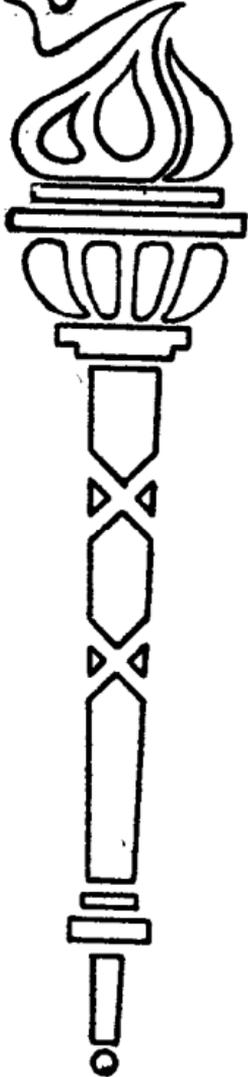


MEMORIAM

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
**HENRY BOWERS**

1856 - 1916



“I always found him true to his principles, conscientious, courageous and full of the fine fellowship that made him so welcome among his comrades.”

—*Eugene V. Debs.*

January 18, 1916.

Mr. Henry T. Bowers,  
Toledo, O.

My Dear Comrade:—

Your beautiful letter of the 17th inst. is just received and if it were possible for me to reach Gene by wire today I would be glad indeed. But I can't, not knowing where a message would reach him. Among some other bookings he was to be in Michigan, Detroit and Ann Arbor, on the 16th and 17th, after which, I understand, he was to go to St. Louis, and in that event he is on a railroad train somewhere between Michigan and the latter point and as I am not advised over what road he is traveling or on what train I do not know where I could address a message that would overtake him. My brother held your dear father very close, not only for his personal worth as a man and a comrade, but for his fidelity and his unwavering loyalty and love for the oppressed and downtrodden of the race. The work he did for mankind will not perish. As a pioneer in the American movement he sowed with untiring hand the seed of intelligent discontent and he lived long enough to see that his splendid efforts of earlier years had not been in vain.

When my brother learns of the death of your dear father, his loving and devoted friend and comrade, his heart will be touched and his eyes filled with tears.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE DEBS.

## *Address by Thomas C. Devine*

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### *Comrades and Friends:*

Once again we are assembled in the presence of that mysterious something called Death.

Assembled to pay our last loving tribute to our Comrade and friend, to offer solace and sympathy to the bereaved wife and family and to express our regret at having lost a comrade whom we had learned to admire, to respect and to love, because of his unfaltering and unswerving devotion and loyalty to the greatest institution the world has ever known: The Modern Socialist Movement.

To have known our Comrade Henry Bowers was to respect him.

To have known of his years of arduous labor for our cause, a cause which at times seemed hopeless and the labor futile, a cause in which he as a pioneer twenty-five years ago and to which even until the time of his death he gave generously of his time and money, to have knowledge of his

efforts in this great movement was to admire him.

To have been more intimate with him and his work was to have all of these elements combined into the greatest of all human attributes—the unselfish love of men for a man. We cherish in loving memory the activity of our Comrade while in our midst.

His kindness and generosity, his loyalty and devotion we treasure in our hearts and would do well to emulate.

His independence, manliness, and bravery we subscribe to and acclaim to all the world as worthy of that emulation.

To the noble comrades who live faithful to the ethics of our movement there is no fear or sting in death but victory and triumph in having died as they lived, bold and fearless to the end.

True, there is sadness and grief at parting but neither despair or fear.

It has been said and the thought may

now be lingering in the minds of some that Socialism is irreligious.

The highest commendation, the best answer to this charge, is that given by those who make it, the opponents of Socialism, who whenever a remedy of real worth is suggested for the relief of human ills, brand it at once as Socialism.

Is it a shorter workday, or a more equitable distribution of labor's product? This would be Socialism.

Should it be a proposition to conserve human life by more safety appliances, sanitary or hygienic conditions in workshop, mill, factory or mine? This is Socialism. Manifest a preference that children be kept at school rather than at early toil, suggest the removal of mothers from the department store, and sweatshop and you risk being called a Socialist.

Protest the endangering and waste of human life on land and sea, in fire-traps called tenements and factories, on rail-

roads or in mines, against occupational diseases or any of the forms of profitable murder, and kind friends will warn you that this is Socialism.

If this be the charge against our cause, ourselves or our Comrade, we plead guilty.

But what will be the plea of those who apologize for and attempt to justify these evils? Is it that they are religious?

Comrade Bowers measured by the most exacting religion, was not only himself a model husband, father and man, but has given to the world a family of three sons, Henry, Charles and Paul, and one daughter, Winifred. With the aid of his loving wife and Comrade they have been reared to manhood and womanhood so thoroughly unblemished of character, so impregnable to attack, that misled and misunderstanding friends who were at first ever-ready to give advice, later learned to admire and seek advice from that father, whose family with us are

proud of his memory.

Henry Bowers was not opposed to religion. His life was but a protest against the indifference of those who preached Heaven hereafter and taught contentment for the Hell we suffer here.

The absence of a clergyman here today needs no apology for one who lived so noble a life.

It is but a message from our beloved Comrade to those who profess a religion and do not live it and to those who pretend to teach or preach a religion and conceal its fundamentals.

Devoted to his family, as few men are, leaving that family with an education such as too few children are fortunate in obtaining, a family without taint or dishonor, without even the proverbial "black sheep," we can speak only words of highest praise and commendation for our Comrade.

His course was the more difficult be-

cause of the petty misunderstandings and ostracism that ever befalls the pioneer of any movement.

Comrade Bowers was a voracious reader, a fervent organizer, a clear thinker and a pleasing and convincing conversationalist.

He was ever cheerful even while suffering pain, pain that but few heard of because of his fortitude and knowledge of other peoples' troubles which he considered paramount to his own.

Avoiding any opportunity of financial gain that savored of graft or political trickery, content to live, labor and love only for the good, never ambitious for that recognition that brings prominence and fame, preferring the inauspicious gathering of kindred souls about him as he worked and the companionship of his family with whom he remained a playmate all his life, he was indeed a friend worth knowing.

Henry Bowers was a Comrade and a parent worthy of the name, an inspiration and a guide to many whose praises have been more widely sung while he, their tutor, remained just plain Henry Bowers.

A lover of clean, healthful, outdoor sports, he was an enthusiastic yachtsman and always enjoyed having his family with him.

All of us do not live or believe the same but all of us must die.

Death to our Comrade, as we hope it may be to you, was but a fitting climax of a life well lived, a life devoted to the cause of humanity.

The world is better for his having passed this way.

My parting wish for all today is that like him you may,

*“So live that when thy summons comes to  
join*

*The innumerable caravan that moves*

*To the pale realms of shade, where each  
shall take*

*His chamber in the silent halls of death,*

*Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
night*

*Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained  
and soothed*

*By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave*

*Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch*

*About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.”*

# PARTING WORDS

At Grave

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*Comrades:*

We have come to the final parting, come to say our last farewell.

Nothing we may say can mitigate our loss or bring our Comrade back to life.

To the loving wife and family however may our words bring comfort and promise.

Comfort in knowing that we who were affiliated with Mr. Bowers in his work shall ever remember him and them, and ever welcome the family to our social and family gatherings.

It is one of life's tragedies that those who labor hardest for others must leave the field ere the seed they have sown bears fruit, but we find solace and promise in knowing that the mental seed scattered by our Comrade has found root in the minds and hearts of men and will yet blossom and bloom even though we, too,

must give up the fight.

Some here today may have differed from him, may have misunderstood him. But do not blame him.

This is no time for prejudices, bury them with our friend and Comrade.

We who were with him, again renew our vow to continue unabated our efforts in his behalf.

You who were not, should seriously consider these matters appearing as gross evils to him and which he endeavored to remedy until death stilled his voice and closed his eyes, and if you are unwilling to labor in our cause at least be thoughtful ere you pass judgment too harshly.

And now, Dear Comrade, farewell:

Though your body has succumbed to the inevitable your spirit still lives and will continue to live even after your voice is stilled and kind friends and comrades gather as we now are to say our last farewell.

## LIFE OF HENRY BOWERS

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Henry Bowers was born of German parents in Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1856.

He received but a limited education and was substantially self taught, being a close student of history, religion and economics.

He was fearless in his search for the truth, seeking it from every source and earnestly endeavoring to impress his views upon others, with the result that he had many devoted friends and numerous bitter opponents.

This was to his disadvantage in a business way but he accepted it as a necessary sacrifice.

Mr. Bowers was a barber by trade and for many years had one of the leading shops in Toledo.

His place of business was the rendezvous of liberal thinkers, and after the in-

ception of the Socialist movement it became practically a headquarters.

His ardor for the truth led him to investigate the subject of Socialism, and in about the year 1887 he became a staunch adherent to the cause, and from that time until his death he gave liberally of his time and money.

At that time Socialism was very much misunderstood and very unpopular, and the few pioneers in the local movement generally held their meetings in secret.

Until 1896, when the first Socialist Ticket was nominated in Ohio, no effort had been made to enter the political field, the movement being confined to the German speaking element and attention given only to organization and propaganda.

Mr. Bowers was one of the original thirteen who organized a local branch of the National Socialist Party in Toledo following a lecture here by Eugene V. Debs in 1897.

For the next two years the Toledo organization had for its ideal the colonization scheme of gathering Socialists into communistic or co-operative colonies, and when Debs at the national conference in Chicago in 1898 declared for political action and against colonization the Toledo branch divided and disbanded.

In December, 1899, Henry Bowers and seven other comrades organized the present branch of the Socialist Party in this city, and at his death he was the only member of the original eight remaining in the local organization.

Mr. Bowers was nominated and ran for mayor on the first municipal Socialist Ticket against the late S. M. Jones in 1901. At that time the party had ninety members.

He was also a candidate for mayor in 1905.

Mr. Bowers died at his home January 16, 1916, after an illness extending over one year.

*Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's Desire?*

—Omar Khayyam.



