

The Debs' Trilogy

Miss
Mamie
Child

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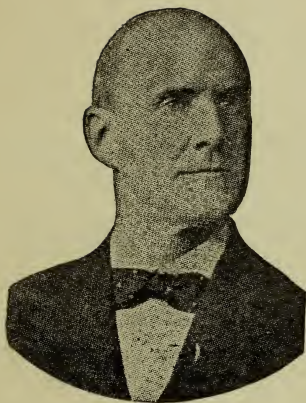
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EUGENE V. DEBS.

The Debs Trilogy

Man

Woman

Child

Written for The New World,
Girard, Kansas, by
Eugene V. Debs

Revised

1917

Not For Sale

Given as a Premium with One New
Sub to The New World,
Girard, Kansas.



HX
84
D3
A32
1917

In That One Look

Edwin Markham, Author, California.

Eugene V. Debs! This is one of the great names of the century. No one—not even a political enemy—has ever said that Debs is not sincere to the core of his heart. It is an event to meet this courageous friend of man. The grasp of his hand is comforting, the look of his lighted face is an inspiration. In that one look you are taken into the door of his home, seated at his table, warmed at his chimney fire.

Debs Is a Friend

Lincoln Phifer, Editor The New World.

A number of years ago, when Eugene V. Debs and I were on the staff of the Appeal to Reason, in daily association, I wrote the following verses concerning him. They express the thought I had in mind very poorly. But they do call attention to the chief characteristic of this great man. He is a friend. He is the same sort that the poet Homer described before the days of Moses in the single line: "He lived in a house by the side of the road, and he was a friend of man." Here is what I wrote:

Some call him great; but greater than
that is—

Than fame, or place, or deed that
has no end—

Debs has a glory brighter than all
this—

He is a friend.

Some call him good; but better than
the best,

Than haloed truth none love or
comprehend,

Is his warm plusebeat and his “infi-
nite zest”—

He is a friend.

Some call him wise; but wiser than all
else

His instinct is, which flashes to the
end,

Warming the soul till all discordance
melts—

He is a friend.

Some call him eloquent; that is but
part,

The lesser part, though to it all
things bend;

He weeps and laughs with us—more
than all art—

He is a friend.

Not my friend only, but the friend of
all;

Debs fills the word that fills the
world—will spend
Himself for any, though with faintest
call—

He is a friend.

After I was out of the Appeal and
Debs in another state, I asked him if
he would not contribute something to
a paper that I was thinking of start-
ing. The response was the three arti-
cles printed in this booklet—an im-
mortal trilogy—Man, Woman and
Child. He not only refused remunera-
tion for them, but insisted on sending
his own money to help me out by put-
ting on the list some whom he thought
would like the paper. These large
facts tell the story as I cannot do it.
“He is a friend.” God bless him.
There never was a man of tenderer
heart or soul more courageous.

Man



THE GREATEST
THING in all the
world is man. It is
he who created the
world as it now is.
And he has made,
not only this world,
but in the sidereal realms of his-
tory all the worlds that sow the
Heavens with light.

Man made the world of
Egypt's yellow glory, chiseled
into eternal strength on everlast-
ing rock. He made the world of
Greece, in which the marble
seems to move, delicate as flow-
ers, white and pulsating with

passion, centuries after its empire has passed away. He made the world of Palestine, whose romance falls with prophetic gloom and solemn splendor upon the work-world of today. He made the world of Rome, echoing to the tread of warriors; the world of the barbarians that, rude and red with passion, swept Rome from the earth. He made the feudal world, with castle and cathedral, with serf and superstition, with vision and voluptuousness. He made the world of adventure, with sea kings and explorers, with conquerors and pirates. He made the world of machinery, fantastic in form, and masterful in motion. He made the world of literature and

peopled it with characters that live whenever the eye opens to them.

And he who made these worlds has ever been a slave, worshipping, not idols, but idlers, who were the work of his own hands. Man, the wise fool, has wrought whatever his fancy pictured to him, then stood in grime and rags beneath its lash, and at last with swift anger swept it away amid wreck and blood. He with the masterful hand has been contemptuously called a "hand." He with the brain that challenges the darkness until it compels light has ever stumbled on in gloom, with shackled feet.

Yet with all his slavish ways,

he is the supremely worthy one. Thewed like an ox, garbed in tatters, stinking with sweat, his fingers make melody of all he touches, be it soil or steel, reed or rod. He is articulate with words divine, yet dumb under oppression. In shop and hut, on highway and in furrow, he is glorious in achievement and shameful in his own status. I think of the toiler with both shame and pride, yet the shame is for the leeches of his kind who do not toil, and the pride for the man in shirt sleeves and overalls. He is the greatest and best thing in all the world. Man is higher and mightier than the mountains. He is wider and deeper than the seas. He is more mas-

terful than the thunders, and swifter than the lightning which in his younger days seemed the avenging terror of the skies. Nature cannot withhold her secrets from his searching mind, and when he cries the Almighty bends his ear to listen.

Man builds nations and destroys them. He constructs cities, and for a whim, with a sweep of his powerful hand, he wipes them from the earth and forgets them. The earth is his servant; he makes it feed him. He fingers the forces of nature as if they were toys. He plays the lute of life, and as he touches its strings new species take form before his eyes and the cumbersome things of the past

disappear in oblivion. He laughs and sweeps his oppressors away, then becomes subject to new oppressors, as if it were his destiny to play the part of the horse because he knows he is a god.

Man, the only happy and only wretched being in the world; man, the laughter and weeper; man, the maker and the warrior; man, the God and the clod; he it is to whom is due all praise and all blame, forever and ever, worlds without end.

He is 'mortal', yet mortal
He is articulate with words,
Divine, yet must needs offend

Especially

Praises Debs' Article on "Man"

Dr. Halcey Husted Hall, author, New York.

It is one of the finest things appearing in any language that I know. Shakespeare's imagination never soared higher, and Ingersoll's poetic touch was never more deft in his beautiful creations with words. Debs has visualized a being too complex and vast for the usual mind's eye; and with consummate pictorial power he has placed the image in the gallery reserved for the gods. His article is also the best of sermons, because it teaches by indirection, without trying to force its lesson. It wins the heart by beauty and the mind by truth. It transmutes force into a song, as a brook; and it sings itself into immortality without effort. All great things move that way. All fine things in art persuade. The power is majestic, but it is hidden by simplicity and beauty, revealing only the soul which is truth. If I could I would have a million of

copies distributed that "man" might see a picture of himself, and thus in a quiet mood contemplate the mythology of the ancient Greeks. He might laugh at his own "slavish ways," but he would feel the force of his own power and the divinity of his own soul. That awakening might cause the "man in shirt sleeves and overalls" to see that hope is a prophecy and that dreams are promises of concrete fulfillment. No more truly does the dawn promise the day than do dreams fortell the splendor of his destiny. In revealing man to himself, Eugene V. Debs has revealed himself to man.

Woman



HILE I SCORN the chivalry that kisses the hand of woman, and then denies that hand the reins with which she might guide the rolling world along; while I would not bow to her as being more than man, yet would I give her every right I claim for myself; still, I cannot think of woman without a feeling of reverence that amounts to worship and that which I worship in her I would also worship in man if he had not banished it from his life.

Great is the hand of man. He smites the mountain ranges and they smooth out into plains; he strokes the ocean, and it carries his craft in safety; he shakes his fist at the night and creatures of steel come forth to do his bidding. But if the hand of man is strong to do, the hand of woman is greater still, because it is softened and skilled to comfort and heal. If the hand of man is magical with accomplishment, the small white hand of woman has even greater magic in that it soothes and blesses ever. With the touch of her fingers she changes the hard sick bed into down and dreams. With the stroke of her palm she banishes the tears of childhood and gives smiles for sobs.

If the man the titan makes the world big, woman the enchantress makes it beautiful. If man finds the food, it is woman that brings the babe through paths she sets with roses, and it is she who makes shining and sweet the gateway when the soul fares forth alone to the unknown land.

Man may make the nation, but woman does more, she makes the home.

When I think of what the world would be without the inspiring influence of woman, I am ashamed of what the world has done with her. She has done everything for the world, and man has done everything evil to her. He has filled her delicate hands with weights she could

not bear, and laid upon her shoulders burdens that crushed her to the earth, and though she stumbled on uncomplainingly, kissing the hand that smote her, he has taunted her as an inferior and ruled her as if she were a slave.

Still is the woman guardian of the sacred fire. Should she fail, earth would return to the stone age, and man become again a naked barbarian. It was woman who invented all the arts, from agriculture to weaving, from architecture to music.

It is woman's voice that bears the soul in prayer and hymn toward higher things.

In a world that God made beautiful there is nothing so

beautiful as woman ; and without her divine ministrations all things would speedily lose their charm. It is woman that bears the future in her body, and on her sweet and sacred bosom nurses life into higher forms and nobler ways. There is nothing so wonderful as motherhood. There is nothing more sacred, more divine, than womanhood charged with the future destiny of the race, which means the weal or woe of all that breathe.

No true man can think of his mother other than as perfect. No husband who is still a lover—as every husband ought to be—can believe that his wife is less beautiful or feel that she is less dear

than when in the bloom of beauty she first won his heart.

I have a vision of woman that is loftier, nobler and diviner than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present. In the full orb'd day of the world to come, woman shall be free, and because she is free the world shall be free. In that hour woman shall have opportunity, and because her day has come at last everything that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessings that shall come to the race. Love shall reign instead of hate, beauty shall take the place of deformity, peace of war, plenty of

poverty, and all the world, under her unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and saintly, sweet and satisfying.

A Man Whom Men Love

J. A. Wayland, founder of Appeal to Reason.

No man ever looked into the frank blue eyes of Eugene V. Debs but felt the thrill of seeing the open soul of a man without guile. In two years daily intercourse with him I never saw him change his mental attitude. He has won the love of every person who has met and talked with him. His soul takes in the universe. He is one of the great men who will leave his footprints on the sands of the road of human uplift.

Like all men who have higher ideals than their time, he will be better appreciated in the time to come. It is not that he is the peer of any orator who ever addressed an American public, but that what he says goes to the root of things. It is what he says more than the beautiful way he says it. It always reaches the heart, reaches the deep hidden good that is in every creature. He is the same in the ordinary

conversation that he is on the platform. No man can look into his frank soul and refuse to love him. His name will live in letters of light on the pages of the history of this nation. And his star will grow brighter as humanity better perfects its telescopes of perception. We love him for what he is.

The Child



WELL MAY the babe of Bethlehem have been heralded by angels, for the child is ever the Saviour of the world. In its weakness lies the strength of man; in its helplessness the eternal evangel of kindness and co-operation.

They tell us the world is sinful and society cruel and unjust; that there is poverty and sickness everywhere. What would it be—how infinitely worse—if society were not renewed, drop

by drop, with purity in the form of children, until the world is made over every thirty years!

“Good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born”—every parent feels that the heavenly chorus might well join in the praise of his own offspring. For is it not a miracle that out of impurity has come purity, out of failure a possibility that none can measure? Ever is the hope of the world in the child.

Children and flowers go together; for flowers are the little children of the common Mother on whose broad and placid bosom we shall all sleep side by side at last.

When the bloom comes from the earth nature is glorified and

the souls of songsters break into melody before the marvel. When children are ushered into the world the heart should sing and the soul of man and woman be filled with divine ecstasy. Every child-life should be as happy and wholesome as the jocund spring-time and as blythe as the babbling brook that sings and dances its way to the sea.

It is the supreme shame of the centuries that children are born into poverty and drudgery, into deformity and death. It is infinite outrage shouting to high Heaven that we should dwarf and degrade and make sorrowful the hundred million child-souls that are sent to us each year. All other sins might be

forgiven, but this unspeakable wickedness against innocent childhood can never be atoned for. Shame upon the sordid society that calls forth these troops of beautiful blossoms to see them wither in sweatshops, rot in brothels and writhe and bleed on field of battle!

One can imagine nothing sweeter, nothing holier than a happy, healthy world, free from want and war, where children romp upon the grass and shout for joy upon the common. Man can conceive of no tenderer appeal or greater honor than to have innocent eyes look trustingly into his and little hands slip without question into his larger palm, inviting his leading.

Shame on the man who would betray so sacred a trust or lead such little ones astray! Women rarely do, because women are led by the child toward the true and good as surely as they lead the little ones into paths of purity and peace.

In all the glad songs and melting melodies that sentiment has given the world to make it rich, there is nothing sweeter, nothing more musical than the joyous laughter of childhood. There is no speech that says so much as the innocent prattle of a babe. It is understood by every race, by savage and by saint, and it makes the world of man a human brotherhood.

Happy are the men and wom-

en to whom children have been given to guide and bless their lives. The care may be great but infinitely greater is the blessing. Nature has decreed the holy trinity of man, woman and child to round out life and give it strength and beauty, and it is our eternal shame that we, by our own wicked usages, pervert the plans of nature.

When the snow that does not melt comes into the locks of mother and father, the child looks back and forever recalls it as a halo of glory.

Children and flowers go
together. For flowers are the
little children of our common
Mother, in whose bosom we
place flowers we shall all
drop finally at last.

Edward Taylor

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Hearing Debs

By George F. Hibner, Chesterfield,
Idaho.

After weeks and weeks of the dark, echoing mine; after long days of burning and smothering dust of the fields, and the tramp through long ways seeking a "job," we sit here listening to Debs, and it seems that the doors of the sky opened, and universe-music poured forth. The Future has taken from next her heart one of her treasures—and we are meeting Debs.

Debs comes and calls us: "It is time to go! It is time to quit selling the days and years of our lives to those who use them but for profit! It is time to BE MEN! It is time to LIVE" and almost we find ourselves marching to the new music; almost we find ourselves with the gathering crowd looking toward the east for the new days. We too have dreams; we too have a purpose; we too glimpse the Ideal.

'Gene Debs! Time in all her trial of golden days and nights of stars never held one more loving or beloved. This dreamer melts our hearts with love, then stamps them with ideals everlasting.

