

### OUR 'GENE.

*Standing like a shaft of light,  
Cloud by day and fire by night,  
For the thing you think is right,  
Dominating all your scene,  
None may daunt you, brave Eugene!*

*We may bind and make you mute,  
We may stripe you in the suit  
Of the meanest felon. Aye,  
We may scourge and crucify,  
But your soul, sublime, serene,  
Who can crucify, Eugene?*

*Nay, I am not of your Cause.\*  
I hold firm we dare not pause,  
Till we sear the fangs and claws  
Of the Beast; that Devil's own  
Squatting on the Potsdam throne.*

*Yet, altho' I flout your clan,  
Tho' I disbelieve your plan,  
Answer me who will or can;—  
Who out-mans you as a Man?  
Humble, homely, lank and lean,  
Heart un-veiled and conscience clean,  
Kindly-minded, clear and keen;  
Pomp and Pilates seem but mean  
Shadowed by your soul, Eugene.*

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

\* The above poem was written in the court room  
by Edmund Vance Cook who is not a Socialist



# Childhood

*By*

EUGENE V. DEBS





## CHILDHOOD

---

What sweet emotions the recollections of childhood inspire, and how priceless its treasured memories in our advancing and declining years!

Laughing eyes and curly hair, little brown hands and bare feet, innocent and care-free, trusting and loving, tender and pure, what an elevating and satisfying influence these little gods have upon our maturer years!

Childhood! What a holy theme! Flowers they are, with souls in them, and if on this earth man has a sacred charge, a holy obligation, it is to these tender buds and blossoms of humanity.

Yet how many of them are prematurely plucked, fade and die and are trampled in the mire. Many millions of them have been snatched from the cradle and stolen from their play to be fed to the forces that turn a working-man's blood into a capitalist's gold, and many millions of others have been crushed and perverted into filth for the slums and food for the potter's field.

Childhood is at the parting of the ways which lead to success or failure, honor or disgrace, life or death. Society is, or ought to be, profoundly concerned in the nature of the environment that is to mold the character and determine the career of its children, and any remissness in such duty is rebuked by the most painful penalties, and these are inflicted with increasing severity upon the people of the United States.

Childhood is the most precious charge of the family and the community, but our capitalist civilization sacrifices it ruthlessly to gratify its brutal lust for pelf and power, and the march of its conquest is stained with the blood of infants and paved with the puny bones of little children.

What shall the harvest be?

The millions of children crushed and slain in the conquest of capitalism have not died in vain. From their little martyr graves all over this fair land their avenging images are springing up, as it were, against the system that murdered them and pronouncing upon it, in the name of God and humanity, the condemnation of death.



## Them Flowers

(To My Good Friend, Eugene V. Debs)

Take a feller 'ats sick, and laid up on the  
self,

All shaky, and ga'nted and pore,  
And all so knocked out he can't handle  
hisself

With a stiff upper-lip any more;  
Shet him up all alone in the gloom of a  
room,

As dark as the tomb, and as grim,  
And then take and send him some roses  
in bloom,

And you kin have fun out o' him!

You've seed him, 'fore now, when his liver  
was sound,

And his appetite notched like a saw,  
A chaffin' you, mebbey,' for romancin'  
round

With a big posey bunch in yer paw  
But you ketch him, say, when his health  
is away,

And he's flat on his back in distress,  
And then you can trot out your little  
bokay

And not be insulted, I guess!

You see, it's like this, what his weak-  
nesses is,

Then flowers makes him think of the  
days

Of his innocent youth, and that mother o'  
his,

And the roses she used to raise;

So here all alone with the roses you send,  
Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint;

My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old  
friend,

Is a—leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!

## TWO HOOSIER POEMS

### Terry Aut and Them Flowers

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY





## Regardin' Terry Hut

Sence I tuck holt o' Gibbises Churn  
And ben a-handlin' the concern,  
I've traveled round the grand ole State  
Of Indiany lots, of late!  
I've canvassed Crawferdsville and sweat  
Around the town of Lafayette;  
I've saw many a County-seat  
I ust to think was hard to beat;  
At constant dreenage and expense  
I've worked Greencastle and Vincennes—  
Dropped out o' Putnam into Clay,  
Owen, and on down thataway  
Plum' into Knox, on the back-track  
Fer home again—and glad I'm back!—  
I've saw these towns, as I say—but  
They's none 'at beats ole Terry Hut!

It's more'n likely you'll insist  
I claim this 'cause I'm prejudist,  
Bein' born'd here in ole Vygo  
In sight o' Terry Hut;—but no,  
Yer clean dead wrong! and I maintain  
They's nary drap in ary vein  
O' mine but what's as free as air  
To jest take issue with you there!—  
'Cause, boy and man, fer forty year,  
I've argied against livin' here,  
And jawed around and traded lies  
About our lack o' enterprise;  
And tuck and turned in and agreed  
All other towns was in the lead,  
When—drat my melts—they couldn't cut  
No shine a-tall with Terry Hut!

Take, even, statesmanship and wit,  
And gineral git-up-and-git,—  
Old Terry Hut is sound clean through!—  
Turn ole Dick Thompson loose, er Dan  
Vorehees—and where's they any man  
Kin even hold a candle to  
Their eloquence? And where's as clean  
A fi-nan-seer as Rile' McKeen—  
Er puorer, in his daily walk,  
In railroad er in racein' stock!  
And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands  
And jest holds out in his two hands  
As warm a heart as ever beat  
Betwixt here and the Jedgement Seat!—  
All these is reasons why I put  
Sich bulk o' faith in Terry Hut.

So I've come back, with eyes 'at sees  
My faults, at least,—to make my peace  
With this old place, and truthful swear—  
Like Ginerall Tom Nelson does,—  
“They haint no city anywhere  
On God's green earth lays over us!”  
Our city government is grand—  
“Ner is they better farmin'-land  
Sun-kissed”—as Tom goes on and says—  
“Er dower'd with sich advantages!”  
And I've come back, with welcome tread,  
From journeyin's vain, as I have said,  
To settle down in ca'm content,  
And cuss the towns where I have went,  
And brag on ourn and boast and strut  
Around the streets o' Terry Hut!





Also PIERCE HOTEL, Calmar, Iowa

# *"The Wales"*

THOS. M. PIERCE, Proprietor  
CHAS. A. RYAN, Manager

Dubuque, Iowa, \_\_\_\_\_



The Rebel and its Record -  
By Eugene T. Debs

---

Three years ago the Rebel had its birth and in that brief span of time it has grown so rapidly and developed such remarkable power that it stands today in the front rank of the revolution. The record of the Rebel from its inception to the third anniversary it is now celebrating is one replete with revolutionary energy, activity and achievement. From its first issue it sounded <sup>the</sup> clear and



(2)

distinct note of ~~the~~  
proletarian revolt against  
the despotism and ex-  
ploitation of the capitalist  
system, and from that hour  
to this all the ability and  
resources at its command  
have been strained to  
their utmost to arouse  
the exploited and long  
suffering victims of  
this tyrannical system  
to rise in their might  
and overthrow the present  
cruel and despotic  
order and emancipate  
themselves from bondage.



In every struggle in Texas during the last three years between the toiling and producing masses and the landlords and capitalists who rob and oppress them, the Rebel has stood staunchly, fearlessly <sup>and</sup> unflinchingly on the side of the oppressed and this of itself determines the character, the principles and the purpose of this valient exponent of the social revolution. The Rebel neither assns



(4)  
nor grants quarters to  
the capitalist class or  
the capitalist system.

It is committed ir-  
revocably to the abolition  
of the one and the  
overthrow of the other..

It cannot therefore  
receive any support  
from that source but  
must continue to main-  
tain itself in spite of  
that <sup>corrupt and</sup> crushing power.

For this ~~reason~~ reason  
it should have the  
loyal support of the



working class, including  
the farmers, who are  
feeling ever more keenly  
the relentless power of  
the landlord class which  
despoils them of the  
fruit of their labor.

The Rebel is fighting  
their battles and unless  
they are ~~dead to~~  
wholly indifferent to their  
fate and dead to every  
sentiment of liberty and  
self-respect they will  
rally to its support



(6)

in increasing numbers and  
with intensifying ardor  
and enthusiasm until  
its permanency is assured  
beyond <sup>all</sup> question and its  
power recognized throughout  
the state.

It is only since the Rebel  
is in the field that the  
land question from the  
point of view of the  
socialist philosophy has  
been given its vital and  
far-reaching significance.  
The land issue is now



7  
understood, thanks to the  
Rebel, by thousands of  
the tenant farmers in  
Texas who have been  
reduced to almost  
servile servility and  
these are now joining  
the socialist party that  
they may make common  
cause with the exploited  
wage-slaves of the  
industrial centers in  
the economic and political  
struggle for their common  
emancipation.



8

The tenant farmers  
are almost if not quite  
as completely robbed as  
are the industrial work-  
ers in the mills and  
factories and their  
proper place is in the  
~~Boys~~ Renters' Union  
and the Socialist Party,  
and through the educa-  
tional influence of  
the Rebel they are being  
brought into line  
under the banner of  
the revolution by



9

increasing thousands  
over all that vast  
agricultural empire.

The fitting way for  
the friends and comrades  
of the Rebel's valiant  
editor to celebrate its  
anniversary is to send  
him a list of subscribers  
in testimony of their  
appreciation of his  
services and as a  
pledge of future  
loyalty to the Rebel and  
the Revolution.

x x x x



that while Phillips' work was a noble mission of local limitation, Debs' crusade against white slavery is incomparably grander in its magnificent world-wide scope that embraces the foundations of all human society.

The daily press does not make the error of overstating facts favorable to those who boldly attack the forces arrayed against the labor movement, so we may at least accept all they say of Mr. Debs' wonderful success in his chosen mission. On Monday evening, February 20, he lectured in Springfield, Ohio, and the dailies devoted columns to reporting and discussing him. A few brief extracts give a vivid picture of Mr. Debs' intellectual conquest of the Ohio city:

*The Daily Democrat contains this:*

"Eugene V. Debs, the celebrated labor leader, held an audience spell-bound for two hours last night. The aisles were full of people who gladly stood throughout the entire address, and people even stood in the doors eager to see and hear a man who had gained a national reputation."

*The Daily Gazette says:*

Mr. Eugene V. Debs certainly has reason to pride himself upon the audience which turned out to hear him last evening. We have not had such an outpouring since the presidential election, hardly then. \* \* \* He spoke two and a quarter hours. At the close the audience broke into cheers. No event of the kind has created such interest as the Debs meeting."

*Says the Daily Republic Times:*

"Long before the opening hour the house was packed to suffocation by a representative audience of Springfield's best citizens, fully 500 people being obliged to content themselves with standing room only. \* \* When he took his seat the house was fairly shaken to its foundations with the outburst of applause. The address was one of a most beneficial character for both the laboring and professional man. \* \* \* The event was certainly a success in every way and the Trades Assembly is to be complimented for bringing such an able speaker to the city."

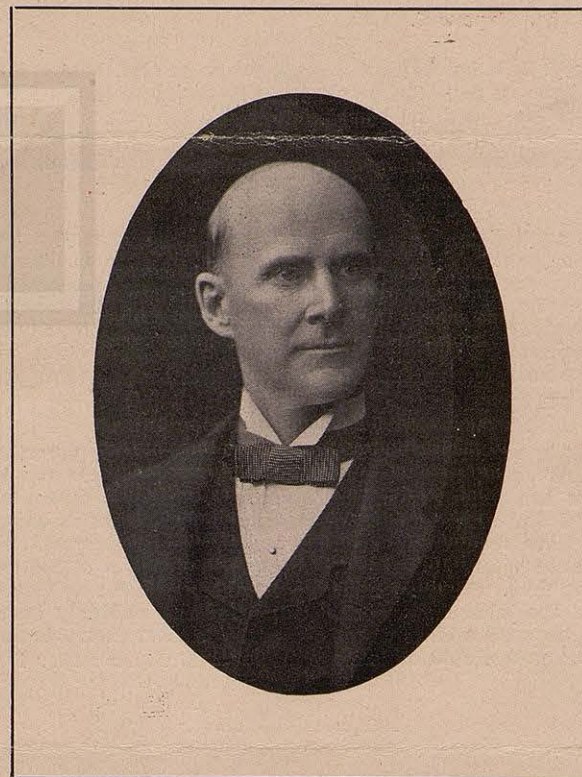
*The Daily Republic-Times says editorially:*

"A man terribly in earnest and impressing one as having a mission, clean cut as to both figure and speech; a student of conditions and with a marvelous ability to marshal facts together in an argument; a man from the common ranks and evidently intended by nature as a leader; a man whom the whole country has already heard from, and no doubt, will again; a man evidently sincere and with a desire for the elevation of man and the amelioration of the hard social and industrial conditions of the day; an agitator who does not seem to be a ranter, but practical, evidently honest, and willing to concede sincerity of opinion to others who may not agree with him; a polished speaker and a man moved by deep convictions—all of this, Eugene V. Debs impresses his hearers as being."

Such comment by the daily press means something, and that something is that a new apostle has arisen to unite the hosts of toil; that he has taken up his task with such profound conviction of its importance and such keen sympathy with suffering humanity that even the voice of natural opponents is hushed into respectful silence or finds expression, in spite of class interests and previous training, in praise of the noble words and work of this remarkable man.—*Michigan Labor Herald.*

## PRESS COMMENT

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*Eugene V. Debs*





## THE LABOR PAPERS.

### Say that Debs' Lectures are Great Boom for Unionism.

"The Central Labor Union conferred an untold favor on the people of this city when they arranged the lecture by Mr. Eugene V. Debs, which was delivered at the Academy of Music Sunday afternoon. No one who was present will be absent when he comes again, if they can help it."—

*Saginaw Labor Exponent.*

"Eugene V. Debs has come and gone, but he has left behind him an impression that will not soon be effaced. It would be impossible to give the effect of his speech on his audience. To his critics and opponents he was a revelation. They seemed spell-bound. His labor views were indorsed by the very people who had before so cruelly misunderstood him."—*Lansing correspondent Grand Rapids Workman.*

"A few capitalist sheets which boldly declare that the 'contented worker is a jewel,' express the hope that Debs will not come this way again. They are the fellows who love a union like Vanderbilt did the people, and they are quick to see that the result of Debs' tour in Michigan was to greatly strengthen the unions and make them popular. New labor organizations are already springing up in the cities where he spoke. The universal demand in labor circles is that he come again, and that soon."—*Bay City Labor Chronicle.*

"Nothing less than the word marvelous can properly describe the results of Eugene V. Debs' lecture tour in this state. If the labor organizations had united in one supreme effort to give trades unionism a boom and had sent out a dozen speakers for a month's campaign, it could not have resulted in such an awakening of interest. Mr. Debs put our cause before thousands who could have been called out by no other living man. On every hand we now hear people speaking in warm support of the labor movement. Unionism has suddenly been put in good standing with a class whose sympathy is most desirable and whose influence on public opinion is very great."—*Michigan Labor Herald.*

## IN THE ANTHRACITE REGIONS.

### The Miners Congratulated Upon Bringing Him to Pennsylvania.

Eugene V. Debs recently made a flying trip across Pennsylvania, stopping at a couple of points in the heart of the coal country, and there, as elsewhere, his hearers united in praise of his splendid work as a defender of the rights of the working people.

### The Shamokin Daily Herald says:

"Eugene V. Debs, the famous labor agitator, addressed an audience in the opera house last evening on the subject of 'Labor and Liberty,' under the auspices of the U. M. W. of A. It was certainly a great effort, full of logical thoughts and unanswerable truths."

### The Shamokin Daily News says:

"Eugene V. Debs' magnificent speech on 'Labor and Liberty,' delivered at the opera house last evening, will be remembered for many years by those who were fortunate enough to hear it. His tall, manly, lithe figure; his pleasing, convincing eloquence ranging from the humble story to the sublime simile, were impressed indelibly on the minds of all his auditors. He asserted nothing which he did not prove and aimed at reason rather than passion, and the United Mine Workers of America deserve the hearty congratulations they are receiving, for securing such an exceptional leader and labor agitator for Shamokin."

### The Coudersport Journal expresses its opinion in part as follows:

"The speech of Eugene V. Debs at the Niles opera house was quite an event in the lives of several hundred of those who have heard of the great labor agitator but who had never had the pleasure of hearing his persuasive voice. The house was full and the special train from Port Allegheny brought in about a hundred. Frequent, hearty applause told the eloquent Debs that his sallies against present social and industrial conditions were counted brilliant. Mr. Debs is an unctuous speaker, incisive and sarcastic on occasion; but with every indication of sincerity, he impresses one with the justice of his cause and the nobility of labor. There is little doubt that he holds aloft a torch to light the world."

While space forbids the reproduction of the glowing reports at every point, it can be said, in brief, that wherever Mr. Debs lectured the laboring people were most agreeably surprised at the extensive and favorable press reports of the lecture advocating their rights and defending their principles and organizations. An officer of the local union after listening to the lecture and watching its effect on the audience, declared with enthusiasm, "Debs' visit has done more for us before the public in a day than we could do in a year," and that is the common judgment wherever he lectures.

## MR. DEBS AT SPRINGFIELD.

### Graphic Picture of Remarkable Success in Ohio.

That Eugene V. Debs has acted wisely in deciding to devote the remainder of his life to arousing the public conscience to a sense of the wrongs suffered by the great masses of the people is clear enough from the results that are already visible from his scarcely begun new work. He has been called the Wendell Phillips of the labor movement, but the simple truth is that the great abolition orator did not reach and arouse the people as Mr. Debs is doing at the present time. Another truth is



devotion has won the overflowing gratitude of our hearts, and this thankfulness, this abounding sense of obligation, dearest father, we children with the fingers of our love weave today into a crown and place it on your venerable head, and though the years shall continue to whiten your locks, dim the lustre of your eyes and impair the strength of your manly form, the wealth of our affection shall ever increase, nor shall it cease when the silver cord be loosed and at the final goal you lay all your burdens down.

And now our happy family circle, rejoicing in kindred ties, will fill again the sparkling cup with the ambrosia of affection that we may drink to:

"My mother's voice! how often creep  
It's accents on my lonely hours.  
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.  
I can forget her melting prayer  
While leaping pulses fly,  
But in the still, unbroken air  
Her gentle tone comes stealing by—  
And years, and sin, and folly flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee."

There are two words in our language forever sacred to memory—Mother and Home! Home, the heaven upon earth, and mother its presiding angel. To us, children, here today, mother and home have realized all the longing, yearning aspirations of our souls, and now, in this blissful presence, we quaff to our mother this cup full and overflowing with the divine nectar of our love. I need not attempt to recite her deeds of devotion. There is not a page of our memory, not a tablet of our hearts, that is not adorned and beautified by acts of her loving care, in which her heart and her hands, her eyes and her soul, in holy alliance, ministered to our happiness.

There was never a time when there was not a song in her heart, sweeter than Aeolian melody, wooing her children from folly to the blessedness, security, peace and

contentment of home. Her children were her jewels in home's shining circle, and if by the fiat of death a gem dropped away, the affectionate care it had received added soulful charm to her lullaby songs when at night she dismissed us and sent us to dream-land repose.

Years of duty and trial, anxiety and care have bowed her form, whitened her hair, dimmed her eyes and robbed her cheeks of their maiden bloom; but O, our mother is still to us our beautiful mother. Her heart is as young and loving as when in infancy, in youth and in riper years it throbbed responsive to our plaints; her hands are as beautiful in our eyes as when in our childhood they were laid caressingly upon our heads, and her dimpled fingers smoothed our hair or wooed back to order our truant tresses, and her voice, though less resonant than in the years when she called us from play to duty, has the same cadence as when bending over us she sang the cradle song which lulled to sleep and to dreams.

O, our mother! beloved more than any wealth of words could express, your children on this anniversary day of your wedding fifty years ago, offer you, aye, shower upon you in the name of filial devotion, all the holiest treasures of garnered affection.

"We give thee all, we can no more,  
Though poor the offering be;  
Our hearts—our love is all the store  
And this we bring to thee."

We hear the wedding bells ringing in celebration of the nuptials of our aged parents—our ears are attuned to their merry chimes and our hearts respond with all the joyousness of a wedding march, for peace and happiness and contentment crown the hour. We do not ask what the future has in store, we only know that we have the bride and groom in our presence, and that it is an inexpressible joy to pledge them anew our unflinching devotion and our eternal love.

## Tribute of Love

to his

Father and Mother

By EUGENE V. DEBS



## Golden Wedding Anniversary

OF

JEAN DANIEL DEBS AND MARGUERITE  
BETRICH DEBS AT TERRE HAUTE,  
INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1899





## Golden Wedding Anniversary

The celebration of a Golden wedding is a rare occurrence in the history of families; only to the favored few is such a blessing vouchsafed. It is an occasion when nuptial vows pledged at Hymen's altar take on inexpressible sacredness. A far distant day is recalled when "two souls with but a single thought" and two loving hearts that "beat as one," courageously and confidently entered upon the voyage of matrimonial life. Thomas Moore, inspired by the genius of love, rapturously sang:

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing and brow never cold,  
Live on thro' all ills, and love on till they die."

It is not given to us children and grandchildren, who meet today at the old home shrine to lay our offerings, consecrated by our affection, upon the family altar, to know the heart and soul yearnings of our aged parents to find some favored spot, some oasis in the desert, where they could build a home and enjoy the fruitions of peace and contentment amidst a family of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and merry-voiced children.

In fancy's eye we see their beautiful and vine-clad native France; we see them in the bloom and strength of youth, standing at the altar and pledging to each other unchanging fidelity in storm and shine, ready to meet the future as the days unfolded their duties, their opportunities, their tasks and trials, sustained by a faith and hope which cheered them on their pilgrimage through all their married days.

Those of us who have reached years of maturity and are here with wives and husbands and children and children's children, may in fancy's telescopic vision see the youthful pair leaving the old for the new world, whispering to each other with brimful eyes and quivering lips:

"Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,  
The world's a world of love for us."

And such has been the world to them. Love has been their guiding star; no cloud ever obscured it; and the darker the day of adversity the brighter shone their love which bathed their home and our home in its mellow, cheering light.

In celebrating this golden wedding anniversary, all the halcyon days of our lives are included and there come to us messages from the past, under the sea and over the land, burdened with the aroma of violets and roses, caught from the flower gardens of memory, planted in youth and blooming in perennial beauty to old age.

I confess to you, my venerable parents, and to you my sisters and brothers, and to those of younger generations, to overwhelming emotions of love and gratitude as I survey this family scene, never to be pictured again save upon the canvas of our memories. But I would voice no requiem note. Today our ears are not attuned to the dirge's mournful cadence. This is not the occasion for planting weeping willows, the cypress or the ivy vine—

"Creeping where grim death is seen."

Here the mingled cup of love and gratitude and joy, brimful, is quaffed in honor of an event which to us all is a priceless

benediction; but, if from its fountain a tear mingles with the draught to sparkle on the brim of the loving cup, it bears testimony that our hearts are touched by feelings as divine as ever sanctified human affection.

The serenity, the rare loveliness of this scene create emotions which no words, however fitly chosen, can express. I can but say in the name of my sisters and my brothers and those younger in the bonds of family allegiance to our father—the patriarch of these sons and daughters—that we tender him our warmest congratulations upon this rare occasion. When we greet him our hearts are in our hands; when we kiss his time-furrowed cheeks our hearts are on our lips, and when we congratulate him upon this, his golden wedding anniversary, our hearts are in our words.

Freely do we avow the fealty of our love for his devotion to us, his children, for his watchful guardianship over our giddy footsteps on youth's flowery pathways; and this love is blended with profound veneration for his courage, which no vicissitude could dampen; for his masculine virtues which have endeared him to the home circle; for his spotless integrity of character which has given him the confidence of men, whether in poverty's vale or upon the more elevated plane of prosperity, secured by industry and frugality, and above all, for that parental ambition and self-denial to secure for us an education which should equip his children for respectable and honorable positions in life.

This, my beloved and honored sire, is the tribute of affection your children bring to you today. Your tender and unceasing



# Childhood

By

EUGENE V. DEBS





## CHILDHOOD

---

What sweet emotions the recollections of childhood inspire, and how priceless its treasured memories in our advancing and declining years!

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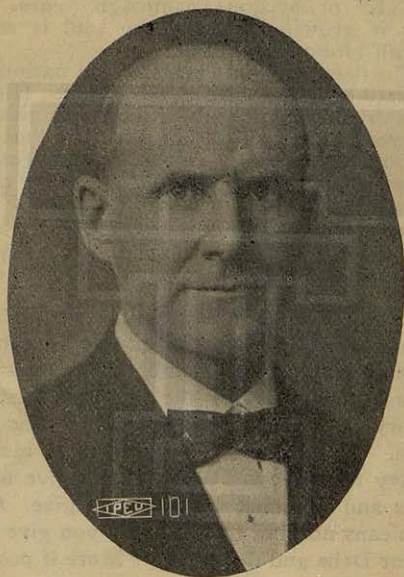
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THE  
**Debs Indictment.**



EUGENE V. DEBS.

On the evening of June 30th word was flashed from Cleveland, Ohio, that Eugene V. Debs, four times Socialist Candidate for President, had been arrested on an indictment charging him with violation of the Espionage Law.



# The Children of the Poor

By Eugene V. Debs.

[The following eloquent plea for "The Children of the Poor" is a worthy statement of the position of the Socialist Party as the defender of outraged childhood. The evils of poverty bear most heavily upon the children. The years of infancy are, physically, the most important years of life. Lack of adequate care and nourishment in these years means physical weakness and failure in later life. No single fact in the Socialist indictment of capitalism is more terrible than the excessive mortality among children of the working class. In Boston, for example, the death-rate of babies of the poor is nearly two and a half times the death rate of the babies of the rich. At least 100,000 babies thus needlessly perish each year in the United States. The children of the working class are driven to body and soul destroying toil in factories, workshops and mines in order that the children of the rich parasites may play and enjoy the opportunities which a decent society would accord to every child born into the world.]

No fledgling feeds the father bird!  
No chicken feeds the hen!  
No kitten mouses for the cat—  
This glory is for men.

We are the Wisest, Strongest Race—  
Loud may our praise be sung!  
The only animal alive  
That lives upon its young.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The wages of vast numbers of workingmen are so small that they and their families are reduced to the barest existence. Life means nothing to them but a hopeless struggle which ends only with death. Poverty is their lot and misery their heritage. Their sad condition is irrevocably fixed. They toil, skimp, worry, suffer, despair and die. There is not much else in the "simple annals of the poor."

The children of these workingmen, who are poverty-stricken only because they are exploited of what they produce, come into life in an environment and under conditions that almost inevitably predetermine their wretched fate. Poverty is their sole inheritance. The cottage in which they are born, unless it chances to be a tenement or a hovel, is limited to the necessities of existence. The walls are bare, the bedding scant, the furniture cheap, the food coarse, and the clothing shoddy. The most rigid economy is self-enforced. Life is hard and hopeless here in poverty's breeding pen.

The father returns after his day's exhausting toil to revitalize himself for the next day's slavish task—that is all that home means to him. The mother—prisoner of poverty that she is—knows nothing of the joys of home, the ecstasies of motherhood. She is not a mother at all in the sense in which that



term is breathed in reverence, but only "a female that gives birth to young."

Love is not apt to dwell long in such a lair, if it enter here at all. And this is the unhappy lot of millions of laboring people who are foredoomed to such a bleak and barren existence, and from which there is no escape this side of the grave.

This condition of penury, want and social debasement is fixed and permanent in the existing industrial system and no amount of maudlin sympathy or patronizing philanthropy can materially alleviate its horrors, a fact our dilettante charity-ball reformers unwittingly confess in their favorite and oft-repeated scriptural injunction, "The poor ye have always with you."

It is under these harsh and gloomy conditions that the children of the poor come into life and are joined to misery at its very threshold. Denied all that makes home the haven of love and the abode of joy, deprived of all the sweet influences that fill childhood with rapture, and which the memory treasures in after years like a vanished dream, these children of the poor are at their very birth fated to struggle and perish among "Les Miserables," the world's disinherited millions who, robbed of their birthright, are despised for their infirmities and scourged as wantons to dishonored graves.

From the wretched habitations of the poor the children early seek escape instead of clinging fondly to their birthplace like fledglings to the parental nest. Under the cruel lash of poverty they are driven out into the world in their childhood. There is no time for health-giving and body-building recreation and no means for education, for culture, for mental training and moral enlightenment. They are but the children of the poor, fit only for menial service, which awaits them at the cradle and drags them in its relentless fetters to their graves.

What words can fitly describe the life tragedy of the children of the poor! Born to poverty, they walk in the darkness of ignorance, and is it strange that some go astray? Is it not a miracle that all do not become vicious and depraved?

Society's doors are all closed against them. They are but outcasts when they are "respectable." What a melancholy paradox! Those who rob the poor despise them.

The pampered parasites hold in loathing and horror the deflowered victims whose ruddy life-drops glisten in their gaudy plumage.

These children of the poor find their way in increasing numbers to the haunts of vice and shame. The darkness of the hovel and the sweat-shop is relieved by the red light of the slums. The children of the poor are food for misery and crime. The vile groggery for the boys and the house of horror for the girls. So do millions of the children of the poor pass through this "Vale of Tears."

And so it will ever be while capitalism is suffered to rob the children of the poor of their inheritance. Deplore it as you may, these are the conditions as they are, and only a new social system can change them. Child labor laws, factory inspection laws and other remedial legislation may ameliorate in some degree the wrongs suffered by the children of the poor, but all such palliatives are powerless to end them. As long as labor is merchandise and production



is carried on for profit, child labor will have preference and the children of the poor will be ground into luxuries for the children of the rich.

Socialism offers absolutely the only means for rescuing the children of the poor, and slowly but surely society is being pushed, by the underlying forces that move it, into the acceptance of its philosophy. The abolition of poverty is Socialism's insistent demand and this demand proclaims the end of private property in the means of life.

The earth spreads out before us, rich in its resources beyond the power of the imagination. The inventive genius of man has captured the lightning, snatched the thunderbolts from the hand of Jove, and grasped all the forces of nature and converted them into titanic toilers for the children of men. The earth and its riotous abundance, and man with his miraculous productive power, scout the idea that poverty is to forever scourge the human race. The past, in the density of its ignorance and the night of its superstition, may be excused. But the living present with all its myriad available agencies for producing food, clothing, shelter, and for the education of the children and the diffusion of light and intelligence among the masses, can make no such plea.

There is absolutely no excuse for the widespread poverty that now scourges mankind. It is an affront to human intelligence and an impeachment of civilization. Child labor is not only unnecessary in this age but a crime against both the children and society. Every child ought to have, and in the triumph of Socialism will have, time enough for physical growth, for the joy of healthy childhood, for education, and for everything else required in a truly enlightened age for the scientific rearing of the children, the progenitors of succeeding generations.

It is for this very reason that the poor and the children of the poor are turning toward Socialism in increasing numbers all over the world. It is their movement, born of their travail and consecrated to their emancipation. Millions of them are already marching beneath its international banner and swelling with joyous strains the anthem of their coming deliverance. To them Socialism is as a beacon lighting the shipwrecked mariner to his destined port. It is their sunshine and shower, their meat and drink, their life and hope. It sheds its radiance in their dingy hovels and eases the ache in their numb and weary flesh.

The disinherited of every race and clime are here at home. They are in truth the people and to them of right belongs the earth.

Socialism is their gospel of economic freedom and social salvation. In the name of its commanding genius they unite in greater and greater numbers, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of them, keeping step to the same proletarian heart-beat, the heart-beat of the international revolution, animated by the same social spirit, held steadfast by the same social conscience, their radiant faces turned forever toward the sunrise.

These are the children of the poor who have made the earth rich and are now moving toward their eternal inheritance.

The love of comrades is in their hearts, the passion for freedom in their souls, and the light of victory in their eyes. The trials that beset their strug-



gle but fit them for their coming freedom and for the infinitely higher life that lies beyond and holds out to them its eager, outstretched hands. They move steadily as gravitation in one direction—toward the light, the fulfillment of their historic destiny. The storms may beat upon them and the lightning smite them to the earth, but they will rise again undismayed, pressing on and on, with all the patience of fate and all the persistence of truth and justice.

No disappointment, however bitter, no defeat, however crushing, can dampen the ardor of their spirit, or quench the fire of their enthusiasm. All the forces of evil must yield to their unconquerable will. All the governments and all the armed forces of the world must recede and finally disappear before the march of these silent battalions—these intrepid soldiers of international peace, who bear not the arms of sanguinary conflict, but who, armored in the righteousness of their cause, proclaim to all the children of the poor the glad tidings of the coming Kingdom of Peace and Plenty over all the Earth.

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205 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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The Socialist Party and the Working Class, Debs, 5c; 50 for \$1.00.

The Bitter Cry of the Children, Spargo, \$1.50.

Child Labor in the United States, Cross, 5c; \$3.00 per 100.



depresses the wages of the female workers. The depression of wages becomes a screw set in motion by the constantly revolving process of developing industry, and as this process of revolution by labor saving devices also releases female workers, the supply of "hands" is increased still more. New branches of industry counteract this constant production of surplus labor power, but not sufficiently to create better conditions of labor. In the new branches of industry also, as for instance in the electrical, male workers are being displaced by female workers. In the motor factory of the General Electric Company most of the machines are tended by girls. Every increase in wages above a certain standard causes the employer to seek further improvement of his machinery, and to put the automatic machine in the place of human hands and human brains. In the beginning of the capitalist era only male workers competed with one another on the labor market. Now sex is arrayed against sex, and age against age. Women displace men and women in turn are displaced by young people and children.

That is the "Moral Regime" of modern industry.

(From *Woman and Socialism*, by Bebel.)

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## Woman—Comrade and Equal

By **EUGENE V. DEBS**.

The London Saturday Review in a recent issue brutally said: "Man's superiority is shown by his ability to keep woman in subjection." Such a sentiment is enough to kindle the wrath of every man who loves his wife or reveres his mother. It is the voice of the wilderness, the snarl of the primitive. Measured by that standard, every tyrant has been a hero, and brutality is at once the acme of perfection and the glory of man.

Real men do not utter such sentiments. He who does so prostitutes his powers and links himself once more to the chattering ape that wrenches the neck of the cowering female, glorying as he does so in the brute force that is his.

Yet the sentiment is not confined to a moral degenerate, who writes lies for pay, or to sycophants who sell their souls for the crumbs that arrogant wealth doles out to its vassals. It is embodied and embedded in the cruel system under which we live, the criminal system which grinds children to profits in the mills, which in the sweatshops saps women of their power to mother a race of decent men, which traps the innocent and true-hearted, making them worse than slaves in worse than all that has been said of hell. It finds expression in premiers hiding from petticoated agitators, in presidents ignoring the pleading of the mothers of men, in the clubbing and jailing of suffragettes, in Wall street gamblers and brigands cackling from their piles of loot at the demands of justice. It is expressed in laws which rank mothers and daughters as idiots and criminals. It writes, beside the declaration that men should rebel against taxation without representation, that women must submit to taxation without representation. It makes property the god that men worship, and says that woman shall have no property rights. Instead of that, she herself is counted as property, living by sufferance of the man who doles out the pittance that she uses.

Woman is made the slave of a slave, and is reckoned fit only for companionship in lust. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life are scorned as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength and plumes himself that he can subjugate the one who made him what he is, and would have made him better had customs and institutions permitted.

How differently is woman regarded by the truly wise and the really great! Paolo Lombroso, one of the deepest students of mind that time has ripened, says of her: "The most simple, most frivolous and thoughtless woman hides at the bottom of her soul a spark of heroism, which neither she herself nor anybody else suspects, which she never shows if her life runs its normal course, but which springs into evidence and manifests itself by actions of



devotion and self-sacrifice, if fate strikes her or those whom she loves. Then she does not wince, she does not complain nor give way to useless despair, but rushes into the breach. The woman who hesitates to put her feet into cold, placid water, throws herself into the perils of the roaring, surging maelstrom."

Sardou, the analytical novelist, declares: "I consider women superior to men in almost everything. They possess intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree, and may almost always be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts, and, though heavily handicapped by fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have only to turn to history to learn the truth of what I say."

Lester F. Ward, the economist, the subtle student of affairs, gives this testimony: "We have no conception of the real amount of talent or of genius possessed by woman. It is probably not greatly inferior to that of man even now, and a few generations of enlightened opinion on the subject, if shared by both sexes, would perhaps show that the difference is qualitative only."

I am glad to align myself with a party that declares for absolute equality between the sexes. Anything less than this is too narrow for Twentieth century civilization, and too small for a man who has a right conception of manhood.

Let us grant that woman has not reached the full height which she might attain—when I think of her devotion to duty, her tender ministries, her gentle spirit that in the clash and struggle of passion has made her the savior of the world, the thought, so far from making me decry womanhood, gives me the vision of a race so superior as to cause me to wonder at its glory and beauty ineffable.

Man has not reached his best. He never will reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character. Shakespeare understood it when he made his noblest women strong as men and his best men tender as women.

Under our brutal forms of existence, beating womanhood to dust, we have raged in passion for the individual woman, for use only. Some day we shall develop the social passion for womanhood, and then the gross will disappear in service and justice and companionship. Then we shall lift woman from the mire where our fists have struck her, and set her by our side as our comrade and equal, and that will be love indeed.

Man's superiority will be shown, not in the fact that he has enslaved his wife, but in that he has made her free.

Consider for a moment the beastly debasement to which womanhood is subjected in capitalist society. She is simply the property of man, to be governed by him as may suit his convenience. She does not vote, she has no voice and must bear silent witness to her legally ordained inferiority.

She has to compete with man in the factories and workshops and stores,

and her inferiority is taken advantage of to make her work at still lower wages than the male slave gets who works at her side.

As an economic dependent she is compelled to sacrifice the innate refinement, the inherent purity and nobility of her sex, and for a pallet of straw she marries the man she does not love.

The debauching effect of the capitalist system upon womanhood is accurately registered in the divorce court and the house of shame.

In Socialism woman would stand forth the equal of man. All the avenues would be open to her and she would naturally find her fitting place and rise from the low plane of menial servility to the dignity of ideal womanhood.

(From "Debs; His Life, Writings and Speeches.")

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#### MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

In chains the heart of beauteous woman lay,  
Subdued by man and robbed of half its power;  
Love, that should spring up sweetly like a flower,  
Aborted lived, midst blasting and decay.  
Whose life broke free, she perished in dismay;  
Who spoke of freedom soon must sadly cower,  
Seeing the brow of her taskmaster lour,  
His hand upraised to smite her or to slay.

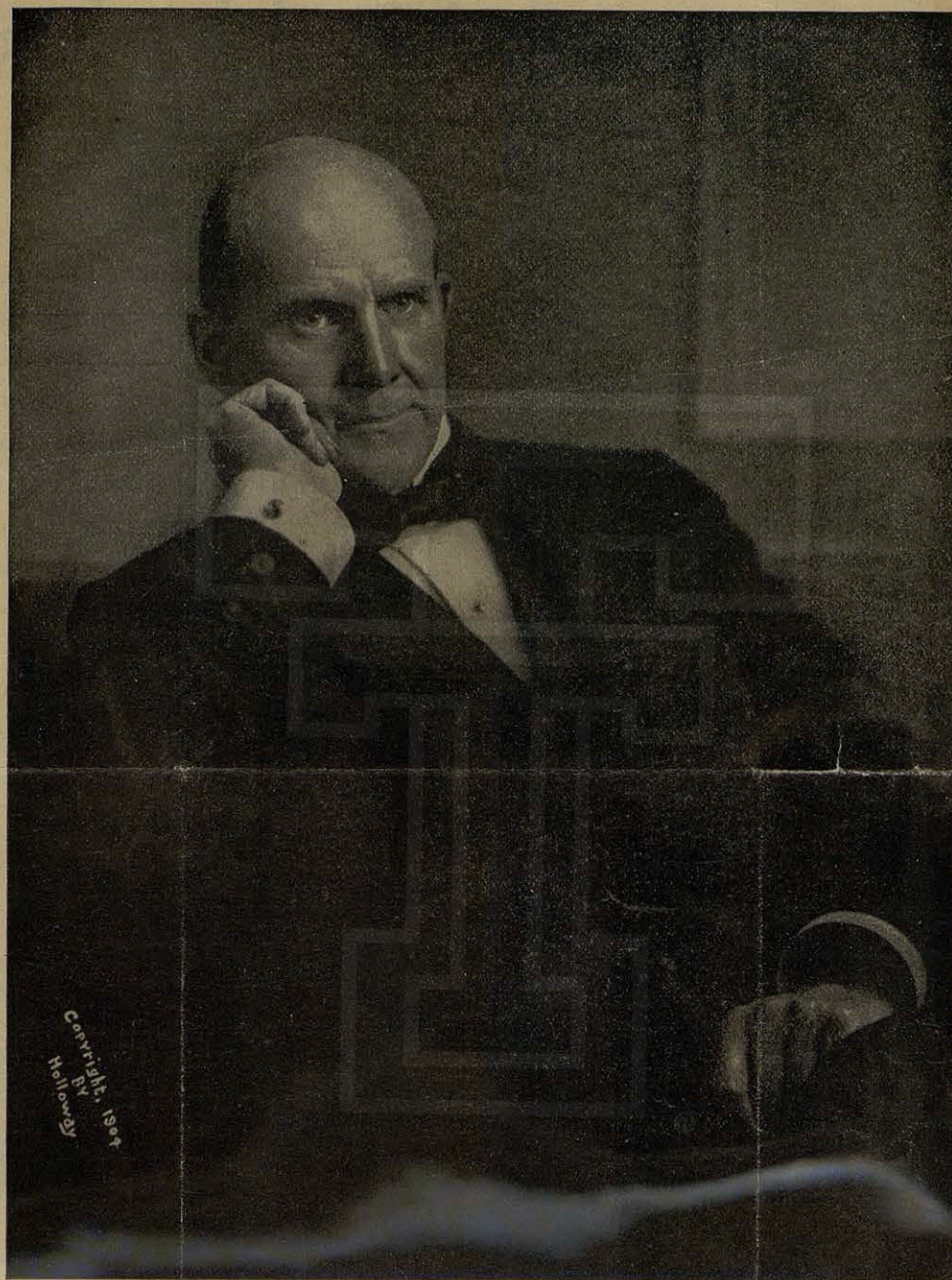
Among those lives abject, one, brave, arose,  
And cried,—"Behold! This shall not always be:  
Woman arise; only the bold are free!"  
Nor insults, heavier bonds, nor bitter blows  
Availed to still her, where midst daunted foes  
She stood with voice that called futurity.

(From Tongues of Toil, by Wm. Francis Barnard.)

As a worker the married woman is "far more docile" than the unmarried one. Consideration for her children compels her to exert her strength to the utmost in order to earn what is needful for their livelihood, and she therefore quietly submits to much that the unmarried working woman would not submit to, far less so the working man. As a rule working women rarely combine with their fellow workers to obtain better working conditions. That also enhances their value in the eyes of the employers; sometimes they even are a good means to subdue rebellious male workers. Women moreover are more patient, they possess greater nimbleness and a more developed taste, qualities that make them better suited to many kinds of work than men.

These womanly virtues the virtuous capitalist appreciates fully; and so, with the development of industry, the field of woman's work is extended each year, but—and this is the decisive factor—without materially improving her social condition. Where female labor power is employed, it frequently releases male labor power. But the displaced male workers must earn their living; so they offer their labor power at lower wages, and this offer again





# Eugene V. Debs

THEODORE DEBS, MANAGER & TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA



# Eugene V. Debs

*John Swinton*

The great New York editor who heard Lincoln in Cooper Union, New York, in 1860, wrote as follows after hearing Debs from the same platform in 1894: "I recalled the appearance, the manner, the voice and the speech of Lincoln as Debs stood before me thirty-four years afterwards. It seemed to me that both men were imbued with the same spirit. Both seemed to me as men of judgment, reason, earnestness and power. Both seemed to me as men of free, high, genuine and generous manhood. I 'took' to Lincoln in my early life as I took to Debs a third of a century later. In the speeches of both westerners there was cogent argument; there were apt illustrations; there were especially emphatic passages; there were moments of lightning; there were touches of humor; and there were other qualities which produce conviction or impel to action." \* \* \* "I confess that I was as much impressed with the closing words of Debs' speech as I was with those of Lincoln. Lincoln spoke for man; so spoke Debs. Lincoln spoke for right and progress; so spoke Debs. Lincoln spoke for the freedom of labor; so Debs. Lincoln was the foe of human slavery; so is Debs."

*Frank McPhillips*

The correspondent wrote as follows in the Detroit News after hearing Debs in that city: "The public is beginning to understand Eugene V. Debs, the poet, orator, wit, epigrammatist and lover of humanity. Debs is no ordinary man. In ten thousand he would be conspicuous. Debs has a great heart and a great soul and his countenance mirrors both."

*Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage*

The following tribute was paid by the preacher to Mr. Debs: "Among all the speakers I have ever heard there has not been one who came nearer to my idea of Abraham Lincoln than Eugene Debs."

*Alfred Russell Wallace*

The most famous living scientist, writing from Parkstone, Dorset, England, said: "Eugene V. Debs is a great man. With a few more such to teach and organize the people the cause of justice must prevail."

*Eugene Field*

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

# Th

*Fred*

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# The Man and His Work

*Frederic Auguste Bartholdi*

The great sculptor who modeled the the colossal statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," in New York harbor, wrote of Debs: "He is endowed with the most precious faculty to which one can aspire—the gift of language, and he uses it for the proclamation of the most beautiful and generous thoughts. His beautiful language is that of an apostle."

*Horace Traubel*

Editor of the Conservator, and literary executor of Walt Whitman, writes: "The four letters that spell Debs have added a new word to the vocabulary of the race." \* \* \* "Debs is not so much size as quality. He 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."

*James Whitcomb Riley*

The world-famed "Hoosier Poet" said: "God was feeling mighty good when he created 'Gene Debs and he didn't have anything else to do all day." The poet and Mr. Debs have long been personal friends. When Mr. Riley was ill and

confined to his room Mr. Debs sent him a bouquet of his favorite flowers and it was this incident that inspired one of Riley's sweetest and tenderest dialect poems, herewith reproduced:

*Them Flowers*

*(To My Good Friend, Eugene V. Debs)*

Take a feller 'ats sick, and laid up on the shelf,  
All shaky, and ga'nted and pore,  
And all so knocked out he can't handle hisself  
With a stiff upper-lip any more;  
Shet him up all alone in the gloom of a room,  
As dark as the tomb, and as grim,  
And then take and send him some roses in bloom,  
And you kin have fun out o' him!

You've seed him, 'fore now, when his liver was  
sound,  
And his appetite notched like a saw.  
A chaffin' you, mebbby, for romancin' round  
With a big posey bunch in yer paw  
But you ketch him, say, when his health is away,  
And he's flat on his back in distress,  
And then you can trot out your little bokay  
And not be insulted, I guess!

You see, it's like this, what his weaknesses is,  
Them flowers makes him think of the days  
Of his innocent youth, and that mother o' his,  
And the roses she used to raise;  
So here all alone with the roses you send,  
Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint;  
My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old friend,  
Is a—leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!



# Eugene V. Debs

## PRESS COMMENT

*University Daily, Ann Arbor, Mich.*—Newberry Hall was packed to the doors last night to hear Eugene V. Debs. His brilliant sallies of wit, and his glowing descriptions kept interest at a high pitch throughout the entire lecture.

*Boston Advertiser*—Some of Debs' utterances were of such lofty and ennobling nature that they would not have disgraced a Phillips Brooks. At the end of his lecture many hundred people stopped to shake hands with him.

*San Francisco Examiner*—Eugene V. Debs had a tremendous audience at Metropolitan Hall last night. He is a terse and nervous speaker, lean in person, with the quick, eager movements of a panther; eager, insistent, earnest, full of matter, gifted with a neat turn of phrase, but never wasting time on ornament. He held his audience for two hours and over. He could have held them for two hours more.

*Ann Arbor Evening Times*—Through the efforts of the enterprising students of the University of Michigan Ann Arborites are being afforded the opportunity of hearing three of the five great orators of the world—Bryan, Cochran and Debs—and the greatest of these is Debs. Bryan is battling for the success of a political party, Cochran is the tool of the money power, while Debs is championing the cause of humanity.

*Washington Gazette*—Honesty and force of character are the chief qualities of Mr. Debs. In him one sees not only the true and consistent friend of the laboring element, but man in his noblest form. Intelligence and sincerity are stamped on his every feature and the traits of a born leader of men are dominant within him.

*Columbus Evening Press*—The greatest audience ever assembled in Columbus to listen to an address of a private citizen met in the new Auditorium to hear from Eugene V. Debs the greatest speech ever delivered in this city. Fully 4,500 persons greeted the orator. He announced no topic for the most remarkable discourse upon the rights and dignity of labor, and for equality and justice among men, that has ever been made in this country. His entire speech of two hours was a fervent appeal for justice and a higher humanity. It combined all the learning of economists, all the sentiments of the poets, all the wisdom of philosophers and all the ethics of moralists and divines. The vast audience was enchanted with the magical grace of his speech and the dignity and elevation of his sentiments. Astonishment and admiration were equally blended in the minds of all. They had listened to one of the greatest discourses ever inspired by courage, conviction and humanity in any age of the world. When the history of this generation is written, the palm of praise for his unselfish courage and devotion in the cause of a better humanity will be accorded to Eugene V. Debs, the inspired evangel of fraternity in religion and economic life.

## THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY

*Extract from the Speech of Eugene V. Debs on "Liberty"*

"It does not matter that the Creator has sown with stars the fields of ether and decked the earth with countless beauties for man's enjoyment. It does not matter that air and ocean teem with the wonders of innumerable forms of life to challenge man's admiration and investigation. It does not matter that nature spreads forth all her scenes of beauty and gladness and pours forth the melodies of her myriad-tongued voices for man's delectation. If liberty is ostracized and exiled, man is a slave, and the world rolls in space and whirls around the sun a gilded prison, a domed dungeon, and though painted in all the enchanting hues that infinite art could command, it must still stand forth a blotch amidst the shining spheres of the sidereal heavens, and those who cull from the vocabularies of nations, living or dead, their flashing phrases with which to apostrophize liberty, are engaged in perpetuating the most stupendous delusion the ages have known. Strike down liberty, no matter by what subtle art the deed is done, the spinal cord of humanity is sundered and the world is paralyzed by the indescribable crime. Strike the fetters from the slave, give him liberty and he becomes an inhabitant of a new world. He looks abroad and beholds life and joy in all things around him. His soul expands beyond all boundaries. Emancipated by the genius of liberty, he aspires to communion with all that is noble and beautiful, and feels himself allied to all the higher order of intelligences, and walks abroad, redeemed from animalism, ignorance and superstition, a new being throbbing with glorious life."

*Address all communications to Theodore Debs, Manager, Terre Haute, Indiana*



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