
A Tribute to Debs.

by Morris Hillquit

Published in *The New Leader* [New York], Oct. 23, 1926, pg. 1.

It is difficult to think of Debs as dead. His whole being was instinct with life. Through all the years of his struggles and suffering his frail body was vibrant with flaming vitality. In spite of his advanced age and ill health he was to the last the impersonation of radiant youth in his mental alertness and never-flagging enthusiasm.

Eugene V. Debs was a rare character in the public life of America. There was not another man who was possessed of quite the same high degree of lofty idealism and he was living up to it so consistently and uncompromisingly.

He was a crusader and a fighter, but there was no hate in him. His most ardent fighting sprang from his deep and warm love for all that bears human countenance.

A pure type of early Christian at his best, he was strangely misplaced in our cold age of selfishness and greed. He was misunderstood, misrepresented, and railed at by the smug defenders of the established order and the beneficiaries of existing social injustice. But millions of people believed in him and all who came within the magic sphere of his personal contact loved him.

The long term imprisonment of this gentle apostle of peace and brotherhood which has undoubtedly hastened his end will forever remain an indelible blot on American justice and an abhorrent reminder of the war-crazed aberration of the American public's mind.

The country has lost one of its noblest sons.

The world without Gene Debs is a poorer and drearier place to live in.

To the Socialist movement everywhere his memory will remain an eternal inspiration.

Edited by Tim Davenport.

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