The Editor With a Punch

WAYLAND

AN APPRECIATION

Second Edition

MASSILLON, OHIO
1912

PRICE, 15 CENTS
Who requests its early return.
(The above a suggestion after Wayland.)

Second Edition

For compelling a second edition in less than ten days after the first copies were delivered from the press, the Army must take the credit. That the message was not misdirected, the few extracts given elsewhere attest. Many have said they tried to criticise but gave it up. Others have most kindly submitted valuable suggestions, which in elaborating upon extends the story a few pages. Some have asked for information which I do not possess, and if others do the reasons are good else they would be given publicity. My thought is, the overshadowing "Why" has been as correctly reflected as it will ever be or can be. Your surmises are quite as good as of those who were closer to our hero in life.

From the piles, armfuls, of letters this second week is yielding a few stray selections have been gleaned for the suggestions they contain of interest to you as to me.

The primary object was to condense in short form something which the average toiler could read at a single sitting and after reading have something about which to think; something to warm his tired heart while pursuing the never-ceasing struggle to enlighten his fellow man to the point of joining with him for better things in public affairs.

So many have caught that thought, and are responding so generously with words and wishes, it makes us glad, midst the rending aches the mention of our friend produces, that true comradeship has reached such a degree never experienced in the past.
The Editor with a Punch

WAYLAND

AN APPRECIATION

A Paper read before the
J. A. Wayland Memorial Meeting, Akron, Ohio
Sunday, Dec. 1st, 1912

By HENRY VINCENT

Second Edition
Enlarged and Extended

Copyright, 1912
MASSILLON, OHIO
"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."

— From eulogy delivered by Ben F. Wilson.

Dedicated
to the
Grand Army
of
The Appeal

TELEGRAM READ AT HIS GRAVE.

Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 12.—Today you will give back to Mother Earth the mortal remains of our fellow 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 his memory the homage of their love and gratitude.

—Eugene V. Debs.
Preface

When the wires announced the passing of J. A. Wayland, by his own hand on the 10th of November, the rebound from the shock to me was an impulse to make his life and works the subject for a brief talk before our Local here in Massillon. Having known the man so intimately in connection with his public work as an editor, and in his home and the community where his last fifteen years were spent, it was my privilege to be able to speak of him first hand.

He was my friend; he was your friend, dear reader, whether you had met him or not. Thousands who would wish to do no less in paying tributes, were not situated to give their expressions voice as they would desire; I would try to say for them and of him some of the things they would wish to say, and as he would shrink from having said for him in life.

In the plain, homespun style with which he loved to talk to his friends this simple story is given to you. In writing it, only Wayland was in my thought, and you comrades who mourn his leave-taking. Countless tributes are being
written and spoken everywhere, yet there are things which others will pass over in the largeness of the subject—sidelights, incidents of his life in the community, in the home, which help us to know more perfectly how in fact "his body was broken for you."

If perchance the reading of this simple narrative will soften the heart of just one misguided individual who has looked upon the man and the cause for which he gave his life as inimical to better social conditions, then it will have served its purpose.

If it feebly reflects the thought of any humble armorbearer down the line to voice what you wish to say but cannot, I shall be rewarded. I give it forth for the good it can do. It is no longer mine. "Insomuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." That's all.

H. V.

---

**JULIUS AUGUSTUS WAYLAND.**

Born, April 18, 1854, Versailles, Ind.
Established the Coming Nation, Greensburg, Ind., February, 1893.
Moved from Greensburg to Tennessee, July, 1894.
Started Appeal to Reason, Kansas City, August 31, 1895.
Moved to Girard, Kansas, February, 1897.
Bid us all Farewell, November 10, 1912.
In Memory of J. A. Wayland.

The World, not alone the United States, felt the shock—the announcement, that J. A. Wayland, the big Socialist Editor, had crossed the Great Divide.

What does the name of Wayland mean to the Socialist? We think of the Socialist Movement in America.

It is the fight of a great newspaper, leading off single handed against graft and judicial criminality.

You and I do not think "of the wild animals in the jungles who have met me" when we hear the name of Wayland.

We think of a newspaper circulation the greatest attained by any political publication on the globe.

We do not think of Spaniards or any one else ‘shot in the back,’ when we hear of the passing of Wayland.

We think of working men herded in bullpen, under ‘protection’ of the Stars and Stripes, while their wives and daughters are being ravished by the military, and Wayland, the lone editor of a great paper to lift a voice in protest.

We do not think of a mad race for power, or for personal glory; of secret alliance with or-

His closing words: "The struggle under the competitive system isn't worth the effort, let it pass."
ganized greed on one hand, while from the other feeding the dear public with gobs of bull-
con—when the name of Wayland is seen among the fallen.

We think of the tireless workers, members of the Appeal Army, in every city and hamlet of the English-speaking world, giving their time, labors, their meager earnings, to scatter seeds of discontent with this barbarous system, a system which thrives only upon our ignorance and prejudice.

You observe, Friends, that where the word ‘Socialist’ or ‘Socialism’ appears anywhere in the current papers, no matter in what obscure corner it be, the eye of the reader catches it. Why? Because Socialism typifies a Living, Burning Idea.

Hence, when the headlines proclaim “Wayland is Dead,” what comes to mind?

We think of fights with the highest tribunals of injustice.

We think of the soap-boxer on the vacant lot or street corner, haranguing crowds of working people, while mingling with his crowd wanders the indefatigable Appeal man with an armful of literature, selling, tucking into unwilling pockets the Little Old Appeal, with the single hope that, sooner or later, an Idea may find lodgement in the mind of the poor devil and cause him to Think.

These are some of the things which come to your mind as you see the name of Wayland heading a list of the stricken.
To one who has known him intimately, there come still other trains of thought. Some of these things, sidelights, about which you get so little elsewhere, was the inspiration behind the announcement that, on this occasion we, his co-workers, might draw a few lessons from which to profit.

Wayland made for himself a place in history by his unwavering pursuance of an Ideal.

First, let us go back twenty years or so, to see an humble cobbler in the city of Pueblo placing into the hand of Wayland a copy of "Looking Backward," then, from that incident, follow down the train of events to the present. And, while doing so, keep ever in mind how little we know the far-reaching effect of dropping a seed of thought at the right time, in the right place, as did that cobbler.

Speaking of Colorado, who of you who have visited that State journeying from the east, do not recall your first glimpse of the Rockies? The towering Pike’s Peak, Long’s Peak, Gray’s Peak, and others, in sight long before you could discern the mighty range the next to come to view.

In the human range our subject was the Pike’s Peak, whose eminence for discovery of things to come towered above the balance, and as well set the Bones and Pollocks to the task of cutting down the hill climbed by the cog road, as to stop the ideas turned adrift by Wayland.

One of the first manifestations of the working out of the Idea he caught from the reading
of “Looking Backward” was, to peer into the future and see an early collapse of a wild real estate boom, in which, as a typical scalper he was an active factor. He converts all his holdings into cash, his cash into gold, his gold into a safety box, not trusting longer to banks, for he had their system down fine. And, it might be observed, by way of parenthesis, that to his fearless treatment of the banking system during these years may be traced the popular demand for Postal Savings Banks.

Then developed the Big Idea; a little agitation sheet; a lever to pry up the thick skulls of the average citizen there to implant the germ of unrest which should lead him out of bondage as he himself had been led.

He moves back to his native State, to the town where, as a printer’s devil, he had taken first lessons in sticking type. Here, midst the pitying derision of the “better class” he starts a weekly paper to be furnished to subscribers at the unheard of subscription of twenty-five cents a year. Here, too, was born the subscription card we are all so familiar with.

Throwing formalities to the winds he discards the time worn editorial “we,” addressing his terse paragraphs in first person, “I;” he coins the term ‘Working Mules’ and proceeds to lambast the worker who tamely submits to indignities inflicted through dint of his own humility and subserviency; then with equal severity, he flays the class who profit from such servility.

Fearless; yes, he can afford to be. He has
fortified himself in advance. For no matter how hard the master class may try to crush, Wayland has anticipated their every move and from each engagement he comes out the victor, with circulation vastly increased.

The paper trust double the cost price of the paper to him, only to find he is protected by a contract which compels them, under penalty of their own laws, to supply his needs for months in advance at the old figure.

In all that twenty years Wayland was never caught in their trap, for he knew their game from A to Z, and could skin the most cunning in any play where financial strategy was the long suit.

Trained in the game of real estate, his favorite investments were in that market. Nor would he seek the outskirts for land low in price, but selected the choicest corners, where, in time of panic if any property would sell his security was the best.

It is not recorded of Wayland that he ever lost money in a real estate deal; that he ever let go of a tract save at an advance over its cost to him, and usually at a handsome advance.

During all these years of agitating for a better system, Wayland has been a target for abuse because he was shrewd enough to play the game to his own profit, so long as the system remained, yet he never flinched or wavered in his advocacy of a better one. For illustration:

A few years back, while scanning the map of northern Texas, he discovered that in the
near time to come there must be a big railroad
division point somewhere between Denver and
the Gulf. His eagle eye saw conquest in the
game of real estate, and to take a flier he se-
lects as the most favorable prospect the town
of Amorilla. He drops in, buys a few down-
town corners and proceeds to improve them.
He puts his friends next and they invest.
The real estate sharks follow in his trail; a
boom sets in. The town grows. The railroads
establish their division shops. Wayland pro-
cceeds to erect some modern sky scrapers for
rental properties. In time it is discovered
there is not an exceptionally valuable corner
on the main street that is not the property of
and paying rent to Wayland.

Then the howl begins—"time to 'divide up'!"
Here Wayland's repartee comes in play as he
tells them: "You fellows think I am a great
man because I come in ahead and get the best
locations, improve your town, build a lot of
fine blocks for use of which you are paying
me an income of one, two or three thousand
dollars a month in rentals. So long as you
are such fools as to believe you must pay rent
to somebody for the blessed privilege of stay-
ing on this earth you may as well pay it to
me, for I'm not going to refuse it, nor charge
you more or less for such privilege than would
you if you had the titles—it's your system,
now take your medicine, till you get enough
sense to vote for a better one. It is your
system," he would hurl back at them, "has
made of me a grasping landlord in the mad
scramble to leave those dependent on me sufficient to insure them against want when I am gone.”

Wayland has been pictured as a labor tyrant, because he adopted the means of other employers, buying his labor in the cheapest market, so long as laborers knew no better than to offer their wares—their labor—not for what is was worth, but for what it would bring.

He too had his tilts with labor unions. As an employer he has been made to feel the tyranny of organized labor, yet it stands to his credit that, wherever he established a workshop he raised the standard of wages to a higher level than had previously prevailed.

When the unions grew too exacting he found a way to meet them at their own game as he did others. For instance, the printers’ union in Girard kept boosting their scale, thinking he had to stand for it. He seldom resisted. He signed up. Later came his time to act: that instinct for self preservation. The next thing to happen was a complete reversal of the internal shop routine. He had found the scale in Girard so out of proportion, that he could discontinue his book and job department, and hire the work done in other cities and save money.

This he did; threw out every machine not needed in the production of the paper and office stationery, and printers who had boosted the scale, were going elsewhere for the jobs they thought they had life tenure upon in
Girard. For this, and similar moves, Wayland has been damned by union men and their politician sympathizers. He was playing the game a la Gompers. Labor insisted it was a commodity on the market; they usually voted for a continuation of the system, "why should I be parcelled out to pay 25 to 35 per cent higher scale than they were exacting for like service in larger centers where the cost of living was higher?"

Remember the while that Wayland never withheld the necessary cost to make the Appeal office the last word in modern system, comparing with anything in the country east or west.

No man stood higher in Girard with the business and social life than Wayland. No man gave more to public benefactions than Wayland. Nor did those who, from the start, maintained an attitude of bitter hostility to his teachings, ever think to pass him by when circulating a subscription paper to promote some local enterprise or to help some needy victim of their blessed system. Their economic interest made them love Wayland for the money his genius drew to the town, and the employment it supplied for their families.

It is a matter of record that in the panic of 1907, when banks were universally refusing checks of their customers, the banks in Girard continued to supply the cash without hesitation. Traveling men would pay fare for fifty miles to reach Girard to cash their checks for expense money to continue on their routes. It was the stream of cash from the outside
world which Wayland's Appeal was pouring into Girard that made this possible, so acknowledged by the banks.

When a better telephone service was in demand it remained for a Wayland to call the business men together and give them a lesson in co-operation by organizing the Mutual system which covers that district. It was the best to be had, he never failed to show them, until the laws of the State permit municipally-owned systems.

The economic interest of Girard ever pulsates to the activity of the Appeal office. If Uncle Sam is throwing the harpoon into the Appeal, there is a measure of rejoicing up to a certain point. They don't wish Uncle any success in that direction, but they enjoy the larger employment, the new people it brings to town to be fed and housed. For the small town provincialism may be felt in many respects by the casual traveler as he lingers about and listens to the street talk.

It was Wayland's agitation that took over the water and electric plant by the city, which, at once, when in capitalist party control, proceeded to raise the rentals on the Appeal service, its largest customer.

It was Wayland who fought for commission form of city government, under which they were then given the first dose of old party fusion to prevent the election of the second Socialist to the Board.

These things are mentioned to illustrate to you the steps this movement must undergo in
its progress toward complete control of the powers of government ere the people come into their own.

While these fights were in progress in Girard they furnished material for educating the voters throughout the land in columns of the Appeal.

Wayland has made of Girard (a town of less than 3,000), the highest class postal center in the world for its population. The tonnage of second-class mail is greater from Girard than from any other city in the State of Kansas, not excepting Topeka, Wichita, or Kansas City, Kansas.

The Frisco railroad officials will bear out the statement that their most juicy government pick-up, is the mail they carry from Girard. For ten years that corporation has maintained trains which, without the Appeal on their line, would never have been thought of. Beginning Monday forenoon till Thursday evening every mail train is held for ten to thirty minutes for loading sacks from trucks on the Girard platform. This is a testimonial to the organizing genius of the man whose principles the saintly cyclops hated, but before whose check-book they fawned with characteristic servility.

Wayland had his eccentricities. Those not possessed of some their names are overlooked when history is written. He would not permit the camera fiend to catch him. It is related that once a local photographer gained his friendly consent to sit for a negative. When he called to see the proof he lingered while
half a dozen prints were made,—sufficient for each of his family one,—then he asked to be shown the plate which he indifferently let drop to the floor, breaking into a hundred pieces.

In his building transactions, Wayland was the contractor. He did his own buying of materials and saw to the delivery according to contract.

When a given grade of material was stipulated for, that was the kind he accepted, and no cheaper grade was put over on him. When his buildings were completed, he felt the satisfaction of an acquaintance with every stick of timber, every pound of cement, lime, nails, every brick. He knew the tensile capacity of that structure and to what limit it could be taxed.

He would not carry fire insurance. He argued, if the insurance trust can carry my risks I can carry them myself. Here again he saved thousands of dollars, which policy he of course would not recommend to others with less ability to carry the risk. But this was his way of standing out against the flocks of vultures this wasteful system is breeding. Every dollar he paid them, he argued, was that many dollars to the campaign fund employed to crush him and his chosen work.

He disliked personal notoriety. Would not stand for it in any way. He was fighting for a principle, not for personal aggrandizement or for popular applause.

At the last National Convention he was a silent spectator in the balcony, and not a
dozen in that body knew he was in the hall.

Wayland was not a public speaker. Try as he would it was not his field. But as a single-handed debater, on the street corner, in the grocery, on the train, in hotel lobby, with astute men of affairs he would seek nor ever back away from an engagement.

He could meet the millionaire, investor, corporation attorney, statesman, manufacturer, any of them, on the level, and in the vernacular of their own little worlds tell them things of which they had never dreamed, no matter were they counted past masters in their respective circles. He always carried the goods, he had the punch and made unfailing delivery.

As a parting shot he often told them he was not a Socialist from choice, for he could make infinitely more money not to be one, but because, with his insight into the evolution of events, he could be nothing else; hence, since we must have Socialism, it is the next thing coming, "I differ from you just this far, I not alone have sense enough to see it but to vote for it, and if it don't suit have it over with, but as for the present system, to hell with it, it's out of date."

His favorite field for propaganda was the young men. How many times he has stayed down town to stop into a cigar store or pool room to engage a bunch of boys, and in a fatherly, confiding way, reveal to them the responsibilities they were growing into; how they were idly preparing themselves for lives
of uselessness to their families and generation, by ignoring the trend of events under which they were unconsciously growing up to become victims of a system which had them in its grasp.

Old men, set in their idolatry, he wasted little time upon. When they thought themselves so smart in a trade or real estate deal, nothing afforded him greater comfort than to give them a dose of the system as they believed in and religiously voted for.

But to the young or middle aged he would hand a book or pamphlet; make a memorandum in his pocket that it was to be returned to him by a certain date. Then if the book had been read, a few questions would bring out how well its contents had been absorbed, then another would be given in its place, till the young man acquired a fondness for doing a bit of thinking on his own account, or begin to argue. Then Wayland knew he had landed, and turned his attention to another.

"So long as you will be content to let the banker or the preacher or the politician do your thinking for you, you will always be their prey. I do not blame them for wishing to keep you in this unthinking condition," he reasoned; "their position in life depends alone upon being permitted to think for you. It is when you begin to think, to reason for yourselves, the effect of the ballot you cast, that the preacher, the banker, the politician will have to seek other fields. Then is when you become a dangerous man in the community."
Thus, step by step, would he gain the confidence of the rising generation, till last week, the young men, casting their first vote for president in the county where Girard is located, overwhelmed both the old parties. Then Wayland was ready to lie down. His fight was won. He had seen the mesmerism of party idolatry, broken in his own county. An idea was abroad in the land. No capitalistic army could drive it back. The small matter of a few bush-whacking engagements with capitalist courts to him was not worth the struggle. He drops from the ranks, crowned a victor, with his name engraved upon the tablets of the future with others who lived to bless their generation.

In the issue of a local Girard paper appearing side by side with the notice of his passing, is a double column appeal to members of all parties to unite to crush the menace of Socialism, making his plea as an agent of the Lord in the name of religion. It was such an offense against the God the editor worshiped to have Socialists displace the whole bunch of his friends from their positions in the court house.

Can you understand why a Catholic priest is permitted to write the editorials combatting Socialism for a Methodist-edited paper?

I can see Wayland as the smiles play over his face when reading an outburst from such sources then remark: "Isn't it amusing the conception some poor devils have of their God? They honestly, I suppose, think of Him as an
enlarged replica of themselves; with passions, appetites, all on the same enlarged scale, along with capacity like their own for amusement and literary entertainment of the same order. Little as I profess to know about the Ruler of the universe, I still have a better opinion at least than to think He feels flattered by service of that sort from man or community. Let it pass.”

Because he looked upon the organized church as a branch of the system he was at war with no inducement could get him into a church service. Yet, in all my acquaintance with Wayland I have never heard him use a disrespectful reference to the religion of the Nazarene. But for the priesthood of whatever denomination, he had little use. To his mind they were a part of the parasitic growth which live and thrive upon ignorance of the masses, and in no sense, to his way of thinking, were they, as a class, agents to help the toiler exercise his power of thought to free him from the clutches of the profit-taking master class.

That he held in high esteem the practical phases of Christianity, was manifested when his oldest daughter, the victim of consumption, was restored to health through the ministrations of Christian Science. His wife was a student of that school, and while he would not espouse the cult for himself, he did not hesitate to recommend it to others.

One notable instance is, Dick Maple, the former editor of the Rip-Saw, who, stricken
with paralysis, by his doctors given but a few months to live, was kindly tipped off by his old friend Wayland, to try Science. How Maple appreciated the suggestion may be gleaned when I read you his letter as I copied it from the original. He says:


My Dear Wayland:—

One cannot be thankful for a thing until he receives that thing. Some months ago you wrote and asked me to try Christian Science. I inwardly laughed at you—I tried the best medical science and went from place to place to find something that would heal sickness—paralysis.

After trying, and trying to no avail, the friendly hand you offered again was visible, and other friends gave me the same assurance that you had given me, and my wife, through her tears touched me, because I loved her. And I without faith, laid hold upon the science and within less than one week have discarded canes and crutches, and set aside pills and dope and am today walking about as good as I ever walked, and am, after months of "milk and raw eggs" eating anything and everything I ever did eat with no dire results that I have felt since the medical science, not the metaphysical science, informed me that I was a paralytic.

Wayland, I have now found a reasonable God and a reasonable way to follow Him and AM A FOLLOWER.

How I wish I had found the proper trail long since, as I would have been a better man and could have done others more good—I am sorry I refused to accept the nomination for governor of Tennessee, but am glad to know that I am able to know how to do things in the future and to do them properly. The Rip-Saw will be a different paper from now on—thank you, Wayland, for your friendly call, and may you find the balm I have found. I am better than I ever was, mentally, morally, and I hope, in fact, I know, I will be physically.

Your friend,

(Dick Maple)

Seth McCallen,

Maple, today, years after, is a healed man, enjoying life, and this week gives me permission to use this letter, while Wayland, who could not for himself accept even the religion of Love, has, by his own hand given up the race. Nor do I give credence to one published account that he was in late years the victim of cancer.
Right here let your attention be directed to the vital point of Wayland's whole career, for if you do not carry with you a single other thing this one do not let escape. Had his friend, Maple, been a minister, a priest, an accredited thinker in whatever calling, one who had not developed views concerning economics, Wayland would, with like manifestation of personal interest, approach with this remark: "Say, my friend, have you ever taken time to look into the subject of Socialism?" The very way in which only a Wayland could put that question to a friend whose attention and interest he had won, was different from that of any other individual in the whole movement. That inquiry would ring in the ears of the man or woman addressed with the same compelling acceptance as when he said to the man sick in body: "Say, Maple, why don't you try Science?"

He was appealing to the intelligence in both cases. To the man possessed of higher intelligence he awaited his opportunity, then approached him with a single question, and let it go at that. He knew when he had sent home a thought, had planted a seed where it would grow. *That* was one side of Wayland we wish to emulate. To know where and when to lodge a word to start the wheels of thought in the mind of some receptive listener rather than attempt to combat his aroused prejudice, for prejudice and passion don't ride in the same car with reason. They travel in opposite directions.
Analyze each one of you the conditions attendant upon the submission of such a question in either case. You are the sick man or the prelate. For a man of Wayland’s personality to pass you such a remark touches your vanity. ‘That man must think I have some brains to ask me if I have ever looked into Socialism. I am ashamed to say I have not; I will at least not betray my ignorance by resisting something about which I know so little.’

By the time they would meet again the questions would come from your direction like this, ‘Say, Wayland, just for a new beginner what piece of literature would you suggest for me to absorb on that you asked me the other day, you remember?’

Didn’t Wayland know that question was coming next, and hadn’t he in his pocket just one little tract which he would lend you under promise of its early return?

Can you see what made Wayland a man dangerous to the master class? You have his secret. No copyright can withhold it from any of you. Simply the little tact for knowing how

To trace the result of Wayland’s single remark to Maple. The publication by Maple of his own experience in recovery from illness, produced upwards of four thousand inquiries for literature at the Boston headquarters as I was reliably informed. In like measure may the publishing houses of Socialist literature be swamped with calls in proportion as the quiet, earnest tact displayed by Wayland, better in
his personal contact than in the scrappy style of his paper, is indulged.

A few summers back, Wayland and wife were making for the resorts in the Thousand Islands down the St. Lawrence River. By some misunderstanding they took the wrong train and were landed in a far-away backwoods hamlet, much to their chagrin.

Plenty of time on their hands, the "One Hoss" starts first to locate the village editor, only to find he was out of town and the office in charge of the foreman. He proceeds to get acquainted with him. Wayland soon discovers he has made a find. He lingers over a few days for no other purpose than to cultivate that foreman.

Not many months later this printer blooms out in a new paper all his own, named for himself, modelled after the Appeal, and who of you have not often read about Canada's little old Appeal, known as Cotton's Weekly? Another quick result, another product of Wayland's "know how." And there are others.

From boyhood, Wayland could not free his mind from the belief that perforce he had to fight. Fight for a living; for an education; for his common privileges as a human being. Environments were such he could not seem to learn that ends were to be gained by any other means.

The world, as it ever has, ever will continue to give back in kind. For reason as we may, the old truism stands unchallenged, that "the world is but an echo of what we say to it."
Wayland said fight—thought fight—the world returned him in kind.

In drawing the mantle of charity we can forget the possibility that he has made what you and I would call mistakes. For, if his passing serves no better purpose this one we must admit, it once more closes the book—balances the accounts of those who would keep records only of things they would wish to use against him.

Since such are the records first to be dumped into the kindly furnace in Time’s back yard, can we not realize how temporary is the joy their keeping affords? Soon again it may come our turn to “fall in” to the tune of the dead march behind some other friend or imaginary foe on whom we are keeping tab of things he should not have done. Then you will begin to recall the good you saw in him while living. Why not begin today? Fill the remaining pages in that mental record book with something the world can use when that friend has gone. Then see how differently the world talks back.

To better illustrate my point: Had the years of my acquaintance with Wayland been given to recording only things at variance with my own standards would that be the story you would gather now to listen to?
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray, don't forget your own;
Remember, those in house of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try our own defects to cure
Before of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses, sometimes like
Our chickens, "roost at home";
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—Dr. L. M. Toney.

There was but little of the sentimental in
the outward side of Wayland. Early com-
pelled to battle with adversity, life with him
was a constant war. Many times I have heard
him apologize for the absence of the sentimen-
tal, for, ever before his eye, from the earliest
recollection, stood the gaunt fear that want might overtake his family, and to fortify them against a repetition of his youthful struggle was his only explanation.

Socially Wayland loved his home. He loved to see people enjoy their homes. Because so few were permitted to enjoy even the moderate one he had, was the burden of his life.

He loved his books. My earliest recollection of him is connected with copious rendering from his favorite author, Ruskin. He could quote it with all the expression which a native Scotsman throws into his renditions of Bobby Burns. And one of the greatest feats of book distribution during his years of propaganda was the thousands on thousands of Merrie England.

To the class-conscious victim he ever had a kind word; would go out of his way to find him employment. But to the poor slave who glories in the abjectness of his servitude, he was no hypocrite, he could manifest toward him supreme contempt in order the quicker to get his thinker at work to extricate himself, which accounts for the free use of his chosen invective—"working mules."

He loved to play whist with his neighbors. He could read the mentality of men and women in such a game as in no surer way. He knew every card that had been played, and every one to be played. His trained mind found it as easy to carry the plays made as to anticipate those to follow.

And here let us pause a moment, not to for-
get the gentle influence, the sterling worth of the companion of his later years, since whose untimely taking off while seated by his side in an automobile accident a year last June, Wayland has not been the same man.

The mother of his children it was not my pleasure to know. Her successor, in the trying position of wife and stepmother, only those who have been there can appreciate the tact such a position compels.

When the home was robbed of its mother, leaving to someone the care of two little tots, did the father seek for their guardian a favored daughter of wealth and position? Not Wayland. He took from his office force one of the girls on his payroll and installed her as his housekeeper, to look after the needs of the five children who had always had a mother to cook, mend, and minister to their wants. So attached did she become to those little ones the position was made permanent, they married, and those two daughters never could have known a mother’s love and affection to a more perfect degree than was bestowed by their stepmother.

The older ones had outgrown a need for the nurturing care or the firm hand of parental restraint while at times they looked upon Pearl as one not belonging, yet in their hearts, must they, with the entire community, thank the father for selecting the one he did to bring those tender lives through to becoming the flowers of the household, shining testimonials to the careful, cultured training ability of the
one who ever found pleasure in her line of duty to them.

Those in the community known as the exclusive set, for a time paused, ere they could bring themselves to extend the hand of welcome to one they had known as a "working girl," reared in their midst by humble but honest parents, till, later no circle was too exclusive to receive Mrs. Wayland. Her intrinsic worth compelled it.

And could I think of no other incident to give you here as illustrative of the man, which others in paying him tribute may pass over, this would outshine them all, when he looked to those who were engaged about him in the office routine, and from their number selected one competent to rule his domestic affairs.

It bears out one contention he ever stood for, that in every human being is the making of a sublime character when given congenial surroundings and not robbed of his or her commonest right—a decent home in which to live and develop.

Right here let it be further observed, not in the history of the Appeal has the finger of suspicion been tolerated in the community toward girl or woman employed in that office. They are not looked upon as the common prey of the town. It is no loss of caste for a girl in Girard that she is an employe of the Appeal office. Let that soak in as you make comparisons with many large enterprises you know where working girls predominate, the
condition under which they toil, and the social position denied them in consequence.

But to return to Mrs. Wayland. The fall before her death, with her husband she was enjoying a trip on a boat up the Mississippi. This incident I heard from her own lips, possibly never repeated:

At a landing where the boat was discharging freight, from the upper deck she looked down on the gangs of colored laborers being driven like slaves, which they virtually were, mercilessly kicked and beaten by those in charge. She saw one poor wretch who had stumbled under his load and nearly lost his life, his breast crushed in, blood spurting from his mouth from internal injuries. The heartless boss had him dragged to one side and left in his misery midst the flies and filth with no more attention than had he been a dog.

“That was too much for me,” she said, as her face lit up. “I beat it down to that deck and told that boss, ‘See here, why don’t you give that poor fellow some attention, he’ll die there?’

‘To hell with him, let the d——d nigger die; he’s no account any more even if he lives.’

‘No account?’ says I, ‘you see that blood? Is the blood in your miserable veins any redder than his that you cannot give him some relief or have it done?’ ”

Then she hastened above and with her own hand brought some stimulants and stayed with him till others, shamed into it for very de-
cency's sake, got him into a more comfortable position.

"That gave me a lesson in the class struggle," she said. "I knew then, as it had never come to me before, the meaning of the red flag; as I had heard it explained in our Locals, and quick as a flash I sent it home to that petty tyrant to let him know I was a Socialist, and there before him was a mighty good reason."

Can you begin to understand why Wayland has been an aimless wanderer since the fatal evening when she was taken from him? She was blooming into rich womanhood where her wider view made it possible to be a part of his world—a companion to him, now that duties to the children would not take all her time, but permit her at last to get acquainted with the husband she was learning to love. And he in turn was beginning to learn what her life meant to his own.

Possibly not this one, but there are communities where wealthy members of the exclusive set, those who are able to maintain a carriage or car, would consider it disgrace to have seen riding about town with them their hired girl as part of the company. Not so in the Wayland family. A girl who was good enough to cook their meals, clean their rooms, was good enough to share their evening rides about town, year in and year out; to theatre parties, picnics, anywhere. And today the gentle woman who presides in the Wayland home is one who was formerly their
maid now happily married to a rising mail carrier.

During late years in particular, how many of you who see this will recall the visit you made to Girard, and how you asked to be shown directly to the den where you could shake hands with the "One Hoss." You recall how cheerfully he would drop whatever he had in hand, sit and listen to your story of how many years you had been following with him, and how his eye would sparkle at the privilege of seeing you, then invite you out to take a roam through the plant, spending often a couple of hours, especially were there several in the company, usually the case ere they made the rounds of each department.

And now in closing may we not pause to draw a few lessons from which to profit individually?

As Girard has become the Mecca to the tireless pilgrims of this modern crusade, so in the future will Girard, the resting place of Wayland, be the second spot in Kansas to live in history; in life hated by the timeservers of his day; to be proudly spoken about by all their descendants through the coming years.

In the near time to come what will history have to say for the Pollocks, the Peabodys, the Bones? Their whole tribe will have been forgotten, while the names of Brown and Wayland glow brighter to coming generations.

As you look into the future, who of you would not exchange for a place held by Wayland as you know him? and as his work
speaks for itself, a life given for you? Would you prefer it to that held by the Pollocks, the Bones, or the Peabodys?

Speaking of Peabody, as you hear the name do you discover he is already forgotten? Would you, dear worker, prefer to be known in your family traditions, as one of the apologizers for this cruel out-of-date system, or to be numbered as a member of the Appeal Army? Answer, as you take a mental inventory to determine which you are today, a man, or a slave.

Wayland made no pretensions to being the perfect man. He had his shortcomings, his failings, but they have no interest for us now. Because I valued his continued friendship more than a temporary job I have more than once declined to enter his employ. I knew our temperaments were such that continued harmonious relations were next to the impossible. He had breadth of character not to disparage that friendship because I declined his tender of position. It leaves me free today to say this word to you, a privilege I value far above an opportunity to enlarge upon what others with myself may have been made to feel were his foibles.

There was so much of the large, so much of the truly great, so much in Wayland to class him truly a master in his chosen field, that small and degenerate indeed must be the minds who could not forget the other in contrast to the fearlessness, the punch, which characterized his life work.
How little we can afford to spare him. In the prime of useful manhood, just reaching the zenith of life's achievements. His counsels would be invaluable to those coming to positions of responsibility. We feel that a fearless leader has been taken from us, but could Wayland step into our midst tonight and pause to say a dozen sentences only, they would be words to cheer, that your day of deliverance cannot be long delayed. Learn well the lesson of solidarity, to your own common welfare. Think for your own selves. Extend the hand of gentle consideration to your struggling brother who is in the same mad whirl for an existence with yourself. Forget your petty differences. Know that your own or your brother's weaknesses are but a manifestation of the inequalities of a system long outgrown. Then, with a charitable purpose as your constant inspiration, look forward to a better day yours to realize as soon as you unitedly seek it, and can prove yourselves worthy to receive.

*"To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.—to die;—to sleep,—
No more: and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub:

* From Hamlet. introduction to the Memorial remarks at Ottawa, Kas., by Etta Semple.
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispariz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who's these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not off?
Thus (conscience does make cowards of us all:)
And thus the native hue o' resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought:
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.”—Hamlet.

On that fatal evening I can see him as he walked the floor in the lonesome bedchamber of the house long the center of his joys. The world to him is cheerless. Man's inhumanity to man has made of him a target for the last time. He will beat them at their own game once more. And as he lays aside the cigar he fain would light again, he steps to the window, looks out and soliloquizes:

"I am standing on the border; behind me are the shadows on the track; before me lies the Dark Valley and the River. How I wish, ere I cross that dark river I could know I was leaving behind me a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. But, what's the use? The struggle under this
competitive system is not worth the effort—let it pass!"

"O, for a word from the kindly lips
Or a touch from the hand that is still."

---

**Extracts from Letters.**

Girard, 11/13/12

Dear Henri:

Yours just received, and so much has happened in the last few days I feel that I must write you a few lines at once.

This week's Appeal has of course reached you by this time and you have read the amazing story followed by Wayland's suicide. We buried him today at 10 o'clock. Ben Wilson officiated and made a fine talk. Frank O'Hare came all the way from St. Louis, representing the Comrades there; he brought a beautiful red silk flag which was draped over the casket. The pall bearers were Fred and Ben Warren, A. M. Simons, Geo. Brewer, Ricker and myself.

Read the story in the Appeal, Henri, and use your brains and you will understand. No matter what his enemies may say, they cannot rob him of his peace in history or in the hearts of the men and women that toil. His work will stand as a monument to his devotion to an ideal.

Warren and Phifer case put off till May term. Don't know yet, however, what the grand jury did, but just heard that they disbanded this afternoon. Half the town has been subpoenaed as witnesses.

The only reality is Truth—it is bound to prevail. I have no bitterness in my heart against any one—conditions and education will some day bring about a realization of our Ideal. Our bitterest foes of today will call us Comrades tomorrow. With all my soul's energy I declare for the Truth. Fraternally yours,

E. N. Richardson.

P. S.—I forgot to say that Debs sent a most beautiful telegram today that was received just in time to be read at the grave.

Kansas City, 11/15.

Dear Vincent:—Well, who should drop in today but a comrade and wife from Girard enroute to So. Dak. Didn't exactly run them out but had passed some they were running out, so to speak. Big stir in Girard; about 35 called by the grand jury, to hang something on the Appeal and discredit it to the world, is the object. All hands can be expected to be dragged in and not miss it much. Plute will get the worst of it, hear me.—Chilton.
DEBS FIRST TO WRITE.

Terre Haute, Dec. 9.

Comrade Vincent:—This morning’s mail brought the copy of your “Appreciation” of Wayland, and I am returning thanks for Gene, to whom it was addressed, as I am having to attend to all his correspondence since his indictment by the federal court. I will see that this goes into Gene’s hands and I know he will read it with deepest interest and appreciation. I have permitted myself to look into its pages and I want to thank you for myself as well as for Gene for having written it. The pages are all illuminating and the “Appreciation” is filled with the dear love of comrades.

Yours fraternally,

THEODORE DEBS.

DID NOT KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVED HIM.

Many thanks for the remembrance; should you ask a dollar for it I would not return it. I started to read to wife, and got along pretty well by swallowing occasionally, until I came to where you say “our time may come to ‘fall in’” etc., and I could read no more, for broke completely and had a good cry and tossed the book over to wife and we both cried. Really, I did not know till the old boy had passed that I loved him. But now, I think so often, very often, how I wish I could have seen him once more only. I told wife today I’d as soon take his chances for the next country as any one I could name. Thanks again.—F. M. Hay (former resident of Girard).

Reply. My Dear Hay:—Your good letter comes as a benediction. It pays me for the effort. It tells me that the book has developed for our fallen comrade a love we did not realize before. That was the object constantly before me when writing it, from the first sentence to the close. You have grasped it. You have felt the impulse and know better than you did before the value, the worth of human kindness as contrasted with its opposite. As the first echo from the Army proper you make me glad, old man, a balm for tired nerves, sleepless nights and tears while producing it. Come again.—Henri.
FROM HIS BOSS BUILDER.

You forgot to mention: His property was all divided to his heirs, he holding a life lease only to himself. Wise he was, to do away with all probate courts and fees for lawyers, etc., outwitting even the inheritance tax experts.—O. M. Southworth, Benton Harbor, Mich., who for 627 consecutive weeks has sent in five subs to the Appeal on the Tennessee contest. He has also bossed the construction for most of Wayland's extensive buildings.

I feel so sad when I think of his passing that I have not command of language to express my sorrow. A true, loyal friend of the working class has gone to his reward. This grand tribute to a great and noble soul could come only from the pen of one whose whole thought is for the elevation, the happiness, the betterment of mankind. I am proud to be allied with such humane persons in the cause of God and Humanity. How fortunate I am; a short time ago I cut a picture of Wayland from the Social-Dem. Herald. This I shall place in the booklet and keep as one of the greatest mementos I could possess.—A. A. Weaver, Leipsic, O.

FROM ALBERT K. OWEN,

Baldwinsville, N. Y., the noted writer on Co-Operative Organization, Guernsey Market Plan of Payment, Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, etc.

Friend Vincent:—Your testimonial to Wayland reached me. I have read, marked, and filed away for future use. Many thanks.

"It bears out one contention he ever stood for, that in every human being is the making of a sublime character, when given congenial surroundings and not robbed of (his or her) commonest right—a decent home in which to live and develop."—Page 27.

That paragraph should be put into bronze tablet and fastened to a great boulder that should cover the grave of Wayland.
CARL BROWNE.

Your Wayland wreath reached me, and read through at once with intense interest without laying down, clear to Dan’s last worthy word. And knowing your worth for fairness and veracity at the time I detailed you to write the history of the March to Washington, it is with supreme pleasure to me that you have put in the red cover of the brochure “The Editor With a Punch—Wayland,” your contemporaneous comment on the chief cause of one million votes for Socialism last November. It is such a perfect picture of a Pericles—as far as your light, and mine—for I knew him as a “real estate shark” in Colorado, co-operator in Ruskin, and as we all, the supremest Socialist; and his various chameleonisms are types of all of us, in greater or less degree, owing to capitalistic environments, and unlike Robert Emmet, there is no need for “other times and other men” to write Wayland’s epitaph:—The Pioneer Prophet and Parthenon,” self-destroyed, too, of the United States. Sincerely thanking you.—Carl Browne, Calistoga, Calif.

I was well acquainted with Wayland. I gave him one of Mrs. Emery’s Seven Financial Conspiracies, and took a thorough roasting for my pay at the time, but was well satisfied when he had read it. His brother-in-law told me how he acted; read a little of it and threw it down and left the office, was gone about a half hour, came back and through the same performance again. The next time he read it through and was then ready to read anything he could get. Don’t you think I got pretty good pay for my trouble?—C. W. Vliet, Glenwood, Colo.

ONE OF HIS GIRARD “BOYS.”

As a personal friend and ardent admirer of the departed “One Hoss,” and one whose life was illumined by his kindly counsel and inspiring words, I feel deeply grateful for this little booklet in commemoration of his life and martyrdom. Trusting your “Appreciation” will make Wayland understood to those who knew and misunderstood him when alive, I am,

Yours for the cause,

JNO. W. GUNN, Girard, Kas.
FOR HIS SCIENCE FRIENDS.

I think I know many Science friends who will gladly read it. We are Christian scientists now 14 years for same reason as Maple—healing. Yours for the cause.
—Fred B. Story, Neb.

Comrade:—The one thing in your book that impressed me most is the Christian science subject. In your little booklet I feel that I know you better and feel richly blessed in receiving the message delivered from your soul.—P. J. Dills, Johnstown, N. Y.

A GREENSBURG EDITOR IN WAYLAND’S TIME.

I lived in Indianapolis when you and your brother published the Nonconformist; I moved to Greensburg and edited a Prohi paper, later the Hoosier Blade. About the time I went to Greensburg Wayland came also and started the Coming Nation. When Frye and his contingent of the Coxey Army came to Greensburg, owing to a lame horse he was there a week. A committee from the offices of Coming Nation and Blade was appointed to rustle for grub for them. It was here that I bought a copy of your Story of the Commonweal which I still possess. I can see those ragged men yet, of Frey’s Army, I have seen them ever since. Poor Wayland! I know just how he felt when he fired the awful bullet. I know the load of the world’s woes that he carried. I worked four months on his paper at Girard and witnessed his joy and his suffering. His whole life was at that time wrapped up in the paper and the movement. One day he was in the seventh heaven of delight, the next day cast down. . . . The persecutors are aiming to make convicts, crazy men or corpses of the world’s greatest agitators.

“Right forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne.”

Must it ever be thus? If so, what keeps man to the struggle? Whence comes the impulse to work through danger and loss for that which cannot come, except in a faint degree, in our time? Fraternally,—Sumner W. Rose, Biloxi, Miss.
RECEIVED ONE OF HIS LAST LETTERS.

Friend Vincent:—I have received your article which I appreciated more than I can express. To me, Wayland was the most sincere friend I had; and when I say friend, I mean in the true sense "a friend in need." I believe I was as close to J. A. as any man in the world. The day of his death he wrote me a personal letter which I received after reading of his death in the paper. At the time he wrote me I do not think that he contemplated the act which he later did. I do not know as to your beliefs—I have mine—they may sound foolish, but the night Wayland shot himself I did not sleep all night. I arose about 5 A. M., as is my custom, and told wife of a change in matters connected with J. A., and that I had made the change in my mind during the night, and in that conversation I spoke of him in matters he and I had agreed upon. That was Monday. I did not learn of his death until Tuesday. A few nights later he appeared to me in a dream—I talked with him the same as ever. I spoke of the act he did—he said he did not regret it, that the only thing, the agony of the death was terrible. I would suggest calling for contributions to build a suitable monument for him. With best wishes to you and yours, I remain, Very truly yours,

L. H. PHILLIPS, Clinton, Mo.

Mr. Phillips was a former resident of Girard, and with Wayland and others promoted the interurban line from Girard several years ago.—H. V.

The following is a personal letter, so marked, and it was necessary to hold the forms ere letting it go without the writer's permission. It is from the pen of a Girard undertaker, whose place of business adjoined one of the four big offices on the square which the Appeal had outgrown. Uncle Billy, as he is familiarly known, loved and respected by the entire community, is one of those large minds who were appreciated by Wayland and who in turn appreciated him. This story would be far from complete without this earnest tribute:
My Dear Friend, Mr. H. Vincent:

Your little red book received and read. I had intended to write you earlier and thank you for your courtesy. Your kind notation shows that your friendship for the writer has not diminished; this makes me glad.

Your pamphlet is well written—to the point, and above all, is truthful.

Of course the tragic death of Mr. Wayland started some gossip, which gained in circulation, but in all I heard, there was nothing tangible for a base. Wayland had prospered, and this of itself was sufficient a reason, for some little minds, who did not know the man, to condemn him, who dared to express his opinions, and which differ so much from the old parties' policies, and who was fearless enough to point out the rottenness of the present system, and suggest remedies for the betterment of the workers. (I think I had better stop this line of talk or I will get beyond my depth.)

You know the people of Girard don't endorse Socialist plans and doctrines; therefore don't expect much appreciation for your labor of love here. What I know of Wayland—a deep thinker, a worker, a general, a good man for the community in which he lived. He did good but never told it. Was outspoken, and fearless, and in spite of the fact that we differed very widely in politics I had a great respect for the man.

Remembering always that deeds not words tell the story, one illustration: When the plant was moved to the building adjoining me he had filled it with paper, which left no room for coal. Talking of his trouble I suggested that as I had plenty of room, he could build a coal house on my lots. This he did.

A while after he was in the store, saw my stoves and laughed. Said he, "Hook onto my steam plant, it won't cost you a cent for steam." I did it. A year or two later, he built the upper story to rear of the building; told me he could not spare the steam until he got more boiler capacity. Said he would buy the material for his own use, and sent the plumber to take it out, then same day sent me check for the entire cost of installation, labor and material.

I spoke to him about it, as it was a losing proposition for him. Wayland said, "Gardner, you are a damn
good neighbor, forget it.” And I had to let it go at that.

May the coming season bring you and yours the best of everything.

Sincerely yours,

WM. GARDNER.

WHAT WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS LAST ACT?

Your Story received. Cannot suggest any change, unless it be to tell us the actual cause of Comrade Wayland’s suicide. You, I presume, know, and no doubt some others, but to the great majority it is a mystery. I cannot understand it. I cannot believe any trouble with the courts, either past or present, or future, would cause such an act. Rather would I think he would have been disappointed if he was considered too insignificant for trouble. On the other hand, I cannot believe him foolish enough to be caught in any trap, knowing as he surely did, that those he was exposing would watch his every move. And even if (as has been hinted) there was immoral acts, that would not justify self-destruction. Not as I see it; for while I believe socialists should keep clean, I do not look for a saint at present.—W. B. Flatley, Ill.

We know the cause, and wherein he was justified in taking the course he did. We know, from a personal standpoint, that his life, from conditions of grief had become unbearable, and under the circumstances his good work was finished. . . . It is hard for a man with the ability of Wayland to endure the stupidity of the masses. The keener the senses the harder to endure the conditions. No doubt this was Wayland’s position. One with thinking capacity can not stay down with the stupid. He cannot lift them up to his level, consequently he is out of his sphere. Was his passing a mistake? Scientifically, reasonably, logically, it was not. In the face of Truth and Justice we cannot halt the march. Those behind must come up; we cannot go back.—R. V. Tyler, Roxbury, Mass.

I shall never forget how nice Comrade Wayland treated me when I went through Girard about 10 years ago. I stopped to see him. He invited me to his home to dinner, and after supper took me out for a ride with some of his family.—C. A. Piper, Biloxi, Miss.
I think Wayland deserves more credit than any man in the movement because he went in at a time when there was no better day in prospect. I have received Coxey's Good Road plan; another good man. His plan solves the money question and will go a long way toward solving the unemployed problem if adopted.—B. S. Cox, Spruce Pine, Ala.

Jennings, Mich.:—Our beloved Comrade has brought the Golden Rule to be understood by mankind in general more than any other educator in this world. We lose that "One Hoss" whom self and Mother Alexander have ever loved since the first of the Appeals and Wayland's Monthly, years ago visited our home, which made of this community thinkers and workers for the right. Thousands of Appeals have I distributed at my own expense at my old home, Big Rapids, where today is shown the results of the early sowing of the seeds of revolution. Your little book is good and I thank you for your kindness and thoughtfulness.—W. G. Alexander.

Wayland is the man who put the "T" in think.—Toledo Times.

Thank you for sending me this memento. It is inexpressibly sad, how revoltingly brutal, the hand of capitalism can be traced to the conviction and courage of such as he, to stand up and bravely face the monster holding it at bay until reinforcement becomes invincible, when the great cause shall finally triumph, setting its captives free, though it be at the sacrifice of many a brave and true comrade. May his memory always be chiseled in kind remembrance by all loyal comrades, for his great work, and spur them on with greater effort. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Capitalism is mad. We have a good live Local and have signed up for the Socialist Lecture course this winter, a great educator. Fraternally,—C. J. Thorgrimson, Decorah, Ia.

SOMETHING NEW.

I have read much Socialist literature in the past four years, still I must admit that your effort is something new in that line.—G. C. Dulebohn, Kearney, Kas.
A DELICATE QUESTION ASKED.

Comrade Ed. Green, once a Populist member of the Kansas House suggests:

"On page 32 you refer to certain specific 'weaknesses' recognized by his intimates, and would suggest the reference be made more general, as to some of the frailties common to humanity, which is the usual reservation even in the most pronounced eulogies. Your little too specific allusion to your difference in temperament leaves much open to imagination. Nothing so fraught with sinister surmises as a curiosity whetted with the unknown. I take it those weaknesses would not bear mention or you would have taken that course."

Replying to this, what have been classed as "weaknesses" during life have so slipped from mind they are difficult to recall or to bring in for a more specific treatment than may be found in pages 10-11. As an employer he had acquired the knack for manifesting utter indifference to anything which had to do with the individual welfare of those employed when it meant a difference in the amount or quality of work produced. There had been so many revolutions in his mechanical department; so many house-cleanings, from cellar to garret, in the earlier days of the Appeal, that a man with family thought twice ere he accepted an invitation to move and take chances on future upheavals.

Aside from this it is doubtful if anything more specific could be mentioned as worth the space.

As to vices, if he had any, beyond the constant enjoyment of his favorite brand of cigar, I could not even distantly suggest them, for I never heard of any. A man of such a mental endowment usually finds greatest enjoyment in seeing things done his way, and the man who had a way of his own for doing things would find it but a question of time when one or the other would have to step down.

He finally stepped down, and unreservedly gave way to his successor, Fred Warren, who will settle the issue in the same way with Judge Pollock.

Wayland's Idea of Religion.

From Appeal to Reason.

It is all very nice to talk about solving the unrest and misery of today by leading "Christian lives," applying the "golden rule," etc., but how is a man to love his neighbor for the few crumbs from Dives' table or
starve? If the Christian theory is to be a solvent one it must be applied as a whole, and that is what these people refuse to see. As well try to apply mathematics and ignore the existence and value of one of the digits as to try to live a Christian life and ignore the basis of that religion—a community of property. Without a community of property there can be no brotherhood. There could have existed no harmony among the disciples and the early Christians had the laws of competition been recognized. To become a Christian it was first necessary to turn over all property to the common fund or store. No nation has any moral right to claim it is Christian that by law recognizes the private ownership of property. Private wealth is anti-Christian. Men and women who hold to the theory of private property are either ignorant of What Christianity is or else are hypocrites. Socialism goes very far toward the Christian ideal. It would not recognize by law any absolute private title to land or machinery used in production for sale, but these should be operated co-operatively and governed democratically by the workers. By this method there is no competition—strife—between the members of society. The success of one does not mean the loss of others, but the success of each is beneficial to all. Under such a system the Christ principle could be developed; under the present system it can never be, though you put a church on each corner of every square in the land. Tropical fruits will not live in a frigid zone, nor can the golden rule be applied where people recognize the devil-contrived theory of private property and production for profit instead of use.

How Life Seemed to Wayland.

From Appeal to Reason.

I don't know how it seems to you, but to me it seems that life is one continual struggle and disappointment. From the time we are forced to tackle the struggle for bread it is one desperate fight. The lives of nearly everyone are a round of work, sleep, eat; work, sleep, eat. There is never a chance to enjoy life—and as I see it the object of life is to develop and enjoy it. When the time of dissolution comes and the poor devils look back over the fitful dream, their life has been a dreary waste and all they have been
permitted to enjoy has been about as much food, clothes and miserable shelter as a chattel slave. And all this that a system might be maintained under which the voice of greed could develop and expand. The masses of people in this land and all other lands are mere machines creating wealth they are not permitted to enjoy. Like idolators, they have been trained from childhood to believe in the things as they are by those who happen to profit by the condition, and they are not permitted to see that it is wrong and degrading. I can see no progress in a system that debases the many that a few may wallow in luxury. All the ills that affect the human family are a result of the present social system, and can be traced directly to the root: private property for profit. Whenever a mind sees the picture of the golden possibility of the new social order, it ceases to idolize the present chaos.

Wayland's Americanized Fable.

From Appeal to Reason.

William Morris, the celebrated English philosopher, artist and poet, wrote a fable, which I shall Americanize for your benefit: About Christmas time the poultry of a certain country held a great convention for the good of the race, at which it was resolved that the most important subject to poultry was "with what sauce they should be eaten." Many prominent members of the meeting aired their various views on the subject. There was a large following that adhered to tariff for protection sauce; others contended free trade sauce was the thing; others for labor union sauce; others, single tax sauce; others for public ownership of railroad sauce; others for paper money sauce; others for imperial sauce; others for anti-trust sauce. When they had worried over these until the boldest rooster had grown hoarse and the hens had ceased to cackle, a battered old barnyard cock got the floor, and much to the surprise and disgust of the vast assembly, declared that he did not want to be eaten at all! He was immediately set upon by the poultry working class and turned over to the police, with execrations for being a Socialist, anarchist, disturber of the peace and general nuisance. The assembly then ordered that their resolutions be engrossed and sent to the head poulterer. Can you draw the moral?
Wayland's Views of Happiness.

From The Appeal to Reason.

Man has never attained happiness nor ease. In his flounderings about for it he has created conditions in which he cannot harmonize himself. He sometimes assumes that he has been made wrong and cannot achieve harmony or heaven on earth. If he would reason that he cannot change his nature but can change his surroundings he would be getting near the truth. If harmony prevailed, man would be happy, for unhappiness is simply lack of harmony. Man has been trying to harmonize himself with private property and has never yet succeeded in a single instance and never will, because it makes conditions antagonistic to his nature. Neither the rich nor the poor are happy or at ease. Ease with competition or strife is not possible, because they are opposite. Man is all right, but he has made environments for himself that make his life miserable. This can be remedied by replacing competition with co-operation.

BY DAN HOGAN.

Out of the loving labor of fifty-eight well spent years he carved for himself a special immortality, more glorious than that of which all the poets and dreamers have dreamed. In his work of humanizing humanity and civilizing civilization he lost himself in this life. And by his passing the beauty of his unselfish renunciation will project his undying name into the great social consciousness of the everlasting future.—Southern Worker, Huntington, Ark.
Men seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
As alike as a swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state,
All equally little and equally great,
And the pride of our courage is cowed.

Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men;
There's a surge in the crowd, there's a movement, and then
There arises the man who is larger than men,
And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the little, small days of small things still go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
And the voice of our wailing is loud.

Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man to come,
And the crowd, unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb;
But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man is come—
Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
Are done by the son of the son,
And our heads in contrition are bowed.

Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
Goes down through the throng. See, he rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make all things new!
For the man who comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from the throng,
Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
And who makes the old world as a world that is new?
And who is this man? It is You! It is You!
And our praise is exultant and proud.
We are waiting for you there—for you, the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man,
The man who comes up from the crowd.

—Sam Walter Foss.
Finest thing out.—John M. Harper, Oakley, Kas.

"It touches the spot."—John Longstreet, Decorah, Ia.

I want to thank you for remembering me in your first mailing list.—J. G. Montross, Utica, O.

Every Socialist in the land should have your Story of Wayland.—Gen. J. S. Coxey, Massillon, O.

"To have inspired such a tribute a man must be more good than bad," writes J. C. Forester, Sec. Chamber of Commerce, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Glad to be remembered with a copy. Why don’t you get back into newspaper work? It’s where you belong.—Ed Blair, Spring Hill, Kas. (Be patient, old boy.)

I thank you for a copy of your book of Wayland. It contains many good things, and is a fine tribute. Wishing you all success, I am, fraternally, C. L. Phifer (of Appeal staff).

Sherman, Tex.—Your message is a good one. Inclose two names; please mail on to each. One is a comrade and needs to be shown that combative, angry argument is futile.—C. W. Sims.

Little red book received, and will start it on the rounds at once; always glad to do what I can to start anyone to thinking. —Ben Franklin Boyer, Deshler, O. (That’s what it was issued to do, Comrade.—H. V.)

DICK MAPLE.

Your little booklet is at hand. Thank you, old man, but I can’t tell you how I appreciate it. I can’t, don’t know how. Fraternally, Dick Maple.

TELLS OF THE REAL MAN.

I have no criticism to offer. You have covered every point one could expect you to cover, and being one who knew the "One Hess" you have, I believe, done better at long range than had you been on the ground at the time. All in all it is a most remarkable little booklet, and covers so much ground. As I said before, it is a most remarkable effort, and one which I don’t believe but one or two others could be sponsor for. I like the chatty, swinging way you have of going to your subject. You knew your man; you had looked him over as it were, knew his shortcomings, his worth, and then you tell the world of the real man. You instill such a wide range of suggestion of thought, that one who reads can’t help but think. I congratulate you and feel proud of your achievement.—J. P. Keating (who spent a season in Girard), Toledo, O.

Prices for this Pamphlet

Mailed to separate addresses if desired, postpaid:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Copy Type</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>$0.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four Copies</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nine Copies</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eighteen Copies</td>
<td>$1.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-seven Copies</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To one address prepaid:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Copy Type</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11 Copies</td>
<td>$1.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28 Copies</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 Copies or more, each</td>
<td>$0.10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cash with order.

Address the Author, Massillon, Ohio
The Ohio Printing & Publishing Co.
Massillon, Ohio