Wayland’s Undelivered Address

AND

Ben Wilson’s Funeral Oration

1913
APPEAL TO REASON
GIRARD, KAN.
Wayland's Undelivered Address

Prepared for a contemplated lecture tour
and found in his desk after his funeral

During the feudal ages there was no competition. Each feudal lord had his serfs supply all his needs. They raised the sheep, spun and wove the cloth and made it into clothing; they raised the grain and the flesh and vegetables that fed the lord and themselves, and their world was his demesne of the land, and there they lived and died, generation after generation in the same manner of life. Society was nearly lifeless. There were exchanges from the products of the land by the masters for the products of other serfs owned by other masters in other parts of that or foreign countries for articles not possible of production on some of the feudal estates. Each lord was the head of his own army and lived in a castle or fort and punished or rewarded as suited his whims.

But the discovery of gunpowder changed all this, and the free cities grew up. They were governed by the artisans who carried on manufactories by hand, but by a finer sub-division of
labor than was possible on the country estates, and they made better for the majority of workers.

Europe remained much in this state until the discovery of the first break in the feudal system, though they were not much America and for long afterward, but America offered a hope of freedom for the oppressed, and with free access to the land, without tribute, the workers became a different people and different ideas grew up in them which was not possible under serfdom or slavery.

In this country they began production with the primitive tools their fathers had used in the old world, but the mind quickened under the freer conditions and let loose the inventive faculties that had been so long strangled by the old oppressions.

SO WE WILL BEGIN by taking a view of industries after they had become planted in this country. At first the family made all its needs from whatever materials nature had conveniently made available in its locality. But in time one man, being more than ordinarily skilled in leather, wood or iron, found he could trade his skilled products to his neighbors and receive more for a day than by trying to be farmer, wagon-maker and every other thing, and his customers found they could better give him more grain or other products for shoes than he could raise for his time in supplying them with shoes or wagons as the case might be.

Right here in the development of society began the division of labor which is the tap-root of the present system, and the present system cannot be understood without understanding this condition.

Skill and mental cunning here had an opportunity for developing and expanding. The fastest workman and the best
soon made a reputation and had the largest trade. This in
instances brought him more work than he could do, and he put
on apprentices and later would employ other shoemakers who
under his direction could produce better shoes and make more
working for him than by working for themselves, and the boss
workman could also make a small profit off each one of his jours.

THESE boss shoemakers competed with each other for
the trade of their neighborhoods. They got their leather from
the small tanneries that dotted the country, which tanners maybe
were farmers part of their time like the first shoemakers.

As some of the boss or master workmen increased the num-
ber of their employes to supply the ever increasing trade, as more
and more farmers quit making their own shoes, and as towns
grew, they began to specialize their labor. One workman was
given one part of the work, another workman another part, and
thus each workman, by doing one thing over and over all
the time, became very expert and could put out twice as much
of that work as if he had been dividing his time between many
operations, so that the number of shoes were greatly increased
with the same number of workers, working by the old one-man
method.

Here is where the possibility of monopoly arises; but there
was no monopoly as yet. These boss workmen competed with each
other, but in doing this they rapidly shut out the one-man proc-
ess wherever they could reach their customers without too much
expense. But to the one-man shop these larger shops seemed a
monopoly and one by one the little shops had to close for want
of patronage, both because the larger shops could get more
work out of their men, and the further fact that by buying in
larger quantities they could buy leather or other material at a lower rate than the small shop.

THEN BEGAN the competition between the larger shops for the trade or territory that they could easily reach. The same development and process that eliminated the weaker workmen in favor of the better and more cunning, now began between the weaker and the better managed larger shops. And the number of men employed in each shop grew larger and larger and the division of labor finer and finer, and the output greater and greater per man employed. Boots and shoes could be sent farther and farther away from the shop as better roads and means of transportation were developed, and in this state the trade was when what we call labor-saving machinery began to make its appearance and attract attention. Pegs were formerly made tediously by hand—now they were made by machinery; cutting machines began to appear, pegging machines, and only those with large capital (in those days) could afford these, and thus the number of shops that could not buy them had to give way to those that could. And as the first lower strata of workers had to offer themselves to the larger units of production, so the weaker shops could not employ their usual quota of men and they were absorbed by the larger shops with machinery. And every move placed the entry fee into business higher and higher and fewer and fewer had the price or capital to engage in business—and competition became more and more restricted. Still competition lingered for the few, but there was no competition for the many who had to drop out of the race. The many were like the small railroads, oil refineries, wagon-makers and other small units of today.
THESE UNITS in every industry continued to increase in size and efficiency and then began the fiercest struggle for trade that has ever marked the industry of any time in history. As it progressed great rewards were offered by their owners for any improvement in machinery that would give them an advantage over his competitors, and the genius of Aladdin's Lamp was turned loose and the most wonderful strides in mechanical improvements were made with such rapidity that industry became a fairy land of production. The machines became greater and greater and fewer and fewer became the men who could keep the expenses that the pace required.

WITH the development of railroads and the opening up of the whole trade of the nation to the factory that could make the price, with the development of the merchant in every neighborhood to sell the goods, the modern system of capitalism was in vogue in all its fury, and woe to the man or firm that entered the race unless he had large capital and was a genius in business management. Salesmen were employed by the tens of thousands, millions were poured into advertising, immense credits were used at bank, and foreign countries were invaded to dispose of the ever growing products that could not be sold at home for lack of customers with money. Price cuttings were indulged in and many were ruined; great businesses were destroyed, though they had taken years to build up.

Still the world had what it called competition, and while the old adage claimed that competition was the life of trade it was building a vast graveyard for the traders, and in every panic brought on by this over-production of goods, thousands went down under the load of competition.

After every panic, when the clouds lifted, there were seen
to be many less firms left to continue the competitive struggle. The mortality was shocking.

If you would know what this death rate means, you can consult Dun's or Bradstreet's reports. Hundreds of thousands of firms have grown up only to be blasted by the white frosts of the struggle. Every week now there are several hundred, and they are those above $5,000. The humble man with a few hundred, though its loss is as much to him and his family as the the hundreds of thousands to his richer neighbor, does not count in the graveyard statistics kept by the commercial agencies.

IN this development two great principles were learned by the ablest men who were in the fray. Though it was lost on the many, the wise contestants had clearly learned that the greatest economy in production could be had by the largest units, and that the danger to business success lay in unrestricted competition.

They had developed industry until one man could make as much wealth in an hour as his father could in a whole day, but that this was mostly wasted and lost in the intense struggle for the market and the expenses entailed in getting into and holding that market. So these men began to talk this over among themselves and here and there in various industries they agreed to divide the territory in which they would sell, and would not sell in other territory, and in other instances they agreed to have one selling agency that would call on each factory for a certain percentage of products and the whole business would be divided up among them on settlement day. This is what is called a trust. Firms owned their own plants, but they pooled their business and ceased to compete and thus saved the tremendous ex-
penses and occasional contest that meant so much loss and financial death to so many of them. But the men who made up these pools would not always keep their agreement, and some would be discovered sneaking more than their share of trade, and then would follow one of those fierce rate wars that you all remember. It has occurred more than once, in the iron trade, that nails were sold lower than the cost of the wire from which they were made, in order to drive out some firm that had invaded the preserves of the steel trust.

Then the people began to talk of these combines and trusts and laws were made to worry them, and try to force them to compete, when they knew well enough that competition meant financial destruction to themselves.

SEEING that this method of stopping competition would arouse public sentiment that would prevent their carrying it out, and also finding the difficulty of having the members play fair, something else must be done to get rid of competition. The only other method would be for selling all their plants to one company, composed of themselves, as a whole, and thus prevent the legal action that was taken against mergers or trusts, and at the same time make a saving by running only the best equipped plants.

But the many owners of the competing plants had a pride in their properties, and to get them to sell or part with their private property and merge it into a communal property was no easy task. To compel this, a few who could agree went together and made common cause against those who held out and ruined some and forced the others to capitulate. They reasoned well that they would be immune from the law, for the genius of our
government is that he may get who can and he may hold who gets. There is no law to limit the amount of property one may hold if he gets it legally, and he may sell in the market no matter if he be the only one who can sell. To limit the amount of business one may do, or to limit the price at which he must sell his wares had never been thought of.

So the modern gigantic industries were chartered by the various states to do business, when it was recognized that doing so meant a practical monopoly of each industry.

And thus step by step you can trace industry through the home into the small shop, then larger shop, then into still larger shops with its division of labor, then into still larger shops with its machinery and still finer division of industry, then into the combines or trusts, and then into the great one ownership with its monopolistic features as we have it today. Every step has been logical to the just preceding condition and development. Today is the child of yesterday and the father of the things that will be tomorrow.

ALL THIS development has been based upon the private ownership of the tools of production, and if you were to go back over the ground and start over again the same results would follow. This development is inherent in private ownership and sooner or later will flow to it.

If we will study this problem we can tell what will be the next condition that must necessarily follow what we have today. I know and you know that we are not going back to the days of small production. We would not if we could and we could not if we would. The man who attempted to make articles by the old hand process could not get enough for his work to pay
his grocer's bill or pay the taxes or rent, and if you don't believe it go out and ask your shoemaker, blacksmith, wagon-maker and tallow candle-maker of years ago. They are still living about here. If they could not compete with the small shop, how much less can they compete with the great factories with their millions of capital?

I TELL YOU here that the future is known, whether you know it or not, and that you are not a safe business man if you don't know it. Because in this problem lie factors as important to every business man as any other in his calling. And failure has come only to those who were ignorant of some factors in their business, for surely if a man knew all the factors he would not fail, for he would see such fatal factors and would not engage in that business in the first place.

Having discovered the nature of society, and knowing the lines of evolution or unfoldment, it is now possible to indicate what can be expected and how to hasten or in a measure direct the future changes. In the past the changes have been made unconsciously by the human family. They have not understood that the changes were according to some law, but have gone through the small changes that each generation could witness without giving any thought to it. In fact, each generation has accepted things as it found them without considering whether they were always thus or not. You see the changes that occur in the active years of an individual have been small, and coming thus slowly through his lifetime have come unnoticed by him. It was only when the thinker began to collect facts and compare them over a long stretch of time that the character and speed of the changes were noticeable; but after that
had been done, it could then be seen that the changes were occurring all the time and could be noticed as they passed. We who have been studying these phenomena can see and understand the matter quite clearly, whether those who have not done this can understand or believe us or not.

NOW knowing something of the anatomy of society and the character of the diseases that afflict it, we are ready to begin a treatment of the diseases, feeling sure of our ground.

We have seen that under the present system of industrial society that an ever increasing control of industries has been naturally, inevitably gravitating into an ever decreasing number of owners, and that this is still going on with greater and greater rapidity, and that the condition that this produces is not pleasant but painful, and that this pain is what constitutes the social problem—the capital and labor question, the rich and poor riddle, and threatens to disrupt society in a manner that gives one the shudders when contemplated in its possibilities of a physical conflict.

If I had the time I could trace for you every case of graft, bribery, drunkenness, prostitution, poverty, millionairism, suicide, murder and crime to this one cause, either directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately. I could show you how the corruption of public officials that threatens the life of the nation is every time the result of some man or corporation trying to get some law that would enable them, not to serve the public, but to make the public serve them. Who would bribe the city
council for a street car, water, gas, telephone or other franchise if these things were owned and operated by the people for the people? Who would corrupt a legislature if there were no grants and privileges and offices and grafts that would pay into private pockets somewhere many times the money paid out in bribery?

Let me say here: All public corruption flows from private ownership somewhere. The corruption comes as an effort by some person somewhere to get wealth without producing wealth, to add to his private holdings, to accumulate private capital.

THIS being the cause of the trouble, the remedy is plain. It is to remove the cause. Now, as we cannot turn the tide of evolution backward and go back toward the savage man in the forest, even if we wanted to, we must treat the matter from the opposite standpoint—the one toward which all evolution is tending. We cannot stop the growth of industries and chain the loosened genius of man in the line of invention, so we must work in line with the development. That means that we are to have the growth of industries continue. They are to be greater and greater and more and more expensive to install, and so there is but one thing for us to do—and only one thing that can be done. That one thing is to let them grow, in fact do our utmost, if we are wise, to aid them to grow, but take from them the one element that has proven to be bad—the private ownership of them, for it has been the owners and not the big aggregations of wealth that have been corrupting and extorting. A big machine never corrupted a public official—it was the owner of it that did the act—and that act was logical to such ownership.
NOW, here is another fact you will all agree with, that the ownership of property is either public or private. It must be one or the other. If it is not a thing publicly owned it is a thing that is privately owned. There is no middle ground. It is one or the other. I have shown you that private ownership must produce extortion and corruption, and it would be the same in your or my hands as in the hands of those who now own and corrupt. Don't let us mince matters and assume that you and I are above the law and would not do these things. We would do these things, on an average, as much as the men who now own and have been doing them. I would not like to trust you any more than I would Mr. Rockefeller or any other feller. We are all human, and swayed by the same influences. We Socialists are not angels waiting for the wings to sprout. We simply understand the law and know what must be done to be saved from the tyranny of those who own.

THERE is one course and one course only that can be adopted. That is to have the public—all the people—own all the capital. I do not mean by this, and it has not been demanded or claimed by any well-posted Socialists, that there will be no private property. On the contrary, we are to provide that there will be a great deal more private property than most families now have, and that every family will have such private property if they wish. But that the capital of the nation, that part of the wealth that is used to produce and distribute the wealth, shall be owned in common, so that no citizen will have any greater interest in it than another. Then there will be no private interest more served by any action or law than any other interest. There will be no incentive to bribe for special laws, for with
public ownership there could be no special laws. The law would affect the industry to which it referred and as that industry would be owned equally by all the people it would affect all the people alike and not give one any advantage over another. No one could afford to pay out money to regulate any industry this way or that when such action would not help him any more than it would every other citizen.

I KNOW it will at once come to you that such a state would create a tremendous army, who would owe their jobs to the governing party. But you do not understand that such a thing as parties could not exist under such an industrial ownership. Parties grow up because of the private interests that are to be served by this, that or the other policy. There would be no such private interests inside of the nation, but each citizen would have an interest in the whole nation. You will notice that there is quite a difference in these statements.

The political government that now divides the people because of conflicting interests inside of the nation would be done away with, and the public functions would be industrial. Therefore, industrial government would follow and largely replace the political government. And as the industries would be controlled, and directed by those who work in and with them, you see the working people would be the whole thing, and the only way for any one to have any voice in things, or any of the things produced, would be to become one of the useful workers. As each worker would be an equal owner and have a voice in the selection of the foremen, managers and superintendents of the industries, he could not be oppressed nor would it be to the interest of any person to make any regulations to injure any one, for
such injury would affect the doer of the act as much as the others. There could be no long hours unless all the workers would vote to have long hours; there could be no reduction in pay unless the workers should vote to have a reduction in pay or unless they did not do an average.

AND THIS MUCH of the future I will tell you. You are going to have monopoly. Men who are rich enough to own the great units of production are too sensible to compete. They have learned the lesson. So you are to have monopoly. But whether that monopoly will be good or ill depends on your intelligence—whether you know the vital factors in your own affairs. If you had the choice of monopoly or no monopoly, you would all take no monopoly, but you are to have no such choice and it would not be the best ultimate good for you if you had. What you have got to choose from, and the only thing you have to choose between, is whether the monopoly shall be publicly owned and operated by the whole people for the whole people, or whether it shall be by a few rich capitalists for the power and glory and profit of these few rich capitalists. And more than that you have no choice.

And if these were publicly owned you would have a beneficent monopoly; you would have a social order as much more pleasant and safe than the one we have today, as today is better than the feudal times when our ancestors were slaves to English, German, French and other lords in Europe, when they had no voice in anything.

You can suffer under the present conditions just as long as you like. The rich men who have amassed the wealth will be glad if you will wait a long time. In fact, they will hire men to tell you that you cannot do anything with them, and that you
had better let well enough alone. That is what the English lords told our fathers' fathers who fought for the charter rights of England; that is what the British sympathizers and rich men told our fathers who rebelled against King George. That is what Privilege ever tells its victims and dupes.

YOU CAN HAVE the other condition whenever you want it. It lies with you and with you only. Liberty, industrial liberty, is something nobody will give you and should not give you. If you cannot appreciate it enough to struggle for it yourself, you do not appreciate it enough to have it and would not appreciate it enough to defend it if it were given to you. You can have industrial liberty as you now have political liberty whenever you vote large enough for it. For the public good the life of every man may be called to defend his country and for the public good the property of a nation may be taken to protect the country.

The majority has at any time in this country the right to make any laws it chooses, for if the majority has not the right, then a minority must have the right. And where can you find any defense for that?

I HAVE TRACED the system we live under, in a hurried and casual way, from the state of savagery down to its logical conclusion, and if you can find any fault with it, I would be pleased to hear it. To me it appears plain that the development has been gradual, well defined, and steadily toward monopoly, and the last stages of this are not yet complete. You who will do a little thinking on it will be able to follow the processess now so
plainly painted on the canvass of the commercial world, that you need not err.

If you will give this subject just a little thought I am certain that you will be with us Socialists in trying to hasten the glad day when wage slavery shall end, and when humanity shall be one co-operative brotherhood, where competition, strife, war and waste shall be forever abolished from the earth and industrial justice shall spread her wings of Peace, Plenty and Pleasure over the world of strife and contention and greed and crime, and it can then be truly said that the Kingdom of God has come and right shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

THIS condition is the ultimate and only end of monopoly. It carries the monopolistic ownership of industries to its logical conclusion. It makes further monopoly impossible; it turns the world over for the first time to the producers of wealth; for the first time the earth becomes the possession of those who can and do use it; for the first time the classes are abolished from the earth and conflict and injustice that have reigned so many thousand years vanish.

To this end has the age-long struggle of man upward from the savage been climbing; to this end have been all the laws of nature; to this end have been the laws of evolution; to this end have been the dreams of the philosophers since man began to think; to this end has been all the anguish of all the wars; to this end have been all the tears of motherhood and wifehood; to this end have been the cries of orphan children; to this end has been the cry of the slave, the serf and the hireling since man's inhumanity to man made countless millions mourn.
Girard, Kan., November 11.—"The struggle under the competitive system is not worth the effort; let it pass."

This note was found today tucked inside a book on Socialism belonging to Julius A. Wayland, owner of the APPEAL TO REASON, who committed suicide in his home.

Wayland ended his life by discharging an automatic revolver in his mouth. He had retired to his room when the shot was heard and he died in two hours later.

Mr. Wayland had attended a moving picture show early in the evening after which he chatted pleasantly with several friends at the entrance to the theater before starting home. He appeared to be in good spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Whittaker, who lived in the Wayland home north of town, heard him enter the house and retire to his room on the second floor. A few minutes later they hear a shot. Both Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker rushed to his room and found Mr. Wayland lying on the bed partly disrobed, the weapon by his side. Drs. V. T. Boaz and L. E. Strode were called at once, but the wounded man did not regain consciousness and died at 12:15 a. m.

He and Fred D. Warren and C. L. Phifer were to appear in federal court in Fort Scott today, to be tried on the charge of violating the postal laws by circulating obscene and defamatory
matter in the Appeal to Reason concerning some officials of the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth.

About forty witnesses from this city had been subpoenaed to appear in court today, and there were rumors that other indictments were expected, which may have led to the tragedy.

Wayland, at the last term of court, testified he had no connection with the management of the paper. Government officials claim they were prepared at this term to prove Wayland's responsibility as publisher and that an indictment may have been asked on a charge of perjury.

One year ago Mrs. Wayland was killed in an automobile accident, and Wayland is said to have been downcast and melancholy at times since then.

Mr. Wayland was 58 years old, and is survived by five children, two boys and three girls: Walter Wayland, of Girard, cashier of the Appeal to Reason Publishing company; John Wayland, a student at the Emporia normal; Edith Wayland, also a student at the Emporia normal; Julia Wayland, attending school at Monroe City, Mo., and Mrs. Ollie Soudry, of Independence, Mo. Walter Wayland was the only member of the family in Girard.
THE FUNERAL

The funeral of Comrade Wayland occurred Wednesday, November 13, at 10 a.m. The employes of the Appeal marched from the office to the house, being joined on the road by many Socialists and unionists from other sections, who came by trolley car and railroad train to pay their tribute of love and respect to the deceased. The attendance was very large.

The address was made by Comrade Ben Wilson. It had been intended that Eugene V. Debs should deliver this tribute, but the shock of the death had for a time prostrated him and he could not come. But Comrade Ben rose equal to the occasion, and in his evident sincerity carried with him all who heard, whether Socialist or not. There was a touching prayer by Rev. Morrison of the Presbyterian church, and a hymn was sung beautifully by a male quartette. Around the casket were banked numerous beautiful floral offerings; over it was draped a flower robe; and crowning all was a red satin flag, embroidered by the girls of the Rip-Saw force of St. Louis. The face of the dead was peaceful and natural, looking as though in sweet repose.

Interment occurred in Girard cemetery by side of the remains of Mrs. Wayland, who was killed in an automobile accident a little over a year ago. Services here were simple, consisting only of the reading of a telegram from Eugene V. Debs and the benediction.

Thus ends the drama of a life devoted to the cause of the oppressed toilers. So falls the curtain, and the old warrior sleeps. But the flag of revolt he dropped in death is taken up by others, and the battle he waged will go right on. We are enriched by what he did and said. As another has expressed it, "Today we weep, tomorrow we fight."
ADDRESS OF BEN F. WILSON

THE sublimest thought uttered by the Man of Gallilee was that which has been embodied in the highest memorial ever erected on earth, "my body, broken for you." Here lies Comrade Wayland's body, in a very true sense, broken for you. I do not mean to ascribe to him any saintly nature, but I would emphasize his devotion to an ideal and the great service he has done humanity.

As a boy Wayland—for the supremely great come to the point where they have but one name and where that name is a word of power—was very poor. He worked at the printer's case for a miserable wage, and out of this pittance supported his mother. Later on he bought a country newspaper, on credit, and his struggle while paying for this is the struggle that the many workers of the world have in providing the means of life. He was shrewd, and learned the game of money making even before he understood it was a game. Out of the country newspaper by hard labor and close managing he saved some extra cash, and then went to Pueblo in the boom days. Here he began to give scope to those qualities that have surprised his friends and made him a Socialist successful in financial matters.

THEN came to him the vision of the Co-operative Commonwealth. It was a force that transformed his life, and through him the lives of literally tens of thousands of men and women in America. Inspired by that vision he started near his old
home in Greensburg, Ind., the *Coming Nation*, hoping to realize a circulation of 10,000 copies. But revolt against the profit system, even though more or less blind at that time, had been at work among the people, and when his exceptionally clear and pointed presentation of the subject came, not in learned treatises, but in brief paragraphs, the circulation of the paper ran, not to 10,000, but to 40,000. It astonished Wayland. His enthusiasm for the moment led him from the practical to the fantastic. He started the colony at Ruskin, Tenn., naming it for Ruskin, the man who at that time was more of a guide to his mental processes than any other writer.

But the sense of the practical was too strong in Wayland to be long deceived. He saw that his dream could not be realized by the founding of colonies, but only on the broader basis of the nation and world co-operation. He, therefore, more perhaps than any man, turned the attention of Socialists everywhere from the Utopian to the practical, from the local to the international. Finding his methods had been wrong, he had the courage to abandon them. He also did another brave thing. He freely gave the paper, which he had founded, to the colony, leaving without nearly so much as he had when he began publishing the *Coming Nation*.

THEN he began over again. That is the test of a man—to begin anew after having succeeded and having later on failed. In Kansas City he started the *Appeal to Reason*. This time he did not meet immediate success. The populist movement had been tricked out of existence and Socialism was in a mere formative stage. He wrote the entire paper himself, set much of it, made it up and also helped fold for the mail. Every member of his family worked in the office day and night. Still the
WAYLAND'S UNDELIVERED ADDRESS.

Appeal did not pay expenses. It was while seeking means of decreasing the cost of production for the Appeal to Reason that he came to Girard. The history of the paper from that time on is known to all. It has been a success. It has gained the largest circulation of any political paper the world ever knew. It has done things no other paper in the world ever did. It is the most loved and worst hated publication on the face of the earth today.

Down through the long and weary ages the cry of the ruling class has ever been suppression, either of the man or his message, especially if that man or message militated against its interest. From execution of the propagandist to suppression of the writer, down through the steps of censorship and expurgation to the civilized forms and abuse, the cry has ever been, "Let us crucify him." New ideas are always misunderstood and misrepresented. To preserve the past, with its varied institutions that have largely lost their significance, is a safer way than to create and build a present world worth while with institutions that benefit a real civilization. It is easier to indifferently exist in a nightmare of the false and unreal than to live in a dream of the beautiful, the true and the good. It requires little effort to drift with the tide. It takes courage to steer and to direct and to follow out one's own ideal in spite of every obstacle with unfaltering devotion. This is the part of the real man. The world has its millions whom we can count, but few whom we can estimate. Comrade Wayland was a man of inestimable value. His real worth, however, will reveal itself more clearly as we make progress in the revolution.

Comrade Wayland knew what thirty million Socialists know today. Great issues are at hand. Old systems are break-
ing up and ought to be destroyed. Men are hungry for life. They are tired of the hollow mockery of mere existence in a world of plenty. Socialism was to him more, however, than an economic theory. It was rather a great movement that to his keen mind would eventually liberate the imprisoned energies of the human spirit. These and other great ideals and convictions possessed his mind and inflamed his soul, transforming him from a mere real estate agent into a world-famed newspaper propagandist of revolt against the system of legalized plunder. He has reached millions upon millions with his written word. He has kindled the light of hope in the minds of unnumbered thousands of the victims of capitalism and inspired them with heroic endeavor in the great cause of their own emancipation. He and his little paper, affectionately termed by its millions of readers, "the little old APPEAL"—this paper the child of his brain and heart's affection—has become a militant force against the cruel and heartless system that even in the twentieth century of professed Christian civilization is crushing its victims, men, women and children. This clarion note, this bugle call, that is reaching the heretofore indifferent worker and inspiring him with enthusiasm, this printed page that goes like a silent messenger delivering its warning to the nations, not only America, but of the world—nations made drunk by falsehood and deception—this mighty alarm, with others of its kind, that have succeeded in reaching the almost deafened ear of giant labor, is producing a social awakening almost like a religious revival against the monsters, greed and exploitation, and must be silenced!

THIS is why the ruling class hated our comrade. This is why we who know him best loved him. This is why supporters
of the old order rose up and cursed him. This is why they literally drove him to death.

Then came the final tragedy. It will not be understood for years to come. But Wayland, ever clear of brain, ever resourceful and quick of action, saw the full import of the nation-wide conspiracy against the life of the Appeal and the cause of Socialism, and deliberately chose to sacrifice himself. How true was this vision is shown already by results. It will become more apparent as the years go by. In the truer sense than many can appreciate now, Wayland died for a cause. He died for man. His body was "broken for you." This is why I repeat, we love him. This is why we can say, in the language of his co-worker, Comrade Fred Warren, "We pause long enough to drop a tear on the bier of one of nature’s noblest men, and with a soul filled with sorrow continue the work he loved, conscious that a million hearts are beating in unison with ours, doing reverence to the memory of the man who belonged to all humanity."

I AM not saying that this man was without fault. He made mistakes. So have you, so have I. He would be the last one, were he here to listen to what I say—and who can declare he is not?—to wish me to represent him as faultless. But I do speak of devotion to a cause, which was his, that places his among the great and heroic souls of the ages. He does not belong to Girard alone. This day, in every state of the union, men and women are weeping as though they had lost a friend. And they have lost a friend. This day J. A. Wayland is known and honored in every land on the face of the earth. His words will be quoted in every nation and in every tongue when you and I shall be like his body is soon to be, consigned to dust. There never has been a man who spoke just like this man spoke, and
never will be, for every great man, as Emerson says, is unique. Girard was called his home. Girard is known over the earth because of Wayland. Here is a man who has grown greater than the town that housed him. Some day Girard will realize it.

DURING the last few years Comrade Wayland has been operating as a financier, playing the game with success. But while he has been criticised for this he has never been hypocritical about it, always insisting that he did not earn what he took in rent, but that so long as men insisted in continuing the profit system he intended to be a beneficiary and not a victim of it. There was not an atom of jealousy in his make-up. He gave, into the hands of another the management of his paper and cared nothing that his name was not heralded over the land. He did not push himself to the front. Yet through it all he was continually working for Socialism, always true to the vision of his younger days. He is one of the few who delighted to talk to an audience of one; but when he cornered one man on the street and began talking to him he always gathered many more who listened in silence. During the past campaign he has demonstrated to the delight of his comrades a new phase of character by his effective work on the platform. His activity in the campaign just closed shall ever remain a happy memory with those of us who were privileged to labor with him.

I AM not going to speculate of the future. If there be another life—and many good and wise people believe it—and permit me to say, Socialism has absolutely no quarrel with any man’s religion unless he uses it to bolster up and defend an
unChristian system—then the man who devoted this life to seeking freedom for all, to making conditions tolerable for man, woman and child, will surely have a place to work out this noble ideal equal to that of those who professed more and did less. I believe that Henry Drummond was right when he said: "To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market place; to live among them, not as a saint and a monk, but as a brother man with brother man; to serve God, not with form or ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city, social, commercial, political, philanthropic in the true spirit; this is the religion of the Son of Man, and the only preparation for heaven which has much reality in it." Or, to express it in the words of the misunderstood Carpenter of Nazareth, "inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto me."

But while I do not speculate concerning what may be in other worlds I do catch something of the vision that inspired Wayland's life; and in the light of that vision see a world without war or want, a world where brotherhood and comfort and the kindlier, sweeter sentiments make good the lives of all. When that vision shall be realized then Comrade Wayland will be understood, and then will he receive the honor that is due his name and work.

WE mourn because he is gone, but we will not forget he came to us and that his coming has meant more than tongue can tell to tens of thousands of the world's disinherited. We are sorrowful in that we shall no longer clasp his hand or hear his cheerful word. But he has not wholly gone away. The memory of his words and the inspiration of his personality will
remain to gladden and encourage us to win in the Liberation War of Humanity. Our ranks are broken, but we form a line of march again, with renewed consecration in the greatest cause of all human history, confident of certain victory.

Farewell, dear comrade. Rest in peace. We take up the standard from your fallen hands, and pledge our word to cease not in the fight until victory crowns our labor. We will complete your unfinished task.
Debs' Telegram, Read at the Grave

Terre Haute, Ind., November 12.—Today you will give back to mother earth the mortal remains of our fallen warrior. The hearts of a million loving and loyal comrades will beat his funeral march. He fought the good fight without flinching to the end. He gave to the cause of the oppressed all the strength of his body and soul and future generations will reap the harvest he has sown and pay to his memory the homage of their love and gratitude.

EUGENE V. DEBS.