

morning the sheriff came to see me and I had a friendly chat and soon came to a perfect mutual understanding which was never once isolated on either side. From that hour George Eckert was my friend and I was his, and though 27 years have passed, not one of them brought its holidays without the exchange of mutual greetings and remembrances. This morning there came to me the following telegram:

Woodstock, Ill.,
January 28th, 1922.

Eugene V. Debs,
Terre Haute, Indiana.

Father died this morning.

— Georgie C. Eckert.

This sad message came to me from his daughter, the daughter he adored, and I and all of our family feel as if our own household had been stricken by the sorrowful bereavement. Only a few weeks ago while I was in the sanitarium at Elmhurst, Mr. Eckert and his

daughter Georgie drove 50 miles on a cold, gusty day to pay me a visit and to comfort me with their sympathy and companionship. The visit was to be the last with my loyal old friend, and I shall never forget how touched at the parting.

George Eckert had been a true friend to me when friendship is possible only in the heart and soul and conscience of a genuine human being. I recalled to him the answer he made to those of his constituents who wanted him to subject me to rough treatment; how kind he and his wife and daughter had been to my wife and family, and how the tears of gladness and regret stood in his eyes as well as mine the day I left his custody and started for home.

When last we exchanged farewells we were clasped in each other's arms.

George Eckert has passed on to his next beautiful adventure, leaving to his friends, his neighbors, and to the world the memory of a man.

M