

ward. True, every forward movement seems to be followed by a short reactionary step. The waves of the rising tide of civilization roll far up the bank, and they roll back again, but the next wave that comes will roll further up than the last, and I believe that the world is on the threshold of a new development, of a new industrial, economic and social existence based upon justice.

As religious freedom gave the world a new birth—as political freedom gave it a new development—so industrial freedom and social justice will lead mankind to the highest plane of human felicity. But if we would be harbingers of the new time we must not pull down our altars. We must protect the rights of citizens, we must maintain American standards, we must uphold the right of assembly, and we must preserve free speech and a free press. We are not ready to admit that the fathers were wrong—we are not ready to apologize for their immortal work—and we will not consent to hide their graves. All of our greatness was born of liberty, even our commercialism was rocked in the cradle of democracy, and we cannot strangle the mother without destroying her children.

ALTGELD REVEALED.

Editorial in Buffalo Enquirer of March 10, the second day after Mr. Altgeld's recent speech in that city.

As the Enquirer predicted, members of the Independent club, of Buffalo, who listened to ex-Gov. Altgeld Saturday night were agreeably surprised at the eloquence and intellectual ability of their guest. Men who had acquired their ideas of Mr. Altgeld from the editorials of the local Republican newspapers probably expected to see and hear a demagogue and unprincipled politician. Even alleged Democratic papers in the east have ignorantly or maliciously fallen into the habit of misrepresenting him as a "dangerous" character.

In view of this feeling against the former governor, the Independent club is deserving of much credit for inviting him to address it on so timely a subject as the "Public Ownership of Natural Monopolies." At the close of the lecture, the members paid the speaker the unusual tribute of standing up and cheering him, although an hour earlier those who were not indifferent were inclined to scoff.

How is it possible that intelligent and righteously disposed men, as typified by the membership of the

Independent club, can acquire and maintain opinions of a public man so wide of the truth? This is a question that at once suggests itself on such occasions. We are living in an age marvelous in its facilities for the dissemination of knowledge of men and measures. People bent upon knowing the truth and forming a just estimate of a public official are not forced to rely upon mere party organs for information, and yet, to judge from the experience of the Buffalo club, partisan misrepresentation continues to powerfully influence the minds and votes of American citizens.

It is gratifying, of course, that these distorted views can be partially, if not entirely, changed by listening to the person who has been so industriously misrepresented. But why should this be necessary in this era of ready accessibility to the facts?

John P. Altgeld was governor of Illinois for four years. His official acts during that time are an open book. These ought to be judged by what they are and not by what other people, plainly inclined to misinterpret, have said of them.

But there is cheering hope in the fact that a man so much and so long maligned can win the hearts of the conservative members of the Independent club in a single speech. It shows that misunderstanding and bitterness can best be removed by a direct appeal to the conscience or sense of right in men.

JOHN PETER ALTGELD.

Portion of address delivered at the funeral of J. P. Altgeld, Friday, March 14, 1902.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

In the great flood of human life that is spawned upon the earth, it is not often that a man is born. The friend and comrade that we mourn to-day was formed of that infinitely rare mixture that now and then at long, long intervals combine to make a man. John P. Altgeld was one of the rarest souls who ever lived and died. His was a humble birth, a fearless life and a dramatic, fitting death. We who knew him, we who loved him, we who rallied to his many hopeless calls, we who dared to praise him while his heart still beat, cannot yet feel that we shall never hear his voice again.

John P. Altgeld was a soldier tried and true; not a soldier clad in uniform, decked with spangles and led by fife and drum in the mad intoxication of the battlefield; such soldiers have not been rare upon the earth in any land

or age. John P. Altgeld was a soldier of the everlasting, hopeless struggle of the human race for liberty and justice on the earth. From the first awakening of his young mind until the last relentless summons came, he was a soldier who had no rest or furlough, who was ever on the field in the forefront of the deadliest and most hopeless spot, whom none but death could muster out. Liberty, the relentless goddess, had turned her fateful smile on John P. Altgeld's face when he was but a child, and to this first, fond, hopeless love he was faithful unto death.

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. From him who will not give her all, she will have nothing. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, by her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinite witching charms, she lures these victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death. To-day we pay our last sad homage to the most devoted lover, the most abject slave, the fondest, wildest, dreamiest victim that ever gave his life to liberty's immortal, hopeless cause.

In the history of the country where he lived and died, the life and works of our devoted dead will one day shine in words of everlasting light. When the bitter feelings of the hour have passed away, when the mad and poisonous fever of commercialism shall have run its course, when conscience and honor and justice and liberty shall once more ascend the throne from which the shameless, brazen goddess of power and wealth have driven her away; then this man we knew and loved will find his rightful place in the minds and hearts of the cruel, unwilling world he served. No purer patriot ever lived than the friend we lay at rest to-day. His patriotism was not paraded in the public marts, or bartered in the stalls for gold; his patriotism was of that pure ideal mold that placed the love of man above the love of self.

Even admirers have seldom understood the real character of this great human man. These were sometimes wont to feel that the fierce bitterness of the world that assailed him fell on deaf ears and an unresponsive soul. They did not know the man, and they