

*In Memoriam*

---

**Henry Demarest Lloyd**

*May first, 1847—  
September twenty-eighth, 1903*

---

**The Auditorium, Chicago, November 29th, 1903**

---



PROGRAMME  
OF  
MEMORIAL EXERCISES

FOR

Henry Demarest Lloyd

---

ORGAN PRELUDE—GRANDE COEUR IN D... *Alex Guilmant*  
Otto A. Singenberger

OPENING ADDRESS .. Judge Edward F. Dunne, Chairman

BRIEF ADDRESS ..... Samuel M. Jones

BRIEF ADDRESS..... John Mitchell

SONG—STILL RUHT DEIN HERZ ..... *Tfeil*  
Vereingte Saenger, Chicago, Dirigent  
Professor O. Homer Gerasch

BRIEF ADDRESS ..... Jane Addams

POEM..... Lothrop Withington

BRIEF ADDRESS ..... Edwin D. Mead

SONG—STUMM SCHLAEFT DER SAENGER ..... *Zeilcher*  
Vereingte Saenger

BRIEF ADDRESS..... Clarence S. Darrow

CLOSING ADDRESS ..... Tom L. Johnson

RECESSIONAL—FUNERAL MARCH..... *Beethoven*  
Arthur Dunham

OPENING ADDRESS BY THE CHAIRMAN,  
JUDGE DUNNE.

*Ladies and Gentlemen—*

It seems but a few short months ago since I and many of you were present in this hall to commemorate the life and public services of a great man—a man who had occupied the most prominent place within the gift of the people of this state, and the man who, as proof of his honesty and integrity, went into office rich and came out poor—a man who had devoted most of his life to the betterment of the condition of the common kind of people in this community, and who died, literally speaking, died in his tracks, pleading for liberty and humanity.

Tonight we are again engaged in the same mournful, though laudable, duty of commemorating the life and services of a great man, who devoted most of that life to the betterment of the condition of the common people of this community, and who, like that other great man, literally died in his tracks, working for the benefit of the common people of this community.

Henry D. Lloyd was a man of wonderful intellectual power, and he had a heart as big as his head. He went around this whole world, seeking information with reference to what was good for the people of this community; and, upon his return, found the miners of the East in a terrible struggle with the greatest aggregation of capital that has probably ever been gathered together in this country, engaged in a life and death struggle for a living wage; and, like the man that he was, he entered at once into that struggle, and with the assistance of two gentlemen who sit upon this stage tonight he accomplished for the miners of the East a victory that will be notable in American history.

Upon his return to the city of his adoption he discovered that a scheme was being hatched, and under way, to filch

AS a tribute to the life and public services of HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, some of his personal friends and representatives from the following organizations, arranged this Memorial Meeting.

UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA  
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR  
UNITED TURNER SOCIETIES  
CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR  
VILLAGE COUNCIL OF WINNETKA  
CARPENTERS DISTRICT COUNCIL  
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 16  
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP DELEGATE CONVENTION  
HENRY GEORGE ASSOCIATION  
HULL HOUSE  
CHICAGO COMMONS

from the people of this community franchises that are worth at least two hundred millions of dollars; and when I speak of two hundred million dollars I speak advisedly and conservatively.

The corporations of this city, the traction corporations, put through twenty-year franchises in 1883, empowering them to operate street cars in the streets of the city for twenty years. In 1883, as shown by the federal census, there were less than half a million people in this community. In 1883 there were probably not 700,000 people in this community, and yet they capitalized those grants that were given them by the city at that time at \$117,000,000, and that amount was paid by investors for the stocks and bonds of these companies. At the same time, the tangible property of these corporations, as shown by the Arnold report, was less than twenty-seven million dollars; in other words, the value of the franchise given to them at that time for twenty years, over and above all the tangible property they owned, was \$90,000,000. If such a franchise, empowering them to carry people in this community for a 5-cent fare, was worth that much in a city of 700,000 people, what is it worth today in a city of over 2,000,000? At least three times that amount, which is \$270,000,000.

Discovering that that scheme was on foot Mr. Lloyd entered into the fight with all his intellectual vigor, and mapped out and laid down a scheme to prevent the consummation of this plan, which may be wisely followed by the people of this community. Like Governor Altgeld, his last public appearance was upon a rostrum where he was pleading for the rights of the people of this community. He caught cold at that time. Within a few days afterwards he was dead. We meet tonight to commemorate the life and services of that great man, and, I hope, to profit by his teachings and example.

I take pleasure in introducing to you a man without a party, but who, in spite of the fact that he is without a party, has been elected several times mayor of the city of

Toledo, Ohio; a man who believes in carrying into politics as well as into business and social life the Golden Rule—  
Hon. Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo.

#### ADDRESS OF SAMUEL M. JONES.

My friends, I have been invited to talk to you not over fifteen minutes. I came here to testify to the principles for which Henry D. Lloyd lived, loved and died, and for which he still lives; for to me he is not dead. This meeting is evidence that as the days go by he will be more alive in spirit than ever before, and I cannot say and I will not say that he is dead.

“He is just away;  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He stepped aside to the Better Land,  
And left us wondering how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.”

Lloyd is not dead. I knew him and I loved him. To know him was to love him, and he knew what it was to be loved by strangers.

About ten years ago he came to Toledo to lecture for us in behalf of this same cause—this American cause, this Christian cause, this democratic cause of brotherhood. He came there to speak, and he said to me a simple sentence that fixed itself upon my memory; and I turned it over and turned it over. And Henry D. Lloyd's suggestion at that time had as much to do with my emancipation from the slavery of partyism and with my new birth into patriotism for the love of the whole as anyone.

I am here to speak of the work that Henry D. Lloyd did, and for what he did for me I can rise up and call him blessed, because he aided in the opening of a newer, a larger and a sweeter world. Perhaps you can be partisan and patriotic at the same time. I cannot. I cannot serve two masters. I must love the whole. We have had that reasoned out to us, and this sentence that Henry D. Lloyd spoke was this—we were speaking of the Golden Rule, and



he said: "The Golden Rule is the original of every political constitution ever written or spoken." And I turned it over in my mind and turned it over, and I saw that to me the Golden Rule is simply the law of action and reaction, and it means, "As you do unto others, others will do unto you." What I give, I get. If I love, I will be loved. I have grown up in the belief of the Christian church. I have unearthed the mysterious heresy that the Nazarene did not intend that his followers should have His teachings applied to daily life, but that they were to be reserved for some impossible millennium or some existence in some future world. And when I read in "Wealth Against Commonwealth," in the last chapters, those inspiring idealisms of this noble man and read these words, quoting Jesus, who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," Lloyd says: "To love our neighbor is to submit to the discipline and arrangement which make his life reach its best, and so do we best love ourselves."

It is the force today moving the greatest institutions that man has established, and only one loving his neighbor as himself can go forward and establish the republic, which, with all its failings, is the most holy example that we have today of human brotherhood.

"Patriotism" and "religion" with Lloyd were synonymous terms. Now, that is a surprising thing, isn't it? Patriotism and religion! Lloyd knew no lines of separation by rivers and lakes and boundaries of that sort. He knew that the continent was to be indissoluble. He knew the mission of democracy and the mission of Christianity to be identical; and so he, in his life, was an echo of that splendid appeal of that great American when he cried out: "I will make the continent indissoluble; I will make the finest race the sun ever shone upon, by the love of comrades, by the manly love of comrades; I will make the cities inseparable, with their arms about each other's necks; I will grant companionship among all the rivers of America and on the shores of the Great Lakes and all over the prairies. I will make the cities inseparable, with their arms

about each other's necks, with the love of comrades, with the manly love of comrades." Ah! my friends, this is the message that Henry D. Lloyd sends to this meeting today. I think that his voice has another voice, and that if our ears were trained so that we might understand the language that he speaks we would hear him repeat these words and emphasize them, and what he did all the way through his life—that the only hope and all the hope of the rule of democracy in America must be based upon the one fundamental thing around which is life and around which it swings, and that one thing is love—and love alone.

If I have ever said anything in behalf of the high and holy ideal to which America is committed, I deserve no credit; but with Lloyd the circumstances were different. With Lloyd, equality meant equality; meant not only equality at the polls, but extended to every relation in life—and America will never be America until that time comes. We are equal at the polls today. Oh, yes! and in our schools and colleges the young men and boys are taught that in this country everyone has got a chance to be President. A remarkable chance, isn't it? Lloyd said that we haven't begun to dream of what "democracy" and "patriotism" mean. Lloyd said: "In our dreams we have dreamed of democracy and in our dreams we have achieved liberty, but only in our dreams—not otherwise."

I say I deserve no credit for speaking for humanity—this humanity that some man has said is free—a man that loves, and loves everybody. I deserve no credit for speaking for the lower classes, if there are any lower classes. I don't know but I belong to the lower classes myself. I was born in that crowd. I am the son of Welsh common laborer peasants, and although I was born in Wales I was born an American, thank God! There are some millions of people born in the soil of these states that are not yet half way over from Europe. We must overcome our servile worship of title and position and possession.

Isn't it fine that Lloyd was just democratic? Isn't it fine that he was no titled person? What business have we



with titles here? Isn't it fine that he was just Henry D. Lloyd? Could we enthuse over him, could we love him, you know, if he was Lord So-and-So, or if he was General Lloyd, you know? But these people are not to blame. We make them. We would all like to be generals if we could. That's the trouble. The only way, a man told me, that he could get any distinction in his town, in a remote part of the country, was in signing after his name the word "private." Every man in the town was either a colonel or a general or something of that sort. And the honorable! My friend Dunne introduced me as "the honorable." What have I ever done for America? Have I done as much as was done by my common laborer father and mother, when, with six little ones, myself among them, they got into the steerage of an emigrant ship to sail to the shores of a new world, to make a home for themselves and their children, with barely enough money to land them? The nearest I ever came to it was when I pawned my watch for \$5; and I did that rather than go and tell the banker that I was a distinguished person. And I say it is fine that Lloyd was just Lloyd. I love it—just Henry D. Lloyd. Not even Senator Lloyd nor Governor Lloyd; but thank God he was Lloyd the man, and we know there is no title higher than that.

I said I was born of common laborer peasants. Lloyd was born on the other side of the barricade. He might easily have drifted into the ranks of the dilettantes and the doctrinaires. He might easily have done that. There were plenty of places for him as professor or senator and the Lord only knows what, but there are few places for men as yet. America has many places for titles, but she hasn't yet come to make a place for man.

I said I was born on this side of the barricade; but Lloyd came over from the other, took his place with the poor and lowly and despised, in order that he might be true to the highest and holiest impulses of his soul, and which he followed to the end; and his last words, as they were committed to me, ought to be an inspiration to each and

all of us: "It was the last two speeches that did it, but I would do it again."

And when we are all devoted to the religion of democracy and equality and become self-owning men, why need you worry about municipal ownership or anything else? If we are true to the American ideal and true to Lloyd's ideal, we will accomplish all that America is destined to be.

*(Judge Dunne introduced Mr. John Mitchell.)*

Our next speaker is a man whose name has been long on the tongue of the public—our noblest labor leader, John Mitchell.

#### ADDRESS OF JOHN MITCHELL.

*Ladies and Gentlemen—*

I had the proud privilege of enjoying the intimate acquaintance of Henry D. Lloyd. It is difficult to believe that he is dead. It is difficult for me to bring myself to a realizing sense that my friend and counselor has gone from us forever. I knew Henry D. Lloyd, and knew him well.

The coal miners of the United States, for whom I speak particularly today, have reason to remember with gratitude the services rendered to them by Henry D. Lloyd. Fourteen years ago the coal miners of Illinois were compelled to engage in a contest with their employers for the purpose of obtaining wages sufficient to enable them to live as American workmen should live. They had fought a long, arduous battle. The people of the country, not knowing of their struggles, the press either apathetic or thoughtless, until Henry D. Lloyd came among us. I remember so well how he came to our mining towns; investigated the condition of our people; how he inquired into the justice of our claims; and, having satisfied himself that we were right, he threw himself on our side of the battle, and by his



pen and by his voice aroused the people. A short time thereafter, largely due to his effort, the people threw their influence on the side of the miners and their strike was settled with credit to the men.

Some years passed by, and the miners of the anthracite fields, after years and years of practical slavery, made an effort to secure for themselves at least reasonable wages and fair conditions of employment. They had fought for five long months; had stood without the loss of a man; hunger stared them in the face, when Henry D. Lloyd came again. I personally shall never forget how he came to my headquarters at Wilkesbarre. Having taken an important part in that strike, being worn out in both body and mind, he used to come and ask me to go walking with him along the banks of the Susquehanna river. He thought I didn't know what he wanted me to go for. He would throw his arm about my shoulder, and as we walked along would tell me of his travels in Europe; of his visits to different parts of the world; of his investigations there; of the conditions. His purpose was to divert my mind from the troubles of the miners. He knew I was tired, knew I was worn out. Of course, I knew why he did it, but I didn't tell him.

When the strike was finally settled and when we called upon our friends to assist us in presenting our case to that tribunal of eminent men appointed by the President of the United States, Mr. Lloyd found no problem too difficult to solve. There was no task too difficult for him to attempt; no work too lowly for him to do. If it was to take up some of the problems affecting the wages of the miners, or affecting the question of its presentation to the commission, Henry D. Lloyd was ready for the task.

The anthracite miners loved Henry D. Lloyd, and, as an evidence of their regard for him, a committee from the anthracite coal miners is here today. The coal miners join in tribute to him and have sent delegates to this meeting.

I think it can be said without fear of contradiction that the address delivered by Henry D. Lloyd at the close of

the investigation of the anthracite coal strike commission contributed in no small measure to the success of our efforts and to the favorable award made us.

When the battle was over; when the men were at work; when the award was made, and our organization sought to reward even in a small way the attorneys and counselors who had helped us, and when we came to Henry D. Lloyd and asked him to accept from us at least a small reward, he said: "No; not one penny." When we said to him, "Permit us to at least pay the expenses incurred," he replied: "No; not one cent."

He gave his time, he gave his money, he gave his splendid effort to the anthracite miners, as he has through all his life given his time and effort to every cause that he believed to be right.

I cannot speak in a meeting of men gathered for the purpose of doing something for humanity without feeling that Henry D. Lloyd ought to be there. It seems strange to have him missing when men gather to speak of things for the betterment of life.

Henry D. Lloyd's personal character, his beautiful life, should be inspirations to every man and to every woman who love their fellow men. He is dead, but his work will go on. The example set by him will be emulated by others. Henry D. Lloyd did not belong to Chicago; he belonged to America and to the world. His memory will ever remain green in the minds of his countrymen. As for my people, they will never forget. They will ever hold in grateful remembrance the late Henry D. Lloyd.

Judge Dunne announced that the next number on the programme would be a song by the German Singing Societies, entitled "Still Ruht Dein Herz."

Introducing Miss Jane Addams, Judge Dunne said The next address will be delivered, not by a man, but by a woman, who, although she has founded no libraries nor established universities, has done more real philanthropic



work in this city than any man, men or set of men in this community. I take pleasure in introducing Miss Jane Addams.

#### ADDRESS OF MISS JANE ADDAMS.

In the few minutes at our disposal I should like to speak of the passion for a better social order, the hunger and thirst after social righteousness which Mr. Lloyd's life embodied beyond that, perhaps, of any of his fellow-citizens.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and take the right steps to make it better. Progress depends upon modification and change; if things are ever to move forward, some man must be willing to take the first steps and assume the risks. Such a man must have courage, but courage is by no means enough. That man may easily do a vast amount of harm who advocates social changes from mere blind enthusiasm for human betterment, who arouses men only to a smarting sense of wrong, or who promotes reforms which are irrational and without relation to his time. To be of value in the delicate process of social adjustment and reconstruction, a man must have a knowledge of life as it is, of the good as well as of the wrong; he must be a patient collector of facts, and furthermore he must possess a zeal for men which will inspire confidence and arouse to action.

I need not tell this audience that the man whose premature death we are here to mourn possessed these qualities in an unusual degree.

His search for the accomplished good was untiring. It took him again and again on journeys to England, to Australasia, to Switzerland, wherever, indeed, he detected the beginning of an attempt to "equalize welfare," as he called it, wherever he caught tidings of a successful democracy. He brought back cheering reports of the "Labor Co-part-

nership" in England, through which the working men own together farms, mills, factories and dairies, and run them for mutual profit; of the people's banks in Central Europe, which are at last bringing economic redemption to the hard-pressed peasants; of the old-age pensions in New Zealand; of the "Country Without Strikes" because compulsory arbitration is fairly enforced; of the national railroads in New Zealand, which carry the school children free and scatter the unemployed on the new lands.

His new book on "The Swiss Sovereign" is not yet completed, but we all recall his glowing accounts of Switzerland, "where they have been democrats for six hundred years and are the best democrats," where they can point to the educational results of the referendum, which makes the entire country a forum for the discussion of each new measure, so that the people not only agitate and elect, but also legislate; where the government pensions fatherless school children that they may not be crushed by premature labor. The accounts of these and many more successful social experiments are to be found in his later books. As other men collect coins or pictures, so Mr. Lloyd collected specimens of successful co-operation—of brotherhood put into practice.

He came at last to an unshaken belief that this round old world of ours is literally dotted over with groups of men and women who are steadily bringing in a more rational social order. To quote his own words:

"We need but to do everywhere what someone is doing somewhere." "We do but all need to do what a few are doing." "We must learn to walk together in new ways." His friends admit that in these books there is an element of special pleading, but it is the special pleading of the idealist who insists that the people who dream are the only ones who accomplish, and who in proof thereof unrolls the charters of national and international associations of working men, the open accounts of municipal tramways, the records of co-operative societies, the cash balances in people's banks.



Mr. Lloyd possessed a large measure of human charm. He had many gifts of mind and bearing, but perhaps his chief accomplishment was his mastery of the difficult art of comradeship. Many times social charm serves merely to cover up the trivial, but Mr. Lloyd ever made his an instrument to create a new fascination for serious things. We can all recall his deep concern over the changed attitude which we, as a nation, are allowing ourselves to take toward the colored man; his foresight as to the grave consequences in permitting the rights of the humblest to be invaded; his warning that if in the press of our affairs we do not win new liberties that we cannot keep our old liberties.

He was an accomplished Italian scholar, possessing a large Italian library; he had not only a keen pleasure in Dante, but a vivid interest in the struggles of New Italy; he firmly believed that the United States has a chance to work out Mazzini's hopes for Italian working men, as they sturdily build our railroads and cross the American plains with the same energy with which they have previously built the Roman roads and pierced the Alps. He saw those fine realities in humble men which easily remain hidden to dull eyes.

I recall a conversation with Mr. Lloyd, held last September, during a Chicago strike, which had been marred by acts of violence and broken contracts. We spoke of the hard places into which the friends of labor unions are often brought when they sympathize with the ultimate objects of a strike, but must disapprove of nearly every step of the way taken to attain that object. Mr. Lloyd referred with regret to the disfavor with which most labor men look upon compulsory arbitration. He himself believed that as the state alone has the right to use force and has the duty of suppression toward any individual or combination of individuals who undertake to use it for themselves, so the state has the right to insist that the situation shall be submitted to an accredited court, that the state itself may only resort to force after the established machinery of govern-

ment has failed. He spoke of the dangers inherent in vast combinations of labor as well as in the huge combinations of capital; that the salvation of both lay in absolute publicity. As he had years before made public the hidden methods of a pioneer "trust" because he early realized the dangers which have since become obvious to many people, so he foresaw dangers to labor organizations if they substitute methods of shrewdness and of secret agreement for the open moral appeal. Labor unions are powerless unless backed by public opinion, he said; they can only win public confidence by taking the public into their counsels and by doing nothing of which the public may not know.

It is so easy to be dazzled by the combined power of capital, to be bullied by the voting strength of labor. We forget that capital cannot enter the moral realm, and may always be successfully routed by moral energy; that the labor vote will never be "solid" save as it rallies to those political measures which promise larger opportunities for the mass of the people; that the moral appeal is the only universal appeal.

Many people in this room can recall Mr. Lloyd's description of the anthracite coal strike, his look of mingled solicitude and indignation as he displayed the photograph of the little bunker boy who held in his pigmy hand his account sheet, showing that at the end of his week's work he owed his landlord-employer more than he did at the beginning. Mr. Lloyd insisted that the simple human element was the marvel of the Pennsylvania situation, sheer pity continually breaking through and speaking over the heads of the business interests. We recall his generous speculation as to what the result would have been if there had been absolutely no violence, no shadow of law-breaking during those long months; if the struggle could have stood out as a single effort to attain a higher standard of life for every miner's family, untainted by any touch of hatred toward those who did not join in the effort. Mr. Lloyd believed that the wonderful self-control which the strikers in the

main exerted, but prefigured the strength which labor will exhibit when it has at last learned the wisdom of using only the moral appeal and of giving up forever every form of brute force. "If a mixed body of men can do as well as that they can certainly do better." We can almost hear him say it now. His ardor recalled the saying of a wise man, "that the belief that a new degree of virtue is possible acts as a genuine creative force in human affairs."

Throughout his life Mr. Lloyd believed in and worked for the "organization of labor," but with his whole heart he longed for what he called "the religion of labor," whose mission it should be "to advance the kingdom of God into the unevangelized territory of trade, commerce and industry." He dared to hope that "out of the pain, poverty and want of the people there may at last be shaped a new loving cup for the old religion."

Let us be comforted as we view the life of this "helper and friend of mankind" that haply we may, in this moment of sorrow, "establish our wavering line."

"O strong soul, by what shore  
Dost thou now tarry? \* \* \*  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practiced that strength  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

Mr. Lothrop Withington, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lloyd, was next introduced and read the following original poem:

There is no death for him whose voice  
Hath sounded for the right;  
For him who bravely made the choice  
To lead us toward the light!

Though silent is the silvery speech,  
Its golden echoes ring;  
To wider circles yet they reach,  
To stretch Truth's magic ring!

He who hath battled for the poor  
Lives in their loves for aye;

His faith abiding's fame is sure,  
His deeds can never die!

For man the only lifting life  
Are voices from the past;  
They nerve his arm to evil's strife,  
And win his heart at last!

It recks not where he seeks the fount,  
Greek tomb and Indian tree,  
Arabian sand or Syrian mount,  
Or sea of Galilee!

The tinsel trash of pomp and power  
Time's moths and rust lay low,  
But life immortal is the dower  
Of phrase with faith aglow!

Soon shrink the gorgeous shrines of wealth,  
Neglected and forlorn!  
The footprints of the conqueror's stealth  
Are rubbed away in scorn!

The builders of eternal fanes  
Are saviors of the soul;  
Whatever meteor flashlight wanes  
Their spirits onward roll!

There is no death for him whose voice  
Hath sounded for the right;  
Who dared in life to make the choice,  
To lead us toward the light!

Judge Dunne said, the next speaker is a gentleman who has been the most personal and literary friend of Mr. Lloyd. He comes all the way from Boston to pay his tribute. Mr. Edwin D. Mead.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. EDWIN D. MEAD.

In the early days of September, just as he was beginning here in Chicago his great struggle for justice—his last struggle for the people—we were wandering in Switzerland, the Switzerland which we loved, and in some parts of Switzerland where Americans do not usually go. We came one day to the green land of Appenzell, that little



canton, one of the half dozen where the simple old fashions of the primitive Swiss democracy still go on, and men transact their public business in the open air under the sky, and as in the early morning we left the great city of St. Gall and looked back over that beautiful valley in which Swiss democracy began, we said to each other: "We know no other American who has ever been to St. Gall." Nearly all American travelers have been elsewhere, but Henry D. Lloyd alone among our friends went to St. Gall and studied the institutions and the present energetic life of that historic city.

In the last days of September, when he was dying here in Chicago, we, all unconscious that he had been stricken, were at the old city of Rouen, attending the International Peace Congress, and we sat there, remembering his strong words for the same cause. Perhaps we said it to his Chicago friends, for his Chicago friends were there; perhaps to London friends, for his London friends were there. I don't know what words we quoted. They may have been these:

"If the United States were in earnest about putting an end to war in this world, and if half our politicians and half of us were not humbugs, the United States alone could bring war to an end tomorrow."

Or they may have been these:

"The year when a great Christian nation first says that it will treat as an outlaw any other nation which will, without great warrant, go to war, that will be the real year One of our Lord."

We stopped on our way back from France to England in the Channel Islands and said to each other: We are not here because Jersey and Guernsey are beautiful; we are not here because Victor Hugo's exile has made Guernsey sacred; we are here because, on the rocks at Sakonnet, last summer, we talked with Henry D. Lloyd about Kropotkin's studies of the intensive agriculture of these islands, and wished with him that we might learn more of its hopeful lessons for our own people. And so we came to Lon-

don, and there, in the capital of the world, the fateful word was waiting which told us of his death. But were we who loved and mourned for him among strangers to him there in the great city? There were almost as many friends of his there in London, with whom we could exchange sweet memories and benedictions, as here in Chicago. When Sir William Mather, that great-hearted English democrat, said to us, "I count it a misfortune for any man never to have known Henry D. Lloyd, and to have been his friend is an education and a sacrament," a hundred of the noblest men and women in London would have said "Amen." His influence will go on there, as it will go on here.

Why do I take you thus so far from home? I wish to say that, for the man who loves progress and whose heart beats for humanity, Henry D. Lloyd is a part of geography, a part of almost every landscape that has promise in it.

It has already been emphasized by Miss Addams that most of the conspicuous lessons which he brought to us Americans he brought from distant places. It was of "Labor Copartnership" in England that he wrote; it was to New Zealand that he journeyed to prepare a book about "A Country Without Strikes." He was engaged, when he died, in writing for America of the political institutions of Switzerland, from which America could profitably learn so much. It was to him that I owed the prompting, a few years ago, to write upon the tyrannies to which the leaders of the working men of Italy were subjected in the days following the bread riots at Milan; for he was alive to them before I was, and furnished me with specific information. He longed, and he purposed, to go to India, to spend a year there, or whatever time he must, to understand more closely the situation, and come back and tell us better what he so deeply felt concerning the penalties which India and England are paying, as America needs betimes to understand, in the process of the domination and exploitation of one people by another which is "superior" and carries better guns. Day before yesterday, as I was leaving Boston, one who has sacrificed more than any other among us in



the effort for justice for the people of the Philippines, said to me that he felt it a personal and a public misfortune that Lloyd had not lived to go to the Philippines for impressions to vitalize the story of these last sad years, which no other pen could tell so eloquently as his or in a way so sure to go to the heart of the American people. I can say to you, as I said to him, that Lloyd wished it were in his power to do that very thing. The Philippines, India, Australia, Italy, Switzerland, England, wherever wrongs needed to be righted or lessons to be learned, thither Lloyd's head and heart usually outran us all. The world was his parish; and as today he was toiling around the corner, tomorrow he was on his way to the antipodes.

Above almost any man whom I have ever known, the true international man, Lloyd was equally and eminently the earnest and zealous patriot. I have known few men in whom the American heart throbbed so strongly. "I have come home," he said when he came to us on his return from his last foreign journey, "a stronger American than ever, with a deeper sense of our opportunity and power." Only he who knows how hateful to Lloyd were the brag and swagger which pass for patriotism in these days with nine men in ten, and how quick he was to note and keen to expose the national crimes and abuses which put the true American to shame, can appreciate aright the import of such words from him. Three weeks ago, in London, I sat with his dearest New Zealand friend, that friend who, standing in the New Zealand ministry, did more than any other to carry through the progressive labor legislation in New Zealand, and he said through his tears over Lloyd's memory, as he thought of his own little country and of our great one: "My God, what an opportunity is yours! If your republic were true for fifty years to the highest which she sees and knows, she could make the world over." That was an expression of what I mean when I speak of Henry D. Lloyd's patriotism, and his thought of what America could and must be made to mean; that was his underlying zeal and prayer through all the days.

No man knew better than he that precisely that was the zeal and the prayer of the founders of the republic. I never knew a man who had a more stalwart enthusiasm for Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and Sam Adams. He was jealous for their fame and he revered their principles. Again and again he said in the heat of his conflicts with today's perversions and abuses: "I ask for no new laws to deal with these abuses; I am pleading now for no general reorganization of society in order to correct these corruptions and evils; I am simply asking that the republic shall be faithful to the cardinal principles of its founders, that our own fundamental laws shall be enforced and defiant and high-handed lawlessness be stopped in this land." He had indeed his own far-reaching visions of a better social order, and these were his constant and controlling inspiration; but what the republic needed in order to put an end to the gross wrongs such as he exposed in "Wealth Against Commonwealth"—this was what he insisted again and again—was simply to be true to itself, to its own great charters and own laws. These were quite sufficient for the case; these were being definitely violated—and he appealed unto Cæsar. He was here, as he was himself so fond of saying, the true conservative—as the true radical so often is.

Lawlessness Lloyd abhorred, and especially lawlessness in high places, above all the lawlessness of law. He loved decency and order; progress was the only thing which he loved better than order. "Peace, if possible, justice at any rate," might well have served him as his motto, as it served Wendell Phillips. Justice was the only road to peace, the only foundation for order. He was the ardent advocate of international arbitration; he was the conspicuous champion in America of industrial arbitration. He hated the term "compulsory arbitration"; arbitration of the New Zealand sort was compulsory only as everything lawful is compulsory. What he stood for was order and justice, an equitable and rational state.



A distinctive mark of Lloyd's Americanism was his brave optimism. For America, as Emerson said and as Lloyd was always saying after him, means opportunity; and opportunity means hope. Lloyd always had hope, he had faith, a splendid faith in America and in the people, to whose education and inspiration he was confident that injustice and oppression must finally yield. No man so conscious of the injustice and oppression, no man such a fighter of them, none so resolute not to blink nor whitewash them nor permit them to be dubbed with pious names; but beyond tomorrow he always saw the day after. This was what gave his fervid nature such confidence, serenity and poise.

"It always seemed to me," said a New England woman to me last week, "that Mr. Lloyd had infinite leisure. I never knew another man of such an intense life who gave such an impression of having all the time that he needed." You who knew him well know what she meant. He was not flurried in his energetic days, because he believed that time was on his side, on the side of right and truth, and that if we do our work faithfully today, we can safely leave tomorrow to itself. That was what gave Lloyd, whose life was a white flame, that fine, strong aspect of repose.

He was pre-eminently a constructive man. Multitudes think of him in the first place as a critic, a fault-finder, a sort of district attorney, always arraigning something. I suspect that in truth the critic and the prophet always go together; but I remember that after Lloyd had completed and published his "Wealth Against Commonwealth," which was certainly the most powerful arraignment ever penned of the lawless aggression of money and monopoly here in America, he once said to me: "I have done my share of the dirty work, and I shall do no more as long as I live. I shall spend the rest of my life in telling America of the constructive things in the world which she ought to know about and ought to establish." From that time on it was of the positive measures, of synthetic things—co-operation, industrial arbitration, direct legislation, national ownership

—that his message almost exclusively dealt. He was never silent in the presence of wrong—his wrath over injustice was too hot to make that possible; and his philippics against this new jingoism and imperialism and his battle in Pennsylvania last winter are still fresh in all our minds. But he was pre-eminently the builder and bringer of good tidings, of the light that showed the way out.

Yet I cannot help thinking that the book of his which will be longest remembered and do the greatest good, his real masterpiece, is "Wealth Against Commonwealth." That searching and solemn impeachment is what America needs to study and take to heart today, as the clearest revelation of the disease which she needs most imperatively to cure. It is an appalling revelation of the lawlessness by which much of the great wealth in this country has been accumulated. The impeachment has never been answered. If it could have been answered, it would have been. I chanced to be with Mr. Lloyd at the time when the most pretentious attempt to answer it appeared in one of the magazines; and he went through it point by point with me to demonstrate its fallaciousness. "I could have myself criticised my book," he said, "far more effectively than any of my critics have done"; for he had detected errors, immediately corrected—that there were not more in a review crowded with such complex details is amazing—and he was always his own severest critic. Nothing could exceed the painstaking thoroughness of his examination. I can think of hardly another book whose every statement is fortified by such wealth of reference to official investigations and reports. At this very moment the whole story is being told again by another, month by month, in one of the great magazines; and her independent and still fuller researches attest convincingly the fatal accuracy of Lloyd's pioneering work. Yet that work was denounced again and again, for half a dozen years, and that not alone in petroleum circles, as extravagant, sensational and rhetorical.

Rhetorical! Yes; the critics there were hitting near the truth. Lloyd was eminently a rhetorician, if we will use



the word aright, meaning by it that he was always the literary man, always the artist in words. No man loved and relished better than he the well turned phrase. So keen was the feeling of the artist in him that in the hottest fight he could never fail the fine word; indeed, the hot fight was literary stimulus to him. I do not think we have had in America his superior simply as a phrase-maker. Many a pointed phrase of his, keener than a Damascus blade, was itself a whole battle, was a victory, for the cause; for victory is won the moment that the hollowness and humbug of the adverse thing are exposed, as his winged, witty, stinging phrase exposed them a hundred times. Had he chosen to be the literary man pure and simple, he would as such have earned a brilliant fame. Robert Louis Stevenson, himself, indeed, a master of style, could not think, he said, of three other Americans who were such forcible and impressive writers as Henry D. Lloyd. I must not fail to add what will be known to few, if any, here, that when Stevenson, away there in Samoa, read "Wealth Against Commonwealth," he was so stirred by it that he conceived the purpose to write a novel based upon it and pushing on its lesson; had he lived, that purpose might have been fulfilled. That is a measure of Lloyd's "rhetoric." It was a rhetoric with nerve and purpose in it, a rhetoric that communicated shock and impulse. His brilliant style, his artistic power, the fine phrase, the epigram—all this was the servant and tool of justice, of the people, of the high causes to which his life was given.

When, a few years ago, we were celebrating in Boston some birthday of our grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, and one said that he had written the best short stories in America, and another that had he chosen to do this or that he would in that field have been conspicuous in high degree, Howells said: "It is not right so to measure Dr. Hale. He is chiefly a great citizen, and all these things are to be estimated according as he has made them serve the central purpose of his life." So it was with him whom we honor. Dr. Hale himself honors him with us. It was he who pro-

nounced "Wealth Against Commonwealth" the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the new emancipation; and as I left Boston day before yesterday he wrote: "Tell his friends in Chicago that we love him here as they love him there. Tell them that we feel as deeply as they that his death was not simply the loss of our dear friend, but a blow to the nation and to the world. No other went over the world with such foresight as he to find and bring to America precisely the things she needed, no other was ever more loyal to the great ideals of his life."

Never, indeed, was man more loyal or more chivalric. With what magnificent abandon, careless of all unpopularity and abuse, he made himself spokesman for the so-called anarchists here in Chicago a dozen years ago, when he thought that they were being lawlessly hanged on general principles! With what heroism he stood beside John Mitchell and the miners there in Pennsylvania all last winter! He died a martyr for the cause you especially emphasize today as truly as any man ever died for a great cause upon a battlefield. He threw himself into this fight for municipal ownership with his characteristic fervor and abandon, when he was not fit for the fight, and literally died for the cause. It was always abandon and chivalry with Lloyd. When I think of the great men whom he loved and whose names were oftenest on his lips—Mazzini, Milton, Dante, Wendell Phillips, William Penn, Sir Harry Vane—I note that they were all chivalric men, men with the same abandon which he showed in behalf of holy and commanding causes, the same passion for justice. I like to remember that he chose to make his summer home on the shores of Narragansett bay, consecrated by the memories of that chivalric soul, Roger Williams, the first heroic spokesman for America, and for the world, of "soul liberty."

We rejoice to claim Lloyd in the East as you claim him in the West. We like to remember in Boston that for the last three years he made his home with us, and that he chose our Harvard for his sons. He loved history and literature; he loved the things for which Boston stands. But he



loved more—this is your proud and proper boast—the things for which Chicago stands; and he chose, with loyalty and love, to throw in his lot especially with this great capital of the West, where more stirringly and prophetically than at any other place he felt that he saw American democracy in the making. East and West mingled in him more naturally and happily than in almost any other man whom I have known.

There was in his nature altogether a rare mingling of fascinating contrasts and most striking traits. A woman said to me last week: "Lloyd always seemed to me a prince condescending to be a democrat." He would not have thanked her for the word; he would have told her that the way from prince to democrat is upward. But do we not all catch her meaning? We think of that knightly figure and that patrician manner of his, as of some Sir Philip Sidney; we think, going deeper, of how in him privilege was ever giving itself to the unprivileged. He was a born leader of men. I was tempted to speak of him here as a lost leader, but I considered that nothing could have been much hateful to him. He did not like this magnifying of leaders in democracies; when democracies come to depend upon leaders he believed that they were dying or diseased. He revolted when he heard men say that Roosevelt or this other man or that would "pull us through." It was not the business of a democracy to be pulled through, or pushed through, but to go through. The wild anxiety about candidates seldom affected him. He noted often, with some relish, that in the Swiss republic, which he loved for so many things, men cared but little who was president, and the outside world hardly ever knew at all. "The Swiss Sovereign" was the title which he proposed for his book on Switzerland, and by the sovereign he meant the people. A nation where the people are not sovereign, a nation which really has rulers even when it calls them servants, was to his thinking not worthy of the name democracy.

The last time I saw him was in July, when he came to Boston to take part in the Emerson Centennial School. I

rejoice to associate him thus with Emerson in my last memory of him. I have spoken of the great men whom he loved; but above all these he loved Emerson. Emerson was peculiarly his master and inspirer. He quoted him oftener than any other; and I remember that in one great frame in his Sakonnet home he had grouped together a score of portraits of him. It was from his lecture on "The Wit and Humor" of Emerson that I walked home with him under the stars to his hotel; and that is the last picture. And it is from this great master of his that I think we hear now the messages most fitting and profitable for us as we go our way; for the Emersonian word was his word. The first word, the central word, for all social reform that shall be valid and endure is that "the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature, is the sentiment of love." "We must be lovers, and at once the impossible shall become the possible." "All voices must speak for the poor man. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread, and no one should take more than his share."

Emerson stood conspicuously for the new place and right of woman in the state. His essay on "Woman" is a prophetic word. The most advanced of us do but half realize, as yet, what it will mean when woman comes to her proper place in politics and life; the reform, as Wendell Phillips used to declare with such energy, involves the freedom of one-half the human race. Lloyd felt this as few feel it. He said, as Emerson said, that all his causes would be promoted if woman had the vote. He said, as Emerson said, that it was in the minds of good women that prophecy stirs and the moral imperative is influential. When he sent "Wealth Against Commonwealth" to the printer, his original purpose was to commend it at the front to the thought and conscience of the women of America; the dedication which he wrote still exists among his notes.

"There can be no union of two," Emerson said, "where there is not first a union of one." On this fundamental teaching our comrade's life laid eloquent and salutary accent. It is the accent necessary for these times. Com-

mon and disheartening indeed is the spectacle of the social reformer trying to make over the world when he has not yet made over himself; preaching fraternity and co-operative commonwealth, while no single personal act or word avouches love, tolerance and brotherhood, but rather all too often selfishness, envy, prejudice and hate. The inspiration of the life which we commemorate is that the life matched the gospel. The man indeed was better than any of his schemes or theories, noble and stimulating as they were. What nations need is the ethics of gentlemen—and he was a gentleman. He was himself the prophecy of a better social order, for a community of men like him is all we want. The gracious manner, the exquisite courtesy, the warm neighborliness, the unfailing thoughtfulness, the swift sympathy, the genius for kindness, the genius for friendship—in a word, the character of the man—how much more is this than even the greatness of the reformer, to which we, sharers of his labors, his vision and his hopes, have come here today to witness!

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
Is blown about the world; but to his friends  
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
To murmur a God bless you! and there ends.

A character like this, my friends, a soul like this, is eternal; it can never die. Was it Voltaire who said that if there were indeed no God it would be necessary to invent one? A noble woman said to me that, though her faith in immortality was sometimes weak, when Henry D. Lloyd died it was strong. It was incredible that such a life as that should cease; the waste were an impeachment of God's universe. It is again the word of Emerson: "What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent." \* \* \* "All great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties." \* \* \* "Everything is prospective; and that the world is for man's education is the only sane solution of the enigma." One has said to me that she felt that this world had finished its work of schooling for him whom we

mourn. It may be so; but he surely had not finished his work of schooling and service for the world. It is for us to take up that work and carry it on. Let this service be no mere service of commemoration, but a service of consecration. In these solemn hours, let the sons of this father, now in the morning of life, consecrate themselves to the high service from which he has been called, and vow that their lives shall be given generously for humanity, as his was given. Let us, his friends, with a new baptism of his intrepid spirit, turn to the work he left undone, to fight more resolutely the things he hated and urge onward more persuasively the things for which he strove. And let this Chicago which he loved, this city which he died in serving, be moved by the memory of his message to stalwart struggle and to high ambitions, nor rest content until her walls are justice and her gates fraternity, and she be indeed a city of God.

The next number on the programme announced a song by the German Singing Societies, "Stumm Schlaeft der Saenger."

After the singing, Judge Dunne said: I present to you the co-laborer of Mr. Lloyd in the great anthracite coal strike, and who needs no introduction to Chicago, Clarence S. Darrow.

#### ADDRESS OF CLARENCE S. DARROW.

Today, in a million pulpits and platforms, preachers and teachers are lauding those heroes who died a hundred years ago, and are crucifying those who are still living. The world does not change much from year to year and from age to age. Everyone is brave enough to condemn an error already dead; few have the courage to condemn the evils of the present. Henry D. Lloyd was one of these few rare souls.



Ever since the human race was born, the men of muscle have been the slaves of the men with brains. Those who have the brains of the world have ever thought it their right to enslave the weak, to enslave every man and woman, because, forsooth, they had not the same wit as the aristocratic few.

Through all these ages the weak and poor and oppressed have grumbled and complained, resented and protested against the injustice of the world. It is only now and then, and here and there, in the course of ages that some man, born with all the opportunities of the world—born a ruler—born to drive his fellow men—has the courage and the conscience to get down off the load and work with the poor and the weak.

Such a man was Tolstoy. Such a man was John P. Altgeld; and I can never come to this building, which to me is sacred and hallowed with the memories of John P. Altgeld, when I do not think of that great and glorious man who died for his fellow men. Such a man, too, was Henry D. Lloyd, a man in whose memory this magnificent audience has assembled here today.

Henry D. Lloyd was not a workingman. He would have been the last man on earth to pretend that he was a workingman. Henry D. Lloyd was one of those few rare, unfortunate souls who have an imagination. From the luxury and opulence of his own surroundings he could go out and feel the discomfort and the sorrows and the troubles of the poor. Henry D. Lloyd was rich, but uncorrupted by wealth. He was an aristocrat, but unsoiled by aristocracy. He was a scholar, but he still retained within his breast, in spite of his scholastic teachings, those sentiments and feelings straight from human nature which bind man to his fellowman. He was a man whom gold could not corrupt and whom learning could not destroy, and these men are rare upon the face of the earth. He had the misfortune to have graduated at a college, but he overcame this misfortune. He had read many books, and yet had retained his reasoning faculties and the human sentiments which books de-

stroy. He wore good clothes, but he did not fear the touch of the common man, and he understood that the poor have more to fear from the contamination of the rich than have the rich from the contamination of the poor.

I knew him, and knew him well. It was always a little uncertain when a man tells you what another man was like, because most men have many sides, and he was one of these; and then, in what he said to me, one thing he said to me might appeal to me with special force, whereas it might appeal to someone else with almost no force at all. It is always doubtful when we describe other men; and yet we will all agree that Henry D. Lloyd was an honest man; he was a fearless man, and he would not wish that this audience would have one single false impression of his thoughts, of his purposes, of the grand, devoted object of his life.

Henry D. Lloyd was a scholar, but with all of that he was the most radical man I ever knew. Neither did his radicalism consist in high-sounding phrases. Unfortunately, he could only speak grammatically and write the measured English that is taught by rote in the colleges of the land. He did this well—better than the men who made the books. He could express high, grand, noble sentiments in elegant English, and there are few words in elegant English for the expression of these things. Fine diction is made and is used by those who have been taught to use their talent for the service of wrong, and it has been made and used to conceal the truth. He learned it, and he used it for something else.

As I have said, he was the most intense radical I ever knew. His radicalism, too, meant something. As has been said here this afternoon, he did not believe in force and violence; but Henry D. Lloyd was one of those men who knew what force and violence meant. He understood that the earth and all the good things thereof were monopolized and owned by the few, by force and violence. Much as he might lament cruelty by any man, still no person living ever heard him waste his time in turning from the denuncia-



tion of that force and violence which has despoiled and defrauded the countless millions of our fellow-men. No person ever heard him turn from that prime object of his life to waste his time upon the unfortunate wretch who simply shies a brick.

It was my good fortune to be intimately associated with him, to live with him, day after day, for three long months, when we went over the harrowing details of the greatest strike of which history has any record. There were many instances of coal miners who had broken windows, had committed assaults and battery and had shot guns and burnt property, to a limited extent, in this great and noble strike for the elevation of man. But no person ever heard Henry D. Lloyd for one single moment shift the responsibility for every one of these acts; no one ever knew him to hesitate for one single moment from placing the responsibility for every one of these acts where it rightly belonged—upon the masters whose force and violence caused it.

Henry D. Lloyd was a radical who believed in something. His ideas were specific. Everybody believes in justice, except in doing it and in making other people do it. He believed that a few men had no right to own the earth; he believed that the mass of men should come together and take it away from the few. He believed that it was theirs, and he had no patience in any scheme or system that would soothe the despoiled with platitudes and leave the despoiler with the possession of the world.

Henry D. Lloyd was a socialist, and when I say socialist, I mean a socialist. He believed specifically and literally that there was no solution of the industrial problem of the day excepting that the people should take the earth and all the implements of production, and operate them for the good of all.

He, like many others, sometimes had his doubts as to whether any political party was so broad that he could risk his fortune with it; but for several years he had no

doubt that the evolution of society, if the poor should ever come to their own, would be through socialism.

We have heard that he was an optimist; that depends somewhat upon the meaning of the word. If it means that species of emotional insanity which always places evil as the means of good, which finds consolation when the truth is buried under an immense majority given to error, then he was not an optimist. He had grave doubts about America. He had grave doubts about the American people. He did not know, as no man knows, whether the American people are strong enough to shake off the yoke of gold which fetters them today. He hoped; he worked; he tried; and that is all that is given to any man to do. But let us not be deceived as to the motives of the man. The world misjudges social reformers like Henry D. Lloyd. They do not misjudge themselves. They are not the wild dreamers that the world believes. A man may go with cheerful face and exalted soul into an open pit, because for him there is no other path. The world, who measures men and things by their own scale, cannot understand the grandness of such a soul. If a man is poor and he complains of the injustice of the world, then we are told that he cannot succeed and therefore he complains. If he is rich and he still protests against the crime and injustice that is everywhere, then we are told that he does not practice as he preaches—that he sacrifices nothing and is a canting hypocrite and a sinner. If he is tall, he should be short; if he is short, he should be tall; and if he is neither, he should at all events be something. But the man who really believes something and stands for something, soon learns, if not to forget the world, at least to ignore the world. He is not deceived. He knows that the path of a radical man is not a path of roses. He knows that it means loss of friends—loss of power; that it means self-denial and abuse. He knows that the rich despise him; that the press reviles him; that even his friends turn from him and doubt and mistrust him. He knows that unless he can walk alone, conscious of his own integrity, and



disregard all the world around him, he better turn his back upon his convictions and go with the crowd. The man who really knows and really cares, does not ask for consequences. He sees before him a great light, and he follows it, even though it leads to the depths of perdition itself.

Such a man was this great man whom we mourn today—often despised, often reviled, often misjudged, often doubted. He never thought, and he never cared, and he never knew what the world cared to say, but, moved by a high, grand purpose, he saw the star of duty straight before him and he followed it regardless of all things on earth or all things in heaven, because for Henry D. Lloyd there was no other way.

We miss him; we mourn him. I am not the optimist who can see good in this calamity. Ten years ago he wrote that powerful book—that powerful book which showed anew the great crime of one mighty corporation using every means on earth to protect itself. Twenty years ago he gave it to the world, and yet, Rockefeller lives, and Henry D. Lloyd is dead. And yet, the great Standard Oil trust is stronger today than ever before in its history and has drawn under its protecting wing, say, a nation and churches and universities; and we are commemorating a man who taught the truth to all the world. But he did his work, and it should be an inspiration to us one and all to follow the example of that great, noble human soul.

In his next introduction Judge Dunne said: They say that all the world loves a lover, and that most of the world loves a fighter. I take pleasure in introducing one of our noblest fighters—the Hon. "Tom" L. Johnson, of Cleveland.

#### ADDRESS OF THOMAS L. JOHNSON.

People of Chicago:—

I am in your midst this afternoon to add my word commemorating the memory of a great man. I am here be-

cause it is an honor to pay honor to the memory of Henry D. Lloyd; not because I am a socialist, as he was, but because I loved the man that loved humanity better than honor. Henry D. Lloyd's work will speak to generations to come. His work in the interests of the downtrodden—his work in going all over the globe searching for facts and traditions to help work out of a situation that all agree is bad, is one that will live on. A man who could have given himself to luxury, who could have been courted by the wealthy, who could have had all the comforts of life—yet he took up the battle for the other side, my friend received, and will receive, the praise of the people who know his work.

It is very easy to drift along with the classes and be applauded by those people who are the creators of all the injustices of our scheme of life. It is very easy to accept their applause. It is sometimes hard to accept the ingratitude of the masses; but this was his rule: It is better to be the subject of ingratitude of the masses than to receive the applause of the classes. When those who profit by privilege and monopoly applaud a man, Henry D. Lloyd knew that he was found to be wrong. If the masses were not grateful, he at least had the comfort of knowing that he had an opportunity to do right.

I desire in this meeting to say one thing that it seems has not been dwelt upon before, and that is, that Mr. Lloyd had as his helpmate, as his co-worker, a wife who took as much interest in his work as he did. While we do honor to his memory, let us not forget to do honor to the wife who listens tonight and enjoys with us this tribute to her good husband. No doubt she has felt as people in that position who cross over the barrier from the side in which they find themselves entered, to the side of the plain people, must feel; what others must feel and other good women have felt; some loss of friends; some loss of association. But she will carry with her to her grave a better feeling, and one that will pay better in the long run, one that will give her great happiness; that in helping her husband in



his work, in helping us commemorate his memory, she has done right—and that is a greater comfort than all social enjoyments bring.

Henry D. Lloyd died in his work, right in the midst of it, here in Chicago, fighting for municipal ownership. It was a good cause, my friends. We over in another State are having something of the same kind of fight. You, however, have advantages over us. You have gone farther in the work. We are trying to keep up with your example; and we, in Cleveland, we of the state of Ohio, my friends, are making the fight for municipal ownership and operation of municipal monopoly. You have a law that will give you an opportunity to test the matter. You people of Chicago may vote next April whether you will adopt the Mueller Law and that will give you the right to operate your street railways. We have no such opportunity, my friends, and we do not seem, at this time, to have any opportunity of getting that through our next legislature.

Unlike my friend, Mr. Darrow, I am an optimist. I do not believe the truth of the proposition can be downed or destroyed—the truth of the proposition that people in every community, whether it is Chicago or Cleveland, can entrust into the hands of men, for private profit, the use of its public highways or the institutions in those highways. We cannot build up great privileged corporations, whether they own your street railroads or your Gas Companies or your Electric Light Companies. You cannot put up great franchises for twenty, forty, fifty, two hundred million dollars and expect that they won't be paid for by somebody. There is but one safe rule, and that is, to build, own and operate these municipal monopolies for your own benefit, or they will own and operate you for their benefit.

In Ohio, we have no opportunity to have a municipal street railroad, but we have a law on the statute books that will give us the right to operate a municipal lighting company. We undertook to put it into effect. We undertook to submit the matter to the vote of the people, under a law recently passed for the purpose of doing that, chang-

ing the old law somewhat. We, over in our State, and I say it with no disrespect—the Supreme Court was probably right; the difficulty was that shrewd men so planned the statute that enabled us to submit it to a vote of the people; but when we attempted to try it, there was a “sleeper” in the bill, and we failed, and the Supreme Court of Ohio said that we could not submit to our people the question of whether we would own and operate a municipal lighting plant or not. A casual reading of your Mueller Law, though it is a step in the right direction, raises a suspicion in some minds that perhaps you will find some “sleepers” in that law before you get through. Perhaps you will find, if you adopt some expediency for temporarily extending the street railroad rights—unless you are very careful, my friends, you will find that shrewd lawyers will tie you up tighter than ever to the 99-year franchise; and you will have made your fight and lost it while you were asleep. Remember that they can employ the wisest and craftiest talent to write the bills that you are expected to endorse. Remember that you have on your side to rely on men who work for nothing. Don't make any grants in your streets unless you reserve the right on the part of the people, at any time, to readjust it on a basis that will suit you and not tie you up to the future.

Over in Cleveland our fight is for a three-cent fare. But the reason that street railroad franchises are not extended today in Cleveland; the reason, my friends, that un-expiring grants such as yours are not renewed, is that the railroad companies will not accept the terms that are satisfactory to the people; and things are in that condition now. I am no prophet nor the son of a prophet. But I predict that both in Cleveland and in Chicago we will win the fight. Of course, you have progressed farther than we have in another way. We have not yet gone into partnership with the United States courts in running our street railroads. I admit it may be our turn next; but I have the old-fashioned notion that Chicago should settle the questions that the people of Chicago are interested



in; that Illinois should settle the questions that the people of Illinois are interested in. I cannot help but view with dread and harm the bringing in to the management of our street railroads and cities, the United States courts to manage the affairs of the city. The constitutional amendment that we adopted thirty odd years ago ostensibly to free the black man's hands, has tied the white man's hands without freeing the black man's hands at all. You have in that an illustration of how a very necessary amendment, cunningly worded, may be applied and brought back to injure the very people who helped to pass it in the past. But we are getting wiser, and we will know more about these subjects. While corrupt politicians may win victories by fear and boodle, yet we should not be discouraged, my friends, for everywhere in this land, and in the other, for that matter, there is a current of thought making for destruction of monopoly and special privileges—making, my friends, for the ownership of all monopolies by all the people, and not being operated by some people for their private profit. Like a man building a dam to hold back a stream thinks that perhaps the current has stopped; but it is merely holding back the flood, and some time it will sweep on. And I expect to live to see the time when the breaking of a dam will sweep away political corruption; will sweep away, my friends, the power to frighten men, and will arouse people in their own interests to settle these public questions for themselves, here, and now, and not put it off.

I am an optimist, and I say that the work of Henry D. Lloyd, his work in Chicago, the work for municipal ownership of municipal monopolies, his work to settle this great transportation question that involves almost every interest in the United States; that his work is yet to bear fruit; and I am proud to be a humble worker in the ranks—a follower, if you will, of the teachings of Henry D. Lloyd on the subject of municipal and public monopolies.

My friends, I am glad of this chance to be with you and glad to have listened this afternoon to these splendid ora-

tions; I am glad for the memory of Henry D. Lloyd, and his charming wife and to have had the privilege to be at this great meeting.

## HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS, OCT. 1, 1903, BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

It is a sad but sweet privilege to say a word at this affecting hour. As I looked at my dead friend's face Monday afternoon—fair and beautiful as it had been in life—the pity of his leaving us was uppermost in my mind. Still in manhood's prime, loved as few are, ardent for great causes, just preparing for a civic contest here in Chicago, with a promise and potency of ten or twenty years more of public service, how could we endure that he should be laid low! The tangle of this present sorry scheme of things has rarely made itself felt more sensibly.

And yet something in the noble lines of his countenance, and the faint suggestion of a smile on his lips, forbade that pity or perplexity should be the final word. He was a man—and to be a man in this shuffling world, erect, fearless, taking one's counsel from within, is no mean triumph. He may not have thought of this—the good man does not usually think much about himself—but we can think of it and in our bewilderment lift up our heads. More than the most and the best we do is what we are, the quality of character we put forth. What we accomplish depends more or less on accident; Mr. Lloyd might have done less and been the same true-hearted, modest, lovable and brave man. It is the heart, the motive, the personality to which we bow in love and homage. This shines through the words and deeds and gives them their luster and their immortal worth. Yes, this is catching; it transfuses itself into us—and the lasting, imperishable thing about Mr. Lloyd is not his great addresses or his great books, but the high, unconquerable, strongly-loving spirit in which he wrought them, and which, if we will, may live again in us and in all who read him or come to know of him. Some one has said that



the greatest gift of a hero is to have been a hero—for this somehow challenges our own souls; or, as Emerson, whom Mr. Lloyd loved and honored, put it:

“He that feeds men serveth few,  
He serves all who dares to be true.”

Most of us are absorbed in our petty interests—perhaps the homely truth for many is that they have to be; others set free from sordid cares easily give themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure, so-called. Here was a man set free, who devoted himself to the service of his kind—above all to the service of those on whom the weight of sordid cares rests like a load. It was the same spirit, the same tender chivalry, that led the Lord of Sorrows to look with compassion on the multitudes of old—only modern, instead of ancient, in the method of relief. This spirit is making a religion of its own in our day, and my old friend, living though dead, is one of its prophets. A lecture first given, I think, in this city and before a society with which I am connected, “The New Conscience,” will be one of its classics. The peculiarity of the new faith is that it asks men once again to live from within outward, to draw the rules for their lives from their highest thoughts. And this was the peculiarity of Mr. Lloyd. He was guided by inner promptings, he was unworldly—nay, he was in flat contradiction with the spirit of the world as it exists. He dared think that men might live in love, that society might be ordered by love, that the highest sentiments might dictate the ordinances and statutes of the state. With his whole heart he longed for this higher order of things—and every little step or promise of a step toward a heavenlier country, he observed and studied and talked about from the housetops. This, I say, is a revival of religion—it is bringing once more the heavenly and the perfect into the consciousness of men; it is an elevation of the heart, a passionate movement in that direction. For in this age of the world, religion and reform are in essence one and the same.

I have said how much he had still to do—how untimely was his death. And yet what in the last fifteen years he

has done! What labors went into his books! How he traveled, how he delved, how he unearthed documents, how he conversed with men—everywhere seeking, first-hand, original information. It was a beautiful, cheering sight—this unbought, arduous toil. Mr. Lloyd’s books have often been misjudged. They do not satisfy scholars, it is said. But they were not written for scholars. They were written for the people—for their enlightenment, for their warning and encouragement. Did Jesus address himself to satisfy the learned of his time? Were St. Paul’s Epistles written for scholars? A scientific treatise is one thing and a book with a mission is another—and Mr. Lloyd’s books are all with a mission, their aim is to move and to stir and to lift men; they are warm with life, they throb with the pulse-beats of the man. Witness a passage at the close of “Wealth Against Commonwealth”:

“It is not a verbal accident that science is the substance of conscience. We must know the right before we can do the right. When it comes to know the facts the human heart can no more endure monopoly than American slavery or Roman empire. The first step to a remedy is that the people care. If they know, they will care. To help them to know and care; to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of the good, new sympathy for the victims of power, and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made.”

Scholars have never successfully assailed Mr. Lloyd’s books in any essential point; but his voice is above all that of an apostle, a missionary; it is scholarship consecrated to human service, baptized with the spirit of the new humanity.

Members of this family circle—wife, children, father, sister, brother, whose love and whose grief are too sacred for me to more than reverently recognize—it was indeed a sad and tragic ending, on Monday last, and the hearts of hundreds and thousands in this great city and elsewhere in the land, go out in sympathy and tender solicitude to you; but I pray you, lift your thoughts above the moment, think of what has been, and let a song of thanksgiving rise in your hearts to the mighty unseen powers that this dear man, husband, father, son, brother, has been among you so

long. Never were the words of the great Puritan poet more apt:

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a life so noble."

The mystery of a soul's passing from our earthly ken is past all fathoming. Only to the materialist are things clear—and that because his view of the world is a surface one, and takes no account of the deeps of life. I remember that Mr. Lloyd, at our earliest meeting, now some twenty years ago, described himself as a "reverent agnostic." As for myself, I can only think of him as of those who

"went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep."

Every night we fall asleep, and the deeper, the sounder, the more absolutely unconscious the sleep, the better. Our real being can live on in absolute unconsciousness. It may come to consciousness again in the flesh, and who knows that it may not without the flesh? As we look out at the stars at night, how immense the world is! Is it immense only in space, or has it also inner depths upon depths? It is only in accordance with the suggestions of what we see, to think that it is really an infinite world we live in. Yet, if so, all good things, all great things, all divine things become possible. What we dream of may come true; the perfect world, the perfect order that would meet the heart's desire, as the present sorry scheme of things does not, may yet be attained. Souls may fall asleep to awake again and scale the far heights that are seen only in rapt vision now. The truest view of life is as a movement; even the world as we now see it is a moving thing; death taken largely is movement, too. Move on, then, friend, move on through the years and be glad that they are taking you; move on through life and be not afraid—yes, move on through death, face pain, loss, contradiction, sundering of all earthly ties; move on through all, and hope with the hope of children of a boundless universe.

"Calmly, calmly, lay him down,  
He hath fought the noble fight;  
He hath battled for the right;  
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,  
Crowd around us from the past.  
Faithful toiled he to the last,  
Faithful through unflagging years.

All that makes for human good,  
Freedom, righteousness and truth,  
Objects of aspiring youth,  
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,  
Yet it glowed with glorious might;  
Filling clouded minds with light,  
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die!  
To the dust his dust we give;  
In our hearts his heart shall live,  
Moving, guiding, working aye."

—*William Gaskell.*



## The People's Tribute to Henry Demarest Lloyd.

It falls to the lot of very few men to receive such a tribute as was paid in Chicago to the memory of Henry Demarest Lloyd. It was the tribute of the people, though not quite the whole people, only one class—or, better, faction—was conspicuous by its silence and its absence. Nothing was seen or heard from the predatory few whose pecuniary interests involve private gain at public expense. But representatives of every other class in our great cosmopolitan community composed the vast audience of four thousand people who assembled in the Auditorium on the memorial Sunday afternoon. The diversity of the assembly was the more significant because of Mr. Lloyd's radically pronounced position upon deeply divisive issues. It was to have been expected that the great majority would be gathered from among the common people and the rank and file of organized labor. For they knew he had crossed the barricade of wealth and culture to their side of the struggle, and they met him on their own ground. Prominent, therefore, among the organizations under whose auspices the occasion was arranged was the Chicago Federation of Labor. From the bituminous coal fields of the west and the anthracite mines of the east came delegations of the miners with their rare leader, John Mitchell, as their spokesman, to pay their tribute of gratitude to the champion of their right to an American standard of life and labor. The Carpenter's Council were there because he had settled a strike for them. The Typographical Union claimed him to be of their craft by virtue of his thirteen years of editorial service on the Chicago Tribune, and his still more protracted authorship of books. From labor union treasuries \$650 were contributed toward the expense of the meeting, poor miners'

locals contributing liberally. Mr. Edwin D. Mead fittingly voiced the appreciation of Mr. Lloyd's literary fellow craftsmen in Boston and New York, where he was taken into the inner circles; in Chicago, where he was one of the founders of the Literary Club, and in England, where Robert Louis Stevenson's opinion is shared by not a few: "He writes the most workman-like article of any man known to me in America, unless it should be Parkman. Not a touch in Lloyd of the amateur." The United Turner and Singing Societies made response not only for the German, but for many other foreign peoples, of whose labor and life Mr. Lloyd was a sympathetic student. The Henry George Association and the Municipal Ownership Convention stood forth, perhaps, most prominently of all, as those most committed to the economic ideals which inspired Mr. Lloyd's writings and to the cause of public ownership of municipal monopolies, in the fight for which at Chicago he laid down his life. The village council in which he organized his Winnetka neighbors for the practice of the referendum principle in their home suburb, was a center of a much larger group from the highest professional, business, literary and society circles of the city. A judge of the Chicago Bench presided, an attorney of the county bar was one of the speakers, and the mayors of the two principal Ohio cities—Cleveland and Toledo—were foremost in eulogy. Hull House and Chicago Commons also joined in issuing the call to which the people thus responded in token of Mr. Lloyd's far-sighted social vision and pre-eminent service of that better social order for which the settlements stand, to Mr. Lloyd's passion for which Miss Addams gave such true and fitting expression in the address which we are privileged to share with our readers.

The popular estimate upon his personal character was well expressed by the counsel who was associated with him in pleading the case of the miners before the President's arbitration commission:

"He was rich, but uncorrupted by wealth. He was an aristocrat, but unsullied by aristocracy. He was a scholar,

but he still retained sentiments and feelings straight from human nature which bind man to his fellow-man. He was a man whom gold could not corrupt, and whom learning could not destroy; and these men are rare upon the face of earth."

In our judgment, which ripened through ten years of ever-increasing friendship and deepening admiration, Henry Demarest Lloyd, and no less truly the lady to his manor born, so personified a self-exacting devotion to the ethical ideal of Christianity and a truly racial social consciousness as to set a prophetic type of the America that is yet to be.

From *The Commons*, December, 1903. *Chicago Commons Social Settlement Monthly*.