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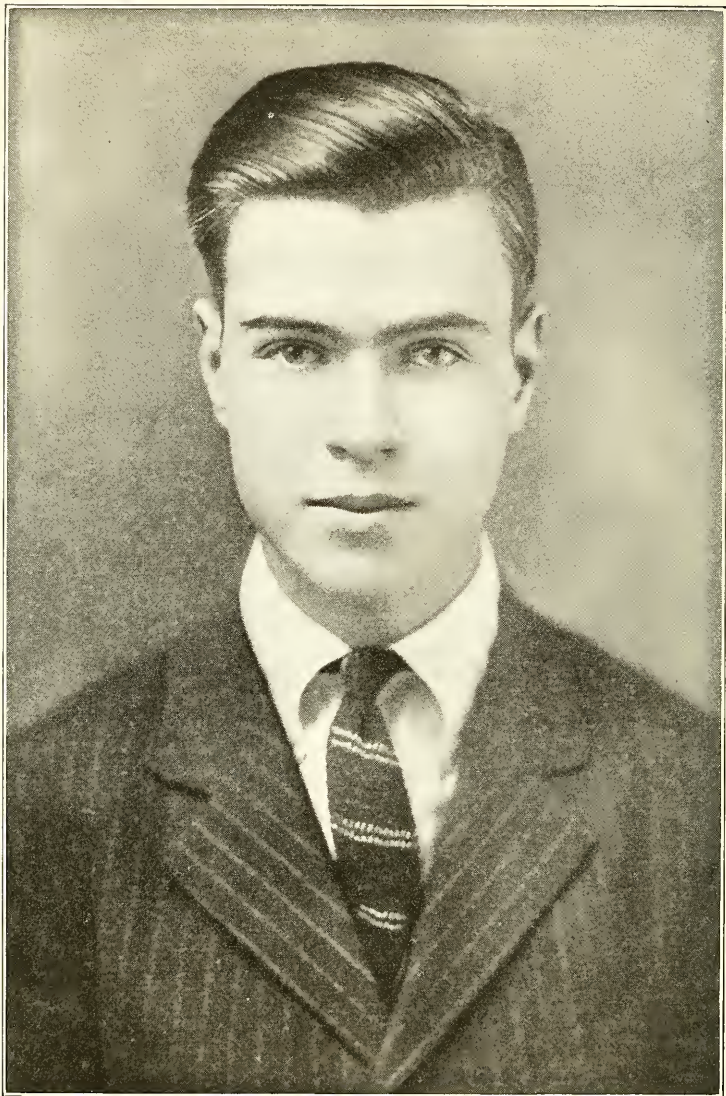
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ALLEN KEITH: A TRIBUTE TO THE COURAGE
VALIANT MEN SHOWED ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER
TWENTY-SEVENTH MDCCCCXXI .. IN MEMORY OF
ONE WHO GAVE HIS PROOF IN FULLEST MEASURE

To the Henry Street Settlement
in memory of -
Dr. Bern B. Gallaudet
by Elsie Gallaudet

ALLEN KEITH.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF ALLEN KEITH
WAS TAKEN ON NOVEMBER 26, 1921,
THE DAY BEFORE THE FIRE.

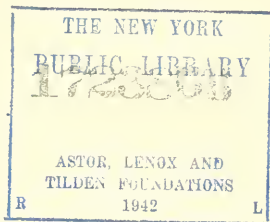
ALLEN KEITH

A TRIBUTE TO THE COURAGE YALE MEN
SHOWED ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER
TWENTY-SEVENTH, MDCCCCXXI.
IN MEMORY OF THE ONE WHO GAVE HIS
PROOF IN FULLEST MEASURE.

“NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF
AND NO MAN DIETH UNTO HIMSELF.”

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, PRIVATELY PRINTED
MDCCCCXXII.

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TO ALLEN KEITH'S MOTHER, FROM WHOM HE
DREW THE LIGHT AND MOTIVE OF HIS LIFE.

IN MEMORIAM.

YET, O stricken heart remember, O remember,
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom, and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

R. L. STEVENSON, 1881.



ALLEN KEITH.

ALLEN KEITH, born in Chicago, Illinois, September 24, 1901, was the son of Elbridge Byron Keith and Arabella Lane Allen. His grandfather, Elbridge Gerry Keith, was a Vermonter who had settled early in Chicago and had taken an active part in its banking and business development. He was a man of purpose, deeply religious, the founder of a banking corporation and of public and private charities such as the Moody Bible Institute. Diligent in business, he left this counsel at his death in 1904 for his sons and his grandson Allen:

“I entreat them that they value a good name as above riches or any other earthly possession. I would that they give their best to the Master’s service, by good works blessing the world. I would that they live without ostentation or vain display or luxury, serving God. May they also serve their country as good citizens.”

Allen’s father was a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School in the Class of 1889, and had brothers at Princeton and cousins and uncles among the Yale alumni. He entered business but soon went into banking in Chicago. His health failed when he was treasurer of a bank, where he worked untiringly, and he had a sudden attack of throat tuberculosis when Allen was less than a year old. After six months of struggle in Arizona and Colorado, the father died. In him were the quiet courage and self-forgetfulness that his son inherited. Both father and son were alike in spiritual and physical stature, and in life without fear or reproach.

Allen’s mother was Arabella Lane Allen, daughter of James Lane Allen. She was a graduate of Monticello Seminary, a student in Chicago University, devoted to outdoor life and exercise, and to church and social work. From his grandfather

Allen, the grandson inherited much of his perceptive mind, his terse and forceful speech. Mr. Allen graduated as Salutatorian from Bethany College, West Virginia, in 1867. First a seminary and high school principal, he studied law and began its practice in Omaha, continuing it in Chicago for forty years. He is a deep reader, and the author of short stories as well as legal work. His interest in such matters led him to become the proposer—soon after the Chicago fire—and a founder of what is the present Chicago Public Library. From 1910 to 1916 Mr. Allen was a successful counsel in New York City.

On both sides of Allen Keith's ancestry were ability and courage. An established connection between the Hale name and his great-grandmother Offut brings him into remote relationship with Nathan Hale. One of the Offut family was the employer of Abraham Lincoln in his flatboating experiences as a young man in Kentucky. A collateral connection with Jared Eliot may link him to one of the first graduates of Yale. All of his revolutionary ancestors on both sides were patriots, while several lived surrounded by and connected with Royalists. In the Civil War three of his great-uncles were strong Union men, while four stood on the Southern side.

The Allens left Virginia for a plantation in Kentucky about 1784. For many years they were among the largest stock raisers in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Allen's great-grandfather was a publisher and educator, an active planter and stock raiser. He set free all of his slaves some time before the Civil War. In that War, among his great-uncles in the divided household referred to, were Madison C. Johnson, Dean of the Kentucky University Law School, whom the state sent as ambassador to treat with President Lincoln; Governor George W. Johnson, killed while leading his division at Shiloh; Professor James Lane Allen, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Kentucky and President of Bell Seminary, a

son of one of the candidates against Lincoln for the Presidency in 1859; and William Henry Johnson, Quartermaster-General in the Southern army. Stephen A. Douglas was an uncle in the third generation.

In October, 1905, Allen's mother was married to Robert Capen Gilmore of Rutland, Vermont. After a winter in New York, the family returned to Rutland for two years, and then established a home for ten years in Summit, New Jersey. Allen studied in Summit Academy from 1909 to 1915, at Morristown School the two following years, and then for three years at Phillips Andover. He entered Yale with the Class of 1924, selecting the course for the B.A. degree.

Allen was confirmed in the Episcopal Church in 1915 by Bishop E. S. Lines of the Newark Diocese. With his family, he was a communicant in Calvary Church of Summit and in Trinity Church of Rutland, Vermont, and of Southport, Connecticut. He was a Boy Scout in the Summit Troop. He was a member of the Beta Chapter of Psi Upsilon, receiving a posthumous election after his death at the New Haven Hospital on November 28, 1921.

From a closely sheltered boyhood, Allen went away to school with reluctance. Still the modest and gentle boy of his first decade, he left for his years at Morristown and Andover with lingering and unwilling partings. He set out for college in some uncertainty and with business calling him almost more than education. But to his second year at Yale he returned with confidence. In the school years he had seen many places and people. Despite his vitality and quickness, he had thought deeply. Now when manhood was in sight, he decided with promptness. This year was opening new thoughts and a new future for him. He felt that he was finding himself.

A third of Allen's life had been in the schools distant from his home. His score of years may measure the usual influences

and impressions made by such schools. In spite of what these influences brought, the spirit that Allen lived was his own.

His courage, quickness and unselfishness, current through all his life, showed themselves most clearly in the last day of Allen Keith.

ONE NIGHT.

ON Sunday night, three days after last Thanksgiving, the family of Allen Keith were recalling some of the incidents of that day. They spoke of his help and cheerfulness, they revived some of the games and music they had played together. Some of the songs about the piano came again: "Integer Vitæ," "Ein' Feste Burg," and "Lead, Kindly Light."

But the home group had gathered that the other brother and the sister might hear, for the first time, John Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River." The story is of faithful Glück, the boy who had borne every trial and every test that the other brothers could not meet; who had endured the long trail up the Styrian Mountains, over the glacier, to the cataract; who had denied himself, to give the single flask of holy water his own thirst needed, to the lame dog, the little girl who was faint and astray, and to the gray old man.

The reading ended and brought silence. Soon they spoke of the courage of Glück's self-denial and the sureness of his reward.

Then, while they were talking, the telephone called to give its quick message of the fire. . . . A hurried motor ride of twenty-four miles. . . . A day of waiting, and of hope for Allen.

At its evening, another Glück poured out the last of his flask of life.

THE START.

TWO who were close to Allen will always hold fast the memories of an early friendship he made. There had been a ten-hour delay to a southwestern train. Allen, with his mother, his nurse Emma, and a cousin, had looked over the straggling one-story town, had watched the few cattlemen, Indians and broad-hatted miners, had seen the captive Gila monster and the snakes in the small store. Allen unbent but little to all these wonders and not at all to the stranger. He saw and heard all that he might. He said as little as a boy could. The next day when he had thought it out and when he and the new acquaintance met again, Allen came with smiles and questions, as naturally as if they had always been old friends. This new status they kept from that day.

A few years after this, when his home had changed, two were awaiting the boy and his grandmother Allen, eager to see his first impressions of the East. He came down the station platform, a sturdy figure in brown coat, with brown bear in his arms. His eyes were glad and he was full of vigor from his summers at Highland Park and from a winter's sun and play in Pasadena. He had come to that strange far East where there were so many people, schools, books, and so much to see. New friends, a new ocean, a new home, and perhaps more fun. All of these he found and about them all his questions and his games of make-believe were endless. Wherever he had his theater of play—in the walks through the park, in the music room with cap and sword in order for the march, with his toys, in the Museum, at the Aquarium—in all places Allen's sense of life, of rhythm and of action, was constant.

One of the remembered flashes of the boy's spirit of independence came at this time, during his mother's grave illness. He wanted some flowers to send her, but would accept neither

the flowers nor the money to get them. He managed to earn his dollar so that he could bring his own flowers to the mother. One of his life's last gifts to her was addressed: "All my love to the bravest and finest Mother in the world."

In books and talks, that winter, stories of action were best and next stories of humor. *Uncle Remus* led them all, and the boy would beg to have its fables of nature and of human nature in the beasts told him by grandfather Allen. The child heroes who belong to us all could be seen and heard by Allen. He knew them and their tales did not become old or dry with the years. He was keen to hear more and to be able to read more of them.

When their first spring brought his family to Vermont, a new playground of learning came to him. Study became more regular. With his mother's help and that of Miss Waterhouse he soon knew how to read his own *Tailor of Gloucester* or the perennial *Little Black Sambo*. Then he learned the first of writing and of figures. Long rides and some walking put him in the strength of the hills or among the valleys; with the brook cascades, in the bank of maidenhair over the Notch, or searching late gentian on the slopes of East Mountain. There were camping trips when they had tents in the Chittenden hills, whose dozen brooks run down to the long lake with tall peaks about it. As they look once more to those summers, the others can see the small boy first of all. He plays with Tag or Binx, the Boston terriers, he distracts Kathinka, the patient nurse, whose wide-rimmed eyes never quite leave him, he is in games with them or with two gentle grandmothers, he marches and counters past the music and about the yard. Both seasons are best remembered as a series of trips to camp in the woods, rides in a creaking buggy to trout brooks, hurried picnic suppers in the gorge or on the South Branch, some motor drives to Manchester, or one in a full three-seated wagon over

the Mendon hills and through the Sherburne valley to Woodstock.

These first contacts with nature were a revelation to the city-bred boy. Vermont never lost place in his affection. But in his last two summers when he returned to these scenes, only the wide ranges from Pico or from Killington, the stiff tramps down tangled mountain sides and across ridges, could give him all he wanted. Cape Cod camping had been tame; here was a better sort. The motor trip around the country was well enough—but vision, action, the view from the heights of difficulty, meant most to him. These final summers brought the best of this. His family had a few weeks' camping in Mendon in 1920, then at the Proctor Lodge on Pico Pond, and in the last year at a pine shack in sound of the rush of McLoughlin's Falls, in whose chilly pool Allen and the rest had their daily plunge. At all these rough camps there was action and plenty of work, life of a simple sort but winning the rest that follows working together and playing together in the fresh air. One day in last September, there was a morning walk up the brook to see the French hermit, then a long reach over the side trail and the old road to the peak of Killington, Allen's tall and erect form usually leading, now and then breaking into a run on up or down grades. After the tramp back, facing the lowering sun, all five at camp went across for a supper on a hillside overlooking the valley. The last of the eighteen-mile day, for the three who started it, was made by the light of lantern and of a new moon. At an earlier time, another's letter from Pico Pond tells a part of what Allen found to love in these woods:

“Set out at 9.30 p.m. with a lantern and a small boy—two little lights—to meet Allen coming down from Pico Peak. The corduroy road was an avenue of mystery from its blackness up to the perforations in the leaves where the moon tried to lend in a little borrowed light. Dark and still. A bat or two. A

single deer slid out of the birches and splashed through the end of the Pond with noise like a paddle wheel. . . . We never crowded more of Vermont into four days than since Saturday—over thirty miles afoot, the most perfect brook I ever saw, trout, deer, berries, two waterfalls, hikes over the road with rod and Adirondack pack, a big horned owl to visit us in the evening, bees, porcupines, moles, a supernatural appetite, a roaring open fire, the warm sun by day and the lovely stars each night.”

When Allen was six his brother was born. In the same month Allen had tried his young hands with a duck and chicken colony. The day of his brother's birth, Allen answered a question: “Yes, I have eight new ducklings and a baby brother.” A later caller gave a well-meant hope that this brother would grow into “the best boy that ever lived.” Allen replied, “I hope the baby will be just as good as I am; but no better.” He never showed loyalty more faithfully than to this brother and the smaller sister. He said when his grandmother Allen offered to change the first for a sister or a pony or some more usable playmate: “He is the best brother; I wouldn't change him for anything in the world.” For in those early years and always Allen was a quiet loyalist—to family, to school and to friends. Yet he was never an echo of others, never the sedulous mimic of teachers or of playmates. He preferred his own ways of speech, of play, of reading, of doing. He had a sturdy way of standing and an honest way of doubt that proved his valor—physical and mental. His dislikes were visible if not audible, for he said little. These dislikes softened with the years, then disappeared. Most often they were unexpressed, but some can remember how the small boy fought against going to parties—which he religiously hated during the party age—and how painful it was to him to have to follow up some knickerbocker friendships that did not seem altogether mutual, to his mind.

Small Allen, still in skirts, going into a corner to "wrestle with himself," and to fight an unhappy invitation, is a similar memory to that of the same boy who always had to reach his own conclusions before he could really put his heart into a plan. But he was obedient in spite of the appeal to reason upon which he insisted. When he was five, he once heard someone speak of duty: "I know about duty," came from Allen. "A man must do his duty to his God and his country, and to himself." At this period of life, the grave wisdom he repeated was seldom a quotation: "Bobby, it is better to try things than to give up" was the way he put it. Reason spoke to him quite as much as did precept. Then and later, when something obscure had been made clear to him, his eyes would light and he would speak a quick, "I see it, I get you—that's fine!" Still later in life the same satisfaction would appear when a difficulty had been made clear, whether it was in mathematics or the plot of a book, a line of Horace or the motor of a boat.

In his childhood, Allen had shown an unusually serious turn of thought and of frequent gravity. The happenings of life and some of its deeper losses had been impressed by experience upon him. All this showed in his talk and in his boyish reasoning. Often family and friends called him The Judge, or The Little Minister. He was observant of all things, quick and final in his opinions. These were often kept to himself, but it was sometimes shown later that they were only held back for expression in action. His philosophy was that if a thing were over, it was finished. Worry was useless over a lost box kite or a broken glass. "No, no, Kathinka, we won't talk about that—that is over," he sometimes said. Through his life, needless greetings and long-drawn farewells were impossible. "Don't stand and watch me go—I don't want any last good-byes," was a saying through most of his years, and his spirit at their end. He was a forward-looking boy, a resigned and cheer-



ful philosopher. If a thing had taken place, laments, or a tedious time of seeking causes and placing blame were useless. "That's over, let's not worry about it," he used to say.

Allen's seventh year brought him to New York once more. Then regular lessons began, if not school routine. His first outside influence leading to school, came from his friend, Mr. Chauncey Belknap. Contact with him was a marked factor in Allen's ways and thoughts. Reading, walks to places of interest, stories and lessons gave Allen new points of view and a new friendship which continued in an occasional way while the friend was at Princeton and after he came back from military service in France. There were good times on these city walks, when he and this friend saw collections and pictures, battleships and parks.

The day after Allen's death, Mr. Belknap wrote of him:

"There is something finer and very much rarer than battle-field courage in what Allen did. He was put to one of those sudden tests which few of us have to meet, which must make strong men doubt themselves. But it only showed the pure gold in his character. I have always thought of Allen as the attractive youngster whom I became so devoted to fifteen years ago. And now I shall remember him as a man who died as beautifully as man can die."

After a year in Miss Mueller's School in Summit, Allen had six years in Summit Academy. Mr. James Heard, its Principal, writes of him:

"He stood high in his classes and gave promise of the noble manhood he exemplified. Of a retiring disposition, he did not take a large interest in school activities, seemingly preferring the joys of home in his hours of recreation. Yet he endeared himself to schoolmates and teachers by his lovable nature."

During this and the schooling that followed, nine years were spent in the home in the New Jersey hills. Clover Patch was a joy and stimulus to Allen. There were healthful exercise, work and play, and all sorts of outdoor interests. The farm at Summit was a mile and a half from either of the schools. With the school, the home and the way between, the varieties of tasks that came to him made up for the loss of many near-by playmates. Always "the place" was the best of all. There were a garden where he had his own corner, chickens to feed, a duck pond, woodlands and brook to explore, birds and fowls of many sorts, crows to shoot, a small pony, and a tree house to sleep in now and then. It was healthful country life. In being placed a little apart, it helped to shape the self-reliance of Allen's nature. It was full of the health of effort and fragrant with nature, from the spring blossoms to the last grapes of autumn. There were long walks for the boy, longer readings indoors, with many trips to Wonderland with Alice, or the treasure islands of the old *St. Nicholas* volumes. He also had tennis, gymnastics, medicine-ball, boxing. If the more exciting things he liked ever happened to Allen alone, he would either speak of them not at all or else days afterward. In his third year at the Academy it was hard to get him to tell a story that showed his character. A lame boy had been taken by some older boys and ordered under threat to climb a roof and a taller tree next it. "So I was late to lunch, that's all," said Allen. At last came the story of the lame boy: "I came along and saw it and said, 'Here, you can't do that—you let me climb up for him. I will, and if you don't let me, why I'll fight some of you, if you'd rather.'"

The usual disasters of boyhood fell on Allen lightly. There were some sicknesses and mishaps. Such an incident as that of Horace, read in his later study, once came to him when he had

a narrow escape from part of a tree which fell as he was chopping below, striking his back and stunning him. In all these times, he was quiet—not a noisy or unhappy patient. A pattern of devotion came to Allen in these years from Miss Wright, an English helper and governess, who worked and read and played with him. They exchanged letters or gifts on all their later holidays and anniversaries.

In time, Allen became a Boy Scout. He passed some of the tests and rose. It meant much to him, the hikes and sports and some of the study, though he did not have all the instincts of the naturalist or builder. He kept in the Troop for two years and felt the Scout discipline and its teachings to be loyal and to be prepared. From his Scoutmaster's home has come this: "We are grieving over the little Scout who died for his ideals."

In its ideals of thoughtfulness for others as much as for what it brought, Christmas never lost its hold on Allen. At the first Christmas Eve around the old fireplace he put some food for Santa Claus by the andiron and centered under the flue a large pillow—"So he won't hurt himself if he should fall." On the next Christmas morning, a fire came before he was awake, and did not end until it had burned a wide hole in the dining-room floor above the furnace. Allen worked in the fire as much as nine years could. His inclination was always toward fires and never away. He wanted to go, to help, no matter how far the place or how uncertain the alarm. Almost never did they fail to stir him, or to start him, and whether he had gone or was talking with those who had, one of his questions was sure to be, "Is the fire out?"

In quick perception, in courage, in terse and forceful speech, Allen was markedly like his grandfather Allen: and like his own father and both grandfathers, he was self-contained and thoughtful. Independence and love of action were conspicuous. On serious matters he was quiet and brief in expression yet

with flashing quickness of thought. Growth came to him in mind and in body more slowly than to some young men. In his nineteenth year he was nearly six feet three. The last years of his life were greatly broadened and quickened beyond the promise of his boyhood. As a boy he sought few outside friends. As a man he drew them quickly to him. In both periods he was broad and generous, and had been heard to say: "I think one fellow is about as good as another if you see him right and use him right." "Being square, playing the game fair" was what he wanted. Though he did not preach of any standards of conduct, more than one have testified to Allen's influence and to his wholesome help. He did not rush to new friendships. But the tests of many days and many events showed the same unchanging loyalty to those who deserved his understanding or who gave response. From this nature, direct thought and simplicity of speech were certain. Hatred of untruth or affectation were joined with love of life, in a singularly straightforward character. "Such souls among men are rare and are the beauty of the world," Dr. John A. Hartwell wrote of Allen. The modest boy who earned them would turn from the words. Almost the only thing he asked for during his last day, that time of little complaint and much quiet, was to refer to a place that is typical of such a nature, and of its beauty. He wanted a swim, a real plunge, a fresh one under the falls in the big pool near the mountain camp.

Through all these preliminary years, in preparatory school and college work, Allen was a consistent democrat. He chose what and whom he liked. Influence or wealth had no appeal. Friends were better made than inherited. All things were right, if they were rightly used.

THE RACE.

ALLEN had, from the start, the instincts of the runner—the call to reach the tape with the first—a regular and commendable trait but hindered slightly in his case by a mind that learned too easily and by a body growing too fast for their own good. To help co-ordinate, during these difficult formative years, school discipline seemed best; so the boy spent two years, from September, 1915, in the Morristown School. Here he came under excellent influences and good teaching. He tried both years in the track training and played on one of the minor football teams. His liking for tennis increased and he worked in clearing timber and building the new hockey rink. He had cross-country work, drill and ski running. He took small parts in some school theatricals. He heard some stirring speakers, being most moved by Captain Ian Hay Beith's story of the First Hundred Thousand. He developed in these years but not rapidly. Mr. Arthur P. Butler, the Headmaster, writes of Allen during this period:

“Though not a brilliant student, his grades were satisfactory. His response to the general School requirements was uniformly creditable as shown in punctuality, physical training and conduct, though there were occasional lapses in the latter quite characteristic of the prankishness of boyhood. Of a gentle and somewhat sensitive disposition, he was only just beginning to find channels for the expression of the more vigorous qualities. When he left Morristown, he was giving promise for good all-round development characteristic of a wholesome, normal boy.”

Allen spent some of his week-ends at home and also with relatives in New York, during both these winters. The features of these city days were tramps in the park, bus rides, skating,

an hour in a museum or gallery, morning church services, with a good play once in a while. The same boy who said once in this period, "I don't want any circus—I want to see something I can remember and think about," choosing "The Thirteenth Chair" that night, would start a stiff pillow fight when he had slept over it and had met the next morning. Once when a publisher took him through a large newspaper plant, it brought out—"That was better than going to a park. I think I'd like to be a publisher." Parts of life which were distinct in speed and struggle called him. He was soon drawn to motors and to the movies for similar reasons. In later years, he became decidedly a motor expert, in sensing and using motors with swift skill. The speed and vitality of both motors and movies, the color they brought to the eye and imagination, were the reasons. In moving pictures he was quick to detect the false and to admire the realities.

Even before this time the selection of a few plays and good operas had begun. *Peter Pan*, *Robin Hood*, *The Blue Bird*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Treasure Island* and *Pagliacci*, of those in the earlier years: *Parsifal*, *Madame Butterfly*, *The Jest*, *The Tavern* and *Liliom* were some of those in the last, which he truly liked to hear and to talk over. In books his taste ran with other likings—first wide in choice, then narrower and with higher standards. Through this stage of growth school reading was a great factor but Allen's admiration still kept close to the notes of strength and of heroism that came most quickly to him from childhood reading. There was found by his family recently a volume of Dr. Hamilton Mabie's *Heroes Every Child Should Know*, given him when he was eleven by his grandfather, with signs of more frequent reading in the stories of Roland and of Abraham Lincoln. The book recalled these verses, published a short time after Allen's death:

“I shall go forth one day to joust with death ;
The brittle little chains that hold me tied
To rusted hopes, to visions cracked and dried,
Shall break, and I shall hear the trumpet’s breath
Go clamoring across the barren heath,
And for a flaming moment I shall ride
The lists’ brief course to meet the Undefined
And take the blow that I shall fall beneath.

“Each day I make this single fervent prayer :
May then the blood of Bayard be my own ;
May I ride hard and straight and smite him square,
And in a clash of arms be overthrown ;
And as I fall hear through the evening air
The distant horn of Roland, faintly blown.”

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER.

Some of Hawthorne, a little of Cooper, much of Dickens and a long line of boy books, were among the early standard favorites. Stories of nature held place with those of valor; and whether it was *Greyfriars Bobby* or *Bob, Son of Battle*, those of fidelity and courage were favorites. *The Just-So Stories*, the *Jungle Books* and *Captains Courageous* were close friends in different periods. There was much reading before the broad fireplace at home and on summer and fall nights at Gray Nest, the Cape Cod cottage which Allen helped to build and to arrange. The impress of the beauty of good reading was constantly upon Allen. In later years he can be remembered repeating as he went about the house many lines and poems in English, from the Odes of Horace, in French or Spanish, not only because they had been lessons in the classics, but because he admired their compact art and metrical beauty. Allen’s schools helped to set standards of taste as well as to teach work. Some of his friends could see that he tried to establish his own measures of life and its art, and that he was developing absolute and independent ways of judgment.

In the fall of 1917 Allen began his three years at Phillips Andover. He roomed alone at first, and found his own studies and later roommates. He was encouraged to shape his own course. Allen's independent disposition disliked influence and preferment. He agreed that ready-made associates and pre-arranged plans might be the poorer way to learn a large school or to find a small self. He soon came to love Andover and Andover Hill deeply and to think in the highest terms of Principal Alfred E. Stearns and many of the Faculty. In his second year he said one day: "I'm all set up. Al Stearns just stopped me and said, 'How are you, Al? How are you doing?' Just think, he called me Al! I'm getting on." So far as he was able, he went into school activities and tried to do his part in them and in classrooms. He joined the Forum Debating Society and the Society of Inquiry; he worked in cross-country and track squads, qualifying for the last tests in some of the middle distance events: he was a waiter at Commons for a time: he joined the School Church without any advice to do so, and often wrote of the school speakers whom he liked. His real faith was most often concealed within a casual and even flippant way of speech. Less than a month before his death, his grandfather called the family together when Allen was at home, and read them without disclosing its author, Mrs. Besant's "There Are No Dead." They were asked to compare this with the teaching of the Creed, and Allen gave his view. In his brief comment on the unknown writer's thought, he unconsciously made a clear confession of his own faith, more fully than if he had been asked to do so and with more sincerity and reverence than an older man might have shown.

Of all the stirring hymns he knew as favorites from school and home use, he chose as the ones that meant most to him, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light." Yale brought his admiration for Martin Luther's Hymn and

for "Fight the Good Fight," which were sung by the college choir in the service over him given in Battell Chapel.

Fight the good fight,
With all thy might!
Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown, eternally.

Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

The outside work that first stirred him at Andover was making the Phillipian Board, with a good record as business getter. He became Assistant Business Manager and then Business Manager in 1919. This had a stimulating effect in many ways. The amateur typewritten letters of that year, on home and on business subjects, were good examples. The home letters were quite the best and most detailed of all his life. He took up music in a self-taught way during these years, made the school orchestra and later played with the R. O. T. C. musicians, earning most of his Summer Training Camp expenses in this way. This camp and the drill at Andover were Allen's preparation for the War. He knew the value of it and felt the responsibility of service in uniform. In 1917 he had been disappointed in not being able to get to Plum Island, but the school and camp work made him feel that he was doing something. One of his early poems was written "On Our Country's Going to War." A classroom theme which he wrote at Andover describes the method of the day's work at that time and of one special event. With his writing time given as thirty minutes, this paper came back marked "Excellent Style":

“A SHAM BATTLE.

“THE day dawned misty, hot, and lifeless, but as the morning progressed the sun drove off the low hanging mists, and the heat began to be noticeable. There was an unusual bustle about the camp that morning for we had learned that today was to be ‘the day,’ as the Huns say, for the long expected sham battle. Soon after breakfast the companies assembled in full marching equipment, and were given their blank ammunition, and with slung rifles we marched off down the dusty road, bounded by tall poplars and birches, bright silver against a cloudless blue sky.

“In the distance a blue mountain loomed up against the sky, while all about us the perfect green of the pasture land, broken by patches of thick woods, gave the impression of peaceful natural life. Ahead the long khaki column wound down the road, snatches of songs, whistling and laughter showing that everyone was in the best of spirits. But soon this noise was stopped—we were approaching the hostile country, and the slightest noise would betray us to our enemies—the other half of the camp. A halt was then made and the companies were instructed to camouflage themselves to suit their individual tastes. The effect was weird, each man decorating himself with leaves and branches in what he deemed the most effective manner, and when the march was resumed it was easy to understand how Macbeth thought he saw the forest move.

“In a short time the battlefield was reached and the captains deployed their commands in their appointed positions for defense. We held a low ridge, heavily wooded, overlooking long stretches of pasturage criss-crossed with stone walls—an ideal defense position, and soon every man was hidden behind bushes, trees and stumps, with loaded rifle, eagerly watching the ground ahead for signs of the enemy.

“Before long groups of khaki clad figures were seen in the distance creeping forward in squads, like so many orderly ants,

and great excitement prevailed. Then another body of the enemy was sighted behind a friendly stone wall, and in a few minutes a charge was made across the field, each side firing like mad. Then followed a sharp skirmish in which language played a more important part than did the noisy but harmless rifles. Great hubbub arose from a clump of woods nearby, and then the signal was given for a counter attack, whereupon with great whooping and popping of rifles we rushed down from the hills and forced the enemy to retreat to the stone wall, where a stand was made and no doubt everyone would have been wiped out on both sides if the clear notes of the bugle from the nearby hill had not put an end to all hostilities.

“By this time the sun was sinking low over the dusty hot road, and the trees and bushes seemed to perspire, as did the hot, tired crowd of would-be soldiers, who friend and enemy alike hiked back to Camp, amid an endless argument as to which side had been victor.”

After the Armistice Allen said, with some regret: “The Major told us we’d all get a chance to get in this War, for it would last. I didn’t get my chance after all.”

The music that he had always loved became a more real beauty to him in Andover. Of his inner taste in music, which was quite distinct from much of the musical expression he attempted, Mr. Pfatteicher of the Music Department wrote in the *Phillipian* early in December:

“IN MEMORIAM—ALLEN KEITH.

“THE manly, heroic death, a few days ago in New Haven, of Allen Keith, is so striking an illustration of the falsity of the idea so widely prevalent among school-boys that æsthetic appreciation and fine manliness are incompatible, that one cannot let the news of his death pass without a word of com-

ment. Many an hour he spent in the chapel next the organ bench listening to what most fellows would have thought extremely dry practice of the masters, and well does the writer remember his remark, uttered without the slightest presence of cant, after playing for him the magnificent Choral in A minor of the Belgian-French composer César Franck: 'That is the most spiritual composition I have ever heard.' Few fellows would have made so discerning a remark. Keith's judgment was correct. Franck finished the three great chorals on his own death bed and it has been well said concerning them: 'It is this work which evokes in the highest sense the evangelic words so well set to music in the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."' It will certainly be appropriate to play the Choral at the recital preceding the Vesper service to-morrow afternoon."

In his home Allen was close to simple and good music. Sometimes it was mechanical, but the frequent group at the piano, the family singing and the few lessons, all brought him benefit. The family spent ten summers of his boyhood on Cape Cod and here friends from the near-by cottages and from Wychmere came often to join in the evening singing in Gray Nest, or the singing groups on the beach. In a later year Allen taught himself the saxophone, becoming a fair player in a short time. Then he took up the banjo-mandolin in the same way, using both in semi-professional efforts with a few summer orchestras. His written comment on this was: "Anyhow, we get good fun from it." Time led him to give more attention to singing and he made the Freshman Glee Club in his first year at Yale.

Allen's school work at Andover was good, with the consistent exception of mathematics. Reason could not explain this and frequent tutoring, sometimes with his devoted uncle, Professor George McCoard, could not correct it. It may have been a case of grounding, of the first lessons. However quick



he was in other things, perception of higher arithmetic came to him when he should have known algebra: a fair grasp of algebra was reached when he took up geometry: and his only Yale failure—in Freshman chemistry—was, perhaps, the result of all these difficulties.

His track and gymnasium work were undertaken to furnish training and to develop his upper body. He grew rapidly at Andover, and in view of his first expansion, filled out well. He showed fair speed, with more than usual endurance. It troubled him to be unable to make the first squads. But the practice helped his body, most evidently in the compulsory work and progressive training at Yale. Here he took up boxing, and the first athletic ambition he expressed at Yale was the hope to get the lightweight boxing championship. His reach was unusual, even greater than his height. One of his classmates said of him, the day before his death: "I don't want to put on the gloves with Allen again. I knew what a reach he had, but I never knew his shoulders or how thick his chest was." Twice in Allen's second year, he told of what he called knockouts,—given him,—the first, a week after it had happened; both referred to at home in the most casual way. He had the reputation with teachers and sparring partners of being "a tantalizing boxer," and of always keeping cool, with no trace of anger or of weakness. There must have been need for some of this strength and balance in his last fight. How the news of that night affected the Principal of Phillips Andover appears in a letter from Dr. Alfred E. Stearns:

"The boy has set an example that will not be lost for years to come, and has exerted an influence that could not well be duplicated by one hundred boys, living out their full term of three score years and ten. He has taught me a lesson too. I shall never again be disposed to lose, even for a moment, my confidence in the inherent good in youth, which so often lies

just beneath the surface, needing only a clear and challenging call to bring it to its finest expression.

"I could wish for no boy of my acquaintance, including even my own son, a finer contribution to humanity than that which Allen has given in his superb and supreme act of unselfish devotion to the welfare of his fellows."

The varied work at Andover helped to develop body and will, and to bring him the light, hard and instant strength he knew how to use. Some sports called him, others left him cold. The accuracy and force in tennis appealed, but baseball did not attract at all. Neither a golfing family nor the Baltusral lessons he had, could awaken an interest in that game for more than a day. He called it "an old man's game." The visit at Charlevoix last summer with his grandmother, Mrs. Keith, again offered golf. With usual adaptability, he rose to it and soon played a game not far above par. Allen was especially eclectic in athletics. Of the general affairs of life he had been heard to say, many times: "I'll try anything decent once."

In many summers spent on Cape Cod, Allen became a strong swimmer, preferring the swimming and diving to all else the Cape gave. But at none of his schools nor at Yale did swimming in indoor pools ever appeal to him. "I can't swim in dead water—can't stand it," was the one reason he gave.

The Cape was responsible for this and for much more of the clean wholesomeness Allen showed. The open bathing, the long hard beaches, the sails across to Monomoy, the cruises in *Dixie*, the power boat, the trip to the Twin Lights, or to Provincetown, the picnic excursions and clam digging up the coast, the camping, tramping, corn roasts, berry expeditions, some fishing and much work on pumps, boats and houses, filled most of his boyhood summers. They were at their best during the Morristown and Andover years, and their development helped what the schools gave his mind and body.

One summer Allen took up painting. He felt much admiration for the work of a Cape Cod artist, Mr. Charles Cahoon, and tried to learn a little of the use of colors. Three oil paintings, one of a corner of sand dune in the sunlight, with some green hummock showing and a mottled sky overhead, another of a man and boat at the water's edge, tell of the trials Allen made. Frequent letters of his, during several years, were filled with rough sketches, if that was the easiest way of expression. Bits of small background and scenes for toy theaters, designs for bookplates, fragments of indoor decoration in color, are left to show the breadth of his tastes and his dreams. Talks, and hours with him in galleries, showed that he liked the meaning of significant lines and the beauty of colors that made harmony, whether in a painting, a Whistler etching, or a Rodin. With all his own modernism, the most modern art impressed him very lightly.

The Cape brought him his first sight and touch of airplanes. They stirred him as the motors had, and he said, after the start in war training, "I think I'll be up in the air within a year." Choosing this as a calling would have been a further stage in his progress through use of the bicycle, motor cycle, power boat and automobile. All of these he had studied and driven as early as he could, with a ready and certain sense of power and motor values. His old skipper friend on the Cape, Captain Jairus Allen, used to winter the *Dixie* and watch it in summer, and Allen had driven the little boat up and down the Cape. It had also beaten its uncertain way around the coast from west of Wood's Hole to Chatham. Among others was a stormy trip across Buzzard's Bay, when gas had been replenished from a passing fishing dory, although the weather finally drove the *Dixie* back to harbor. All this was quite to Allen's liking, as was the longer cruise around to Hyannis on the following day.

The airplane aspirations Allen felt, on the Cape, came when the Chatham flying station opened. He went up for his first flight. Some time later he wrote from Charlevoix to an Eastern friend:

“Well, while I was writing, the dear old flying boat sailed over the house again and I gave up and went down and had another little leap. This was a five passenger boat with 500 H.P. Liberty motor. I had the very front seat, and stood up and almost fell out waving to my Grandmother, who was paralyzed with fear. Anyhow, I got another thrill and feel better. This is the third time I have had them in two days—yesterday I swam too far in the lake and could barely get in again. Today I rode down an almost vertical long bank on a bicycle, on a dare; then I tried to fall 1300 feet from an aeroplane. But my luck holds good. . . . I’ve had a wide assortment of hicks to observe this summer, in Michigan, Vermont and Cape Cod. But the majority of the world’s population are hicks, and who am I to laugh at them?”

Allen entered Yale without conditions. For a time he had some unfinished Andover work due to influenza and over a month’s sickness in Senior year. He showed good ability and despite a low mark in chemistry, finished his Freshman year with a grade above the average mark of his class. He took some school honors, and in June, 1921, was one of sixteen Andover men of 1924 who had honors in the year’s rating. During the last week of his life he earned one of the two highest marks in his division by a discerning paper on Chaucer. His Freshman inclination was to take up the study of medicine.

Twice while he was at Yale, he raised the question at home of leaving college work and whatever it might mean. He could help now, he wanted to do his part, he said. He could go to work with as much chance, perhaps, as he might after two

more years—and with all that time and money saved. This was one of his quiet thoughts that showed his unselfishness. Midway in Freshman year, he spoke twice of a group of men who were trying to help, where aid was needed. Some fellows were having a hard time, some needed a hand, some found the town too big and some were down on their luck. “We want to help some if we can.” He never spoke of it beyond answering later questions, but others have told of Allen’s influence.

Whatever were Allen’s shortcomings and silences, lack of interest and slowness of thought were not among them. “Cold and bare” were not “the lodgings of his soul.” He was full of affection for those he loved, bubbling with humor, often full of satire: a parodist, a poet or a juggler of words, as he chose. More often he was a gentle cynic, full of keen wit and deep chuckles. He admired humor and good nature above all things, seeing through even the more opaque personalities, making few comments. At times inscrutable himself, he laughed within, at the hypocrisies of life, hating sham and deceit while he was a worshiper of richness, of beauty. This, most often, in silence. The repressions of one school, the social distinctions in some, the narrowness that might be seen, were endured. Finally the breadth and opportunity of the Yale community came to him. Every feature of its life and friendship meant more to him as time passed, and all had part in making wider promise for the man that was to come.

The simplicity of his thought and writing through all his fairly complex life, is shown in a letter and a poem:

“August 24, 1921.

“Dear Dad:

“Enclosed is a pome inspired, not by contemplation of Pico, but by the lovely interior of a garage repair shop while waiting for a little job to be done.

“I send it to you for inspection. If you think it’s worth it,

will you type it for me, making any necessary corrections you see fit, and send it to the 'Conning Tower'? It might be the kind of stuff they could use. No harm trying anyhow.

"We go to Camp to-morrow. I have not done much yet—a little golf, and lots of dishwashing, but expect a fine time in Camp for all of us. In haste (as usual),

"Love from ALLEN."

The verses:

"TO AN UNHELPFUL MOUNTAIN.

"Silent, benevolent, changeless, eternal,
Reared above other hills into the blue;
Seemingly lost in a calm contemplation,
I, a mere mortal, mean nothing to you.

"Weary, perspiring, dirty, discouraged,
Climbing distressfully, seeking to share
Your breadth of vision, your impassivity,
Craving a moment's abatement of care.

"Do you encourage this noble ambition,
Smile as I swelter your summit to seek?
No, you're a mountain: your specialty's callousness.
But climb you I will, tho' it takes me a week!"

Other touches of humor, of purpose, are in other letters. Of one to a friend at Charlevoix, this is a rescript from memory: "Here I am in Rutland. The most noticeable things are the mountains and the movies. The trouble is that the mountains are too permanent and the movies too transient. If I could find some way to reform the flippancy of the one and to make more useful and near the majesty of the other, my Green Mountain days will not have been in vain!"

Allen was a human yet mystic being of contrasts: of the excellencies, the abilities, the impulses of youth, of the shal-

lows and of the heights. In the pockets of the shreds of clothing he had on at the fire, the suit worn for his last photograph, taken the day before as a Christmas surprise for his mother, were found some poems done late that afternoon. One of them reads:—

“TO THE ELMS.

I

“Gray and cheerless, bleak and solemn,
Stand the elms against the sky.
Proud in lonely isolation,
Scorning mortals such as I.

II

“I who shiver, cold and friendless,
Here outside my lady’s door:
Closed upon me, she disdains me,
Says she’ll see me nevermore.

III

“Yet the elms which rear above me,
Tell me she will soon relent.
Woman’s ‘never,’ changes swiftly,
Even e’er the night is spent.

IV

“So I smile and take much comfort,
For the elms have told me, how
Both of us shall be forgotten
Half a century from now.”

From this mood to another meant but an instant for Allen. His self continued but his changing thoughts and contacts made it infinitely varied. His family, and others who are a little less than kin, can recall him in all kinds of humors and activities—the life of a Christmas reunion in a vacant house, with saxophone, posture dancing and recitations; bringing friends and songs for a Sunday supper at home; coming from

the first Freshman rush without his shoes, and at the next forced to accept a bath from '25; weeping over the telephone after the last Harvard football game; trying to excel Chaplin in his own walk; playing Buzz with Robin and his Boy Scouts; singing "Holy Night" with the Southport Carolers; shoveling snow with energy; running in the surf and sunshine of the Anastasia Island beach; mourning over his St. Bernard, Billy, whom the burglars poisoned—or bidding his last affectionate good-night to Taffy, the family cat; delighting his family at a recent birthday by bringing a lofty cake with colors and candles—then disclosing it as a tin and plaster-of-Paris confection! He would play perpetual tricks on others, or would assume most confident wisdom or outrageous pride. Earnest or devout, playful or teasing, lavish with good things or meager with words. Some of these words can be heard again as he spoke of the new Memorial Quadrangle at Yale. Twice in his first year he had gone there with his family and had pointed out the beauties that delighted him, showing some of the towers, the courts, closes and rooms of Harkness. The second time, at last June's opening, he said, "I don't think a fellow could live here a year or two without coming out a better man in every way; I want to get in as soon as I can."

As Allen's body was leaving New Haven, one of his closest friends said of him:

"I knew Allen two years at Andover and these first two at Yale. I never heard him tell an untruth or knew him to talk about a man behind his back. And he lived clean."



THE FINISH.

WITH all the reverence of a Memorial, these pages are but the story of a clean boy and a brave fight. They are written not to exalt, but to depict a nature in its effort to be true to itself. Its record had been filled with brightness, touched by disappointment, frequent in effort, constant in good humor. To its last hour it chose to stand by its own courage, to keep the faith to self and to others which it believed.

The incidents of those desperate minutes at the fire are mostly fragments from confused memories. What scores of Yale men did who were there that night, is known. New Haven knows that but for the strength they supplied and the order they helped create, many more lives would have been lost.

Few who knew him were near Allen in the gallery, at the end of whose right side the two roommates, Allen and Malcolm Frost, had taken the last seats, in the farthest box. They advised the man and wife who were in the front seats of the box to get out—"We don't like the looks of that light on the stage," they said. The first instinct of the two Sophomores, when the flames broke out, was to hold back and help keep order. "Women first," they shouted. A few seconds brought the rush and the roommates fought to the exit, at either side of which they took position. They broke open one of the doors which was closed. They and others tried to keep the way clear. They struggled to bring some order, to give some help.

When they were at last parted by a third fierce blast of flame, the last spectators were ahead of them, crowding and falling down the fire escape. The last words his friend heard from Allen were, "My God, it hurts." One who was in the parquet below tells of seeing Allen, through a rift in the smoke

and flame, groping his way alone along the gallery aisle, toward the back of the theater. His clothing was seen to be on fire and ablaze.

Scattered evidence of what he had done came after days, in the case of the little girl he lifted over his shoulder to the fire escape—of the man who told how Allen found his wife—of the woman he saved from the crowd. He came to the foot of the gallery stairs as the last of the crowd reached the exit. Among them was a woman, bruised and fainting, who has told how Allen put his terribly burned hands under her elbows, saying, "I'll get you out." When she became conscious she was in the hotel across the street. One of the employees tells of helping Allen later with some oil and advice. Allen asked him, "Are they all out?"

The pharmacy next door was filled with the injured. The manager says that Allen came in, now in search of help to stay his pain. He saw that Keith was the worst burned, yet was on his feet: the rest were down, unconscious, calling for help, waiting for treatment. Allen was of the few standing. He said:

"What can you do for me?"

The manager told him that he was burned deep. All he could supply was temporary relief.

"Is this all you can do?"

Allen was told that he should go at once to the hospital, as he was badly burned. He replied:

"My God! Look at those others!"

The third roommate, Sam York, had looked for Allen in the street crowd, but at last happened to find him at the door of the pharmacy. He promptly commandeered a motor, and rushed him to the hospital. Here he was the first to arrive and to be given treatment.

A clergyman, at a friend's suggestion, had called to see

Allen a few days earlier. He was away from his room. The night of the fire this rector had gone at once to the hospital. The first victim he saw was Allen. This new friend, Rev. H. Francis Hine, had been an officer in the British Infantry in Egypt and had seen much of fire burns. He has told of this meeting:

Allen, Allen Keith?

A faint "Yes" in response.

You poor Soldier. How do you feel?

"Pretty bad, but I might be worse."

Can you see me?—fearing for his eyes.

"Yes."

You don't know who I am, but I came in to see how I might be a pal to you. I am going to stand by till your mother comes.

"She knows about it, then?"

Yes, everybody knows. Allen, you're a good scout, that's what we know. You're a fine soldier: can you stand it?

"Yes, I will. Is it dangerous?"

You're pretty badly hurt, old man, but it's going to be better soon, I hope. . . . Allen, there isn't anything you're afraid of? Is there anything at all on your mind?

In a short talk, back and forth, there came this, in broken sentences:

"Father, I've done a lot of things I am sorry for. But there is—nothing—I am ashamed of."

Then followed a fervent prayer and the Creed, a nurse on duty joining in this, with many of the words repeated audibly through bandaged lips by the boy himself.

Allen, remember what you do out swimming when you get tired? Just fall back now and float, trust in God, will you?

"Yes."

Allen, you've fought the good fight and you'll fight again tomorrow, won't you?

"Yes."

Through the night and day, hope increased. It was kept alive by the spirit Allen showed. For over twenty hours, he and those with him fought. He was uncomplaining, thankful for attentions, full of jokes and quiet courage. More than once he said: "A fire trap . . . a death trap."

His mother said, "I can't see how you were so badly burned." Some time later he told her, "Mother, we held an exit, and tried—to help women—little girls. And they rushed me, mother—and I couldn't get out. I fought—through the flames—and down the stairs—and out the main entrance."

With his old spirit, he would jest over his endless thirst, or say of himself, "I'm a sketch, a regular Darling cartoon. Look at me!" One word of sorrow came over missing the fraternity elections. "I'm afraid I won't get an election now." The bath he had longed for proved to be a torture, but through all the suffering or the delay, he kept showing the quiet endurance of his nature. When his mother said to him, "You'll keep on making a good fight, won't you? You have done it—and you have helped a lot. The boys say you are quite a hero," he answered: "They're kidding you, mother . . . I know what it is to be—roasted—alive. I *am* roasted alive. . . . But . . . I think, I think I was the last man out."

Allen seemed to be sleeping, during the hours his burns were being rebandaged. After this, he raised his head, and tried to get out of bed, lifting his arms, talking rapidly, calling, striking out. The doctors, orderlies and nurses held him and tried to quiet him. He was facing again the fire, and the crowd fighting to escape. Forgotten were the pain, the attendants and the mother. "Get down—you dog! Quit pushing—damn you. Out of the way, you cur—Keep back, you coward!"

After this struggle, complete exhaustion. And soon the end. Allen Keith had given his life.

SOME LETTERS AND TRIBUTES.

IT is the glory of Yale that she has always numbered dauntless men among her sons, and upon the roster of her heroic dead she now solemnly inscribes the name of Allen Keith. Bravely and without thought of self he gave his life that women and little children might be saved from suffering and death. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

JAMES R. ANGELL.

I THINK that the boys that come to us will always respond as they should, in hours of stress. In Allen this Yale spirit came to full fruition, and his deeds, to me, symbolize what we mean by it.

DEAN ROSWELL P. ANGIER.

VOTE OF THE YALE CORPORATION.

VOTED, to record the deep appreciation of the President and Fellows of the heroic action of those students of Yale University who at the burning of the Rialto Theatre on the evening of November 27, 1921, in the face of instant terrible death, courageously sought to save the lives of others.

Voted, to spread upon the minutes of the Corporation this expression of the profound respect in which its members hold the memory of Allen Keith, of the Class of 1924, Yale College, who gave his life to save women and children at the fire in the Rialto Theatre, November 27, 1921; and to transmit a copy of this resolution to his parents, assuring them of the deep sympathy felt for them throughout the City and University; and

Voted, to record the hope of the Corporation that an adequate memorial may be erected to mark forever the fidelity of this brave youth to the highest ideals of unselfish devotion and to recount the pride of the University that she numbers such men among her sons.

THOMAS W. FARNAM, *Secretary.*

A HERO IN PEACE TIMES.

ALLEN KEITH, a sophomore of Yale, who gave his life in an attempt to save the lives of others caught in the Rialto fire, measures up in every particular of spirit and soul to the Yale men who gave their lives in the service of the country during the war. If we understand, and we think we do, the human attributes and possessions which make a hero when the great trial comes of judgment and generosity, young Keith was one.

We can imagine no satisfaction that comes to the parents of such a young man, who are suddenly deprived of his companionship and the joy of his later achievements, that is so precious as the knowledge that he gave his life to save the lives of others. It is not possible for anyone to undertake to analyze the inspiration of such an act. The most that one can do is to realize that the origin of such heroism is to be sought in natures which instinctively but unconsciously soar above the common level. The incentive which drives men to heroic deeds on the battlefield presents its noble sides, but it differs, nevertheless, from the incentive which leads a man to the rescue of life under such conditions as existed at the moment when this young hero found his soul ablaze and thoughts of self suspended. The nobility of that sacrifice demands for its expression the tenderness of the poet.

His classmates do well to honor his memory, and the officials of the university do well to lend the dignity of their organization to its expression. Nor should the quiet services in the college chapel yesterday terminate the honor given his memory, devout and stirring as they were. He has earned the immortality which the university can confer. Somewhere, and in some appropriate form, his name and sacrifice should be given permanent life as an inspiration to the young men who come to Yale to prepare themselves for the worthy and useful in life. In the case of young Keith the record is complete.

COL. NORRIS G. OSBORN in *New Haven Journal-Courier*.

November 30, 1921.

ALLEN KEITH.

OUR news columns yesterday told the gallant story of Allen Keith, the Yale sophomore, who gave up his life in the New Haven movie fire, in order that others might live. When the flames came, Keith wasted not a second in thought of self. He broke open the gallery exit and held the door for women and children to pass to safety, while the flames seared his hands. Forced out by the rush, he went back into the fiery furnace, steadied the panic and himself brought out to safety the young and the weak. He fought in that inferno till the last soul was outside.

It was as brave an act as any done by our youthful soldiers in the war.

On her campus Yale has a statue to the memory of one of her sons, Nathan Hale. Its base bears the immortal words: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country." There should be a like memorial to Allen Keith. And it should bear the proudly humble phrase which he spoke to his mother before he died: "I think I was the last man out, mother."

Women and children first, is the law for brave men in time of disaster. Keith's simple phrasing of that duty should be preserved as an inspiration to the boys who come after him.

JULIAN S. MASON in *Chicago Evening Post*.

December 3, 1921.

FROM THE MAYOR OF NEW HAVEN.

Dear President ANGELL:

The devotion to the cause of humanity and the loyalty to every trait of manly conduct which characterized the deeds of valor of the Yale boys on the occasion in question has been impressed on the life of our city and will exist as an indebtedness on the part of our people for all time.

To Allen Keith, who made the supreme sacrifice and demonstrated his love for his fellow men, truly the City of New Haven is a lasting debtor.

I do not know in what manner I can more fully express the sympathy, as well as the thanks of our people for what these boys suffered and did. I am conscious, however, that I voice the deepest gratitude of an appreciative people for all that has been done by them, for the sacrifices made, and the good they did under those awful, trying conditions.

Very sincerely yours,

DAVID E. FITZGERALD, *Mayor.*

FROM THE CHIEF OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Honorable JAMES R. ANGELL, President Yale University,
New Haven, Connecticut:

IT is with a feeling of deep regret that I express through you to the faculty and student body of Yale College my sincere gratitude and deep appreciation for the heroic work done and the sacrifices made by the Yale students at the recent fire at the Rialto Theatre.

As to Allen Keith, who made the supreme sacrifice, he will be remembered and cherished as a hero by the members of this department and the citizens of New Haven. He saved others when he could have saved himself, but preferred to play the hero's part, and in doing so gave up his life that others might live.

It was the unanimous vote of the Board of Fire Commissioners assembled in meeting on November 29, 1921, that I write you in the name of the Board and the whole department, and express in some measure the gratitude we feel, but I assure you that words are inadequate. I can only say that the students of Yale were tried and not found wanting when the crisis came, and I feel that many owe their safety and their lives to them.

Yours very truly,

RUFUS R. FANCHER, *Chief.*

FROM HIS CLASSMATES.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from us our classmate and friend, Allen Keith, 1924,

Resolved, That we, his friends and associates in Yale University, do hereby express our deepest sympathy for his family in their bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That this resolution be printed in the *Yale News*, and that a copy thereof be sent to his family.

Edwin Foster Blair, 1924.

Malcolm Hovenden Frost, 1924.

Charles Dewey Hilles, Jr., 1924.

Newell George Neidlinger, 1924.

Leonard Woods Parkhurst, 1924.

Daniel Edgar Tullock, 1924.

Samuel Albert York, 1924.

EDITORIAL IN THE *YALE NEWS*.

THE death last night of Allen Keith, of the Sophomore Class, from injuries sustained in an unsparing effort to save the lives of others on the blazing theater balcony, casts a shadow of mourning over the University. That such a thing

could happen is almost beyond belief. That it has happened stirs unknown depths of personal sorrow and sympathy. His name will go down the history of the College as one whose example of personal sacrifice stands as an undying memorial. The words of Him whose sacrifice was greatest come quietly to mind, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Yale News, November 29, 1921.

A TRIBUTE.

WHILE hospital bulletins were daily lengthening the list of dead and injured, indignation over the Rialto fire expressed itself in fierce denunciations. With the passage of approximately two weeks, the first outburst of wrath has changed to a calmer feeling of regret and sympathy. Outside the immediate proximity of the flames, the disaster seems less vivid, but not less lamentable. Pride in the conduct of the undergraduates has not obscured the sacrifices which their heroism cost.

The communication contained below is a spontaneous expression of admiration and sympathy for the members of the University from the local Order of Eagles. There is a quiet dignity in the wording of the resolution, which gives it a convincing sincerity. The spirit is one which has been universally expressed by New Haven citizens during the past week. Reciprocal generosity has throughout characterized the attitude between Town and Gown.

The tragic figure of Allen Keith has been a source of common inspiration. Suggestions have been made regarding an appropriate memorial to be erected to him, and one sculptor has already offered his services. The particular form of the memorial is unimportant. But whether it be a statue or a tablet, some kind of record must be left to immortalize his sacrifice.

WHEREAS, The New Haven Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles is dedicated to all good works of mercy and charity, and to the upholding of truth and justice, and

Whereas, Our Aerie is duly appreciative of the splendid courage exemplified by the Yale students at the recent Rialto Theatre fire in this city and deeply regrets the death of Allen Keith of the Sophomore class at Yale, who gave his life bravely and unselfishly in a heroic endeavor to save the victims of this deplorable occurrence; be it

Resolved, That the New Haven Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles expresses its sympathy with the victims of this fire, and expresses its admiration of the splendid courage and spirit of self-sacrifice exemplified by the Yale students, and especially by Allen Keith, during this fire; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to President Angell of Yale University and to the *Yale News*, so that the people of this community and the students at Yale may better realize that their courage and service in this hour of danger to student and citizen alike, is only another of the many ties that are binding Town and Gown together in New Haven, in enduring bonds of lasting good will and friendship.

JAMES L. LANE, *Secretary*.

Yale News, December 9, 1921.

HE will go down to posterity as one of Yale's noblemen.

FREDERICK S. JONES, *Dean*.

EVERYBODY loved him who knew him. . . . He will be an inspiration to me as long as I live.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

THE halo that the circumstances confer upon that young hero must forever form some consolation for you, as it enshrines his memory in the hearts of all the country;

especially of the Yale men, who feel a peculiar pride in the courage and unselfish sacrifice that he displayed.

CHIEF JUSTICE WM. H. TAFT.

THE value of a life is measured, not in length of years, but in quality of service. Judged by that standard, Allen Keith lived richly and to noble purpose.

GEORGE E. VINCENT.

MY conviction is that Allen's death will do more for Yale manhood than any death of a Yale man in the war. I am sacredly proud of his self-sacrifice. He has not lived and died in vain: rather, he has lived and died for great good.

DR. JAMES G. K. McCLURE.

WE have a record of the names of all of the undergraduates of Yale in this county, and I have marked opposite Allen Keith's name the following:

"Died in the service of his fellows."

SAMUEL C. SHAW,

President Yale Alumni Association of Fairfield.

WE call your attention especially to the enclosed letter from our Scholarship Committee. We believe that the suggestion to raise a Loan Fund of \$1000 will appeal. It seems particularly fitting that such a fund should be called "The Allen Keith Memorial Scholarship Loan Fund."

*Yale Alumni Association of Fairfield County,
Connecticut.*

ALLEN KEITH is literally a household name in New Haven. Yesterday a postman stopped me to say that Allen's sacrifice and the spirit of it had done more to bring the city and the University together than anything else that has happened.

MINOTT A. OSBORN.

SUCH souls among men are rare and are the beauty of the world.

DR. JOHN A. HARTWELL.

I REMEMBER with much pleasure the gentle boy when you first came to Summit, and he never lost that gentleness as the years passed by.

REV. WALKER GWYNNE.

THOSE of us who have sons would pray that if they must be taken from us, they might be permitted to die as Keith died—true to the highest ideals of God, Country, and Yale.

A. W. LAWRENCE.

IN history last year, Allen was a charming fellow personally, and showed the greatest intellectual promise. I feel the sense of a personal loss.

KENT ROBERTS GREENFIELD.

I HAD picked him out as one of the group of men who showed a keener interest in Horace, and whom to teach was the kind of reward which our profession affords. He met a great crisis as an opportunity—not with deliberation but spontaneously, as an expression of his character.

G. L. HENDRICKSON.

ALL words seem trite before this magnificent exit from our world of his courageous, youthful soul. "Does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas?"

SAMUEL MORRIS CONANT.

"INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus,"—Allen Keith, in life as in death, exemplified our highest academic traditions.

GEORGE H. NETTLETON.

ALLEN KEITH.

WHAT is there more that one can say
When lonely years have gone?
He gave his golden youth away
That others might live on.

More than a hero in the stress
With Honor holding guard,
Famed paladins have given less
To know their last reward.

And when his brave soul passed the flame
Beyond the final night,
The great God's smile of welcome came
To kiss the darkness white.

GRANTLAND RICE.



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