An Evening in Girard
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JUST AN INFORMAL INCIDENT FOLLOWING THE RETURN OF DELEGATES FROM THE CHICAGO SOCIALIST CONVENTION.

CAMARADERIE AND FELLOWSHIP ON TAP

RESPONSES BY VISITING AND RESIDENT COMRADES, INCLUDING "OUR 'GENE."

1908:
GIRARD, KANSAS
Forsooth, Brothers, Fellowship is Heaven, and the lack of Fellowship is Hell; Fellowship is life, and lack of Fellowship is death; and the Deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for Fellowship's sake that ye do them. Therefore I bid you not dwell in Hell, but in Heaven—upon Earth, which is part of Heaven.—William Morris.
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Sez James Whitcomb Riley:

And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
And jest holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Judgment Seat!—

Following the Socialist national convention at Chicago, numerous home-bound delegates made their way to Girard to visit the Temple of the Revolution, the home of the Appeal to Reason and to meet the comrades who serve the Cause of Socialism through that aggressive disturber of plutocracy, among whom is our gallant standard-bearer, Eugene V. Debs.

On Thursday (May 21, 1908) several of the old war horses happened in together. As they were to remain until the midnight trains, the word was passed along for the assembling of the clan. The body of Girard Socialists, as a whole, breathe the spirit of brotherhood, and since it has been their exceeding good fortune to have Comrade Debs in their midst there has been a living exemplification of gentleness and kindness by one whose soul has enlarged to embrace all humanity. Whenever it is known that Debs is to be present there is a turn-out of old and young. Hence, on this occasion, when they came to meet the comrades from other states the greeting to the gallant and gracious Debs was full of fervor on all sides. It was a spontaneous gathering of congenial people that met at a house “near the square” (in Girard distances are calculated from the “square”—a block, or plaza, in the center of which is the court house,
and around whose four sides are the business houses). It had been arranged that, greetings over and acquaintance begun, the grown-ups should repair to the popular dining room of Mine Host “Billy” Osborne, to be served with ice cream and cake. The children were previously supplied at the house and were left in charge of the always radiant Miss Marcia Lovejoy. (Girard Socialists believe in the contagion of their gospel and bring the children.)

The brilliant lights, the table extending the length of a commodious dining room and the exquisite decorations blended into a pleasant picture for memory’s walls. But when the crowd was seated it became vibrant with life. At the head of the table sat the author of the “Finnegan” stories, E. N. Richardson—the genial “Rich” ; on his right was Wayland, the beloved “One-Hoss,” and on his left David C. Coates, the Idaho editor, and formerly co-worker with Wayland at Greensburg, Indiana. Down the line to the left were Dan Hogan, of Arkansas, and Debs, and George Hibner, and Fred Warren.

Ice cream and cake were but material incidents—it was a veritable banquet of joy and fellowship. At the proper moment Comrade Richardson became toastmaster, and Miss Cox, the Appeal’s expert stenographer, caught from the waves of sound such ideas and ideals—small and great, grave and gay, in jest and earnest—as were poured forth from full hearts beating in unison for the Cause of Socialism. These have been put into type as a souvenir of the occasion.

It was with a feeling of thoughtfulness for the absent ones in particular, who, here and there, scattered throughout the land, hunger for an occasional touch of the social side of this history-making epoch, that this opportunity was thus improved to give it to them. Somebody must override even his own sense of delicacy once in a while, and take his chances
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that those in whose interests these little acts are done will vindicate the act, if not the act-or.

"A little touch of kindness makes all the world a-kin." The literature of Socialism up to the present has abounded so generously with cold facts the multitudes we seek to reach have not been given the opportunity to know there was a social side we were reckoning with. The Socialists of Girard have awakened to the advantage of giving expression to the human instincts—meeting their fellowman on his own level; if it is to dance—we dance with them; if to eat—a banquet is spread and they are invited; when a stranger comes to town—if only a homeless wayfarer—he goes on his journey with something in his stomach, in his heart and in his thought that will not permit him to forget his visit. As Kipling has written:

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

This was an exception to many others in just one particular. Several states were represented, and, in addition, our candidate for President, for Governor, and Congress—seated at the same board with the three men who have won distinction on the staff of the Appeal.

One chair was vacant—Mrs. Grace Brewer—whose unconscious humor has livened many a similar gathering, as it has the Army Column for several years, had not returned from the convention. Without a toast from her in this little collection the program is incomplete.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MY COMRADES AND MY FRIENDS: It is good to be here. It is another one of those joyous occasions when we can renew that fellowship for which Socialists are so noted. One declaration in Comrade Ben Hanford’s convention speech struck me very forcibly, and that was when he said: “Next to the joy of the Co-operative Commonwealth is the joy of working for it.” I think that is a beautiful expression—a beautiful sentiment. It is good to live these days, it seems to me, to be a factor in this movement, if only a small one. It is also good to be living in Girard—good old Girard, where, sometimes, it seems to me, one can fairly feel the spirit of that world-wide brotherhood which we call International Socialism.

We here are especially favored. We are in touch with the movement all over the world on account of the institutions we have here. Yes, there are many reasons why it is good to live in Girard. It seems that all roads lead to Girard. Some time or other the comrades all come to Girard, and we love to see them and try to make them welcome! Thus we get in touch with the different parts of the country and the world and learn what is going on, and we imbibe inspiration from them and we hope they do from us.

Now, comrades, you comrades who are visitors here tonight, the Socialists of Girard welcome you, and I don’t know what further I could say than that. From the heart I say that we welcome you. And I will first call upon Comrade J. A. Wayland, who, I am sure, will second this welcome and pay his respects to “The Appeal Army.”
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J. A. Wayland.

Comrades: If there is anything we love in Girard it is to meet and hear the comrades from all over the United States who have made Girard famous. We in Girard have not made it famous. The Appeal Army, made up of people unknown here individually, has made it famous. Each one is a great factor, and, collectively, they have made Girard one of the best known towns in the United States, and up to the present moment I believe the Appeal Army has more to its credit than the Socialist Party, but from now on it will have to take a back seat, as it were. It has been a long struggle, but the Socialist Party is gradually taking its place and the Army will have to be simply a factor in it.

I had the pleasure, today, of meeting the man who sent in the fifth club order for Appeals—Comrade Tichenor, of Winfield. We got down the old "Coming Nation," printed way back when I was in Greensburg, Indiana, and we looked over some of the work that we did then, and it was sure a pleasure to see his face light up and see the old enthusiasm come back to it. He said he had served the Cause, on and off, but had not been doing anything for some time until he came in touch with Comrade Wilson, and he is now out on the road. But it is the comrades who are visiting here, and the thousands like them, who are making the Socialist Party, the Appeal to Reason and Girard, famous, and Girard always has a welcoming hand for them.

[At this juncture Fred D. Warren was introduced, but, unfortunately for the reader, he was permitted to take the notes of his speech to revise, with the result that they were promptly "shanghied"—confiscated. Complete details of the outrage will be placed before the United States grand jury at its next sitting in Ft. Scott.]

Toastmaster: And Girard has, also, our candidate for governor, who has been acting as state secretary during the absence of Comrade Snyder in Chicago, and I am going to ask the next Governor of Kansas to speak to you.
Comrades and Friends: As a visitor and a worker in your city I would like, if I could, to pay a tribute to this town of Kansas. I believe I have said that it is the prettiest town that I have known in my lifetime, and I remember that Comrade Debs has said of it, it is the only town in which he has not, when away from home, become homesick. I would say it is a town mingled with woods, which I love. I have called it a town of roses. Roses are everywhere. When, as I came down the street the other day, the breeze was cool, free and fresh from the south, the rose petals blew past me like painted snow, and from out the houses that were not too closely crowded came glad tones—tones of women's voices and tones of song—like tones from heaven, if you please. And we appreciate this association. It is very, very proper. Places longed for we appreciate. We had wished and thought something of the grandeur of Girard, but we did not expect to find it as pretty as it is, nor the people as free-hearted as they are. There are no ugly places in this city, and that is saying a good deal of a city under capitalism. Now and then we have such joy as this, greeting comrades from the ends of this country. Now and then, I would say, out of the veiled universe comes a friend. In that hour, and in oft-repeated hours during our lifetime, he is the builder and the bearer of our dearest thought. Now and then history, in her long, wavering, stumbling, but ever-forward way, gives us a Hugo, an O'Connell, a Phillips, and now, at last, thank heaven, a Debs! I would say sincerely, friends, that when we see such men we can appreciate and understand why Emerson and Whitman could have patience and hope and look to the sure coming of the bright day. Debs speaks to us and our day is brighter, sweeter. His every word is a story; his every word is a song, and his every word holds purest love. His tones are firm like bell-tones, and his tones are sweet like the tones of bells. When Debs greets us he leaves with us, if you please, a part of his life which will not leave us while we live. He greets us as a lover, the greatest lover, and the greatest lover is the greatest man. All hail, Eugene Debs!
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TOASTMASTER: While I think I can agree with all the comrades here can say, and with Comrade Hibner’s remark that “Thank God, we now have Debs,” we also appreciate the fact that we have our own Ben Wilson, whom we also love, and whom we are going to send to congress, thank God! (Applause) and I will call on him.


COMRADES: I can say with Comrade Richardson, it is good to be here. It is good to be here tonight and it is good to be here in Girard as much as we have been together. It was hell in Chicago, except when we were in the convention hall. I was just thinking, while sitting here, how I had felt in coming through the states, after three or four months away from home, how restful it was and how peaceful my heart and how inspiring it was to put my foot off the train and to actually realize that I was in Girard. I went to the hotel and the next morning went over to the Appeal and visited the comrades there and shook the hands of men whom I had known and loved for years, though never having had the opportunity of meeting them before, and then went through the works and heard that machine grinding out its wonderful dynamite. It gave my life a new inspiration which I shall never forget. Then, since that time, about four years ago, my experience has been such that I have had more than a warm corner in my heart for Girard and its people and for the comrades here who are doing such noble work. But the last year particularly, since I came to be one of you, I can safely say has been the shortest year of my life. Some one has said that the perception of bliss is the annihilation of time. The last year has been the shortest year of my life. And it has been shortened because of the association I have had with the comrades in Girard, an association more divine than words can express. We have mingled together—we have all been very busy about our work—and we have just shaken hands occasionally and said “Hello!” as we have hurried here and there about our “job”
or the thing that has occupied us. At this time, while the other fellow is worrying about a job, there is one thing the Socialist agitator can safely say, and that is that he is the one that has got a job, and the only one that is really worth while in these days, a job that is going to yield rich harvest for us in the near future. I appreciate the beautiful fellowship we have all had together and I feel that my life has been made very much stronger. We have been up to Chicago and we have had an interesting time at the convention, but it is beautiful to come down here and it is good to be back home again, and I am anxious to get the harness on and to business. The great world outside is waiting for the truth and we are the people who have the medicine for the world's ills. We are engaged in the task of tasks; we have a message that we need make no apology to proclaim. The Appeal is carrying on its mighty work and we are more than glad for this institution and the work it is doing. We are more than willing to stimulate all its activity.

I am so glad to be here tonight. It is indeed a happy occasion. I believe it was gotten up as a surprise party to us all. I may say, I believe, it is the last time before Comrade Debs leaves us for a little while and I count myself fortunate indeed to have had the opportunity of shaking his hand as often as I have during these months and of sharing with him the joy and sweetness of fellowship as we have walked over the fields around Girard and enjoyed beautiful fellowship here in our task—our common task. It is good to be here. Our hearts are one in a universal movement and the task, as someone put it, is an invincibly glorious conflict and can have but one end—only one, and that is victory! Victory!

Toastmaster: I said we all loved our Ben Wilson. Do you know why? I will introduce to you one of the reasons when I call upon the mother of his sweet little children, the partner in all his joys and who lightens all his sorrows. But before I sit down I will add that if all the comrades in this district could see the beautiful exhibition
of woman’s devotion that it is my pleasure to see, for I never see Ben with his grip packed with social dynamite starting for his train but there is the good, the inspiring presence he leaves behind him as the train bears him away to carry his message—I say if they could know, as we know, the loyal inspiration he is given at home, they would never sleep till Ben is triumphantly elected. Mrs. Wilson, please tell us about it.

Mrs. Ben Wilson.

Comrades: This seems to be a time for the expression of our appreciation of our little City of Girard, but pre-eminently it is a fitting time for words of appreciation of our splendid comrade and leader, Eugene Debs. The poet, Whitman, has been mentioned here by one of the comrades. I am going to quote a few lines from Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass,” which I feel to be eminently fitting on this occasion:

THE GREAT CITY.

The place where the great city stands is not the place of stretch’d wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce,
Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of new comers, or the anchor lifters of the departing,
Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings, or shops selling goods from the rest of the earth,
Nor the place of the best libraries and schools—nor the place where money is plentiest,
Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards;
Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them in return and understands them;
Where no monuments exist to heroes, but in the common words and deeds;
Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place;
Where the men and women think lightly of the laws;
Where the slave ceases and the master of slaves ceases;
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected person;
Where fierce men and women pour forth, as the sea to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and unript waves;
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority;
Where the citizen is always the head and the ideal, and president, mayor, governor, and what not, are agents for pay;
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves;
Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs;
Where speculations on the soul are encouraged;
Where women walk in public processions in the streets, the same as the men;
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men;
Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands;
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands;
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands;
Where the city of the best bodied mothers stands;
There the great city stands.

The greatest city is that which has the greatest man or woman;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world."

The city that manifests the fraternal spirit which we all feel in Girard, and which animates this occasion—the city that can count among its citizens (if only for a limited time) such a universal soul as Eugene Debs, as well as the many other able and noble comrades whom we meet here—this City of Girard, judged by the fine standard of the Whitman poem, may fitly be numbered among the greatest cities in the whole world.

TOASTMASTER: We have still another comrade here in Girard of whom we all feel proud, and especially just now. I will relate in a few words a little incident relative to our gathering last Saturday. We were all busy getting the band up here, preparing the platform, and all that, for the little surprise we were fixing up on Comrade Debs in the park. Quite a number of us had to do with getting it up, but at the same time there wasn’t one of us had the foresight to secure a stenographer for the occasion. There was one, however, who, with the scent of a pointer dog, seemed to know there was rare game close by, and had our good com-
rade, Miss Cox, armed with her notebook and pencils, on the ground, and we all know, just as a comrade said today—Comrade Coates I believe—that "it would have been little less than criminal to have lost that speech." But this comrade is given to just such attention to details, and that is one reason why his presence in Girard is appreciated. Comrade Warren said to me last night, "I'll have to take off my hat to Vincent; he saved us the scoop of the year." We will hear from Comrade Henry Vincent:

**Henry Vincent.**

Comrade Richardson promised not to call on me. I will be brief. I have had a bit to do with politics in this State of Kansas in years before, if you have not all forgotten the dynamite campaign of Coffeyville and Winfield. During the events of more recent years I have felt many a time like getting my gun and going out, but, comrades, we have found a better way. I was never more impressed with this fact than during the past week here in Girard. You who have been carrying on this work for the past fifteen years have stood for all manner of ridicule and ignominy from the opposition, but, thank God, you have lived it down, and the worst of them are coming to us. You will have to listen a good while now to hear an ill word in Girard for the Socialists. I have never enjoyed a week in my life more than the present one owing to the change of sentiment that is manifest throughout this community since Comrade Debs' speech. I did not expect it so soon. We knew it had to come, but not this early. It is here, and what we are experiencing in Girard tonight is but a few months in advance of what will be experienced throughout the nation. It reminds me of the morning after election twenty years ago in Winfield, when Kansas had rolled up an 80,000 republican majority. The republican boss announced from the bank steps that it meant twenty years at least of unbroken republican supremacy in the state. Two years later the revolutionists elected five out of seven congressmen, ninety-three out of
105 members of the legislature, and captured a seat in the senate. This, the Third district, was where the trouble all commenced, and at this time that year the old party bosses rested far more secure than they do today. I, too, am glad, since Rich mentioned it, that the speech of Comrade Debs was coraled for the benefit of the country at large. Then think what it means to us here in Girard to see the editors of both parties giving it in full to their readers—a press that until recently has shown but little kindly feeling for the Socialists.

Well, we do enjoy giving the glad hand to our friends from abroad when they come to Girard. Could I do nothing else for our movement here but take part in that feature when the comrades come to town, I would feel I was doing a lot, for we do appreciate what has been done by them, the sacrifices they have made and are making daily that a fearless press shall be maintained. I think I can know just how it feels to Comrades Wayland and Warren to touch elbows with this mighty army at their backs. A force that, so long as they hold aloft the banner of this struggle, will never forsake them. I would like to continue here for an hour. I feel so full, but this is already the longest speech of my life, and there are others to hear from.

Toastmaster: Why, I am surprised that Comrade Vincent would express any surprise that I should forget my promise not to call on him, knowing me as well as he does, and what a habit I have of forgetting such things. Now, the Socialists all believe in the law of cause and effect. There is always a reason for effects, and while the comrade who has just spoken, as we all know, has been a power in the movement for many years, is a wheel horse, and while he has a deal of natural ability, we must not forget how much he owes to another cause, and that cause is Comrade Mrs. Henry Vincent, whom I will now call upon:

I will utter what I believe today, if it should contradict all I said yesterday.—Wendell Phillips.
Mrs. Vincent.

Comrades: I don’t know how to make a speech, and I would be overjoyed to be able to respond appropriately to so gracious a call as our Comrade Toastmaster gives. I can say, however, that I have been glad to realize the spirit of fraternity that exists in Girard. Being a comparatively new resident it has been exceedingly gratifying to be where there are as many of us as there are to meet together in this big and beautiful work of Socialism, and, of course, when the comrades come in from the field the fact that they are working along this line is an open sesame to our hearts and our homes, and we are glad to greet them whenever they come.

Toastmaster: Now, I think perhaps we would like to hear from one of the comrades who has just returned from Chicago, where he has been right up against the inspiration, and I will call on Comrade J. E. Snyder, our State Secretary:

J. E. Snyder.

During the past week or ten days I met a good many of the people who have been a part in the making of me. The Comrades Vincent came into my life when I was thirteen years old, at Winfield; uncouth, undeveloped they found me. They put into my hands some good literature and I date my start from meeting the Vincent families. The past ten days I have met, I suppose, a hundred of the people who have been my personal friends, and the makers of me; and, as these comrades have said that in Girard, “this has been a great week,” it certainly has been a great ten days for me. I have met personally the people I correspond with all the time—write letters to—and you know what those people are to every person.

Then the National Convention of the Socialist Party was worth while. It has put out some of the greatest literature that has been produced in America. We hardly got to read it at the convention. I read it today and I hope that all of us will sit down and read it—that all the delegates, when they go home, will read what came out of the con-
vention. They will be well pleased with their work. It seemed to me there was a spirit of democracy there; everybody was loaded. We hear of the old party conventions, where they do a great deal of cheering, how a few men write everything and say everything, but it seemed that at this convention everybody was wide-awake, and nobody sprung anything of a vital nature without meeting healthy opposition.

Four years ago when the platform was read a great cheer went up, and it was voted upon and adopted without discussion or change. This time we fought over it a day and a half, and the result is better.

Our popular western Irishman, Phil Callery, nominated Debs. His was declared to be the best speech of the whole convention. A half dozen stood on tables and led the Marsellaise—everybody sang it—and we had three cheers for Debs and three cheers for Socialism. It was most inspiring.

We in the work of the secretariats have things come up to try us and cause us to sometimes wonder "what is the use," but when we go into our great gatherings it is like Dr. Lowther used to tell us: "When my children were studying music, and they were all at home tuning up their instruments, all was discord, but when I went down one day to the recital and heard all the music in harmony, I found it was all worth while." And so this convention, even with the discords, and fighting our way, came out in harmony at the end of eight days of battle. A great work was done and I think we have put into the movement of America a new life, a new spirit, a Socialism that, with 'Gene Debs and Ben Hanford as our standard bearers, is bound to be heard from in 1908!

Toastmaster: As one comrade has said, I really think the people of Girard are beginning to appreciate the Socialists. They have every reason for so doing, because the Socialists have done much for Girard. Among other things, a Socialist has built the only airship that is going to fly, and I want to repeat to you again, that it is going to fly. Of course, it
had to be a Socialist; otherwise it would have never been built. And we will now listen to Comrade Henry Laurens Call.

Henry Laurens Call.

MR. CHAIRMAN—COMRADES: I can truly say, in the words of the classic poet, "I came not here to talk." I did not pitch my tent as a sojourner in the City of Girard to talk. I believe that one of the speakers said that all roads lead to Girard. Now, we propose to make all aerial tracks lead from Girard. We believe that Girard, Kansas, will be and become the aeronautic center of the United States, and not only of the United States, but of the world, and not only of the world, but of the universe, so far as known. We may not leave our footprints behind us on the sands of time, but we propose to leave the whir of our wings behind us in the air. As the chairman suggested, it is perfectly fitting that a Socialist should be the one to work out this great world problem, as we believe it to be, of aerial navigation; that the desired achievement to conquer the air—the one realm that has always been mysterious to us—should come along and keep pace with the breasts of mankind, to achieve material happiness by adjusting ourselves to our material progress, as Socialism today demands.

I confess to a certain sense of embarrassment in the midst of the great men here represented—a future President of the United States, Governor of Kansas, and Member of Congress, not to mention such world-famous names as Wayland, Warren and others, gathered around this festal board. You know, some critic has said, that it is peculiarly unfortunate for a boy to be named Napoleon Bonaparte Jones or George Washington Smith; because he was under the necessity, when he met his comrades, of living up to his illustrious antecedents; and I feel that it would be necessary, should I attempt anything like speech-making, to live up to my environment. So you will kindly excuse me from attempting to make a speech.

But I should feel that I had shown little sense of this
occasion if I failed to make allusion to one name in our midst. As I made the circuit of the country in my lecture tour last winter, from the Atlantic seaboard and the Dakotas down through Oklahoma I always heard that name, Debs, in front of me; and I never heard it breathed with other than admiration and love. I had long desired to meet that man—as one writer has beautifully said, “The grandest combination of heart and brain since Lincoln”—and it was altogether fitting that I should meet Comrade Debs in Girard. Congressman Springer once repeated upon the floor of congress the well-known words, “I would rather be right than president.” Whereupon, “Sunset” Cox, speaker of the house, consolingly remarked, “Don’t be worried, Mr. Springer; there is no danger of your ever being either.” Now we know that “Our Gene” is right. Every Socialist knows that, and despite his utterances and asseverations to the contrary the other evening let me say that we confidently expect him to be president—that is, when the United States grows up to appreciate him. It may be a process of evolution; but we know that it is coming.

Now, I want to say just one word about Girard before I close. I had lived in Kansas many years, but more recently had degenerated. I had gone to the effete east and buried myself in New York, in Boston and other congested centers of our population, and when I came as far as the line of Kansas the old love of its balmy breezes and of its bright skies and all that freedom from that oppressiveness which meets you in the east, led me to improve an opportunity to return. Yet I want to say that I was not in the position of a prophet that is not honored in his own country. I did not come to Kansas voluntarily. You should charge it against the chairmen of the evening, who had heard of me and my work, and said, “You tell Mr. Call to come right here to Girard. We will finance that airship.” If we accomplish anything of that which we hope to accomplish you shall have occasion to thank the chairman of the evening, Mr. Richardson.

Toastmaster: We have still another lady comrade
whom I am going to call on—a comrade who has been in the work for years, and been in the work in Girard at least long before my time, and I take pleasure in introducing, and you will take pleasure in listening to her—our Comrade, Mrs. Tubbs, whose hospitable door never closes in the face of a weary pilgrim, or whose feet are never too tired to help get up a Socialist gathering:

Mrs. Tubbs.

Comrade Chairman and Comrades: You have taken me by surprise. I hardly know what to say. I can say that I am glad to be a Socialist.

As I look at the comrades around this table and see our number, I think how different it is from twelve years ago. At that time the Socialists of Girard could be counted on one hand. We were here strangers, almost alone, when Comrade Wayland came to this town. Our home has always been open to all wayfaring comrades that have come along. The time has been when few homes were open to the comrades when they came here; but economic determinism has driven the people to open their homes and take the comrades in, not because they love the dear comrades, but because they love their dollars and have to have them.

As you sit here enjoying this social time you little know what the pioneers of the Socialist movement in Girard went through. When we were in the old parties and were willing advocates of the orthodox creed we were considered a real good kind of people; but as soon as we took the stand for Socialism we were considered "dangerous."

I have a neighbor, a good old soul, who is so worried over my husband's and my condition that she takes it upon herself, when new people move in the neighborhood, to tell them to beware and not let Tubbs make Socialists of them. She says that we are good, honest, kind people, but are "Socialists." The same lady told me one time how sorry she was for us, and that Mr. Tubbs was too smart a man to be a Socialist. I told her that was the kind of people who were
Socialists, and that the Socialist Party had no room for people who could not think for themselves.

Socialism is getting respectable at the present time. They are finding out that we are here to stay, and are growing all the while. At the rate we have grown in the last four years we will soon be in the majority.

As I sat and looked into the faces of that throng of earnest men and women at the national convention in Chicago, I thanked God that I was a Socialist. I have told people who have argued with me about being a Socialist that if I had a hair in my head that was not socialistic I would pull it out. Comrades, I expect to fight it out along this line as long as I live.

As for you, Comrade Debs, I will not vote for you, not because I would not, but because I cannot. I am a woman. I hope to live to see the day when the people of all nations, male and female, will walk to the ballot box and take a hand in the making of the laws that are to govern them.

Now, Comrades, it is pleasant to sit here and listen to the speeches, but it is active work that counts. So let us each one go out and knock this damnable system so hard that it will receive a blow next November that will so paralyze it that it will never recover.

Toasts:

Our Comrade Bruce Rogers, the Appeal Book Man, who also was at the convention, has just reached home this evening, tired and worn out. He and “Peaches” and Little Robert were with us the earlier part of the evening, but could not remain for this portion of our program. But he has handed me this to say for him:

“If all the accused of earth should make a pilgrimage to my cabin, and I wish that they might, then I should be host to all the race of men”

Toasts: Well, we have listened to the “block,” now I will call on the “chip,” Ted Vincent:
AN EVENING IN GIRARD.

Ted Vincent.

COMRADE CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES: This is so sudden! But I will say that this spirit of Socialism which I have felt all this evening cannot be surpassed in anything the human senses can appreciate. Comrade Hibner said something about a bell. It reminds me of a thought in that connection about our Debs. We can listen to a bell—we hear it echo, and ring, and ring; the echo goes on and on and on. We received ideas from Comrade Debs Saturday. Those ideas are going broadcast over the land. The bell is ringing. We are answering the call. It is winning many others to us. It is the most impressive occurrence within my stay in Girard. I can hear that bell ringing, I can perceive the evolution of that idea, and I can see it going on. Socialism is coming; it is here; it is ever growing. The resonance of that bell will reach over the United States, over the world, and Socialism will be ours and the Brotherhood of Man established.

TOASTMASTER: I will now call upon the Comrade from Vermont.

Dr. H. J. Munson.

COMRADES: It is entirely unexpected to me. In fact, until just a few minutes before this gathering assembled I had no notice of it, no expectation of any such thing, and I will say while it is the second entertainment that I have enjoyed among the Socialist comrades of this place, I have enjoyed this far the more. An excellent spirit seems to have pervaded all minds and hearts that I have observed tonight, and I know that where the true spirit of Socialism is enthroned in the hearts and minds of individuals there is the tenderest, the most intimate, the strongest, the fondest fraternal feeling, the fondest love that any association in life can provoke. Long years ago, when a child, I was taught theology. I espoused religion, and I thought there was a fellowship there; but I tell you, my friends, the fellowship of church or religion is not to be compared with the true
fellowship that is found through and by an understanding of the Socialist philosophy.

Kansas! Oh, Kansas! How long has that word lingered upon my mind and thought as the fondest, the dearest of any place in all the world that I know. I came to Kansas when but a youth. I came to Kansas filled with the fire and spirit of freedom, loving all humanity, saying to myself I will be one that will seek to make Kansas free. I came to this state—then a territory—in 1857. The word Kansas has ever been dear to me since, for I have traveled back and forth from west to east and east to west again and again, yet I must return finally to Kansas and finally to Girard to see, myself, and to determine within myself that this shall be the winding up of this short earthly career, and when I lie down I will lay my body in Girard, and my spirit, Comrades, shall go marching on.

Toastmaster: Comrade Wayland spoke of one visiting comrade, Harry Tichenor, of Winfield, Kansas, who was with us today but could not remain over. But we have his toast just the same. I know you will appreciate it if I read it to you for him in his absence:

I'll vote for Debs.
I'll vote for Debs for the Faith I have
  That we'll reach the promised land!
A joyous vote and a splendid vote, and
  A clasp of a comrade's hand!

I'll vote for Debs, for the Hope I have
  That shall flood the world with its light!
And I must answer the call I hear
  That the working class unite!

I'll vote for Debs, for the Love I have,
  The Love and the Life Divine!
And won't you vote with me for Debs,
  And drink of the new-made wine?

O vote for Debs, for the Faith and Hope,
  And the Love that we have for all!
I can almost hear the stones cry out
  In the throb of the awful call!
AN EVENING IN GIRARD.

Toastmaster: Now I am going to call on one of the visiting comrades with whom I have had a nice visit, he coming from a part of the country that is very dear to me, having spent five years of my life there—Comrade Metcalf, of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

W. P. Metcalf.

Chairman and Comrades: I wish I could make you all feel the joy and inspiration which this visit to Girard has been to me. I came down here very tired after a week in the unmentionable place which Comrade Wilson has spoken of, but I am tired no longer. I find that peace and serenity in this community, especially evidenced by this Socialist brotherhood, which would render a prolonged stay here inviting and agreeable. I have long wanted to make a pilgrimage to this shrine, as I might say, because a shrine is where you go for inspiration, and the Appeal to Reason is responsible for my first serious thought of the Socialist movement. I have taken great pleasure in meeting Comrade Wayland and the other comrades associated with him, and in renewing my acquaintance with Comrade Debs, whom I have not seen for several years.

I supposed Girard was a small country place without any special energy of its own, but I find they are building an airship here—a thing which I certainly did not expect to find. (Mr. Call: “Brother Metcalf is a stockholder.”) I could not resist the spirit of the place. The comrades in New Mexico will take great pleasure in hearing my account of my visit to Girard and I shall take great pleasure in expounding it to them. I will close by saying how much it is in my heart to thank you for your kind welcome, and the pleasure which this visit has been to me.

Toastmaster: Those of you who heard the few words I had the honor to deliver Saturday will remember that I said Comrade Debs had a heart in him as big as a mountain.
We have with us another comrade whom I know has a heart as big as all outdoors—Comrade Dan Hogan, of Arkansas:

Dan Hogan.

Comrades: I hardly think this is fair and yet I would have felt slighted, absolutely offended, if I had not been called upon tonight. This is a feast of reason and flow of soul that one of us poor Arkansawyers don’t often meet—we who have been sojourning down there for so long. Now can you blame us? Can you blame one of us if he tears himself away from the bosom of his family, from the scenes of his childhood and borrows money—borrows money upon the credit of his business partner—to make a trip to the Mecca of Socialism, the center of the revolutionary universe, the place from which emanates the flashes of light and the glory that shall finally illuminate the world! Can you blame us? Would I be blamed if I felt slighted had the chairman neglected giving to me an opportunity to say these few words? This is a delight—a pleasure; it is peaceful here; there is no noise.

I have just escaped from hell. I have arrived in heaven. I own a little paper, by the way, down in Arkansas, and I am going to entertain my capitalistically inclined subscribers by a dissertation on the impressions of an Arkansawyer in Chicago. I am going to tell of the interminable noise; where thousands of men and women escape death by half a second, or half an inch, each day in the year! How you have to dodge many thousands of automobiles and street cars and march to the tune of the policeman’s whistle! Of all the places that I ever was in that takes the whole bakery. I could not help but be impressed with the wonderful work, with the wonderful accomplishments of the workers and toilers of Chicago. How they have piled their bodies mountain high in those piles of brick and stone scattered over that capitalist-infected earth. I wondered what we would do with that place, Chicago, when we take it. What will we do with it We might push it into the lake. But then, it would be a sin to mar the lake. The lake is the
only beautiful thing there—the only thing worth having.

But, my friends and comrades, I want to thank you, one and all, for this real welcome, for this splendid manifestation of your comradeship and love. It is an inspiration, a joy unspeakable for me to be here, to be able to clasp your hands, to feel the vitalizing force of your hearts beating against my heart, and to meet our peerless leader, the great, the only 'Gene Debs (Cheers), the beloved of the working class; him, the very mention of whose name is an inspiration to all the sons and daughters of toil from one end of this continent to the other; against whom no word can be said, except that he loves all mankind with his great, throbbing heart, his great head filled with hopes and his great hands which do the work that lies before him. What an inspiration to be with him, if only for a few hours, only for a few brief moments.

Comrades, ours is the only Cause that there is. Ours is the only thing worth working for, serving and living for. What a pleasure it will be, what a magnificent pleasure it will be, to die for it! Since that debt must be paid, since that must be complied with sooner or later, why not—why should it not be for Socialism, for the Co-operative Commonwealth? We can't help but love it and we should not hesitate to crucify ourselves to achieve it. Now, if you will pardon me, I will divert the exercises of the evening a moment by reciting an unpublished poem of Eugene Field:

**PENN-YAN BILL'S WOOING.**

In gallant old Kentucky, where the grass is very blue,
And the liquor is the smoothest and the girls are fair and true;
Where the crop of By-God gentlemen is full of heart and sand
And the stock of four-time winners is the finest in the land;
Where the Democratic party in bourbon hardihood
For more than half a century unterrified has stood;
Where nod the black-eyed Susans to the prattle of the rill—
There—there befell the wooing of Penn-Yan Bill.

Down yonder in the cottage that is nestling in the shade
Of the walnut trees that seem to love that quiet little glade,
Abides a pretty maiden of the bonny name of Sue—
As pretty as the black-eyed flow'rs, and quite as modest, too;
And lovers came there by the score—of every age and kind,
But not a one (the story goes) was quite to Susan's mind;  
Their sighs, their protestations and their pleadings made her ill—  
When, all at once, upon the scene, hove Penn-Yan Bill!

He came from old Montana, and he rode a broncho mare—  
He had a rather how-de-do and rough-and-tumble air;  
His trousers were of buckskin, and his coat of furry stuff,  
His hat was drab of color and its brim was wide enough.  
Upon each leg a stalwart boot reached just above the knee,  
And in the belt about his waist his weapons carried he;  
A rather strapping lover for our little Susie, still  
She was his choice, and he was hers—was Penn-Yan Bill.

We wonder that the ivy seeks out the oaken tree  
And twines her tendrils round him, tho' scarred and gnarled he be;  
We wonder that a gentle girl, unused to worldly cares,  
Should choose a mate whose life has been a constant scrap with bears;  
Ah, 'tis the nature of the vine, and of the maiden, too,  
So, when the bold Montana boy came from his lair to woo,  
The fair Kentucky bosom felt all her heart-strings thrill  
Responsive to the purring of Penn-Yan Bill.

He told her of his cabin in the mountains far away—  
Of the catamount that howls by night, the wolf that yawps by day;  
He told her of the grizzly, with the automatic jaw,  
He told her of the Injun, who devours his victims raw!  
Of the jayhawk with the tawdry crest and whiskers in his throat—  
Of the great goshawful sarpint and the Rocky Mountain goat;  
A book as big as Shakespeare's or as Webster's you could fill  
With the yarns than emanated from Penn-Yan Bill.

Lo, as these mighty prodigies the mountaineer relates  
Her pretty mouth falls wide agape—her eyes get big as plates!  
And when he speaks of varmints that in the Rockies grow  
She shudders as she clings to him and timidly cries, "Oh"!  
And then says he: "Dear Susie, I'll tell you what to do:  
You be my wife, and none of these 'ere things shall pester you!"  
And she? She answers, clinging close and trembling yet: "I will—"  
And then he gives her one big buss—does Penn-Yan Bill.

Avaunt, ye poet lovers, with your wishy-washy lays!  
Avaunt, ye solemn pedants, with your musty, bookish ways!  
Avaunt, ye smirking dandies, who air your etiquette  
Upon the gold your fathers worked so long and hard to get!  
How empty is your nothingness beside the sturdy tales  
Which mountaineers delight to tell of border hills and vales—  
Of snaix that crawl, of beasts that yowl, of birds that flap and trill  
In the wild egregious altitude of Penn-Yan Bill.

Why, over all those mountain peaks his honest feet have trod—
So high above the rest of us he seemed to walk with God; He's breathed the breath of heaven as it floated pure and free From the everlasting snowcaps to the mighty Western sea; He's heard the awful silence that thunders in the ear: "There is a great Jehovah, and His abiding place is here!" These—these the solemn voices and these the sights that thrill In the far-away Montana of Penn-Yan Bill!

Of course she had to love him, for it was her nature to— And she'll wed him in the summer, if what we hear is true; The blue grass will be waving in that cool Kentucky glade Where the black-eyed Susans cluster in the pleasant walnut shade— Where the doves make mournful music and the locust trills a song To the brook that through the pasture scampers merrily along; And speechless pride and rapture ineffable shall fill The beatific bosom of Penn-Yan Bill.

Toastmaster: While you are getting back to earth again, before calling on the next speaker, I am going to remark that when Comrade Hogan comes to Girard again we will set aside a whole evening to listen to more of these homely recitations, for he is full of them, and can entertain us for hours at a stretch.

Now several of the speakers have referred to my beloved native City of Chicago as hell. But I want to tell you we have a comrade with us tonight who comes from a section of this country where, for a man who dares to stand up and fight the fight of the working class, it is hell—real hell—and I will call on Comrade David C. Coates, of Idaho:

David C. Coates.

Comrades: I am not going to talk about hell. If we have to go through it, why we have people in the movement who can go there, too. (Cheers).

I want to say that I am more than pleased to be here tonight. It has shown to me, perhaps more than any other occasion of my life, the joy of living. The joy of living for Socialism, at that. I want to say that we have just come from the greatest convention of the Socialist Party,
and it had to be the greatest because Socialism is becoming
greater and greater every day and every year. Thousands
of our comrades from the different parts of the country have
become inspired with that movement as they never were
before, and they are going to the hill-tops and into the valleys,
and upon the farms and highways of this country to preach
the doctrine this fall as they never preached it before. I
believe when the campaign is over, we will realize the stu-
pendous growth of that movement and its effect. It was a
glorious convention; as one of the comrades has said, we
will begin to realize when we calmly consider the matters
that were done there how really great it was. But its
greatest act, I believe, was the nomination of Eugene V.
Debs as president of the United States. (Cheers.) We have
a great Cause, but we have a leader that is equal to the
Cause. We love Debs—yes; not because he is the candidate
of the Socialist Party for the presidency of the United
States; not because he put in six months in Woodstock jail;
not because his very soul beams from his manly countenance
with his great love of humanity, but we love him simply
because he is 'Gene Debs. That's all.

And now, my friends, as Comrade Wilson has said,
we have a great task to do. The task is becoming easier and
easier, and it must become easier and easier when we have
such men as Wayland and Warren and Richardson and the
rest of the comrades in Girard and throughout the country
that are equal to that task. I know them—I have known
some of them, perhaps not personally, but still have known
them and known of their work, for years. I will never for-
get when I went, in 1893, to Wayland in Greensburg, Ind.,
and established the "Coming Nation." That nation is going
to come. There is no question about that. And I want to
say for him that I have told the people from one end of
this country to the other that God is to be thanked for
J. A. Wayland! If it had not been for his work the move-
ment would not be as great as it is today. He has aroused
the comrades from one end of this nation to the other as
perhaps no other one man could arouse them, and the evi-
dence of it all is the gathering that surrounds him in this
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banquet hall tonight. It simply shows the inspiration that comes to men and women who are battling in the cause of humanity from the day when that inspiration takes possession of their souls, and I don't believe that there have ever been men and women that have worked for a cause, outside of possibly the early Christians, that worked for the progress of humanity as there have sprung up in the Socialist movement of this nation, until today, my friends, the Socialist movement is no longer an incident, but it is an event in the political and economic history of this nation and the earth.

I thank you very kindly for being here tonight. My life would not have been complete if I could not have come here occasionally, and I trust I will be able to come again to meet and greet the loving comrades in Girard.

TOASTMASTER: Yes, Comrades, we love him just because he is 'Gene Debs, and we will now listen to him. (Cheers).

Just Plain 'Gene Debs.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: After all that has been said here this evening, and so well said, I think, indeed I feel sure, that I could well afford to remain silent. There are times when words are mere beggarly sounds; when they express seemingly less than nothing. I am quite sure that no words of mine could begin to adequately express the feeling which possessess me at this hour. I have been in Girard but a little while, and yet I feel as if I had been here many years and if there were to be held here a meeting of the old settlers I should fell slighted if I were not invited to a seat on the platform!

Girard, in some respects, epitomizes the history of the entire nation. When Comrade Wayland first located here the sentiment was such that it could truthfully have been said that he was a resident in a hostile community. The majority of the citizens looked upon him as an intruder. He had the misfortune to be in advance of his time. Since
then he has grown into the affections of the people, and were he to give his consent he could easily be the mayor of Girard today. There has been a very decided change of sentiment. The people who were once hostile have become perfectly friendly. The change has been entirely upon their part. They now understand the man, his principles and his mission. Fifty years ago when a man whose soul revolted against the crime of property in human flesh came within the borders of Kansas he was looked upon as a monster of iniquity. The Free-Soiler was put to death and he was buried head first, and upon the soles of his protruding boots there was written the inscription “Mark the fate of the Free-Soiler!” The people applauded such monstrous crimes. It is different today. There has been some progress. Kansas, the world, is nearer civilized.

A little while ago a Socialist was looked upon as the enemy of the human race, but Socialists have become very numerous; they have become correspondingly respectable. I have always been proud of being a Socialist and never more proud than I am this evening. Looking into your faces and catching your spirit I feel myself rising to exaltation. Socialism to us is something more than a mere conviction. It courses in our veins; it throbs in our hearts; it fires and sanctifies our souls, and it consecrates us to the service of humanity.

The convention just closed at Chicago was in my judgment the greatest and most important convocation of men and women in all the history of this nation. Its significance is not yet understood by the people. Fifty years must elapse and it must have its perspective, and then it will have its true proportion. In all that body of thoroughly honest, earnest and conscientious men and women there was not a single one who was in any sense a self-seeker, not one who had any personal ambition to gratify. All of them were there for the one splendid purpose of perfecting the political party whose historic mission it is to emancipate the working class from the thraldom of slavery. The Socialist Party has a mission different from that of any party that ever existed. It is different—far different—from any other party in or-
ganization. Its mission is not to reform the present system, but to absolutely abolish it; to wipe out wage-slavery, to emancipate not only the working class, but the capitalist class; to abolish class rule so that, unfettered, the children of men may begin the march to what may be called real civilization. Competition, the controlling principle of capitalism, vanishes with the adoption of co-operative society. Not that we Socialists are less selfish, but that our selfishness is enlightened selfishness. We shall still compete with each other in Socialist society, not for a material advantage, however, but to excel in good works.

How fully, how perfectly, how beautifully the spirit of Socialism has been expressed at this festal board this evening! You have all joined in literally loading me with honors that I so illly deserve. I am simply a bit more fortunate than you. Of my own account I amount to so little. It is my good fortune that I have you as my comrades, and because of this fact I have been praised and I have been given credit to which I feel and know I am not justly entitled.

Here we have in miniature the society of the future. How perfectly fine it is! How it touches! How it thrills! How it inspires and how it ennobles all human beings! There is only one Cause in all of this world, as Comrade Hogan has so well said, that is worth living for, worth doing battle for, and, if need be, worth dying for, and that is Socialism, and it is coming just as certain as the sun rises. Scattered all over this country there are the thousands and the hundreds of thousands who are keeping step to the inspired music of the new emancipation, and for the first time in human history there is an international movement and it is spreading all over the civilized and uncivilized world. It is all-embracing. No single human anywhere is excluded from fellowship. We may not live to see the full fruition of our work, nor does it matter; so insidiously can a man feel Socialism, so completely consecrated can he be to the Cause of Socialism that he lives within the realization of it, even now.

I don’t wish to make myself subject to the criticism of the gentleman who was invited to say a few words on a
certain occasion, and took a long while in saying them, and after adjournment one of the guests remarked that the gentleman could make the best fifteen minute speech in three hours he had ever heard!

I am very happy to be here to take the visiting comrades by the hand. It has been a long while since I have seen Comrade Metcalf. I met him down in Arizona last. I remember how eager I was to press his hand. He is a pioneer down in that section and every time I think of New Mexico I can see him, stalwart, erect and magnificent. He used to stand alone, but he has all that country peopled with Socialists. They are almost as numerous as the leaves of the forest. Here is another, at my right, Comrade Dan Hogan, who has been battling valiantly down in Arkansas. I wondered about Dan up in Chicago, in that great madhouse that I escaped from. I had some doubt about my own sanity after I got away from there. The only time in all my experience in Chicago that I felt myself really in a peaceful, quiet state was when they had me locked up. I found more real fellowship among the so-called "criminals" than I did among the whole body of desirable citizens on the outside. The good people in Chicago they lock up; those that ought to be locked up walk the streets, free. There are two million people and they are packed together, heaps of them; they are total strangers to each other, and they have good reasons for being. They are strangers, not because they don't know each other, but because they do. I don't know what we will do with Chicago when we come into possession of it.

I am more than glad to see all these comrades here this evening. It has been a great pleasure to me to take them by the hand, look into their eyes and hear their words of cheer and encouragement. I feel we are just barely making our beginning. The campaign just opening is certainly going to be an historical one. Four years ago they were still ridiculing the Socialist movement. If it excited any comment at all it was as to its insignificance. In one breath they said we were blood-thirsty cranks and in the next harmless dreamers, but they have now concluded that the Socialist movement has merit enough to be reckoned with. The Globe-
Democrat, of St. Louis, had an editorial the other day that was more than surprising. The statement was frankly made that the Socialist Party was the coming party in the United States. A number of other capitalist papers have made similar statements. Socialism has grown so rapidly that it is now regarded as a menace to capitalism. They are beginning to pay some attention to us. It is becoming so influential that they can no longer write about it as they used to.

I don't feel quite at liberty to invite you to the White House, but when the invitation can be extended, if I happen to be there, you will all be desirable citizens, I can assure you!

I just want to say a word about my quiet colleague over here. Comrade Fred Warren is entitled to a great share of the credit for the work that is being done here in Girard. He and Wayland were providentially joined, I think. They fit each other exactly; they are necessary to each other. I don't know of a stronger combination. Men of glorious intellect, firm heart, moral courage without question, their chief failing is their extreme modesty. They don't allow their pictures to be taken. I had to have myself photographed often enough to serve the whole combination. Our toastmaster does the honors on all such popular little occasions as this, and he does them very gracefully, as I am sure you will all bear willing testimony. We have a picture here for memory's wall. We will never all be together again. When we meet somebody will be missing, but we can remember this picture and cherish it, and I am sure that we shall. I wish you all long life and strength and health and inspiration, and for the Cause, victory. In the campaign that is now opening you are all going to do your duty, I know. All of you are going to give an account of yourselves and I feel quite safe in predicting that when the polls close on the first Tuesday in November the returns will be such as to surprise Girard and Kansas, the nation and the world. In this great work we all have our places and we all have our duties. We have the small satisfaction of knowing that we are not working for a personal advantage, but that
we are working for the common interests of our common humanity.

"He is true to God who is true to man wherever wrong is done, To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun; That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all the race."

As the speaker resumed his seat, dainty and graceful little Mrs. Brown—a staunch and loyal Socialist—took the flowers from the nearest vase and threw them to Comrade Debs. This signal went down the line, and all the beautiful roses used as decorations were soon banked before our peerless leader and the banquet was over.

Many went to their homes, while others, with Comrade Debs, lingered to entertain the visitors and see them to their trains.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wayland, Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Call, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Rogers, Mr and Mrs. Henry Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Richardson, Mrs. Withrow, Mrs. Marvin Brown, Mrs. F. M. Eastwood, Miss Cox, Miss Wolcott and Grandma Lovejoy, and Messrs. P. D. Warren, H. C. Williams, Ted Vincent, Dr. H. J. Munson, Candidate for Governor Hibner, State Secretary J. E. Snyder, Eugene V. Debs, Hugh Campbell, of Kansas City; Dan Hogan of Huntington, Ark.; W. P. Metcalf, of Albuquerque, N. M., and David C. Coates, of Wallace, Idaho.

There are no pockets in a shroud.—E. V. Debs.

"Yesterday is gone. Tomorrow is God's: Today is mine."—E. N. R.