And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain.

Revelation 21:4

GEORGE W. SKEELES
The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
In Memory of

MR. CLARENCE DARROW

BORN

APRIL 18, 1857

DATE

KINSMAN, OHIO

PLACE

ENTERED INTO REST

MARCH 13, 1938

DATE

CHICAGO, ILL.

PLACE

AGE

EIGHTY
YEARS

TEN
MONTHS

TWENTY-THREE
DAYS
## Family Record

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>FATHER</strong></th>
<th><strong>AMMIRUS DARROW</strong></th>
<th><strong>MOTHER</strong></th>
<th><strong>EMILY EDDY</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>BORN</strong></td>
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### OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

- **MRS. RUBY DARROW**
  - **widow**
- **MR. PAUL DARROW**
  - **son**
- **MRS. JENNIE DARROW MOORE**
  - **sister**
- **MRS. JESSIE LYON**
  - **grand-daughter**
- **MISS MARY DARROW**
  - **"**
- **MISS BLANCHE DARROW**
  - **"**
- **WILLIAM DARROW LYON**
  - **great grand-son**
God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways:
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.
SERVICES

BOND CHAPEL

HELD AT

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

MARCH 15, 1938  2:00 P.M.

DATE  HOUR

OFFICIATING: CLERGY

JUDGE WILLIAM H. HOLLY

PLACE OF INTERMENT

PLACE

SECTION

BLOCK

LOT

CITY

COUNTY

STATE

LAID TO REST

HOUR - DAY - MONTH
Music

PIPE ORGAN SOLO

THE LARGO

FROM HANDEL'S "THE MESSIAH"

by

MR. MACK EVANS

SPECIAL SONG SELECTIONS

RENDERED BY

RENDERED BY

RENDERED BY

RENDERED BY
In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.  

John 14:23.
**BEARERS**

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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. William L. MacLaskey</td>
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<td>Mr. Joseph R. Hamilton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Dwight McKay</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Angus Roy Shannon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. George G. Whitehead</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. William L. Carlin</td>
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</table>

**Honorary Bearers**
The address, delivered by Judge William H. Holly, follows:

It is a sad office I am called upon to perform today. Our friend is gone forever. Never again shall we hear his voice or clasp his hand. And for those who were closer to him than we, his wife whom he loved and who so devotedly attended him during the months of his last illness, who since their marriage has given her life to ministering to him and caring for his every want, his son, and the grandchildren and the sister who loved him, this is a time of grief which no words of ours can help.

But while this is a time of sorrow, is it not better to think for a while of the great fact that he did live, that we did hear his voice, that we did grasp his hand, that we knew the big loving heart of him.

It is a magnificent thing that he lived. The colored race will long remember him with grateful hearts for his heroic battles in their behalf. The man who toils with his hands, the poor and unfortunate whom society hunted down, found him ever ready to devote his extraordinary talents in their behalf. He gave up a brilliant legal career, that could have made him one of the rich men of the country, to espouse the cause of labor.

He loved mercy. We may not know what justice is. No judge who sentences a prisoner to the electric chair is more certain of the righteousness of his judgment than the mob that hangs or burns its victim. Whether the offender is legally executed by the sheriff, or illegally
hanged by the mob, we cannot be sure whether it is justice or vengeance that has been satisfied.

But mercy is a quality that we can all recognize, and in his heart was infinite pity and mercy for the poor, the oppressed, the weak and the erring -- all races, all colors, all creeds -- all human kind.

He was not a reformer. Man is man, stupid, cruel, ignorant, and has built up a civilization so complex that he cannot cope with the problems he has created, but after all, with glimmerings of intelligence, generosity and kindly sympathy, Clarence Darrow made the way easier for many. He preached not doctrines, but love and pity, the only virtues that can make this world any better.

He rejoiced in Walt Whitman's plea for human brotherhood and democracy, and because of his great human sympathy and his hatred of cruelty and oppression, he shared the pessimism of Housman. More than once he read to me the lines:

"Ay, look, high heaven and earth all from the prime foundation; All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain; Horror and scorn, and hate and fear and indignation - Oh, why did I awake? When shall I sleep again?"
And now he sleeps.

But before he slept he did much to save many from the horror and scorn and fear. Thousands of lives were made easier and bad happiness brought to them because he lived.
He looked out upon the earth and his heart was riven. His father before him had hated oppression. The Darrow home was a station of the underground railroad. Sympathy for the black race stirred his heart as a boy when he heard the stories of Negroes rescued from slavery. It was not a new emotion that moved him when he went to the rescue of the Negro physician in Detroit charged with crime because he had dared to face a mob bent upon the destruction of his home and the possible murder of his family.

He hated capital punishment and he dared to undertake the defense of Leopold and Loeb when all Chicago was crying for their blood. Not a defense that would have set those boys loose upon the street to commit, perhaps, other crimes, but to save Chicago from the shame of the execution of immature boys and to save their unfortunate families from the stigma of such an execution. Without fee and at his own expense he took up the cause of Russell McWilliams, seventeen years old, whom a harsh and pitiless judge would have sent to the gallows.

Burns wrote:
"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kenning wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it."

That is a question we seldom ask, but Clarence Darrow always asked it. And many times he found the answer. We are born with passions and tendencies that we inherit from a long line of ancestors. We did not make them. We were born into the world with them. They were forced upon us.
We came into a society we did not make. Every human being with whom we associate, especially when we are young children, has an influence upon us. These childhood associates we did not choose, they were thrust upon us. Some of us were born in affluence, some in poverty. The rich do not steal or embezzle except when they begin to lose their money, then they behave just like poor people. Some ways of getting money employed by the shrewd are not crimes, they are just sharp trading. Other methods employed by greedy ones who are stupid and ignorant lead to prison. Some are born with warped minds.

Most of us want to stop crime by being cruel to criminals. Wise parents and teachers have found that they can prevent misbehavior by training and teaching and trying to ascertain what causes the child to misbehave. Clarence Darrow tried to teach the world to handle its adult criminals in the same way, and when the world shall learn this lesson it will have done more to lessen crime than all the jails and penitentiaries and gallows ever erected.

Clarence Darrow hated cruelty even to criminals and he knew that its only effect was to make more criminals, and the society worse that inflicted it.

Clarence Darrow was an agnostic, but he was always broad and tolerant. He was glad that others could get comfort and consolation from their religious beliefs. Among those who loved him were distinguished Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests and bishops, and Jewish rabbis. They knew the utter sincerity of the man and, though they could not agree with him, they admired his courage and honesty and loved him for his simple human kindness.
It was common for them to say that he was a better Christian than they were, and they knew no higher praise than that. He practiced the great humanity taught by Jesus of Nazareth.

Intolerance he hated and when Tennessee bigots endeavored to strangle freedom of thought, to put the minds of their children in strait jackets and exclude the learning of science from their schools, again without fee and at his own expense he entered the fray. With bitter sarcasm he exposed the ignorance and intolerance of the bigoted legislation that had prohibited the teaching of evolution, and when the fight was over, the movement well under way to put similar statutes on the books of other states was halted, and probably never again will legislature attempt to prevent scholars and men of science from teaching the truths that they in their researches have discovered.

And we cannot forget that wonderful intellect of Clarence Darrow. A great mind, of itself, may mean nothing to the world. If its possessor be selfish and greedy, it may work infinite harm. But Clarence Darrow's great abilities were given freely to the cause of human liberty, and for the succor of the weak and the unfortunate. He had wider and more varied intellectual interests than any other man I have ever known. Literature, Art, Philosophy, Science and History -- all these he studied intensively and he was the loved and respected friend of distinguished members of the faculties of our great universities.

But now he is gone, and in the words he used at the memorial services for George Burman Foster:
It seems to me that in the spring the grass and leaves will never be so green again; that the summer will lose the golden hues that mark the ripening grain; that autumn leaves no more will have the old time glorious tints of red and brown. The winter will be longer and colder, and the summer be shorter now that he is dead. The stars in heaven will never shine so bright again. The day will lose its old time glory. The sun will fade faster, the twilight fall quicker, and the night close deeper since he is dead.

Thirty-six years ago yesterday Clarence Darrow stood by the grave of John P. Altgeld. The words he said of that great soul are most fitting to be said of him, and many of his friends have thought that I could do no better than to read a part of that address today and apply it to Clarence 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 today was formed of that infinitely rare mixture that now and then, at long, long intervals combines to make a man." Clarence Darrow was one of the rarest souls who ever lived and died. His was a humble birth and a fearless life. 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, can not yet feel that we shall never hear his voice again.

Clarence Darrow 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. Clarence Darrow was a soldier in the everlasting
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 fight, whom none but death could muster out. Liberty, the relentless goddess, had turned her fateful smile on Clarence Darrow's face when he was but a child, and to this first, fond love he was faithful unto death.

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. She will have nothing from him who will not give her all. 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, her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinitely witching charms, she lures her victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death. Today 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 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
Clarence Darrow was always and at all times a lover of his fellow man. Those who reviled him have tried to teach the world that he was bitter and relentless, that he hated more than loved. We who knew the man, we who had clasped his hand and heard his voice and looked into his smiling face; we who knew his life of kindness, of charity, of infinite pity to the outcast and the weak; we who knew his human heart, could never be deceived. A truer, greater, gentler, kindlier soul has never lived and died; and the fierce bitterness and hatred that sought to destroy this great, grand soul had but one cause -- the fact that he really loved his fellow man.

Always he fought for the cause of the black man, whom he always loved. As a lawyer he was wise and learned; impatient with the forms and machinery which courts and legislators and lawyers have woven to strangle justice through expense and ceremony and delay.

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 do not feel the subtleties of
human life. It was not a callous heart
that so often led him to brave the most
violent and malicious hate; it was not a
callous heart, it was a devoted soul. He
so loved justice and truth and liberty
and righteousness that all the terrors
that the earth could hold were less than
the condemnation of his own conscience for
an act that was cowardly or mean.

Clarence Darrow, like many of the
earth's great souls, was a solitary man.
Life to him was serious and earnest -- an
endless tragedy. The earth was a great
hospital of sick, wounded and suffering,
and he a devoted surgeon, who had no right
to waste one moment's time and whose duty
was to cure them all. While he loved his
friends, he yet could work without them,
he could live without them, he could bid
them one by one good-bye, when their
courage failed to follow where he led; and
he could go alone, out into the silent
night, sad, looking upward at the change­
less stars, could find communion there.

My dear, dear friend, long and well
have we known you, devotedly have we
followed you, implicitly have we trusted
you, fondly have we loved you. Beside
your bier we now must say farewell. The
heartless call has come, and we must
stagger on the best we can alone. In the
darkest hours we will look in vain for
your loved form, we will listen hopeless­
ly for your devoted, fearless voice. But,
though we lay you in the grave and hide
you from the sight of man, your brave
words will speak for the poor, the op­
pressed, the captive and the weak; and
your devoted life inspire countless souls
to do and dare in the holy cause for
which you lived and died.
REGISTRY OF VISITORS

Dr. John E. Hawkins
Mrs. Theo. Spanier
Mr. H. N. Granade
Ben Menke
Mr. and Mrs. David Stock
Mrs. Arthur Link
Marie Thompson
H. I. Jockel
Frank McCormick
Mrs. Estelle E. Williams
D. E. West
Michael J. O'Heron
Francis T. Colby
Gertrude A. Reid
Lynn G. Ferguson
Walter W. Reid
Clarence R. Logsdon
Wm. A. Hanna
Dr. E. J. Steiner
W. E. McIlvain
Daniel Schmitt
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<tr>
<td>S. Teplitz</td>
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<td>Kathryn Rutherford Hartley</td>
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<td>Wm. C. Marvin</td>
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<td>E. G. Hargrave</td>
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<td>Thos. F. Wotherspoon</td>
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REGISTER OF VISITORS

Katheryn Stafford
F. Albert Schmidt
T. E. Nolan
Oscar DePriest
William A. Bocken
Mrs. Verity
Etta Eckersall
William E. Parker
L. M. Hawver
A. J. Blazek
Mrs. Robt. L. Ward
Mrs. Frederick B. Moorehead
F. M. Orchard
Minnie Mercedes Minich
V. A. McKinney
Ignace Sitt
H. E. Squires
W. J. Byrne
Mrs. G. Snyder
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ketler
Mrs. Florence DePorter Brownlee
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Herman Anderson
R. W. Hieber
Fred Castle
Harry E. O'Hern
Edward O'Hern
Oscar P. Petersen
M. S. Christianson
Harry E. Kamins
Louis Felderslin
Lena M. Whitcomb
Mrs. Julia Thompson
Ophelia Marshall
Charles C. Sloam
Daniel Factor
Mrs. P. L. Factor
Mabel R. Wentworth
Melvin Bengston
W. L. MacIaskey
A. Shure
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gruber
David Moon
REGISTER OF VISITORS

James J. Breen
Mrs. W. W. Miller
W. W. Miller
Archibald J. Carey, Jr.
Gerald J. Duffy
J. K. Lapham
P. H. McMahon
Edw. A. Benson
Mary McEnerney
Carrie Alexander
O'Connell & O'Connell, Attys. at Law.
Ivan M. K. Campbell
Alta Sullivan Levy
Otto Richards
Rudolph J. Marek
Geo. F. Young
Myron H. Bailey
Katherine Faust
Hattie Fischer
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Westbay
Jessie Rhine
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Molly MacDonald
Ben L. Reehvar
James H. Burn
Harry Van Arsdale, Jr.
Carl E. Wick
Joseph Abrams
Erma Mackey
Grace Estelle
Andy Covallis
W. H. Burquest
Martin Jensen
J. Drury
Norman J. LaPeaux
John Elip
Hannah Erickson
C. H. Reardon
Mrs. Clara Hahn
Mrs. Dessie Hill
Eleanor S. Harper
Scott Davis
Mary Morgan
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<td>G. T. Fraenkel</td>
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<td>A. V. Frank</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. V. Frank</td>
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## Register of Visitors

- Abraham Palmer
- Chas. E. Oliver
- J. W. Wilson
- Alma Johnson
- Laura Edwards
- Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Neal
- Ben Axelrod
- Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Ferni
- Mrs. Jeanette Tietgen
- Olga Karopolus
- James Economos
- Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Nichols
- Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Dalrymple
- Edwin S. Davis
- Jane Farnsworth
- Ralph N. Prestal
- E.A.A. Kirchner
- Oscar A. Swanson
- Mr. and Mrs. Guy Miller
- Daniel Gerhardt
- Henry Zollinger
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. G. Nelson</td>
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<td>Daniel Wilhite</td>
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<td>J. Spalding</td>
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<td>Hula J. Barney</td>
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<td>Carl Gustafson</td>
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<td>A. W. George</td>
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<td>Edward A. Prindiville</td>
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<td>Amelia Ensign Shafer</td>
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<td>Harold S. Schiller</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. Alan A. Miller</td>
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<td>Dr. Louis E. Schmidt</td>
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<td>Richard E. Schmidt</td>
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<td>Henry S. Conrad</td>
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<td>Olivia M. Allen</td>
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REGISTER OF VISITORS

Paul Anderson
Fred H. Stade
Robert E. Coleman
Emma Biehl
Clara Biehl
Carroll Daly
Thos. Daly
Ralph Cooper
Wm. Coddington
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Jacobs
Alvin J. Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. Laurence B. Jacobs
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hughes
William N. Carlin
Wm. W. Smith
Peter M. Kelliher
Clara and Agnes Gurney
Steinar Vakidal
Mr. and Mrs. Jay J. Reynolds
Mr. and Mrs. James R. Shoenberger
Felix McLinden
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Mrs. Milton Jacko
James A. Spelding
T. W. Skinner
Wm. J. McNichols
R. T. Mark
R. M. Kephart
Carl E. Person
Paul Kephart
S. H. Cohen
Paul Scott
Martha Scott
Wm. T. Lyon
Herbert Bovy
Chas. Swanson
A. V. Anderson
Clarence Zentner
Landon L. Chapman
Imo. T. Smith
Nell Donaldson
Florence Sailor
J. A. Jacobsen
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<td>J. B. Quinn</td>
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<td>F. O. Rockefeller</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Speven</td>
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<td>Name of Visitor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. W. Waldman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marshall Cook</td>
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<td>David Jamieson</td>
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<td>Paul Ceroke</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. John J. Temple</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. J. Guzman</td>
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<td>Roy T. Stine</td>
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<td>Dr. and Mrs. E. Weiss</td>
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<td>D. L. Baldwin</td>
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<td>Mrs. D. L. Baldwin</td>
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<td>Joseph A. Speelman</td>
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<td>Hazel S. Berg</td>
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<td>Wendell White</td>
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<td>Wirt Hughes</td>
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REGISTER OF VISITORS

Jane Retizen
Alice Langan
Richard A. Faris
R. B. Langan
Mrs. V. Binder
Jos. Barzanta
Amos Wm. Slotman
Lewis Slotman
G. S. Anderson
E. J. Hibner
S. Kowalcki
H. W. Poe
M. E. Kay
Lorettta Salisbury
H. Percy Ward and wife
Maud Miller
Nicholas Schaefer
Edward Messerth
Mrs. G. Walter
Phil C. Metzler
Dr. M. J. Hawkins
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Arne M. Coe
Mrs. J. P. Coe
Robt. Reavley
J. A. Riley
Mr. and Mrs. N. Ortiz
Verna Inman
J. B. Murphy
Mrs. Lee Vaccarini
Mrs. Genevieve Head
Miss Charlene Head
Mrs. Gladys Jones
John E. Keller
M. W. Webb and Family
Louis Rabmowitz
C. Geo. Praggastis
Thomas Ansquist
Bessie Novak
D. E. Hunt
J. E. Hunt
Myrtle Moulton
Mrs. Seymipur Stedman
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Seymour Stedman

W. F. Smith

George H. Styles

Mrs. Joseph S. Davis

Mr. Joseph S. Davis

Mrs. M. Gordon

D. Myers

Frank House

Mrs. Cheney

Howard Waechter

Mrs. M. Dormand

Jos. Schack

Jule Milaskey

Harry Levinsky

Jack Korman

Nate Toler

J. B. Civak

Mr. and Mrs. W. Pfister

John W. Lloyd

Helen B. Wiedershell

John F. Shannon
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Don Kotar
George W. Lyon
John E. Ginter
Gus Schonberg
Dr. C. L. Agnew
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Christmas
Mrs. J. Burk
E. B. McKinstry
Elizabeth Gabel
Phyllis Zimmer
Gertrude M. Donoghue
R. N. Griffin
George J. Clegg
Theo. R. Bunton
Dr. Edward H. Weis
Jose Ward Hoover
Mrs. Sadie Merrill
Mrs. Al Gaines
P. Roussopoulos
Cathryn Liston
Hazel Black
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. L. Harr</td>
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# REGISTER OF VISITORS

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<td>Christopher Vaughan</td>
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<td>Emil Eisele</td>
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<td>Mrs. Madeline Colman</td>
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### Register of Visitors

- Miss Marie Colman
- Mrs. E. M. Keeley
- D. W. Draus
- Hiram E. Shorey
- Mrs. (Rev.) J.P. Brushingham
- Mrs. Marilouise Mills
- Peter C. Walters
- Thomas Somerville
- Anna Reuter
- Peter M. Bridges, Att'y.
- G. Fulton
- Esther Sternloff
- Nathaniel Hawnins
- Cora E. Peerstone
- Leona Ahstrom
- Mrs. J. Brigando
- Attilio Carducci
- Marie Thompson Hadick
- W. Hadick
- Anne Hackl
- Les Vanderbilt
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Victor Enos
Wm. G. Herstein
Dr. Herbert Turner
S. D. Rosen
Wm. O. Mackey
Phillip Wenkoff
William H. Temple
Zeduck T. Bruden
Miriam Phelps
Philip F. Mason
Mr. and Mrs. Detwiler
Anton F. Hensen
Mrs. H. Hansen
Mr. and Mrs. C. Slot
Walter F. Engel
C. H. Graham
Olive J. Darrow
C. Donahue
P. W. Pierce
Mrs. John Williams
Dorothy Kyle
Register of Visitors

Mrs. G. Crayton
P. E. Murin
Sam F. Farnsworth
M. T. Goldsmith
Jack Sargent
Bert Salinn
V. B. Christol
Lena Vicio
Ida Haefner
Anna Bloom
Frieda Schmidt
Naburn D. Brascher
B. L. Morgan
Rex Bigler
F. D. Jones
Pat’k. J. McCann
Emma Malcolm
H. L. Davenport
Nellie V. Davenport
F. Kuvfic
Robert Dawson
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<td>Geo. M. Porter</td>
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## REGISTER OF VISITORS

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<td>Mrs. J. Sweeney</td>
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<td>James R. Garrett</td>
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<td>Morris Herdan</td>
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REGISTER OF VISITORS

Norman Vandose
E. Lambert
H. E. Walker
Mrs. M. H. Brereton
Wm. C. Zahorik
Dr. LeRoy H. Sloan
Edward A. Nordstrom
Harry Norton
Joseph Shaffner
James Stevens
D. C. Hawley
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Baurose
S. F. Call
F. Von Brechman
Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch
Frances Atkinson
Scott M. Hogan
Mrs. F. Shattuck
Mrs. Marie Pointer
Raymond S. Kelly
Cecelia J. Spurlark
REGISTER OF VISITORS

J. A. Murphy
J. S. Ardtis
Mrs. F. Q. Murphy
Mrs. Russell Lesher
I. C. Eby
B. Miller
Mrs. Nellie Drolsom
J. C. Sprong
John S. Gingal
Anthony Riffice
Betty Brauer
Janet Swane
Sol F. Goldman
Richard H. Mangold
Louis Rudin
Byron Wright
John Nuson
John L. FitzHenry
Sam Rairtol
Harold Miller
Rose A. Hampel
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Elsie Haslett
Mrs. M. E. Donnelley
Z. L. Neil
Dr. A. E. Menclewitch
Mrs. Anna Newman
John E. Davy
James Kelly
Joseph T. Harrington
Pauline Butler
Mario Formenturi
George R. Cady
W. M. Bright
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Covey
Felix F. Kucharski
Genevieve Zolkowski
Chas. J. Jocius
F. Bates
Mrs. Pilkington
Mrs. Julie Lagas
Chet Swan
George R. Allen
REGISTER OF VISITORS

Harold W. Clay

Paul Javaras

John Sprukis

C. A. Juhl
FLORAL TRIBUTES

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Harrington

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holly

Helen Tischer

Mr. and Mrs. Pettijohn

Detroit Branch N.A.A.C.P.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Sturges

Doris Stevens and Jonathan Mitchell

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Keebler

Sylvester A. Long.

Ralph R. White

T. V. Smith

Mrs. Oliver Lincoln Watson

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Oliver Watson

Cousin Lettie Darrow Preston

Edwin L. Oakford

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar De Priest

Laborers Union 304, Oakland, Calif.

Dudley Field Malone

Chicago Joint Board Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, by Samuel Levin.