“I AM FOR MEN”—Henry George.

EUGENE V. DEBS
AN INTRODUCTION
BY
WALTER HURT

“There are persons so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing, that you instinctively feel in their presence that they do you good, whose coming into a room is like the bringing of a lamp there.” — Henry Ward Beecher.
RILEY HAS WRITTEN

an introduction for James Newton Matthews' new book of poems. You may be very sure James Whitcomb Riley would not have done this were it not

A GREAT BOOK.

This collection contains all the best of Dr. Matthews' later poems, many of which have not before been in print. The volume is edited by Walter Hurt, and is entitled

"THE LUTE OF LIFE."

To those who are not fully acquainted with Matthews' writings there can be no better introduction than the following extracts from opinions of some of his eminent literary friends, both living and dead, whose names are among the most famous in American letters. Such distinguished persons do not bestow their compliments carelessly.

He sings the joys of love and the charm of nature with a sweet felicity.—John G. Whittier.

The surging beauty of his poems haunt me like a remembered cadence of the sea.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

He is Master of the Muse. No stronger or finer work has been done by any American poet.—Gen. Lew Wallace.

Few poets are so honored, but, indeed, few deserve it as he does. There are poets and poets—he is of the elect.—Maurice Thompson.

The more highly the people esteem Matthews, the more they honor themselves. The more he is read, the more shall I respect the reading public.—"Bill" Nye.

His productions are not only true to nature, but true alike to the highest poetic art. I regard him as one of our greatest poets.—Gen. John Cumback, of Indiana.

The Muse of Matthews is heard in the heart. The after-tones are long and sweet. The notes of this prairie harp tremble across the sunlit champaign, gather the fragrance of wild roses, and mingle with the myth of the grass.—John Clark Ridpath.

Matthews is the mouth-piece of the gods. * * * His voice is cadenced to a universal purity of spirit, tenderness, sweetness, and all else that must have marked "The Singer of Old, who in his time had done delicious things."—James Whitcomb Riley.

His poems go trippingly in diaphanous wear, fitting the fair form, spun of brook-mist for warp and spider-gossamer for weft, with white arms bare and palms uplifted in the sun with perfect abandon. * * * His wage shall be the love of the common people, and higher fame than this there is none.—Bishop Robert McIntyre.

Matthews' songs arrest the attention like the singing of a child by the wayside; they sing themselves, and in the idlest or busiest moment make us pause to listen. He loves men and things; life to him is not a problem to be puzzled over, but a pilgrimage to be enjoyed, a task to be wrought, and he enters into all its ties and partings, its friendships, fears, its loves and hopes.—Robert J. Burdette.

His genius is as great as his soul was gentle. His life was a consecration, and he died a martyr to humanity. I would like to see his book in the bands of every comrade.—Eugene V. Debs.

This volume is now in preparation for the press. It is the only complete collection of Dr. Matthews' work that will be published. The edition will be limited, and we wish to know how many to print, so to be sure of getting a copy order NOW. Do not send any money with your order, but pay for the book when it is ready for delivery. It will be a large book, beautifully bound, and especially adapted for gift purposes. Price, $1.50, prepaid.

HORTON & CO.,

414 Home Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
EUGENE V. DEBS:

AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WALTER HURT

"The full-rigged man who stands four-square to every blast that blows,
For him the hour is ripe, indeed, in earth's dark battle-throes.
The puny ships are well enough for pastime and for play,
But, oh, how splendid when the great full-rigger cuts the spray!

* * * * * *

"The full-rigged man, whose stately life of use and strength and will
Goes down as ships do on the sea beyond the last low hill—
Hail and revere and welcome him, and four-squared with him toil
To lift Society above all graft and greed and spoil!"
DEBS OF THE HOSPITABLE HEART.
HAIL TO THE REVOLUTION!

At the dawn of every day my hearty hail goes out to all the workers of the world. They are my comrades, and I covet no higher honor than to share their lot and no greater wealth than to have their respect and love.

And I include them all, on equal terms, regardless of race or creed or sex; and my loving greeting goes out to them all as it follows the sunrise around the world.

For centuries and centuries these workers, these doers and makers of all things, these living and breathing foundation-stones of the social fabric, have been loaded with fetters and bowed to the earth; but at last—at last!—touched by the magic of their common misery and inspired by the genius of solidarity, their latent power is beginning to pulse in their veins, they are learning to stand erect, and as they lift their eyes they behold that a new sun has risen in their somber skies.

In their long travail their unpolluted hearts kept time, and now they beat in unison as the one great heart of the human race. With the love-light in their eyes and their hands outstretched they greet each other as “Comrade,” while in their united heart-throbs may be heard the drum-beats of the Proletarian Revolution.

All hail the sons and daughters of this glorified international host, with whom I proudly march to Victory or Death!

EUGENE V. DEBS.
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—
Jes' 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 ketched him, 'fore now—when his liver was sound
   And his appetite notched like a saw—
A-mockin' you, mebbe, fer 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 kin 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 that she us't 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!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
EUGENE V. DEBS: AN INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE DEMOCRACY OF DEBS.

A Man is passing. Nay, no demi-god,
But a plain man, close to the common sod
Whence springs the grass of our humanity. Strong
Is he, but human, therefore sometimes wrong.
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

In writing of Debs, it is difficult for his friends to exercise
a reasonable restraint; in writing of him, it is impossible for
his opponents to do him justice. His personality, made up of
magnitudes, is such as invariably to invite the superlative of
speech.

Debs has been the subject of extravagant expression, ranging
from the extremes of abuse and praise. Either side has exhausted
the resources of eulogy and of execration. Seldom has his char-
acter been sketched with any approach to a proper perspective.

The present writer will attempt the difficult by endeavoring to
avoid that prodigious praise which is symptomatic of what Lord
Macaulay (whose methods proved for him an efficacious bi-
ographical prophylactic) sneeringly diagnosed as “the disease of
admiration.”

Debs is not a demi-god.
Thank heaven for that!
He is a man, with all a strong man’s weaknesses.
Thank heaven for that!
He is blessed with enough of human frailties to make him
humanly loveable.
Otherwise he would not be the Debs of Destiny.
Because of these excellent weaknesses he can understand and
sympathize with the weaknesses of the rest of us.
Upon these fortunate weaknesses does his usefulness depend.
Even Jesus, we are told, in order to help humanity had to take
on human attributes. And to be human is to be weak as well as
strong. Sympathy is something a matter of experience as well as
of temperament.
So it is that Debs is informed with the vicarious spirit.
It is the habit of humankind before asking of a man "What has he done?" to inquire what he is.

The world is not yet willing that a man should describe himself in deeds. Origin still is accounted of more importance than Destiny. Debs is not an artistocrat. He is too fine-fibered for that. He is a thorough-bred proletaire. There is no aristocracy of action. Aristocracy is synonymous with that idleness which spells degeneration. Debs is an exponent of the democracy of deeds.

The lineage of Labor is the most ancient of all ancestries.

"Long before Adam or Eden,
Long before Eve or the snake,
In the far land of Nod
They had carried the hod,
And the world was alive and awake."

It is ever the toilers—those who do the world's work, whether with hand or head—that are the "salt of the earth," the cream of creation. For—

"This is the Gospel of Labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work."

And so Debs is a prince of the proletarian blood.

He has lived the life. When he goes among the workers he does not become one of them—he is one of them, and always has been. Even as Christ broke bread with sinners, so does Debs share the sweat-savored fare of the toilers in fullest fellowship. He feels all the yearning of the poet voiced in the following verse:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine."

Debs knows men because he understands human nature. Which is to say he is sympathetic. For to comprehend human nature one must sympathize with it. None may know the motives of the human heart unless he knows its necessities. And it is not enough that we should witness the life of others—we must live it.

Debs doesn't observe from a distance. He communes at close quarters. He is not a spectator on the heights. He dwells with his brothers in the depths. He is not an onlooker but a participator.

The spirit of Debs is the essence of democracy. And the soul of democracy is good-fellowship.

Debs is such a democratic good fellow that he would reach across the Judgment Bar and shake hands with the Lord.

Excessive eulogy is not more kind than unmerited detraction. Both caricature and neither convinces. The justice of truth only is acceptable.
Having at the outset, to prove my impartiality as a Debs delin-  
eator, admitted that he has his faults, weaknesses and afflictions, it  
now is well to resolve this general statement to an analysis of parts.  
Opposing partisans have described Debs respectively as a dem-  
agogue and a demi-god.  
He is neither.  
Debs is a man with strong weaknesses and admirable faults.  
His many excellent errors have endeared him to the hearts of  
the multitude.  
We who love him rejoice that he is not possessed of any intoler-  
able perfections.  
In his weaknesses his great strength doth lie.  
His very virtues are his shortcomings.  
He has the happyifying affliction of affectional myopy, which in-  
capacitates him for misanthropy. Under this handicap he has failed  
utterly to inspire in his fellowmen any sentiments other than respect,  
confidence and LOVE.  
Debs’ strongest weakness is his excess of fidelity. He is over-  
plussed with personal loyalty. He refuses to see any fault in a  
friend. To be his friend is to be of the elect; he exalts his friends,  
raises them to soul-royalty—places them, in fact, upon a plane with  
himself.  
Virtue has a fixed standard of values. It is by a man’s faults  
we must judge him if we would arrive at a correct estimate of his  
worth.  
Anybody can appreciate our virtues. It is only the superior  
soul that can esteem our faults.  
I have worked with Debs and lived with him his daily life—have  
eaten with him, slept with him, traveled with him—and am qualified  
to give intimate and accurate testimony to the character and worth  
of the man.  
And I must say I never have met a man with finer faults. Like  
everything about him, they are large and loveable.  

The most distinctive thing about Debs is his smile. It is sponta-  
eous, sincere—and indescribable. It is animate sunlight, flash-  
ing the signal of his irradiant soul. I would not demean this smile  
by any trite comparison, but I never think upon it that I do not think  
also of these lines:  

"The thing that goes the furthest toward making life worth while,  
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.  
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen  
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.  
It’s full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—  
It’s worth a million dollars, and doesn’t cost a cent."
Debs verily smiles his way into the hearts of his fellowmen. That smile is fashioned in the factory of his soul—and it’s co-operative.

“So cheerily he walks the common way,
So braveely faces fortune’s meanest wile,
That all who greet him know a gladder day,
Warmed by the human kindness of his smile.”

II.

THE BUGBEAR OF HERO-WORSHIP.

Show me the man you honor. I know by this symptom, better than any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.—Carlyle.

It is the fashion to decry hero-worship in the Socialist movement. Which is, perhaps, that strangest of all things—a righteous fashion. But this, like other fashions less worthy, may easily become extreme. And it chances that these protests come mostly from men who are not in the slightest danger of ever being made the objects of such idolatry.

One unfortunate effect of this practice is to depreciate the popular estimate of the value of personality. The value to the Socialist movement of Debs’ personality is inestimable. It is our chiefest propaganda asset. He is as full of magnetism as a Leyden jar. He is a loadstone of popularity that attracts to Socialism thousands whom its philosophy at first would repel.

Wherefore is it a grave tactical mistake, in an exaggerated zeal against individual eminence, to belittle the importance of this man’s personality. Whoever meets Debs straightway becomes a Debs enthusiast. And from a Debs enthusiast to an enthusiastic Socialist is a trifling transition.

These persons say to themselves that there must be something in any movement that can command such devotion from such a man. Then they look to see what that something is, and are lost—or saved, as you will.

The important first thing in any propaganda is to attract. Debs’ personality is the element of attraction. To popular sentiment and public interest it is as the magnet to metal. For continued attraction respect is essential, and Debs commands respect. Affection is necessary to that permanent attraction which means coalescence, and Debs inspires affection.

Any personality is important only to the extent that it represents a principle. Debs is so representative of the principle of social justice that he ceases to be simply a person and becomes a personifica-
tion. He is an incarnate Idea. Man is the expression of his environment. Debs dwells perpetually in the atmosphere of the Socialist ideal. He is the one Man Emancipate. In him we see exemplified the effect of Socialism on human character—he typifies the Coming Race.

It is only the narrow nature, envenomed with envy, that is ready to cry "Hero-worship!" whenever an appreciative person accords its just meed to human merit. It is not necessary to be a hero-worshiper in order adequately to appreciate the military and administrative genius of the first Napoleon. The compelling Corsican, howbeit, attached men to himself more by his achievements than by his personality. But Debs has genius of character as well as genius of mind.

Every generous soul is perforce a hero-worshiper, in the accepted sense of the term.

True hero-worship consists of a recognition and an appreciation of the superlative degree of whatever is wise or worthy—those superior qualities of mind and heart that make the world broader and better. It is the devotion we pay the divinity that dwells in man when made manifest by noble accomplishment.

Who be that righteously may cavil thereat?

I have observed that mostly men are either hero-worshipers or autolatrists.

Whoever worships himself thereby forfeits the homage of others. I thank heaven I am a hero-worshiper, in that I yield the tribute of my admiration to whatever is admirable in man.

It is taken as a truth that "no man is a hero to his valet." This means that familiarity, intimacy, brings disillusionment to all idealization of human character. "Worship your heroes from afar," admonishes Mme. Necker; "contact withers them." The most tremendous tribute to the personality of Debs is the fact that the more his admirers see of him—the closer they get to him—the better they come to know him—the greater grows their hero-worship.

All this, however, is extraneous.

We exalt Debs to the heights of hero-homage because he expresses our conception of human excellence, because he is a reflection of the divinity of our desires.

But Debs is also intrinsically a hero.

None can be a hero or a martyr by design, any more than one can design one's own birth. And it is not necessary to die in order to be either. To insist otherwise were tantamount to declaring that death makes the poet. The fact is that heroism and martyrdom consist in the process of living, and death ends them just as it extinguishes genius. It is only that mostly the attributes of heroism, martyrdom or genius are not recognized until Death has stamped them with the Royal Seal. As I once wrote—
EUGENE V. DEBS: AN INTRODUCTION

"For only through the gates of Death
Can Genius come into its own."

That which the imperceptive world pronounces heroism or martyrdom does not therefore consist in the act of dying, which itself is a termination of such, but in the memory of those splendid deeds that preceded death, just as the genius of the dead poet survives in the work he wrought in life.

It is a melancholy fact that the recognition of merit, intellectual or elsekind, is mostly retrospective.

As between such posthumous reward and contemporaneous hero-worship, the latter is largely preferable.

Humanity’s heart has paid to the living Debs the tribute of its most exalted eulogy.

III.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FEELING.

Every action is measured by the depth of sentiment from which it proceeds.—Emerson.

If every great movement it is said that this man or that is its "brains" or its "soul." Of none has it been said that he is the heart of any movement. Debs is the heart of the Social Revolution. He lacks neither mentality nor spirituality, but—he is the heart. There are many big brains and great souls in the movement—but Debs is its heart. It is a matter of proportion. Not that Debs’ heart is disproportionate. It is simply that it is adequate. Which is almost to say that it is nearly infinite.

Debs is the heart. He thinks emotionally and feels intellectually. Others reason. Debs loves. But there is reason in his love. You can win a man’s heart quicker than you can convince his mind. Once you have his heart you hold the key that will open the doors of his intelligence.

Affection is more potent than argument. Too often argument begets antagonism. But naught can prevail against the logic of love.

Debs is loving the world into liberty.

This man is a master because he has learned the primary lesson of progress—the triumphant truth that love is the cement of cosmic cohesion. He knows it is love that in the end must save society—that must save you and me—even as it “saves the world and keeps it, like a star, swinging in the orbit of God’s remembrance.”

He is always sure of an audience and an understanding, for his personality appeals to the affections as irresistibly as his words appeal to the intelligence. He speaks simultaneously to the heart and to the mind, and his message needs no interpretation.
Debs represents the sentiment of Socialism. Some there be who insist that there is no sentiment in Socialism, that it is wholly philosophical; not knowing that sentiment is the truest philosophy. Debs is a sentimental philosopher.

What is philosophy? And what is life? Love is the core of it, and philosophy the rind. Ah, ye deluded philosophers who deem yourselves profound! know that philosophy, as has been said of beauty, "is but skin deep." In the infinite depths is love only. And love needs no complement of philosophy. That which we call philosophy is only an antidote; it is the thing that neutralizes hate and makes existence at all endurable.

Feeling is the dynamic agent in every department of human endeavor. Divorced from this, its active principle, philosophy would be static. Emotion is the motive element of the rational faculties. It is, consequently, the propelling energy of all economic progress.

Regarding the relation of the emotions to philosophy, that eminent sociologist, Prof. Lester F. Ward, of Brown university, in his "Psychic Factors of Civilization," says:

Feeling is the basis of a philosophy of action, and whether viewed from the standpoint of achievement and progress or from the standpoint of ethics and happiness, it constitutes the only real foundation for a science of mind. Subjective psychology puts a heart and soul into philosophy, gives it life and meaning, makes it practical and utilitarian, furnishing a key alike to past history and future progress.

Thus viewed it can be seen what an important fact feeling is in the world and how worthy it is of all attention and honor. That maudlin sentimentality that would banish it from philosophy as unworthy a place by the side of its great grandchild, the intellect, must be overcome if psychology is to become a science, and the equal dignity and nobility of the emotions * * * must be recognized and their true position in the scheme of philosophy assigned them.

And our own Prof. George D. Herron rebukes the chill disciplinary doctrines of the social materialists when he says: "The Social Revolution will never come as a bald economic proposition. It must show forth its reason for being in the finest feelings of the soul of man." And again, in pointing out that the formative stage of Socialism is past: "The Socialist body had to be made before the breath of life could be breathed into it. But now the Social Revolution waits to have a living soul."

Wherefore the need of the vitalizing influence of the voltaic Debs,
WHEREVER the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make NEW NATIONS.
—Shakespeare.

HERE are no great men. That is, no man is so very great. In the social aggregate the individual is inconsequential. This is because he necessarily is incidental to the general purpose. He is a means to an end, and his personal welfare is important only as an addition to the common benefit. His mind is merely a small quantity of fertilizer to fructify the social soil, and analogically without more intrinsic merit than has a decomposed carcass for enriching the farmer’s field. Our accepted measurement is a matter of altitude. The men we account great are merely eminent.

So, there being no such thing as human greatness per se, I should not say that Debs is a great man. But he has a great purpose, which justifies his eminence. Says Rochefoucauld, “Great souls are not those which have less passion and more virtue than common souls, but only those which have greater designs.”

Most eminent men have died of a broken heart. This is because they were self-seekers. They mourned unfulfilled ambitions, not great duties unperformed. They suffered from personal disappointment instead of from vicarious sorrow.

Debs will not die a disappointed man. He never has known a disappointment in his life, because he never has neglected a duty. Disappointment is the introspection of selfishness. Nepenthe is Debs’ reward for self-forgetfulness. He seeks not anything. Capitalism has nothing that to him is desirable, and from Socialism he wishes nought except what is spontaneously proffered.

So Debs can never know disappointment. He can feel no pang of blasted ambition. This is because in place of ambition he has aspiration. He aspires to help make this world a better place in which to live. He realizes that his own labors, prodigious though they be, are but a contribution to the general effort. He is content with doing his best, knowing that others will complete whatever work he may leave unfinished.

Nor can he be disappointed in his fellowmen. Without question, he is the best beloved man in the world to-day. But should others cease to love him, he still would love them. And therein would be his happiness. He joys more in giving than in gaining. He is more of a transmitter than a receiver. His is
"A love that asks no answer, that can live
Moved by one burning, deathless force to give
Love, strength and courage—courage, strength and love—
The heroes of all time are built thereof."

No man is an epochal figure except he be the foremost factor in the tremendous process of some great social change. Napoleon was epochal; Lincoln was epochal; Debs is epochal.

Comparisons here are in order.
Napoleon and Debs.
The dynamic capacity of these two is about equal. The difference is of direction. Napoleon demolished; Debs constructs. Napoleon conquered; Debs liberates. Napoleon humbled the haughty; Debs exalts the lowly. Napoleon aspired to be feared; Debs desires to be loved. Napoleon wished to have men serve him; Debs wishes to serve his fellowmen. Napoleon craved personal power; Debs yearns for greater power to do good.

Lincoln and Debs.
Like Lincoln, Debs is elemental. He resembles Lincoln in more than this. He is indigenous to his time; he lives in response to the demands of his day, even as did Lincoln. But Debs is more than this. He is the concrete expression of the humanism of his era, which Lincoln was not. Men are measured by their missions—they are great or not according to the dimensions of their respective destinies. So Debs will loom larger in history than does Lincoln, in the same degree that the proportions of a limited chattel-slavery are exceeded by those of a universal wage-slavery. And by this standard must we estimate his present importance.

We find differences, too. The parallel is far from perfect. Lincoln lacked the cosmic perspective of Debs. In his great heart he doubted the expediency of the Emancipation Proclamation, and signed it only under irresistible political pressure. Debs never doubts; and "expediency" has been expurgated from his lexicon.

As I have said, greatness does not inhere in the individual. Men are merely agents, instruments. The Man of Destiny, therefore, appears great because of and in proportion to the greatness of the purpose to which he was born.

Lincoln was great; Debs is greater.
Lincoln proclaimed that the black man should be free. Debs proclaims that all men shall be free.
V.

A PRIEST OF PROGRESS.

For he, as Captain of the Common Good,
Has earned the right to be misunderstood.
---Edmund Vance Cooke.

To the capitalist mind, Debs is the social puzzle. Himself the essence of simplicity and with a method undeviatingly direct, he still is a mystery to the master class.

This misunderstanding is consequent upon the point of survey. Plutocracy views Debs in distorted perspective. The angle of his attitude is so acutely divergent from their own understanding that the money-lords are quite unable to find the correct mental approach.

His incredible truth confounds them.

Personally consistent, Debs presents the strange illusion of environmental contradiction. Compassed by social complexities, beset by all the intricacies of an intriguing system, he is in striking contrast to his surroundings.

And Debs puzzles them. He is wont to vanish for a season from public view. His voice is silent and the work of his hand is unseen. Then it is that the Rulers rejoice. How are they to know that when in retirement his brain is busiest—that he is patiently planning and is preparing always for the day to come? Debs is a "dead one," they say—he has had his day; and the thought brings them satisfaction and a sense of security. Then suddenly an emergency arises, and lo! Debs appears and is dominant. And so they are puzzled, and marvel much.

Debs is not disturbed by being misunderstood, content that he understands himself. He complains not at misrepresentation, satisfied with knowing himself true to his own purpose.

Possibly he knows also his Emerson, and has read therein, "To be great is to be misunderstood."

It may be, too, he is mindful of the word, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!"

Debs knows his destiny.

He stands on the heights, serene as Buddha, and thence his soul salutes all mankind.

Strong and sufficient, he knows his powers; yet withal is he the most modest of men. Egotism enters not into the contexture of his character. He is self-confident without being self-conscious. No man who did not believe in himself could do the things Debs has done. "Self-trust," says Emerson, "is the essence of heroism." Debs believes in himself because he believes in mankind, of which he is a part.
But the proletariat know Debs. They do not analyze him, they could not define him. They know him intuitively, as a child knows its mother or a species know their kind.

Debs might journey to the ends of the earth nor carry credentials. He is one individual who needs no introduction. Were he in the heart of Africa where his name may never have been uttered, the tribesmen would instantly recognize him for what he is. His countenance is a countersign. He proves himself by that subtle freemasonry that is more than mysticism, whose true grip is always in his hand and whose symbol is stamped upon his brow—the fellowship of humanity.

He writes his own passport to the hearts of his fellowmen.

Debs is more than a man. He is a Voice and a Spirit—the Voice of the Unsatisfied and the Spirit of Unrest. He is a Voice proclaiming the Message of the Masses. He is an articulate sentiment, a personified principle—an Idea Incarnate. He expresses what others feel. He speaks for those who have not yet learned the language of revolt.

He preaches the doctrine of a divine discontent.

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."

Debs is doubly effective because of his experience.

Sir Philip Sidney voiced an eternal verity when he said, "None can speak of a wound with skill if he hath not a wound felt."

Sympathy constitutes the closest of kinship—a tie infinitely stronger than the bond of blood. And Ritchie was right when he wrote: "Sympathy is a fellow-feeling with any in trouble; it can be fully developed only when like experience exists."

Debs is passionately impatient. How can one of such exquisite sensibilities remain patient while such mighty woes oppress the race? Others petition, but Debs demands.

He is all-inclusive. His creed is lettered in spiritual Esperanto, he knows the Goddess of Liberty for neuter gender, and he would have Justice unbandaged but color-blind.

To his mind the Declaration of Independence was a sordid document of selfish interest until the Emancipation Proclamation was written. And he reads both manifestoes merely as minor installments of that mighty serial of human history which shall find its conclusion in the splendid climax of Universal Freedom.

So he stands a Marconi tower by the shores of life to waft a message of hope over every sea that reflects a sail to every land where floats a flag.
VI.

THE RELIGION OF DEBS.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Much speculation has been indulged regarding Debs' religious belief. He never has mentioned the matter to me, but I can tell you about it. My knowledge results from observation. No, Debs never has spoken of it to me. He acts his religion instead of discussing it. His is a gospel of performance. He is a priest of humanity, whose only sermons are object-lessons. His is a religion of deeds and not of creeds. It is this doctrine of deeds that constitutes the text of all his tenets. To be good—to do good—this is his canon of conduct. In the Book of his belief God is spelled with double "o." He realizes that as inevitably as every effect has its cause so must every action be followed by its reaction. So to be good is to do good, and to do good is to be good.

Goodness is not a negative quality. There is no value in passive virtue, if such it can be said there is. Virtue consists of beneficent action. It is only the man who does good that "makes good."

The religion of Debs might well be described in his own words (though he applied them not to himself) as "the religion of Jesus Christ, the homeless wanderer who sympathized and associated with the poor and lowly, and whose ministrations were among the despised sinners and outcasts."

Jesus gave his life, we are taught, to save the world. Debs is giving his life for the same salvation. And he knows that the longer he lives the more of it can he give. He feels he can serve his fellows better by living than by dying. He would redeem the race by work rather than by martyrdom. Yet is he ever ready to yield up his life if his death can help humanity.

"And always so are the mighty changes;
The Word must be sown in the heart like seed—
Men's hands must tend it, their lives defend it,
Till it burst into flower as a deathless Deed."

Debs does not believe that to love God one must hate one's fellowman. He sees the god in man, and worships at the shrine of a universal humanhood.

The more religion a man has, the less his theology. Debs is deeply, reverently religious. His only theological theory is his conception of an eternal hell as the immortality of capitalism.
Instead of spending all his time trying to get to heaven, Debs is busy striving to bring something of heaven down to earth.

He is an "opportunist" with "immediate demands" to the extent that he doesn't believe in living on skim-milk in this world for promise of cream in the next.

Debs isn't afraid of God. He doesn't believe He is cruel. He doesn't believe He is a God of wrath. He doesn't believe the Creator would make a mess of things and then be so unreasonable as to get angry with us about it.

He credits the Lord at least with knowing how to be a good fellow.

He believes in being on good terms with God.

Debs' single dogma—the only one he allows himself—is that he best serves God who serves his fellowman.

If it is true that religion is best "expressed in terms of human helpfulness," then Debs doubtless is the most religious man the world has known since Jesus.

Any reference to Debs' religious beliefs always recalls to me those lines by my old friend James Newton Matthews, premier of American poets, the news of whose recent death has stabbed my heart:

The man who loves his fellowman,  
And winds a willing arm about  
His brother, when the storms are out,  
And lends him all the help he can—  
No matter what may be his creed,  
A kind God knights him for the deed.

As the Recording Angel bends above the Book of Life to enter therein "the names whom love of God has blessed," Debs were well content to say with Abou Ben Adhem:

"I pray thee then  
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."

And if the list showed not that "his name led all the rest," at least it would be bracketed with that of Leigh Hunt's fine old humanitarian.

Debs wants no good for himself that his comrades can not share. Not for a moment do I doubt that he would refuse a passport to heaven so long as a single soul was writhing in hell.

But then Debs doesn't believe in the orthodox hell. He respects God too much for that. No, Debs never told me this. Then how do I know it? Well, you see, I know Debs.

Debs does not believe man is a fallen creature, in need of a special redemption. He believes that if it is made possible for him to do so man will redeem himself—will work out his own salvation; and he strives to see that this possibility shall be vouchsafed him. He believes that, so far from being a fallen creature, man perpetually
ascends. He believes every human being is better than his environment. Were this not so the hell of capitalism would be populated with devils.

Debs believes in beginnings. He sees that industrial salvation must precede spiritual salvation. He knows it is hard to climb the heights with an empty stomach. He knows that the feet of a starving mortal are fain to falter in the straight and narrow way. And he is impressed with the impropriety of any man reaching heaven hungry.

So it will be seen that Debs is utterly an unregenerate—all the religion he knows is that embodied in the Golden Rule.

VII.

DEBS AS A DOCTOR.

When the stomach doth strive with wit, the match is not equal.—Hooker.

MEDICAL statisticians assure us that a majority of the people of these United States have stomach trouble.

The nation, too, is distressed with financial dyspepsia, induced no doubt by "undigested securities."

Which ailments, while symptomatically different, have a related etiology.

The derangement of the individual stomachs is purely an economic effect, resulting from disproportionate distribution. Many stomachs are outrageously over-worked, while many more are listed with the unemployed.

Debs is a stomach specialist.

He is doing all that is possible with economic therapeutics to relieve the condition. But all presently available remedies are merely palliative, and a complete cure can not be effected until the electoral Board of Health endorses the use of the specific of Socialism, which carries its own dietary.

Economics concerns us more immediately than does biology. Nutrition is a more important function than procreation; for it is better that a man be not born than that he be born to starve. Moreover, poor feeding results in poor breeding.

It is said "Man is what he eats." This being so, then he who eats too little is not much of a man. The scanter his rations, the closer his approach to the social cypher.

There also is the sin of over-eating. The wage-system, however, has largely corrected this iniquity among the workers.

Debs has thought that the saying of Fanny Fern's that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" perhaps is not so ignoble
after all. He doesn’t deem it important what road you take to a man’s heart, so you reach it. His way to reach a man’s mind is through his heart. What matter if he find the stomach first? Certain it is that you can not win a man’s affectionate esteem by starving him. Debs often has filled an empty stomach and left an overflowing heart.

With all his wonderful ability, and varied as are his talents, in some ways Debs is strangely incompetent. He never has mastered the art of being happy while misery is the heritage of millions of his fellows. A bountiful meal discomforts him when he knows that the fangs of famine are gnawing at the vitals of others.

When Debs meets a hungry man he does not ask why that man is hungry. It does not matter to him why the man is hungry. The important thing is that he shall be fed.

Anyway, he is sure it is not the man’s fault that he is hungry. It is inconceivable that any man would wish to be hungry.

And if it were the man’s fault, he still would be hungry. That is, until he had met Debs.

Debs has studied deeply the life of Jesus, and to him the overshadowing fact of the Nazarene’s career is that “he fed the multitude.” Which stamped him a rational economist and a practical philanthropist.

Debs has great faith in the sandwich as a means of salvation. He knows how hard it is for a hungry man to shout hallelujahs with any great enthusiasm.

Debs is sib in spirit to that fine old Roman, Quintilian, who said, “Give bread to a stranger in the name of the universal brotherhood that binds together all men under the common father of nature.” And he feels a fervent fraternism for Confucius for having affirmed that “brotherhood is the root of true benevolence.”

The stomach is sovereign.
It is master of the mind.
Buffon tells us that “the stomach is the seat of thought.”
It is the stomach and not the brain that directs the destinies of nations. Certainly it is not brains that at present is directing our national destinies.

In the physiology of economics the stomach is the first of all factors.

In the domain of esthetics, too, the stomach is supreme. It is the thought of Persius that “the stomach is the master of all art, the bounteous giver of all genius.” Low living is not conducive to high thinking. Poverty is sordid, hunger is debasing. Ideals are consumed by an unsatisfied digestion.

Debs has great respect for the stomach, knowing it for the or-
gan that, more than the heart or the brain, is responsible for revolu-
tions. An empty stomach is a great educator—it gives food for
thought. The appetite is an excellent awakener. Hunger appeals
powerfully to the understanding. It is an argument for which there
is no answer. A full stomach may mean an empty mind; the road
to a man's reason often lies through an empty stomach, where, it
seems, food would obstruct the progress of the economic idea.
Slaves are made submissive by being full-fed—are compensated
with a "full dinner-pail" instead of a full heritage; but the empty
stomach promulgates its own emancipation proclamation.

George Eliot, in "Adam Bede," makes Bartle Massey say, "No
man can be wise on an empty stomach." But then George Eliot
was a novelist and not an economist. The fact is that the masses
play the fool at the feast. When the worker is hungry he may
chance to be wise; when sated with food he often is otherwise.
The difference between a fast and a feast sometimes is the dif-
erence between freedom and enslavement.

It is said that hunger makes a wolf courageous and a man
cowardly. It makes both dangerous.
Soup-houses are the salvation of Plutocracy.
Socialism is the salvation of the Proletariat.
So long as the workers are satisfied with soup they'll never get
Socialism.

When the opportunists make their "immediate demands," for
heaven's sake let them demand something besides soup!
Soup has done more than any other agency to retard revolu-
tions.
The soup-house is the fortification of the palace.
It is the world-old story, as true in the generation of Gompers
as it was in that distant day when his forebears painfully fashioned
the Babylonian bricks without straw—soup in the workers and the
workers "in the soup."
All of which is irrelevant but irresistible.

VIII.
DEBS THE DEPENDABLE.

That love for one from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing. —Lowell.

ONE can be friendless while Debs lives.
He is big brother to the world.
Debs' mission is to restore philanthropy—the lost art of
loving your fellowmen. And he realizes that this renaissance
of fellowship is possible only through Socialism. Wherefore is
he a Socialist.
EUGENE V. DEBS: AN INTRODUCTION

He not only loves humanity, but he likes it—which often is a more difficult thing for many men.

He needs no oral language to express his love. His glance articulates his fluent soul in syllables of sympathy, and his hand-clasp translates his heart-beats truly.

Emerson tells us—and mostly what he tells us is truth—that "all mankind love a lover." Debs is always a lover. Wherefore is he universally beloved.

His heart is hospitable to every good, and keeps open house for all humanity.

The latch-string of his love is always out.

Debs is an example of great gentleness and gentle greatness. He is gentle because he does not know how to be harsh. He is kind because he cannot be any other way. Some men are humanitarians from a sense of duty; Debs loves without effort. He can not help being humane. Cruel speech is to him as much a dead language as is Sanskrit to a lisping infant. His touch is always a caress, his smile a benediction. He loves naturally, as the sun shines, as the stars glow, as the flowers blossom.

His labor is always loving, but his love is never labored.

His lips are the outlet of his lavish soul, whence tenderness springs spontaneous, as the throat of a thrush overflows with song.

Debs is intensely human. He is the most human man I ever met. And his love for humanity is the paramount passion of his life. All that other men give to home and family, to wealth, to ambition, in Debs is concentrated in his all-absorbing, ever-consuming philanthropy.

His love for mankind is measured by his heart-beats.

Debs understands humanity and knows its needs.

He goes down among the workers of the world—"toilers of the deep"—and becomes a brother to "the least of these."

He sees with unveiled vision the supreme heroism of Labor. He reads the most elevated of all epics in the short and simple annals of the poor—the industrial Iliad.

To the toil-troubled ones of earth his hand-clasp is an inspiration to hope and courage, while his glance translates a gospel of sympathy more tender than any spoken language could convey.

Their love is precious to him because of the price he has paid for it; they are dear to him even as he is endeared to them by reason of the sacrifices he has made for their sake.

They belong to him, these world-orphans, and he feels the sweet pang of possession. He has won them in the agony of a thousand persecutions, and he held them close to his heart in that prison cell at Woodstock which his presence consecrated. He has been exalted
by his poignant experience, even as motherhood exults in the blessed pain of parturition that makes the offspring doubly dear. Nature is wise with a wisdom exceeding the meagre intelligence of mankind. The personal precludes the universal. To compensate for the children of his own which she has denied him, Nature has made Debs foster-father to all the children of men. And it is this far-reaching fatherhood that has lifted him to Mount Transfiguration.

But it is the world's Magdalenés and Jean Valjeans that he holds closest to his heart. He loves them more because others love them less. He gives them more of the wealth of his great soul because their need is greater. His comradeship enfolds them like a compassing arm.

He fails to forget that Christ came into the world to save sinners, not to condemn them.

And Debs yearns more over the one lost lamb than for "the ninety-and-nine which went not astray."

Debs knows that human service is in proportion to human suffering.

It is this service and this suffering that have made him the proletarian hero of both hemispheres.

One can imagine Debs regretting his blameless life lest it shut him out from full fellowship with earth's greatest sinner.

This love of Debs for his fellows is not abstraction. It is a thing concrete and personal. This perhaps is not for the best, but it remains a fact. He turns from his momentous work for a world-movement, to give of his precious time to a casual beggar.

His heart is a garden wherein all comradely blessings perennially bloom.

IX.

DEBS THE DREAMER.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.—Landor.

Debs is a true reformer. He does not seek to reform the individual but the environment. Men, being the product of conditions under which they live, do not need reforming. Most men are better than their environment, anyway. Make them more superior without modifying their surroundings, and they could not continue to exist. So Debs would not destroy them. Instead of reforming the man, he would relieve him. He knows that men can improve only under improved conditions. Instead of blaming men for not being better, he marvels that they
are not worse than they are—that they are not as bad as their environment.

He does not seek to make men over. He would give them a chance to grow right. He realizes that all evil resides in environment. Men, like plants, are what conditions make them. Life is a series of adaptations. Human character and conduct are the consequence of ceaseless effort of adjustment to controlling circumstances.

Debs does not believe that “man is prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward.” He believes that the inclination of human nature is always toward good—that, all things being equal, men invariably will do right from preference. More, he is convinced that most men even will make a considerable effort to do right. But the tendency of human nature, as all else of nature, is to follow the line of least resistance. So it is that too often it is too difficult to do right, and wrong action therefore results. Debs would for this reason place man in a favorable environment, one compatible only with good.

Man does the best he can, and much better than might be expected of him.

Heaven and hell merely represent extremes of environment.

Debs doesn’t try to make men good; he tries to give them a chance to “make good.”

Were Debs a medical practitioner and was called to attend a typhoid case, he would not blame the patient for his condition but would purge the contaminated water supply. In the same manner, as a social physician he seeks out the sources of industrial infection.

Debs is admirably equipped for social agitation. He received his education in the school of a rugged experience. When he had learned to “cypher” to the economic “Rule of Three,” he began to ask bothersome questions. And he still disturbs the masters with these perplexing queries. He wants to know why, if the workers have been given a “square deal,” the shirkers hold all the high cards. Quite a problem, isn’t it?

As early as he conveniently could Debs organized himself into a Board of Economic Equalization, which since has been in continuous session.

Debs is personified Democracy—that is, he lives it. His own life is his best lesson. With all his magnificent mentality, there is just one familiar thing he never has been able to understand—a
theory. Life to him is an aggregation of facts, which facts he lab-
ors unceasingly to adjust in rational relation to the human family.

No, Debs is not a theorist—he is a veritist.

But, they say, Debs is a dreamer—a visionary. He is. He
dreams the divinest of dreams. He dreams of "the golden dawn-
ing of a grander day." His vision forecasts a reign of justice
and the race redeemed. Speed the day when his dreams shall be
gloriously realized, his splendid vision verified!

In life's early afternoon he dreams always of the dawn. Hope
has built its nest in his heart, and he keeps his eyes forever on the
East. He turns from the twilight of thought through which hu-
manity is groping and turns his face toward the morning of the
mind.

Yes, Debs is a dreamer. But he is a practical dreamer. He
is a dreamer who does things. He dreams of a reconstructed
social fabric—civilization's fair "castle-in-the-air." Then with the
purpose of the true builder he proceeds to give it a foundation—
works with a wonderful energy to make his dream come true.

When the Ideal Society shall have been ushered in, we will
know it for the realized dream of Debs.

X.

DEBS AND THE DOLLAR.

Above all is he admired who is not influenced by money.—Cicero.

I advise you to watch this man closely, for he presently will demonstrate
to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want
money.—Rudyard Kipling.

Debs is finely endowed with financial insensibility.

He is the only man I ever knew who was entirely de-
void of the sense of property-posessssion and material
values. The love of money which has a place in the hearts
of others was in his heart made into love for men. Riches would
irk him. Even a little money makes him miserable, and he re-
lieves himself of the distressing incubus quickly and joyously.
His simple method is to transfer it to the needy.

Those hands of his are too busy doing great things to have
time to grab at dirty dollars.

Debs is the prince of spendthrifts. He flings his money to
the winds of every human want; and no prodigal of proverb could
do more or wiser. With the infinite-souled Ingersoll, whose
friend he was, he might exclaim, "I would rather be a beggar and
spend my last dollar like a king than be a king and spend my
money like a beggar."

His generosity delights in shocking the shriveled soul of
Thrift, which finds greater pleasure in hoarding wealth than in
relieving want. Reveling as he does in the true riches of life,
treasuring only the things of verified value, finding worthy ex-
change only in the currency of the soul—love's own legal-tender—
he resolutely refuses to be cumbered with the worthless dross of
earth's material wealth.
The sterling metal of his make-up has no affinity for gold.
He is an anomaly in an age that makes money its standard
of measurement.
Said that sound old philosopher, Seneca: "From the time that
money began to be regarded with honor, the real value of things
was forgotten."
To Debs the dollar-sign is not a symbol of value. He asks
himself the scriptural question, "What shall it profit a man if
he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" For that
is the invariable ratio of exchange.
When Debs stoops it is not to pick up a dollar but to lift up
a brother.
Wherefore can he always stand erect again.

"'Tis a hard task not to surrender morality for riches," says
Martial.
Lucre has no lure for Debs. And he who can not be con-
quered by gold is unconquerable.
In a society that is dominated by the dollar, the man who has
no desire for money is a man to be feared by upholders of the
Existing Order. The entire armory of Plutus contains not one
weapon that can prevail against him. Shod with righteousness,
he is more invulnerable than Achilles, for no arrow of avarice can
pierce any part of the armor of his integrity more than those that
are broken upon his breast.

Debs is in misery so long as he has money, knowing countless
others are miserable for want of it.
I have known many humanitarians, reformers, Socialists, and
some of them grow rich—a phenomenon I have failed utterly to
understand.
To me it is incomprehensible that any man can find his hap-
piness in wealth while so many are wretched in poverty.
It is a strange thing that any man should give himself seriously
to the accumulation of money, that he should make a profession
of the piling up of useless gold, in face of the elementary economic
fact that every dollar of his financial surplus represents a corre-
sponding deficit for some one of his unfortunate fellows.
I can only conclude that the desire for money is a disease,
engendered by morbid economic conditions.
Eugene V. Debs: An Introduction

It is to the glory of Debs that, making much money, he has kept none of it.

“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.”

Assiduously cultivated by that class of rich with a passion for the popular, Debs remains comrade to the Son of the Carpenter of Galilee who had “not where to lay his head.”

With a capable man, as a rule, the largeness of his heart is in exact ratio to the smallness of his pocket-book. An examination of Debs’ personal exchequer any pay-day just after he has met a needy brother would give one a nearly correct notion of his cardiac development.

Debs shares Andrew Carnegie’s belief that it is a crime for a man to die rich. But he found it out earlier than did Andy, and has been more precautious than the canny Scotsman against passing from sublunary scenes with such a sin upon his soul.

Debs made another and more important discovery that seems to have failed the discernment of the great ironmaster, which is that it also is a sin to live rich.

Moreover, he perceives that the primary sin is in getting rich. It can not be righteous to acquire what it is wrongful to hold. And there is no apparent merit in a man’s dispensing at the eleventh hour that which he can not take with him when the clock strikes.

No robber may hope by such tardy restitution to win either the forgiveness of his victims or judicial remission.

Debs conceives that to refrain from sinning is better than death-bed repentance.

If, as Foster says, “The pride of dying riches raises the loudest laugh in hell,” it must be equally true that the fatuity of such belated benevolence provokes only pity among the hosts of heaven.

Menander has it that “gold opens every gate, e’en that of hell.” But it should be borne in mind that to this “open sesame” the portals of perdition swing inward only. To “give the devil his due,” he can’t be bribed—wherein is he better than most men.

So shrewd an observer as old As-Shafi said, “Wealth opens every well-barred door.” And even the expansive intelligence of Shakespeare held that “if money go before, all ways do lie open.” With such authority for his arrogance it is small wonder that the master of millions believes his wealth can purchase admittance anywhere. But there is no gate-money at the entrance to Elysium. Robert Bridges assures us that “gold goeth in at any gate but heaven’s.”

Alexander, being asked why he did not gather and lay up money, said, “For fear, lest being the keeper thereof, I should be
infected and corrupted." No such fear has influenced Debs to his renunciation of riches.

The needs of his fellowmen serve him as a financial purgative. Debs wealthy would be like a dove with a vulture's beak.

"It is hard," says Beecher, "to be a saint standing in a golden niche."

In this realm of the disinherited there is so much real work to be done that the making of money—a fictitious value—which possesses no element of social service and in which no true worth inheres, appears to Debs as wholly banal.

Yes, there is overmuch for those great hands to do—an endless labor of lifting—in a society where man, born to inherit the earth, has fallen as far from his primal estate as it is possible for the plummet of degradation to sound.

"The earth hath He given to the children of men," declares the psalmist. And Debs must help them to their lost heritage.

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The narrow nature may expand, but the comprehensive never can be compressed. The cosmical spirit can not be commercial. How can the vision accustomed to the illimitable vistas of the telescope ever adjust itself to the microscope? The essence of Debs is empyreal. His nature is native to sidereal regions, he dwells forever in ideal domains. His is the atmosphere of the blue ether, the domicile of dreams. The ear of his soul, eternally attuned to the music of the infinite, is deaf to the clink of the dollar.

Debs is materially poor but spiritually opulent. Bradstreet nor Dun may accord him a rating, but his soul is solvent. He is rich, too, in the love of his fellowmen. No other man in the world has acquired such affectional affluence. And Debs knows that whatever the extent of social inequity, life itself invariably renders an exact equivalent. He knows how impossible it is for any one to get "something for nothing." Throughout the macrocosm the law of compensation is infallible and supreme. You can not get more out of life than you give. A miser is the most indigent of individuals. In cosmic commerce there is naught but even exchange. You gain anything whatsoever at the expense of something else. Even love, which yields the highest of all interest rates, is cumulative only to the degree it is disbursed. How poor is the man who has only money! How to be pitied is he for his unfortunate investment! Rockefeller, with his incubus of "unearned increment," is an instructive example of the "embarrassment of riches." For every dollar he has gained he has lost in precious values. Think how deeply in debt he must be! To-day he is burdened with gold and destitute of all that makes life worth living. He has squandered all his true wealth and hoarded only a
fool's treasure. To secure his money he has mortgaged his soul. To-day he is a spiritual bankrupt, an affectional pauper—a soul-starveling.

Standing now upon the chill altitudes of Age, the past, which should be so rich in retrospection, for him is barren of excellent memories, while before him lies only an open grave and an eternal judgment.

"Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation."

The sinister effect upon man's character of this delving for the dollar, which fails to enrich, has never better been described than by Ingersoll:

Gold impoverishes. Only the other day I was where they wrest it from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains treeless, shrubless, flowerless—without even a spear of grass—it seemed to me that gold has the same effect upon the soil that holds it as upon the man who lives and labors only for it. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren, without a flower of kindness, without a blossom of pity.

The millionaire "gets up in the world," according to his own ideas. So does the porch-climber.

It is an appalling thought that in the predaceous civilization of the present a man is esteemed by the extent of his ability not only to wrest their substance from his fellows but to retain it against counter-assault.

Could there be conceived any condition more brutalizing, more disintegrating, than this demoralization of the dollar? Ethics is eliminated, and we hark back atavistically to the sordidness of the Stone Age.

Debs' standard of achievement is different. He sees that the decisive factor in success is not the dollar. He finds his fortune in bestowing benefits, in elevating the level of human endeavor, in bringing greater good to his brothers.

He knows that no man is successful who has not succeeded in gaining the confidence, respect and affectionate esteem of a fair share of his fellowmen.

"Riches are deservedly despised by the man of honor, because a well-stored chest intercepts the truth," says Phædrus. As the quest of Debs is for truth, he needs no plethoric treasury. His hands are the more potent because empty—and clean.

"Riches are blind"—again our old friend Menander—"and render men blind who set their affections upon them." The vision of Debs is unobscured by the disc of the dollar.

Debs realizes that under the profit-system, whereby every superfluous dollar represents an equivalent robbery of surplus
labor, in order to accumulate millions a man needs must chloroform his conscience.

His soul shrinks correspondingly as his fortune expands.

"Great abundance of riches," says that excellent thinker Erasmus, "can not of any man be gathered and kept without sin."

The problem of life is nutrition and shelter, and the natural process of human activity, concerned primarily with these, is confined to production and consumption. Surplus accumulation transcends the sphere of productive effort, therefore of normal economics. It is an artificial and exclusively a human practice. Excessive possession has no power of pleasurable enhancement. So this derangement of equitable distribution without increasing the volume of production has the pernicious effect of diminishing the average of communal comfort without augmenting that of the individual. The thing, therefore, is wholly unphilosophic, and obviously results from a surviving vestige of primal instinct acting anachronistically upon present opportunity.

The process of acquiring this superfluity of wealth necessarily entails injustice, and its iniquity has been universally recognized, not merely by irrational malcontents, but by the world's authentic philosophers, from Solomon down through the ages of avarice to the predal present. Said the Old Proverbalist, "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." That good old Greek comrade, Antisthenes, assures us that "no good man is a money-grubber, be he king or commoner." Lord Bacon, the greatest mind of the Elizabethan era, found that "the ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul." The admirable Plato says, "To be very good and very rich is impossible; the very rich are not good." And Leighton learned that "it is hard to separate great riches from great wrongs." The Master himself said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

The classics are crowded with similar statements, and no contemporaneous writer of any intellectual integrity has sought to controvert them.

Standing upon haloed heights, emancipate from greed, Debs looks down into the valley of our commercial Tophet where the modern Ammonites make diurnal sacrifice of the best of the race to the Moloch of Money, and it is this sickening sight that has made him a social iconoclast amid the throng of idolaters.

It is a proverb that every man has his price. Perhaps Debs has one. If so, it isn't a money price. It is probable, however, that he could be bribed with an opportunity to greatly benefit his brothers. And I doubt not that he could be corrupted utterly with a chance to remove all men from reach of a money price.
XI.

THE PATRIOTISM OF DEBS.

For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.—Galatians V., 13.

SOME men are national; others are international; Debs is universal. Every man is his neighbor, his brother. The family next door is not nearer to him than is the distant dweller of earth's remotest realm. He is so devoid of spiritual provincialism that physical proximity does not affect him. He is in soul-propinquity with the entire human race.

Paradoxically, Debs the Socialist is also a fusionist. He believes in the fusion of humanity into a homogeneous society—the perfect fellowship.

Debs once was called "an undesirable citizen" by a president who did not understand him any more than he understood the science of government. Which leaves little to be said concerning his lack of comprehension of the man he traduced. Had he known Debs, even Roosevelt would not have said a thing so absurd.

Those who fail to understand Debs, misapprehend him because they know nothing of those things for which he stands. These deserve not our condemnation but our pity for this lack of understanding. As for Debs, his personal attitude toward his detractors doubtless is that of the Proletaire of Palestine when he cried, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

The misunderstood Debs is a progressive patriot, who would have love of country superseded by love of mankind.

He doesn't believe in national dunghills whereon each ethnic cock may crow his self-estimated superiority.

He knows there are no boundary lines in the great republic of love.

His feeling finds expression in Viscomte de Vogue's phrase, "a passion for the planet."

He favors a fenceless world.

He would break down the barriers of prejudice that partition society into nations, perpetuated by frightful fratricide, and would reconcile and reorganize humanity into one harmonious family, by preaching the patriotism of brotherhood until over all earth's different domains Peace has spread her canopy like a splendid wing.

Debs stands for universal betterment. With him, national improvement is good; racial improvement is better, but world-improvement is excellent over all.

Cosmopolitan and comprehensive, the spirit of his humanity
bends lovingly above all lands and measures the expanse of every sea.

Love's wireless telegraphy carries this man's message around the world.

Debs is a precedent. He is the first of a new type.

I'm always sorry for those people who have not met Debs. And I'm always sorry for myself because I didn't meet him sooner.

That others may know him is the occasion for this book. But there is more than a sentimental reason therefor. It is important to the welfare of the world that Debs be correctly portrayed.

The wage-workers would all be Socialists did they but know Socialism rightly. With identical wrongs, which only Socialism can redress; with identical rights, which only Socialism can secure; with identical needs, which only Socialism can supply—they all think Socialism, but fail to act it. With a unanimous understanding, they would vote unanimously. Which means, of course, that they would vote intelligently. When the workers cast an old-party ballot they vote for a candidate; when they cast a Socialist ballot they vote for themselves.

Between the moiling masses and their economic emancipation stands nothing but a name—"Socialism." In the kindergarten class of social philosophy, their economic understanding is perverted by the fantastic nursery teachings of false instructors. Because they don't understand—or maybe because they do understand—the masters have distorted Debs into a fearsome caricature of his radiant reality—have daubed him with red and decked him with the devil's plumes and invested him with a menacing mien. It matters not whether the teacher be ignorant or iniquitous; the erroneous idea is inculcated.

To know Debs is to know the truth.
And "the truth shall make you free."

Debs has a genius for directness. Deficient in few things, he nevertheless is inept at circumlocution. With a rectilinear reason, his methods of expression inerrantly follow his mental processes over their air-line route.

His statements have all the directness of a Damascus blade.

And he has a strange habit of saying that which is in his mind. The enemy never has a chance to mistake Debs' meaning.

Frequently, as in the case of that revolutionary proclamation, "Arouse, Ye Slaves!" and when he said, "If they hang Haywood and Moyer they'll have to hang me"—and meant it—the world has been made to marvel, and say in truth, "Never man spake as this man speaks."
Debs is not dramatic—that were puerile; in the infinite pity of
human life he can not be less than tragic.

It was myself who first described Debs as "the spirit of revolu-
tion incarnate." It must be a good description, for it since has
been used by many writers and speakers—some of them so dis-
criminating that they severely criticise such of my writings as they
do not appropriate to themselves.

His speech has voiced the Emancipation Proclamation of
economic vassalage, and his pen has framed the Magna Charta of
human fraternity.

XII.

THE SODALITY OF SYMPATHY.

The man who melts with social sympathy, though not allied in blood, is
worth more than a thousand kinsmen.—Euripides.

Debs is sui generis. He is made in the image of none.

He can not be appraised by ordinary standards.

The world has not yet taken the true measurement of
this man.

He belongs to the time that brought him into being. Likewise
is he a legacy to the ages.

His scope is broad, it has the cosmic sweep; he troubles himself
not with the minutiae of the movement. His inclusive imagination
overspreads the social universe even as the heavens canopy the
earth.

His comradeship is co-extensive with humanity.

He is a partisan of the "open door" policy. The gates of his
heart stand always ajar to all mankind, from his closest compatriot
to the children of the islands of the utmost purple seas.

He is a man who has supped with sorrow and communed with


grief and verily has "warmed both hands before the fire of life."

He has a sympathetic insight of human nature. He knows with
an intimate comprehension all its nethermost sufferings and its
supremest joys. His universal spirit has vicariously tasted the
flavor of every earthly experience. So is he sib to the sinner and
brother to the best. His words enter gently the sanctuary of your
soul and there do loving service.

His being is saturated with sympathy. In his attitude and
actions is realized that reflection of Burke's: "It is by sympathy
that we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved, and
are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything
which men can do or suffer. For sympathy may be considered as a
sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another
man, and affected in many respects as he is affected."
Debs is finely favored of the gods, eminently endowed above other men, for—

"Two gifts there are of value far
Beyond great wealth or lands.
The Gifts are these: The Eye that Sees,
The Heart that Understands."

The ripening years have mellowed the mood of Debs, while they have not moderated his intense individuality. His passion for humanity, which in his early days glowed with the fierce ardor of a concentrated flame, is now subdued to a gentle softness; it has not diminished, but diffusion has made it a milder radiance which vivifies instead of consuming.

He gives of the love that is the leaven of life.
His presence radiates his fervid feeling.
His heart-warmth is transmitted in his hand-shake.
And his amiability is as enduring as it is endearing. Debs is without that selfishness which manifests itself in personal ambition. In him the spirit of self-abnegation displaces that of self-aggrandizement.

He asks nothing of his fellows but the right to give.
He sees naught but good in his brothers. For to him mankind is a mirror wherein, though he wots it not, he sees only his own fine soul reflected.

Another thing, you can't discourage Debs. A thousand defeats wouldn't even suggest discouragement to his dauntless soul. If he is wrong, he ought to lose; if he is right, he knows he will win. But he never starts anything unless he is right. And he holds with the sound-souled old English poet that at the finish of all things

Ever will right come uppermost,
And ever will justice be done.

Debs is a philosopher. He does his best and accepts the inevitable with equanimity.
EUGENE V. DEBS: AN INTRODUCTION

XIII.

AN APOSTLE OF ALTRUISM.

"But I think the King of that country comes out from his tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most;
And here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him."

If Debs it may advisedly be said that no other man in history
so approximates the attributes of Jesus of Nazareth. In his
all-understanding, all-forgiving, all-suffering nature Debs
closely resembles the reputed character of the divine Prole-
taire of Palestine.

There is a very great symbolic truth in that feature of the
Christian theology which makes it essential that Jesus in order to
save the world should divest himself of godhood's immunity and
share its suffering—become a "Man of Sorrow"; that to pardon the
crucified thief he must agonize beside him and feel every pang that
pierced the consciousness of the dying malefactor.

Just so in the scheme of social salvation does the vicarious
Debs feel every pain that besets his brothers. In him is human-
kind personified.

Though he treads the Golgotha of every grief, yet he carries his
cross with fortitude and faith. Nothing the world may put upon
him can crush this mighty man. His strength has grown with the
burdens he has borne.

Even Jesus, we are told, was touched with the bitterness of
despair when from the depths of his tortured being was torn that
anguished cry, "My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Debs
knows no despair, nor ever feels forsaken. His is a divine hope,
a fearless faith and a deathless courage. His feet find the pathway
of the lowly, while he keeps his eyes forever on the heights.

Debs is truly a Man with a Message. He is an Embodied Sentiment,
an Incarnate Ideal. He is the Messiah of the Masses, the
Prophet of the Proletariat, the Industrial Immanuel.

He does not need to preach in words. His daily life is a
silent sermon. His every action proclaims the gospel of human
goodness.

He is the friend of all, the enemy of none. To his understand-
ing, which sounds the ultimate depths of human sympathy, enmity
is the greatest of all evils. To those who mistreat him he gives
more than to any others. To all the world he gives great love—
and great pity; but to those who spitefully use him he gives his
pity in greater measure.

Love is the key-stone and corner-stone of his character. Love
is the impelling influence of his life, the dominating motive of his
RYAN WALKER'S CONCEPTION OF THE DEBS MILITANT.
every deed, for he knows with Paul that “love is the fulfilling of
the law.” But his highest love is for the lowly, like One other of
whom it was said, “The common people heard him gladly.”

It is this lofty love stooping always to the prostrate that makes
Debs the leaven of the Social Uplift.

Yet he belongs exclusively to no class. He gives himself more
to the proletariat only because its need is greater.

To the toilers he is a Voice, proclaiming their wrongs and
demanding their rights.

Debs is more than a personality—he is a duality. In him are
embodied in disunited combination the two dominating dynamic
forces of human creation—love and wrath.

Wrath is not hate. Debs’ heart is so filled with love that it has
no room for hate. Wrath is the emotional expression of righteous
protest. The wrath of Debs is the wrath of Him who scourged
the money-changers from the temple.

On one hand is the Debs of benevolence, as portrayed by
Comrade Scholl. On the other hand is the Debs militant—the
personified protest. The Debs of Ryan Walker’s conception in
active and unceasing protest against the black brutality of capital-
istic conditions.

Debs is a warrior. While it may be true that “blessed are the
meek, for they shall inherit the earth,” he knows that they never
can come into their birthright until they cease to be meek and
become militant. It is a fact in human history that the disin-
herited never have gotten anything without fighting for it.

Arrayed in the Milan mail of intellectuality, Debs fares him
forth to break as brave a lance as ever was leveled against the
armor of authorized wrong.

That he joys in the joust is witnessed by his own words lately
sent from the field: “The smoke of battle in the struggle for
Emancipation is incense to my nostrils.”

I like best the Debs of the hospitable heart.

Other warriors there be, vast of valor; but history records
none other since Jesus who has sought (and with success) to
conquer the world by love.

Debs realizes that under the present social system the great
mass of mankind do not really live—they are only killing time.

He would transform this industrial Inferno into an economic
Eden.

He would cast the devil of Capitalism into the bottomless pit
and usher in the Social Millenium.

In his working methods we find a fine combination of the ideal
and the utile. He never is forgetful of the fact that his social
prototype, the Peasant of Palestine, "fed the multitude." He remembers also the divine adjuration, "Love ye one another"—and sets the example. And so he would teach the practice and practice the teachings of Jesus the Socialist until the land is filled with love and plenty, until in all this wide world there is never an empty stomach or a hungry heart.

XIV.

A PERSONIFIED PURPOSE.

In joys, in griefs, in triumphs, in defeat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
—Roscommon.

PROXIMITY destroys proportion. Only the perspective of the years can fix the true dimensions of a world-figure.

Debs in the foreground of events, bulks too big for contemporary calculation. The extent of his purpose exceeds accustomed limits.

He towers above the human levels, a very Matterhorn of a man.

In the popular affection his altitude is not less.

His glory resides not in the greatness of his renown but in the greatness of his deeds.

“These are they
Deserve their greatness and unenvied stand,
Since what they act transcends what they command.”

It is a singular fact of Debs' career that, though placed on a pedestal, he never seeks prominence; every honor that has found him has come unsought.

He would not wish to be called a "leader." Leadership implies personal ambition. Debs walks beside his comrades. He desires no followers—he would have each of his fellows abreast of his own advancement.

Instead of seeking to gain power over the people, he would help them to acquire greater power for themselves.

★★★

It has sneeringly been said that Debs is a "perpetual candidate." It is true. And it is because he responds to a perpetual need. His ridiculers are amazingly unaware of the quality of their contempt. No greater glory can come to any man than that he be the perpetual hope of earth's despairing. And it is something that he should enjoy perpetually the completest confidence of all his comrades. There can be no higher testimony to the worth of a
EUGENE V. DEBS: AN INTRODUCTION

man than that such candidacy should be a matter-of-course and that his nomination should be always by acclamation. This when it is spontaneous and unanimous, and not the result of selfish seeking and Machiavelian manipulation.

Yet Debs is a politician—a consummate politician. Elsewise, his usefulness would not be so large. Whoso is not a politician in any great movement is a blunderer and a marplot. Perhaps diplomat were the better word. Whoever is not this is an egregious egotist. In Debs' tactics there is nothing of intrigue. As in his character there is nothing complex and nothing obscure, so are his methods marked by simplicity and a crystalline candor. It is merely that he harmonizes instead of antagonizing. Instead of opposing, he guides and directs.

What others teach, Debs lives.
He is essentially a person of performance, a man who acts his thoughts, a fuller of good intentions; and so with Lowell he would say: "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action."

It has been the custom to embellish the names of the world's dominant characters with an appellative affix, as "Alexander the Great." Debs will go down in history as "'Gene the Genuine." And whoso is genuine is most truly great.

Debs asks no more of Fame than that she vouchsafe him the love of his fellowmen—wise in the knowledge that love is the one thing immortal.

This man must rejoice the spirit of "rare Ben Jonson," who wrote—

His sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth.

All the wine of the world's applause does not warm the heart of Debs as does the hand-clasp of the humblest comrade.

"If I am asked," says Sir William Jones, "'Who is the greatest man?' I answer, 'The best.' And if I am requested to say who is the best, I reply, 'He that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.'"

Reckoned by this rule, none can gainsay either the greatness or the goodness of Debs.
I hold that Debs is quite as qualified as was Galahad for quest of the Holy Grail.

Truly "sans peur et sans reproche," he is the avatar of a vanished chivalry, the reincarnation of dead romance—the Bayard of the industrial battle. He is the cavalier of the Social Crusade,
Debs is not perfect. That which is perfect is complete. Debs keeps on growing. He does not live the perfect life. Whatever is perfect is finished, and Debs' life will not be finished until his mission shall have been fulfilled.

"Till in the far years he shall find
The country of his quest,
The empire of the open truth,
The vision of the best."

"Cæsar was the entire and perfect man," wrote Mommsen. But the world is better for Debs than for Cæsar.

Debs does not inspire awe; he inspires only love. His presence is marked by an humble dignity, a gentle majesty. And none fears him except that one whose hand is against humanity.

His heart echoes the invocation of Riley:

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway;
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day.

XV.

A CHAPLET OF AMARANTH.

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,—
To which I leave him.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

"MEN may come and men may go"—but Debs is perennial. Other men mount to their zenith and descend to their nadir—Debs is perpetually meridional.

Debs does not diminish with time. Always does he expand and ascend. For the years do but add to his proportions and his altitude.

It were not amiss to paraphrase a current sporting sobriquet and name him "The Durable Debs."

He is an epical as well as an epochal figure—such a one as Homer might have sung or Plutarch described. His career furnishes fit theme for a modern Odyssey. Yet—
"The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs."

And he is writing his own history upon the tablets of Time.

Debs is universal. He is humanity's heritage. He is a product of the social pressure born of the ages of mankind's agony, the culmination of an evolutionary process. His existence is the embodied expression of human need—the apotheosis of amelioration.

Something has been said of Debs' weaknesses. It should be understood that these are not defects, but essential details of comprehensive character. They make for symmetry and completeness. They are as minor amplifications to massive architecture. Landor must have had the like of this in mind when he said, "Great men often have greater faults than little men can find room for."

Propriety [virtue] is a matter of proportion. Whatever is excessive is evil. Righteousness consists of counterpoise. Montesquieu expressed only an elementary philosophic truth when he wrote, "Virtue itself has need of limits."

The words "faults" and "weaknesses" as herein have been used are merely terms of convenience to express that supreme human quality for which language lacks the true equivalent.

It has ever been that to become genuinely helpful the gods have found it necessary to assume human form and human attributes, with their consequent frailties. The immortal Jove descended from Olympus for the delights of a mortal love. Had not Jesus betrayed the human weaknesses of doubt and despair and cried down from the cross, "My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—a cry that like an anguished rhapsody has rung down the ages to re-echo in every human heart—it is doubtful that the Christian theology ever would have dominated the religious world.

Debs is the Social Savior. He is the vicarious victim of Society's sins, and his life is a continual crucifixion. He is so constituted that he feels every pang that tortures humanity. The woes of the world rest upon his heart as a mighty burden. His days alternate between Gethsemane and Golgotha.

"Let only good be said of the dead" is the charitably dishonest adjuration. But Debs is one of whom only good can truthfully be said while living.
He is one man whose obituary could safely be written before his death—his subsequent life would not disprove it. And so at the close of this appreciation I shall say in the words of Samuel Ward:

Yet deem not that my heart retracts
The praise ne'er meant to dim the eye
Of one whose future words and acts
Shall verify his Eulogy.

The world places the laurel of love upon his living brow, not waits to twine the bay with cypress.

Debs doesn't need a monument. He can leave monuments to those who need them—his memory is sure of perpetuation.

His fame is written in letters of love on the hearts of his fellowmen.

When in Time's transmutations he shall have been translated from earth's activities, we may fitly paraphrase a famous utterance and say, "Debs has gone to heaven to relieve Lincoln of his eternal loneliness."

And, his memory embalmed in the Westminster of the world, upon the stone that shall mark the depository of his dust should be chiseled this epitaph, the prescient words of the immortal Homer, fitly enduring as our comrade's fame:

"HE WAS A FRIEND TO MAN"
"Why should my song not be of those
Who, living still, can hear its praise;
Why bring a pale, belated rose
For folded hands in after days?"

THE UNIVERSAL FRIEND.

Life hath no sweeter solace than
The ministrations of this man—
As marvelous as ancient myth—
This gentle giant coming with
High thoughts as pure as children's prayers,
That oft caress us unawares.
To hearts within the grasp of grief
His tender touch brings sure relief;
The sympathy within his grip
Expresses perfect comradeship
That's measured not in meagre dole
But saturates the thirsty soul
And warms it like an olden wine
Filched from some vintage superfine.
In his large love, he is a friend
On whom all mankind may depend.
From out the night of human need
We make him hail and give him heed,
For fear our mourning souls should miss
His words as kind as any kiss.
All our despairs we bid "Begone!"
And hug a darling hope, as on
A tide of love that never ebbs
We come to clasp the hand of Debs.

WALTER HURT.
"MORNIN', 'GENE!"

When a chap has lost his grip,
An' Fate has 'im on the hip,
Er he's trekked the trails o' sin
Till his feet are tangled in
Tribbelation's toughest webs,
What he needs is Eugene Debs
To reorganize 'im, fer
'Gene's the champyin comforter.
At sich times, ef he should meet
Debs a-comin' down the street,
Then the clouds o' trouble roll
Frum his overshaddered soul,
An' the skies are all serene
As he murmurs, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

As a doctor fer our grief,
'Gene is prompt to give relief.
An' he allus, when a pore
Feller's spirit's worn an' sore,
Diagnoses double-quick
That his heart is shorely sick;
An' he has the kindest way,
While the things that he will say
Are the gentlest ever heard,
An' ther's healin' in each word
As it hits the ailin' place
Like a dose o' savin' grace,
Till yer pain's forgotten clean
An' ye holler, "Mornin', Gene!"

When yer lips fergit to smile,
'Gene kin fully rickoncile
Feelin's that are torture-tost;
All yer sorrers then are lost
In the grasp o' that great hand
Whose impulse we understand,
Reached frum love's unfathomed pit—
An' the uttermost of it.
Per his greetin's plant perfume
Till a garden seems to bloom
In Life's desert of despair,
Spredin' sweetness ever'where,
An' we glimpse oases green
While we answer, "Mornin', Gene!"

In the hearts of other men
It is allus mornin' when
Debs kin cheer 'em on their way
With a lovin' hand, an' lay
All his hopes before their feet
Like a path o' promise, sweet
With the flowers o' faith an' strength
Blossomin' along its length,
Though the journey leads 'em soon
to Life's fadin' afternoon.
An' I hope at heaven's gate,
Should I reach it ruther late,
As I peep the bars between,
Thus to greet 'im, "Mornin', Gene!"

WALTER HURT.
God was feeling mighty good when he made 'Gene Debs and he didn't have anything else to do all day.—James Whitcomb Riley.

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.—Eugene Field.

An' there's 'Gene Debs, a man 'at stands
An' jes' holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here an' the Jedgment Seat.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

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.—Rev. F. De Witt Talmage.

When Debs speaks a harsh word it is wet with tears.—Horace Traubel, Walt Whitman's Literary Executor.

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 thoughts. His beautiful language is that of an apostle.—Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, Sculptor.

The same old pard of the long ago,
The whole-souled 'Gene that I used to know;
With the love of Truth writ on Justice' scroll,
With a woman's heart and a warrior's soul.
—Capt. Jack Crawford, the "Poet-Scout."

Eugene V. Debs is a great man. With a few more such to teach and organize the people the cause of justice must prevail.—Alfred Russell Wallace, Scientist.

Never saw I another man so loved. Never saw I another man whose every word was seized by his auditors as a kiss from a sweetheart returned from exile.—T. Alexander Cairns.

The strength of his faith, the liveliness of his hopes, the persistency of his valor, the breadth of his thought and the energy of his genius fill me with admiration.—John Swinton, Author and Journalist.
EUGENE V. DEBS: AN ESTIMATE.

By Walter Hurt.

[The following article from The Culturist was written before the author had met Debs or become a Socialist. In reprinting it in the Appeal to Reason, Fred D. Warren said: "I have read many fine tributes to the sterling worth of Debs, but I honestly believe this one stands at the head."

Whoever is sincere and is misunderstood, that one finds a sure friend in The Culturist.

Wherefore, without reference to his economic doctrines, do I present Eugene Victor Debs to the world as he seems to me.

No man has been more misrepresented and maligned by the plutocratic press. And for this the organs of plutocracy should not be blamed. It is fit that the capitalistic element should be quite as class-conscious as is the Socialist. Under the capitalistic system self-interest is essential to survival. Nor should we blame the masses he seeks to serve for their blindness in believing these untruths about Debs. Ignorance is not a crime; it is a calamity. But to those of intelligent thought this abuse of Debs from such a source is his best credential—his certificate of character—the badge of his sincerity. It is illogical that any should knowingly oppose their friends, and whoever is the foe of capitalism is inevitably the friend of those who suffer from the system.

Despite the splendid following Debs has so speedily marshaled under his magnetic leadership, millions of wage-slaves through their own crass ignorance still misunderstand the man and misinterpret his teachings. Snarling like beasts beneath the master's lash that is driving them to further depths of degradation, they yet strike at the hand that is stretched forth to save them.

I never think upon Debs but that I am reminded of the admirable dedication given his book, "Cleveland Before St. Peter," by my friend Peter Witt, the stormy petrel of political reform and the most picturesque agitator this country has produced. This dedication runs, "To all who have labored, in season and out, to readjust the existing order of social inequality, to expose official corruption, and bring to a close the political depravity of the day; whose only reward has been the blacklist of the criminal rich and the distrust of the ignorant poor," etc.
Debs is not a later Danton appealing to the passions of the unlettered mob. He is the prophet of an intellectual Progress. He attracts to himself the thinker, the scholar, the man of superior mind. An eminent literary man recently wrote to me regarding Debs: "He is a poet, a philosopher and a statesman. His word is as good as gold, and his heart is better than gold."

Debs is one labor leader who unquestionably is uncorrupted. Possibly the others also are uncorrupted. Let us hope so.

But we are sure of Debs. The money-kings sit at the banquet board with these others, while they send Debs to jail.

Yes, we are sure of Debs.

It is not customary for the money power to imprison its friends and dine those inimical to its interests.

So, again, we are sure of Debs.

As for the others, render your verdict according to the evidence, like good men and true.

That Debs owns an integrity none dares attempt to impeach is due to no lack of lucrative opportunity, you may be sure. It is always cheaper to buy than to fight.

Debs is forever a fighting man.

Trial by gold is more severe than trial by fire, and whoso has stood the test and withstood the temptation is ever thereafter safe. No subsequent ordeal can scathe him.

Politics does not form a man's character, but frequently his character determines his politics. Debs is not honest because he is a Socialist; he is a Socialist because he is honest.

To say of a man that he is Napoleonic, is trite. To say it of Debs only is it true. Not alone by his great organizing and executive genius is this comparison justified, for none since the conquering Corsican has been able to find such sure victory in defeat; none other has been so able to attach men to himself and inspire them with such confidence in his leadership. Returning from the Elba of Woodstock jail, after a defeat that would have destroyed most men, he rallied beneath his banner a larger and more faithful following than ever before, and to-day is the most potent factor with which the dominant political party must reckon.

Eugene VICTOR Debs!—the spirit of prophecy must have presided at his christening, for at the head of a mighty army of Social Revolutionists he is marching on to an inevitable victory.

The masses, weary of the wilderness and longing for a glimpse of the industrial Canaan, are looking toward a leader—are looking to Debs for deliverance—Debs the Magnetic, Debs the Magnificent.
HAVE ANOTHER?

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