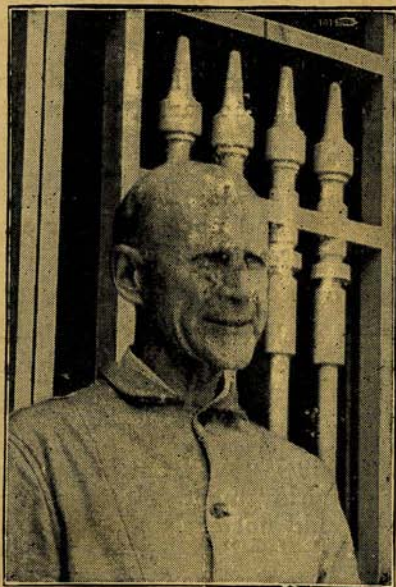


# Eugene V. Deb's



## Canton Speech



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PRICE TEN CENTS

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Published by the  
**Socialist Party of the United States**  
2653 Washington Blvd.  
**CHICAGO**

"I would rather a thousand times be a free soul in jail than to be a sycophant and coward in the streets."

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"They may put those boys in jail—and some of the rest of us in jail—but they can not put the Socialist Movement in jail."

\* \* \*

"I would be ashamed to admit that I had risen from the ranks. When I rise it will be with the ranks, and not from the ranks."

\* \* \*

"I hate; I loathe; I despise Junkerdom. I have no earthly use for the Junkers of Germany, and not one particle more for the Junkers in the United States.

\* \* \*

"If war is right, let it be declared by the people—you, who have your lives to lose; you certainly ought to have the right to declare war, if you consider a war necessary."

\* \* \*

"The little that I am, the little that I am hoping to be, is due wholly to the Socialist Movement. It gave me my ideas and my ideals; and I would not exchange them for all of Rockefeller's blood-stained dollars."

\* \* \*

"Do not worry over the charge of treason to your masters; but be concerned about the treason that concerns yourselves. Be true to yourself, and you can not be a traitor to any good cause on earth."

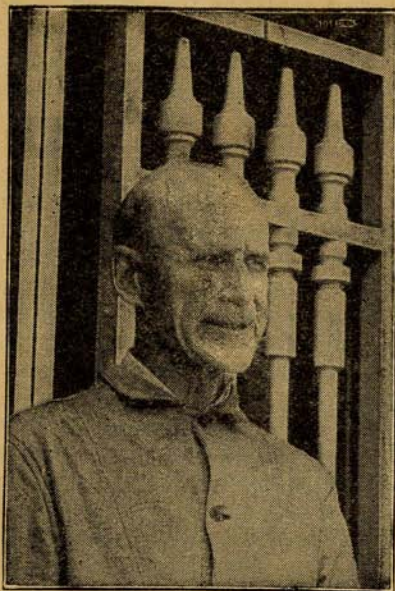
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"We Socialists are the builders of the world that is to be. We are all agreed to do our part. We are inviting—aye, challenging you this afternoon, in the name of your own manhood, to join us. Help, do your part. In due course of time the hour will strike, and this great cause—the greatest in history—will proclaim the emancipation of the working class and the brotherhood of all mankind."



*Samuel A. Portnoy*  
**Eugene V. Debs'**

# **CANTON SPEECH**



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Published by the

**Socialist Party of the United States**

2653 Washington Boulevard

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

# DEBS' CANTON SPEECH

## FOREWORD

On June 16th, 1918, Eugene V. Debs delivered a speech at Canton, Ohio, for which he served nearly three years of a sentence of ten years in the Federal Prison at Atlanta, Georgia. He was released from prison Christmas day, 1921.

The speech as published in this pamphlet is taken from the court records and is identical with the version submitted in evidence by the Government and upon which Comrade Debs' conviction and sentence was based.

Comrade Debs is a rapid speaker and it is evident that the reporter was unable to take his delivery and that many words, and in some instances whole sentences, have been omitted.

It is also evident to anyone familiar with Comrade Debs' wide knowledge, fluent style and perfect English, that he could not have committed the grammatical errors or made the incorrect quotations and historical references which this version of his speech contains.

We have thought it best, however, to publish exactly what the Government claims he said, and upon which they based the justice of his conviction and of his imprisonment long after the war was over, rather than a more complete and accurate version.

Comrade Debs has agreed to its publication in this form and states now, as he did at the time of the trial, that, barring the errors and inaccuracies mentioned, it is substantially what he said at Canton.

We submit it to the candid judgment of his fellow-citizens.

We do not believe they will find in it justification for either his conviction or his imprisonment.

On the contrary we believe a calm and dispassionate reading will convince even the most prejudiced, that a great injustice was done and that the present administration should remedy this injustice, so far as it is possible to do so, by the immediate restoration of his citizenship which was taken away by his imprisonment and has not been restored.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY,  
Otto Branstetter, Executive Secretary.



# SPEECH

DELIVERED BY EUGENE V. DEBS

At Nimisilla Park, Canton, Ohio

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 16th, 1918

Chairman:—Introducing Mr. Debs — Comrades, I said that it is a great privilege to be a Socialist in this year 1918. We not only have the privilege of being a Socialist here this afternoon, but we are going to have the privilege of listening again to one of the ablest and most fearless orators that ever stepped on a public platform. (Applause.) A man that is best loved and most hated of any man in the United States today. (Applause.) A man whom the capitalist newspapers endeavored to represent as being a renegade in the Socialist movement over a headline: "Debs & Company desert the program of the Socialist Party." Others may desert, but Eugene V. Debs never deserts the Socialist party. (Applause.)

He needs no introduction to you, comrades and friends, this afternoon. But I have the very great privilege and the honor of presenting him to you once more at this very critical time in the Socialist movement, when we most need him. Eugene V. Debs. (Mr. Debs steps to the front of the platform amid great and prolonged applause and cheers.)

MR. DEBS: Comrades, friends and fellow-workers, for this very cordial greeting, this very hearty reception, I thank you all with the fullest appreciation of your interest of your devotion to the cause for which I am to speak to you this afternoon. (Applause.)

To speak for labor; to plead the cause of the men and women and children who toil to serve the working class, has always been to me a high privilege; (applause) a duty of love.

I have just returned from a visit over yonder (pointing to the workhouse) (laughter), where three of our most loyal comrades (applause) are paying the penalty for their

devotion to the cause of the working class. (Applause.) They have come to realize, as many of us have, that it is extremely dangerous to exercise the constitutional right of free speech in a country fighting to make democracy safe in the world. (Applause.)

I realize that, in speaking to you this afternoon, that there are certain limitations placed upon the right of free speech. I must be exceedingly careful, prudent, as to what I say, and even more careful and more prudent as to how I say it. (Laughter.) I may not be able to say all I think; (laughter and applause) but I am not going to say anything that I do not think. (Applause.) But, I would rather a thousand times be a free soul in jail than to be a sycophant and coward on the streets. (Applause and shouts.) They may put those boys in jail—and some of the rest of us in jail—but they can not put the Socialist movement in jail. (Applause and shouts.) Those prison bars separate their bodies from ours, but their souls are here this afternoon. (Applause and cheers.) They are simply paying the penalty that all men have paid in all of the ages of history for standing erect, and for seeking to pave the way to better conditions for mankind. (Applause.)

If it had not been for the men and women, who, in the past, have had the moral courage to go to jail, we would still be in the jungles. (Applause.)

This assemblage is exceedingly good to look upon. I wish it were possible to give you what you are giving me this afternoon. (Laughter.) What I say here amounts to but little; what I see here is exceedingly important. (Applause.) You workers in Ohio, enlisted in the greatest cause ever organized in the interest of your class, are making history today in the face of threatening trouble of all kinds—history that is going to be read with profound interest by coming generations. (Applause.)

There is but one thing that you have to be concerned about, and that is that you keep four-square with the principles of the international Socialist movement. (Applause.) It is only when you begin to compromise that trouble begins. (Applause.) So far as I am concerned, it does not matter what others may say, or think, or do, as long as I am sure that



I am right with myself and the cause. (Applause.) There are so many who seek refuge in the popular side of a great question. On account of that, I hope, as a Socialist, I have long since learned how to stand alone. (Applause.)

For the last month I have been traveling over the Hoosier State; and, let me say to you, that, in all my connection with the Socialist movement, I have never seen such meetings, such enthusiasm, such unity of purpose; never have I seen such a promising outlook as there is today, notwithstanding the statement they have published repeatedly that our leaders have deserted us. (Laughter.) Well, for myself, I never had much faith in leaders anyway. (Applause and laughter.) I am willing to be charged with almost anything, rather than to be charged with being a leader. I am suspicious of leaders, myself, and especially of the intellectual variety. (Applause.) Give me the rank and file every day in week. If you go to the City of Washington, and you examine the pages of the Congressional Directory, you will find that almost all of those corporation lawyers and cowardly politicians, members of Congress, and misrepresentatives of the masses—you will find that almost all of them claim, in glowing terms, that they have risen from the ranks to places of eminence and distinction. I am so glad that I can not make that claim for myself. (Laughter.) I would be ashamed to admit that I had risen from the ranks. When I rise it will be with the ranks, and not from the ranks. (Applause.)

When I came away from Indiana, the comrades said: "When you cross the line and get over into the Buckeye State, tell the comrades over there that we are on duty and doing duty. Give them for us, a hearty greeting, and tell them that we are going to make a record this fall that will be read all around the world." (Applause.)

The Socialists of Ohio, it appears, are very much alive this year. The party has been killed recently, (laughter) which, no doubt, accounts for its extraordinary activity. (Laughter.) There is nothing that helps the Socialist party so much as receiving an occasional death blow. (Laughter and cheers.) The oftener it is killed the more boundless, the more active, the more energetic, the more powerful it becomes.

They who have been reading the capitalist newspapers realize what a capacity they have for lying. We have been reading them lately. They know all about the Socialist party—the Socialist movement, except what is true. (Laughter.) Only the other day they took an article that I had written—and most of you have read it—most of you members of the party, at least—and they made it appear that I had undergone a marvelous transformation. (Laughter.) I had suddenly become changed—suddenly come to my senses; I had ceased to be a wicked Socialist, and had become a respectable Socialist, (laughter) a patriotic Socialist—as if I had ever been anything else. (Laughter.)

What was the purpose of this deliberate misrepresentation? It is so self-evident that it suggests itself. The purpose was to sow the seed of dissension in our ranks; to have it appear that we were divided among ourselves; that we were pitted against each other, to our mutual undoing. But Socialists were not born yesterday. (Applause.) They know how to read capitalist newspapers; (laughter and applause) and to believe exactly opposite of what they read. (Applause and laughter.)

Why should a Socialist be discouraged on the eve of the greatest triumph in all history of the Socialist movement? (Applause.) It is true that these are anxious trying days for us all—testing days for the women and men who are upholding the banner of the working class in the struggle of the working class of all the world against the exploiters of all the world; (applause) a time in which the weak and cowardly will falter and fail and desert. They lack the fiber to endure the revolutionary test; they fall away; they disappear as if they had never been. On the other hand, they who are animated with the unconquerable spirit of the Social revolution, they who have the moral courage to stand erect and assert their convictions; stand by them; fight for them; go to jail or to hell for them, if need be—(applause and shouts) they are writing their names, in this crucial hour—they are writing their names in fadeless letters in the history of mankind. (Applause.)

Those boys over yonder—those comrades of ours—and how I love them—aye, they are my younger brothers; (laugh-



ter and applause) their very names throb in my heart, and thrill in my veins, and surge in my soul. (Applause.) I am proud of them; they are there for us; (applause) and we are here for them. (Applause, shouts and cheers.) Their lips, though temporarily mute, are more eloquent than ever before; and their voice, though silent, is heard around the world. (Great applause.)

Are we opposed to Prussian militarism? (Laughter.) (Shouts from the crowd of "Yes. Yes.") Why, we have been fighting it since the day the Socialist movement was born; (applause) and we are going to continue to fight it, day and night, until it is wiped from the face of the earth. (Thunderous applause and cheers.) Between us there is no truce—no compromise.

But, before I proceed, along this line, let me recall a little history, in which I think we are all interested.

In 1869 that grand old warrior of the Socialist revolution, the elder Liebknecht, was arrested and sentenced to prison for three months, because of his war, as a Socialist, on the Kaiser and on the junkers that rule Germany. In the meantime the Franco-Prussian war broke out. Liebknecht and Bebel were the Socialist members in the Reichstag. They were the only two who had the courage to protest against taking Alsace-Lorraine from France and annexing it to Germany. And for this they were sent two years to a prison fortress charged with high treason; because, even in that early day, almost fifty years ago, these leaders, these forerunners of the international Socialist movement were fighting the Kaiser and fighting the junkers of Germany. (Great applause and cheers.) They have continued to fight them from that day to this. (Applause.) Multiplied thousands of them have languished in the jails of Germany because of their heroic warfare upon the ruling class of that country. (Applause.)

Let us come down the line a little further. You remember that, at the close of Theodore Roosevelt's second term as President, he went over to Africa (laughter) to make war on some of his ancestors. (Laughter) (continued shouts, cheers, laughter and applause.) You remember that, at the close of his expedition, he visited all of the capitals of Europe; and

he was wined and dined, dignified and glorified by all of the Kaisers and Czars and Emperors of the Old World. (Applause.) He visited Potsdam while the Kaiser was there; and, according to the accounts published in the American newspapers, he and the Kaiser were soon on the most familiar terms. (Laughter.) They were hilariously intimate with each other, and slapped each other on the back. (Laughter.) After Roosevelt had reviewed the Kaiser's troops, and, according to the same accounts, he became enthusiastic over the Kaiser's troops, and said: "If I had that kind of an army, I would conquer the world." (Laughter.) He knew the Kaiser then just as well as he knows him now. (Laughter.) He knew that he was the Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin. And yet, he permitted himself to be entertained by the Beast of Berlin; (applause) had his feet under the mahogany of the Beast of Berlin; was cheek by jowl with the Beast of Berlin. (Applause.) And, while Roosevelt was being entertained royally by the German Kaiser, that same Kaiser was putting the leaders of the Socialist party in jail for fighting the Kaiser and the junkers of Germany. (Applause.) Roosevelt was the guest of honor in the white house of the Kaiser, while the Socialists were in the jails of the Kaiser for fighting the Kaiser. (Applause.) Who was fighting for democracy? Roosevelt? (Shouts of "no.") Roosevelt, who was honored by the Kaiser, or the Socialists who were in jail by the order of the Kaiser? (Applause.)

"Birds of a feather flock together." (Laughter.)

When the newspapers reported that Kaiser Wilhelm and Ex-President Theodore recognized each other at sight, were perfectly intimate with each other at the first touch, they made the admission that is fatal to the claims of Theodore Roosevelt, that he is a great friend of the people and the champion of Democracy; they admitted that they were kith and kin; that they were very much alike; that their ideas and ideals were about the same. If Theodore Roosevelt is now the great champion of Democracy, (laughter) the arch—the arch foe of autocracy, (laughter) what business had he as the guest of honor of the Kaiser? And when he met the Kaiser, and did honor to the Kaiser, under the terms imputed to him,



wasn't it pretty strong proof that he, himself, was a Kaiser at heart? (Applause.) Now, after being the guest of Emperor Wilhelm, the Beast of Berlin, he came back to this country, and he wants you to send ten million men over there to kill the Kaiser; (applause and laughter) to murder his former friend and pal. (Laughter.) Rather queer, isn't it? And yet, he is the patriot, and we are the traitors. (Applause.) And I challenge you to find a Socialist anywhere on the face of the earth who was ever the guest of the Beast of Berlin, (applause) except as an inmate of his prison—the elder Liebknecht and the younger Liebknecht, the heroic son of his immortal sire.

A little more history along the same line. In 1902 Prince Henry paid a visit to this country. Do you remember him? (Laughter.) I do, exceedingly well. Prince Henry is the brother of King Wilhelm. Prince Henry is another Beast of Berlin, an autocrat, an aristocrat, a junker of junkers—very much despised, very much despised, by our American patriots. He came over here in 1902 as the representative of Kaiser Wilhelm; he was received by Congress, by several State legislatures—among others, by the State legislature of Massachusetts, then in session. He was invited there by the capitalist captains of that so-called commonwealth. And when Prince Henry came there, there was one member of that body who kept his self-respect, put on his hat, and, as Henry, the Prince, walked in, that member of the body walked out. And that was James F. Carey, the Socialist member of that body. (Applause.) All of the rest—all of the rest of the representatives in the Massachusetts legislature—all, all of them—joined in doing honor, in the most servile spirit to the high representative of the autocracy of Europe. And the only man who left that body, was a Socialist. And yet, (applause) and yet they have the hardihood to claim that they are fighting autocracy and we are in the service of the German government. (Applause.)

A little more history along the same line. I have a distinct recollection of it. It occurred just fifteen years ago when Prince Henry came here. All of our plutocracy, all of the wealthy representatives living along Fifth avenue—all, all of them—threw their palace doors wide open and received

Prince Henry with open arms. They were not satisfied with this; they got down on their stomachs; they groveled in the dust at his feet; and our plutocracy—women and men alike—vied with each other to get down and lick the boots of the Prince Henry, the representative of the Beast of Berlin. (Applause.) And still our plutocracy, our junkers—don't think for a moment that the junkers are confined to Germany. (Applause.) It is precisely because we refuse to believe this they brand us as disloyalists. They want our eyes focused on the junkers in Berlin, so that we will not see those within our own borders.

I hate; I loathe; I despise junkerdom. I have no earthly use for the junkers of Germany, and not one particle more use for the junkers in the United States. (Thunderous applause and cheers.)

They tell us we live in a great Republic; our institutions are Democratic; we are a free people. (Laughter.) This is too much, even as a joke. (Laughter.) It is not a subject for levity; it is an exceedingly serious matter.

To whom do the Wall street junkers in our country—to whom do they marry their daughters? After they have wrung the countless hundreds of millions from your sweat, your agony, your life-blood, in a time of war as well as in a time of peace, they invest these billions and millions in the purchase of titles of broken-down aristocrats, and to buy counts of no-account. (Laughter.) Are they satisfied to wed bad daughters to honest working men? (Shouts from the crowd: "No.") To real Democrats? Oh, no. They scour the markets of Europe for fellows who have titles and nothing else. (Laughter.) And they swap their millions for the titles; so that matrimony, with them, becomes entirely a matter of money, (laughter) literally so.

These very gentry, who are today wrapped up in the American flag, who make the claim that they are the only patriots, who have their magnifying glasses in hand, who are scanning the country for some evidence of disloyalty, so eager, so ready to apply the brand to the men who dare to even whisper opposition to junker rule in the United States. No wonder Jackson said that "Patriotism is the last refuge of



scoundrels." He had the Wall street gentry in mind, or their prototypes, at least; for in every age it has been the tyrant who has wrapped himself in the cloak of patriotism, or religion, or both. (Shouts of "good, good," from the crowd.) (Applause.)

They would have you believe that the Socialist party consists in the main, of disloyalists, and traitors. It is true, in a certain sense. We are disloyalists and traitors to the real traitors of this nation; (applause) to the gang, that, on the Pacific coast are trying to hang Tom Mooney, in spite of the protest of the whole civilized world. (Applause, shouts and cheers.)

I know Tom Mooney intimately—as if he were my own brother. He is an absolutely honest, innocent man. (Applause.) He had no more to do with the crime with which he is charged than I have. (Applause.) And, if he ought to go to the gallows, so ought I. If he is guilty, every man who belongs to a labor organization or to the Socialist party is, likewise, guilty.

What is he guilty of? I'll tell you. I am familiar with his record. For years he has been fighting the battles of the working class out on the Pacific coast. He refused to be bribed or to be brow beaten. He continued loyally in the service of the working class, and for this he was marked. They said: "He can't be bought; he refuses to be bribed, and he can not be intimidated. Therefore, he must be murdered." (Applause.)

Let us review another bit of history. Do you remember that Francis J. Heney, the special investigator of the National in this country was shot down in the court room in San Francisco? You remember it, don't you? The United Railways consisting of a lot of plutocrats, high-binders' organization in the Chamber of Commerce, absolutely own and control the City of San Francisco. It is their private reservation. Their will is the supreme law. Take your stand against them, you are doomed. They do not hesitate to plot murder to perpetuate their murderous regime. Tom Mooney was the only representative of the working class they could not control. (Applause.) They owned the railways; they controlled

the great industries; they were the industrial masters; they were the political rulers; from their decision there was no appeal—the real autocrats of the Pacific coast—as infamous as any that ever ruled in Germany or any other country. (Applause.) And when their rule became so corrupt, that, at last, a grand jury was found that indicted them, and they were placed on trial, and Francis J. Heney, who has just incriminated the packers, and found another gang—the packers of Chicago—Francis J. Heney, who had been selected by the National Administration to assist in the prosecution, this same gang, represented by the Chamber of Commerce; this gang of plutocrats, autocrats and high-binders, hired a murderer to shoot Francis J. Heney down in the court room, and he did. Francis J. Heney happened to live thru it. But that wasn't their fault. The identically same gang that hired the murderer to kill Heney, that very same gang are also for the execution of Tom Mooney. (Applause.) Every solitary—every one of them claims to be an arch-patriot; every one insists thru his newspapers that he is fighting to make Democracy safe in the world. What humbug! What rot! What false pretense! These autocrats, these tyrants, these red-handed robbers and murderers, the patriots, while the men who have the courage to stand up face to face with them and fight in the interest of their exploited victims—they are the disloyalists and traitors. If this be true, I want to take my place side by side with the traitors in this fight. (Great applause.)

Why the other day they sent Kate Richard O'Hare to the penitentiary for ten years. Oh, just think of sentencing a woman to the penitentiary for talking. (Laughter.) The United States, under the rule of the plutocracy, is the only country that would send a woman to the penitentiary for ten years for exercising her constitutional right of free speech. (Applause.) If this be treason, let them make the most of it. (Applause.)

Let me review another bit of history in connection with this case. I have known Kate Richard O'Hare intimately for twenty years. I know her record by heart. Personally I know her as if she were my own younger sister. All who know her know she is a woman of absolute integrity. (Applause.) And



they know that she is a woman of unimpeachable loyalty to the Socialist movement. (Applause.) When she went out into Dakota and made her speech, followed by plain clothes men in the service of the Government intent upon encompassing her arrest and her prosecution and her conviction—when she was out there, it was with the knowledge that sooner or later they would accomplish their purpose. She made a certain speech, and that speech was deliberately misrepresented for the purpose of securing her conviction. The only testimony against her was that of a hired witness. And when thirty farmers, men and women, who were in the audience she addressed—heard the speech, when they went to Bismarck to testify in her favor, to swear that she had never used the language she was charged with having used, the judge refused to allow them to go upon the stand. This would seem incredible to me, if I had not had some experience of my own with a Federal court. (Applause.)

Who appoints the Federal judges? The people? In all of the history of the country, the working class have never named a Federal judge. There are 121, and every solitary one of them holds his position, his tenure, thru the influence and power of corporate capital. The corporations and trusts dictate their appointment. And when they go to the bench, they go, not to serve the people, but to serve the interests that placed them where they are. (Applause.)

Why, the other day, by a vote of five to four—a kind of craps game—(laughter) come seven, come eleven—(laughter) they declared the child labor law unconstitutional, (laughter) a law secured after twenty years of education and agitation on the part of all kinds of people. And yet, by a majority of one, the Supreme Court, a body of corporation lawyers—with just one solitary exception—wiped it from the statute books, and this in a Democracy, so that we may still continue to grind the flesh and blood and bones of puny little children into profits for the junkers of Wall street. (Applause.) And this in a country that is fighting to make Democracy safe in the world. (Laughter.) The history of this country is being written in the blood of the childhood they have murdered.

These are not very palatable truths to them. They do not

like to hear them; and they do not want you to hear them. And that is why they brand us as undesirable citizens, (laughter and applause) and as disloyalists, and as traitors. If we were traitors—if we were traitors to the people, we would be eminently respectable citizens of the republic; we could hold high office, and we could ride in limousines; and could be pointed out as people who had succeeded in life, in honorable pursuits. It is precisely because we are disloyal to the traitors that we are loyal to the people of this country. (Applause.)

Scott Nearing. You have heard of Scott Nearing. (Applause.) He is the greatest teacher in the United States. (Applause.) He was in the University of Pennsylvania until the Board of Trustees, consisting of great capitalists, found that he was teaching true economics to the students of the university. Then they said: Just as the same usurers, the same money changers, the same Pharisees, the same hypocrites said of the Judean carpenter twenty centuries ago, they said of Jesus Christ, who was a working man, and an agitator, and an undesirable, they said: "He is preaching a false religion." And they crucified him. And their lineal descendants said: "He is preaching false economics. We can not crucify him, as we did his elder brother, so we will starve him to death. (Applause.) We will discharge him and blacklist him, and make it impossible for him to get a job. He is a dangerous man; he is teaching the truth. And the truth, oh, the truth has always been unpalatable to the class who live out of the sweat of the working class." (Applause.)

True, Max Eastman (applause) was indicted and his paper suppressed, just as papers with which I have been connected are all suppressed. What a wonderful compliment they paid us. (Laughter and applause.) They are afraid that we might contaminate you. You are their wards; they are your guardians. (Laughter.) They must see to it that our vicious doctrines don't reach your ears. And so, in our Democracy, under our free institutions, they flatter our press, and they imagine that they have silenced revolutionary propaganda. What a mistake they made. We ought to pass a resolution of thanks and gratitude to them. Thousands of people, who have never heard of our paper before, are now inquiring for



it, wanting to see it. They have started inquiry and curiosity in our propaganda. And woe to the man who reads our Socialist literature from curiosity. He is a goner. (Applause.) I have known of a thousand experiments, but I have never known of a single man or woman to escape it.

John M. Work. You know John, don't you, who is now on the Milwaukee Leader? When I first knew John he was a lawyer out in Wisconsin. The corporation capitalists became alarmed because of the rapid advancement of the Socialist movement. So they said: "We have to engage some bright fellow to fight this." They said: "Well, John, you are a bright young lawyer; and you have a great career before you. We want to engage you to find out all you can about Socialism, and then proceed to counteract its baneful effect."

John got some Socialist literature, and began to study it; and after he had read the second volume he was a full-fledged Socialist, and he has been fighting for Socialism ever since.

How short-sighted the ruling class is. Cupidity is stone blind. The exploiter can not see beyond the end of his nose. He can see a chance for an opening; he is just cunning enough to know what graft is and where it is, and how it can be secured, but he has not vision—not the slightest. He knows nothing of the great throbbing world that spreads out in all directions. That is the penalty that the exploiter pays. Rockefeller is blind. Every move he makes hastens the coming of his doom. Every time he and his class strike a blow at the Socialist movement it reacts upon them. Every time they strike us, they hit themselves. It never fails. (Applause.) Every time they strangle a Socialist newspaper, they add a thousand voices proclaiming the eternal truth of the principles and doctrines of Socialism. They help us in spite of themselves.

Socialism is a growing idea, an expanding philosophy. It is spreading over the face of the earth. It is as useless to resist it as it would be to try to arrest the sunrise on the morrow. It is coming, coming, coming, all along the line. Can't you see it? If you can't, consult an oculist; there is something the matter; you are lacking in vision, in common understanding. The greatest movement in history. What a

privilege it is to serve it. I have regretted a thousand times that I can do so little for the movement that has done so much for me. (Applause.) The little that I am, the little that I am hoping to be, is due wholly to the Socialist movement. (Applause.) It gave me my ideas and my ideals; and I wouldn't exchange all of them for all of Rockefeller's blood-stained dollars. (Cheers.) It taught me how to serve—a lesson to me of priceless value. It taught me the ecstasy of the hand-clasp of a comrade. It taught me to hold high communion with you; it made it possible for me to get in touch with you; to take my place side by side with you; to multiply myself over and over again; to make me thrill with a fresh-born manhood; to make life worth while; to open the avenues; to spread out the glorious vistas; to know that I am akin with all that throbs; to become class conscious; to realize that, regardless of nationality, race, creed, color or sex, every man, every woman who toils, every member of the working class—every one of them—are my comrades, my brothers, my sisters—to serve them is the highest duty of my life. (Great applause.) And, in their service, I can feel myself expand; I rise to the stature of a man; I feel that I have a right to a place on earth—a place where I can stand and help to uphold the banner of industrial freedom and of Socialistic righteousness. Yes, yes; my heart is attuned with yours. Aye, all of our hearts are melted into one great heart that throbs responsive to the Social revolution. Here, in this assemblage (applause) I hear our heart beat responsive to the Bolsheviki of Russia. (Deafening and prolonged applause.) Yes, those heroic men and women, those unconquerable comrades, who have, by their sacrifice, added fresh luster to the international movement. Those Russian comrades, who have made greater sacrifices, who have suffered more, who have shed more heroic blood than any like men or number of men and women anywhere else on earth, they have laid the foundation of the first real Democracy that ever drew—(great applause) the first real Democracy that ever drew the breath of life on God's footstool. (Applause.) And the very first act of that immortal revolution was to proclaim a state of peace with all the world, coupled with an appeal, not to the kings, not to the emperors,



not to the rulers, not to the diplomats, but an appeal to the people of all nations. (Applause.) There is the very birth of Democracy, the quintessence of freedom. They made their appeal to the people of all nations, the Allies as well as the Central powers, to send representatives to a conference to lay down terms of peace that should be Democratic and lasting. Here was a fine—here was a fine opportunity to strike a blow to make Democracy safe in the world. (Applause.) Was there any response to that noble appeal? And here let me say that that appeal will be written in letters of gold in the history of the world. (Applause.) Was there any response to that appeal? (From the crowd "No.") Not the slightest.

Why, it has been charged that Leon Trotsky and the leaders of the revolution were treacherous, that they made a traitorous peace with Germany. Let us consider that proposition, briefly. At the time of the Revolution, Russia had been three years in the war. Under the Czar she had lost more than four millions for her soldiers, slain or mutilated on the field of battle. She was absolutely bankrupt. Her soldiers were mainly without arms. This was what the Revolution—what was bequeathed to the Revolution by the Czar and his regime; and, for this condition Leon Trotsky was not responsible, nor the Bolsheviki. For this frightful condition, the Czar was responsible. When Trotsky came into power and went thru the archives, they found the secret treaties—the treaties that were made between the Czar and the French government and the British government and the Italian government proposing, after the victory was achieved, to dismember and disperse and destroy the Central Powers. These treaties have never been repudiated. Very little has been said about them in the American press. I have a copy of these treaties showing that the purpose of the Allies is exactly the purpose of the Central Powers. (Applause.) And that is the purpose that has always been the purpose of war. Wars have been waged for conquest, for plunder. In the middle ages the feudal lords, who inhabited the castles whose towers may still be seen along the Rhine—whenever one of these feudal lords wished to enrich himself, then he made war on the other. Why? They wanted to enlarge their domains. They wanted to increase

their power, their wealth, and so they declared war upon each other. But they did not go to war any more than the Wall street junkers go to war. (Applause.) The feudal lords, the barons, the economic predecessors of the modern capitalist, they declared all the wars. Who fought their battles? Their miserable serfs. And the serfs had been taught to believe that when their masters declared and waged war upon one another, it was their patriotic duty to fall upon one another, and to cut one another's throats, to murder one another for the profit and the glory of the plutocrats, the barons, the lords who held them in contempt. And that is war in a nut-shell. The master class has always declared the war; the subject class has always fought the battles; the master class has had all to gain, nothing to lose, and the subject class has had nothing to gain and all to lose—including their lives. (Applause.) They have always taught you that it is your patriotic duty to go to war and to have yourselves slaughtered at a command. But in all of the history of the world you, the people, never had a voice in declaring war. You have never yet had. And here let me state a fact—and it cannot be repeated too often: the working class who fight the battles, the working class who make the sacrifices, the working class who shed the blood, the working class who furnish the corpses, the working class have never yet had a voice in declaring war. The working class have never yet had a voice in making peace. It is the ruling class that does both. They declare war; they make peace.

“Yours not to ask the question why;  
Yours but to do and die.”

That is their motto, and we object on the part of the awakened workers.

If war is right, let it be declared by the people—you, who have your lives to lose; you certainly ought to have the right to declare war, if you consider a war necessary. (Applause.)

Rose Pastor Stokes. And when I mention her name (applause), I take off my hat—mentally at least. (He spoke without a hat on his head.) Here is another heroic and inspiring comrade. She had her millions of dollars. Did it restrain her an instant? Her devotion to the cause had arrested



all consideration of a financial or an economic nature. She went out to render her service to the cause in this day of crises, and they sent her to the penitentiary for ten years. Think of it! Ten years! What had she said? Not any more than I have said here this afternoon. (Laughter.) I want to admit—I want to admit, without argument, that if Rose Pastor Stokes is guilty, so am I. If she is guilty, I wouldn't be cowardly enough to plead my innocence. And if she ought to be sent to the penitentiary for ten years, so ought I.

What did she say? Why, she said that a Government—Government could not serve both the profiteers and the victims of the profiteers. Isn't that true? Certainly.

Roosevelt said a thousand times more in the same paper, The Kansas City Star. Roosevelt said, the other day, that he would be heard if he went to jail. He knows very well that he will not go to jail. He is laying his wires for the Republican nomination in 1920. And he would do everything possible to discredit Wilson in his administration. He would do that in order to give himself and his party all of the credit. That is your wonderful rivalry between the two patriotic parties—the Republican party and the Democratic party, the twins. They are not going to have any agitation between them this fall. They are all patriots this time, and they are going to combine to prevent the election of any disloyal Socialist. I haven't heard anybody anywhere tell me of any difference between them. Do you know of any? Not the slightest. One is in, the other is out. That is all the difference there is between them. (Laughter.)

Rose Pastor Stokes never uttered a word she did not have a legal, constitutional right to utter. But her message for the people, the message that opened the eyes of the people—that must be suppressed; her voice must be silenced. And so she was confronted with a mock trial, and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. Her sentence was a foregone conclusion. A trial in a capitalist court usually ends farcial—very farcial. What ghost of a chance had she in a court with a packed jury and a corporation tool on the bench? Not the least in the world. So she goes to the penitentiary for ten years, if they carry out the program. I do not think they will. In fact, I

am sure they will not. If the war was over tomorrow, all of the prison doors would open. They just want to silence this voice during the war. The cases will be appealed, and they will remain pending in court many a month, perhaps years. What a compliment it is to the Socialist movement for telling the truth. The truth will make the people free. (Applause.) And the truth must not be permitted to reach the people. The truth has always been dangerous to the rule of the rogue, the exploiter, the robber. So the truth must be suppressed. That is why they are trying to drive out the Socialist movement; and every time they make the attempt, they add ten thousand voices proclaiming that Socialism has come to stay. (Applause.)

(Here Mr. Debs is handed a drink of water.)

How good the touch of the hand of a comrade is, and a sip of water furnished by a comrade; as refreshing as if it were out on the desert of life. And how good it is to look into your faces this afternoon. (Applause.) You are really good looking (laughter) to me, I assure you. And, I am glad there is so many of you. Your tribe has increased wonderfully since I first came here. (Laughter.) You used to be so few and so far between. And when you struck a place, the first thing you had to do was to see if you could locate a Socialist; and you were pretty lucky if you struck his trail before you left town. If he happened to be the only one in town, and he is still living, he is now regarded as practical, and he holds the place of honor, and he has lodgment in the heart of all those who come after him. Now here you can't throw a stone in the dark without hitting a Socialist. (Laughter.) They are everywhere in increasing numbers; and what marvelous changes are taking place.

I went to Warren some years ago. It happened to be at the time that President McKinley was assassinated. In common with all others, I deplored that tragic event. There is not a Socialist, who would have been guilty of that crime. We do not attack individuals. We don't wreak our vengeance upon any individual opposed to our faith. We have no fight with individuals. We are capable of teaching those who hate us. (Applause.) We do not hate them; we know better; we would



hand them a cup of water, if they needed it. (Applause.) There is not any room in our heart for hate, except for a system—a system in which it is possible for one man to achieve a tremendous fortune doing nothing, while millions upon millions suffer and struggle and agonize and die for the bare necessities of life. (Applause.)

McKinley had been assassinated. I was booked to speak at Portsmouth. All of the ministers of Portsmouth met in a special session, and they passed a resolution that Debs, more than any other person, was responsible for the assassination of our beloved President. (Laughter.) And it is due to what he was preaching that was responsible for this crime. And so all of these pious gentry, the followers of the meek and lowly, as they believed, met and said I must not be permitted to enter the city. And they had the mayor to issue an order not permitting me to speak. I was all tired out. And they wanted me to call the meeting off. I went there soon after, however. Soon after I was booked to speak at Warren, where President McKinley's double cousin was postmaster. I went there and registered. I was only registered when I was ordered to leave the hotel. I was exceedingly undesirable that day. I was served with notice that the hall would not be open, and that I would not be permitted to speak. I sent back word to the mayor, by the only Socialist who was permitted to remain in town—and he only remained because they did not know he was there—I sent word to the mayor that I would speak in Warren that night, according to the schedule, or I would leave Warren in a box. (Applause.)

I went to the hall, and the Grand Army of the Republic had a special meeting, and in full uniform they all went to the hall and occupied the front seats, in order to pounce upon me and take good care of me if my speech did not suit them. I went to the hall and made my speech. I told them who was responsible for the assassination. I said: "As long as there is misery caused by robbery at the bottom, there will be assassination at the top." (Applause.) I showed them that it was their capitalist system that was responsible; that impoverished and brutalized the ancestors of the poor, witless boy who murdered the President. Yes, I made the speech that night. When I left there I was still very undesirable.

I returned some years thereafter. It seemed that the whole population of Warren was out. I was received with open arms. (Applause.) I was no longer a demagogue; I was no longer a fanatic; I was no longer an undesirable. I had become exceedingly honorable simply because the Socialists had increased in numbers and in power. Consequently, I had become something respectable—what a change, to poor respectability! If ever I become anything more respectable, I will be quite sure that I have outlived myself. (Laughter.)

Oh, it is the minorities who have made the histories of this world! They who have had the courage to take their places at the front; they who have been true enough to themselves to speak the truth that is in them; they who have opposed the established order of things; who have espoused the cause of the suffering, struggling poor; who have upheld, without regard to personal consequences—who have upheld the cause of righteousness; they have made the history; they have paved the way of civilization. Oh, there are so many who remain upon the popular side. They lack the courage to join a despised minority; they lack the fiber that endures. They are to be pitied, and not treated with contempt, they can not help it. But, thank God, in every age and every nation there have been that few, and they have been sufficient; and they have lived; they have endured; and we, who are on earth today, are under obligation to them, because they suffered, they sacrificed, they went to jail; they had their bones broken upon the wheel; they were burned at the stake, and had their ashes scattered to the four winds by the hands of fate. We are under obligation to them, because of what they suffered for us; and the only way we can cancel that obligation is by doing or seeking to do in the interest of those who are to come after us. (Applause.) And this is the high purpose of every Socialist on the face of the earth. Everywhere they are animated by the same lofty principle; everywhere they have the same noble ideal; everywhere they are clasping hands across the boundary lines; everywhere they are calling one another comrades, the blessed word that springs from the heart and soul of unity; that bursts into blossom upon the lips; eye, the word "comrade"—getting in closer touch all along the battle line; and they are waging the war—the war of the working class of the



world against the ruling class, the exploiting class of the world. They make mistakes; they profit with them all; we encounter defeats; they grow—they grow stronger through them all. They never take a backward step; the heart of the international Socialist never beats retreat; they are pushing forward. (Applause.) They are pressing forward, here, there, everywhere, in all of the zones that girdle this globe; everywhere these awakening workers, these class-conscious proletarians, these horny-fisted children of honest toil, everywhere wiping out the boundary lines; everywhere facing the larger and nobler patriotism; everywhere proclaiming the glad tidings of the coming emancipation; everywhere having their hearts attuned to the most sacred cause that ever challenged men and women to action in all the history of the world. Everywhere moving toward Democracy; everywhere marching toward the sunrise, their faces all aglow with the light of the coming day. These are the Socialists; these are the most zealous, the most enthusiastic crusaders the world has ever known. (Applause.) They are making history; that will light the horizon in the coming generations; they are bound upon emancipating the human race. They have been reviled; they have been persecuted; but they have been sufficient to themselves, pressing forward toward the height—aye, their triumph is now already begun.

Do you wish to hasten it? Join the Socialist party. Don't wait for the morrow. Come now. (Applause.) Enroll your name; take your place where you belong. You can not do your duty by proxy. You have got to do something yourself, and do it squarely, and look yourself in the face while you are doing it; and you will have no occasion to blush; you will know what it is to be a man or woman. You will lose nothing; you gain everything. (Applause.) Not only do you lose **nothing**, but you are very apt to find something, and that something will be yourself. And you need to find yourself—to know yourself. (Applause.) You need to know that you are fit for something better than slavery and cannon fodder. (Applause.) You need to know that you were not created to work and to produce to impoverish yourself and to enrich an idle loiterer. You need to know that you have a soul to

develop, a manhood to sustain. You need to know that it is your duty to rise above the animal plane. You need to know that it is for you to know something about literature, and about science, and about art. You need to know that you are on the edge of a great new world. You need to get in touch with your comrades; you need to become conscious of your interest and your power as a class. You need to know that you belong to the great majority. You need to know as long as you are ignorant, as long as you are indifferent, as long as you are content, as long as you are unorganized, you will remain exactly where you are. (Applause.) You will be exploited; you will have to beg for a job; you will get just enough to keep you in working order; and you will be looked down upon with contempt by the very parasite that lives out of your sweat and unpaid labor. If you would be respected, you have got to begin by respecting yourself. (Applause.) Stand up, and look yourself in the face, and see a man for the first time. See how he looks, please.

Do not be in the predicament of that poor fellow that, after he had heard a Socialist speak, he concluded that he ought to be a Socialist. The argument was unanswerable. He said: "Yes. All he said is true. I ought to join the party." But, after a while, he concluded that he might possibly anger his boss, and lose his job. He said: "I guess I can't afford to take the chance." That night he slept alone. He was in conflict with his conscience, as he went to bed; and he dreamed a very terrible dream. Men always do when they are untrue to themselves. Socialists always go to bed with a clear conscience. He goes to sleep with his manhood, and he awakes and goes forth in the morning with his self-respect; and he looks the whole world in the face (applause and laughter), without a tremor, without a flicker. But this poor fellow, who lacked the courage to do what his reason and his conscience commanded he should do—this poor fellow had a terrible dream. He awoke, and at midnight he bounded from his bed in a state of terror, for he said: "My God, there is nobody in this room." (Laughter.) And he was absolutely right. (Laughter and applause.) No one! He was terror-stricken. How would you like to sleep in a room w . . . obody



in it? (Laughter.) It is an awful thing to be nobody. That is a state of mind to get out of—the sooner, the better.

There is a great deal of hope for Baker, Ruthenberg and Wagenknecht, but for the fellow that is nobody, there is no pardoning power. He is "in" for life. Anybody can be nobody, but it takes a man to be somebody.

To turn your back on that corrupt Republican party, and that still more corrupt Democratic party—the gold-dust boys of the ruling class (laughter), yes it counts for something. To step out of those great, popular, subsidized capitalist parties, and get into a minority party that stands for a principle, and fight for a cause. (Applause.) Make that change; it will be the most important change you have ever made in your life; and you will thank me to your dying day,—or living day—a Socialist never dies—you will thank me for having made the suggestion. It was a day of days for me. I remember it so well. I passed from darkness to light. It came like a flash, just as great, seething, throbbing Russia, in a flash, was transformed from the land of supreme darkness to a land of living light. There is something splendid in the prompting of the heart to be true to yourself, especially so in a crisis.

You are in the crucible today, Mr. Socialist. You are going to be tried, to what extent no one knows. If you are weak-fibred, that weakness will be sought out, and located. And if through that weakness, you are conquered, you may be driven out of the Socialist movement. We will have to bid good-bye to you. You are not the stuff of which Revolutionists are made. We are sorry for you (applause) unless you happen to be an intellectual. The intellectuals, a good many of them, are already gone. No—no loss on our side, nor any gain on theirs.

But, when discussing the intellectual phase of this question, I am always amused by it. It is the same old standard under which the rank and file are judged. I fail to depend upon leaders of men—of others, because they haven't got a thing of their own. What would become of the men that are sheep unless they had shepherds to lead them out of the wilderness into the land flowing with milk and honey? Oh, yes, "Ye are my sheep." In other words, "Ye are my mutton."

(Laughter.) And, if you had no intellectuals you could have no movement. They rule through their intellectuals in the capitalistic party. They have their so-called leaders. In the Republican and Democratic party you are not called upon to think. That is wholly unnecessary. The leaders do the thinking. You simply do the voting. They ride in the carriages, and you tramp in the mud, bringing up the rear, showing themselves cowards. They tend to the rest of the intellectuals in the capitalist party. The capitalist system affects to have great regard for intellect. They give themselves credit for having superior brains. We used to tell them sometime ago that the time would come when the working class would rule. They said: "Never in the world will they rule. It requires brains to rule." Implying that the workers have none.

We used to say that the people ought to own the railroads and operate them for the benefit of the people. We advocated that twenty years ago. They said: "You have got to have brains to run the trains." And the other day McAdoo fired all the brains. (Laughter.) So, haven't all the trains been coming and going exactly on time? Have you noticed any change since the brains are gone? It is a brainless system now. It is operated by hand. (Laughter.) But a good deal more efficiently than it was operated by brains before. (Laughter.) And this determines infallibly the quality of capitalist brains. It is the kind of brains you can get at a very reasonable figure at the market houses. There is not very much question about it. They have always given themselves credit with having superior brains. Aye, they have the brains of the fox; they have the brains of the wolf; they have had the shrewdness, the cunning of the coyote; but as for brains—brains, as representing intelligence and intellectual capacity, they are the most woefully ignorant people on the face of the earth. Give me a hundred capitalists, just as you find them here in Ohio—give me my pick of this plutocracy, and let me ask them a dozen simple questions about the history of their country, and I will show you that they are as ignorant as unlettered school boys. (Applause.) They know nothing of history; they are ignorant of sociology; they are strangers to science; but they know how to gouge; how to rob, and do it legally. And they



always do it legally, for the reason that the class which has the power to rob, upon a large scale, has the power to control the government and legalize their robbery. I haven't time to discuss this great question as extensively as I would like.

They are talking about your patriotic duty. Among other things, they are advising you to cultivate war gardens—cultivate a war garden. While they are doing this, a Government war report shows that practically fifty-two per cent of the arable, tillable soil is held out of use by the profiteers, by the land manipulators—held out of use. They, themselves, do not cultivate it. They could not if they would. They don't allow others to cultivate it; they keep it idle to enrich themselves; to pocket the hundreds of dollars of unearned increment. Who is it that makes their land valuable while it is fenced in and kept out of use? It is the people. Who pockets this tremendous value? The landlords. The landlords. Who is the patriot? And while we are upon the subject, I want you to think upon the term "landlord." Landlord. Lord of the land? This lord of the land is a great patriot. This lord, who professionally owns the earth, tells you that he is fighting to make the world safe for Democracy—he, who shuts all humanity out; and he who profiteers at the expense of the people who have been slain by multiplied thousands, under the pretense of being the great patriot he is—he, who is your arch-enemy; he it is that you need to wipe from power. (Applause.) It is he, it is he that is a menace to your loyalty and your liberty far more than the Prussian junker on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. (Applause.) Fifty-two per cent, according to their own figures. They tell you that there is a shortage of flour, and that you need to produce. We have got to save wheat that we can export more wheat for the soldiers who fight on the other side, while half of your tillable soil is held out of use by the profiteers. What do you think of that?

Again, they tell you there is a coal famine, now in the State of Ohio. The State of Indiana, where I live, is largely underlaid with coal. There is an inexhaustible supply of it. The coal is beneath our feet. It is within touch—all that we can possibly use. And here are the miners; they are ready to enter the mines. There is the machinery ready to be put into

operation to increase the output to any desired capacity. And yet, only three weeks ago a national officer of the United Mine Workers issued and published an appeal to the Labor Department of the United States Government to the effect that if the six hundred thousand coal miners in the United States at this time, when they tell us of a coal famine—the six hundred thousand coal miners in this country are not permitted to work more than half time. I have been around over Indiana. I have been in the coal fields; I have seen the miners idle. In the meantime, scarcity of coal. They tell you that you ought to buy your coal right away. You may freeze to death next winter if you do not; and they charge you three prices for coal. Oh, yes, I think you ought to do this if you vote the Republican or Democratic ticket. (Applause.) Now we have private ownership of the coal mines. And this is the result of private ownership of this great social utility. The coal mines are privately owned, and the operators want a scarcity of coal. Why? So they can boost the prices indefinitely. If there was an abundance of coal, there would be too much coal. They make more money out of the scarcity of coal. So there is collusion between the operators and the railroads. The operators say there are no cars, and the railroad men say no coal. And between them they simply humbug, delude, defraud the people. There is coal. Here are the miners. The coal has accumulated; the miners are idle and hungry. We Socialists say: "Take possession of the mines in the name of the people." (Applause.) Set the miners at work; give every miner that works all the coal he produces. In this system the miner goes down in a pit three hundred feet. He goes to work and mines a ton of coal. He doesn't own one solitary bit of it. That ton of coal belongs to some plutocrat who lives in New York, Vienna or Paris. There is where the owners are before the war is declared. Then when they get together on their book accounts, he gets a share as if he did the work. The owner who lives in Europe, New York or Patagonia—that doesn't make any difference where he is. He doesn't have to keep at the work. He owns the tools, and he might as well own the miner. That is what you do for them as long as you vote the Republican ticket or the Democratic ticket. You vote to have these miners without a job—corporation vassals and also



paupers. But I'll tell you we Socialist say, "Take possession of the mines; call the miners to the coal mines. Let the miners mine the coal—every ounce." He himself is entitled to the full value of his toil. Then he can build himself a comfortable home; live in it; enjoy it; he can provide himself and his wife and children with clothes—good clothes—not shoddy; wholesome food in abundance, and the people will get coal at just what it cost to mine it.

Oh, that is Socialism as far as it goes. But you are not in favor of that program. It is too visionary. So continue to pay three prices for coal, and get your coal when winter comes, because you prefer to vote the capitalist ticket. You are still in the capitalist state of mind. It is a good deal like the Executive Lincoln said: "If you want that thing, that is what you will get to your heart's content." You will waken up; you will be raised up. A change is needed. Yes. Yes. Not of party, but change of system; a change from despotism to Democracy, wide as the world. (Applause.) A change from slavery to freedom; a change from bruteness to brotherhood; and to accomplish this you have got to organize; and you have got to organize industrially. Not along the zig-zag curved lines laid down by Sam Gompers, who, through all of his career, has been on the side of the master class. You never hear the capitalist press speak of him except in praise and adulation. He has become a great patriot. Oh, yes. Gompers, who was never on the unpopular side of any question or of any proposition; always conservative, satisfied to leave the labor problem be settled at the banquet board with Elihu Root, Andy Carnegie and the rest of the plutocrats. When they drank wine together and smoked scab cigars, then the labor question was settled. (Laughter.)

Oh, yes, while they are praising Gompers, there is the I. W. W. You find very few men who have the courage to say a word in behalf of the I. W. W. (Applause.) I have. (Applause.) Let me say here, that I have very great respect for the I. W. W. More than I have for their infamous detractors. (Applause.)

Listen. There has just been issued a pamphlet called "The Truth About the I. W. W." It has been issued, after long

investigation by five men, all of whom are known to the Socialists; all of whom are men of unquestioned standing in the capitalist world. At the head of this is Prof. John Graham Brooks of Harvard University; John A. Fish of the Survey of the Religious Organization of Pittsburgh; and Mr. Bruer, the Government investigator. Five of them conducted an impartial examination of the I. W. W. To use their own words, they have followed its trail; they have examined into its doings beginning at Bisbee, where the patriots, the rotten business men, the arch-criminals, deported twelve hundred men, working men, charging them with being I. W. W., when they were nothing of the kind. It is only necessary to label a man "I. W. W." to have him lynched, just as they lynched Praeger, an absolutely innocent man—innocent as we are. Just simply started the rumor because he bore a German name. He was a Socialist, but he had never uttered one disloyal word, only the rumor was started he was disloyal, which was made up. Just think of the crime for which the poor capitalist party is responsible. But, when the war press says war, you may rest assured that every pulpit in the land will say war. And when Wall street says peace, they will all say peace, because they are simply the instruments of Wall street. The pulpits in every age have been on the side of every ruling, exploiting class—of the ruling class, and not on the side of the people. That is why the I. W. W. is infamous.

Look into this pamphlet. Don't take the word of the Wall street press for that. Get this pamphlet of truth about the I. W. W. by five men who are incorruptible, uncontaminated—five men who dared to want to know the truth and tell the truth to the American people with the truth in this pamphlet. They say the I. W. W. in all of its career never committed as much violence against the ruling class as the ruling class has committed against the I. W. W. (Applause.)

You are not reading any reports about the trial at Chicago, are you? They used to publish extensive reports when the trials first began, and they told the people about what they proposed to prove about that gigantic conspiracy against the Government. And the trial has gone on now until they have exhausted all their testimony, and they have not proven violence in a single, solitary instance. Not one. They are



utterly lacking in testimony; and yet, one hundred and twelve men are now on trial, after lying in jail for months and months, without the shadow of a crime on them,—simply charged with belonging to the I. W. W. This is enough to take a man and send his soul to hell for. Just speak about the I. W. W. That is all; with no reason for it, they object to the I. W. W. The I. W. W. are fighting the fight of the bottom dog. (Applause.) And for the reason that Gompers is loved and glorified by Wall street, Bill Haywood is despised and denounced by the same gang.

What you need is to organize, not along curved lines, but along revolutionary industrial lines. (Applause.) You will never vote in the Socialist republic. You are needed to organize it; and you have got to organize it in the industries—unite in the industries. The industrial union is the forerunner of industrial Democracy. In the shop is where the industrial Democracy has its beginning. Organize according to the industries, and minimize all the Gompers. Get together. United, very often your power becomes invincible. Organize to get up to your fullest capacity. Organize. Act together. And when you organize industrially, you will soon learn that you can manage industry as well as operate industry. You can soon find that you don't need the idle for your masters. They are simply parasites. They don't give you work. You give them jobs taking what you produce, and that is all. Their function is to take what you produce. You can all dispose of them. You don't need them to depend upon for your jobs. You ought to own your own tools; you ought to control your own jobs; you ought to be industrial free men instead of industrial slaves. Organize industrially. Make the organization complete. Then unite in the Socialist party. Make your organization economically complete. Vote as you strive; get into the party; stand with the party all of the days in the year. See—see that your party embraces the working class. It is the only working class party, the party that expresses the interest, the hope, the aspirations of the toilers of the world. Get into the party. Get your fellow workers into the party, too. Yes, especially this year—this historic year; this year in which the forces will clash as they never clashed before. This is the year that calls for men and women who have the fiber; who

have the courage, the manhood and the womanhood. Get into the party. Take your place in the ranks. Help to inspire the weak and to strengthen the faltering; and do your share to speed the coming of that brighter and better day for us all. (Applause.) Then, when we vote together and act together on the industrial pledge, we will develop the supreme power of the one class that can bring permanent peace to the world. We will have the courage. Industry will be organized. We will conquer the public power. We will transfer the title deeds of the railroads, the telegraph lines, the mills, the great industries—we will transfer them to the people; we will take possession in the name of the people. We will have industrial Democracy. We will have Socialist Democracy; we will have political Democracy. We will be the first free nation, whose government belongs to the people. Oh, this change will be universal; it will be permanent; it looks towards the light; it paves the way to emancipation.

And now for all of us to do our duty. The call is ringing in our ears. If you do, it is your duty to respond; and you can not falter without being convicted of treason to yourselves. Do not worry, please; don't worry over the charge of treason to your masters; but be concerned about the treason that involves yourselves. (Applause.) Be true to yourself, and you can not be a traitor to any good cause on earth.

Yes, we are going to sweep into power in this nation and in every other nation on earth. We are going to destroy the capitalist institutions; we are going to recreate them as legally free institutions. Before your very eyes the world is being destroyed. The world of capitalism is collapsing; the world of Socialism is rising.

It is your duty to help to build. We need builders of industry. Builders are necessary. We Socialists are the builders of the world that is to be. We are all agreed to do our part. We are inviting—aye, challenging you this afternoon, in the name of your own manhood, to join us. Help do your part. In due course of time the hour will strike, and this great cause—the greatest in history—will proclaim the emancipation of the working class and the brotherhood of all mankind. (Thunderous and prolonged applause.)



# The Crying Need of the Day

By EUGENE V. DEBS

Need I say to my comrades that the crying need of the day is ORGANIZATION?

The war almost destroyed the Socialist party in the United States. That is one of the chief aims and inevitable effects of modern wars.

The party survived, but it was shaken to its foundations and stripped clean of everything that could not resist the shock. The test was a crucial one and the membership, though shattered, was purified and strengthened. The real revolutionary comrades stood true and saved the party, and now they have to rebuild it on a secure foundation and more powerfully and staunchly than before.

And this is now the crying duty of the hour!

Will you take hold **now**, and stick to the job, and do your part?

I appeal to you!

Attend the meeting of your local and plead the urgency of **Organization!**

If your local is weak, build it up and thereby help build the needed **Organization!**

If your local went down in the cyclone, rebuild it as another unit in the party **Organization!**

Build up the local, build up the state, build up the national party organization!

We should have a hundred thousand members again soon after the sun of the new year lights the world.

Take hold, comrades; I appeal to you, in the name of our beloved cause!

Take hold because you are a socialist, and know your duty, and have the will and energy to perform it.

Do it and do it **now!**

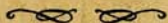
Ours is the liberating movement of the ages.

It is consecrated to the cause of the oppressed.

It bears the scars of a thousand defeats but it grows stronger and braver and more invincible through them all, and it will never lay down the weapons of its peace-loving crusade, never cease its holy war until its triumph is complete and sets the whole world free!

LITERATURE  
DEPARTMENT

# SOCIALIST PARTY



This Department is maintained by the workers of America for the sole purpose of enlightening the masses. Co-operation in education and organization will bring complete industrial and political freedom.

The important phases of the struggle of the workers throughout the world for supremacy will be covered by this Department through leaflets and pamphlets. The literature of the National office is selected for the prime purpose of educating and organizing the workers of America to the point where they will intelligently end the vicious system of exploitation that keeps seventy-five per cent of the American people engaged in a bitter struggle for mere existence.

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