



## TO MY COMRADES—GREETING

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Tremendous crowds and boundless enthusiasm mark the progress of the Socialist campaign. East and west, north and south, the hosts of labor are rallying to the standard of the Socialist party.

There has never been a campaign to compare to the present one in the United States. The class struggle is being fought out on the political battle-field of the nation. Organized in all the states of the union, the Socialist party, expressing the militant spirit of the awakened workers, presents a solid front to the enemy and demands its unconditional surrender in the name of the working class and industrial emancipation.

This is to Socialists the hour of opportunity, but it is also the hour of responsibility and duty. Not one may flinch or falter now. The few days that remain to us before the election must be charged with our united energies and made to bristle with our resolute and virile activity.

The moral force of Socialism has full play in this campaign and its influence is electrifying the workers and arousing the nation. Now is the time to give expression to the spirit within us; to translate moral enthusiasm into actual achievement. Now is the hour to turn loose all our pent-up fervor and make it count in substantial results to the Socialist party.

Ours is to sound the clarion cry of the revolution and to arouse the workers of the nation; ours to proclaim the need of solidarity, economic and political, and to point the way out of the wilderness of wage slavery into the promised land of industrial freedom.

The united workers are the hosts of light and progress. They have turned their backs upon the past and opened their eyes upon the future. They have ceased to cower and now stand erect. They no longer fear their masters since they have come to know themselves.

Born of the same cruel slavery and heirs of the same blighting misery, these stalwart sons of the revolution have come to know each other as comrades and to love each other as brothers. Out of the starless night of the ages past, they have come at last into the light of day.

From now on the way is clear, the faith unshakable, and the victory certain.

Let but each of us measure up to his full stature in this hour of battle, as each certainly will who is worthy to bear the badge of Socialism and to hold a place in the ranks of our glorious movement.

All hail, ye toiling hosts of Industrial America! The hour has come for you to cease being divided and to unite your scattered forces. There is no royal road to freedom. You must fight together and win for all if you are to win at all.

Let the dead past bury its dead. The theorists may theorize and the dogmatists dogmatize, but the militant millions will break away from all restraining influences and get together now on the solid rock of industrial and political solidarity!

Standing upon that rock we can face and conquer the world; standing upon that rock we can annihilate capitalism, wipe out wage-slavery, emancipate the toiling masses, and march triumphantly into the Socialist Republic.

Yours for Victory,  
EUGENE V. DEBS.

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## NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS.

Collection for National Campaign Fund.

To be used in twelve Congressional Districts where we have a fighting chance to win. Twelve Socialist Congressmen will prove that **This Is Our Year.**

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Debs Pamphlets

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## COMRADES, FELLOW WORKERS, GREETINGS TO YOU!

One-half of the race in the contest in which the workers are today engaged has already been run.

In it our party has made more than a creditable showing. Thousands, many thousands, have flocked to our standard.

Our war cry, our declaration for industrial freedom, the high aim of our glorious cause, is like so much light breaking into the night of wage slavery.

In the crucible of suffering and want the masses have been robbed of the hope of individual salvation and are now embracing the new gospel of collective salvation through co-operation.

It is an inspiration to see and meet the toilers of the land as they gather from the hills and the plains, from the cities and the farms, from the forests and the mines, from the factories and from the crafts upon the waters.

Their eyes are today flashing the terrible fire of determination. They sit in six thousand meetings today eagerly listening lest they fail to catch a word of the new message.

There is no North, no South; there is no East and no West. There are no separating lines of nationality or creed.

Socialism is placing its bond around them all, bringing together the industrial worker and the farmer, the miner and the seaman, the lumber jack and the mill hand, the man and the woman.

Within our nation, torn asunder by strife over possession, there grows up the real nation, the nation of toilers from all ends and climes and corners of the land.

All petty differences must be laid aside. There is no issue before us today that is not overshadowed by that one big issue—Here, Socialism; there, Capitalism. Which are we allied with? Which stands for us and for which do we stand? Which shall come out of the contest stronger than it entered the contest? Which shall come with colors unfurled and blazoned in the morning air of a new day?

I say, "Socialism, first; Socialism, last; Socialism, at all times!"

He who assails my cause assails me, my home, my wife, my children, my every hope, my every aspiration, my very life and being.

Comrades! He who fights capitalism intelligently, persistently, unswervingly, never flinching once; he who stands true, morning, noon and night, he is my comrade.

We may err, we may make mistakes, but there is one mistake that we must not make, one that is more serious than all others in its consequences, one more disastrous to our cause, and that is to divide our forces. We shall not DIVIDE.

In my travels over the country I have met many an old comrade; aged comrades who have stood in this fight thirty, forty, even fifty years. These comrades, now gray haired, have in their day faced abuse, slander and persecution; they have been driven from city to city, from state to state.

Their heads are now hoary, their backs are bent by the weight of years, their hands shake and their feeble frames tremble. But the fire of years that are gone is still in their eyes. There the spirit of their youth lives still. With jaws set and fists clenched they are yet determined not to yield even one iota.

They have prepared the soil; they have sown the seed; they have gathered the material; they have been the pioneers.

It is an inspiration to meet them, to look into their eyes, to clasp those gnarled hands, to hold them in reverential embrace, to let me pay my tribute. No better tribute can be paid than to make a solemn vow to continue and carry to completion the glorious work that they have begun and to which they dedicated the best that was in them. Let us honor them by doing the same.

And as our cause has attracted the youth of fifty, thirty and ten years ago, so it attracts and unites under its banners the youth of today.

Youth—you will finish the work! A world for your opportunity. You will reap the harvest that has been sown by those who have gone before. You will build with the material that they have gathered.

You will plan the foundation and lay stone upon stone. You will top the structure with a roof and adorn that with pinnacles. You will carve its gables in bold relief, you will decorate its interior in rare design and with rare colors, for your hands are less stained with individualism than are ours, and you shall be possessed with a more refined sense of beauty.

And then what have you built? You have built a new social structure—a social structure in which will dwell a happier race, a race that can be more nearly like its creator; a social structure in which old age will not beg, widows and orphans will not weep, and children will not be ground into dividends and profits. It will be a social structure where men will be men, every inch of them; where women will not sell their virtue, where children will grow up into flowers of purer manhood and womanhood; a social structure that will realize the dreams that have been dreamt by all the best of men of all ages; a social structure that will be the answer to the prayers of hundreds of millions, when in the simplicity of their hearts they pray:

“Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on Earth!”

Oh youth! The world is yours! Go and possess it!! Hold it for all mankind!!!

EMIL SEIDEL,

Socialist Candidate for the Vice-Presidency.