

## A Final Word (November 3, 1900)

Comrades and Fellow Workingmen:—

By your unanimous vote of confidence I was designated as one of the standard bearers of the Social Democratic Party in the political campaign now in progress throughout the country.

The responsibilities of the position are appreciated in no small degree, and I am doing all that lies in my power to achieve success for the party.

The vast assemblages of people we are daily addressing bear eloquent testimony, not only to the righteousness of the principles of socialism, but demonstrate beyond cavil that wisdom, truth, and justice were in holy alliance when the Social Democratic Party was organized and sent forth on its class-conscious mission.

But we cannot be in a hundred, nor even in two places at the same time, nor are we able to respond to one in 20 of the calls made upon us, and this must be my apology, if one is required, for resorting to this method of addressing the many thousands I cannot otherwise reach.

The thronging multitudes of earnest men and women who press to the meetings held under the auspices of the Social Democratic Party and the inspiring and tumultuous applause which greets the announcement of its principles, bears trumpet-toned appreciation of the cause in which we are engaged and of its ultimate triumph.

Comrades, there is a mighty wave of thought, of intense interest sweeping over the country. Workingmen and women, everywhere in our broad land, are aroused as never before to the woeful condition of the working class in the capitalist system. They have tried the Republican and Democratic parties again and again with the same results. They are beginning to realize that they are but two sections of the same party of the capitalist class, two wings of the same unclean capitalist bird, and that what is required is a change not merely of parties, but of systems, and hence they are coming to the Social Democratic Party, which stands committed to abolish wage slavery by making common property of all the means of wealth production.

A wide field of observation enables me to say that the outlook for our party is inspiring and that, all things considered, it could scarcely be more hopeful or animating.

The Social Democratic Party in its youth is developing the stature of a giant. It has torn off its swaddling garments and with startling strides of self-contained strength already menaces the reign and rule of capitalism and the two old parties which do its bidding like trained monkeys in a circus ring. It has created consternation in their ranks, and as they see the pedestaled gods of crime which they worship with pagan devotion tumbled down by the iconoclastic attacks of the Social Democratic Party, they know their doom is sealed.

If but yesterday the light of the Social Democratic Party flashed upon the country was that of the glowworm in the meadow, it is today as effulgent as that of a fixed star in the realm of political activity.

Comrades, a vote cast for the Social Democratic Party in this campaign is to be, by the fiat of history, a landmark — aye, a mind mark — better still, an emancipation mark in the onward and upward march of socialism, of the working class, until they reach the highlands of that rightful freedom where a man owns himself, works for himself, and enjoys all the fruitions of that liberty that knows no master, where fetters of the mind and shackles of the body disappear and he stands free and disenthralled by the overmastering power of the genius of socialism.

Comrades, the battle is on. The serried host of capitalism confront us on every hand. They are as numerous as the sands and have money beyond the dreams of avarice. They ride in special trains provided with all the appliances of luxury and repose that plundered wealth can provide. They flash their shining blades in the faces of the working class upon which are engraved the texts from the sacred Koran of capitalism, and the wires flash the exultant boast, “We have smiled upon the working class and they are ours.”

Comrades, now is the time for men to do and dare. Now is the time for the workingman to show that he is the equal of the capitalist. Are we ready for the fray? Is our courage equal to our conviction?

Comrades, my faith in your integrity is abounding. I take your hand and feel the thrill of comradeship. I catch the gleam of victory that flashes in your eye and hope takes on a warmer glow. I hear your resounding battle cry as if coming from the throat of a cyclone: “Lead on, we are with you to the end.” It is enough.

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