Special "FREE THEM" Issue

# THE OHIO SOCIALIST

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# "IF YOU CAN RETURN IN THIRTY DAYS". DEBS

## DEBS' RENUNCIATION

By JOSEPH W. SHARTS.

One thing is still left to Eugene V. Debs in his prison-cell—his smile.

I think it will be with him to the end, like a halo.

On two days I have talked with Convict 9653 at the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, in the office of Warden Fred G. Zerbst.

The first day I came with Marguerite Prevey of Akron, Ohio, and Samuel M. Castleton, the Socialist attorney at Atlanta, as emissaries from the Socialist Party of Ohio, sent by the State Secretary, Alfred Wagenknecht. We came bringing him legal papers to sign, which in the ordinary procedure of courts would insure his release upon bail for weeks, perhaps for months, perhaps would end his captivity for all time.

The second day I came—it was this morning—to receive, with others, his decision; he had asked for one night in which to think.

It had been a night, he confessed, of sleepless reflection and striving of the spirit. There is no man who loves freedom more than Debs, no man who needs it more; it is to that he has dedicated all his years of manhood. And there is no man upon whose physical being the slow poison of the unsunned prison air works more terribly its intended havoc. The marks were visibly upon him, graven in his face.

I came and heard this soul in this living tomb put simply and smilingly behind him the gift of liberty.

"This is not the time for me to try to save myself," said Debs. "Coming now it might weaken the force of pressure that is being brought to bear to free all that are suffering for opinion's sake. Later, perhaps,—if you can return in thirty days."

To all great souls Gethsemane comes at least.

Debs, I think, has met his Gethsemane.

He had made his great renunciation; he has done it for the sake of the others who like him sinned against the thought-and-speech-suppression laws proclaimed by those who sit in the seats of power.

Some who hate Debs may sneer, sying thirty days will soon be gone; but they can know nothing either of the prison or the prisoner. Greater love hath no man than this. If I do not tell all it is because he asked us to be silent.

With this imperishable smile upon his wated face he gave us his quiet decision to remain. I recalled the scene in the courtroom at Cleveland when he stood before the judge who was to sentence him and said, "While there is a soul in prison I am not free!"

And tonight the words with which he bade us farewell are echoing in my hart like a battle song:

"Tell the comrades out there they can be assured I am as firm and unshaken in my position as before. Tell them if they will cast their eyes towards Atlanta, over the dome of the prison they will see my torch flaming in the sky!"

He clung tight to our hands a little while with his emaciated hands; and then his thin, bowed form in its shabby faded blue prison-shirt and shabby faded blue prison-trousers and gray canvas prison shoes went softly back through the cold stone corridors; the steel doors clashed behind him and he was gone.

As I write this tonight, the night of that day, I can look down from my hotel window upon the lighted streets, strident and strenuous with automobiles, of this great Southern city of two hundred and fifty thousand humans, this great commercial harlot that sucks a flood of profits from the labor of the wide lands of corn and cotton round about her where peons, freed only in legal fiction, still bend at their unrequited toil.

I look and I remember how this great city, fifty-five years ago, was invested by Northern armies mraching and fighting in the name of freedom, and how they girdled it with smoke and flame and roaring guns and burned it at last, all in the name of freedom.

There rise to my ears gay strains of dance music; I see the dancers; they are young white people. Just now I was told by some who live here and have lived here many years, that in this city the Ku-Klux still ride by night, hooded and armed; that they still murder systematically, in cold blood, men and women of black skin who dare dream of freedom. I was told the bodies of murdered negroes are found at dawn, and the terrible press is silent, not even chronicling the death, for such

(Continued on page 2)

## A 20th CENTURY CRUCIFIXION

By J. LOUIS ENGDAHL.

Do you know that 'Gene Debs is being slowly crucified at the Atlanta, Ga., prison because he refuses to waver in his faith, or turn traitor to the principles he holds dearer than life itself?

Debs has been assigned to drudgery in the Atlanta prison. He toils eight hours every day. At five o'clock in the afternoon he is locked away in a 3x10 cell, where he remains until seven o'clock the next morning.

This means a living death for Debs, 64 years old. It means death by inches in the excruciating heat of the southern summer.

"Our 'Gene" is cut off from the outside world. Passages are not delivered to him. Socialist and radical papers, books and pamphlets, sent to him, never reach him.

There can be but one purpose in all this. They are trying to cut Debs off from the real happenings of the day, and make conditions unbearable in the hope of breaking his spirit. IF THERE IS NOT A MORE SINISTER MOTIVE BEHIND IT ALL.

To confine a man of 'Gene's years in a cell, in a hot southern climate, for 14 consecutive hours out of 24 each day is nothing less than death by torture; and so Debs knows his better than official Washington.

If the powers that be press the distinct possibility of their sordid ends in the hope that 'Gene Debs' spirit will be broken they do not know the man. He may perish in a prison cell but his spirit will remain undaunted.

Debs is permitted to write but one letter each week, upon a single sheet of paper. This must be submitted to the prison censorship, and a copy of everything he writes is kept for the prison files.

Do you know that Kate Richards O'Hare has already suffered three heat prostrations, unable to fight back the choking heat of the unventilated overall factory in which she is forced to toil nine hours a day at the Jefferson City, Mo., prison?

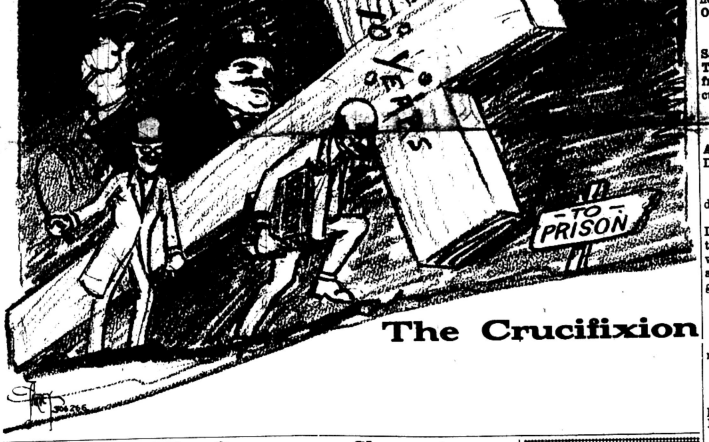
The window thru which a cool breeze might sometimes enter is nailed down and the glass painted over because years ago a girl prisoner once smiled at a male prisoner out in the yard.

Mrs. O'Hare's oldest boy came to Jefferson City and all the way from St. Louis to play on his violin for the women convicts at their chapel exercies. He was denied this privilege. Instead he stood in the street at night outside the prison and played his violin for his mother and the rest up there looked away in steel cells.

These are incidents in the lives of two political and industrial class war prisoners. The thousands of others suffer just as much, if not more. They are enduring and have endured the torture of the "solitary" and all the other relics of savage barbarism that America still clings to, to crucify her rebels in dark age fashion.

Help make these facts know to the American people—to the workers of America. Help get the truth to the masses.

When the working class get all the facts, the wave of indignation that will sweep the nation will rise so high, that official Washington in fear and trembling will release every political and class war prisoner now confined in the dungeons of American capitalism's bastiles.




The Crucifixion

## The Czar put to Shame in Brutalities to Politicals

It is to put the matter squarely up to you, who are now reading this, that we print below extracts from letters sent to relatives by Socialists and other political prisoners incarcerated at Fort Riley, Kansas.

These letters tell of the most shocking and savage cruelties perpetrated upon political prisoners by subordinates of President Wilson, commander of the United States army. Altho these brutalities occured a year ago, similar treatment is this very day being meted out to political prisoners at Leavenworth and many other prisons.

Members of the Industrial Workers of the World have died in prison—contracted tuberculosis because of undernourishment and foul atmosphere. Prisoners at Leavenworth have only lately been given the cold water treatment, that is, cold water has been played upon them so long and with such force that they became unconscious and were half drowned. In Leavenworth also, the guards aided by negroes of criminal tendencies, made a concerted "black jack" attack upon political prisoners, beating many of them insensible and inflicting serious wounds.

The demand for the release of political prisoners must eventually make itself felt in working class organization toward that end. All over, organized and unorganized, must eventually see the need of uniting their strength and finances in order that a concerted campaign can be made to liberate Debs and all other prisoners now behind the bars for their conscientious opposition to the world war.

Read these letters and then join the Liberators in their systematic effort to liberate our comrades.

"Sunday, Aug. 25th.... Kaplan (after refusing work) was similarly questioned by the officer and likewise said that he could not stand 'Attention' nor do any work of a military nature. Thereupon his arms were tied, a rope fastened around his neck—the free end being thrown over a rod above and held by one of the guards. He was ordered to stand 'Attention.' Upon his refusal, his feet were kicked from under him by the Officer of the Day and prison sergeant, and finally the latter took the free end of the rope from the guard and pulled it, lifting Kaplan off his feet. When the latter's eyes began to bulge and his tongue to stick out, he was let down and asked if he would do some work. He again refused. The rope was then taken from his neck and fastened around one arm, between his elbow and shoulder. The rope was again pulled, and Kaplan lifted from the ground. The pain was intense, the arm was being forced out of joint and he emitted loud, agonizing cries, imploring them to shoot him rather than torture him thus. While in this position he was again asked whether he would do some work, and he again refused. The Lieutenant then ordered that the hose be turned on his face. The force of the jet of water tended to hinder his breathing, and he began to choke. Asked now whether he would agree to work, he finally said that he would. police up around his cell, whereupon the officer ordered him to be released. While Kaplan was undergoing this treatment, the hose was being played upon Hennessy and Breger alternately for about 15 or 20 minutes. The sensations experienced by them during this process are almost indescribable. While Kaplan was emitting his agonizing cries, the Lieutenant would come over to the the other two and ask whether they would work, and upon their re-

(Continued on page 4.)

## Denied

Here is Mrs. Kate O'Hare in the prison at Jefferson City.

She made a speech somewhere up in the northwest. The trouble is, she made it publicly. Probably she did not say anything worse than hundreds of women have said privately. But she made the egregious blunder of saying it to an audience.

Now she is in prison at Jefferson City amongst criminals. She has several children nearly grown,—fine, young people.

The other day, one of the sons, who is a musician, came to see his mother. They allowed him a little conference with her, but they would not allow him to play in the prison.

So, as the twilight settled down, he took his stand across the road and with his cornet, played "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom," and "The Rosary", and a few of those good, old tunes, while all the prison held its breath and listened.

Throughout the woman's ward there was not a dry eye, but there were audible sobs.

Fancy the lad with his heart breaking, playing to his mother who is NOT a criminal, but who bears the odium of a prison sentence.

Isn't it about time for a democratic and peace loving people to open jail doors and let mothers back to their children and husbands back to their wives?

Four more readers at Martins Ferry, O. Now, Comrade M. F. Finnish deserves credit for these. Thanks comrade.

Eli Niemi of Fairpoint, O., one of our boosters, sends us a list of three.

You've probably never been in prison.

You've probably never felt the burning desire for freedom which eats into the very vitals of the caged.

You've probably never heard the shouts down the prison corridors as, with the awakening of another day, the prisoners cry to each other, "Only ten more days for me!"—"Only 99 more days for me!"—"Only 213 more days for me."

Each day is greeted as a day nearer freedom. Each day "inside" is damned.

AND DEBS LOOKS FORWARD TO TEN YEARS INSIDE!

And other political prisoners look forward to 15 and 20 years "inside" of steel bars and stone walls.

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With the chance of freedom at hand, Debs said, "Not now. Later perhaps, if you can return in thirty days.

Shall we return in thirty days?

IT'S FOR YOU TO SAY?

• • • • •

You've probably never been in prison.

You've probably never felt the burning desire for freedom which eats into the very vitals of the caged.

You probably do not understand nor realize the sacrifice that Debs is making.

With everything in readiness to sue for his liberation; with legal talent at hand no better than which can be secured; in opposition to the advice of comrades very near and dear to him, advice from whom he readily accepts under other circumstances, Debs has renounced freedom for another thirty days—hoping.

THIS IS SACRIFICE!

This is giving one's life for others.

Yes, Debs is doing this very thing—giving his life, sacrificing his freedom in the hope that ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS WILL SOON BE FREED.

• • •

Marguerite Prevey and Attorneys Jos. W. Sharts and Samuel M. Castleton were with Debs on August 20. and 21. The advisability of habeas corpus proceedings considered from every angle. The success of such proceedings was discussed thoroly.

DEBS HAS ANSWERED.

~~He has spoken to us plain. To us it can mean one thing only.~~

WE MUST DOUBLE OUR EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS DURING THE THIRTY DAYS TO COME.

We must keep our eyes open September 20th.

That is the day upon which this campaign will take a definate course so far as Debs is concerned.

That is the day upon which it will be decided whether Debs shall sue for his freedom, gain it and battle beside us for the release of all other political prisoners, or whether Debs would rather permanently sacrifice his freedom, staying "inside" with his fellow political prisoners until the workers gain the necessary strength to release THEM ALL.

• • • •

DEBS LOVES FREEDOM.

Every prioner loves freedom.

Yet, with the chance for freedom at hand, Debs said, "Not now. Later perhaps,—if you can return in thirty days."

SHALL WE RETURN IN THIRTY DAYS?

It's for you to say!

Shall we keep the printing presses busy day and night producing a million or more of the leaffets entitled "An Open Letter to President Wilson"?

Shall we use the coming thirty days in coordinating our forces for the serious contest ahead of us?

IT'S FOR YOU TO SAY!

And those will speak loudest and to a greater purpose who make immediate use of the LIBERATION FUND contribution lists sent them.

As usual—MONEY TALKS.

The dollars you collect from friends, relatives, fellow workers—EVERYBODY, will speak an uncompromising demand for the liberation of Debs and all.

WE IMPLORE YOU—DO NOT OVERLOOK LIGHTLY THE "CALLS FOR HELP" WE SENT YOU.

It is a call, not from us, but from those behind prison bars.

And really, there is but one thing you can do RIGHT NOW, and that is to—

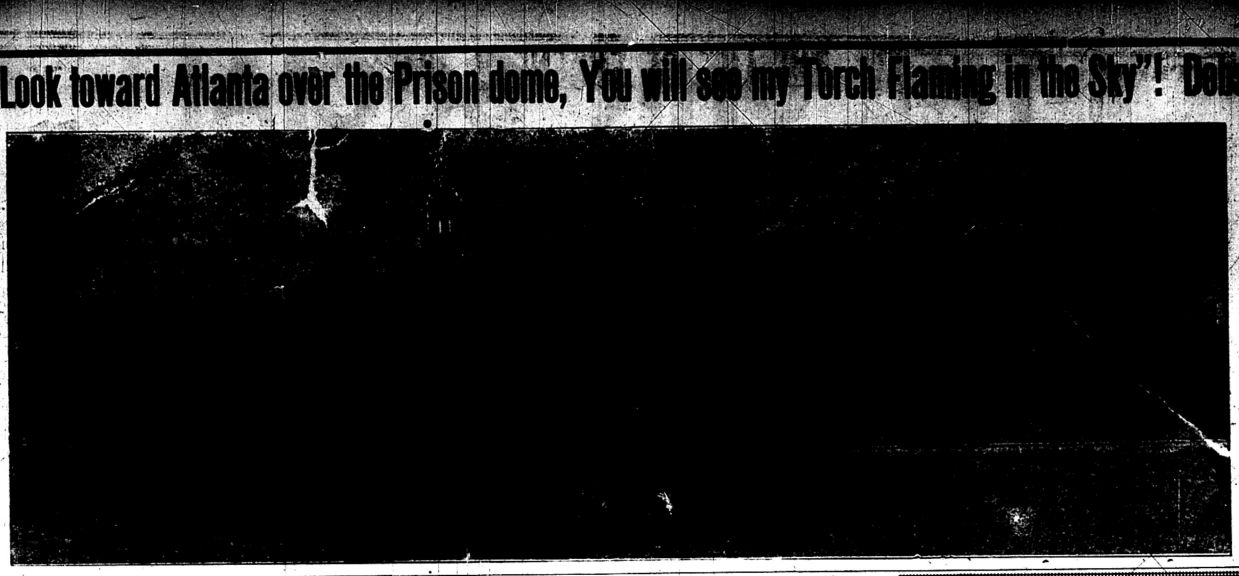
HELP!

## The Liberators Program.

1. A Liberation Fund of thousands of dollars.
2. Printing and posting of thousands of posters.
3. Printing and posting of thousands of posters.
4. Circularize Labor Unions, suggesting such organized and well directed action as may be necessary to insist upon our demands.
5. Engage and route speakers to Socialist locals and Labor Unions to help arouse the workers to action.

Your every thought and every act must from this minute on be mobilized around the demand for freedom for all political prisoners. The need of the hour is to speed up—to hurry, to talk twice as much and act twice as fast for the liberation of all politicals. Let no day pass but that you consecrate every minute you can spare to this worthy cause.

# "Look toward Atlanta over the Prison dome, You will see my Torch Flaming in the Sky"! Debs



## The Prison

This is the United States prison at Atlanta, Georgia, where Eugene Victor Debs is now enrolled as Federal Convict No. 9653. There are at present 1,700 prisoners there, many of them being persons convicted under the Espionage act. This prison is situated at the southern extremity of Atlanta, on a slight earth swell, and is 1,100 feet above the sea. Debs was transferred from Moundsville prison, West Virginia, to Atlanta on June 15, 1919, to serve his 10 years.

## The Man

Eugene Victor Debs was sent to prison because he spoke the truth as he saw it about the war, declaring that he had been opposed to war all his life, and would be opposed to war if he stood alone. He has told the world that he has no regrets, and that, if it is a crime under American laws to express opposition to wholesale murder, punishable by a term in prison, then he is willing to spend the remainder of his days in a prison cell.

## With Our Liberal Liberators

The campaign for a large Liberation Fund is on. The mails bring word from hundreds of workers who say in effect, "I'm on the job. I'm circulating my contribution list for donations. Depend upon me for I shall do all I can."

The United Mine Workers local at Pierce, W. Va., thru the efforts of John Korosec, sent in $14.85. The contributors were D. A. Brown, John Korosec, Andy Bell, Steve Boliker, Roy and Earl Ferguson, Ed. Zickafoose, John Morlin, Jim Bartell, Donata Pavoul, Jules Biene, Dom Brene, Mike Gobotsky.

Robt. Kerr of Columbiana, Ohio, sent in a list containing $10.00 in contributions. From E. B. Wharton, Columbus, a list containing $2.00 was received and E. A. Genia of Hart, Mich., remits $3.06.

Other liberators returning lists with substantial contributions are: Horace Shank, Hamilton, $3.00. H. Markoff, Gary, Ind., $8.50; D. B. Dale, Wise, Va., $9.25; Alex Sherbin, Kempton, W. Va., $10.30; Adolph Koch, St. Louis, $10.25; Glenn Finch, Grand Rapids, $5.00; Homer Kline, Girard, $2.00; Jake Schoolenberg, Kalamazoo, $.00; R. M. Apitzsch, Hollidays Cove, W. Va., $5.00; Alex Hlenny, Warren, 11.00; Matt Markovich, Wendel, W. Va. $16.65.

"Enclosed I am handing you on behalf of Mrs. Brown and myself ten dollars in the hope that you will find some way to admit us to the Army of Liberators, though we can not sign the pledge, because we are not technically members of the working class.

"But we are doing all we can to help the working people overthrow the economic system which makes it possible for those who produce nothing to have everything and for those who produce everything to have nothing.

"We are continually on this job, every day from morning till night, and expect to remain, until it is accomplished, or until for us the night cometh in which no man or woman can work."—Bishop Wm. M. Brown.

"Please find my check for twenty dollars enclosed as a starter for the Debs' release fund. I have no time to distribute literature but I certainly consider it an honor to contribute a few dollars towards the release of Gene Debs."—J. H. Sanders, Jamestown.

"Enclosed you will find a five dollar war savings stamp, which our employer made us buy to help the present government! Now let's see if you can change it into money to help our Gene."—R. M. A.

"I am away too far to do much but anything I can do will be done gladly for our dear, loyal comrade whose grand soul is entirely beyond the reach of the crawling, ignorant element that is trying to harm him."—Mrs. Dandridge Cook.

"Here's $5.00 from Mrs. Boring and myself for the Liberation Fund."—K. W. Boring, Wellsville.

"I enclose money order for $15.00 for the Liberation Fund. I was successful in collecting this money in a very short time and I expect to collect more but I need more contribution lists. Send me some at once."—J. Grunelfest, Lorain.

"Want to join the Liberators and will add that the article in the Ohio Socialist for August 13th entitled "An Open Letter to President Wilson", would make a good leaflet for distribution."—Chas. Yeder, Martins Ferry.

"A few more 'Open Letters' to President Wilson by Sharts and we will shake hands with Debs in the open soon."—Glenn Finch.

"I am just a poor, old shoe cobbler with a large family to support but I am more than glad to help liberate our much loved Debs with all other political prisoners. So lets push the work fast."—J. J. Pfister, Texico, N. M.

"Shall be glad to distribute all the literature sent me".—G. A. Harrison, Kalamazoo.

### LIBERATORS REGISTER FOR DUTY

Dozens of Liberators are registering for duty daily. We call upon you to join this army at once. There is an impatient work before us and the help of everyone in sympathy with this campaign to release Debs and all political prisoners is wanted. Send in your dollar—JOIN NOW.

The following Liberators have SIGNED UP: W. D. Henderson, Middletown; Leopold Hoffman, Grafton; Glenn E. Finch, Grand Rapids; E. Lisavitsky, Akron; L. C. Bigby, Marion; Wm. Greiter, Crestline; J. B. Sanders, Wise; D. B. Dale, Wise; E. Kanool, Lorain; J. N. Walker, St. Louis; Daniel Berger, Canton; Robt Kerr, Columbiana; Frank Baza, Neffs; T. H. Farnsworth, Salem; Dolla Parmer, Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Brown; Bert Koontz, Big Prairie; Wm. Boyle, Niles; Wm. Kabb, Niles; Roy Brooks, Niles; W. M. Rieder, Niles; John Morgan, Portsmouth; G. A. Harrison, Kalamazoo; Geo. Farnsworth, Wadsworth; J. L. Hammond, Canton; A. B. Ferguson, New Lexington; W. F. Rice, Columbus; L. Rostevik, Lorain; E. B. Vaughn, Girard; Jeff Sisett, Glencoe, Okla.; Mabel Sisnett, Glencoe, Okla.; Geo. W. Markert, Mt. Healthy; H. C. Schaeffer, Dayton; R. Wieghause, Newport; I. N. Barsky, Conneaut; Peter Yanka, Warren; A. T. Van Tassell, Ashtabula; Andrew Jarmus, Warren; Lewis Muryuska, Warren; Joe Babe, Warren; Andrew Hlynay, Warren; Alex Hlynay, Warren; Peter Betowua, Warren; Martin Baltis, Kempton; Alex Sherbis, Kempton; Joe Videlikis, Kempton; Chas. Norbutas, Kempton; Martin Hendricks, Kempton, John Meile, Kempton; John Preikszas, Kempton, J. M. Hamilton, Flat Gap; Hobart Dale, Wise; W. N. Hamilton, Wise; F. H. Dale, Wise; G. H. Stanley, Wise; G. W. Blovins, Wise; J. Richardson, Canton; J. J. Pastor, Texico, N. M.; Fred Silberhord, Cincinnati, Alfred Sanders, Wise; Lee Gilliam, Wise; A. L. Foster, Ashville, N. Y.; H. Scott Stankoe, Moline; W. A. Humphries, Hamilton; Mrs. Dandridge Cook, Magnolia; J. Hehr, Gilbert, Greenville; Alex Vlender, Hamilton; Homer Kline, Girard; A. Lendvhl Moline; S. B. Wharton, Columbus; John E. Foister, Galion; Lawrence Mensink, Elyria; Albert Petran, Neffs; Luke Sleeter, Barberton; Wirtl Wissechek, Canton; Mrs. J. J. Stockdale, Strasburg; Henry Sweet, Minden, W. Va.; Jacob Stirnar, Hamilton; Matt Murkovich, Wendel; D. W. Vanderveer, Richmond; Peter Sambuco, Bridgeport; Wood O. Maxwell, Canton; Willard Lewellen, Chester; J. H. Sanders, Jamestown.

## Debs Ill

**As we go to press word reaches us from comrade Castleton of Atlanta that he has just visited Debs "in the hospital". Debs' declining state of health since his removal to the Atlanta prison is the cause of his removal from his cell to the hospital.**

## Tally of Vote for National Convention Delegates

We are not printing the vote as cast by locals in order to save space. As convention delegates were elected from eight groups of congressional districts, a full tabulation would take up to much of the paper. We therefore give totals only.

Districts 1, 2, 3, 6—three delegates to be elected Chas. Baker 229, Lotta Burke 205, Clifford King 228, Anton Mandzelk 92, Hugo Huemele 128, Arthur Sapo 43, Horace Shank 40, Joe W. Sharts 97.

Districts 7, 8, 9,—one to be elected Joseph A. Johnson 102.

Districts 4, 5, 10, 11, 12—one to be elected. John P. Baker 33 Thos. J. Eiler 7, Jos. F. Wagner 35, Frank Hamilton 5.

Districts 13, 14—two to be elected. A. B. Hollenbaugh 44, Wm. O. McCarthy 193, Emil Oster 29, Marguerite Prevey 111.

Districts 15, 16—one to be elected. Marshal Jeannero 34, Frank L. Martin 5, Herbert Knecht 4.

Districts 17, 18—one to be elected. Chas. Bonnall 91, J. R. Larimore 45.

District 19—two to be elected. Thos. H. Davies 92, J. F. Denison 86, C. Rufus Swope 63.

Districts 20, 21, 22—five to be elected. A. Bilan, 149, Walter Brunstrup 137, Tom Clifford 248, Harry Kaden 75, Walter Karath 119, C. E. Ruthenberg 297, Jacob Spitz 76, A. Wagenknecht 251, L. A. Zitt 172.

### NOTICE!

On account of other important matter contained in this "Free Them Edition" the press fund contributions for the past week have been laid over for one week. Some very generous donations have been made last week which we will tell you about in next issue.

"As a protest in general" states comrade C. L. Steinborok of Columbus. And he sent some protest! subscriptions amounting to $8.00. Comrade C. Fremai co-operated with him in this good and effective work. We can't imagines a more effective way to protest than to assist in educating the workers.

"More coming" writes comrade W. F. Norling of Holland, Mich. He sends two this time.

## Debs vs. "The Best and Freest Government on Earth"

Why did this government transfer Eugene V. Debs to Atlanta, Georgia, Prison. Why is it, now the war is over, that Debs must still lie in prison?

In the first place we hear that Debs was transferred because he found a humane Warden in the coal-trust ridden state of West Virginia, and the Coal barons could not stand for that kind of treatment for their hated enemy. In the second place, we have the answer from United States Attorney General Mitchell Palmer (with Presidential ambitions) who says, in an interview with a correspondent of the Terre Haute Post of July 5:

**"It is true, as you say, that the war is over; but how can we let Debs go back into the world, only to continue his open opposition to the best government in the world?"**

SOME REASON!

That would get a lot of "good" people. It seems that the recent antics of the executive force of the nation, in its bulldozing tactics with the Congress of the nation, might implicate some of the congressmen in saying that "this is not the freest nor the best nation on earth."

In fact, however, Debs has not compared capitalist nations at all. He does not say that this is the freest nor the most enslaved nation, he just knows that slavery exists in all nations where the wages system is in vogue. That none of them will be free until the wage system is abolished.

Mr. Palmer must know this country has the reputation of being trust ridden. He must know that the Beef Trust operates here and the Standard Oil has a reputation that has outlawed it in several states. He has certainly heard of the Steel Trust and its anti-union career, its bludgeon methods to beat the government into line, he certainly has heard of Wall Street and knows of the gambling there and the robberies there and the crimes committed there in the name of commerce and industry.

Mr. Palmer, in removing Debs to Atlanta, Georgia, has, of course, punished his body, but the great heart of Debs still beats in unison with the onward march of the workers. The removal only emphasized the brutality of capitalism.

Debs in Atlanta is doing much to make this one of the free countries on earth. He is doing it in a different way than Mr. Palmer would do it His great soul is pushing hard against all the great walls that imprison the truth. But the truth will, forever, break down the walls and be free.

Make way, Mr. Palmer, for a man is passing!

"If you dam up the rivers of progress,
At your peril and cost let it be;
That river will seaward despite you,
It will break down your dams and be free!"

—Oakland World.

## Debs' Renunciation

(Continued from page 1.)

is the policy of the ruling race and class. I surmise the terrorism behind the slinking mien of these blacks, the reason why the cap comes so quickly off. And yonder in the State Capitol, I am told, sits a Governor who rose to political fame upon the lynching of Leo Frank, the Jew.

I know that exploitation is the foundation of all this imposing semblance of civilization. I know that the foundation is as unstable as the shifting sands. I know it is written in the stars therefore that all this magnificent structure will be broken like Babylon,—the beauty of the Chaldeans' pride, and a bosom of wrath will sweep it,—else there is no truth in history, no righteousness in the heavens, no substance in the soaring dreams of all those bright souls who have burned like beacons through the mists of ages.

And as I ponder these matters, I look out above the music and the clamor and glitter of the streets, across the black roofs, and on into the great darkness.

Out there the torch of Debs is flaming in the night above the prison dome!

## Debs Goes to Prison

By DAVID KARSNER

(Continued from last week.)

"Many years ago," he went on, "during the great Cripple Creek strike in Colorado I was asked to go out there and help to organize the miners. I would not go into a situation like that one I found out there again for anything in the world—not for anything except for Socialism.

"The towns were flooded with armed thugs and they were all ordered to shoot any labor agitators that arrived on the scene. The business men and the mine owners had determined they would not allow a union in that district. I went out there. At the station I was met by a large group of armed thugs. They had made up their minds that I should not make a speech that night." Debs said he told the leader of the gang that "this would either be the beginning of organized labor in Colorado or the end of me."

They held a conference together while I went to a hotel. That night I made my speech and held one of the most successful meetings that it has ever been my privilege to hold.

The next morning I was standing on the curb near my hotel, talking with several of the union men. One of the men drew my attention to a big, husky fellow not ten feet away. He was the biggest man I ever saw. He had a deadly eye. I could see that the fellow had guns in his pockets.

"See that fellow over there, Mr. Debs?" one of my friends said to me. "Well, he is a sure shot. He was never known to miss the man he went after. Last night that man stood not ten feet away from your stand all the time you were speaking. He has never left you since then. He has been following you every step, and he will be the last man to see when you get out of this town.'

"'Is that so?' I said to my friend. I walked over to the strong man on the curb and extended my hand to him.

"'My friends have been telling me that you were at my meeting last night, and that you have been watching my movements ever since,' I told Lim.

"'Yes, Mr. Debs, I have. I knew that they were out to get you in this burg. I come from Vincennes, Indiana, and I know you're on the level with the workmen. I made up my mind that any— — — who laid his dirty hands on you would be carried out of this here region a corpse.'

"The man blushed to the roots of his hair," said Debs, "when I thanked him for the personal service he had rendered to me. I have found so many times that it is almost impossible to accurately declare who are our friends and who are our enemies."

### SPIRITED AWAY TO PRISON

### CHAPTER THREE

In this story I want to tell about the extra legal methods through which Debs was spirited out of Cleveland, where he arrived at 6:30 on a Sunday morning. Nothing like it ever has been known in the American labor movement.

At 10 o'clock Saturday morning Debs, at Terre Haute, received a telephone call from District Attorney Wertz at Cleveland. Wertz was the man who prosecuted Debs last September. He was told to come at once to Cleveland. He might come alone, the prosecutor said.

In spite of the fact that Debs had been at his home only a few days to convalesce from a serious attack of bronchitis he was ordered to stop at Akron, Ohio, at the home of Mrs. Marguerite Prevey, one of his bondsmen. The prosecutor's instructions were proceed to Cleveland on the 10 o'clock train Saturday night.

When at Cleveland Saturday evening newspapers carried the news that Debs was leaving Terre Haute for that city. Cleveland Socialists hastily organized a monster mass meeting for Sunday afternoon. Dodgers printed in scarlet ink announced the meeting for 2:30 o'clock as a protest against the imprisonment of Comr. Debs. He was announced as the speaker for the occasion. The streets in the business part of the city were literally covered with the red circulars. As Debs strolled from the restaurant where he had just had breakfast with his party to Gilsey Hotel he trod upon these thousands of red printed papers. Despite the fact that Debs was hustled out of the city in the morning the meeting was held in the "Free Speech Park," dedicated to the city in memory of the late Mayor Tom. L. Johnson. That afternoon 15,000 workers marched to the city park singing the "Marseillaise".

At Cleveland there was no one to meet Debs except Mrs. Prevey, her sister, Mrs. May Deibel, and John Deibel. They had all motored from Akron, leaving that town before 8 o'clock.

Debs, Baur, the Prevey party of three and myself took an auto to a restaurant for breakfast. Mrs. Prevey went to a telephone to get Attorney Morris Wolf, one of Debs' lawyers at his trial. He told her he would come at once. Mrs. Prevey said she had not been notified by the District Attorney to surrender Debs. Mrs. Prevey, with Henry Moscowitz, a Cleveland tailor, were Debs' bondsmen. The regular legal procedure would have been for the District Attorney to have notified Debs' bondsmen to surrender Debs to the marshal's office. Neither Mrs. Prevy nor Moscowitz knew Debs would be taken to prison so soon until they read of it in the Saturday newspapers.

After breakfast, Debs with his party went to Gilsey House. He wrote a letter while Mrs. Prevy again tried to get Attorney Wolf. Shortly before 8 o'clock, Deputy Marshal Thomas E. Walsh and Deputy Ganchorte, both of Cleveland, learned, probably through the reporter who met Debs at the depot, that their man was in the city.

Mrs. Prevy, who was at that moment in Debs' room with J. Louis Engdahl and Alfred Wagenknecht, both of whom had just arrived from the national office of the Socialist party in Chicago, protested that she had not been notified as a Debs bondsman to surrender him, and that the proceeding was irrelgular. There was a half-hour's controversy, during which Deputy Walsh telephoned to Marshal Charles W. Lapp at the Federal building for instructions.

"I have a mandate from the United States Supreme Court to take you to the United States Marshal and from there to prison," said Walsh to Debs.

"All right," replied Debs, somewhat weary of the wrangle. "I am your man, and am ready to go with you.

Wolf had not appeared, and did not appear.

While I was talking with Debs in his home at Terre Haute Saturday afternoon, a telegram arrived from Seymour Stedman in Chicago, Debs' chief counsel. Stedman said he was coming to Terre Haute. Theodore Debs immediately wired to Stedman that Gene was leaving for Cleveland.

Debs' other Chicago lawyer was William Cunnea. Debs' forgotten attorney was Joseph W. Sharts, of Dayton.

In the moment of the greatest single incident in the history of the American labor movement, the greatest figure in that history was in danger of being kidnaped by deputies through extra legal proceedings, and with no one to interpose objections, Mrs. Prevey, Mrs. Prevy, one of Debs' bondsmen.

Debs was placed in an auto and driven to the Federal Building, a few blocks away. Half an hour later, or about 9 o'clock, he came out of a side entrance between United States Marshal Charles Lapp and Deputy Walsh. Photographers were snapped, and Debs, carrying his heavy grip, stepped into an auto between his bodyguards.

"Debs Goes to Prison" can be had for 50c. In pamphlet form—order of Socialist Party of Ohio, 2307 Chester Ave., Cleveland, O.

(Continued next week.)

Sixteen renewals and new subs arrived from Dover, O. Comrade E. J. Eicher is responsible. You can say what is the most important, the new readers or keeping the old ones, but both are mighty necessary.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT SOVIET RUSSIA.

By M. Philips Price

(Second Instalment)

### Allied Intervention

The month that immediately followed the signing of the Brest-Litovsk peace were used by the Soviet government of Russia for realizing two objectives. The first was the building up a Red proletarian army, which would be a menace to the East to Prussian militarism. The second was the reconstruction of the economic life of the country upon socialist principles, which would be an example to the proletariat of Central Europe and break their loyalty to their own imperialist warlords. If the Allied governments even at this period of the revolution had chosen to examine the facts, they would have seen that with clean hands they had nothing to fear of working with Bolshevik Russia. But the hands of the Allies were not clean. London and Paris has become, since the early months of 1918, a centre of all the royalist emigrants from Russia, plutocratic forces on the Stock Exchanges dreamed of seeing in power the same servants of Czarism to whom they had lent money in the past and who were expected to remain their contended slaves in the future. Instead of responding to the invitation of Bolshevik Russia to send instructors to drill the red army and reorganize the railways and open concessions, in payment for the Czar's war loans, the Allied governments became responsible for one of the most disgraceful acts of modern history. In May, 1918, there was formed in most of the chief town of Great Russia, under the directions of General Alexieff, a secret society of officers and members of the bourgeoisie, whose aim it was to organize counter-revolutionary guards and overthrow the Soviet Republic at the given moment. Letters discovered by the Soviet authorities at this time prove that close relations existed between General Alexieff and the French military mission. The plot of the officers' secret society was discovered, but the majority of persons implicated escaped, and in June took up their activities in the towns of East European Russia. Plans were then worked out by General Alexieff and the French Military Mission to seize the towns on the Volga and cut off the food from Central Russia and draw the country into the war again by establishing the East front on a line running from Archangel to the mouth of the Don. The Czecho-Slovak volunteer forces which had been on the southwest front before the Brest-Litovsk peace were taken under the protection of the French Military Mission. The Czecho-Slovak commanders asked for leave to go to the West European front and the Soviet Government gave this permission. The Czecho-Slovak troops were therefore sent by slow stages across Russia to Vladivostok, where they were to embark for France. About the middle of June the Soviet authorities became aware of the fact that during the previous weeks the sum of eleven million rubles had been paid by the French Consul in Moscow to the Czecho-Slovak National Council and eighty thousand pounds by the British consul. Inquiring machines of the objects for which this large sum of money was paid, the Soviet authorities asked for explanation that unreasonably delayed the transport of the Czecho-Slovak troops. The latter, having been duly prepared by propaganda to believe that the Bolsheviks were laying a trap for them to hand them over to the Germans, lost their heads and seized the railway stations of those towns in East Russia where they happened to be at the moment. These towns were all on the line drawn up in the plans laid by General Alexieff's secret society of officers and the French Military Mission. As soon as the frightened Czecho-Slovaks had made their impulsive coup, they found themselves surrounded, by these officers' guards, led by Frenchmen, and were forced to follow them in the war which the latter immediately declared against the Soviet government of Russia. Thus the way to a reconciliation was blocked by the carefully prepared plans of the counter-revolutionaries, who made the Czecho-Slovaks their tools. Thus the revolt became an accomplished fact, and Central Russia, cut off from Ukraine corn by the Germans, was now deprived of its last corn stores on the Volga. The famine in that part of Russia where the Soviet government still existed, increased as a result of the Czecho-Slovak rebellion, and it was confidently hoped by the leaders of the counter-revolution that the masses would rise in revolt against the Bolsheviks. These people, however, forgot that, when the Russian masses would rise, it would not be against the Bolshevik government but against the foreign invaders.

But that was not all. The evidence given before the revolutionary tribunal of the republic in November, 1918, proved that in August of that year the French and British diplomatic representatives to Moscow, M. Grenard and Mr. Lockhart, received in their rooms an officer of the Lettish Soviet regiment and paid him two million rubles for the purpose of securing the support of the Lettish soldiery for the overthrow of the Soviet government. Further, a letter from M. Rene Marchand, correspondent of the "Figaro" in Russia, a strong anti-Bolshevik, to President Poincare, was discovered by the Soviet authorities. In this letter, M. Marchand describes a meeting at the American Consulate, at which he and the French and British diplomatic representatives were present, and at which certain agents of the consulates discussed plans for blowing up bridges over the Volkhov river. The effect of this would have been to reduce Petrograd to complete starvation. As an honest man, M. Marchand protested to the French president against the behavior of Allied officials in Russia. Some of these plans actually did mature and food trains destined for Petrograd and Moscow were blown up at Voronezh by these agents.

Now in the face of the above it is not to be wondered at that the Soviet authority replied to the "White Terror" of the Allied agents by the Red Terror. Up till May of 1918, the Soviet government had only executed murderers or persons caught pillaging. The application of the death penalty for political offenses was only reintroduced when the Czarist officers and the Russian bourgeoisie, and as we see above, the official representatives of the Allies in Russia, commenced a systematic terrorist campaign against the Soviet government.

The appalling position of Soviet Russia, bound by the German tyrant at Brest-Litovsk on the one hand, and treacherously attacked by the Allied intervention on the other, roused the Russian workers and peasants to feats of heroism which have only been equalled by the French people in their revolutionary war against the European coalition headed by Austria. "Russian people, rise against foreign tyranny! We must dare and dare again and dare always," came from the lips of hundreds who had never heard the name of Danton. With the energy of despair, the nucleus of the red army was mobilized, clad in cotton shirts and wooden shoes. Regiments of Petrograd workmen and Kronstadt sailors who knew they were fighting for their all, marched eastward and hurled themselves upon the enemy with the cries, "Long live the Russian Revolution! Workers of all countries unite!" The agents of the foreign tyrants wavered and fell back before the terrific onslaughts of these revolution-inspired men. Kazan fell, then Simbirsk, Sizran and Samara. By the autumn, "Mother Volga", that artery in which courses the life-blood of Russia, was cleared of the tyrants and their hirelings. But it was too late to bring up food for the starving towns, for the ice had begun to set in.

After the German revolution, the Allied governments had the field in Russia all to themselves. Their strategy during the winter of 1918-19 aimed at cutting off industrial Russia from all its sources of food and raw materials, in order to ruin, through blockade, the Russian Revolution. Money and ammunition was sent to royalist Generals who were mobilizing Czarist officers on the Don, North Caucasus and in Siberia. General Krasnov, former editor of the official War Office Gazette, under the Czar, made no secret of his Monarchist leanings. Having pumped the Kaiser's treasury till Kaiserdom fell, he now appealed to his other class allies, the British and French governments, from whom he received supplies of money and ammunition. General Denikin in the North Caucasus and Admiral Kolchak in Siberia more clearly covered their royalist principles by calling themselves "constitutional democrats" and by attaching to themselves a number of intellectuals who called themselves "socialists," but who are not known in Russia to anyone outside the counter-revolutionary camp. Such was the cynicism of these tactics, that the right socialist revolutionary party of Russia, hitherto bitter opponents of the Bolsheviks, decided at the beginning of 1919 to support the latter in their fight against the foreign invaders. The occupation of the Don by Krasnov had for some time cut off all coal supplies from the Moscow and Petrograd industrial area. The occupation of the Ural by Kolchak had cut off iron and copper. The occupation of the North Caucasus and the Caspian litoral by the Denikin counter-revolutionaries had cut off oil from the railways of Central Russia. But the Allied governments are not troubled by any of the misery that this causes the Russian people. If the industries close and the railways cease running and there is no heating in the houses of the Petrograd workmen, so much the better for the "cause of justice." The British and French capitalist press can all the better accuse the socialist system of Soviet Russia for being responsible for the misery which the Allied governments alone have created.

### Anarchy Let Loose

Gradually the iron ring around Central Russia began to break. Revolutionary Russia had allies in all the territories hitherto occupied by the counter-revolution. These allies were found among the working classes of the towns and the poorer peasantry. No greater service has in reality been rendered to Revolutionary Russia than by the behavior of the Allied governments and their agents in the territories they have occupied. On the Don, in Siberia and Archangel the whole of the social programme of the Bolshevik government has been reversed. The feudal landlords, who had taken refuge in England and France, as soon as they heard that the Allied troops had taken the territory where their land was situated, returned, and with the aid of foreign bayonettes reduced the poorer population to the condition of poverty they were in under the Czar's tyranny. Free sale and speculation in land was allowed again. Labor organizations were either broken up or else reduced to committees which had purely nominal power. Everywhere where the Union Jack or the Tricolor flew along with the old flag of Czarist Russia, there was a restoration of the enslavement of the Russian people. But this only aroused the Russian workers and peasants to a hatred of the Allies hitherto unknown. A deputation of peasants recently coming from the Volga provinces said: "The Allies have taught us a lesson and we shall never again oppose the Soviet Republic." Gradually in all the outlying parts of Russia, in the Baltic provinces, the Ukraine, the Don and the Cossack territories the oppressed workers began to come together to decide upon a common action against foreign tyranny. In Courland, Lithuania and White Russia the native workers and peasants formed their own Soviet governments, which took power as soon as the old German army left. The landlords and rich people fled with the Germans and in Berlin, Paris and London started a propaganda for Allied military support to reinstate these territories. The touching sympathy between the propertied classes of England and France, and their erstwhile foes, the propertied classes of Germany, was never so clearly seen as now. It is a fact that during February and March of this year the German General Staff in East Prussia was in touch with the British naval authorities in the Baltic and that Prussian junkers' volunteer corps have received the protection of the British fleet to carry on operations against the Bolsheviks.

Further south, in Ukraine, the local Bolsheviks had been organizing during the autumn of last year as Ukrainian Red Army. As long as the Germans were there the soldiers of this army hid in the forest, dug in their rifles and artillery and contended themselves with propaganda. But by Christmas, 1918, large numbers of the German troops came over to the Bolshevik side and the rest anarchically demobilized and went home. Then the Red flood was indeed let loose. The 10,000 army of Ukrainian Bolsheviks came out of their hiding and marched south with the cry, "War on the mansions, peace to the cottages." They were met everywhere with the wildest enthusiasm. Young men fled to join the red army. Old men brought their blessings. The landlords' domains became once more the property of the peasants; the sugar factories came again under the control of workers. Everywhere along the West and South Borders of Muscovite Russia there has come into being a chain of socialist republics. They sprung up everywhere like mushrooms, as soon as the artificial force of the foreign bayonets had been dispelled like an unhealthy miasma before the pure wind of heaven. There has been no invasion of these provinces by the red army, no Bolshevik Imperialism spreading west and south in imitation of Czarist traditions. The advance of the red army has been brought about by the triumphant social revolution within these territories, which took place as soon as the German tyranny had been removed. The red armies that have been formed in these border regions of Russia are all from the local population. It is not true that Chinese mercenaries are used by the Bolsheviks. Lies of this type are spread by counter-revolutionaries in order to stir up race feeling and thereby hinder the creation of a united proletarian front. Moreover the local socialist governments in the Baltic provinces, Ukraine and the Don are in practice quite independent of Moscow and have only gone into federation with the Bolshevik government there, because of the common interests and social ideals which inspire both. The Soviet Government of Central Russia does not seek to impose its authority on any people in the world. It only seeks allies, which exist in all lands among the working-class, and is ready at all times to work with them.

— Continued Next Week —

## The Life of Eugene V. Debs

(Countinued from page 3)

for the Socialist party. Between campaigns he lectures, or writes for Socialist newspapers. When the American Railway Union went to pieces, it left debts of $40,000. From his lecture receipts, Debs has helped others to pay every dollar of this indebtedness, though not a dollar of it was a legal claim against him.

### THE ORATOR.

As an orator, Debs stands without an equal in the United States. I say this, having heard every orator in the United States who is worth hearing. Beside him, Bryan is as the moon's beams are to sunlight. I have heard Debs speak, every ten minutes, to little crowds at stations through which his campaign trains passed; I have heard him speak in little halls, big halls, and in tremendous auditoriums in New York; but never did I hear him speak when he did not sway his audience as the wind sways the leaves of a tree — gently if he desired to; with cyclonic fury if he wished. And the whole secret of his oratory, as he himself has said is in believing so mightily in something vital that the thing says itself.

"If Debs were a priest," said Eugene Field, "the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice, and sad, sweet smile of his, would soften the hardest heart."

"Debs is not so much size as quality," said Horace Traubel the literary executor of Walt Whitman. "Debs has ten hopes to your one hope. He has ten loves to your one love. You think he is a preacher of hate. He is only a preacher of man. If man is hate, then Debs is a hater. When Debs speaks a harsh word, it is wet with tears."

That is pretty nearly true, too. The sufferings of the poor cut him to the heart, and when he is considering their wrongs, he voices his grief in words that burn and cut and tear. And, when not whipped into impassioned oratory by such thoughts, he is the poet and artist, seeking superlatives with which to express his joy. His French blood makes him so. Nothing pleases Debs better than to gather the flowers of language and hand them to someone whom he loves — and he loves everybody; even those who hate him. Debs cannot express any pleasure moderately. When a public reception was given to him, upon his return to Terre Haute, after the Great Northern victory, Debs did not say "I am much obliged to meet you," as Ellis O. Jones might have said, but instead:

"As a rosebud yields to the tender influences of a May shower, just so does my heart open to receive the expressions of gratitude and esteem from you, my friends and neighbors."

Debs was married in 1885 to Miss Katherine Metzel — his "Kate", as he effectionately calls her. She believes in him, idolizes him, works with him and for him. Whatever she can do to make his burden lighter she does. They have no children, so they have taken a little nephew to live with them.

### THAT "UNDESIRABLE" CITIZEN

Debs an "undesirable citizen"! Branded as such by Roosevelt. Yet Roosevelt, in all his life, never uttered a sentiment half so fine as this sentiment which Debs expressed to an assemblage of workingmen:

"I am not a labor leader. I do not want you to follow me or anyone else. If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of this capitalist wilderness, you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into this promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, someone else would lead you out. You must use your heads as well as your hands and get yourselves out of your present condition. As it is now, the capitalists use your heads and your hands."

### LEBS AND THE WAR.

When the great world-war came to America, in April, 1917, Eugene V. Debs, fearless as ever in the cause of the oppressed, kept right on with his work in the Socialist movement.

Each week his uncompromising editorials appeared in the columns of the "Social Revolution," of St. Louis, Mo., until that publication was crushed under the tyrannical rule of the postal censorship.

Whenever his health permitted, he was out on speaking tours, addressing huge audiences everywhere he went.

It happened, therefore, that on Sunday afternoon, June 16, 1918, he delivered a speech at Nimisilla Park, Canton, Ohio, incidental to the meeting in that city of the Ohio Socialist Convention. While speaking Debs could see in the distance the Canton, Ohio, workhouse where Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and Baker were confined for one year terms because of speeches they had made in the public square in Cleveland in the early days of the war.

It was on the basis of Debs' Canton speech that a federal grand jury at Cleveland returned a secret indictment against him on Saturday, June 29, 1918. He was arrested the following day, June 30, as he was about to enter the Bohemian Garden, in Cleveland, and address a Socialist picnic. Debs was forced to spend the night in jail, bondsmen coming forward to bail him out the following day.

The trial came on in September before Judge Westenhaver in Cleveland. The prosecution in addition to showing Debs had made the Canton speech, also put much emphasis on the fact that Debs had upheld the St. Louis proclamation before the conference of Socialist Officials in Chicago in August. A capitalist newspaper reporter was also called as a government witness, and on the basis of an interview he had with Debs regarding it, the St. Louis proclamation was presented in its entirety to the jury.

Debs told the reporter that he would not repudiate the St. Louis declaration but said, "If necessary, I will die for it."

The veteran Socialist offered no witnesses in his own defense. He made his own speech to the jury while his lawyers stood aside, reaffirming all that he had said in his Canton speech, voicing again his opposition to war, and resting his case on the constitutional right of free speech, declaring, "American institutions are on trial here before a court of American citizens."

After four hours' "deliberation" the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Debs again spoke in his own behalf before sentence of ten years' imprisonment at the Moundsville, West Va., penitentiary was imposed. In concluding he said:

"I ask no mercy. I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally the right must prevail. I never more clearly comprehended than now the great struggle between the powers of greed on the one hand and upon the other the rising hosts of freedom."

The case was immediately carried to the United States Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the Espionage Act. This high court upheld (March 10, 1919) the lower court, but refused to rule on the constitutional points raised.

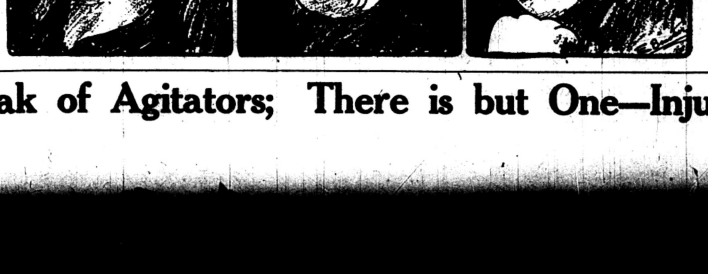
Debs gave his opinion of the Supreme Court decision in the following language:

"The decision is perfectly consistent with the character of the supreme court as a ruling class tribunal. The supreme court has dodged the issue. It has held the Espionage Law valid without affirming its constitutionality. The real issue before the court was the constitutionality of the act. This issue the Supreme Court did not dare to decide.

"Great issues are not decided by courts, but by the people. I have no concern in what the coterie of begowned corporation lawyers in Washington may decide in my case. The court of final resort is the people, and that court will be heard from in due time."

But little time then remained until Debs was ordered sent to prison to begin serving his ten year sentence.

Just about two months after his imprisonment in Moundsville he was transferred to the Atlanta federal penitentiary.



## The Czar Put to Shame.

Continued from page 1)

fusal the guard with the hose was directed to continue with the "water cure." This guard several times admitted that he hated to do it, but—it was the order.

"Having finished with Kaplan, the Officer again approached Hennessy and Breger, asking: 'Are you ready to come to terms and do some work, or shall we proceed with the torture?' They replied that, though not anxious to be tortured, they could nevertheless do no work. They then proceeded to hang Hennessy, who was already in a semi-conscious state due to the effects of the shower. The rope was fastened around his neck, and, as soon as he was hoisted from the ground, he collapsed and was carried to the large cell.

"Then Breger, who during this time was being subjected to the shower, was taken from his cell. His arms were tied behind his back. The rope was then strung beneath the armpits and around the biceps of his arms. The free end was thrown over the bar above. Thereupon a Captain came up to him and attempted to persuade him to do some work, pointing out that he was a prisoner and must work. Breger replied that he could not work.

"The prison sergeant pulled upon the free end of the rope, lifting Breger about five feet from the ground, blows being inflicted upon him while he was being raised. For 3 or 4 minutes he hung in this position, a continual stream of water being directed into his face. The effect of the rope was to cut off his air supply and force the arms backwards out of their sockets, causing excruciating pains. This, together with the force of the stream of water, caused his exhaustion, and when he began to gasp, he was lowered to the ground. The Lieutenant asked him if he were ready to do some work, and, receiving unfavorable response, the torture was repeated, lasting for a similar length of time. When he again gasped for breath and indicated complete exhaustion, he was lowered to the ground. After repeating the question regarding to work, and receiving a negative reply, he was taken to the large cell, where he immediately collapsed, began kicking with his legs and swinging his arms wildly. He was stripped of his wet clothing by his mates, and covered with blankets.

"Heanessy in the meantime was still unconscious, and before either he or Breger revived, doctors arrived. Upon inquiry by the doctors, the guards explained that it was necessary to give the men baths because of their refusal to bathe voluntarily! Larsen, one of the Conscientious Objectors, hearing this, contradicted the guard, but was immediately told to shut up and mind his own business. Medicine was prescribed and when it was brought over, the Officer of the Day raised Hennessy and Breger to a sitting posture, and administered the medicine to them, remarking as he did so: 'Here, I hope you choke with it.' There was nothing more of interest that happened on this day, which will be remembered by us as 'Bloody Sunday.'"

—From the Diary of Herman D. Kaplan, Mayer Bernstein, Julius R. Greenberg, Benjamin Breger.

Local Akron Socialist Party
CAMPAIGN AND PROPAGANDA
MEETINGS
Every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
COMING SPEAKERS: TOM CLIFFORD, Sept. 7th; TOM LEWIS, Sept. 14th; FRANK R. HAMILTON (mayor of Pigua) Sept. 21st.
AT 80 SOUTH HOWARD STREET
GOOD SPEAKERS

**"Fools Speak of Agitators; There is but One—Injustice". *Lord Napier***

# The Ohio Socialist

Official Organ of the National Party of Ohio and Cleveland, Virginia, W. Virginia and New Mexico.

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EDITORS ..... Simon P. Allison
..... Alfred Wagenknecht

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1919.


## What is Wrong with Mr. Wilson?

The above heading might well have graced the editorial in The Nation of August 16th, which we take pleasure in reproducing below. The Nation, edited by Oswald Garrison Villard is not a socialist magazine by any means. But it does represent splendidly that great class of American liberals who use their heads for other purposes than to hang a hat upon or as a reservoir for decayed ideas. The Nation has led the fight in spreading the truth about Soviet Russia. It is now engaged in fighting in an able manner the reactionaries who sit in the high places in American politics.

"We trust that liberals everywhere will keep up the demand for a general amnesty for military, and especially for political prisoners. As one of our correspondents points out, it is, or ought to be, a humiliation to every American that there should be such a thing as a political prisoner in America. We should have laughed to scorn ten years ago anybody who dared to prophesy that this could come to pass in the land of the free and the home of the brave. But there the fact is. More than that, in direct violation of the Constitution, they are only just now beginning in Kansas to try men who have been held in filthy country jails for nearly two years, without having their day in court—something which we used to pride ourselves could take place only under the Czar or the Kaiser. With Senator Chamberlain, arch-militarist, demanding the release of all military prisoners not guilty of felony, there should be a similar proposal for the release of all civilian political prisoners, notably Eugene Debs, and many another who ought not for a moment to be in jail. England and Canada have now released all their conscientious objectors, but we do not follow suit. Some are in damp, below-watermark cells on Alcatraz Island; one died in Leavenworth Prison last week. What is wrong with Mr. Wilson that he appears so devoid of the magnanimity which should be inseparable from the just and the truly great man?"

..The just and truly great are revealed by the spirit of magnanimity which rules their conduct toward those who have opposed them formerly. To gloat over ones' victims in the hour of victory is the act of pygmy souls. There is nothing of greatness in such conduct. The really great will scorn such actions.

The question arises: Has President Wilson such a soul; Is he really great, great in himself, as a man? Mr. Wilson has proven a disappointment to millions of the common folk of the world. Will he prove a disappointment in his conduct toward those who could not see affairs thru his spectacles and are now as a result, languishing in the American bastiles?

What is wrong with Mr. Wilson? is a very apt question right now. Millions look to him to swing open the prison doors to the thousands of political and class-war prisoners, many of whom are fully his equals in every respect, if not his superiors. Why does he not open them?

What is wrong with Mr. Wilson?

## Fires of Hate Burn Low

The gospel of hate toward Germany is meeting with many reactions these past few weeks. Hate of man toward man and nation toward nation is an artificial condition which can only obtain in abnormal times. Man's natural attitude toward his fellows creatures is one of toleration. There are no natural racial antipathies. Such as exist in our artificial civilization are but cultivated by-products of the scramble for pelf and power.

During the war we were taught by those who sought to be our mentors that the German nation, people of all classes were devils incarnate. That all hitherto believed high qualities of the Teuton race were shams and artifices. But of late the fires of hate have been allowed to smolder. German music, we understand is to return to the American stage. Trade in many essentials is already under way. No doubt we shall soon be wearing German dyes upon our backs. (The Italian rag rug weaver next door tells us we need the dyes badly on account of the inferiority of the American product.) The mouths that preached hate are now preaching other, and we woud hope, worthier gospels.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the passing of this phase of our relations with the German nation is contained in a number of recent dispatches from Coblenz concerning the unexpected conduct of American soldiers. During the American occupation the strictiest rules against fraternizing with the civilian population were enforced. Nevertheless, dispatches tell us that some hundreds of American soldiers have applied for passports for their German brides! And now the latest reports state that "several thousand" American soldiers are loose in Germany, having left their unites without leave, have donned civilian clothes, mixed with the population and are hopelessly lost to the army and this country. Hundreds of others, after discharge refuse to return home prefering to remain in the land of the Hun.

Rather a strange coincidence is it not, that the stories of despisible German characteristics can not be verified by those who would be most likely to have first hand knowledge? The American soldiers are finding the Germans a very cordial and human people, very much like themselves. Their relations with them are a direct refutation of all we have been taught recently of German traits.

The fires of hate now burn low and the artificality of the substance from which the flame arose is seen in all its hideousness. Its kindling was brought about thru the capitalist controlled press. It had no substance in fact. Lies, lies, lies.


## Announcement

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"Some men cannot think of Debs without thinking of the man, some men cannot think of the devil without thinking of Debs. The man and the devil have a great public figure in this country, but the people do not yet understand Debs. The devil is easier to understand than Debs. The persons who make public opinion in this country do not understand, they might be understood, too. Debs is said to be a great public speaker, yet he has not the power to make public opinion in this country. That class is the capitalist class. It controls the press, the magazines. It controls many of the churches. It has had the power to stifle truth and spread falsehood, it has stifled truth and spread falsehood.

I happen to know Eugene V. Debs well. I have known him for ten years. If everyone knew him as I know him, he would be one of the best loved man in America. Some day, every one will know him as I know him. The time may not come until after he is dead. The white marble finger may be pointing up from the grass, somewhere. But the time will come. To such men the time always comes. It came to John Brown. It came to Wendell Phillips. It came to William Lloyd Garison. It will come to Debs.

Let me here set down his story. So far as it was he told from facts of record, I shall tell it from the record. So far as it was he told from the lips of others, I shall tell who are those others. In no case shall I stretch the truth to stretch his stature. I shall show Debs as I know Debs to be.

The blood of the French runs through the veins of Eugene Victor Debs. He was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, November 5, 1855, of Jean Daniel Debs and Margaret Marie Betterich, who came to America from France in 1849. He was a wonderful family into which he was born. It was not wonderful because of the affection that the parents gave their ten children — parents usually give their children affection. It was wonderful because of the affection that the children gave to their parents and to each other. It was a close knit in twelve that nothing but death could disintegrate. The parents became old, but the children could not forget. The children became old, but the parents could not forget. Particularly, Eugene could not forget his mother.

"She has been the dominant influence of my life," he once said. "Whatever of good there is in me I owe to her. I care absolutely nothing for the praise or the condemnation of the world so long as my wife and my mother think I am in the right."

The mother lived until the spring of 1906. So long as she lived, the father wanted to live. But when she died, he seemed no longer to want to live. Nor did he long survive her. Early in the following autumn, at the age of 86, he took his place beside her in the tomb.

Debs's childhood did not last long. He had not finished high school when, at the age of 14, poverty knocked on his schoolroom door, beckoned him from his seat and told him to come out. He came. He had to come. Never did he ever go back, except to take a night course at a business college. He had not time to go back. The family of eight girls.

Eugene's first job was in the paint shop of a little Indiana railroad that is now a part of the Pennsylvania system. By the time he was 16 he was firing a locomotive on that road. He continued to be a locomotive fireman until he was 19.

### THAT "TOW-HEADED BOY"

About this time the Debs we now know began to grow. Something happened that revealed him to himself and to others. He had left the employ of the railroad company to take a better position with a wholesale grocery house. But when, the next year, a local branch of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was established in Terre Haute, Debs was one of the first to apply for membership. In fact, he was a charter member. He was no longer in the railroad business. The troubles of the firemen meant nothing to him. Yet, in a way, they meant everything to him. He could not forget his own experiences. He knew how hard the men worked and for what little pay. He knew the railroads could afford to pay more. He knew that, with organization, the firemen could compel the railways to pay more. So, when the grocery closed, on the night of February 27, 1875, Debs went to the hall where the firemen used to meet in an effort to organize a union.

Joshua A. Leach, grand master of the brotherhood, had come to Terre Haute to get the movement under way. Debs, in characteristic fashion, sought him out and, without waste of words, told him precisely what he wanted. Grocer boy that he was, he wanted to join the local branch of the Firemen.

"My boy," said Leach, "you are a little young, but I believe you're in earnest and will make your mark in our brotherhood. Come on in."

Once in, Debs was immediately chosen secretary. Speaking of this event a few months later in St. Louis, Leach said:

"I put a tow-headed boy in the brotherhood in Terre Haute not long ago, and some day he will be at the head of it."

Debs remained in the employ of the grocery firm five years. For two terms of two years each he was secretary of city clerk, having been elected on the Democratic ticket. The Democrats even offered him a nomination to Congress which he declined, though they did elect him to the Indiana state legislature, in 1885. In fact, almost everything that occured might easily have served to make him forget the little local branch of the firemen's brotherhood that, in 1875, he had joined with so much enthusiasm. Yet, for years after during all of these ten years he never missed a meeting of the union. Not only did he attend the meeting, but he took a tremendous share in the work. Not content with trying to help his old friends, the railway firemen, he joined with other men employed on the railroads in the formation of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, the Order of Railway Conductors and the American Railway Union.

By this time Debs was fairly striking his stride. He was a born leader. With a passion for the cause of labor and a genius for organization, he could not seem to keep his hand out of or any other merchandising business, than an angle could be kept in a basement. Pals will be found in leading public office, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen elected him to almost all the offices it had. He was made the grand secretary and treasurer, and the editor and manager of the Brotherhood's official magazine.

"With all the fire of youth," he said, "I entered upon this work, which seemed fairly to glitter with possibilities. For eighteen hours at a stretch, I was glued to my desk reading answers to my numerous correspondents. Day and night were one. Sleep was time wasted, and often when, half oblivious of her presence, in the still small hours, my mother's hand turned off the light, I went to bed under protest.

"My grip was always packed, and I was darting in all directions. To travel through a railroad yard in the rain, snow or sleet half the night or till daybreak, to be ordered, out of the roundhouse for being an 'agitator' or put off a train sometimes passenger, more often freight, while attempt to scatter over the division — these were all in the program and served to whet the appetite to conquer. One night, in midwinter, at Elmira, N. Y., a conductor on the Erie kindly dropped me into a snowbank. As I scambered to the top, I ran into the arms of a policeman who heard my story and on the spot became my friend.

"I rode on the engines over mountain and plain, slept in the cabooses with the men, and was fed from their pails by the swarthy stokers who still nestle close to my heart, and will until it is cold and still.

"Thus did I become saturated with the spirit of the working class. I had lived on an engine and been stung by the exposure and hardship of the rail.

"I was with the boys in their weary watches, at the broken engine's side, and often helped to bear their bruised and bleeding bodies back to wife and child again. How could I but feel the burden of their wrongs?"

Whatever Debs felt during those years he did a tremendous work for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. When he entered its service the brotherhood claimed of only 60 lodges, wiped out all of the debt and put a balance in the treasury.

But while Debs was doing all of this work, which seemed big, he had been dreaming of work which was bigger. He had been dreaming of a great railway organization, embracing all of the employees, in one mighty union too strong and too great to be broken by all of the railroad companies in the country. So, in 1892, after having served the brotherhood of firemen 15 years, he resigned his union offices. His salary from the brotherhood, by the way, was $4,000 a year.

The resignation, when placed before the brotherhood, in convention at Cincinnati, was unanimously refused. Debs insisted; told why he wanted to resign; explained about his plans to form a great union of all railway employees, and at length the convention accepted his resignation. But in doing so, the convention, by unanimous vote, appropriated $2,000 to pay his expenses on a pleasure trip to Europe. Debs thanked the convention very kindly, refused to accept the money, walked out of the hall, leaving the $4,000 a year job that he had voluntarily surrendered and in a few weeks was in Chicago, working for $900 a year, trying to organize the American Railway Union.

"I do this," said he to the firemen as he left them, "because it pleases me. There is nothing I would not do, so far as human effort goes, to advance any movement designed to reach and rescue perishing humanity. I have a heart for others and that is why I am in this work. When I see suffering about me, I myself suffer, and so, when I put forth my efforts to relieve others, I am simply working for myself. I do not consider that I have made any sacrifice whatever; my man does unless he violates his conscience."

### THE GREATEST LABOR STRIKE

Debs organized the American Railway Union so successfully that, when, in the spring of 1894, the Great Northern Railway Company reduced the wages of its men, Debs stopped every train on the road except the mail trains. For eighteen days not a wheel of freight was moved, to use Eugene V. Debs against James J. Hill, and Debs was the stronger. Hill had to compromise. Arbitration was the arbitrators granted 97½ per cent. of the strikers' demands, which represented a monthly increase of wages of $146,000. At the close of hostilities, which had been conducted without the loss of a drop of blood, Hill said to Debs: "You have fought a good fight and I respect you."

Meanwhile, events were preparing for the greatest strike that ever took place upon the American continent. During the same spring the Pullman Palace Car Company had reduced the wages of its men. Though the Pullman employees were not members of the American Railway Union, they sought the advice of Debs. He went to the town of Pullman and investigated the facts. He found that the company was paying very low wages and charging very high rents for its houses. Still, Debs advised against a strike. He did not regard the time as propitious. He suggested that they delay action a little.

The Pullman employees were in no mood for delay. While the strike against the Great Northern was proceeding, the Pulman employees waited. But was on May 11, 1894. After Debs had trimmed Mr. Hill, the Pullman employees made application to join the American Railway Union and demanded that Debs be their leader. Debs had to be. Hill was out of the way. The Great Northern was tied up. The Pullman employees had left their jobs. The American Railway Union was ready for the battle. Debs was its president. Was he not the man to lead the Pullman employees?

Debs was the president of the American Railway Union and was also editor of its official organ, Locomotive Firemen's Magazine. He was the author of its constitution and principles. Not to that day, or any other day, would he have allowed any man to lead the Pullman employees but himself. Debs was the president of the union and was also its editor. He was the author of its constitution and principles. Not to that day, or any other day, would he have allowed any man to lead the Pullman employees but himself.

Debs was also the president of the General Chairmen's Association, representing the railroad employees in the service of the Governor of Illinois, sent federal troops into the state. Federal injunctions were issued, adding heavy blows to the beating.

### WHY DEBS WENT TO JAIL

Let me make these facts plain and prove that they are facts. Debs was first arrested upon an indictment charging conspiracy to murder. A few days later, for alleged contempt of a court that had issued an injunction against him. After the strike was ended, a federal commission was appointed to investigate the facts pertaining to the strike, and that commission's report makes this statement with regard to Debs's responsibility for violence:

"The mobs that took possession of railroad tracks, yards and crossings affected by the strike, set fire to cars, tipped over, burned and destroyed cars and stole their contents were, by general concurrence in the testimony, composed generally of hoodlums, women, a low class of foreigners and recruits from the criminal classes. Few strikers were recognizing or arrested in these mobs, which were without leadership and acted simply bent upon plunder and destruction... In the view that this railroad strike was wrong, that such mobs are well-known to be incidental to such strikes, and are thereby given an excuse and incentive to gather and to commit crime, the responsibility rests largely with the American Railway Union, otherwise that association, its leaders and a very large majority of the railroad men upon strike are not shown to have had any connection therewith."

In other words, Debs's telegrams to his subordinates, all of which were published and read, showed that, so far from counseling violence, he had steadfastly counseled against it, and that he therefore had no responsibility for violence that accompanies a strike.

Grover Cleveland's own commission testified that Debs had no connection with any of the rioting that took place during the R. R. U. strike. Yet there was violence, and force was required to resist it. The governor of Illinois said he was able to cope with the situation; still the federal troops came against his protest. Nor was Debs, nor any other officer of the union, direction of Grover Cleveland, permitted 3,600 deputy United States marshals to operate trains. He did more. He permitted the railway managers to select the men whom they desired to run their trains, to give them their orders and to pay them. The United States Government thus permitted the railroads to swear in as deputy marshals as federal officials. I quote from the report of the commission that investigated the strike:

"United States deputy marshals to the number of 3,600 were selected by and sworn at the request of the General Managers' Association and its railroads. They were armed and paid by the railroads and acted in the double capacity of railway employees and United States officers. While operating the railroads they assumed and exercised unrestricted United States authority when so ordered by the railroads, or wherever they regarded it as necessary. They were not under the direct control of any government official while exercising authority."

What do you think of that? What President of the United States would now dare do what Grover Cleveland did in 1894? Mr. Cleveland's act was so outrageous that his own commission, immediately following the paragraph just quoted, said:

"This is placing officers of the government under control of a combination of railroads. It is a bad precedent which may well lead to serious consequences."

Yes, a bad precedent follow that precedent to-day, if he dare. Such an outrage could be committed with comparative safety in the days of Cleveland. It could not be safely committed now. Many things have the people learned since 1894. Presidents, too, have learned some things.

Debs, nevertheless, was indicted upon a charge of conspiracy to murder. Eugene Field, the poet, who was then with the Chicago Daily News, of which the following note, placed in a paper-weight upon it and left it upon Debs's desk:

"Dear Gene: I hear that you are to be arrested. When that time comes, please let me send a friend. I want to be that friend.

"Eugene Field."

At the same time came this telegram from his aged parents:

"Stand by your principles, regardless of consequences.

"Your Father and Mother."

The conspiracy charge was quickly followed by an order for the arrest of Debs and the other leaders of the union for contempt of court because of an alleged violation of an injunction, thus leaving the strike without leaders. The events that followed crowded upon one another in such a fashion that it is hard to describe in Debs's own words:

"The strike was soon proceeded to the point where the combined corporations were paralyzed and helpless. At this juncture, conspiracy, fire and flame, wholly unexpected quarters, a swift succession of blows that blinded me for a time, staggered me, then opened wide my eyes — and in the gleam of every bayonet and the flash of every rifle the class struggle was revealed. This was my first lesson in Socialism, though wholly unaware, at that time, that I had received the first lesson.

"An army of thugs, detectives and murderers were equipped with badges and beer and bludgeons and turned loose. Old hulks of cars were fired. The alarm bells were tolled. The people were terrified. The most startling rumors were set afloat. The press volleyed and thundered, and over all the grines spoke the news that China go's white trout was in the clutch of a red mob. Injunctions flew thick and fast, arrests followed, and our offices and headquarters the heart of the strike, were sacked, torn out, and nailed up by the "lawful" autocrats of the federal government. And when, in company with my loyal comrades, I found myself in Cook County jail in Chicago, with the whole of the press screaming conspiracy, treason and murder, and by some fateful coincidence, I was given the cell occupied just previous to his execution by the assassin of Mayor Carter Harrison, Sr., overlooking the spot, a few feet distant, where the anarchists were hanged a few years before, I had another exceedingly practical and impressive lesson in Socialism. The next morning the jailer showed us the blood-stained rope used at the last execution, and explained, in minutest detail, just how the monstrous crime of lawful murder is committed."...

### WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CHARGES.

Let us now see what became of these various charges against Debs. He was placed upon trial for conspiracy to murder and a jury was impaneled. An effort was made to place George M. Pullman upon the witness stand, but he fled from town. Then efforts were made to get various other witnesses subpoenaed, but, as rapidly as one was wanted to testify, the news was mysteriously conveyed to him and he disappeared. In a little while, it became known that Debs's attorneys were in possession of some documents that would tend to incriminate the railroad men who constituted the General Managers' Association. Immediately it was announced that, owing to the illness of a juror, the trial would be postponed for a few months. Debs's attorneys protested, offering to proceed if a new juror were selected. The testimony was in him, but the government refused to proceed.

And here is an interesting fact. To this day, the government has not proceeded with the trial of Debs on the conspiracy charge. The indictment was never quashed. Except for the fact that it has been outlawed it would still stand against him. The records simply show that the trial of this "horrible monster" for his life was interrupted by the "sickness" of a juror — and never resumed. Anyone who wants to believe that this reason was the true reason is entitled to do so.

Early in July, 1894, and while the strike was still in progress, Federal Judge Woods issued a sweeping injunction against Debs and his associates. Debs realized that the railroads were using the United States courts to break the strike, and determined to give them not even a pretense for arresting him. He therefore went to his attorney, Judge Lyman Trumbull, to seek counsel. Trumbull had drafted the thirteenth amendment to the federal constitution, abolishing slavery, served upon the supreme bench of the state of Illinois, and had, also, for sixteen years, been a member of the United States senate and chairman of its judiciary committee.

"When that injunction was served upon me," said Debs, "I went to Judge Trumbull and another of the best constitutional lawyers in Chicago and asked them if they considered it my duty to obey that injunction? I am a law-abiding citizen. I want to do what is right. I want you to examine this injunction and then advise me what to do."

"They examined the injunction. They said: 'Proceed just as you have been proceeding. You are not committing any violence. You are not violating violence. Instead, you are doing everything in your power to restrain men from the commission of crime and violating the law.' I followed their advice and got six months for it."

Debs spent the six months in Woodstock jail, Judge Woods scatenced him. Woods issued the injunction. Woods said Debs had violated the injunction. Woods could not say that Debs had violated any law. He could only say that he had violated a law made by Woods. And, for that, Debs was deprived of his liberty for six months. Judge Trumbull, speaking of the case, said:

"The decision, carried to its logical conclusion, means that any federal judge can imprison any citizen at will. If this be true, it is judicial despotism, pure and simple, whatever you may choose to call it."

As a matter of fact, the Debs case was the first conspicuous use of the monstrous evil of "government by injunction." The people, then, did not know much about government by injunction. They only knew that a federal judge had sent a man to jail, and, therefore, naturally supposed that the man must be very bad. Since then, the people have learned something about the nature of the power of judicial injunction. But, all of these years, Debs has had to bear the burden of what the people did not then know. He has had to fight down the reputation that the capitalist newspapers gave him of being a criminal, and it has been a fight.

W. H. Detwyler, a high school teacher in Yonkers, relates an incident that illutrates both the extent of the prejudice against Debs among many who do not know him, and the rapidity with which it is removed when they do know him. Mr. Detwyler, a few years ago, heard Debs speak in Faneuil Hall, Boston. He did not notice, at first, an old man who stood beside him. Soon he became conscious of the fact that the old man was nudging him in the ribs, by way of approval of points made by the speaker. Debs, in one of his fine flights of impassioned, humanitarian oratory, seemed to wring the soul of the old man, down whose wrinkled face the tears began to flow.

"I must go up and speak to him," he said to Detwyler, at the conclusion of the speech. "Will you go with me?"

In a few moments they had edged their way to the speaker.

"Mr. Debs", said the old man, "I am a Congregational minister in Lynn, Mass. For years I have wronged you outrageously. I believed you were a bad man, and I have lost no opportunity to say so. But now I know better and I want you to forgive me."

### HIS SOCIALIST BEGINNING

The man's voice broke as he spoke. The spell of Debs's eloquence was still over him and the tears burst forth afresh. And, as he stood there, looking up at Debs's blue eyes, Debs simply put his arm around him and told him to think no more about it; that he had followed his conscience as much in denouncing him as he had in coming to the platform to ask forgiveness.

So great a man is Debs; so big; so fine.

Debs, in Woodstock jail, began to see the light that eventually made him a Socialist.

"Up to this time," he said, "I had heard but little of Socialism, knew practically nothing about the movement, and what little I did know was not calculated to impress me in its favor. But it was in Woodstock jail that Socialism gradually laid hold of me in its own inimitable fashion.

"Books and pamphlets from Socialists came to me by every mail and I began to dissect the anatomy of the capitalist system under which workingmen, however organized, could be shattered and battered and splintered at a single stroke."

Debs's conversion to Socialism was not complete, however, when he left prison. In the campaign of 1896 he spoke and voted for Bryan.

But two years later, he helped to organize the present Socialist party, and led the remnant of the old American Railway Union into it.

In 1900, 1904, 1908, 1912, he was the Socialist candidate for President.

For twelve years Debs has spent all of his time either writing or speaking

(Continued on page 4.)

## Debs says to You

"In ancient Greece a father had a right to raise his child or kill it, as best suited himself. He was the absolute proprietor of his offspring. The father may no longer kill his own child as in ancient days. Society has relieved him of this responsibility, and it is now society, instead of the parent, that kills the child, the difference being that starvation is employed instead of a knife or bludgeon."

Eugene V. Debs


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