DAY and night, winter and summer, armed guards watch from towers, like the above at the Moundsville, West Va., prison, similar to those at the Atlanta Federal Prison, where Debs is now confined, and at the Jefferson City, Mo., penitentiary, where Kate Richards O'Hare is serving her five year sentence.
Publicity for Political Prisoners

Our duty does not end when we voice an occasional grouch about the imprisonment of 'Gene Debs, Kate O'Hare, Bill Haywood and the rest of the honored Socialists whose lives are rotting away behind prison bars. Our obligation is heavier than that. We must, if necessary, go out in the highways and lash folks across the face in order to awaken them to this crowning anti-American outrage. The truth these Comrades fought and went to jail for must be placed in the hands of the workers of this nation so that the people will understand the reason for these incarcerations.

SPREAD THE TRUTH

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Can you sleep if YOU Desert the Imprisoned Socialists?

Order thru

Literature Department, Socialist Party
220 SO. ASHLAND BOULEVARD,
Chicago, Illinois
DEBS AND O’HARE IN PRISON

By J. LOUIS ENGDAHL

Transferred to Atlanta.

Just as this pamphlet was being put on the press, news came that Eugene V. Debs had been transferred from the Moundsville, West Va., state penitentiary to the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. No reason was assigned for this unusual proceeding. It is surmised, however, that the treatment accorded Debs at the Moundsville prison was not to the liking of his democratic party persecutors at Washington. At Moundsville Debs was permitted to write a liberal number of letters, while the regulation as to visitors was not very strict. At Atlanta he is only allowed one visitor every two weeks, while his writing privilege is fixed at one letter every seven days. At Atlanta Debs suffers intensely from the excessive heat and humidity of the southern summer. His removal south took place on Friday, June 13, just two months after his incarceration at Moundsville, April 13.

Published by
NATIONAL OFFICE, SOCIALIST PARTY,

Price Ten Cents, $6 per 100
Eugene V. Debs

“Why are the people waitin’?” said the brakeman up ahead;
“To see us start, to see us start,” the train conductor said;
“What makes you look so gloomy?” said the brakeman up ahead;
“I’m d dreadin’ what I’ve got to do,” the train conductor said.

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison, for sedition, so they say,
He’s said goodbye to home an’ friends, he’s soon be on his way,
It’s ten long years behind the bars, the price he has to pay,
An’ we’re takin’ Debs to prison in the mornin’.”

“What makes them cheer so wildly?” said the brakeman up ahead,
“It’s Eugene Debs that’s drawin’ near,” the train conductor said;
“What noise is that they’re makin’?” said the brakeman up ahead;
“They’re singing of the Marseillaise,” the train conductor said.

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison an’ we haven’t long to wait,
The people crowd around him there, astandin’ at the gate,
An’ he’s smilin’ there an’ shakin’ hands regardless of his fate,
While we’re takin’ Debs to prison in the mornin’.”

“In Ninety-four I heard him,” said the brakeman up ahead;
“He organized the railroad men,” the train conductor said;
The workin’ class all love him,” said the brakeman up ahead;
“He’s goin’ to prison for them now.” the train conductor said.

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison and how strange it must appear,
That the brakeman an’ conductor an’ the railroad engineer,
The workin’ men he stood for when the cause looked dark and drear,
Now are takin’ Debs to prison in the mornin’.”

“Who’s comin’ down the platform?” said the brakeman up ahead;
“That’s Eugene Debs, he’s boardin’ now,” the train conductor said;
“He glanced at me so kindly,” said the brakeman up ahead;
‘Good morning, BROTHER’, were his words,” the train conductor said.

“An’ we’re takin’ Debs to prison an’ we’ve left the town behind,
We’re takin’ Debs to prison, for the railroad men are blind,
An’ the damned disgrace is on us for betraying of our kind,
While we’re takin’ Debs to prison in the mornin’.”

“What’s that that clouds the sunlight?” said the brakeman up ahead;
“The shadow of a cruel wrong,” the train conductor said;
“What noise is that that follows?” said the brakeman up ahead;
The murmur of the workin’ class,” the train conductor said.

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison, but the shadow’s drawin’ nigh,
An’ the voices of the workers ring across the brooding sky,
An’ the world will have to answer when they ask the reason why,
We are takin’ Debs to prison in the mornin’.”
Part I.

The story of
Convict, Number 2,253.

Eugene Victor Debs
Moundsville, West Va., Prison.
April 13, 1919 (Under 10 year sentence).

Transferred to
Atlanta, Ga., Prison,
June 13, 1919.
"Our Gene" at the start of his journey to Prison, from Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday morning, April 13, 1919.
DEBS 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 Gardens, 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 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.

A complete history of "The Debs Case" up to the time Debs was taken to prison will be found in the book by that name published by the National Office of the Socialist Party, 220 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Price 35 cents.

This little pamphlet pretends only to tell the story of how Debs was spirited off to prison, how he entered the American bastile at Moundsville, West Va., and how a powerful class government sought to put a great soul in chains.
MORRIS HILLQUIT: “Our capitalist government is putting behind prison bars the warmest heart and noblest soul among us. With Eugene Debs goes to jail all that was best in America—her liberty and democracy, her justice and fairness. Hereafter nothing will remain at large, except unabridged capitalist reaction and persecution so long as Debs wears a convict’s garb.”

CAROLINE A. LOWE: “Debs in the penitentiary is a far greater menace to the continued power of the American oligarchy than is Debs amid the peace and tranquility of his family. How stupidly blind the ruling classes always have been. They learn nothing from history.”

NORMAN THOMAS: “The war for democracy is over. Mr. Du Pont, manufacturer of powder, has made 458 per cent profit from the destruction of his fellow beings. ‘Gene Debs, lover of men and foe of war, has begun a ten years’ sentence. How long can a state or a social order which permits this ghastly contrast exist?”

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES: “Eugene Debs is demonstrating afresh the old, old truth that society puts not simply its worst, but its best members behind the bars—Jesus, Paul, Socrates, Savonarola, John Bunyan, William Penn, Voltaire, William Lloyd Garrison, Prince Kropotkin, Karl Liebknecht. These are only a few of the brave men who have made prison glorious and liberty a reproach and shame. Into this noble company of prophets, champions of truth, friends of man, Debs now enters, the latest, but by no means the least worthy of them all.”

ERNST FREUND, in the New Republic, May 3, 1919:—“Stamp a man like Debs or a woman like Kate O’Hare as felons, and you dignify the term felony instead of degrading them, and every thief and robber will be justified in feeling that some of the stigma has been taken from his crime and punishment. As in the case of all political persecution, the cause of the government has gained nothing, while the forces of discontent have been strengthened, and have been given an example of loose and arbitrary law which at some time may react against those who have set it!”
Here they branded him as Convict No. 2,253 and put him away in Cell No. 51, indicated by the (x) near the guard on the second tier of cells. Debs, himself, serene as ever, is in the upper right hand corner of the picture.
"KIDNAPPED!

Moundsville, W. Va., April 14, 1919.

"KIDNAPPED!" is the ugly word that might fittingly be used in describing the manner in which Eugene Victor Debs, four times presidential candidate of the Socialist Party, was hustled off to prison Sunday and thrown into a cell in the West Virginia State Penitentiary here late at night.

It recalls the kidnaping of Moyer, Pettibone and Haywood, from Colorado to Idaho, during the great frame-up of the western mine barons against the Western Federation of Miners.

This spiriting away of prominent prisoners was a favorite practice with the old Russian secret police under the Czars, fearful of an aroused working class protest.

So it was in Cleveland, Sunday. The Socialists had planned a tremendous protest. Handbills printed in red ink had been distributed over the city during Saturday night, immediately it was known that Debs had been ordered Saturday morning to come to the city of his indictment, trial, conviction and sentence to deliver himself up to his jailers. A mass protest meeting was planned for Sunday afternoon. But in the gray dawn Debs was spirited away across the state of Ohio by a devious and circuitous route, covered mostly in trolley cars. The Cleveland Socialists held their demonstration, but the comrades down thru the state and over in West Virginia didn't know where or when he was coming or going, so they couldn't greet him as he came thru.

The sudden and mysterious manner in which Debs was spirited off to prison, when it was thought that he would be at liberty at least until International May Day, May 1, took the entire nation by surprise.

While Kate Richards O'Hare was given one month to prepare for her five years' incarceration in the state penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., Debs was given only a few hours to bid his great and teeming world "Farewell!" until he had fed ten years of his life to the suddenly acquired appetite of America's bastile for political and industrial class war prisoners.
Saturday morning, April 12, some one, purporting to be Federal District Attorney E. S. Wertz, who prosecuted Debs, called up the Debs' Home at Terre Haute, Ind., and ordered Debs to come to Cleveland. Efforts to learn whether Wertz was really the person at the Cleveland end of the wire were met with evasive replies, according to Debs. Someone also called up the Debs home from Cleveland claiming to be Mrs. Marguerite Prevey, one of Debs' bondsmen. Mrs. Prevey denies she called the Debs' home on the phone.

Nevertheless, in good faith, and taking for granted that all arrangements were satisfactory, Debs took a Saturday night train for Cleveland, accompanied by his brother-in-law and Karsner. News of what was taking place reached the Socialist Party National Office in Chicago late in the afternoon and Wagenknecht and Engdahl hurried to Cleveland on a Saturday night train. Debs arrived in Cleveland Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, had his breakfast and was writing a few letters in his room at the Gilsey House when he was taken into custody. The Marshal's office seemed ignorant of Debs' whereabouts because it was not until Deputies Walsh and Wm. F. Gauchat followed Mrs. Prevey with her sister, Mrs. May Deibel, Wagenknecht and Engdahl, that they found Debs in his room. We were all greeting Debs "Good Morning" when Mrs. Prevey noticed the two strangers in the room and asked them what they wanted.

"We have come to get Mr. Debs and take him to the Marshal's office," said Deputy Gauchat.

Mrs. Prevey stood on her rights as a bondsman, claiming she had not been notified, neither had Muscowitz, nor Debs' lawyers; she charged that the entire proceeding was irregular and insisted that the deputies should await the arrival of Attorney Wolf, one of Debs' counsels, who lives in Cleveland. Deputy Walsh called up Marshal Lapp from the hotel office, after which he returned to Debs' room, declaring "I am ordered to take you to the Federal Building, Mr. Debs. I have a United States Supreme Court Mandate."

"All right, I am ready," replied Debs, and accompanied the deputy marshals down to their automobile and was taken to the marshal's office in the Federal Building.

In spite of the early hour, a goodly number of Socialists had gathered at the hotel, and they cheered Debs as he appeared and then followed the automobile carrying him to the Federal Building. One reason for the anxiety displayed by the federal officials and the speed with which they were hurrying Debs off to prison, it was admitted by a reporter for the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," was to be found in the fact that Cleveland Socialists had quickly
planned a Debs Protest Meeting for Sunday afternoon, at which Debs and others were announced to speak.

Behind this anxiety, however, was a greater fear that Debs would be cheered on his way to prison by huge demonstrations in all the cities thru which he passed. This is the only explanation that can be offered for the attempt on the part of the federal officials to elude all Socialists. After the necessary formalities had been gone thru with at the Federal Building, Debs was rushed into an automobile which started off in a direction opposite to that of the Cleveland Union Station. We had a high-powered automobile of our own, however, and trailed the U. S. Marshal's car which, by the way, was the property of the "Plain Dealer," Cleveland's biggest capitalist daily, up and down thru Cleveland's main thoroughfares and down its side streets. There was a merry race along Euclid Avenue, Cleveland's fashionable boulevard, where John D. Rockefeller has a palatial palace.

When the government officials saw they couldn't drop the Socialists' car, they suddenly halted their machine near the home of the late Mayor Tom Johnson, foe of special privilege, and exhibited this show place to their prisoner. Then the race began again. It ended in a draw at the Broadway station of the Erie railroad in the outskirts of Cleveland. Marshal Lapp was good natured as Wagenknecht, Karsner, Engdahl, Bauer, Mrs. Diebel and the driver, Morris Fried, piled out of the Socialist car, and he offered no objections when the first four joined him in buying railroad tickets for Youngstown. This was to be the start of an all day runabout trip to dodge any possible Socialist ovations that might have been planned for Debs on his way to prison.

Debs engaged in an animated conversation with his comrades and custodians on the train from Cleveland to Youngstown, Ohio's great steel city. He told again of the Great American Railway Union strike and of the six months he spent at Woodstock jail, near Chicago, a quarter of a century ago. He was in the best of spirits all during the trip and kept the entire party in good humor.

In spite of the fact that we arrived at Youngstown unannounced, the young son of Frank Midney, a prominent Ohio Socialist, spied Debs as he stepped from the train. He rushed up to 'Gene, threw his arms around the beloved Socialist spokesman's neck and kissed him. Marshal Lapp hurried Debs across the business section of the city to an interurban station, where tickets were secured for Leetonia on the trolley. It was noon but there was no time for Sunday dinner. The Great Government of the United States was so afraid of the terrible followers of this twentieth century agitator and martyr that it couldn't stop for breath, let alone dinner, in its frantic rush to get him into prison. It was a replica of the
fear and terror voiced by Attorney General Palmer in his statement refusing to recommend clemency in Debs' case.

"That report was based upon a mass of garbled and lying newspaper stories," said Debs, as the trolley sped southward along the Ohio river, huge steel mills blackening and desecrating the surrounding countryside everywhere.

"They said I was planning to call a general strike," continued Debs. "Why, I have no power to call a general strike. Only the workers themselves can call a strike. That falsehood was published in some corrupt newspaper and the department of justice in all seriousness makes it the basis for a report to the president."

At Leetonia we met a Socialist Agitator on his way to Niles to make a speech. Debs had but a moment to talk to him.

"I have a date a Moundsville, West Virginia," joked Debs, as the agitator, H. A. L. Holman of Texas, boasted of the big crowds he was addressing throughout Ohio.

Then Debs was rushed off on another trolley, this time for East Liverpool, Ohio's famous pottery manufacturing center. Arriving there another hurried transfer was made, this time for Steubenville, and still traveling on the trolley, where we were scheduled to arrive at 6 o'clock. The sun came out from behind the clouds for a short time. As we traveled southward and approached the hills and mountains of West Virginia, it became very apparent that budding spring was trying to assert itself everywhere. Peach orchards were everywhere in full blossom, foliage was sprouting on trees and bushes. Thus we left Steubenville on our way to Wellsburg, crossing the line that separates the state that will go into history for having sent Debs to prison from the state in which he is now confined as a prisoner. At Wellsburg we changed cars again, this time for Wheeling, where we arrived at 7:30 o'clock. It was here that Debs was permitted, for the first time since early morning, to get something to eat. Perhaps it was a well planned insult, perhaps not, but the U. S. Marshal took Debs to a dairy lunch to get his last meal on the "outside" before entering prison to serve his ten year sentence. The marshal and his deputy sat at the lunch counter while the rest of us sat down around a table. Debs was famished and ate heartily. Then we boarded a car for the seventh time that day on the last lap of our journey, with Moundsville and prison as our destination.

During this last lap of our journey, Debs turned to us for a moment, with just the flicker of a tired feeling in his eyes. Yet he was smiling the old familiar Debs smile as he said:

"If I were to engage in satire I would say how strange it is that I have been organizing labor for half a century, and now I am being taken to prison by organized workers, most of them
wearing the button of their craft in their hats.” It was literally true. The conductors, the brakemen, the firemen, the engineers, the motormen, all union men, helped take Debs to prison.

As we ascended the incline that leads up to the sleepy hamlet of Moundsville, and to the state prison, Debs gave us his last words to his comrades everywhere. He said:

“As I am about to enter the prison doors I wish to send to the Socialists of America who have so loyally stood by me since my first arrest, this little message of love and cheer. These are pregnant days and promising ones. We are all on the threshold of tremendous changes. The workers of the world are awakening and bestirring themselves as never before. All the forces that are playing upon the modern world are making for the overthrow of despotism in all its forms and for the emancipation of the masses of mankind. I shall be in prison in the days to come, but my revolutionary spirit will be abroad and I shall not be inactive. Let us all in this supreme hour measure up to our full stature and work together for the great cause that means emancipation for us all. Love to my comrades and hail to the revolution.”

As Debs’ body was locked away in West Virginia’s bastile, his mind did not concern itself with the question of any presidential pardon that might come offering him release.

“Suppose,” we had asked him, before he was separated from us, “suppose President Wilson should cable a pardon for you without any strings attached to it, an unconditional pardon, what would you do, what would be your attitude?”

Debs’ answer came without a moment’s hesitation.

“I shall refuse to accept it unless every man and woman in prison under the Espionage Law is extended the same pardon. They must let them out—I. W. W.’s and all—or I won’t come out. I do not want any special dispensation of justice in my case. It is perfectly clear. I have always taken that position, and I cannot too strongly assert it now.”

THE REPLY MUST COME FROM AMERICA’S TOILING MILLIONS. GET THEM ALL OUT THRU YOUR ORGANIZED POWER AND PROTEST.
'Gene Debs is in prison! He is caged in a steel cell, with a door of heavy metal bars. It is Cell No. 51, in the south wing of the West Virginia State Penitentiary here at Moundsville. He has been given "Number 2,253."

This thing happened tonight, at 10 o'clock, on the night of Palm Sunday, with Easter one week distant, and as an admirer of Debs said on his departure from Terre Haute, Indiana, his home, on Saturday. "We are ready for another crucifixion."

"It will never happen. They will never do it. They won't put Debs in Prison."

This is what the millions over the land have said for these many months since his indictment, and even since his conviction and sentence. But we said "Good Night" to him thru the bars that constitute the door of his dark hole in this human hive they call tiers of cells.

Debs tonight took his place—a convict—among a thousand other convicts, criminals of all grades, and shades and brands, and the words that he uttered in the court room at Cleveland, Ohio, during his trial, came back to us, we who were with him. They were:

"As long as there is a criminal class, I am of it. As long as there is a lower class, I am of it. As long as there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

Only a few moments before, as they first took him away from us, and conducted him thru the turn-table cage door, the latest prison ingenuity to bar the "inside" from the "outside," Arthur Baur, 'Gene's brother-in-law, a brother of Mrs. Debs, who had come with 'Gene all the way from Terre Haute, uttered the anguish of an outraged working-class when he exclaimed:

"My God, how can they do it, why do they do it!"
Yet Debs' last message to the workers of the nation, perhaps best answered why they did it. This message was:

"Tell my comrades that I entered the prison doors a flaming revolutionist, my head erect, my spirit untamed and my soul unconquered."

It was on the trip here, at East Liverpool, Ohio, that Debs remarked that today was April 13, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, the beginning of the American Revolutionary War in 1776, that it is also the anniversary of the Ludlow massacre, in 1913, during the great Colorado coal strike.

For a half century the world has known of 'Gene Debs of Terre Haute, Ind. Now, if this world would reach him thru the mails, it must address him:

'Gene Debs,
818 Jefferson Ave.,
Moundsville, W. Va.

which is the address of the penitentiary of this state.

Workers of many nations have already protested the conviction of this man, who was the center of the little group that arrived on this Palm Sunday night at this American bastile, that promises to take a prominent place in American working class history. There were Debs, his brother-in-law, Arthur Bauer, Alfred Wagenknecht from the National Office of the Socialist Party, David Karsner of "The Call," the New York Socialist Daily, the writer, and of course United States Marshal Charles W. Lapp and U. S. Deputy Marshal Thomas E. Welch of Cleveland, Ohio, in charge of Debs.

No high walls block the front view of this prison. They extend only around the prison yard in the rear. But guards sit in turrets at intervals on buildings and walls with loaded rifles in their hands ready to frustrate with a deadly bullet any attempt on the part of an inmate to win the open. The grass grows fresh and green and free upon the wide lawn in front of the big main building of the prison, but heavy gratings are upon every window, and keys, locks, bolts and bars everywhere block the way that leads to freedom.

"Don't think that I hold anything against you for your part in bringing me here," Debs was explaining to the United States Marshal as we ascended the steps and entered this place to which the federal judge has sentenced "Our 'Gene" to spend the next ten years of his life because he made a speech at Canton, Ohio, in
June, 1918, and so Debs spent his last few moments on "the out-
side" forgiving everybody, "with malice toward none," as Abra-
ham Lincoln put it.

Warden Joseph Z. Terrell and the prison physician, Dr. O. P. 
Wilson, were waiting for us. In a moment we were all acquainted, 
and then—

"Mr. Debs, come with me," said Warden Terrell, and in an-
other moment the threshold that leads from liberty to the tomb 
of living men had been crossed.

"You're quite a tall man, Mr. Debs," said the warden as the 
automatic turntable cage door moved noiselessly, transferring its 
opening from the "outside world" to this "inside world."

"Yes, six feet," answered Debs, pleasantly, and that was all 
we heard as they passed on and out of our sight. We went back 
into the warden's office and waited. Soon the warden returned 
and signed several papers that the already impatient marshal and his 
deputy presented to him. Then we began asking questions about 
Debs, and the treatment he would receive.

"He will be allowed to write all the letters he pleases," said 
Warden Terrell, "subject of course to limitations and to the prison 
censorship. He may receive visitors twice a month, but the under-
standing seems to be that visitors coming from some distance 
would be allowed to see Debs at almost any time."

The warden wrinkled his brow just a little when it was asked 
if there would be any restrictions on papers, magazines and books 
sent to Debs.

"No," he said, "not if they are for Debs alone. But he must 
not pass them out among other prisoners, some of whom are 
ignorant, you know, and it might have a bad effect on them."

While Debs' activities as a propagandist and agitator may 
thus be somewhat curtailed, the warden assured us that all letters 
and telegrams, no matter how great the number, would be turned 
over to Debs immediately upon their receipt.

"I am just going to use common sense in my treatment of 
Debs," said the warden. Bauer then left with the marshal and his 
deputy for the return trip home. Wagenknecht, Karsner and I 
lingered, altho midnight was approaching. We readily accepted 
the warden's invitation to visit Debs and bid the spokesman of 
American Socialism "Good Night" in his prison cell. One of the 
jaillers led us up an iron staircase and along the corridor of a sec-
ond tier of lairs for humans. Thru the bars of his cage door we 
asked him again if there was anything we could do for him.
"No, nothing more," Debs replied. "I am going to have a good night’s rest. My only hope is that everyone tonight could have as good a couch as mine. Don’t worry about me, comrades, I am all right. Everything is fine," and with that he stretched out both his hands to each of us in turn, said “Well, good night” again, and we promised to be back on the morrow if the warden would let us in. Then we returned to the warden’s office where we sat down and asked more questions. Both the warden and the prison physician insisted that the “Flu” epidemic that has been raging in the prison, resulting in several deaths, is now a thing of the past. They stated that the wing in which Debs’ cell is located has been thoroughly fumigated, and that they had the “Flu bug whipped out.”

Debs is bald-headed, just like the warden, so he will not have his hair cut. Upon entering the prison, Debs was not subjected to the usual shower and the usual change of clothing because the warden said he felt that Debs didn’t need it. Altho the warden praised the prison fare in high terms, he said his new prisoner might send out for any delicacies he wanted, or that they might be sent to him. He said prisoners spend about $1,000 monthly in such purchases, saying they were free to buy anything they wanted.

He said Debs would not be asked to do any prison labor, because of his advanced age. Debs is 64 years old. The color of the prison uniform has been a cadet gray. Striped suits are not used except for escaped prisoners, who have been caught and brought back. We were shown the “solitary” cells, but it was claimed these were not used except in rare instances, while the “shackles” were brought into use in only very extreme cases, it was claimed.

While we were talking a reporter from one of the Wheeling papers came in and Karsner gave him Debs’ statement about his entering prison as a flaming revolutionist. The warden pricked up his ears and insisted that Debs must not start a revolution in his prison among his “boys.”

“Debs must not organize any soviet in here,” he insisted, rather strenuously.
"A ll, or nearly all, of the enemies I’ve had during my life time have met with misfortune and tragedy. Clouds have settled early over their careers. I’m still on deck. And I’m going to emerge from this new experience in my life in triumph, too."

This is one of the conclusions that Eugene V. Debs reached, as we discussed the big incidents of his busy life, while making that memorable journey to prison from Cleveland, Ohio, to Moundsville, West Va., on Palm Sunday, April 14. He did not gloat over his fallen foes, who have sought to hold back the hands of progress on the face of time, but rather exulted in the fact that the world was moving ahead in spite of all obstacles.

It all comes back to me now, stronger than ever, as word comes from Debs’ prison down in West Virginia, that so many visitors want to see and visit with ’Gene that the Prison Warden has been compelled to turn them away, and there are so many letters coming to ’Gene in the mail from all parts of the world, that the Prison Warden is planning to change his ruling made on the night of our arrival, that ’Gene would receive all letters sent him.

The prison officials, if not the democratic officialdom at Washington, are no doubt discovering that Debs has more friends than ever.

One of Debs’ most bitter opponents during the Pullman strike was John R. Walsh, the Chicago banker and newspaper proprietor. Walsh was himself sent to prison as a bank wrecker. His friends secured his release just in time to permit him to die on “the outside.”

George Pullman and Eugene V. Debs clashed in the great Pullman railroad strike. Pullman is said to have gone to an early grave because of the wild life led by his two sons, both of whom died degenerates at an early age, also clouding the life of the wife and mother.
Judge Westenhaver, at Cleveland, who sentenced Debs to his present 10 years' imprisonment, isn't the first interpreter of law that has faced the Socialist spokesman. One of these was Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the federal district court in Chicago, who some years ago was driven from the bench in disgrace and who now lives somewhere, as Debs remarks, "an unburied corpse."

It was Judge W. W. Woods that was called upon to sit in the great "conspiracy trial" growing out of the Pullman strike, as a result of which it was hoped to send Debs to prison for life. Woods died unlamented.

It was E. St. John, chairman of the railroad managers' association, one of the most powerful and most successful of all the railroad managers this country has ever had, that claimed Debs and his American Railway Union couldn't disturb the operation of the big Rock Island railroad. When the strike came and this railroad was tied up tight from one end to the other, St. John was dismissed in disgrace, and the last heard from him was to the effect that he had some petty job on some obscure railroad down in South Carolina. These are only a few of the wrecks resulting from the efforts of the few to stop the growing power of labor from asserting itself. Perhaps in prison, Debs may find time to write the full story.

As we toured by short stages across the states of Ohio and West Virginia, Palm Sunday, April 13, dodging Socialist demonstrations wherever the United States Marshal had a suspicion any might develop, we speculated as to what sort of prison Debs was about to enter.

Debs recalled that his first experience with jails and prisons came during the "A. R. U." strike when he was thrown into the Cook County jail in Chicago.

"My chief companions in the Cook County jail," he said, "were huge, famished sewer rats that tormented me by day and kept me awake at night. One night as I dozed away they ate up my shoes and then came crawling and sniffing over me."

Debs then told how a rat terrier, the property of one of the jailers, came to his cell and he pleaded with the owner to permit the dog to remain with him, knowing that that would keep the rats away. The jailer consented, but no sooner had the cell door closed upon Debs and the rat terrier than the dog set up an unceasing howl that did not end until he was released. Even the dog refused to remain in the cell in which Debs was caged by the plutocracy of a quarter century ago.
When I was in the Cook County jail it contained 350 human beings, 300 men and 50 women,” narrated Debs. “Six unfortunates were crowded into each cell, with the result that the place became stifling hot from body warmth. The presence of swarms of lice added to the tortures suffered by these 350 prisoners who, in their struggle against the heat and vermin, undressed until most of them were stark naked. They were often bloody from head to foot thru constant scratching.”

In those early days of the American Railway Union, when the workers on the railroads were seeking to build a powerful organization to combat the railroad barons, the newspapers directed a steady stream of villification and abuse at Eugene V. Debs.

“I received from 30 to 40 letters every day as a result, in which the writers threatened to assassinate me,” said Debs. “While I was in jail on one occasion, I received a letter from a boy 18 years of age, in which he stated that he had just bought a gun and that he was coming to Chicago to ‘get my blood by Saturday night.’”

Throwing Debs and the other officials of the “A. R. U.” in jail was one of the methods resorted to by those in power to break up the strike. The offices of the union would be raided, all the records carted away, and the officials arrested. Then the kept press all over the nation would publish a report to the effect that the strike had been broken. The local officials of the “A. R. U.,” reading the local reports, would wire to Chicago for information. This would not be forthcoming because the officials were in jail and the records in the custody of servile government officials. Demoralization in the ranks of the strikers would thereupon set in.

It is interesting to note that Debs was sent to Woodstock jail for six months, whereas his fellow officials were only put in jail one month, because, as the court stated, Debs was intelligent enough to know better than to commit the crime he was charged with, the violation of a court injunction.

When Debs was taken to Woodstock jail, the prominent citizens of the Chicago suburb seriously considered lynching the terrible agitator who had been brought amongst them. On repeated occasions they protested to George Eckert, sheriff of McHenry County, who had Debs in charge, that he was treating this sower of discontent “too white.”

“You attend to your own business and I’ll take care of mine,” was the sheriff’s reply to the prominent citizens.

In Woodstock jail as everywhere else everyone with whom Debs came in personal contact immediately became his friend. When Debs left Woodstock jail he was presented with a set of
resolutions, tear stained, expressing the well wishes of his fellow prisoners, while the wife of the sheriff at each succeeding Christmas always sent Debs some remembrance, and after her death her daughter has continued to send Debs a Christmas card each year.

With these reminiscences from Debs, we who were with him on his journey to prison this year, 1919, concluded that somehow he would get along at the West Virginia state penitentiary at Moundsville, West Va.

But these same reflections threw into the limelight more than anything else the gross stupidity and utter ignorance of a reigning social order seeking to maintain itself in power by imprisoning one of its most prominent opponents.

Debs’ very presence in prison breeds the discontent and protest, whose growing power and volume will force the ruling class to liberate him immediately the volume of that protest becomes threatening enough.
In the Shadows of an American Bastille

An American bastille has broken up the family group at the bottom of this picture. The mother, Kate Richards O'Hare, has been separated by a five year prison sentence from her four children, now at that period in their lives when they most need her. She is confined in a barred cell in the women's department of the Missouri State Penitentiary, which is housed in the building shown at the top. In the upper left hand corner is the likeness of the warden who sees to it that every savage prison rule is imposed upon Mrs. O'Hare as well as upon every other prisoner, no matter what the alleged crime that has put them into his keeping.
REVOLUTIONARY DEVELOPMENTS

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THE SPREAD OF SOCIALISM FOLLOWS THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.
Part II.

The story of

Convict, Number 21,669.

Kate Richards O'Hare

Jefferson City, Mo., Prison.

April 14, 1919 (Under five year sentence).
Down at the Jefferson City, Mo., prison they say the "whipping post" is a thing of the past. There are those, however, who shake their heads. Here is the picture of the whipping posts at the prison where Kate O'Hare is serving her five-year sentence.
KATE O’HARE AND THE WAR

AFTER the votes had been cast for the various candidates for the Committee on War and Militarism at the Socialist Party Emergency Convention at St. Louis, in April, 1917, it was found that Kate Richards O’Hare stood at the top of the list. She, therefore, became the chairman of the committee that framed the now world famous St. Louis Anti-War Proclamation.

These facts no doubt caused the government to give her special attention during the months that followed. Secret service men were present at all of the meetings she addressed, and these were greater in number than ever; and the post office censors closely scrutinized all of her articles that appeared in the “Social Revolution,” of St. Louis, Mo., of which Debs was the editor.

During 1917 Kate O’Hare made a transcontinental lecture tour and at each appointment delivered the same lecture, always in the presence of a representative of the U. S. Department of Justice. Her seventy-sixth appointment was at Bowman, No. Dak., on July 17, 1917.

On July 23, 1917, U. S. Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, read into the Congressional Record a letter from Bowman, No. Dak., whose author was not willing to have his identity known. This letter dealt with a post office feud at Bowman and connected Kate O’Hare with the sordid affair because the postmistress, whom the writer wished to have removed from office, had attended her lecture.

A few days later James E. Phelan, a banker-politician of Bowman, appeared before the federal grand jury at Fargo, attended by one man who had attended Kate O’Hare’s lecture and four who had not even been in the vicinity of the meeting place. On the testimony of the men, an indictment was returned charging our comrade with an intent to interfere with the enlistment and recruiting service of the United States by the use of language first made use of in the letter read by Senator McCumber.
Kate O'Hare was put on trial at Bismarck, No. Dak., at the December, 1917, term of court, Judge Martin J. Wade of Iowa City, Ia., presiding. The prosecution produced two witnesses who had attended the lecture and three who had not entered the opera house. Eight witnesses for the defense were allowed to testify, and four were denied the right by the judge. The eight witnesses who were allowed to testify for Kate O'Hare, swore she had not used the language imputed to her, but had used the following language:

“When the governments of Europe, and the clergy of Europe demand of the women that they give themselves in marriage, or out, in order that men might ‘breed before they die,’ that was not the crime of maddened passion, it was the cold-blooded crime of brutal selfishness, and by that crime the women of Europe were reduced to the status of breeding animals on a stock farm.”

And—

“They tell you that we’re opposing enlistment. This is not true. Please understand me now and do not misquote what I say. If any young man feels that it is his duty to enlist, then with all my heart I say—‘Go and God bless you. Your blood may enrich the battlefields of France, but that may be for the best.’”

Kate O'Hare was found guilty and sentenced by Judge Wade to five years in prison at hard labor. The circuit court of appeals and the supreme court of the United States affirmed the findings of the trial court and our comrade, who had already served the Socialist movement as its international secretary, and attended the deliberations of the International Socialist Bureau shortly before the opening of the war, was taken to Jefferson City, Mo., and confined in a cell in the Missouri State Penitentiary on Monday, April 14, 1919, the day following the incarceration of Debs at the Moundsville, West Va., prison.

Booklets on the O'Hare case, the closing chapters of which have not yet been written, may be secured from the National Office, Socialist Party, 220 So. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. This little pamphlet pretends only to follow our comrade during those hours when she was being swallowed up in the dungeon that capitalism had prepared for a truth-seeker and a truth-teller.
META LILIENTHAL: “If I were not a Socialist, if I were not a pacifist, if I were not a believer in American freedom and justice—that American freedom and justice of which, alas! the war has robbed us—indeed, if I were a reactionary, I should still cry out against the imprisonment of Kate Richards O’Hare, because I am a woman and a mother.”

THERESA S. MALKIEL: “Kate Richards O’Hare has been a Socialist woman agitator for the last 17 years and has gone thru all phases of its hardships. She has undergone the strain that killed Anna Agnes Maley at the age of 43. Kate O’Hare has survived because of greater physical endurance. May that endurance carry her thru the stay in prison.”

ANITA C. BLOCK: “It had taken almost more imagination than we possess to picture Kate O’Hare in prison garb, one of a motley throng of dope-fiends, petty thieves and other pitiful victims of the rotten social system which she has fought so fearlessly and persistently that her fight finally led her straight into the paws of that very one of its institutions which most confesses its awful failure, namely, the modern prison.”

LENA MORROW LEWIS: “Kate Richards O’Hare is not in prison as an individual, guilty of some anti-social crime against society; she is there as one of the many who embody the conscious protest against tyranny and oppression.”

GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK: “Kate Richards O’Hare is not in her prime, the prime of her splendid powers, today. And she is in prison—her lips locked for five years; her pen paralyzed for five years; her life sealed up for five years; her eloquent voice to be unheard in the Revolution for five years. Because of tomorrow. Mark that—because of tomorrow. Tomorrow we shall cannonade Capitalism with the heavy artillery of the Revolution, with unlimited quantities of first class new ammunition—new facts with which the humblest untutored wage slave will be able to chase shame-faced senators, bankers and industrial captains clear off the stage of public discussion.”

EUGENE V. DEBS: “For almost 20 years Kate Richards O’Hare has stood at the forefront fighting fearlessly every battle for the emancipation of the world’s exploited and enslaved working people. With all the strength of her body, all the power of her splendid mind, and all the passion of her heroic soul, she has consecrated herself to the cause of the men, women and children who toil and are robbed, who produce and are despised, and whose sad simple annals is the tragedy of the race.”
AN EASTER SUNDAY

Jefferson City, Mo., April 20, 1919.

I HAVE an Easter Sunday greeting to the toiling masses of the United States and of the world.

It comes out of the depths of the Missouri state penitentiary, here at Jefferson City, from the most noted woman political prisoner held in penal servitude by the crumbling capitalist system—our own Kate Richards O'Hare.

Before the great war she sat in the world councils of Socialism as the International Secretary of the American Socialist Party. Because of her stand for International Socialism during the war she is now convict No. 21,669, a federal prisoner in this state penitentiary.

Her message on Easter Sunday, 1919, is as follows:

"This is Easter, and I think it means more to me than any other Easter in my whole life. I feel that I have come just a little nearer to the soul of the universe; that I can touch hands across the ages with all who have walked thru Gethsemane and who have found peace for their own souls in service for others.

"It seems strange, but it is true, that today that it is not my loved ones, not even my comrades, that I long to reach with an Easter message of love and cheer, I know they do not need it as some others do. My own have the memories of long years of love and they can afford to lend me for a time to these poor, despoiled, despairing creatures here. I want you, my children and my husband, to feel that you have only loaned me for a time to those who need me far more bitterly than you do.

"I want the comrades with whom I have worked for many years, not to be bitter if I am taken away for a little while. I am deeply grateful to be where I am today and to have found such a place of service. There are so many who need me here. The
poor little dope fiend in the cell next to me needs me more than my own do. You have love and health and the beautiful world; she has only the hellish cry of her nerves for 'dope,' the black despair from the neglect of those who should help her, and the gnawing hunger of her long undernourished body. I can feed her and encourage her and pet her.

"If I were outside today I might be speaking to a great crowd, but I wonder if the fact that I am behind prison walls because I have held fast to my principles will not make more converts to those principles than any words I could say. Perhaps my empty place and silent voice will serve my comrades and cause better than my presence.

"So do not worry about me, and do not be sad, I am all right and I will come back to my husband a better wife, to my children a more tender mother, and to the Socialist movement a wiser and more efficient comrade."

Kate Richards O'Hare was swallowed up by the Missouri prison on the evening of Monday, April 14, even as Eugene V. Debs had joined the convict host in the West Virginia state penitentiary the night before.

She had therefore spent just six days in convict garb as I sat and waited with a dozen others in the place set apart for curious visitors in the women's prison chapel. The prison warden, W. R. Painter, had told me that the Easter Sunday chapel services for the women prisoners would be public and I had come with the rest.

There would be a good attendance because I had read in the chaplain's report that "Attendance at these services has been voluntary for the men. The women have been required to attend when not sick or excused by the matron." The prison rules and regulations state that "the moral support of religious instruction is necessary for all."

The services were in charge of a social worker from the city. She kept nervously rearranging the bunches of lilacs and the ferns on the raised platform that served as altar. She glanced over at the visitors several times and then came over to me.

"Are you the minister?" she asked. I confessed I was not. This caused the real minister, who was sitting near to speak up.

A girl thereupon started playing a slow march tune on the piano and then they came, the 80 women that the state of Missouri has picked from its millions and incarcerated here in dungeons. Single file, lock step, they came. Their dresses were of the plain-
est, all of a light blue, with a small white collar, sometimes a bit of lace, most often not.

There was a small break in the line. Then came rebellious Emma Goldman, who also made a speech and got two years for it. She has been here for a year. It was the same Emma Goldman I had heard deliver a lecture on the works of Jack London in Chicago during the early days of the war. She had not changed. The line kept moving. Kate Richards O'Hare walked in as if she were stepping out on the stage of Orchestra Hall in Chicago, or Carnegie Hall in New York City, before some huge mass meeting. She saw all the visitors at a glance, smiled and nodded to me and I smiled and nodded back again.

She was the next to the last among the whites. Then came the negro women, and when they had all been seated one could see that the two races were about equally represented.

Easter Sunday's sun poured in thru the heavily barred windows as these women convicts sang old time religious songs. Then there was a prayer and the women sat stolidly thru the sermon. When the closing song was being disposed of there was a small tumult among the visitors. Something had evidently been forgotten. Yes, a woman had come to tell the convicts a few stories. She was presented, therefore, immediately the song was over. They were good, humorous stories, told well, and the convicts smiled, then laughed, then applauded, and applauded for more. The story teller made a little apology for its being Sunday, and then told another. Even the social worker in charge warmed up to the occasion and admitted that she thought it was the wish of Jesus Christ that we should all be smiling and happy and gay.

Then that slow lockstep tune was played again and the line, first white then black, wended its way out of the chapel hall and down the stairs, and out into the women's playground where it broke up.

Warden Painter had shown me a picture of the women's prison, taken from the street “outside.” He had indicated that the playground was just the other side of the high wall to the right of the building. Of course I was anxious to see what the playground consisted of. I am sure that not even the Warden, a former lieutenant governor of Missouri, is very proud of it, at least that is what I thought as I looked down into this small yard from the chapel window. There wasn't a blade of grass anywhere and the clothesline was still up from the last washday. The women didn't play. They just sat or walked about.
Kate O'Hare had nodded to me and smiled again as she left the chapel with her fellow convicts. I saw her again, thru the door that led out into the yard, as I left the building with the other visitors. She seemed just as good natured as when she last visited the party headquarters in Chicago. At that moment I hoped that her good nature would stay with her thru all these trying days. For here Kate O'Hare has been doomed by a federal court to spend the next five years of her life. It is to this prison that another federal judge, down in Kansas City, has sentenced Rose Pastor Stokes to serve ten years in expiation of the crime she is alleged to have committed against the social system under which we all live.

"I want my comrades not to be bitter," says Kate O'Hare in her Easter Sunday message to those who will wait and work for her release.

But how can they help it?
HER "TASK"

Jefferson City, Mo, April 21, 1919.

THERE is but one "task" for the women in the Missouri state prison—the making of overalls.

The men may be assigned to any "task" among many. There's the broom factory, the shoe factory, the leather novelty works, the machine shop, the stone cutting shed, among others.

"This is all we have for the women to do," said Miss Lilah Smith, the matron, as we stood in the entrance to the overall factory, which is housed in one of the big rooms of the woman's prison.

There the women toiled over the high-powered sewing machines making overalls, also called "jumpers." The "task" set for Kate Richards O'Hare, former International Secretary of the American Socialist Party, and chairman of the committee on war and militarism that drew up the now famous St. Louis Anti-War Proclamation, is 55 overalls per day. If you do not make the "task" you are penalized.

I glanced over the room where there was no sound but the whirring of wheels and the suppressed roar of needles as they raced along and drove the thread thru the thick cloth, either singly, double, or sometimes three needles abreast.

It was getting well along in the afternoon. Kate O'Hare was bent to her task as if her life depended on it. I wondered how many more of those 55 overalls she had yet to make before her day's "task" was done, or until the workers of this land will liberate her from her prison cell. I also wondered if the time would ever come during the days that are ahead, when her fingers might be caught in the drag that keeps pulling that cloth into the path of the hungry needles. I was told that such accidents happen here in the prison factories just as they do in industries on the "outside"—that fingers are mashed and pierced with threaded needles. Every girl was driving her machine at high speed, with eyes glued...
to the task, no doubt the result of the whip applied by Rule No. 32, of the prison regulations that:

"When at work, give your undivided attention to it. Gazing at visitors, or at other prisoners, will not be allowed."

Yet, as her machine rushed on, Emma Goldman looked up for a moment from her "task." There was a world of rebellion in a single glance, and then she resumed her sentry's watch over the tireless needle.

In the center of the back of the room, behind the toiling convict women there is a platform on which sits the forelady, watching over the labors of these others from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon, with an hour for lunch.

I was trying to study the forelady by her features when the matron said, so she could be heard above the noise of the machines, "There is that noted Goldman woman," and I tried to show the same curiosity as others who come to this prison just to look. I noticed she said "noted" and not "notorious," a bit in her favor.

"How do you get along with her?" I asked.

"Well," replied the matron, "she tries to carry on her work here on the 'inside' just as she did on the 'outside,' and of course we can't stand for that."

There is absolutely no attempt made to differentiate between political prisoners and those committed to Missouri's penitentiary for the usual crimes against society. I asked Warden Painter about this and his only answer was, "We treat them all alike." He did not seem to comprehend what was meant by a "political prisoner."

We, therefore, find Kate O'Hare, the world's most prominent woman political prisoner since Rosa Luxembourg was murdered in Moabit prison, in Berlin, Germany, at the height of the Spartacan revolution in January, working here like an ordinary criminal. At the end of her first week's prison experience, Kate O'Hare was as spirited as ever, with courage unshaken and her outlook undimmed.

"I am quite all right," she declared, using almost exactly the same words employed by Debs after his first night in his prison cell.

"I feel perfectly well," she persisted, "sleep like a baby and eat like a harvest hand. The rest and quiet after the stress, strain and hard work of these trying times is really restful.

"So far I seem to feel no sense of shock, whatsoever. I entered here quite as calmly as I have registered at hundreds of hotels
and the clang of the cell door did not disturb me more than the slamming of my room door by a careless bell boy.

"Life is the 'Great Adventure' and I am living one of its most interesting and illuminating experiences. I have learned much, so very much, in these strained days; lessons of pride and humility, lessons of laughter and sorrow, lessons of high comedy and bitter tragedy. I have learned that prison cells can teach greater and more useful lessons than college class rooms.

"Don't think that I am gloomy and lonely and unloved here, for I certainly am not. Thru all the tragedy and heartache there comes sparkles of wit and flashes of humor, and we really find many things to laugh over.

"Our little world has its comedies, its vanities, its classes, and its castes, just like the big world outside. The 'federals' are for some reason the 'upper class,' and the 'politicals' are the 'aristocracy.'" So it would seem that the prisoners themselves recognize the difference between themselves, where the prison officials and the prison system does not. Kate O'Hare continued:

"There are three real 'politicals,' Emma Goldman, a wonderful little Italian girl of 18, and myself. There is another 'espionage,' but she is just a poor, simple, old soul, about as dangerous to the government as an unoffending Jersey cow.

"Next in rank are the women who have disposed of undesirable husbands, and at this point I want to expound for all my male friends a bit of wisdom. If you chance to have one of those meek, patient, quiet, longsuffering wives, beware that you do not try her too far, or some morning you may wake up in Paradise—or the other place. If you have chanced to get a temperamental lady, of shrewish tendencies, you may be uncomfortable, but you will be safe."

Kate O'Hare then told of her experiences with the other prisoners. She likened her efforts to get in touch with the driftwood thrown up by the criminal world, to the obstacles encountered by the clergyman of a well-to-do flock in St. Louis who could not develop a point of contact with the working class of that city.

"I feel the same way in my contact with the other inmates," she said. "I want to come close to these women. I want to serve them. But I am always conscious of the fact that they feel that I am one apart from them. Quite often I feel that I am uncovering a mine of psychological material, or a rich vein of underdog philosophy, and just when I am getting what I want, some cynical soul says, 'Aw, cut it—she's a lady.' And I am baffled and shut out and realize that 'ladies' and 'clergymen' are purely ornamental, and can have no relations to real life."
"But I feel that I am winning ground and in time I will not be penalized for being a 'lady.'"

The former member of the International Socialist Bureau then told of her experiences in the prison factory.

"One thing in my favor is that I can work," she said. "I am certainly thankful for my machine shop training."

Before her marriage to Frank P. O'Hare, Mrs. O'Hare was employed in a machine shop owned by her father at Kansas City, Missouri.

"The work in the factory here does not trouble me in the least," she contends. "I understand that I have unwittingly broken all records for beginners. Of course, I feel a little stiff and sore, but it is nothing serious. I feel sure that by next week I will be able to make the 'task,' which for my work is 55 jumpers each day."

"I have received so many beautiful letters. You must let my comrades know that I will be glad to get letters from them. There is no limit to what I can receive. But I can only write one letter a week and that of course must be to my family."

Kate O'Hare also asks that she be sent new books, as she cannot get too much reading matter. There are 80 girls in the prison, and there is not a book, magazine or partical of reading matter supplied to the women. There is a prison library but it seems that this is monopolized exclusively by the male prisoners.

The food served is eatable only as a last resort. Those prisoners who have money, or with friends on the "outside" can have anything they want in the way of cold food sent in.

"It will take some thought for me to work out a balanced ration," says Mrs. O'Hare. "But I will do the best I can. Tell the women comrades that I will be very glad to have any sort of home made jams, jellies and pickles, in fact, anything that is put up in small containers."

Several of the Jewish Socialists have promised to send Mrs. O'Hare some Matzos, for which she had confessed a liking.

In speaking of the presence of Emma Goldman and the little Italian girl "political" prisoner, whose name I failed to learn, Mrs. O'Hare said:

"It is certainly a great thing for me to have two women like the two 'politicals' with me here. Miss Goldman is very fine and sweet and intellectually companionable, while the little girl is a darling. We really have very interesting times."

As a parting word, Mrs. O'Hare said:

"Tell all the comrades to go on with my work and all will be well!"
KATE O'Hare is in the state penitentiary over in Jefferson City, serving a five year sentence because of her allegiance to her Socialist principles.

In the meantime Frank O'Hare, here in St. Louis, waits, works and watches, not only to make prison life more endurable for the wife and mother, but to leave no stone unturned that might result in her early release, which Kate O'Hare says will come with the liberation of all political and industrial class war prisoners.

I found Frank O'Hare in his office, 1011 Holland Bldg., and he was writing Governor Gardner, of Missouri, urging that Mrs. O'Hare be given permission to carry on sociological work within the prison, in lieu of her work in the prison overall factory.

"Frank and Kate", as they have been known in the Socialist movement for a score of years, have been working on this plan for more than a year. It was with this in mind that an effort was made to have her transferred to the state penitentiary in North Dakota, under the regime of the Nonpartisan League, but this effort failed.

For many months, however, Kate O'Hare has been acquainting herself with all the writings of the prominent authorities on criminology and sociology, getting in personal touch with all the well known experts in this country. This study has taken her to many of the better known universities in the land.

Mrs. O'Hare made a personal visit to Governor Gardner of this state and urged that she be allowed to do this work. He said he would take the matter under advisement, in the meantime showing considerable interest until the newspapers took up the question, when the Governor retired into his shell, claiming that he hadn't known that Mrs. O'Hare was a convict-to-be at the time of her visit to his office. It is understood that an order permitting Mrs. O'Hare to carry on the work in question must come from President Wilson, although a recommendation from the Governor would have considerable influence.

"Mrs. O'Hare in due time will present to the President her request to be permitted to do sociological work within the prison," Frank O'Hare wrote Governor Gardner. "She hopes to have the co-operation of scientific, medical and psychological experts in the comprehensive survey which is contemplated.

"Such permission will not be considered as a favor by Mrs. O'Hare," he continued. "She simply tenders her expert services to
the public welfare, and it is simply a matter of the president's discretion whether or not her tender is accepted.

"A large number of scientific men and women are assisting in the preparation of the plan and questionnaire. It will be some weeks before this preliminary work is finished!"

In discussing the imprisonment of his wife and co-worker, Frank O'Hare voices Kate's feelings rather than his own.

"Mrs. O'Hare feels that she can stay in prison just as long as the democratic administration can afford to keep her there", he says. "All she demands is that congress and the administration make an investigation of the facts leading up to her arrest in Devil's Lake, No. Dak., on July 29, 1917, and in face of these facts, if the administration in power can afford to keep her in prison, she is willing to stay.

"The court of last resort in this case now is the American people and they will be informed of the facts. I am prepared to carry her fight to the people of the United States and let them pass on the injustice of the conviction and imprisonment of an innocent woman. The people will be informed of the conspiracy of Bowman, No. Dak. No one ever thought Mrs. O'Hare would go to prison. Now that she is actually serving a term in prison, the people are awakening. She is not requesting pardon because she cannot do that when she is not guilty."

The same fear and trembling on the part of the authorities that characterized the rushing of 'Gene Debs off to prison was shown by federal officials in putting Mrs. O'Hare into convict garb.

It was after completing a 14-day farewell tour of Eastern cities, making her final address at Minneapolis, Minn., April 7, that Kate O'Hare journeyed to Fargo, N. Dak., where she arrived several days before the time she was to give herself up. She surrendered herself to the federal authorities on Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, April 12, at the same time that Debs was receiving his prison orders from the federal attorney who prosecuted him to come to Cleveland.

During the days that she waited before surrendering herself to the authorities, the plute papers in Fargo were much excited, imagining that all sorts of demonstrations were about to take place. Frank O'Hare had come from St. Louis to be with his wife and this gave the papers additional cold shivers. The atmosphere became so tense and the bourbon press so terrorized the authorities that Frank O'Hare returned to St. Louis on April 11, after assuring himself that Mrs. O'Hare's journey to prison would be made as comfortable as possible.
It was at midnight, April 12, that Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal and Mrs. Wattles took their prisoner out of Fargo on the long journey to Jefferson City, Mo., so that the prison city was not reached until the night of Monday, April 14. She was "dressed in," or became a convict, on the morning of Tuesday, April 15.

The strict discipline of the Missouri penitentiary, which is more severe than in other states, will not be eased up the slightest particle for the woman who sat as chairman of the Committee on War and Militarism at the St. Louis Convention (1917) of the Socialist Party. She will be permitted to write but one letter a week. The federal prison at Leavenworth, Kans., is inaugurating a plan to allow all prisoners to write at least three letters a week.

When Frank O'Hare came to the prison on Tuesday, April 15, to see his wife for the first time after entering the penitentiary, he was at first refused permission to see her. It was only after considerable difficulty, and after interviewing several state officials, the capitol of Missouri also being located in Jefferson City, that he was allowed to see her. And then his visit was limited to a few minutes on one day. When he returned to Jefferson City the following Sunday, Easter Sunday, he was told that he could not see her until Monday.

Both Kate Richards O'Hare and Emma Goldman number among their friends some of the most prominent women of Jefferson City. One of them had to walk rough shod over the prison officials before she was permitted to see Kate O'Hare on Saturday, April 19, and to send her some delicacies on Easter Sunday morning. All the indications are that the policy of isolating Kate O'Hare from the world is being enforced to the limit.

All of which is no doubt in keeping with the big prison plan to eliminate a human being as much as possible from the world's rushing activities. How it is all reduced to a silent smoothly moving mechanism is probably best shown by paragraph No. 28 of the Prison Rules and Regulations, which outlines the conduct of the convicts while at their meals. It reads:

"Should you desire additional food, make your wants known to the waiters in the following manner:

"If you want bread, hold up your right hand.

"Coffee or water, hold up your cup.

"Meat, hold up your fork.

"Soup, hold up your spoon.

"Vegetables, hold up your knife.

"If you desire to speak to an officer about food or service in the dining hall, hold up your left hand."
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There's Flora I. Foreman, a school teacher, broken in health but not in spirit, waiting for us to open the doors of prison so that she may again enjoy the sunshine.

There's Carl Haessler and J. O. Bentall; there's A. L. Hitchcock, Paul Saudargas and Carl Larsen. Then there's Eugene V. Debs, 63 years old, yet ready to stay until all are freed. And Kate Richards O'Hare, longing for her four children and the children for her.

There are many, many more. And you're not free while they are in prison. And your duty is plain.

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Shall we make their life in prison as comfortable as possible? Shall we provide them with books and magazines? Shall we gladden the hearts of hundreds of comrades, unknown except in their own community, by sending them a regular monthly cash remittance with which to buy extra food and luxuries on sale within the prison walls? Shall we serve the mass long as they serve us?

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More than a dozen of our comrades are at present standing trial. Justice—how funny that word sounds—but justice
costs money! The war is over! But not the war against our party and its members. We'll not say quits. It's to the finish.

help!

You say we must free our political prisoners. And then we ask you how? And then we answer our own question by telling you that it can only be done by carrying on a successful nation-wide Publicity-Organization Campaign. If "Dad" Cumbie, Eugene V. Debs and many others of our older comrades are not to die in prison we'll have to acquaint thousands with the righteousness of our cause. The Socialists of Sweden, Italy, Russia, England and France have already made demands upon the United States that it free its political prisoners. Like demands are being made every day by unions and other workers' organizations throughout this country. We must organize these demands, these protests, as well as the workers behind them.

help!

Have you ever wondered how the families of these many prisoners were getting on? Who is supporting them? Who is clothing them? Are the children receiving sufficient nourishment while father is in prison? Again we say—your duty is plain.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR THE RIGHT

The National Socialist Party, thru its legal counsel, has defended eight conspiracy cases involving the liberty of about 30 defendants. The verdicts rendered in six of these cases were "Not Guilty."

In one case, generally known as "The Masses Case", two trials resulted in disagreements, and the case has since been stricken from the docket and dismissed.

There were two convictions, one in West Virginia against Firth, Green, Tobias and Howes, sentenced to six months confinement in the Cable County (Huntington, W. V.) jail; and the conviction in Chicago against Berger, Germer, Engdahl, Tucker and Kruse.

The Chicago conviction has been appealed to the United States Circuit of Appeals, and the record is now being prepared. Because of the long trial, resulting in a record of 4,000 pages, this is the most expensive case which we have pending. The defendants were each sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. They were released on bonds.

The National Socialist Party has also directly participated in the defense of about 18 cases brought against comrades charged with violating the Espionage Act.

Out of these 18 cases there has been an acquittal or a verdict directed in favor of the defendants in better than two out of three.

J. O. Bentall was convicted in Minneapolis, Minn., and sentenced to five years. His case is pending on appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit.

Rose Pastor Stokes was convicted at Kansas City and was sentenced to 10 years. Her case stands on appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit.

Abraham I. Sugarman was convicted at Minneapolis, Minn., and his case was appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court and dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

Kate Richards O'Hare was tried in Bismarck, N. D. She was found guilty and sentenced to five years imprisonment. The case was appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit and affirmed. A petition was then filed with the U. S. Supreme Court asking it to review the case. This has been done and a mandate has been issued directing the marshal to take her in custody and put her behind the bars of the state prison at Jefferson City, Mo.

The National Socialist Party has also assisted financially in paying the expenses, stenographer's fees, etc., for a large number of cases throughout the country.

There are about seven cases all told pending, which may or may not be called for trial. There are several indictments against Victor L. Berger, Oscar Ameringer, Edmund T. Melms, Louis A. Arnold, Leo Krzyski, and the Milwaukee Leader, in Wisconsin; cases against Burleson and Morton in Arizona; and John La Duca, secretary of the Italian Socialist Federation, and others for conspiracy in Chicago.

The three cases which it is important to call to the attention of the public are against Eugene V. Debs, Berger, Germer, Engdahl, Kruse and Tucker, and Kate Richards O'Hare.
Hour of the People
Is Not Far Distant

At its May, 1919, meeting the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party sent a greeting to all Socialists then in prison as follows:

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of the United States, assembled in Chicago, sends you its greetings and best wishes of the entire Socialist Party membership.

We wish to again voice our sincere appreciation of the services you have rendered the Socialist Party, and thru it, to the working class of the world. More than this, for you are at present giving all workers the greatest service it is permitted a Socialist to render the cause.

We know that you are composed in mind and unvanquished in spirit; that the spirit of the New Day presides with you throughout your months of imprisonment giving you that courage and equanimity to be found in every son of toil who realizes that the future belongs to us—that the hour of the people is not far distant.