a restless heart I hold
A hurricane.

The wind has known the dungeons of the past
Knows all that are;;
And in due time will strew their dust afar,
And singing, he will shout their doom at last
To a laughing star.

O, cleansing warrior wind, stronger than death,
Wiser than men may know;
O smite these stubborn walls and lay them low,
Uproot and rend them with your mighty breath—
Blow, wild wind, blow!

—Ralph Chaplin

IF GOLD TOOK WINGS

Could money and the need of it
Take wings and fly away,
What peace the soul would find as came
That bright and happy day.
The wings of love would spread o'er all,
To teach unselfishness,
And oh! what joys would then abound,
Our happy lives, to bless.

Much care and sorrow would depart
And crimes would sink from sight,
As we looked over all the earth,
Beholding love's blest light.
Crime, greed and selfishness, at last,
Would disappear from view,
As we cast money all aside
And saw what love could do.

—Martha S. Lippincott

Pen Pictures of Russian Village Life

RODIMOVKA—EASTER SUNDAY

FOUR versts due west from Grachovka lies Rodimovka—a nest of twelve huts, just beyond a swamp and a dark swift stream. We crossed by a sturdy wooden bridge and reached the first straw-laden shed. Then we had but to step off the “main” road, walk a few yards down the one and only street, slip into a basket-fenced yard, hump under the door of a stable and knock at the rag-padded door of a house.

It happens to be a house of Stepan Davido. Stepan, his wife and his daughters of twelve, eight and two are at home. It isn't nice to carry mud into their hard-scrubbed front room floor. But house, furniture and people give a welcome. “Come right in,” say all of them, “We were expecting you sometime.” The pretty embroidered linen towels are draped over the windows and the ikon; the samovar gleams from its Saturday polish. We assure Stepan that we have not come for tea. Our visit is an accident—not official. But it would be interesting to know something about this village, the first one visited outside of Grachovka.

Within a few minutes the first neighbor removes her boots in the kitchen and steps into the room. The rest of the village follows, one by one. They have not been summoned nor invited, but they saw two strangers entering Stepan's house. What is there to do on Sunday afternoon but pull on one's boots or one's galoshes and go over to see what two strangers can be wanting with Stepan? Quietly they fill the floor of the room while Stepan tells the story. In his pink cotton shirt and patched breeches he leans against the sill of the curiously mended window while he talks. The story unfolds gradually:

There were about 65 “souls” in the little settlement last summer; now there are 32. There were eleven families; now there are seven. In one family there were eight “souls”. Of them, one girl is left. She is sitting there on the stove, starved at seventeen. Another family had nine; all are gone but the wife and one child. “And before you are all the men,” says Stepan. “Twelve of us before the famine; now there are three. The others died.”

“In a week it will be time to plant,” says Demetrie, brother of Stepan, and one of three surviving men. “What we have to sow? Eight poods of wheat to be divided among us and the 170 “souls” in the main village. We alone ought to have several poods, for wheat is our big grain. From it we get our bread. And be-

SOOSLIKS

THIS is the open season for soosliks. Pending the arrival of more Quaker food and American corn, the villages of Kusminovskaya volost are are literally living on them. You see a little boy sucking the last atom of flesh from the back of one of them. You see a tall peasant girl with long slow stride moving along the crest of a hill, a bag of them on her shoulder.

Soosliks are field rats. In Ignashkin the other day four men died from devouring them raw. They were so starved, and so exhausted from catching the little beasts, that they died almost immediately upon eating the raw flesh.

Any member of the family may be selected to go “soosliking.” If all but one are too sick or too weak to walk, that one goes. Usually it is a boy or girl whose strength has been preserved by the Quaker food. Armed with one, or preferably two buckets and any kind of knife, the hunter plods off to a field as close to some water as he can find, for the water has to be carried to the sooslik. He cannot be led to it. Once the water is at the mouth of the opening to the hole the drama is very decisive. The water goes down, the sooslik comes up. The starved urchin is waiting for him. He seldom misses him. Once caught, a slit at the neck and it is all over for the sooslik. But not for the hunter. He must go on carrying more water, investigating other holes, until he has enough dead soosliks to feed the whole family.

That night, there may be raw meat for the family or possibly cooked meat. It depends upon how hungry they are. The boy will lie on the flat-topped stone stove almost too exhausted to eat. They will hand him up a back or a head to chew. And they will say: “If it were not for the soosliks, we should all have died.”

tween the two groups we have only 20 poods of millet, 36 of barley and 3 of sunflower seeds, not a fraction of what we need for our little hamlet alone. We have eight dessiatines of land ready and we could prepare more with our horse and two cows if we knew that more seeds grains were coming from Buzuluk. But that is all rumor and the roads will be bad for another week, and then it may be too late to plant. Besides, we need potatoes, and we have none. Of seeds, we have only among the vegetables, cabbage, melon, and a few pumpkins, no tomatoes.”

(Continued on Page 15)

Wisps From Timothy Hay

By C. L. D.

Junk the Junketers

The \$star\$ and \$stripe\$ Forever!

When are the girls going to wear ears again?

"My face is the druggist's fortune, Sir", she said.

The smart set may be smart but not in 'the right place

Russia is rapidly becoming steady as well as reddy.

Many a man who drinks white mule brays like a jackass.

Millions suffer from French rule in the Ruhr. Whatinel does Poincare?

If you stand on your dignity be sure you have no tacks in your boots.

Moonshine can never make the son shine.

Some folks strive to elevate themselves, others are sent up

Some folks lie out right and others talk like seed catalogues.

Thank goodness, Congress wont meet again until December.

When autos become omnipresent what shall we do for horse sense?

How many make a million? Not many.

There's a Jill for every Jack, but you can get several gills if you have the jack.

Workingmen are barred from the Klu Klux because they can't afford clean sheets.

Lenin continues to keep the newspapers alive with his occasional death.

We work hard to make men rich to make us work hard to make men rich.

Let's miss a few installments on this old war we're paying for. Maybe they'll take it back.

"Prominent stock man injured, Victim of cow slip", — announces a rural exchange. Say it with flowers.

In the meantime the disputes between Russia and Japan over fishing grounds and sealing wax warmer.

No. Clarence a butcher could not get along without his hands, even though they are always in the weigh.

Man may be jailed in Arkansas for falling to water his hog. Ein, swine, dry.

The Ruhr represents 68% of Germany's coal and 90% of France's steal.

Science finds lizard without change for eight million years. Like the workers, always broke.

Turkey wants another conference like Lausanne. Why not make it profit and Lausanne?

Finland will pay debt in sixty years. The war may be over but it is a long fight for the Finnish.

Russia may sign treaty with Hungary. That should be easy since Russia is hungry.

King and Queen break bread with Labor Members. Good, they may be earning it next.

The French agree not to occupy Cologne. Chicag, is also safe with the stock yards.

Wedding bells 'mid orange blossoms quite often turn out to be lemon peals.

Matrimony usually goes along quite peacefully until the wife pants for change.

Young Lord Carnarvon does not care to pose as a pyramid Egyptian ruins.

The moonshine's East, the moonshine's West, it's hard to say where the moonshine's best.

A girl danced thirty-six hours without stopping. What can you expect from a member of the week-er sex?

It is getting so now that you can's even hold up a bank without taking a taxi.

Woman district attorney says she has stable home life. Must be an I. W. W.

British will leave Mosul Oil Region to Kurds. John Bull shouldn't spring such a blood kurdling surprise.

Judging by some of our bobbed hair girls, there is many a slip 'tween the shears and the snip.

No one objects to a woman having the last word unless it is another woman.

'When Rouget de Lisle wrote "Ye sons of toil" he probably meant "Ye tons of soil".

Hold up men are not recognized by artists in general as they draw nothing but guns.

Seeing what happened to King Tut's excavator few will have the nerve to disturb any of our Congressmen.

If ancient astronomers were here today they could easily prove, that the earth and most of its inhabitants are flat.

Many a motorist racing to the crossing finds himself on the rigut track for a quick finish.

As to national emblems the Irish seem to have set aside the harp for the harpoon.

If man is descended from the monkey why does he goose-step and pussy-foot so much?

Two wrongs do not make a right, altho two Wrights did make an airship.

The Russians claim to have a stable government but Secretary Hughes seems to think it is just a stall.

Business women may be found in every corner of our industrial hum, says an exchange. We have often been told woman's place is in the "hum"

Uncle Sam will collect four hundred million back income tax. The profiteers have taken everything in front.

The Great Bank Robbery

from "Imperial Washington" by *ex-Senator R. F. Pettigrew*

MY life in the West taught me the power of the landgrabbers. My experience in the East gave me an insight into the power of the banker. The landgrabber cornered land. The banker corners money and credit. Both are able through their monopolies to plunder the producers of the product of their toil.

In 1868 placer gold was discovered high up on the sides of Mount Shasta, in Northern California. The report of this discovery was quickly known in other placer mining camps farther south, and a great stampede occurred. Five or six hundred miners, at one time, went to Shasta, staked out their claims, and commenced mining.

Of course there was every variety of the genus homo, from the saloon-keepers, gamblers and highwaymen to miners, speculators and prospectors—a motley crowd. Among the others there was Robert Waite, an educated fellow—a sort of graduate—who could talk on every subject from the Bible to Hoyle. Then there was Silver Jack who, when he was not mining, was shooting up the mining camps or robbing stage coaches.

When they arrived at Shasta, all of the members of the crowd, with one exception, staked out claims and went to work. The diggings were good. The returns were high.

In the camp lived the usual hangers-on, and among them there was one man who among all of his fellows had staked out no claim. Everybody else worked at something. He never worked. The others were equal and democratic. He held himself aloof. He was better dressed than the others; he was never about in the daytime, but in the early evening he might be seen loitering about the gambling houses. He neither swore nor drank; he talked but little, and he was known by everybody.

As the weeks went by he opened a little office and began to lend money to miners who had a good claim and who were dissipating their earnings, at four per cent a month. Time passed, and he opened a bank. Because of his personal habits and rather agreeable appearance, the miners deposited their savings with him. He paid the depositors ten per cent a year, and loaned the money to other miners, who were willing to give their claims as security, for four per cent a month. Under these conditions the bank flourished and the banker made money.

But one day he sold the bank and moved to San Francisco, and there opened a bank on a

large scale, and became known as one of the great financiers of the Pacific Coast. A few years afterward, when he had become famous, he removed to New York and entered the circle of the great financiers of the world, and became widely known as a manipulator of moneys and credits.

At a banquet which he gave to celebrate the thirtieth year of his entry into the banking business, he grew enthused with wine, and in his speech gave a sketch of his life and told how he was the first banker in Shasta in '68. Thereupon the miners at Shasta—those of the old-timers who still remained—held a meeting to discuss the question. And they said:

"Why this man is not the man who started the first bank in Shasta; or, if he is, then his name was so-and-so, and we remember him well."

And they thereupon appointed a committee of three to make an investigation and ascertain how the great banker got his start, and the committee reported that he had gone with the stampede to Shasta, had taken no claim and done no work whatever; but that he slept days and crawled around at night and stole from each of the miners so little of the day's production that he did not miss it. The committee therefore resolved that he had changed his name but had not changed the methods of doing business which he inaugurated at Shasta in the early days. He was still stealing so little from each of his fellow men that they did not miss it, and had thus accumulated an enormous fortune and become one of the greatest financiers of the world.

PULLMAN GREET'S DEBS AGAIN

(Continued from Page 1).

system the capitalist will not. How can you do it? By realizing that you workers regardless of race, religion or sex have identical interests. You cannot emancipate yourselves as individuals. When you unite industrially and politically nothing from the earth to the stars can stand between you and complete emancipation.

"I come back after all these years to be greeted by you, not as a convicted felon, but as one who sought to help the poor among his fellow men. I realize what the issue was then and what it is now and what it must ever be until the cause of the workers is triumphant and they walk forth sovereign of this world."

Debs Magazine was a most pleasant surprise.

-W. L. Church, Long Beach, Calif.

DEBS MAGAZINE

THE BANKERS EXPOSED

Will Rogers

Now this farm loan bill is going to be one of the best things to bankrupt the farmers I know of, outside of running a threshing machine. That used to be the surest indication of becoming poverty-stricken.

Well, as I say, that and borrowing money on what's called "easy terms" is a one-way ticket to the poorhouse. Show me ten men that mortgage their land to get money and I will have to get a search warrant to find one that gets the land back again. If you think it ain't a sucker game why is your banker the richest man in your town? Why is your bank the biggest and finest building in your town? Instead of passing bills to make borrowing easy if congress had passed a bill that no person could borrow a cent of money from any other person they would have gone down in history as committing the greatest bit of legislation in the world.

I was raised on a cattle ranch and I never saw or heard of a ranchman going broke—only the ones who had borrowed money. You can't break a man that doesn't borrow; he may not have anything, but boy! he can look the world in the face and say, "I don't owe you birds a nickel."

You will say, what will all the bankers do? I don't care what they do. Let 'em go to work if there is any job any of them could earn a living at. Banking and after-dinner speaking are two of the most nonessential industries we have in this country. I am ready to reform if they are.

Now, of course, I am not going to put these bankers out of business right away. This article will kinder act as a warning or a six months' dispossession clause, in other words.

There is Otto Kahn. I talked to him at a dinner the other night and he is one of the most pleasant men I ever met. And Charlie Schwab, who without a doubt has the greatest personality of any man in America. Of course Charlie doesn't hardly come under the heading of banker. He only owns just the ones in Pennsylvania. He was so darn nice and congenial I didn't have any money with me at the time, but I really felt like borrowing some and handing it to him. And he may have been disappointed that I didn't.

Then, the other night, Barney Baruch was in the theatre with all the war industries board. They are just sitting around waiting till another war shows up. You remember Barney. He was the Tutankhamen treasure of the Wilson administration. Well, he is another great fellow. So you see it's not from a personal view that I

RUSSIA'S FUTURE

(Continued from Page 4)

Russia faces years of struggle and hard work. The people must realize that they can depend upon none but themselves to build a new Russia.

It may take many years to accomplish this gigantic task, but it can be done and I believe it will be done under Soviet rule.

Very little aid can be expected from other countries for a long time. When it does come it will come because of the economic need of other nations and not because of any affection for the Russian people.

In the meantime constructive work is going forward in the land of "Bolshevism".

In spite of all the misery and suffering, history may record that the Russian Revolution has contributed something to human progress and a future civilization worth while.

We do not know! We must wait and see!

THE WORKING MAN

He makes everything.
He makes butter and eats oelo.
He makes overcoats and freezes.
He builds palaces and lives in shacks.
He raises the corn and eats the husks.
He builds automobiles and walks home.
He makes kid gloves and waters mittens.
He makes fine tobacco and chews scrap.
He makes fine flour and eats stale bread.
He makes fine clothing and wears shoddy.
He makes good cigars and smokes stogies.
He builds electric lighting plants and burns oil.
He makes silk shirts and wears cotton.
He produces fine beef and eats the bone.
He makes carriages and pushes a wheelbarrow.
He makes broadcloth pants and wears overalls.
He makes meerscham pipes and smokes a cob.
He makes stovepipe hats and wears cheap derbies.
He digs the gold and has his teeth filled with cement.
He builds fine cafes and eats at the lunch counter.
He makes patent leather shoes and wears brogans.
He builds baseball grandstands and sits in the bleachers.
He makes the palace car and rides in the side-door sleeper.
He builds grand opera houses and goes to the movies.
He makes silk suspenders and holds his pants up with nails.
He makes fine furniture and uses cheap installment stuff.
He makes the shrouds, the coffin, and tombs, and when he dies he sleeps in the rotter's field.

am abolishing banks. It's just that I don't think these boys realize really what a menace they are. As far as being good fellows, personally, I have heard old timers talk down home in the Indian territory, and they say the James and Dalton boys were the most congenial men of their day, too. —Chicago Daily News

DEBS MAGAZINE

THE CHICAGO MAYORALTY ELECTION

Forty-one thousand votes, almost double the amount credited to the Socialist candidate for mayor in any previous election, were recorded as cast for William A. Cunnea in the Chicago mayoralty election April, 3rd.

It was a magnificent showing. The party had been thought to be a negligible factor. Many of the best workers had deserted. Those who remained were apathetic. It was the splendid energy and vigor of Eugene V. Debs and William A. Cunnea, on which the campaign was built; and the fact that they were able, through the direct appeal they were enabled to make to the voters, to pull so great a vote out of the conflict, demonstrates how hungry and eager the people are for the message of Socialism if it can only be brought to their hearing.

Twenty thousand votes were lost to the Socialist candidate for Mayor, it is estimated on the basis of reports from the two hundred watchers, who attempted to man the twenty-one hundred voting precincts. In many precincts where the watcher attempted to force a fair count and an honest tally, intimidation and threats of violence were resorted to, and in very few cases was it possible to induce the officer on guard to enforce the law.

Despite this fact, in fourteen wards Cunnea received more than one thousand votes. The Socialist vote as counted is nearly 100 per cent increase over any previous mayoralty race. The last vote for Mayor in 1919 was 23,000. The Socialists had at that time precinct captains, ward committeemen, and a thoroughly planned campaign, with hundreds of willing workers to carry into effect the plans made.

This time, when the campaign began, there was almost no organization. The party had been rent and split by the dissensions of the past few years. Discouragement and disheartenment were everywhere. In spite of these facts, the Socialists received practically 100 per cent increase in vote.

Gen. Jan Smuts is working hard on a plan to amalgamate all the African states in one gigantic empire to stretch from Cape to Cairo. This may be more plausible today than during the life of Cecil Rhodes but it is a child of British Imperialism none the less. That the workers of South Africa are capable of revolution we have been vividly reminded. Yet we do not object to this plan. Let capitalism carry its program of organization to the limit. It will be easier to take over an empire at one fell swoop than a score of states. Go ahead, General!

LITTLE THINGS

Little pigs and parsnips
Brought from afar,
Little lambs that skip and jump
Made Armours what they are.

Little germs a throbbing,
With hunger itch,
In our gizzards do intrude
And make the doctors rich.

Little dabs of science—
Half-human shape;;
And lo! come meet your brother.
Good morning, Mister Ape!!

Thus we see that money,,
Scientists and kings,
Baboons and statesmen funny,
Are made from little things.

—Walter Snow

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind member presents it to view, the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new. The wide-spreading eagle, the arrow below it, the star and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of our father, we're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread eagle dollar, the star spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well. —Exchange.

THE EUGENE DEBS HOMES IN RUSSIA.

Translation from the "Izvestia Tasika"

The International Worker's Relief has done a great amount of work in children's relief in the Tartar Republic. According to the latest reports from abroad the international proletariat will do still much more in the way of relieving the great misery of our orphans.

The American workers and friends of Soviet Russia want to organize the former summer resort Novikov into a large Children's City.

The International Worker's Aid has already organized this Children's City in large part and has named it after Eugene . . . Debs, the great American labor leader and friend of the people.

Eugene V. Debs is very popular with the American people because he has always, openly and frankly, as a revolutionist, defended the interests of the working class, and for this reason the American bourgeoisie imprisoned him for many years; he has been liberated only recently on the urgent demand of all labor organizations.

We thank the International Workers' Relief and particularly the American workers, for organizing — in honor of this comrade—the Children's Colony in the Tartar Republic in which the misery is very great and relief is most necessary.

We hope that the International Workers' Relief will succeed in converting the former summer resort of the bourgeoisie into a really pleasant resting place for our orphans.

We will do whatever is in our power to create out of this Children's Colony a model place for children.

Long live the international children's relief!

Long live the international worker's solidarity!

★ ★ ★

DEBS MAGAZINE

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

Paula J. Ritter

IF THE commission man sells at a low price his commission is less than at a high price and if the prices are so low that the farmer cannot ship, then what commission does the commission hog get?

You speak of high freight rates but do not call the railroad man a hog. Why pick on the commission man?

We on the "street" wonder where people get the idea that commission men are rolling in wealth and are thieves.

If you knew how hard we worked to get an outside price for the farmers, how we all work to satisfy the farmer so he will ship us again, I know you would sympathize with us.

Look at our offices, do they look as though we are rolling in wealth?

About 15—20 years ago dressed turkeys sold at 8 to 12c per lb. For Thanksgiving 1922 they sold wholesale 51—54c per lb. I know of farmers who were not satisfied if part of a barrel sold at 52 and the other half at 54c. They would claim that as the turkeys were all alike and as some of them sold at 54c, all of them should have and if the difference was not made up at once, they would have their revenge, and see that no one else shipped us from that vicinity, they would advertize us in the newspapers.

When a hustler gets \$35 a week for carrying a barrel from a wagon to the door you can imagine that a commission man handling at 5% must handle quantity to make it pay or to break even with the expenses. He must pay the shippers within 48 hours, but his bills are not paid until the following week, and at times not even then.

I always liked the commission business because it seemed the most democratic. I have been there over over half of my life and I cannot now recall one man who does not wear overalls from time to time. We are hogs if you mean that we have to root for our own living for certainly no one else roots for us.

I do know this that about 2 years ago we got a car of potatoes from North Dakota, which, the farmer no doubt held up there trying to get an impossible price until they froze on him. Then when he was unable to get any kind of a price at home, he shipped them to us and we had to pay the freight to get at them and we were out over \$48, besides our men's labor and our time. That farmer was certainly a bird, not alone that he lost the whole mushy car but had to stick us.

We who you call commission hogs!

"Imperial Washington", by Ex-Senator R. F. Pettigrew, who served fifty years in public life should be read by all. Debs Magazine will give a copy free to all sending in 10 subscribers at \$1 per year.

RODIMOVKA—EASTER SUNDAY

(Continued from Page 10).

Then came the review of the food supplies, introduced, as usual by an exhibition of the ingenious, bark-straw bread. On this alone the peasants would be forced to live, were it not for the handful of American corn that has arrived. Four funts of it went to each of 13 adults in this clump of houses last week. As for the children, they just survived during the winter when the Quaker products were coming. But this was before the corn arrived and some of the adults had been taking a little of the child food. In February when the snows had blocked the railroads and the child pyoks (rations) had been delayed, the adults decided they could not touch the eight child rations that came. It was those first two weeks in February that 14 adults died!

It was Stepan who summed it up this time: "It is you who keeps us alive; if you leave us, we are done for"; and then after a silent pause: "All we have to offer in thanks is our 'clean hearts.'"

THE GOOSE STEP

by Upton Sinclair

"The way of the transgressor is hard." You will realize the particularly hard way of the transgressor of "Academic Freedom", when you read the "Goose Step". Upton Sinclair's latest and most interesting book. A study of American Education. It is a book of extraordinary merit; a work which only the thought of a genius evolving upon goose step happenings could originate. The shelf worn phrase "Reads like a novel" is more than ever true of this work of Sinclair's. After beginning to read this book you will be indeed reluctant to lay it aside. It compels your interest throughout. It holds you expectant, you cannot possibly miss one chapter. "The Goose Step" is the greatest expose of how the money power controls our educational institutions ever written.

—E. B

HUMAN NATURE

(Continued from Page 8).

When Socialism surrounds them with economic conditions wherein it will not be necessary to strive ever and always to down their fellow men, it is, therefore, logical to expect that human nature will change for the better with vastly greater rapidity than under the present cannibalistic system, and that men will continually become more and more unselfish until the ideal stage of Socialism is reached.


Meantime, let me remind you, as I said at the outset, that, in order to introduce Socialism, to abolish poverty and exploitation, to establish economic justice, to manage the industries successfully, and to give everybody full and free access to the higher things of life, no change whatever in human nature is necessary, because it is to the self-interest of the masses of the people to do these things.

DEBS MAGAZINE

Dear Comrade

Enclosed please find my check for the Russian relief fund. I am ashamed of the paltry amount and shall try to make up for it when I am able to take up my work again. I am very sorry I can not make it this time. If I had Rockefeller's money I would give it all to the Russian comrades as the famishing Russian people in their supreme struggle for human liberation.

With affectionate greetings and warm wishes to you all I am yours faithfully



Dear Comrade:

Enclosed please find my check for the Russian relief fund. I am ashamed of the paltry amount and shall try to make up for it when I am able to take up my work again. I am very sorry I cannot make it ten thousand. If I had Rockefeller's money I would give it all to the Russian comrades and the famishing Russian people in their supreme struggle for human liberation.

With affectionate greetings and warmest wishes to you all, I am

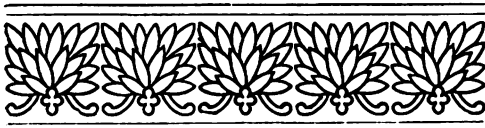
Faithfully yours,

E. V. Debs.

A LETTER FROM DEBS

to FRIENDS OF SOVIET RUSSIA

who are supporting five homes in the Children's Village at Kasan named the DEBS HOMES. There are 445 children in these Debs Homes. They have an isolation station for sick children and a farm where they grow garden truck for their own consumption.



ADOPT A DEBS ORPHAN

We will send you name, age and photo
 \$5 initial payment for equipment.
 \$2 a month for upkeep of each child.

Friends of Soviet Russia, 201 W. 13th St. N. Y. C.

I want to adopt a DEBS ORPHAN

Name -----

Address -----

City ----- Trade or Profession -----

I cannot adopt but send \$ ----- for
 General Orphan Fund.

We want to adopt ----- DEBS ORPHANS

Organization or Group -----

Secretary -----

Address -----

Or General Orphan contribution \$ -----