

Memorial Edition

"I am at peace with all the world, but there is a lot of work I still could do. I don't know how the people will feel toward me, but I shall take to the grave my love for them which has sustained me through life."
—Last Words of Robert Marion La Follette

La Follette's

MAGAZINE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

VOL. XVII. No. 7

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ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

June 18
1925

The Pledge for Robert Marion La Follette

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

*In the Valley of Decision,
Down the Road of Things-that-are,
You gave to us a vision,
You appointed us a star,
And through Cities of Derision
We followed you from afar.*

*On the Hills beyond Tomorrow,
On the Road of Things-to-do,
With that strength of hand we borrow
As we borrow soul from you,
We know not sloth nor sorrow
And will build your vision true.*

The Magazine Will Go On

(An Editorial)

By BELLE CASE LA FOLLETTE

LA FOLLETTE'S MAGAZINE will go on. It will continue to carry out the plans and purposes of its great editor. He loved his Magazine. It was closer to his heart than any other avenue of expression. For many years when it was not self-sustaining he gladly made up the deficit out of his earning power on the platform. He never would admit that the preparation of his editorials was a tax upon his overburdened time. He always insisted the Magazine was his recreation. The last work he did was for the Magazine. When I chided him for sitting so long at his desk he answered as usual, "I enjoy writing for the Magazine; it never tires me."

In announcing our purpose to carry on the Magazine we fully sense the bigness of the undertaking. As in everything else we shall miss his guiding hand, his intensive interest, his authoritative voice. But we agreed in solemn family council that we should be false to our heritage if our courage and faith did not rise to our task.

It was characteristic of Mr. La Follette to talk over in closest sympathy and confidence with his family all his plans and purposes. We are strengthened by the knowledge that in continuing the Magazine we are fulfilling one of his most cherished hopes.

In our family council each individual member pledged special effort along specific lines.

Robert M. La Follette, Jr., will assume the editorship. All his life he has been in closest sympathy and cooperation with his father. From this long association he has gained a thorough understanding of political questions and issues both from the state and national viewpoint. His position for the past six years as private secretary to his father has brought him in close personal touch with public affairs and public men in Washington and in Wisconsin and has given him most intimate acquaintance with leaders of the progressive movement throughout the nation.

Progressive leaders who have urged us to go on with the Magazine have gladly agreed to furnish original material which we know will have vital interest to readers of La Follette's. It will be a part of Bob, Jr.'s, editorial policy in addition to expressing his own views on pub-

lic affairs, to secure each month signed editorial comment from progressive Senators and members of Congress.

Philip Fox La Follette will be special editor for Wisconsin. From choice he has spent his life and has chosen to practice his profession at Madison, Wisconsin. He is intimately acquainted with the progressive movement, state and national. He has participated in many campaigns, often speaking from the same platform with his father. He is well equipped to keep our readers in touch with the political activities of this pioneer progressive state.

Isabel Bacon La Follette (Mrs. Philip La Follette) has for two years been actively employed on the work of the Magazine. Our readers can count on her intelligent and enthusiastic interest and on her fine book reviews and other contributions. She is spending the summer with her sister on a tour of England, Scotland and Wales. She will soon begin a series of articles for the Magazine on the interesting features of her trip.

Fola La Follette, as our readers will recall, has occasionally contributed articles on various subjects to the Magazine. Whatever she writes has warmth and human interest. Her articles have always met with cordial response from our readers. We have her permission to promise that each issue of the Magazine will have something from her pen.

George Middleton, far famed as writer of plays and as a literary critic, will renew the interesting feature he once conducted for the Magazine entitled, Snap Shots—Books, Art, Drama. There is no higher authority on these special themes than Mr. Middleton. In his travels abroad the last two years, Mr. Middleton has made a special study of the history and architecture of European churches. He has promised us some interesting sketches on this attractive subject.

For myself I would say to our readers what I have already said in reply to the petitions asking me to be a candidate to fill out Mr. La Follette's unexpired term in the United States Senate: that I purpose to dedicate my time and strength to the completion of Mr. La Follette's biography and to the continuance of La Follette's Magazine.

And let me say in passing that I have always found pleasure in writing for the Maga-

zine and that from the beginning I have sensed an intimate and personal friendship with our readers. Because of the distractions of a busy life, I have not contributed as much to the Magazine as I should.

Now that I take up editorial work as a profession I promise our readers, especially our women readers, to have something of interest to them in each issue. And I shall make it a first object to secure contributions from interesting people on themes that especially affect the everyday life of women.

I promise that whatever arrangement may be made for the serial publication of Mr. La Follette's biography which I contemplate writing will be made conditional to simultaneous publication in our Magazine.

Lastly we promise that the Magazine shall adhere in the future as in the past to the maxim laid down in its first editorial fourteen years ago which has appeared as a streamer on the front page of every issue since:

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The Magazine will continue in the future as it has in the past to adhere to the policy laid down by Mr. La Follette in the first issue:

"This Magazine will discuss measures and political parties and policies impartially and fearlessly. It will not shrink from making estimates of men and will from time to time call the roll in order to disclose the exact position of those who are true and those who are false to public interest."

Dear readers, I have told you what the La Follette family will do. But we must depend on you for support. La Follette's has never appealed to large advertisers who patronize magazines whose editorial policy they expect to control. We depend on our subscriptions to pay the running expenses of the Magazine. This is where you can do your part toward carrying on Mr. La Follette's work. We believe you will feel it a privilege to renew your subscriptions promptly and to do your best to get new subscribers.

From a full heart I thank you for the support and encouragement you have given the Magazine in the past and confidently count on your help in the future.

Two Editors Appraise La Follette's Service

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Editor *Emporia Gazette*, Emporia, Kansas

By VICTOR MURDOCK

Editor, in the *Wichita Eagle*, Wichita, Kansas

FOR thirty years Robert M. La Follette has been a dominant force in American politics. He has led the ultra-progressives. And the causes he has espoused in his generation have made over our country. He has stood courageously and without compromise for practically every one of the great political and economic changes that have remade America. To him we owe the progress made in safeguarding women and children in industry, the legalized 8-hour day for labor, the primary, the direct election of United States Senators. He also made the sentiment that forced the income tax, the inheritance tax, and a long list of measures which have given to those who with their hands helped to make our civilization, a larger share in the benefits of civilization. He has been the true, unflinching friend of the man who toils, either in the shop, in the office, or on the farm.

He used his talents well. No other man of his time has more constructive

legislation to his credit than Robert M. La Follette. He has been a good and faithful servant to the forces of righteousness which are rebuilding Christian civilization somewhat along Christian lines. How he has worked! With what pains and with what loving care he has put his life into the betterment of mankind, has spent himself freely, passionately, usefully, upon good causes!

We shall not see his like again for a generation. As to the permanence of his work, that depends upon those for whom he gave himself. If the American people are what he thought they were—wise and brave and of understanding hearts—his leadership has not been in vain. For they will carry on his work. He has strengthened them by his example, has left them political weapons forged by his own hands. They can, if they will, hold what he gained, and fight on. It is up to the American people.

In the meantime this is a sad day for millions who loved him, and re-

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE lost the struggle for his life. The chances of his winning were markedly minimized by a diminished vitality, a vitality that he literally exhausted by fighting for the commonweal. He was at it intensely for years. Every possible means of opposition was tried against him, more than against any man in modern political history. He was abused, ridiculed, denounced, nagged, hounded, spied upon. He was never actually slandered. While he was alive that wasn't a safe thing for any man to do. His enemies feared him. In that circumstance is probably found the real measure of La Follette's tremendous service to his nation. It is not so much what he did which emphasizes his career as what his presence in public place prevented. He

spected a brave fighter. As he passes out into the next stage of his journey he may see from millions of hearts a

was always ready to jump in, and that fact has been taken into consideration for years when any proposed legislative move was under discussion. Measures have been modified, movements have been abandoned because their sponsors knew that they would have to meet La Follette's criticism, and while the regular partisans with the help of most of the big newspapers could outvote him, he had a way of musing up a scheme by his opposition which made it decidedly unpleasant to explain to the public. He is to be no longer on the battle field, and some day this country will realize how great a loss his death was to it. The years to come will build, in a growing popular realization of his magnificent fortitude for this democracy, a monument that will mount ever higher and higher.

flaming message of gratitude and good cheer: "Good-bye, Bob—take care of yourself."

He was a statesman, teacher and citizen of tomorrow functioning in a day shadowed by yesterdays, and dimly lit by a dawn which alone concerned him.
—ZONA GALE.

La Follette Planned for the Government of Tomorrow

By ZONA GALE
(Author of Miss Lulu Bett, Faint Perfume,
Friendship Village Stories, Etc.)

FIRST saw Senator La Follette one summer afternoon, about twelve years ago, at his farm, Maple Bluff, near Madison, Wisconsin. He was standing on a chair, hanging up some Chinese lanterns. And newspaper readers would not have recognized him. The air of challenge, of assertiveness, even of pugnacity which they had taught one to see in him was elsewhere. Instead, here was a man, intent on paper lanterns, who, when we were introduced, greeted us with a manner of gentleness. One almost suspected him, he was so like the convicted bankers whose advocates claim for them all the domestic graces. And when someone said to him: "Don't people always shake both your hands when they meet you?"—his fleet expression was amazingly like gratitude. His manner had not only gentleness and kindness, it had moreover a certain wistfulness. As if he would like people to like him.

But when the lanterns were hung and he sat on the veranda and began to talk of social issues, another man emerged. His talk began in a dispassionate way, but when he touched on old wrongs there came into his face and into his voice that fire by which the world has long been more or less lit. He spoke with the passion of the man who is himself identified with the workers, who was brought up where a day's work with the hands was the best claim to regard and respectability. But it was more than that. It was human understanding of the other man's problems and of the other man's job. It was the power of self-identification with the exploited of any society, old or new, that emotion which all the leaders of great causes have felt—though he would have said that there is only one great cause, which embraces all the rest, and that is the cause of human freedom for human growth. When we read of a social leader of history feeling this deep sympathy for the oppressed, it is called a keen insight into injustice; but when a contemporary feels it, it is called by his op-

ponents self-interest. When Senator La Follette felt it, his enemies said: "He's a fighter. If there were two ways of getting a man to cross the street, one to invite him over and the other to take him by the collar, La Follette would take him by the collar." But that Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Patrick Henry felt this high indignation entitles them to immortality.

La Follette for Social Reform

HE TOLD us that day that he was just finishing his Autobiography which he had written in aid of his magazine, that same magazine which a year ago leaped in circulation by three thousand in a single week. But that day at the farm we had not read his autobiography. Some of us did not even know much about his Wisconsin struggle. I, for one, had in those days not outgrown, by more than a year or two, a cynicism about Senator La Follette. My friends were "stand-patters." I looked to the state political leaders as important people socially; and though I had never gone into the progressives' side of the matter, I was thinking by the classic patterns of the conservative. I "had a feeling" that Senator La Follette had been making rather an unnecessary disturbance. I had believed in characterizations made by men who owned the industries which he had compelled to lower rates and raise taxes. I did not know why these men opposed him and I had taken no pains to find out. There are people in Wis-

consin who do not yet know why. But not so many, either.

It was only after living for five years in New York, where I had an association afar off with the great humanitarians and social workers of the country, that I woke to the fact that in my own state La Follette had been fighting their fight. Plenty of remedial agencies were at work, but these were not their concern, nor his. His magazine was in my home—my father and mother had understood and revered him; and I shall not forget my naive astonishment when I opened that magazine casually and saw there so passionately advocated the social measures which I had been feebly trying to follow. If he had dealt in remedies the powerful state machine would not have questioned him. It is when the good Samaritan tries to find out who the thieves were among whom the traveler fell, that the trouble begins.

Understood Human Values

SENATOR La Follette was an astute politician, but he was first of all a great humanitarian, a believer in the infinite worth of the human being, and in the "infinite improbability of the human race." That the greatest business of the human being, like that of all other life, is to grow, is a fact which has been hidden from the majority of politicians, but Robert La Follette miraculously knew it. And all his political life, whenever he saw a man or a group of men seated comfortably on

a stone beneath which other human beings struggled to live, he tried to move either the man or the stone, and sometimes both.

The miracle of his power lay in the fact that in some clairvoyant fashion he understood the value of human life above that of every commodity, understood, too, the pathos and the passion of its heroic climb. It is women who have always known this value best. But they have been inarticulate. Not even in terrible moments, of disaster to their husbands, the workers, or to themselves as workers, of conscription of their sons, or in the waste of war or the battles of peace have they often been able to say to their governments: "You talk always about property. What about the cost to us? What about human life? What about our aspirations for our children?" Whether they belong to the toilers or the rulers, women believe that government is an instrument to make life a finer thing. But for ages they have watched politicians juggle with government as a kind of agency to further property interests of a few, and to keep alive something called prosperity, which women on the whole hear so much about and see so little of.

Would Have Reversed Old Order

SENATOR La Follette had a woman's sense of the value of human life and a man's power to make clear to the people the issues which indirectly affect human life and affect its chance to improve. A man's power—but a power which women are learning to exercise, and it was he who, in Wisconsin, was one of the first to believe in their ability and their right to that exercise. He knew that there are both men and women who are natural progressives. Even when they believe themselves to be in theory conservatives, if you face them with an immediate issue in which certain progressive principles are involved, they will automatically side with the progressive point of view. Try them on labor conditions,

(Continued on page 101)

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Born in Wisconsin, June 14, 1855

Educated at University of Wisconsin

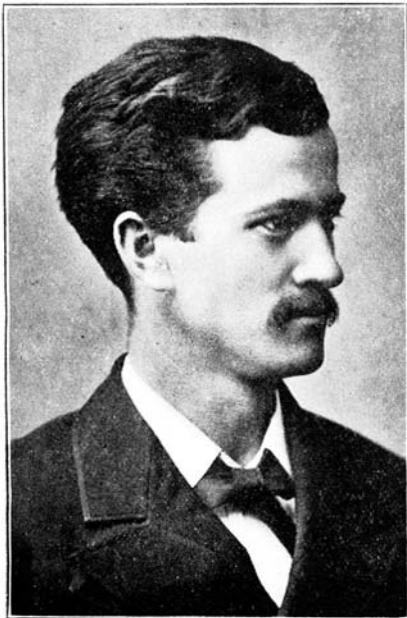
District Attorney, 1880-1884

Representative in Congress, 1885-1891

Governor of Wisconsin, 1901-1905

United States Senator, 1906-1925

When He Was on the Threshold of His Political Career



STUDENT AT UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF DANE COUNTY



MEMBER OF CONGRESS



GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

Fighting Bob, on His Shield, Home at Last

By PHILIP KINSLEY

(Reprinted from *Chicago Tribune*)

MADISON, WIS., June 20.—Wisconsin's white granite capitol, set like a gem in the clasp of four silver lakes, is the resting place tonight of the body of Robert M. La Follette.

The plain gray casket with its simple inscription, "Robert M. La Follette," was taken from the old campaign-scarred coach "Commonwealth" this afternoon, and carried lovingly through streets lined with silent, bare-headed crowds and flags at half-mast into the Governor's room on the first floor of the capitol.

In this room of dignity and beauty which this democracy has built after the style of the council chamber of the Doges palace in Venice, the fallen leader was guarded through the night by state soldiers in civilian clothes.

Sleeps 'Neath Own Motto

OVER the casket was one of La Follette's own mottoes, coined in a campaign speech, "The will of the people is the law of the land." Also "Tempus edax rerum" (Time the devourer of all things).

Members of the family and a few intimate friends were the only ones allowed in the chamber this afternoon. After the long journey from Washington the sealed glass casket was open for a moment. His features were thin and worn, his hair white. He was in black, with high collar and black flowing tie.

It was his wish that there should be no mourning and that the funeral should be simple as became a man who was born poor and died poor and fought all his life the battle of the common people.

People Insist on Honors

BUT the people will not have it so. Though he is buried in a casket that a Chicago gunman's friends would scorn; though he would have smiles instead of tears and ban all dark veils of sorrow, the people demand their day.

Along the wayside stations as the train rolled into the rich green land of his home state, men and women sorrowfully watched the funeral car. In Janesville, hundreds gathered in tribute to him. In Madison there were thousands at the station.

The same station and the same car, it was recalled, in which he came home

after his campaign for the presidency last fall. Then, uproar and bands. Today, a great silence.

Casket Is Carried Away

UNDER the burning sun the widow and her four children descended to greet friends and were driven away to Maple Bluff Farm. Then the casket was lifted through a window, placed on a baggage truck, and whisked away. The crowd trailed after it.

There was not the least ceremony about this. No soldiers or police or procession. Members of the family were in ordinary dress. There were no tears on the surface of things. A legislative guard of 22 members were distinguished only by white badges.

But Madison felt it. The picture of "Fighting Bob" was in hundreds of windows. Stores displayed pictures and incidents of his career.

Who'll Take Up His Torch?

"IS THE body here?" was the chief question of the day. "Who can take his place?" was the next question—and a vast shaking of heads.

Tomorrow will be a great turnout for Wisconsin. The body will be taken into the marble rotunda of the capitol by the grand stairs and will lie in open view from noon until 7 p. m. for all the people to see once more.

As it happens to be commencement time in the state university, the city is filled with an unusual crowd, and this will be augmented by La Follette's friends from all over the state.

Final arrangements for the funeral at 1 p. m. Monday are in charge of A. T. Rogers, former law partner of the Senator, and John J. Hannan, his former secretary, and now member of the state board of control.

June 21

WISCONSIN said its last good-by today to Bob La Follette. "Are you going up to see Bob?" the residents of Madison asked each other. "Yes, when the crowd thins a little," the reply would be. But the crowd did not lessen, this great outpouring of the common folk come to send their captain on his supreme adventure.

Under midday sun broiling through their Sunday clothes, under the gray skies of late afternoon, they marched in an unbroken river, hour after hour. After five hours of this the procession

to the capitol rotunda, where the severely plain casket stood open to view, was still half a mile long and four abreast.

It was after 8 o'clock, when storm and darkness came, that the crowd faded away and the capitol gates were closed. It is estimated that nearly 50,000 viewed the body.

Come from Everywhere

"MOSTLY strangers," said a policeman, one of the three on duty there.

Farmers and their wives and babies, red-necked youth from the fields, toil-worn women from the kitchens, painfully dressed laborers, Italians muttering "nice-ah man," stolid folk, sad folk, chattering and smiling folk.

It was a scene, from the street viewpoint, comparable only with a White House public reception on New Year's day.

Twenty thousand in Madison and perhaps as many more from all parts of the state and from Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota, participated in this pilgrimage to La Follette's temporary tomb.

Official Funeral Monday

TOMORROW is the official funeral, when clergy and statesmen will have their seats of privilege, but today was the people's day, and all came alike.

So he would have loved it if that quiet head could have lifted a moment from the pillow, or if that restless spirit hovered near this scene today.

Except from the flags flying low in the gentle breeze from the blue lake at the foot of the avenue there was no sign of mourning. This was to be found in individual faces among those who had been lifelong friends, those whom he knew as Tom and Joe and Bill. And there were thousands of these. Memories of old battles and campaigns of forty years ago, memories of many journeys that this man had set out upon, were touched here.

An Extraordinary Tribute

IT WAS one of the most remarkable demonstrations of the kind ever accorded an American public man.

Not a sign of military pomp and power. There were soldiers, but they were used merely as ushers and they were not in uniform.

Dawn found the casket guarded by

four members of the legislature, and cars pouring into town from all the roads disgorging families, lunch baskets, and babies. Before 9 o'clock the doors were besieged quietly by early arrivals.

But they had to wait until noon, so they found shade under the oaks and elms and made a picnic day of it.

Before noon there was a private view for members of the legislature and visiting officials. The casket had been rolled out of the Venetian room to the east rotunda.

A Noble Background

FLOWERS and palms were banked against it there, but it needed no finer setting than this palace of marble afforded.

Dark rose Numidian pillars resting on columns of green marble from Greece flanked the gray casket.

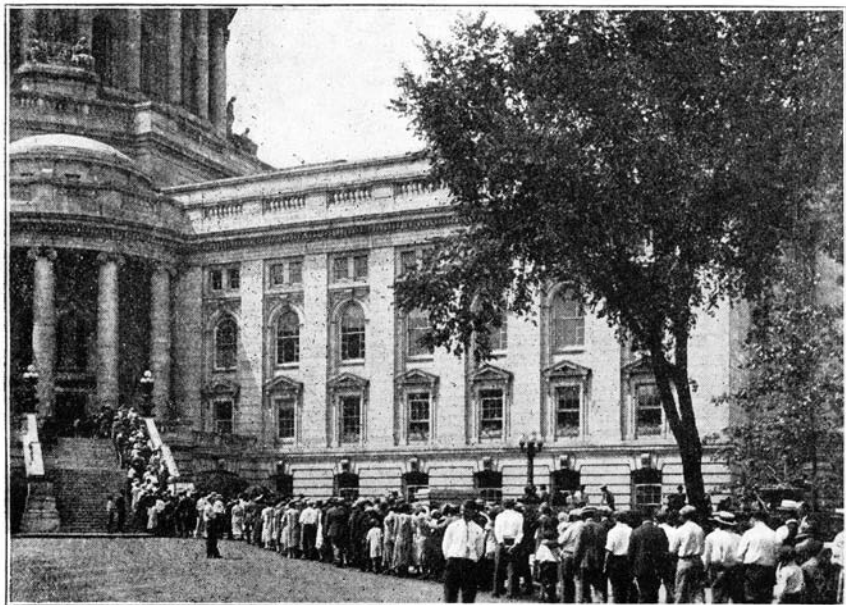
The state flag and motto "Forward" was above it, with a wreath bearing the inscription, "Fight on, brave heart, fight on."

Temples of liberty and justice were on either side while to the east a golden stairway lifted to a wing where the morning sun looked through. Far overhead the mighty dome floated in the symbol of Wisconsin enthroned upon clouds wrapped in the folds of the American flag.

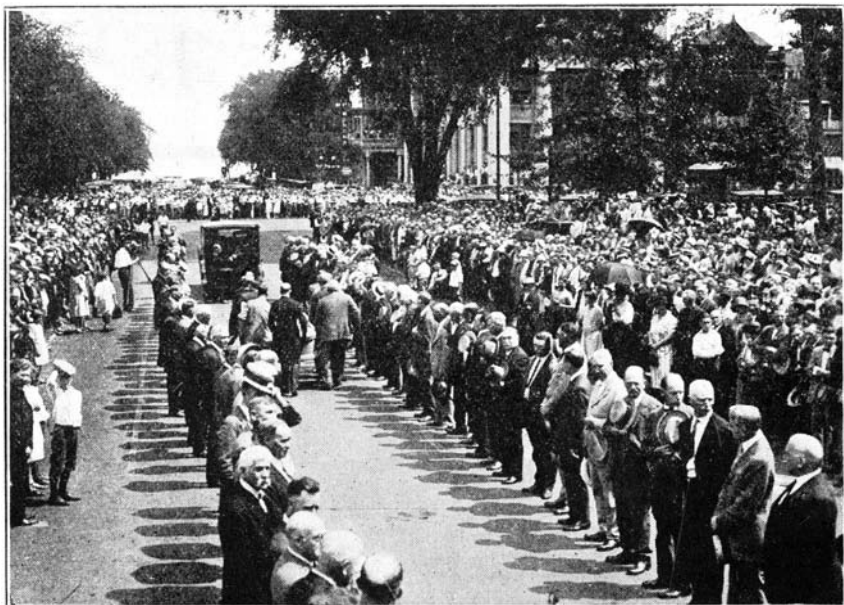
Flag Drapes the Casket

THE foot of the casket was draped in the national flag. Two members of the legislature, Senator Severson and Assemblyman McDowell, stood at the head while Assemblymen Price and Duncan were at the foot. Governor John J. Blaine and other members of the assembly were at the side.

Senator George Norris of Nebraska, one of La Follette's most devoted followers, was one of the first to pass through. He was hit hard by the loss of this friend. Senator Lenroot came next, then Judge Rufus Smith White, bearded civil war veteran; Solomon Levitan, state treasurer, formerly a peddler, beloved by La Follette because, after he became a banker, he never foreclosed a mortgage; Mayor Dan Hoan of Milwaukee, Attorney General Herman Ekern; Dante Pierce of Iowa, Adj. Gen. Ralph Immell, and a flock of legislators and office holders.



About 50,000 People Formed in Line for an Opportunity to See Senator La Follette as He Lay in State at the Capitol.



Carrying the Casket from the State Capitol at Madison Through a Throng of Friends.

His Lips Are Not Grim

IT WAS noticed that there is a strip of white in the tie which La Follette was dressed in. His face had still its grim fighting lines, but there was a touch of sweetness about the mouth. His younger son, Philip, now district attorney of this county, a youth with a keen and hawk-like expression, came in about noon. He was dressed as though he was going to his office.

Alone for a moment, he stood at his father's head, the thick dark hair bowed above the silver white. Then his face lifted and as he turned away there was a smile instead of grief upon his features. A brave real smile as he turned to clasp the hands of friends. La Follette's sons will carry on.

John J. Hannan, La Follette's executive secretary for 16 years, came up next and stood for minutes looking upon the face of his chief. No leader, perhaps, leaves a more devoted group of followers; and the question now is what they will do without the pull of this magnetic personality.

Public Begins Long March

WHILE this private procession was passing through, the main entrance was crowded with the waiting public, growing more and more uncomfortable under the burning sun, but making no open complaint. Promptly at noon this entrance was opened. The casket was moved toward the center of the rotunda and a double line formed to pass by. Great numbers of children were carried through, and hobbling old men and women.

Boys and girls from the university which La Follette brought to a commanding position mingled with the farm folks, and old grads home for class reunions rubbed elbows with the residents of the Italian quarter and factory workers.

Capitol Is His Monument

THE very building, it seemed, was a monument to the career and power of La Follette in the state. The capitol was built during the years when La Follette was at the height of his power. It was his plan of financing which replaced the old capitol with this beautiful structure.

But they are already talking of another, more individual, monument to his memory, and a legislative committee will be appointed this week to make plans.

* * *

June 22

TO THE last moment the human mass that had followed Robert M. La Follette in life crowded around his body today as if they could not let him go.

At the grave in Forest Hill, where the last service was being said, perspiring men and women were pushing closer and closer. The crying of babies rose above the prayer. Children were perilously perched on tombstones. Bareheaded women and men with infants in their arms struggled for a closer view. It was the people's funeral, after all.

The dignified senators of the United States who stood in a row at the head of the green grave, the family that would wear no mourning and yet could not keep back the tears today, officialdom and intimates, were made one with the common crowd that had trailed through dust and heat to this quiet spot.

Rests Under White Oak

JUST a few minutes at the cemetery and it was finished with the earthly career of this leader of millions. He was left in the shelter of a white oak tree in a lovely temple of nature, with the American colors wrapped around his casket.

The city had stopped work and business for the day.

Out at the university thousands of young men and women were being sent

out in the world which La Follette was quitting.

Early in the morning the roads to town were choked, and by 10 o'clock the east gate of the capitol was open again and thousands who could not see his face yesterday were shuffling through the marble corridors.

More flowers arrived. They came from all parts of the country and were banked against the balustrades of the main balcony of the rotunda where the casket had been rolled for the last public view.

These Pay Final Respects

THE Seamen's Union, the National Guard of Wisconsin, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, the United States senate, the Conference for Progressive Political Action, the United States War veterans, the Progressive party, the Irish Free State, the president of Mexico, the Philippines Independence commission, the National Federation of Postoffice Clerks, Sheet Metal Workers, Machinists' union, Masonic and fraternal organizations were represented in the heaps of roses and lilies and varied blooms.

A group of small boys brought a handful of carnations in sweaty hands, and farmers in the state chipped in to funds for "something for Bob," home grown flowers, larkspur from the door-yards, mingled with wild blooms and the hothouse triumphs.

One Woman's Homage

"FOR AN everlasting benediction to the great spirit of the age," wrote one New York admirer in her offering.

A blind man passed through and pressed his face close to the glass over the face that he could not see.

Before 1 o'clock the doors were closed again to permit final preparations for the funeral.

Chairs were placed all around the main balcony and in several other balconies that gave a view of the ceremony. These were all reserved and the favored two or three thousand were admitted early while the crowd waited on the stairways.

The La Follette family had sent a list of about 400 reservations and they were placed in the first floor of the rotunda, which opens into the vaulted dome where mystic figures float in space.

Senators Beneath "Justice"

THE casket was covered with the flag. To the right under the painting of even-handed Justice, the Senators from Washington were placed and behind them the state legislators, members of the supreme court, university regents and others.

Senators present were Norris of Nebraska, Jones of New Mexico, Shipstead of Minnesota, Copeland of New York, Lenroot of Wisconsin and Wheeler of Montana.

On the other side, under red-capped Liberty, were the members of the family. They came in promptly, still without a touch of black in their costumes. Mrs. La Follette wore a brown dress and hat and her motherly face was sternly controlled. She was flanked by her two sons, Robert and Philip, and by her two daughters and sons-in-law. Other close friends were around her and hundreds from her girlhood home of Baraboo.

Then the Crowds Enter

WHEN they were all seated the crowd trooped in, filling every available niche, every stairway and all the eight balconies looking into this wonderfully painted bowl of color.

The Mozart and Mannerchor chorus was grouped in a balcony directly over the casket and the opening of the service was this human organ in the old hymn "Nearer My God to Thee."

By the side of the casket, the only standing figure was Dr. Eustace Haydon of the University of Chicago Divinity school. He was in an attitude of meditation and as the singing closed he stepped forward and read a brief service. Then the choir sang "Abide with Me" and Dr. Haydon began his address:

"Forsaken in the time of trial by even those for whom his life was spent, almost alone, he held true to his vision. With calm courage, unshaken poise and resolute will he kept his soul, and best of all kept his faith in us.

"He lived to see the war cloud pass and to receive the vindication he knew must come. He is gone—but the memory of that magnificent courage will live as a challenge to youth through all the years.

Followers Must Carry On

"WE MUST give him an earthly immortality in our lives. The future democracy of which he dreamed is still to win. Be true to the vision as he was true, until every individual shall have a full and free opportunity for a satisfying life, this will be to remember him truly. And, here, in his presence still, we may dedicate ourselves to that task."

Then came the final, great note of the service, the lifting of ten thousand voices in the song of America, a song that swelled through the great capitol and drifted to the multitude massed in the lawns and streets to see the cortege pass.

It was over. The pallbearers bore him down the stairway. The members of the family followed slowly, through the human lane to hearse and carriages and the trip to the cemetery was begun. All the streets were lined with people as this simple procession passed. Not a musket or a sabre or a touch of uniform anywhere. At the gates they lifted him again from the casket and bore him tenderly to his grave.

La Follette Planned for the Government of Tomorrow

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agricultural relief, the control of certain natural resources, the uncovering of any fraud in government, above all in any anti-military and anti-war legislation, or anti-conscription measure, or on the matter of a referendum before declaring war, and the majority of these will move to the Progressive column. Their danger is that they do not always understand that all these matters are dependent upon less visible factors than legislation; that not one of these evils can be successfully attacked and permanently vanquished while a deeper evil exists, namely, monopoly control over industry and government. Senator La Follette believed that there are men and women both whose vision needs not range but clarification in order to teach them the truth about these things. Who can forget the ways in which he tried to give that clarification to the people? Who can fail to see, now, without waiting for some future from which to look back, that this man stands with those who sought to liberate the nation from its successive thralldoms: To a king; to the institution of slavery; to monopoly control.

There are in the United States five million men and women who believe not only that La Follette could have made a different world if he had been elected president of the United States, but they believe that he did make a different world. And for those five million and for those to whom their influence extends, this is literally true. He worked with laws, but he was first of all a teacher. It was as if his function as lawmaker was the dramatizing of his great power to awaken the private conscience to the existence of public wrong. His biography is a tacit record of the social kindling of those within reach of his voice or of his printed word. In spite of his sovereign record of accomplishment in exposing wrongs and safeguarding rights and resources, his greatest service is unquestionably greater than these: It is, in some degree, the socialization of everyone who came understandingly into his presence.

La Follette's Bill of Rights

WASHINGTON'S dream was the declaration of independence, Lincoln's dream was the emancipation proclamation, La Follette's dream was a new bill of rights from monopoly control. Washington and Lincoln fought with armies. La Follette fought with facts. And 1776 and 1865 will surely have added unto them some third date, a bloodless date, which shall reach that new milestone, where he stood until his death, and waited for the people to overtake him.

In that day they will see La Follette as he was: One of the first Americans to apply to politics the scientific process, the argument from facts; one of the first statesmen of the new world to apply the method of the laboratory to public life. His was the mind of the research worker, the mind of the scholar who trusts to facts and follows them. This is not the politicians' way. It is the way of the university. La Follette was a dean of the new day when politics shall be not pursuit of popularity nor of self-interest nor of exploitation, but the science of the discovery and

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Senator La Follette Is Laid to Rest Beneath a Large Oak Tree in Forest Hill Cemetery, Madison.