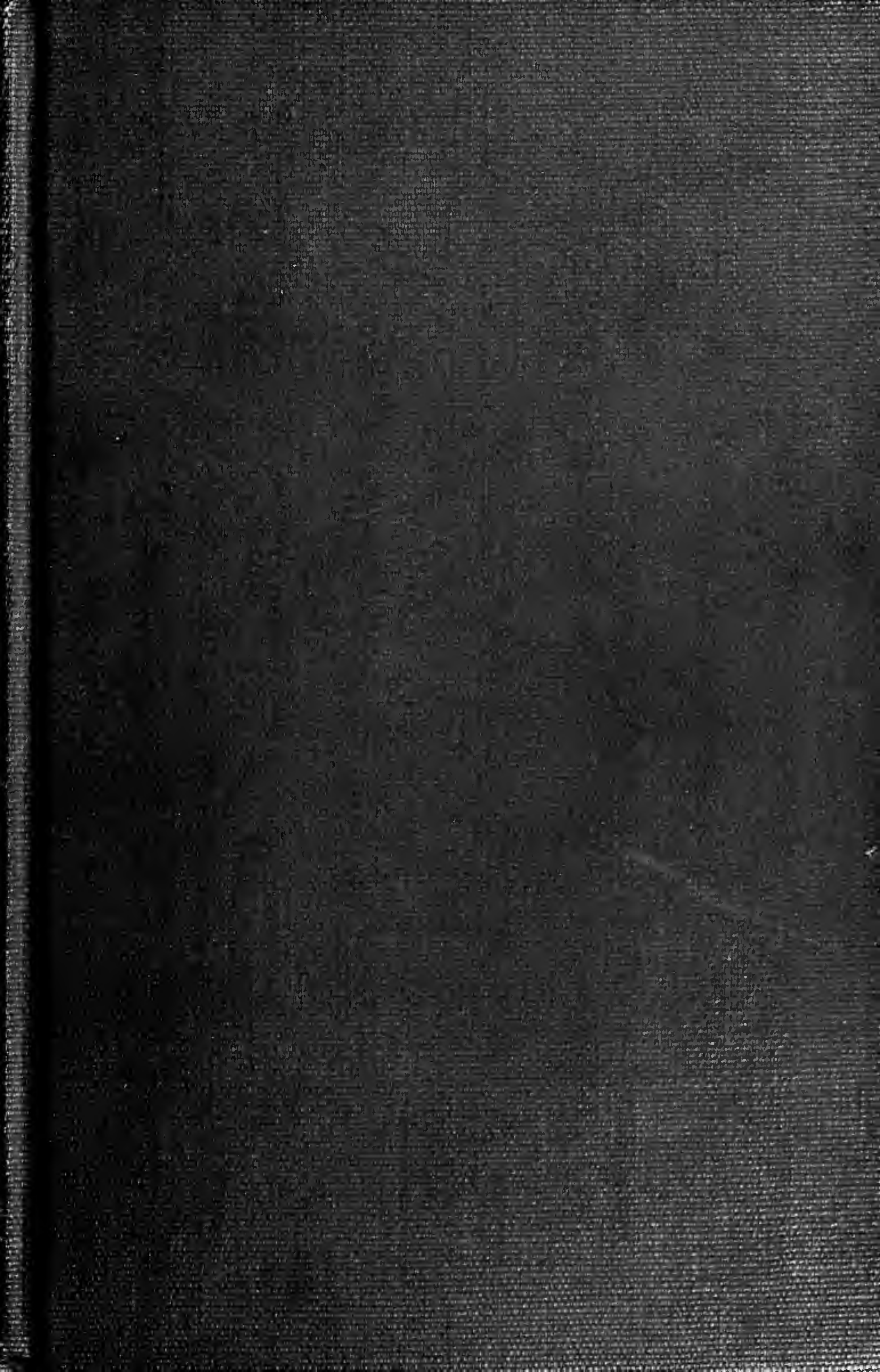

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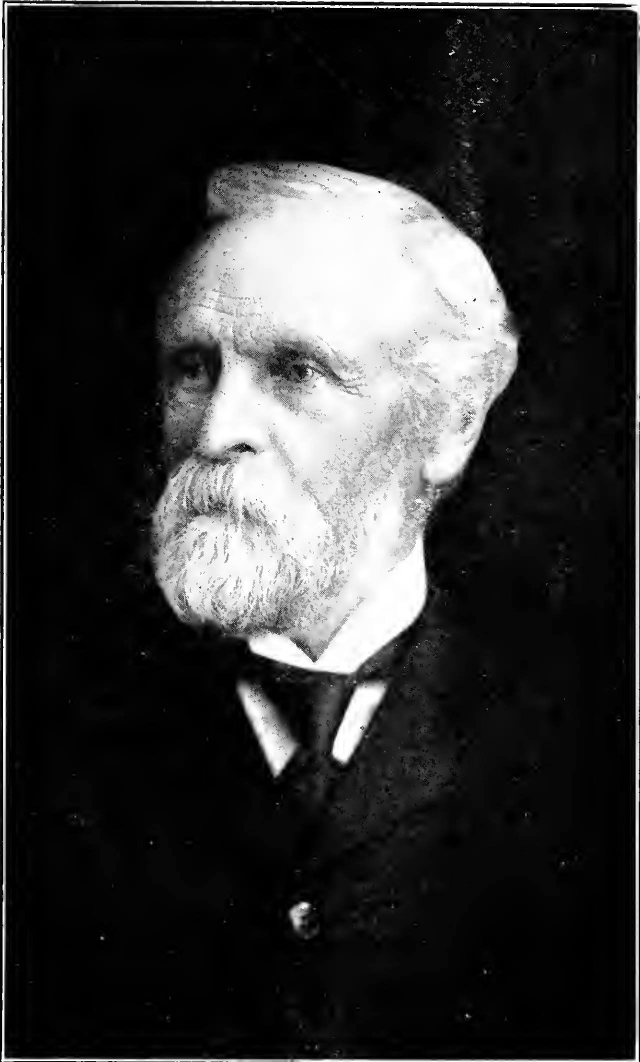


Allen Richardson Benton

1822-1914

The Righteous shall be in
everlasting remembrance

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

Vol. III INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL, 1914 No. 1

Survival Values

By Scot Butler

The passing years take toll of us. They come upon us ere we know. They steal into our lives; they seize; they bear away. The vandal years! invading the very temple of our gods.

Many pray for foolish things; for length of days they pray, unthinking that the added years can bring but added loss. What wonder if an aged brow should gather shadow of the burdened.

Association is much to life. The loss that beggars it of that is bitter loss indeed. They that here bear us company share with us a mutual selfhood. They belong to one's identity. Who is the man? A single name were not enough to tell, but many names it may be, and of many men. And to one's personality do they belong. What is he? You shall seek answer in the hearts and lives of those who touched upon his own.

So it comes that, after all, death's tragedy is in the sundering of life's human ties. They go away, the loved of years, the honored, the revered. They leave us; against death's decree no counterclaim avails. Ah, mask of death! Ah, unregarding look and features set in calm placidity! But it is not denial that the dead face holds. Rather the departing spirit seems in blest benignity to be bequeathing to us its all.

Now the worthiness of a life is to be judged by its survival values. Those may include many things; this also, the impress of personality. We mourn now one whom long we honored for the scholarship he represented; whom ever we loved for the man he was. To him do we that knew him in college, owe much. He helped us toward mental culture, inducted us into the ways of learning, led

us to larger world-views; for he was a great teacher. Yes—and yet these things are of but the cheaper values that his life holds for us. His exceeding gift to us was himself, the enduring impress of his personality on our lives, and in this, incomparably, is his survival value to us. For his was a nature fine and strong and steadfast, gentle and just and true; a personality too large and vital to be lost in stiff disguise of academic gown.

Culture is cumulative; doubly so the heart and life culture that comes of human contact. Life begets life. He touched us vitally, and what his example gave for the enrichment of our lives brings with it power, through us, of reproduction in lives even of others yet unborn.

As college teacher he belonged to the older regime, under which the normal development of the human qualities was regarded as fundamental in education. Later in the development of our educational system the college had well nigh lost its true purpose, forgotten its natural function. He lived to see the falseness of the new ideas exposed, the inefficiency of the new methods confessed.

For the college world has awakened to the fact that the impersonal atmosphere of the modern university workshop is destitute of that humanly cultural quality that adolescence demands and, therefore, ultimately, is death to what must be regarded as true scholarship. We are given life to live. The purpose of culture is the development of inner conviction that shall govern the conduct of life. The material of mental acquisition is humanly cultural only as it touches life. Learning that lacks culture is not scholarship. Scholarship is not merely a state of mind to be reached under impersonal direction of professional pedagogue along some differentiated line of knowledge. The investigator, however learned, is not necessarily scholar. If he have not culture, call him expert. True scholarship shall relate itself first broadly to whatever things concern the life and thought of man. After that, and with that as vantage ground for wide outlook and source of vital power may come, haply, concentration of mental effort far along chosen lines.

Religion and education are alike in this: The one, as the other, aims at the betterment of our humanity. The place of the college nature fixes as secondary school in higher education. In student

life it belongs to the period of adolescence, of increasing capacity, of growing powers, of high ideals, generous susceptibilities, loving instincts. Not to this part of any human being's life are suited the university's restricted concentration, its vacuous impersonalism, its professional attitude of academic reserve. For in the natural order of education the purpose of the college should be to assist in the normal development of human character, to the end that in our human world men may live better, happier and more useful lives.

Such be some of the ideas that under the older order were recognized as applying to collegiate instruction and to the interrelations of college life. Professor Benton belonged to that older order. He was a marked exponent of its high value. Living he served it signally and now though dead he yet lives—lives in memory to us that knew him. Nay, more: by virtue of the association we shared with him in earlier years, he lives in us as part of our very selves. Thus, beneficiaries of the dead are we become, to whom a precious legacy has been left; and left in sacred trust, that through us there should survive to lives of others, increasingly, unceasingly, even when we too shall be dead, the priceless value of a personality pure and fine and strong.

Allen Richardson Benton

BY DEMARCHUS C. BROWN

There are some great and beautiful lives for Butler College alumni to look back upon and cherish the memory of: Allen R. Benton, William W. Thrasher and Catharine Merrill are among these. Not only their personal characteristics and even eccentricities are delightful to recall, but their attainments in scholarship were marked and produced results on the students and in the community. Of those, Mr. Benton was the dean in age and long experience and service in the college.

I said above "attainments in scholarship." Let us keep in mind that scholars were not numerous when Mr. Benton came to Indiana

to teach, nor scholarly acquirements very well understood or highly appreciated. He was a new force in the State when he started his academy at Fairview. He brought new ideas and ideals and began to spread them. Culture, with Mr. Benton as its director, was seeking an abode among the Hoosiers. It was not a false culture. There was no display about it. It was a state of mind—a point of view. Love of refinement in manner and knowledge were its dominant features. Allen R. Benton was its apostle. A gentle apostle he was; his proselyting for culture, refinement and spirit of scholarship was not pushing nor officious, but none the less persuasive and effective.

His love of knowledge always impressed me as profound and far-reaching. And you who knew him remember how he continued his reading of the classics, including Hebrew, even after his duties no longer required intimate knowledge of them. He actually was in love with Horace and Sophocles. For one not particularly trained in his early days in philosophy and political science, his reading was very extensive and his lectures of great value, because he read extensively and intensively in the literature of the subjects. The periodicals, nearly all of them, philosophical, religious, literary, historical and popular, were always on his table. He made constant reference to them.

He was a devoted lover of good reading and of knowledge. He imparted this love to many of his students and associates who love to this day to be called his disciples. Our own personal views were never interfered with. They were subject to examination and criticism but without dogmatism. He did not seek to thrust his personality in, and ours out. We retained our own, frequently modified, perhaps, by his suggestion and influence, but almost unconsciously and without domineering.

Mr. Benton was a firm believer in the doctrines of his church, but never dogmatic nor sectarian. He lived in a controversial age, too, but apparently had little sympathy with controversy. His religion was a part of his life—love, kindness, good will, helpfulness, not proselyting. This was somewhat rare in the early days in Indiana. In the years when he preached in the college chapel his sermons were marked by the same generous consideration of

everybody's theological views, while holding firmly to his own. He was fond of preaching—more so than was commonly thought. Many invitations from other religious bodies to speak in their churches were received and accepted by him. We all recall his urgent requests from the chapel platform that the students should attend the Sunday morning services, not because it was a college requirement, but because it was a beautiful custom. No offense was ever given by him in any matter connected with religious worship.

The term "gentleman" is so misused that we apply it with hesitation sometimes. No one, however, misunderstood it when applied to Professor Benton. He had all the qualities implied in the name. What is a gentleman? Look at Professor Benton and you will know. This was common talk among us all.

All the students felt free to consult with Dr. Benton, not about studies alone, but about their private affairs. His dignity and position in the college were not a bar to any student if there were matters about which he wished advice. It was a great joy to go to his private room or his house and talk with him. He was unfailingly thoughtful and helpful. Learning did not make him arrogant nor engender aloofness. His learning was democratic. He made it appeal to everybody. I never knew him to make fun of learners or to use satire at the expense of his students. Great as his learning was, he was not critical of students' mistakes, perhaps not enough so. That may have been a weakness of his. But courtesy and gentleness were so deeply rooted in his nature that injury to another's feelings was for him quite impossible.

I have often thought of his good health. Barring a sick headache now and then, he was always well and was justly proud of it. He believed that his body deserved the best of care. Were his long years a result of that? No doubt. He was not physically a strong man. The ninety odd years of his life show, therefore, how wise he was in the care of his health. Death found him ready, his work done, hundreds of loving friends doing him honor.

Though we smiled, we loved his peculiarities of manner and dress. He wore soft-topped boots long after shoes were all but universal. The jerky method of driving his black horse and the

unspeakable slowness of that horse were the source of pleasure to all. He always smoked as he drove out from the city in the morning. This habit of smoking at first shocked some students. There was, however, a sort of ladylike way, shall I say, a delicacy in his doing it, that no one disliked or disapproved. Even the hesitation in his voice when preaching or lecturing never annoyed us. These peculiarities, you remember, we commented on, but felt that they were so swallowed up in the great beauties of his character that they did not disturb us.

The devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Benton for each other was very charming. Every remark he made about Mrs. Benton had the element of gallantry in it. He was as pleased as a young lover whenever he talked about her or to her. She was beautiful to look upon and to talk to, and of this he was proud with a charming pride.

Many alumni have pleasant recollections of the hospitality and charm of Mr. and Mrs. Benton around their fireside. This beautiful influence of Mr. Benton was not ephemeral. It began when he first came to the Northwestern Christian University in 1855, and continued without cessation for forty-five years until he retired in 1900. After that his life was more narrowed, as he did not teach, but the community of Irvington still continued to be his beneficiary in learning, social culture and religious development.

The human heart does not mourn in spite of its feeling of loss and absence of such a character. The world needs men like Mr. Benton and woefully, too. In spite of the deep appreciation of his loss, we can really say "gaudeamus." Why not, when we lived with and shared the qualities possessed by Mr. Benton? Was he not a great joy to us? Is the memory of him not a joy? The sorrow caused by his death soon softens into a sweet recollection of association with him. My feeling, then, is, let us rejoice that he was and is ours.

The brief summing up of Mr. Benton's life which he left, is characteristic of his gentle, modest way of thinking. It was published in the papers and was a source of comment by many people. He

put into eight brief statements the leading facts of his life which are given in substance here.

He was of Eastern birth. Eighteen hundred and twenty-two was the year, in New York State. He told me once that the Allen in his name came from the hero of Ticonderoga, Ethan Allen. His early education was obtained at Fulton Academy, from which he went to Bethany College, West Virginia, where he was graduated in 1847. In 1848 he established his academy at Fairview, Rush county, Indiana. This he conducted until 1855, when he went to the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis. The conduct of this academy was without doubt one of the most important things he did. In fact, it was the greatest. Here was a classical school set up in early Indiana. The standards were high. Learning was the desideratum. Many young people were here inspired to study and to love learning. There was not very much encouragement in Indiana at that time for this kind of study, and is not yet. He served as president of the College, and then in 1871 was called to the new University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, as chancellor. In 1876 he was recalled to Butler College as profesor of philosophy. He served as president again, and retired in 1900 as *emeritus*. His educational career, therefore, lasted fifty-two years, most of the time in Indiana.

Why do we not erect monuments to men of this stamp? Maybe their work is too great and fine. The monument might detract from the man and his work. The alumni of Butler College cannot forget him. How many loving sons and daughters he has!

VOICES FROM THE PAST.

WILLIAM R. JEWELL, '72: I deeply regret that I cannot attend the funeral services of Dr. Allen R. Benton. I assure you that my heart is in the house of mourning with the alumni body of dear old Butler College.

What one of his many pupils can give full expression of influence for good that this highest type of cultured, Christian gentleman has had over those who have sat at his feet?

His spacious mind, rich in lore; his strong, gentle soul, full

of wisdom; his kind, pure heart, full of sympathy; his lofty, unaffected manners; his long, well might we say sanctified, life, were all devoted to teaching and inspiring youth, as he steadfastly walked in that way which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Professor Benton had joined that "choir invisible," on this earth, long before he joined that higher choir, to him now visible, where he meets such souls as Young, Hoshour, Brown, Burgess, Thrasher and others.

While we mourn the departure of such men, yet we thank God that they have lived and labored on earth.

CHARLES HENRY CATON, '76: Not having had the great good fortune to have been a student under the late President Benton, I cannot write as those who had that unusual privilege. I had but slight acquaintance with him, but the fragrance of that gentle and considerate spirit is a very present inspiration to me. When I recall Dr. Benton I think of a wholesome atmosphere. He seems to have been a kind of human alembic, turning everything he touched into gold. His was a charming yet manly personality. His truth had been assimilated into life. His truth was the truth that walks as well as talks. There was no cant in his religion. He did not try so much to prove God; he saw Him and showed Him to others. He saw God because he was pure in heart as a little child. His was the sincere, simple life. He was an eminent teacher; he was an eminent example of the Christian gentleman. As of another knightly soul we may sing:

> "My strong sword carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure;
> My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure."

"We shall not soon look on his like again."

O. A. Burgess, John O. Hopkins, William Thrasher, Catharine Merrill, Dr. Benton,—all gone from us! How rich heaven must be getting!

IDA M. BUNKER, '80: It was in consequence of an acquaintance with Professor Benton at the University of Nebraska and through his recommendation that I entered Butler College in the autumn of 1876. For the interest and kind hospitality of himself and of his family shown to me at that time I have always felt grateful, and have remembered with pleasure the charming atmosphere of the home life of the Benton family.

As a teacher Professor Benton evidently enjoyed his work and association with students, in whose welfare he was always interested and of whose success he was proud. In turn, he was esteemed and appreciated by those under his instruction. In classes of philosophy, logic, rhetoric, etc., he was painstaking and analytical in the preparation and development of his subject; in the Greek classics he dwelt more upon the spirit of the literature than upon the formalities of grammatical structure.

He was a man of affable manners and of Christian character, caring for the higher things of life. One might truthfully say of him that he was an example of Sir Philip Sidney's description of a gentleman, possessing "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

CORINNE THRASHER CARVIN, '86: May I add my mite to the memory of the man I loved next to my dear father?

I cannot remember when Dr. Benton was not a frequent visitor in our home, as he and father had been lifelong friends. Dr. Benton once said to me, "I met Professor Thrasher when he was a lad of fifteen, as I first became connected with Fairview Academy as a teacher. In two years I prepared him for Bethany College, and a more conscientious pupil I have never had. From then until the day of his death we were the closest of friends."

To me Dr. Benton stands for the highest type of the cultivated Christian gentleman; a man of the highest ideals, of culture and scholarly bearing at all times and under all circumstances. He was sensitive to the beautiful, the good, the noble. I once heard remark a man, who had entertained at dinner six or eight prominent educators of America and England, that not one of his guests that day was more interesting or brilliant in conversation than our Dr.

Benton. Yet, in talking with his students he was simply one of them, lost in their interests. It was a surprise, even to ourselves, how well we talked when with him, utterly unmindful of the tact he was exerting to draw us out.

For many years it was the custom of Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke and myself to spend one afternoon a month with Mrs. Benton, usually seeing Dr. Benton for a part of the visit. Those were happy hours, rich in gain for Mrs. Clarke and me. After the death of Mrs. Benton, we continued the afternoons with Dr. Benton, never failing on that of March 11, the anniversary of the death. He seemed to enjoy talking to us of his exceptionally happy marriage.

While Dr. Benton has gone from our midst, his influence will ever remain, and we shall have the wealth of sweet memories that sooner or later must become the chiefest earthly treasure of any mortal.

He so lived his life that he made

"Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of hope."

EMMETT W. GANS, '87: It certainly is a privilege and pleasure to write of President Benton, for he touched my life at many points and always with gracious influence.

"Far through the memory shines a happy day
Down shod to every sense, and simply perfect in its own resource."

And that day must have been in the early years following the close of the war, when I was a mere lad. Railroads were fewer —the nearest to our country home some miles away. Though too young to do anything but hold the lines, "Old Dick" could drive himself, and together we went to meet President Benton and bring him from the train. I recall yet the jolly chaffing he gave me about my race horse whom he named "Dobbins" in spite of my insisting on his right name.

He was then president of Alliance College and there was talk in the family circle of the needs of Alliance endowment, and other things I but dimly understood and which I soon forgot, but the image and delightful personality of the man—never.

The word of his monumental work for the University of Nebraska was fresh in mind when in the early years of my collegiate course I came under his instruction in Butler and felt the persistent, powerful influence of his personality in the classroom and socially.

Later I recall a masterful climax of scholarly effort at one of the annual meetings of our church, where he was one of three college presidents to present the truth in various phases. He rose to mountain heights of pentecostal eloquence and spoke as one inspired.

And again in the later years, when he retired and was enjoying the social quiet of his delightful home, and I had returned for a short visit from a first skirmish with the world, we sat under the trees and like boys of an age went over the history of it all. There was no loss of elasticity of mind or sympathy—no loss of good fellowship—the same wholesome appreciation of the world—its people and events—perpetual youth.

And it was the same to the end. I cannot conceive of a more wholesome or useful life—and none that influenced me more.

JANE GRAYDON, '87: The story of Mr. Benton that I like best to think of occurred when Robert G. Ingersoll had lectured before the Indianapolis Literary Club. After the evening's address, the gentlemen had gathered around the great speaker and were discussing affairs in an informal way. Mr. Ingersoll remarked that the most beautiful line in all literature was from one of Shakespeare's sonnets, "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds." Then in his characteristic way, he dilated on the sentiment and moved his listeners by his charm of expression. When he had finished, Mr. Benton, who was the presiding officer, took up the conversation, saying with quiet dignity, "Yes, the line from Shakespeare is beautiful, but to me a thought even more beautiful and surely simpler in expression is that concerning our Lord, 'Having loved His own, He loved them to the end.'" It swept through the whole group that Mr. Benton was right and that a finer answer to Mr. Ingersoll could not have been made.

HENRY STEWART SCHELL, '90: Among the many instructors of my youth there easily stands first in my affection that refined gentleman and scholar, the lamented Allen R. Benton.

While the instruction I received at Butler doubtless had its value, I can recall little of it; but the personality of the teachers, great-hearted men that they were, is clear and radiant as light. The unique humor of Professor Thrasher, the Homeric dignity of Professor Brown, the gracious vivacity of Miss Noble, the poetic fervor of Professor Butler, the seriousness of Professor Garvin, above all, the courtly courtesy of President Benton—these will linger with me through time.

The personality of Mr. Benton is inseparably linked in my mind with that of an ideal woman—Silence Howard Benton. It was a happy thought, conceived early in my college course, of calling at least once a term on this charming lady, then an invalid, shut in from the social functions of the college. Upon such occasions Mr. Benton was usually present. Here his gracious characteristics shone brightest—here there was indeed "flow of wit and feast of soul," Mrs. Benton interspersing interesting observations on current college life with references to French literature, which the president would cap with a fond smile, a genial chuckle and a Latin or Greek quotation.

Of the many notable traits of Mr. Benton, none impressed my boyish imagination so much as his chivalry of manner. One exhibit in particular I recall again and again with unfailing pleasure. It occurred on a beautiful Sunday morning in springtime. The doctor had preached in the college chapel with unusual power and unction, and was in fine fettle. Dismissing his congregation, he had already reached the first floor, and, after the greeting of friends, was turning homeward, when his eye caught the figure of Mrs. Thrasher just descending the last step and yet ungreeted. Instantly his face became radiant as knight at sight of lady. Fully erect, with hand extended, he advanced and in most urbane manner offered greetings, bestowing to my childish fancy more than papal blessing. I little thought, however, that in this act, I, unobserved bystander and callow student, was most blest; for

into my soul there entered the beauty and grace of that knightly salutation as a perennial inspiration and benediction.

JOHN THOMAS LISTER, '97: Second to the "Sarah" episode, which no member of the class of '97 will ever forget, two incidents present Dr. Benton most clearly to my memory. On the first occasion he detained us one morning after chapel. The night before some act of student lawlessness had been perpetrated about which he had something to say. He stood before us, aroused and indignant. "Young gentlemen," he began, "this is a most serious offense which you have committed; I must impress upon your minds its very great seriousness. You have destroyed property which did not belong to you—an act which might be sufficient to send you to jail." He stopped, but only to pause dramatically, for the doctor had a long memory. "Now I recall that one night a few years ago some young men brought a horse into the college chapel. In the process one of its legs was broken, and these young men had to pay for the damage to the horse. I remember that case very distinctly and I believe that some of you may remember." There were signs of uneasiness on the part of some of his audience which did not escape Dr. Benton. He went on, "In fact, I see one or two among you at this moment who have better reason to remember this fact than I have. Young gentlemen, let me warn you: obey the law and keep out of jail."

On the other occasion it developed on Doctor Benton's confession that he himself had not always been so scrupulous to keep within the statutes. At the period after chapel he was lecturing to his class in Bible. "When I was chancellor of the University of Nebraska I had to face a very perplexing problem. Some young women presented themselves for admission to the institution, and there was no law in the statute books allowing me to admit them. Imagine my dilemma—young women on one side, the law on the other. I reasoned thus: It would be unfair to keep them out of their own State institution. I allowed them to enter; but I might have been sent to jail. It was an audacious act on my part—a very audacious act." At this point the lecture was interrupted by hearty laughter from the doctor as well

as his listeners, but the latter were the ones who thought that the way of the transgressor was not always so hard as it might have been.

It is to Dr. Benton, and men like him, that Butler College owes its high standards of scholarship, standards for which her old students are only increasingly grateful as the years go by.

THOMAS CARR HOWE, '89: Professor Benton gone from among us! When this word came to us last week a great host of old Butler College students paused in their daily tasks, forgetting the present, while their thought hurried back to the good and happy days of long ago. Think of it! For almost half a century the thousands of men and women who have come and gone through the old college halls have at some time been touched and shaped by this one life. What a rich experience for us, students of old Northwestern and Butler, to have shared in common. A rare privilege it has been for all of us who have thus been touched. How much of a city's, a State's, a nation's history, this long, good life has compassed in its more than ninety years. To have seen a great State's capital grow from a country village of eight or ten thousand to a busy metropolis of a quarter of a million; to have shared in its beginnings, and helped to mould its future by training the men who should make it "no mean city," of good name the nation over; to have laid the foundations and organized a State university that has come to be a mighty seat of learning; to have influenced thousands upon thousands of young men and young women for right living; to have had a strong, calm, serene, well-poised life; to have preached daily to his fellows by precept and yet more by noble example; to have created that work of highest art, a good life of high ideals; to have attained to manly, sturdy Christian character—is not this the richest life—the kind of life the Great Master strove to show forth in his own perfect course?

As we think of the beloved teacher and friend, it is with awe and reverence at the splendid victory of his living. To all of us who knew him—and that meant to love him—he was a very true and perfect gentleman; never in too great haste to be attentive,

courteous and gracious: always making you feel your worth as a man; giving you that confidence to approach him inspired by genuine souls. You felt his firmness, the sincerity of his convictions, but you were sure to find tolerance, sympathy and wise counsel brought from a storehouse of rich experience. What poise was there, what chivalry in all his bearing! And was ever knight of old so tender as was he in that beautiful home life devoted to a saintlike wife? Truly, we saw in him the embodiment of the Christian virtues, the possibility of the perfect life. I count myself happy to have known him, while his kindness as I first began to teach in Butler College, a young graduate then, is a cherished memory.

Never have I been so gripped and held by a strong, deep emotion as since I heard of Dr. Benton's leaving. I have realized in a measure and as never before what a great poet voiced when he spoke of the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." For tears indeed seem a very shallow substitute as we stand before such a life as this; and, after all, are not tears a device of childhood, and do not strong men and women, when deeply moved, sit rather in serious, holy thought? We are here in the presence of the greatest of victories and most wonderful of achievements—a truly good life. Happy we to have known him and been blessed by him. Would he himself not say to us:

"Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep.
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
  When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The following resolution was prepared by Hugh Th. Miller, '88, and Demarchus C. Brown, '79:

WHEREAS, The death of Dr. Allen Richardson Benton severs one of the few remaining links among the living that join the present history of Butler College with that of its early days; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Benton's long and honorable career as a member of the faculty of Butler College and as its President demands formal recognition from the directors, the faculty and the alumni who have loved the man, admired the scholar and revered the teacher who was so long the guide and inspiration of their academic life; now therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of the unfailing courtesy and tolerance, the deep learning and convictions, the well-rounded character and life of our old friend and teacher; that we convey to his family our sympathy in their bereavement, and that we make this resolution a part of the records of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty of Butler College.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

BRIDGE IN SPADES PLACE
A fine blending of natural and architectural effects

To Build a Better City

BY HENRY JAMESON, M. D.

At no time perhaps in the history of our country, at no stage of its civilization, has there been such an awakening, both deep and wide, to things essential for individual advancement and its corollary, communal well-being or betterment of the Commonwealth—a word that strikingly conveys its import when we divide it, common wealth, the improvement of the common or general condition. Logically, as recent years have witnessed, individual improvement comes first. The individual man must be awakened. He must be clothed with a new mind; that is, with a knowledge which arouses to a new consciousness. This begets a new conscience. This is a resurrection from the dead. Then all things become new and the new point of view and the new sensibility to it are reflected in the advance of the community to a higher standard.

The beginning of this individual awakening was the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. Perhaps no single event in the life of any people stands out so distinctly as this in our life. The nations of the Old World came to us there, laden with their best in the household arts and all that pertains to wiser ways of living, both in use and art. It showed us our ignorance—to speak literally and not offensively. We learned the lesson gratefully, and our rapid increase of wealth and its wide participation enabled us to apply and improve on the lesson. From it there came a prodigious stride in all wiser ways of living.

The fruits of this—both the accumulation of wealth and the knowledge—are seen in the ferment of recent years which is touching on every phase of social and economic expression, and in not a few wandering off to the land of daftness and impracticability. But the further fruits or development is the attention given to the better common life, especially to the better coordination of city growth, the realization of higher standards in all that pertains to communal interests. It is seen in the impulse

which moves for proper recreation places, for adequate boulevards and parks, for a more permanent and artistic building of public structures. These have all sprung from the individual awakening dating from 1876, helped on by the influence of later expositions, as the World's Fair at Chicago, which stands to better city-making in this way as the Philadelphia exposition stood to better individual life.

But we have not yet become fully aware of the things necessary to convert and retain this impulse for better communal development as a permanent movement, a thing of steady progress. Our civic organizations are doing noble work. We find chambers of commerce and boards of trade turning aside from the direct and central work of their life and lending a hand to make every wise expanse and cause of civic betterment count one hundred per cent.

But such organizations must be fed. Their permanence is possible only from new membership, and this must, in the order of nature, come from the young men who enter life. As these are educated and given bias, so will the civic bodies that they enter be wise or foolish, so will they continue as factors in the proper development of communal life or fall away. As the pupils in the schools, as the students in the colleges and universites are taught and inspired, so will be the quality of our future development.

Is there in the curriculum of these institutions proper instruction in the meaning of civic life, the elements that enter into it, the responsibilities that it entails? Do the graduates from such institutions realize their obligations of citizenship as they proudly enter fully that status? Do they know the meaning of the law, the significance of the full and normal developments of civic requirements? Unquestionably our entire educational system needs to be tested in this behalf.

The fundamental concept of our public school system is that in our form of government the system is needed to elevate and instruct in the standard of citizenship. Does it realize this conception? On the contrary, does it not inculcate self-centered, individualistic attainment for the sole benefit of the unit in the schools and colleges, and disregard the leavening of the mass to a fair,

LAKE IN GARFIELD PARK

An example of reclamation of a pool formerly used as a place to deposit garbage

broad, general average? Does it not seek to build a few intellectual "sky-scrapers" and let go the mass as poor and neglected structures which make impoverished citizens?

To what extent is civics taught in our schools? What real knowledge and interest is there imparted as to public property and its care, with the effect of its wise or unwise management on every citizen? Is not the impression most strongly stamped on the mind of the graduate that he has no care or concern for anything outside of his personal affairs? Does our system of education at any point inculcate clear ideas of civic patriotism?

Verily, the truthful answer to all this is a serious indictment of our whole educational system. It is not making good citizens, but turning out graduates with some book-learning, ignorant of the great obligations of citizenship which they must assume. In this, our system of education, so-called, reverses the order of nature, which disregards the individual or unit for the species, aiding the former only as it benefits by its contribution to the latter.

We ought to pattern after the methods and purposes of what is known as the Cavendish Association in England and make a serious appeal to our public schools and colleges to inculcate higher ideals of municipal duties in every student. Thus, those that are peculiarly fitted for such things may have bestowed on them the elevating influences of education and become fitted to administer public trusts wisely. Such an administration is due to every inhabitant of a city. By it only can the real and best needs of the humble citizens, the great mass, who must be absorbed in the struggle for daily bread, be attained.

By it only can city conditions reach toward high ideals and become inspiring in the effort. And by it alone will be found the safe protection against and remedy for impracticable and fantastic movements of a socialistic nature that are called into being and stimulated by the failure of our cities to provide conditions for a common life that lead to good housing, available recreation places, wisely ordered parks, proper protection against fire and flood, and all the many things that can come only from city government efficient in the full sense of the word.

So, city administration that fulfills the real purpose of its being

must be constituted of those that have a clear conception of duty and needs, and who are animated by the desire to make the one fully equal to the other. To make men of this kind requires education in civics, awakened sense of the demands that a city worthy of the name makes, which shall inspire the ambition to meet those demands.

This education for the young on-coming citizen must begin with the schools and colleges. For the larger life it can and does come from that sense of good citizenship which induces men to forego personal ease, and work for the city after a long day spent in the imperative demands of work for themselves. This is civic patriotism. Its quality is as fine as that which lays down life on battlefields. The ones dies for patriotism, the other lives for it.

And this is stronger than a surface view shows. The spirit of civic patriotism is abroad and at work. Men are seeking office in city administration for the purpose of doing good work. The way to it with us is, and for a long time perhaps must be, through political parties. We cannot, by our form of government and the spirit of our institutions, use the direct way of getting good men that Germany uses, namely, by educational institutions devoted to making city officials as we make physicians, lawyers and civil engineers, and sending out graduates to wait for a call from cities. That belongs to a paternalistic and centralized government which we have not and which I hope we shall never have.

It is of more importance, then, that the spirit of civic patriotism be nourished voluntarily, which is the only way it can be nourished with us, so that it shall imbue men with the noble ambition of serving their city first no matter what political form they must follow. The foundation or fountainhead of this spirit, if it is to be lasting, I repeat at the risk of wearisome iteration, must be with the schools and colleges, which should educate youth and young manhood to a proper appreciation of city needs and to a realization of the high call which service in those needs makes. Without this realization, without this grounding in this kind of patriotism—civic patriotism—we may never hope to have the stability of institutions that we ought to have.

It is a present-day historic fact that the excellence of German

STONE PINES, VILLA UMBERTO, ROME
Conservation of nature in the heart of a great city

city government, brought about though it is by centralized and paternalistic government, causes such content among the dwellers in the cities that they submit to the abuses of imperialistic government and bear the burden of great armaments and the invasion of militarism in their lives. We can bring about the same contentment without paying the same price if by our voluntary efforts we foster and nourish civic patriotism by precept for the young and example for the old, and have to the full the reflex action of stability and soundness in our free government.

Emerson states the soul of the situation in the sentence: "Not in nature, but in man is all the beauty and worth that he sees." So, our growth and betterment does not depend on law, but on that which is within us. No community can be finer or better than the general desire or ideal. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. But in its flood and flow it waters healthy growth everywhere, so that there spring up examples in ideals and practice which stimulate and encourage again the source from which they got their life. So, faculties, dormant in all, are awakened and become fruitful, contributing in turn.

We can see such reactions in the influence not only of various commercial organizations, but in welfare organizations of the many kinds. Women alike with men are interested and enlisted in one phase or another of communal life, and bend their energies to make this life better, which means making in the city better conditions for life. Formerly we had common effort chiefly for trade purposes, for general commercial advancement.

Vital as this is to city growth, the spirit of civic patriotism is teaching something more vital; it is the doctrine of quality where once we thought only of quantity. Instead of hearing only or chiefly of "setting stakes" for such and such population in five years or ten; instead of hearing chiefly of trade extension, we hear also of better housing conditions, of better kept streets, of more playgrounds, of more parks and better access to them. In no long time, let us hope, we shall hear of movements organized to look after the course of school and college work to see that these turn out citizens in the full sense of the word, their graduates comprehending their relationship in their future life, so that

they shall be able to say understandingly: "I also am a citizen of no mean city."

Many local organizations formed for neighborhood betterment fail of the object because of lack of intelligent leadership. A few years of intelligent education in schools would send into life an army of young men who would be able to furnish wise leadership and give wise direction to all such efforts.

One of the first things that such full or even partially discerned comprehension would realize would be the futility of the attitude which has long prevailed and still prevails among us, of the potency of laws. We now generally still believe that evil can be remedied by enacting laws. This belongs pretty nearly to the age of incantations and exorcisms. Lawmaking does not drive away evil any more than voodooism does. There is in our fundamental law, in the whole spirit of our institutions, warrant sufficient to reform every evil that exists. The determination to have a better city can find to its hand everything that is necessary. The reform must be in the heart of the reformer. Laws are but tools and there never was a lack of these.

This, of course, recognizes that from time to time changes are needed in laws and forms to meet new conditions. The emphasis made here is on the fundamental importance of the spirit as the thing which advances life. This spirit must be broadcast in a community, and so from time to time we shall get men imbued with it. Only when we do is there real progress.

Insistence on this will in time break us from the delusion which we hold that lawmaking is reformation. We have got the cart before the horse. Inculcate the spirit and the understanding also, and we shall have no trouble. This way of approach leads in time not merely to good work, but silently and by degrees to getting better tools or forms of government. Foster the spirit and the results will be certain.

Under many forms now, city charters divide responsibility among various boards, and too often the whole machinery of city government is made to work toward ends other than the city's good. Frequent changes of administration add to the confusion, so that growth is unsystematic and inharmonious. This makes

waste in various ways, because personal greed finds in it its opportunity. But all this is fundamentally from failure of the spirit, and until this be recognized we shall blunder along, changing laws or forms, which accomplishes nothing if we fail to change the spirit that lies behind all laws and forms.

The essential thing in the better development of American communal life is this inculcation of the basic fact that cities can only be rightly planned and properly developed by the willingness of the individual to submerge his personal ideas and interests in the general attainment. And a city can be logically planned in all its parts to make a consistent and pleasing whole only by having harmonious relations in its architecture, its bridges, its streets, roads and parks.

The laws of being that govern this are as fixed and immutable as the laws of nature. Until we recognize and submit to these laws we shall work in vain. Or to repeat, until we are instructed in the spirit of devotion and wisdom for the good of the whole city, we cannot progress knowingly to a definite and high end, but shall toil and moil, work and waste, supporting parasites, fattening political schemes, promoting personal ambitions, with here and there something a little good for the city as an unrelated and incidental result.

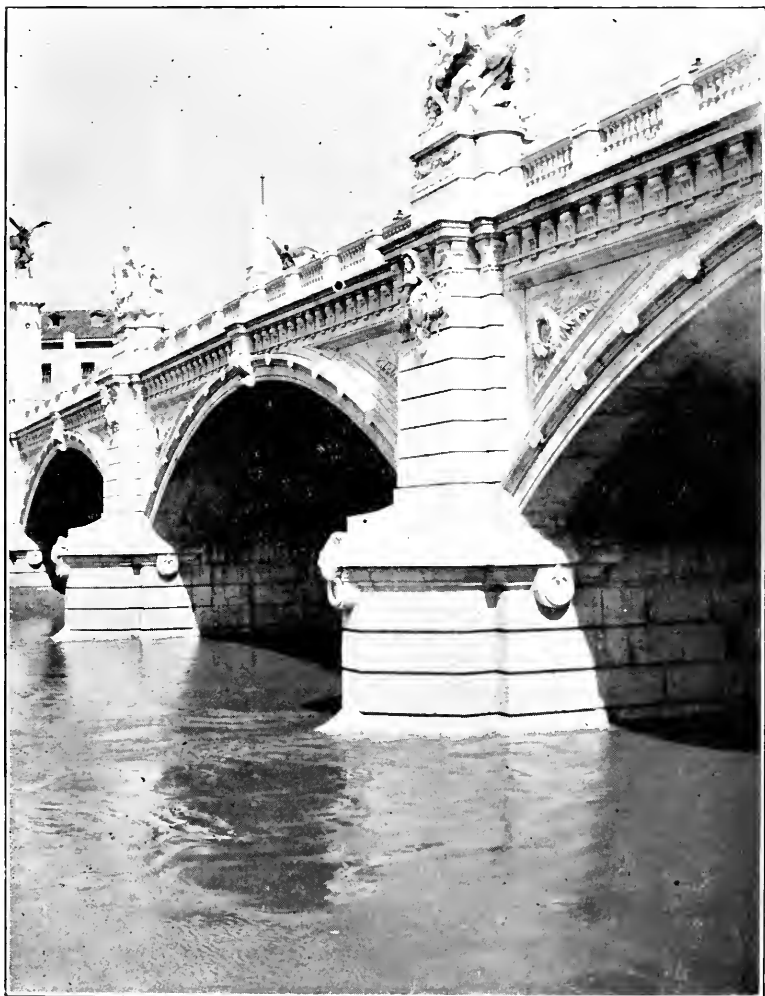
Such has been the manner of American municipal existence. Its low standards have caused tremendous economic waste. We build not only haphazardly and with little conception of the relation of parts to the whole; but we build for the day only and hence inadequately. There are certain public works in cities which properly done should last for ages and not merely for a generation or part of one, to be torn away and replaced according to a later caprice. If architecturally good, ages lend to such structures increasing value.

Wise planning of roads, boulevards and parks, would coax nature into cities with her power to charm, eliminating waste places which now we leave unsightly and depressing—things felt most keenly by the mass of citizens, who are those that must toil a lifetime, and whose daily surroundings thus promote sullen discontent instead of the joy of beauty to lighten drudgery which wise city planning would bring.

Of all classes or kinds of people in a city, the ones to gain most by harmonious city development are those whose lives are lived almost constantly in the city, whose "vacations" must be chiefly the pleasure and relief that come from parks and recreation places, squares, playgrounds and public buildings. So, the appeal of these things is of vital importance to the greatest number, and the hunger for them in whatever shape is universal. One visit to a splendid city building, one glimpse of a beautiful fountain in the midst of a well-ordered city square, one hour spent lingering down the way of a beautiful boulevard, or strolling in a beautiful park, is like a breath of life to a toil-worn body and a burdened spirit.

No sneer at mere beauty, no contempt for "waste" of money in making such things possible for a city, can obscure the great fact that they are the special heritage and comfort of the toiling mass of mankind which now more than ever tends to gather in cities. Everywhere the countryside is pouring its people into cities. It is a world characteristic. Cities are growing out of all proportion to rural regions. In the end, that city will cease to grow that fails to provide means by which this great population, much of it nurtured among nature's scenes, can find at hand and daily see prospects that invite and refresh; that can have in the public expression of the city an invitation and inspiration to the better side of life.

Thus the cause of a city, built as it ought to be, an harmonious and beautiful whole, is the cause of the great mass of the city's inhabitants. Its production must come from a realization of its inherent worth, and fundamentally this must rest on the education of those so favored that they reach life first through schools and colleges, where, wisely taught, they shall begin their life work imbued by the spirit of civic patriotism, reinforced by the knowledge of the value of beauty in city building as well as the beauty of value.



PONTE VITTORIO EMANUELE, ROME
An example of good architecture in a public structure

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumnal Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription Price, one dollar per year.

Entered at the Indianapolis Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter, March 26, 1912.

Address communications to Katharine M. Graydon, Secretary, Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.

Founder's Day

Founder's Day has become one of the rich days of the college calendar. The occasion is not only prominent so far as social reunion and good fellowship are concerned, but even more because of its refined elevated tone in every feature of the program. The audiences are composed not only of those loyal to the college and the name it bears, but also of those who care to look upon an academic scene and to listen to words of wisdom and scholarship.

Although not then known by its present name, Founder's Day had its real inception before the death of Mr. Butler. As one of the early citizens of Indianapolis, the force and fineness of the man were felt. In those days, before Haste was born or Gratitude had died, friends took the time and enjoyed the privilege of calling upon Mr. Butler on his birthday and of personally bearing their own congratulations. Memory recalls the sweet scene of the patriarch seated in his armchair, his countenance lighted by the gladness of hospitality, as with old-time courtesy he received friend after friend. Scarcely less impressive was the large, beautiful home—Forest Home—presided over by the good, gracious and never-to-be-forgotten mistress, while scattered about were children and children's children.

With the death of the friend of struggling students to whom Mr. Butler had made possible a college education, it was deemed proper for this college to pay tribute to his life and memory, upon his birthday, February 7. Thus has grown the day we love to honor.

The entrance of the faculty, garbed in the gowns and hoods of their respective degrees, formally opened the exercises of the occasion. The college chapel was filled with alumni, students and friends, who had gathered out of deference to the spirit of the day. The invocation was pronounced by Dr. W. C. Morro, the benediction by Dr. Jabez Hall. The music furnished by former students added much to the beauty and dignity of the occasion, Mrs. Fern Brendel Metzger being vocal soloist, accompanied by Miss Verna Sweetman, and Mr. William Doeppers, cornet soloist.

In speaking of the significance of the day, President Howe said: "It is useful, at least once a year, to remember the past and to review the honorable history of Butler College. The great development of this State has taken place in a period of between seventy-five and eighty years, and we are happy to have been a part of that development. In about 1845 a movement was begun by a number of Christian people to found an educational institution in this part of the country, to be maintained by the Disciples of Christ. The charter was granted in 1849 and went into effect the next year.

"Five years later the doors of the institution were opened in Indianapolis and the institution was known as the Northwestern Christian University. The first class was graduated in 1856, and in 1875 the college was moved from College avenue to Irvington. The name of the institution was then changed to Butler University, because of gifts presented by Ovid Butler. In 1896 the school was changed from a university to a college, and the last step was taken four years ago when the managing organization of the college was changed from a stock company to a self-perpetuating board of directors."

President Howe said that under the management of the directors the college was a part of an expected university in the future; that, in addition to Ovid Butler, other founders of the college should be honored, and he read the names of the men who were instrumental in making the institution a factor in the educational world. Attention was called to the fact that Butler was one of the first colleges in the United States where men and women were received on the same footing.

President Howe then introduced the speaker of the day, Dean

Percy H. Boynton, of the University of Chicago. The subject of the address was "Past and Present," and its purpose was to consider certain conditions which prevailed in the American college of one and two centuries ago, and to draw deductions with reference to the college of to-day.

Starting with the forcing process in vogue in the education of children of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Mr. Boynton came on to the college experience of these same youths and developed at considerable length, with many references to specific conditions at Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Dartmouth and Brown, the two leading traditions in connection with student life. The first of these had to do with the assumption that the student, preparing himself for one of the learned professions, would devote his best energies to study. This found expression in the keen interest which was taken in the college honors, the universal participation in the literary and debating societies, and the culmination of the college course in the more or less conspicuous contribution to the commencement exercises.

In surprising contrast to this, the speaker next dwelt at considerable length on the established tradition of student disorder; the organized strikes in protest against the college commons; the disrespect for property of town and college; the prevalence of drinking and drunkenness.

This tradition of disorder was accounted for through the failure of the old college to provide either for systematic physical exercise or legitimate diversions in play. The speaker next called attention to the swing to the opposite extreme in the overemphasis on the student athletic activities of the present day, and returned to the fact that at present the tradition of work in the college has steadily declined. The present state of affairs he accounted for through the fact that in all modern schools devoted, as the old colleges were, to definite training for definite careers, hard work is still the rule, but that the present-day college, whether it be a small college in a small town or the undergraduate department of a great university, has in a way degenerated into a catch-all which enrolls students who are relatively without purpose, and who, therefore,

should have hard and serious work exacted of them as a condition of entrance to college and of continuance in college work.

Students in our college should be regarded as students, or they should be led to the gates of the campus and be bidden "Godspeed." Palm Beach would be more beneficial than college for students who desire "atmosphere," and the principal business of college life should be serious study. In taking this position, he did not lose sight of the need of "play" in university work, and he criticized the college spirit of the old times which recognized the mind, but which did not realize that the body existed and needed exercise.

In making his last application, Mr. Boynton said: "I do not know whether what I am about to say would apply to Butler College. I strongly suspect it will. If it does, so much the better. If not, Butler College may congratulate herself on being unique among the Alma Maters of the country."

A luncheon was given at the college residence for the mothers of the students there residing and the visiting alumnæ to the number of about fifty. The tables, decorated with pink and white tulips, the light from pink tapers, and the place cards embellished with pink roses, made the occasion, with Miss Evelyn Butler as hostess, one of the artistic features of the day.

Miss Graydon entertained at her home for the speaker of the morning, Mr. Boynton. Her guests were representative of the English department of the colleges of the State, and some of the college friends of the city.

At the residence of Mrs. Cornelia Allen-Forrest occurred from 2:30 to 4:30 the Pan-Hellenic reception, given by the various Greek-letter societies, to the students, alumni and friends of the college. There was a large attendance and a delightful spirit of enjoyment permeated the rooms. More and more is the community approving and appreciating these functions.

The banquet hall of the Claypool Hotel afforded a handsome setting for a brilliant gathering at 7 o'clock. Despite the inclemency of the evening, 250 guests were present—students, alumni, direc-

tors, professors of other colleges of the State, friends from towns nearby and from cities far distant. Indeed, it was a dignified, memorable occasion. Butler appeared at her best—in her true and most worthy form—and we wished that every student who had ever touched her might have seen his Alma Mater upon that evening.

Following the dinner, President Howe, as toastmaster, introduced the first speaker on the program, Mr. John H. Holliday, a former student. Owing to illness, Mr. Holliday was unable to be present, but his delightful paper on reminiscences of the Northwestern Christian University was read by Mr. Demarchus C. Brown. The paper, we are pleased to announce, will appear later in these pages.

Dr. Owen D. Odell spoke next, to the subject, "Five Miles of Campus," and his spirit of appreciation of the college, her opportunities and her accomplishments, was graciously given. He said that Butler College was as necessary to the true growth of Indianapolis as her commercial organizations, because it stood for and kept alive the permanent element in all perishable things.

Dean Boynton next emphasized the need of "The Small Colleges," and the necessity for encouraging them. Men who attend them are usually more sincere in their efforts to succeed, and consequently become stronger than those who are graduated from the larger institutions. The lasting advantage of the opportunity of touching strong personality, the old and ever strong *raison d'etre*, was charmingly given.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. Abram E. Cory, of Cincinnati, who felt the greatest danger to American colleges today to be the inclination to build great laboratories and buildings and to buy large tracts of picturesque campus space while the scholarship standards are allowed to decline. "It would be better if the heads of these higher institutions of learning hesitated and considered what is to be the future of American colleges, for American colleges, as American commerce, have adopted a speed which means death." The strong clear note of Mr. Cory was encouraging, as coming from the man at the head of the Men and Millions Movement. Indeed, the words of every speaker of the evening, in

their sense of appreciation, gave out much not only to charm, but also to strengthen and to uplift.

The closing exercises of the occasion were held on Sunday morning in the Downey Avenue Christian Church, when Rev. Harry O. Pritchard, '02, preached the Founder's Day sermon. It was a fitting and worthy close to what was the most complete celebration of Founder's Day the college has enjoyed. We wish that more and more of the old students might plan to return for February and share in what is increasingly the truest spirit of Butler College.

The Chicago Dinner

Last May the alumni of Greenfield, Indiana, took the initiative in organizing a Hancock County Alumni Association, with Samuel J. Offutt, '02, as president, and John F. Mitchell, Jr., '06, as secretary. This association held a delightful reunion and supper at the home of B. F. Dailey, '87, which several of the college faculty and Irvington friends attended.

Chicago, not to be outdone by Greenfield, held an alumni reunion and dinner on the evening of February 14 at the City Club. Representing the college were present Mr. Hilton U. Brown, President and Mrs. T. C. Howe and Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon. Rev. Oscar E. Helming, '88, acted as chairman, and at the close of the dinner gave explanation for our being present: to renew our youth and to give expression of our love and loyalty to old Butler. After his greeting, it was moved and carried that a Chicago Butler College Alumni Association be formed, and that an annual meeting be there held. Of this association, O. C. Helming, '88, was elected president and F. F. Hummel, '93, secretary.

Mr. Helming then spoke of the kindly and sincere regrets which had come to his hand from those unable to be present, and read, as typical, those of W. S. Major, '58; of Mrs. Eliza M. Hopkins, widow of Professor John O. Hopkins, of valued memory; of Mrs. Ethel Woody Horton, '07; of Scot Butler, '68.

Mr. Hilton U. Brown, '80, was then asked to take the toast-

master's chair. The gathering suggested to him, he said, the strength and the sweetness of the ties formed in college, the memories of which expand and mellow until they declare themselves the greatest experiences of our life. Knowing how Butler College and her welfare form the very life of Mr. Brown, his rambles were significant and affecting.

Mr. David M. Hillis, '64, next spoke to "Butler in the 60's," and delightfully recalled some of his experiences, closing with a fine tribute to the old faculty, lovingly and admiringly calling over the names of Hoshour, Hoss, Brown and Benton. To this Mr. Brown suggested that we rise and drink a silent toast to Dr. A. R. Benton.

Next upon the program did Miss Graydon, '78, respond to the toast "The College Feminist." She thought a more appropriate subject for her might have been "College Journalism," or "How to Collect Alumni Dues," or "College Loyalty," or "College Needs," but they wanted the Feminist! She had tried, therefore, to make her acquaintance and then characterized her in rather extreme manner though with the spirit of truth. "We are rather old-fashioned down at Butler," she said, "and I think we are not ashamed of it. We try there not so much to be the New Woman as to be the True Woman." She then paid tribute to the women at Butler. "I challenge you to show me where in finer form is College Feminineness seen—the girl who stands for higher ideals of scholarship and character and womanliness, than right there. She comes to us from farm and town and city; she leaves us to go to her life's work, and, so far as I know, wherever a Butler graduate is, there she is playing the part of a woman."

Then was introduced Mr. Louis A. Hopkins, '05, who spoke to "The Function of the Small College." The spirit of the city, he said, lays emphasis upon the big things. In Chicago, things are the biggest in the world, whether auto show, stockyard, retail store or university. A huge university is like a great wheel which grinds out the personality of the students. An educational institution should be the outgrowth of the home. Its nearest approach is the small college, for there the spirit of the classroom is the spirit of the home. In the college the equipment is not so impor-

tant as the personnel of the instructors. "A former professor, now in a large institution, said to me the other day when he knew I was to be here to-night, 'If I kept up the standard and marked my papers as closely as I did at Butler, I would not hold my job three days!" Mr. Hopkins closed with a beautiful tribute to "The College That I Love the Best."

The last speaker of the evening was President Howe, '89, upon "The College To-day." Mr. Howe's remarks were made up largely of statistics. He showed what in ten years the growth had been in students and in endowment. For 1903-'04 the enrollment was 289; for 1912-'13, 611. The interest from cash loans for 1903 amounted to $19,545.45; for 1912-'13, $21,971. The fees in 1903-'04 amounted to $5,208; in 1912-'13, $20,192. The total income of the college from all sources for 1912-'13 amounted to $43,745.96.

The college is growing steadily. It is in favor with the Indianapolis high schools, and is drawing well locally. The buildings and equipment remain much the same. The faculty represents forty-six colleges. Irvington is becoming more beautiful and more desirable for residence. To live there is no longer a reproach, but a distinction. More individual attention is given to each student than formerly. The faculty at the State University say that the best trained students for university work come from Butler College. As to our prospects: More students will require more equipment. We need a gymnasium, we need a men's dormitory. First and foremost and at all times, we mean that our college shall be a sound educational institution. Our hope, at present, is in the Men and Millions Movement, that soon we shall, thereby, have $500,000 more of endowment, and that in a few years we may rise to $1,500,000 of endowment.

The hope of education lies to-day in the small college, at least for the early years of the curriculum. Butler wants not a large faculty, but a well-selected faculty, with enough salary to hold them. "My appeal to you, my appeal to all loyal alumni, is to help make the college serve this day as it has served in other days."

Following the program was a too brief opportunity to meet old

friends and new, and so reluctantly the little gathering dispersed to distant homes with the feeling that it was good to have been there and an anticipation of the next gathering.

Despite Chicago's blizzard, there were present the following: Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Helming, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Buchanan, Mr. D. M. Hillis, Mr. W. J. Button, Miss Flora N. Hay, Miss Mabel Tibbott, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Howe, Mr. H. U. Brown, Miss Katharine M. Graydon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stearns, Miss Meeker, Mrs. E. S. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice O'Connor, Mr. Clarence Boyle, Mr. Louis A. Hopkins, Mr. Milton O. Naramore, Mr. and Miss Hummel, Miss Otta Hanway, Mr. Clifford Browder, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Allen H. Lloyd, Mrs. and Miss Taylor, Miss Mary Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McElroy, Mr. Charles O. Lee, Mr. Charles M. Sharpe.

More Endowment

Butler College is to have $500,000 additional endowment, when plans under way have matured. Three hundred thousand dollars of this amount will come as a result of the Men and Millions Movement launched by Mr. R. A. Long, of Kansas City. This amount, invested in good securities, will be reserved for endowment purposes. About $6,200 will be used for increasing salaries. Butler has lost some excellent educators for financial reasons alone, and so, with the enlarged salary so well earned, it is hoped to retain a large proportion of her capable faculty. Nine thousand eight hundred dollars will be expended in new work. Classes are now overcrowded and additional courses should be offered. With increased resources new men will solve new problems. Especially is it imperative that greater individual attention be given to students. The college will strengthen the departments of botany, physics, modern languages, English, the classics, physical culture and ministerial education. This will mean the addition of seven new teachers of varying grade.

The remaining $200,000 of the above amount will be raised

among the friends of the college, and this sum is to be used in any manner the directors deem best.

The Oratorical Contest

The intercollegiate contest of the State Oratorical Association was held in Indianapolis on the evening of February 27. The first honor was carried off by Butler through her representative, Lawrence Bridge. The second place was scored by Notre Dame, represented by Emmet J. Lenihan. Mr. Bridge, in his argument for "World Federation," asserted that the battles for freedom have not yet been won and will not be until world peace has been established. He appealed for the education of the masses and for public opinion to arouse a sentiment for world federation. He deplored the attempt of a nation to engage in warfare to gain the wealth of another nation, and felt that such efforts invariably result in the failure of such attempted conquests. He had condemnation for the war "jingos," and referred to the building of dreadnoughts. Switzerland is making remarkable gains in trade without a single dreadnought to her credit, while England, with her great navy, is losing the commercial trade of Canada. Mr. Bridge is a member of the senior class and a Delta Tau Delta.

Commencement

The exercises of Commencement Week will begin with the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday afternoon, June 7, and close with the graduation address on Thursday, June 11. The Alumni Reunion will be held on the campus Wednesday afternoon and evening, and it is hoped every possible graduate of Butler will be present. An unusual program is being prepared, and the alumni who are not on hand will miss something genuinely good and pleasant.

An especial feature of the week will be the reunion of the classes which celebrate respectively their fiftieth and their twenty-fifth anniversaries.

Begin now, alumni, to make your plans to be present, and let us have the greatest jubilation of years.

Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Butler are spending this month at Mannville, Florida.

Miss Lora Hussey, '10, is teaching at William Woods College, Fulton, Missouri.

Carl A. Burkhardt, '09, is located at Lexington, Missouri, in charge of the Christian Church.

Homer L. Cook, ex-'06, has been nominated by the Democratic party for the office of Secretary of State.

W. H. Graffis, '89, is president of The Gas Publishing Company, located in the Monadnock Block, Chicago.

Doctor William Shimer, '02, the State bacteriologist, addressed the Biology Club of the college on March 5.

John T. Lister, '97, is head of the modern language department of the State Teachers' College of Colorado, at Greeley.

If your address has been changed, do not fail to notify the alumni secretary. If your alumni fees are in arrears, *do pay them*.

Earle M. Todd has changed his residence from Fort Wayne, Indiana, to Canton, Missouri, where he is pastor of the Christian Church.

William F. Clarke, '72, in charge of the department of pedagogy and practice teaching, is teaching at the State Normal School at Minot, North Dakota.

Since the publication of his ninth book, "Thought and Religion," J. W. Lowber, '71, has been elected a member of the Authors' Club, London. Doctor Lowber lives in Austin, Texas.

Dr. Howard Woodhead, former instructor of sociology at Butler College, has been appointed head of the department of the school of civics which trains aspirants for municipal offices and efficiency.

A Chicago daily announces the fact that "he is fitting Americans to fill big positions and to fit them well."

Miss Anna H. Burt, '08, is spending the winter at New Smyrna, Florida. For the sorrow which has come to Miss Burt in the loss of her mother, the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Cora Campbell Barnett, a former and loyal student, while chaperoning sorority girls during the college year at the University of Illinois, returns to Indianapolis as home for her vacations.

The Quarterly sends its welcome to Carey Wilberta, who came on February 14 into the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnett. Mr. Barnett, '94, is located at Barre, Vermont, in charge of the flourishing Congregational church of that place.

Lee Moffett, '12, has removed to Memphis, Tennessee, where he is engaged with the Feature Film Company. Not to see Lee in and about college seems unnatural, and we miss him; but The Quarterly wishes him much success in the new business enterprise.

Rev. Charles Henry Caton, '76, recently resigned from his charge in Flat River, Missouri, called at the college in January. It was pleasant to see Mr. Caton again about the halls and to hear his talk in chapel, and we hope his next visit will not be far in the future.

Jack J. Hinman, Jr., '11, has resigned as city chemist to the City Health Board, and has accepted a position as assistant director of the epidemiological laboratory of the University of Iowa. The Quarterly sends its congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Hinman.

We announce elsewhere the marriage of Frederick Merrill Tibbott. Mr. Tibbott was never a student of Butler College, but his parents, Mr. E. F. Tibbott and Mrs. Inez Watts Tibbott, are among our most loyal and valued former students, and what is of intimate concern to them meets sympathy here.

Dean William J. Lhamon, '79, of Drury College, gave a series of lectures on "The Character of Christ" at the College of Mis-

sions in Irvington in February. His subjects were: The Universality of Christ; The Masterliness of Christ; The Love of Christ; The Severity of Christ; The Continuity of Christ; The Finality of Christ; Christ and Other Founders of Religion.

We wish it were possible to present to the readers of The Quarterly many of the expressions which the Founder's Day invitations call forth. In sending his regrets for the dinner, Father Gavisk, of St. John's Church, Indianapolis, a fine type of Roman Catholic priest, writes: "It would be a great pleasure for me to be present at this gathering of the friends of Butler College and thus to attest the splendid influence for culture, morality and citizenship which Butler College has exerted in this community. If there is one section of our city that has kept steadily in view the higher and the better things of life, despite the commercial and material tendencies of the day, it has been Irvington; and what is Irvington but the embodiment of the spirit of Butler College?"

Marriages

SCHWARTZ-CHOATE.—On January 11, at Kokomo, Indiana, were married Richard T. Schwartz and Miss Louise Choate, ex-'13. Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz will make their home in Kokomo.

NEWBERGER-NICHOLSON.—On January 28, at Indianapolis, were married Louis Newberger, '73, and Miss Parthenia Nicholson. Mr. and Mrs. Newberger sailed February 1 on the Rotterdam for Europe, where they will spend several weeks. Upon their return they will continue to make their home in Indianapolis.

TIBBOTT-MILLIKEN.—On February 14, at Newtonville, Massachusetts, were married Frederick Merrill Tibbott and Miss Edith Eddy Milliken.

Necrology

RILEY.—Charles C. Riley died suddenly in Washington, D. C., on January 6, and was buried at Crown Hill, Indianapolis, on

the 9th. Mr. Riley was born at Cumberland, Indiana, forty-six years ago. He was a student of Butler College, and later attended the Indiana Medical School. At the time of his death Mr. Riley was general superintendent of freight transportation of the Baltimore & Ohio system, with his residence at Baltimore. He is survived by a widow (Miss Dora Pendleton, '85) and two children, to whom The Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

SPAHR.—William H. Spahr, a former student of the Northwestern Christian University, died in Indianapolis on January 8, and was buried at Crown Hill. He is survived by seven children.

THE MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

Vol. III INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1914 No. 2

Commencement Address

[The following, in part, is the address made by Edgar Young Mullins.]

In a novel which appeared a few years ago the leading character was a very successful business man and politician. The novel ended as all good novels ought to end, by the happy marriage of the hero and heroine. I would not give five cents a dozen for any other kind of novel. But after the marriage had taken place, the friends of the bridegroom and bride remained after the couple had gone away for the train and were discussing among themselves the secret of the success in life of the bridegroom.

You may recognize the story that I am referring to. I am not an advance agent for it. They were discussing the success in life of this man who had won this woman, and various theories were advanced to explain it. One was that it was due to his knowledge of human nature. All agreed that was an exceedingly important thing in the success of any one who had to deal with men and women. Some one advanced the idea that it was his cold-bloodedness, his cold handling of men. With some this is an important factor in success, as they call it. Then some one advanced the opinion that it was due to a long continued and unprecedented streak of luck; and, unfortunately, there are people who take that view of success in life. But, finally, some one advanced this view, and all accepted it as the true explanation: This man was a practical idealist. That gave me the subject for my talk this morning—The Practical Idealist.

There are practical men in abundance in the world and many idealists, but it is not often that we find the practical and ideal combined in the same character—the practical idealist. What is a practical man and what is an idealist?

Let us take first the conception of the idealist. Mrs. Browning

says. I think in Aurora Leigh, the idealist is the man in whom the idea of a knife cuts the real flesh and makes the blood come. But there are people to whom the thought, the idea which they pursue becomes so real to their imagination and to their faith and to their life that it acts as if it were real. They are the people who never know defeat. They are the people who always seize victory by the hand, claim it, assume it, go after it and get it.

I heard of a boy who went fishing and was asked how many fish he had caught. He had not caught anything but he said, "When I get the one I am going after and two more I will have three." I take it he was a practical idealist. That is the sort of man I refer to when I mention a practical idealist.

Mrs. Browning goes on to say that we English people have a way of calling the French people light, flippant. She says their apparent lightness is due to their quick reaction and response to the ideal. The Frenchman looks to have gone off at a tangent, but when he does it is because he has been moved by a great ideal that has stirred him to the depths. Then she goes on to say, you can take a French crowd and sway it as a field of corn is swayed by the wind.

We will take what she says as to the definition of an idealist—one to whom the ideal is real and powerful and enters into the very blood and affects the life.

What, then, is a practical man? We have abundant answer to that question all around us. The practical man is the man who gets there. Getting there—that is the idea of the practical man—is success. Well, what is success in life? The average definition is just as about correct as that other boy's definition of the crab. He said it is a red fish that goes backward. His teacher told him his answer was correct except in three respects—it is not red, it is not a fish, and it does not go backward. Many a person says the practical man is the successful man. He is, in one aspect of his life and character; but getting there is not an adequate definition of the practical man. Why, the pickpocket can be measured by that standard. He gets into your pocket and gets your money. He gets there. But you don't count him very successful from your own standpoint. Do you count that a real

definition of success, to get there? It all depends on where you are going whether getting there is success or whether it is not.

What is the practical man? In business the man is counted practical who can crowd his competitor to the wall and get his business. The practical man in modern commerce is the man who can crowd his competitor to the wall and choke the life out of him commercially. In politics the practical man is the man who can get control of the machine and grind up the opposing party and do as he pleases with it.

The practical man, in the true sense, is the man who into all his striving and contriving puts the ideal and works out the problem of his life and destiny along the two-fold idea—practical and ideal. All successful men are humble men. They know they are made by circumstances and affairs. All are controlled by surroundings, and yet all of them guide and control their surroundings to their own ends and purposes. The practical man has the keen eye and the skilled hand, the combination of the seer and the doer. The poet has practical ideas, but poetry was written before the poets were born. The poet merely sees it written on nature and life and has the skill to transform it for our delight.

The practical idealist is the one able to see the beautiful, the true, and the good about us in the world. That is the characteristic thing in our human nature. It is our response to the great and the ideal. Otherwise, the man is no more than the horse gazing at the painting. It is the ideal in us that distinguishes us from the lower animals.

What is it that distinguishes man from the lower animals? It has been claimed to be the power of speech, and others say it is the power of reason, but I have known dogs to reason as well as some people I know. The one distinguishing thing is power of conscious growth—the ability to strive for it and consciously to rise out of the present into something higher and grander. No animal has that power. The eagle has a keen vision, but I never heard of his inventing another eye when that eye gave out. When man's natural parts give out he simply makes artificial parts. He is never content, and that is the marked thing

about him. He cuts a statue, builds a house, and looks upon it and says there is perfection. And as he looks and studies there arises in him that strange something which says it can be done better; he makes another and finer one, and he looks at it, and by and by arises in him the thought it can be improved upon. Through ages men have been doing that, so the masterpieces of sculpture are just the steps that lead up to the eternal. It is that which God put in us which never can be satisfied. The man or woman who does not see it is blind like the horse.

Happy the man or woman who can get out of nature what nature has put there. And when I look at the universe in all that nature has revealed to us I get but one conclusion and that is that God put the greatness around us to call forth the greatness in us. It is this that constitutes human growth and greatness. The practical idealist is he or she who grasps the ideal and carries it out in practical life.

I want to call attention to a few cases of this practical idealism. Many men have a vision and a task. A vision without a task makes a visionary, and a task without a vision makes a drudge. The vision coupled with the task makes the hero, the apostle.

There are some things that will follow, if we are practical idealists, and one is that life will have unity. The trouble with most lives is dissipation. They are scattered in many directions.

Now, how does God think if He thinks at all? Some men think in parishes. Others think in continents, never get beyond the continent; but, if God thinks, He thinks in planets. He thinks of worlds. If a man is going to work with God, he has to think in planets. What is God giving to the world? Liberty, justice, and peace. Where is the world going to get liberty, justice, and peace? From the English, the Anglo-Saxon. So Mr. Cecil Rhodes projected the Cape-Cairo railroad and the Boer war came as a conclusion. A large part of his wealth was taken for the Rhodes scholarships because he believed in the mission of the Anglo-Saxon. He was a practical idealist.

The ideal masters the real idealist. Did you ever stop to think of the difference between a belief and conviction? A belief is something that a man holds. A conviction is something that

holds him. A belief is something that you subscribe your name to. A conviction is something that invades you, conquers you, and masters you. A man of belief hears an appeal for some good cause. When financial aid is asked, he puts his hand into his pocket, takes out his handkerchief and wipes away the tear. Beliefs don't move a man much. Convictions do.

Cecil Rhodes had convictions, and the practical idealist has convictions.

Another thing about the practical idealist would be that he believes in magnifying his star. Ruskin has this saying: "Most of us fail to make our true contribution to the life of the world because we are unwilling to get into the place in life that we were fitted to and do the work we are fitted to, because it is lower down in the scale than we wish to be." That is not the way to reason. He says we ought to reason, "I am not fitted to be the manager of a certain banking company, but I think I will make a success as a greengrocer. I used to be a good judge of peas." He should acquire the place in which he should begin and climb up to the position for which he is fitted. I don't think Ruskin meant we were not to aim higher. All he means is it is better to start lower and climb to the summit than to start at the summit and slide to the bottom. To begin low and go slowly is a very good maxim for life.

It is a great deal better to do well the little things than to aim at something big we cannot yet do. The practical idealist will be an idealist in everything in life. He ought to be one. General Wolfe was an interesting man, an accomplished gentleman of fine character, and we say, here is an idealist in manners and morals, what can he do on the field of battle? We see him in an open boat surrounded by his officers, and he reads to them Gray's "Elegy in the Country Churchyard," and he says, "I would rather be the author of that than take Quebec." Here is an idealist—what will he do on the field of battle? The next day Wolfe's line is being carried away; then we watch the gentleman and ask, what does this idealist in morals and literature do? It is a sublime thing. We see he rides along and restores the panic-stricken and says, "Courage, forward, and don't fire until you

are within forty yards of the enemy." They march forward and then pour in their deadly fire, and Wolfe, all the time in the front ranks of his men, is later struck in the heart by a bullet. As the mist of death deepens he hears the cry, "They run! They run!" "Who runs?" he asks, and they reply, "The enemy." "God be praised," he cries, "now I can die in peace!"

The man who carries his ideas of efficiency and power in every department of life, he is the practical idealist. The practical idealist is a worker. He is the greatest worker of them all. I read a remark that comes to me over and over again. I think it is Professor William James's. "If God exists, there is one thing certain about Him. He is no gentleman." What he meant was that God did not dress himself up in broadcloth and sit down and take life easily and comfortably. He gets down into the filth and grime where men and women are. If He is a God and loves people, He wants to make them clean and pure, and so He works.

We have some ideals that I think we ought to dispense with. One is that we should get rich and then quit work and enjoy it.

A Frenchman came to our country and visited our watering places. He said in Europe what you see in the watering places is the professional man resting a little while. There, it is the idle professional; here, it is the professional idler. That is not the idea of the practical idealist.

Work, work is the great ideal of life. A Kentucky farmer taught me a lesson once which I shall not forget. He took me in his buggy to see a farm. He drove me out two or three miles on the Frankfort pike and showed me a corn field. It was about forty acres. He said, "Do you see any defect, do you see any hill of grain missing?" "No, I don't." "Can you criticize it?" I said, "No, I can't." He was beginning to grow excited and presently launched into an oration which I will not try to repeat. He said, "That field of corn is the finest sight I have ever gazed on anywhere. It is finer than an art gallery to me. When I listen to the rustle, it is like an oratorio." When he got through I felt like resigning from the ministry and going into the farming business, the man's enthusiasm was so contagious. We drove along a couple of hundred yards and presently I noticed a heap of

stones and stumps, and everything you can think of, piled in a big pyramid, heaped up outside the corn field. When I asked about it he said, "Why, that came out of the corn field. It took us five years to get it out." Then a light broke on me. I knew then where that enthusiasm came from. I knew what made the rustle of the corn leaves sound like an oratorio to him. The man who puts work into things is the man who has enthusiasm. The man who puts work into his college course is the man who will have least criticism for the college course. The man or woman who worked hard and drudged in order to achieve character and intelligence and power, he or she is the one who will stand up and praise the college and say it is the greatest institution on earth.

It is true about church work. The person who believes in the church he belongs to, that his preacher is the best preacher, is the man putting most into the church.

The practical idealist is the man who puts the ideal into the heart of all he does. He is an optimist. He is hopeful. There are many optimists who have no right to be. They have no grounds for optimism. The practical idealist is optimistic because he knows there are working in him the forces that will give success to life. The recuperative power is the greatest thing in the world—the ability to light on one's feet. The little verse I learned as a child about the man who jumped into the bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes has come to have a different meaning to me. There are very few people who can jump into another bush and scratch them in again. One boy when asked how he learned to cut all the fancy figures on the ice said, by getting up every time he fell down.

The negro is wonderfully optimistic in his wisdom of life. An old negro during the war around Atlanta during Sherman's March said, "Let me go home and cheer up the old mistress." "Why, you would break her heart, if you told her what was going on here." "You just leave that to me," replied the negro. "I'll just say the Confederates is advancing backwards and the Yankees is retreatin' after 'em."

On the other hand, I called on an old preacher in Kentucky and

said, "It is a beautiful day," and he replied, "Yes, but do you see that cloud over there? It is going to rain before morning." Then I pointed to an oak tree and said, "I suppose you are proud of that tree." and he said, "Yes, but the worms are working on it. It is not going to live long." Finally, I praised his wife. I knew her to be a fine woman. He thought a while and said, "Brother, just between you and me, don't say anything about it; but my wife can spend more money for dress than any woman in the county." Now, of course, the practical idealist takes no such view of life as that.

The business man who can see a silver lining in the cloud is the man who puts the silver lining in his pocket. No man ever succeeds unless he is an idealist. The only thing that will endure is the ideal. Only when we put the true and right into life can we acquire anything that will endure in life.

Baccalaureate Address

By Thomas Carr Howe

We human beings are strangely creatures of tradition and established customs. Sometimes, especially in younger days, we strain and rebel against the bonds and limitations thus fastened upon us; and yet, how thankful we should be after all that we are not entirely free to follow our own caprices before we have learned to walk the more straight and narrow way; that we must temper our desires and actions with a due regard to our fellows. For, at first, we see through the glass darkly, and, like the blind man whom the Lord healed, we behold men as trees walking; and then, after a while, we begin to realize that our imperfect perception is a relative matter even though we see more and more clearly with added years.

Now, it is in harmony with an old and time-honored custom among colleges and universities that here, in this hall, filled with so many memories sacred to us, and before we separate to go

every one his own way which he must tread alone, we meet for a last family gathering. By what a cloud of witnesses are we here surrounded! How many great and good men and women have in this place lifted up earnest voices of warning and encouragement for us and for those who have gone before us. How true it is that we here now link all the past with all the future which ever shall be. Truly, it is a holy spot!

As I have thought of those noble voices, many of them now silent, and of their eloquent, stirring messages, I have quailed at my own temerity in venturing to stand in the line of succession and to speak again to you ere you depart hence. So many times I have spoken here to you the thought that burned within me that I have almost feared to break silence again, lest the words of the accustomed voice might fall upon ears heedless because that voice has been heard all too often. But the temptation to speak for a time has overcome my hesitation and my real preference to remain silent. There are two reasons for this: I am conscious that a quarter of a century has slipped past since I sat, as perhaps do you to-day, timid and expectant as to what the world without will begin to reveal very soon now; another is frankly this—my love and deep concern for you all. One of you touches me by ties of flesh. Some I have known since your earliest days, as children of old and true friends; one is the son of a cherished student of my teaching days, the happiest of my life; and with you all I have worked and planned, and, in the final analysis, because of the office laid upon me, I have had some measure of responsibility for your welfare and training.

And so, after this period of struggle and activity, for such I can assure you it has been, I long to bring you from the heart a last message, a message perhaps old and yet very real to me, because its truth has been revealed by years of dealing with the affairs of life.

As I have looked back and without my willing it, the words of the Text have echoed and re-echoed in my mind: "Desire earnestly the greater gifts." I mean not merely the spiritual gifts of the Text, but the desirable gifts of life. However, before we consider more carefully some best gifts, let us think for a moment

of the important period we are just closing. Some are fond of calling these college days the best of life. They should indeed be rare, bright years, although, if we are going naturally, it seems to me, each next year should be made our best. Let me recall what a wise college president has defined as the offer of the college and which has been read often from this platform: "To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among men and women of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasms and cooperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen and form character under professors who are Christians—this is the offer of the college for the best four years of our life."

It is, to be sure, too early to determine to what extent you have realized this ideal in your own experience, for we are none of us perfect. As you think back to-day, I wonder how greatly you are satisfied with your achievements thus far. Here you have led a somewhat sheltered life; you have been in company with friends striving towards a similar goal with yourselves, but having no particular reason for selfish competition or elbowing one another aside in a life and death race. You have had at your command the counsel and guidance of a company of experts eager to help you, and through them access to culture and training of a score of the most renowned colleges and universities. Have you made the most of all this, or will you have to look back upon a forever lost opportunity? Have you shirked or followed the empty lure of other so-called activities of which colleges usually have too many? Have you, by any unfortunate chance, frittered away much of your great gift—time—by loafing, by idle gossip, by dawdling over your serious tasks or making only feeble feints at them instead of coming to close and conquering grip with them? Have you been filling your lamp with the necessary oil of knowledge, or are you like those foolish virgins who were

heedles and found that, by the time they could make good their neglect, the open door of their one greatest opportunity was closed?

If such were your condition, it were better that you had never come here and this college had then failed of the very purpose for which it was founded and now exists. As I think of the record made by each of you, I feel that you have done reasonably well, and have to your credit some solid, substantial achievement. And that is much. My advice is to profit by your past failures, and upon the whole to take counsel of the great apostle: "But this one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"—a useful life of the most perfect service.

And now, for a brief space, let us consider some of the best gifts which suggest themselves to me. In the first instance, it seems to me, as I look back over my own years as an alumnus of this college, that it is a most honorable ambition to attain success by being altogether useful. No workman can get on without tools kept fit for his purposes. We have been entrusted with a very complicated and highly organized machine—our bodies—to be directed by our minds in performing the work of life. It is supremely important for our own welfare and that of our fellows that we keep ourselves always physically fit for our duties. Good health is a gift invaluable—covet it, and having it, cherish it as a most precious thing. One of our older English essayists put it well centuries ago when he said: "I do not mean by what I have said that I think any one to blame for taking due care of his health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are, in a great measure, the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern and the direction of it our principal."

You are already fortunate in seeming, at least, to possess sound and healthy bodies. It is honorable to be good animals, but tamed and under control. We often forget this. But too many of us think we have done well enough when we have learned to work, but have neglected likewise to learn to play and the punishment is pretty sure to follow. I recall the remark of a friend of mine about a useful and distinguished man in charge of a great enterprise touching the lives of hosts of his fellow-citizens. It was, in effect, that if that man had been wise enough to take a vacation at a critical time in his life, the entire subsequent history of a great commonwealth would have been different and better; for he would have gathered thus the strength necessary to continue at his task, instead of throwing it down. We must needs all be temperate in our work just as in our play, for, as the holy man of old said: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Guard you, therefore, your bodies as a sacred instrument with which to do the work of the earth life. There will, indeed, come times for us, when our passions, useful if kept in bonds, may in all of us without exception become raging, destroying, wild beasts if unleashed. Against such loss of self-control, discipline and fortify yourselves without ceasing.

I covet for you most earnestly the will to believe, that you may be men and women of deep and abiding faith, since without it, you cannot expect to mean much to the world. Some one has said: "At every epoch there lies, beyond the domain of what man knows, the domain of the unknown in which faith has its dwelling. Faith has no proofs, but only itself to offer. It is born spontaneously in certain commanding souls; it spreads its empire among the rest by imitation and contagion. A great faith is but a great hope which becomes certitude as we move farther and farther from the founder of it." And another says: "In every case we must live by faith—there is no avoiding it. We live either by a faith that God does exist or by an equally unproved faith that He does not exist; but live by one faith or the other we must."

Have you ever noticed how over and over again faith is our Savior's theme; how he chides those of little faith? And again,

when he saw their faith, he said unto the palsied man, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee," and to the leper. "Arise, go thy way. Thy faith has made thee whole. Verily, I say unto you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place.' and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you." "According to your faith be it unto you." Some may say that the literal moving of a mountain is a mere figure of speech; but, as we look back in our history, would the removal of a mountain really be more astounding than the achievements of men led by faith? It seems to me that no nation in all the world to-day should be more truly one of faith than this United States, if I even but vaguely understand its history. Think in the very beginning of a mere man, a Columbus, entrusting himself in a frail little bark—a small yacht for these days—to the rough mercies of an uncharted ocean, sailing onward and ever onward, westward, buoyed up and led by faith in an idea, until with land ahead a new world shone forth and the rebirth of the old world became possible. This new civilization is but the reward of faith, not of Columbus alone, but of many who came after him. What, indeed, led our Pilgrim fathers on their wretched voyage across seas, through untold hardships and trials, to the bleak New England shore; and what, indeed, sustained them during the dreadful trials of the succeeding years? What kept our beloved Washington steadfast and undismayed through heartrending days at Valley Forge, amid his freezing, starving followers, as they tramped with bare and bleeding feet over ice and snow from defeat to defeat and at last to glorious victory, if it was not his unyielding faith that the old God of his fathers still lived and reigned? And again, later, when a deadly canker appeared to have fastened itself upon the very vitals of the nation, and we seemed to be approaching our death struggle, what upheld that great but humble son of this Middle West, that First American, while he counseled and bore with Christ-like patience his mortal anguish, looking on helpless, as it were, as brother slew brother and the country's fairest and best went to the awful shambles from '61 to '65? How was it possible for him, mid it all, to have calmly uttered these immortal words: "We

here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth," unless it was by a great faith? And yet, in these latter days we hear discouraged voices prophesying dire things for this nation because, forsooth, in the fulness of time, we have found some rotten spots; because some great corporation leaders here and there have been faithless; because in all our vast enterprise of mainly honest administration we have discovered some bits of graft and most unworthy peculation. For very shame; look up, my friends, look up, with the eyes of faith, lest the Lord shall say unto us degenerate sons softened in days of unparalleled luxury, "O ye of little faith!" Let us turn, rather, to the strong leaders of faith who can guide us and sustain us through our troublous times.

I trust you have faith in yourselves and your fellows as you go forth. We all need that respect for our own talents and our task that restrains us from the abuse or neglect of the one or contempt for the other. Our talents may be very few—indeed, some of us may have but one—yet the approval of the Master comes not according to the number of our gifts, but according to our stewardship with what we have. Our task may likewise be humble; but, if it is necessary, its neglect can prove fatal to weighty interests.

Furthermore, nothing should turn you aside from faith in your fellowmen. There is need in these days for a renewal of such faith. Our bankers, our business men, our lawyers, our public officials, are not to be spoken of slightingly, or with flippant contempt. Let a man but rise into prominence in some field of affairs and it seems very often a delight to many to tear down a reputation built up by years of great effort, all because of a few flaws here and there. We have been having overmuch of this sort of thing in American life within recent years, and it seems time for us to come to our senses once more. I should deeply regret it, if I felt you were leaving us without a proper faith in your fellowmen and a disposition to esteem real achievement in any worthy field of affairs.

I think you should covet and strive with all your power after a well-ordered, purposeful life and a contented mind. Two centuries ago Joseph Addison said: "Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world. In short, content is equivalent to wealth and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, 'Content is natural wealth,' says Socrates, to which I should add, says he, 'Luxury is artificial poverty.'" It seems to me you will strive in vain for the contented mind, unless you succeed in maintaining a well-ordered, nicely-balanced life. I think you will find no task more difficult in this age than to keep confusion and goallessness out of your lives. You may remember what Amiel said about this: "It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with a thousand-and-one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which nevertheless wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. It is lack of order which makes us slaves; the confusion of to-day discounts the freedom of to-morrow. Confusion is the enemy of all comfort, and confusion is born of procrastination. To know how to be ready one must be able to know how to finish. Nothing is done but what is finished. The things which we leave dragging behind us will start up again later on before us and harass our path."

You must constantly study your own selves, discover your own talents and latent powers, then choose which you can afford to develop most fully in the service of humanity and to your own joy. Be brave enough to make a choice. You need not fear to say, "This one thing I do." Recall the words of the Scriptures just read: "And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestations of the spirit is given every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom, to another faith by the same spirit; to another the gift of healing by the same spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the selfsame spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

What do you know about Henri Fabre, who has worked with

so little noise, that humble, obscure Frenchman, whom some of our pretentious works of reference have not considered it worth their while to honor with a brief biographical notice, and yet, whom Maeterlinck calls "one of the glories of the civilized world," and Rostand "the savant who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet"? Here is a man who quietly spent fifty years of his life observing and describing the known and most familiar insects—a few bees, wasps, gnats, flies, beetles, and caterpillars, and has given the scientific world ten volumes of invaluable result. His "Life of the Spider" will take rank as a masterpiece and a classic for those who love all God's creatures. A simple man of plain tastes, but an artist and philosopher, a poet, a master mind; has he succeeded? His life is typical of that of the great scholars and notable discoverers of truth. You will shun the noisy scattering life, if you would emulate masters like Fabre or an Immanuel Kant.

Take the spider itself and watch it as it weaves its "air-hung masterpiece." You will notice that he just sticks to the business, very useful to him, of being a plain spider. He is not wearing his life out trying to be a bee, or an ant, or a humming bird, or an unsuccessful combination of all of them. Right here is the trouble with most of us human beings—we are not sufficiently specialists in the business of living for some well-defined purpose. We have not learned to choose some one or few things, and we thereby forfeit our hope for a contented mind and a really useful life. The trouble with many of us begins in our high schools and is not better in our colleges. Ostensibly students, we are endeavoring to be and do everything excepting just that for which we should be in school—to be students. We must not be over-zealous about our tasks, lest we require the awful name of "grind." We must be active and our usefulness is thus gauged; that is, we participate in all of the organizations with which our educational institutions are cumbered, we must attend all the social functions, we must try for all athletic teams, and woe betide the unlucky high school teacher or college professor who ventures to assign a lesson that will require a half or a whole precious hour for the getting! Result, we are turning out a host of grad-

uates who are tolerable Jacks-of-all-trades, but sad masters of any.

I have often thought I should like to see the experiment tried at the end of high school or college of having a good, stiff examination over all the work covered during the course. Doubtless, I am old-fashioned or a heretic, but I do believe in the value of good, hard work done on a somewhat limited curriculum. It does seem, sometimes, as if we were spending a large amount of hard-earned money and precious time on the futile attempt to do too many things. We need less luxury and variety in our educational institutions and more real discipline and substantial hard work in order that the world may have what it is crying aloud for—more purposeful young men and women who have gone to school and college, but have not been sent, and who know some things and who do not simply imagine they know something about something. "This one thing I do," were a good text for educators, parents, and students alike to ponder. It might be answered that the difficulty is to determine the exact "one thing." I should reply that that is not nearly so essential as the singleness of purpose with which you are undertaking any given task.

Struggle, therefore, to prevent the world's breaking in upon you with its countless distractions. The essayist says, "We must learn to look upon life as an apprenticeship to a progressive renunciation, a perpetual diminution in our pretentions, our hopes, our powers, and our liberty." Order your lives so that you may have some time to read, to meditate, and to grow. Remember how the Lord himself took the time to draw apart from the crowd to pray and to gain the strength that he needed to sustain him in his labors. In our zeal for works these days, we have almost lost sight of this most significant side of the Christ-life and mostly because we make no provision for such self-culture and for the imagination. I like what I read in a Memorial Day address the other day and which comes to my mind here. I quote it: "We are apt to live too much in the world that is and not enough in the world that ought to be; too much in the world of fact and not enough in the world of the imagination. The facts of life alone will not satisfy human needs. They may satisfy a

dog or a bee. but they will not satisfy a man. Man requires more than facts in his life. Along with the facts he must have imagination, must see more than is in sight. must feel more than the material things that touch him. He cannot live by bread alone. He must live a good deal by faith and by memories and by his hopes. The best and noblest and most consoling part of life is the life of the spirit of religion, of the patriotism that will die for an idea, of the integrity that cares for right, because it is right and for liberty because in liberty the soul of man grows strong, and for order because without it liberty cannot endure."

What a calamity it is that we allow ourselves to be robbed by innumerable petty cares of the great joy and profit gained by communing with the great minds of all ages through the ready printed page. How poor the lives of those of us who find no time for the Holy Writings, for Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, and all the rest of the great poets, novelists, philosophers, and artists. Have some time for the culture of heart and soul. "Let mystery have its place in you. * * * Keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guests, an altar for the unknown God."

And, finally, covet a fine enthusiasm for some good enterprise. Be loyal to your friends, your family, your church, the community in which you live, your country, and, may I add, to your college. The idea of this college was conceived by some far-seeing minds almost three-quarters of a century ago. They were sturdy men of rugged faith and deep convictions. They had faith in God, they believed in the church and its mission, they saw in vision a greater nation to be in which this wonderful Northwest Territory was destined to be a commanding part. With heavy labor and prayers they planted their college here in the then little capital city of a State surpassingly rich in its future possibilities. Its growth has been watched over by men devoted to it and cherishing high ideals for it. Their dominating passion for it has been that it should be a source of true Christian culture, that it should send forth men and women of integrity, of genuine scholarship, of high moral purpose and lofty Christian zeal, useful servants wherever found in city, in commonwealth, in native land, or on foreign shores. Has the outcome thus far justified the hopes of

earlier days? Let others judge. Our founders were plain men, but as men of simple faith I think they builded well. Many of us are supremely thankful to them, for we have entered into the fruits of their labors and their sacrifices. But was it a sacrifice they made? Was it not rather an opportunity they found to express themselves by an everlasting service to those who should come after them? I think it was this, and that they so esteemed it. They have passed on to their reward, all those noble sires. They have entrusted the vision, the high ideal, the ever-widening opportunity to us and through us to those who shall keep coming after us. Shall we, will you, be as faithful to the trust established as were they? God grant to us and to you that we may not falter in our duty! To us to-day, and to you to-morrow, this door of opportunity for real service to our fellows is ajar. Some of you may be destined to be men and women of great influence and large wealth. I hope so. And if so, the responsibility will rest heavily upon you to express yourselves in adequate service to others less fortunate. Will you, then, seek afar some strange and unusual field to till, or will you not rather heed the call of your Alma Mater, to give of your goods, and best of all, of yourselves, as a contribution to the higher Christian education of this State and nation, to the end that the works of the fathers be fulfilled and their dreams realized in a more stable, intelligent, righteous citizenship? Covet such an enthusiasm and devotion so that when the eventime of life comes, you may be able to point to something good you have done, something worth while without which the world would be poorer, some justification of your existence, and of the enjoyment of the good things of earth that have been yours.

Here I must close, but in doing so let us hear the complete text: "But desire earnestly the greater gifts. And moreover a most excellent way show I unto you." And this is the way the writer indicates, as I read it to you in his own immortal words: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods

to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know fully, even as also I am fully known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love."

The Mission of San Xavier del Bac

By FRANCES MELVILLE PERRY

Although I have lived four years in Arizona and speak of myself as "desert-born" to indicate the extent to which I am physically and spiritually acclimated, I not infrequently find myself challenging the reality of this strange picture-book land, or my own objective existence. Out on the silent, desert mesa, up in the silent, desert mountains, it is easy to lose oneself in a sort of desert sentience, to dream oneself, not brother to the rock, but rockself eternally brooding in the sun. The place does not demand achievement. The nimble windwheels over the red roofs of little new towns, the fresh green of trees and gardens, the smoke and noise of smelters, seem anomalous, transient impertinences, that must vanish away. Many primeval places seem desiderative of some token of man: the sea calls for a sail; the forest, a chalet; the craig, its castle; the river, a noble bridge;

but the desert is self-sufficient. Yet I know of a building that seems at home in the Arizona desert—the ancient church of the mission of San Xavier del Bac.

The mission, situated near Tucson, is rich in tradition, and has a record of good works that commands your respect, but it is not of these things you think as you approach it. When you see it there flashing in the breast of the desert, its beauty alone possesses you. As you look upon it from afar, it seems timeless, scarcely the work of man; it is as if the desert had held itself in check, chaste, austere, fruitless, to put forth this crowning glory, child of the sun, gleaming there between earth and sky, stretching out glistening arch-pierced walls, rearing heavenward dome and minarets. It is a fitting culmination of that nine mile ride up the Santa Cruz valley from Tucson, past mountains bristling with shafts of the monumental schaura, over the great stretches of white mesa. After hours of insufferable light, during which your one prayer has been for shade, you yet come upon this radiance with an exultation of heart. The purple mountains that break the horizon and the green mound of the Mountain of the Holy Cross, that rises beside it, give poignancy to its brilliant whiteness.

When, however, you have drawn near and have noted the adobe huts roofed with sticks and grass, the patches of cultivated field and garden that encircle the mission, and the Indians at work in the shadow of some wall, when you have been welcomed at the gate by the sweet-faced Sister and by her friendly collie, and have heard the canaries singing in the court, when you have seen the blemishes wrought by time in the old edifice, and the modern restorations, you have a more intimate perception of the finite and human character of the structure, and are somewhat prepared for the change that will come over your spirit when you have stepped within the ancient doors and entered the cool dim church. Here the past speaks. Here a religion less spontaneous, less subjective, less mutable than the nature worship that a moment since inflated your soul, makes itself felt. The vaulted nave, the altars, the tapers, the faded frescoes, the crucifixes, the images of the Man of Sorrow, the Blessed Virgin, the apostles and saints, subdue you with a realization of the im-

perishable, indomitable Roman Catholic Church that bends not to men or races of men. In contrast with the dingy splendor of this interior, sanctified by time and service and grandiose purpose, one recalls the gay little Greek Church of Sitka, the monument of Russian colonial days in our far Northwest, with its gaudy carpet and fresh paint, its costly icons, its gorgeous altar decorations and sumptuous vestments, bestowed by munificent Russian patrons. How different this remembrancer of Spanish colonial days in our far Southwest! It was built less for the worshipers than for the worshiped, after the pattern of Old World cathedrals, and nothing needful to make it conform to the type was slighted or ignored by the devout men who built it.

In many parts of the world the structure would not seem old. The date, 1797, carved in one of the doors, is believed to be the date of its completion, and its building is thought to have extended through fourteen years. Clearly it was not the adobe church where Francisco Garcez, so abstemious, so rigorous in his own life and yet so patient and charitable with the simple people to whom he ministered, lived and worked. Many of the illustrious names associated with the mission of San Xavier del Bac antedate the building of the church. But it is unquestionably the outcome of their work. Their service is the solution of the wonder of its construction.

Though built by the Franciscans and bearing upon its face the symbols of the Order of St. Francis, the upright cross upon which are nailed the draped arm of the saint and the bare arm of the Savior, with the coil of rope above and the signatures of the Savior and the Virgin to left and to right, the church is also a monument to the early Jesuit fathers, who, in emulation of San Xavier, the fearless missionary to the strange peoples of the East, braved the unmapped, unnamed deserts of Mexico and Arizona and brought the gospel to the dark tribes of the West. It was they who sowed the seed and dedicated their work to the Spanish Jesuit, San Xavier. The Franciscans coming later perpetuated the name of the Seventeenth Century mission in the enduring church they reared. The ancient image of San Xavier fills the niche in the central chapel; a more modern image of this saint is borne in honor in the mission's ceremonial procession.

The church itself has figured only in the last half of the actual work of the mission, but while the count of its years is not great for an edifice in a permanent society, the changes of government, the development, the revolution it has witnessed in physical and social conditions, the ruthless Indian wars it has lived through, make it old beyond its years, and rich in historic significance.

The building is a substantial plaster-covered structure of brick and stone. Most of its embellishments and even much that enters into the very framework of the church must have been secured in Spain, brought thence in ships to some Mexican port, and transported thither by pack trains to the American Desert. The cracked and broken ornaments of painted wood, show the minute blocks of which they are comprised and suggest the safe and compact parcels to which images and arabesques were reduced for the long journey.

The rough work is believed to have been done by the pious Papagoes under the direction of skilled builders. The funds were probably provided by the labor of the converts to the faith, who, in the service of the church, cultivated her fields and tended her cattle, receiving in return for their labor the church's paternal care and instruction, needful clothing and food, and such trivial and harmless indulgences as sweets and tobacco. The construction was in process during the successive administrations of the two father superiors, Rev. Balthasar Corilli and Rev. Narciso Gutierres.

The interior is in the form of the Latin cross. The vaulted nave, thirty feet high and twenty-seven feet wide, seems narrow and lofty. Its stuccoed walls are broken by pillars and time-darkened frescoes. The dome is fifty feet in height. The central altar is guarded by the fantastic hand-carved Lions of Castile. The patron saint of the mission is given the commanding niche of this chapel. Above his image is the life-size image of the Virgin, and far up in dim obscurity is a bust said to represent God the Father. Other niches are given to images of the apostles. All the ornate but dilapidated pillars and background of this chapel are richly gilt. In the chapel at the right, a huge cross, said to be made of bits of ironwood, is deeply embedded in the

wall. The crumbling left arm of the image that once hallowed it is still in place. This chapel is full of frescoes and images; among them is the image of St. Francis of Assissi. In the opposite chapel the image of St. Joseph is given a prominent place. It is to the Order of St. Joseph that the four sisters now in charge of the convent belong.

Outside, the swelling dome and lofty minarets suggest the mosque as well as the cathedral. The walls are topped by a pinnacled parapet whose slender pinnacles are reinforced with griffins' heads, but so well proportioned and disposed are they, that the effect is almost severe. In 1906 the crumbling wall, the broken arches, the mutilated griffins, were restored and freshly plastered. The ornate center of the south facade, between the towers, was, however, left in the subdued richness of time-worn and sun-burned browns and greys, with red and violet shadows, to remind those who have known and loved it in years gone by, of the mellow and ruinous beauty of the mission of old days.

Adjacent to the church are the convent buildings; these with cloisters and courts, corral and ancient burial ground, are enclosed by a continuous wall whose high arched gateways frame fair mountain views. The court is closed by an imposing gateway of graduated arches, the highest of which seems waiting for camel and rider.

To the right of the church rises the crater cone known as the Mountain of the Holy Cross because of the great cross erected at its crest. A short distance up the incline, a road girts the hill leading to and from the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes of San Xavier, a faithful replica of the original shrine of Lourdes in France. The grotto hewn in the rock faces north and the spacious platform before it commands a superb view of the Santa Cruz valley with Tucson and the stately Catalina mountains beyond. Here on Sunday afternoons the Indian women and children, clad in purple and scarlet and orange, congregate, saying their beads before the Virgin of the Grotto or lounging on the parapet with apparent relish of the tourists' interest in the unique picture they make.

These are the Papagoes who live in the primitive dwellings about the mission. They make the baskets that are offered for

sale in the reception room of the convent. On week days they send their children to the mission school; on Sundays when mass is celebrated they fill the church, their impassive faces a shade more serious, their reverent genuflection full of ponderous dignity. It is their brothers who with wives and children come from all parts of the reservation to participate in the festivals of the church. It was their fathers who, in the days of the Apache raids when the church was left unshepherded, concealed and treasured in safety many of its precious furnishings. Those who look with admiration on the mission of San Xavier del Bac feel a kindly interest in its children. The Papago is the mission's reason for being.

On the Gentle Art of Riding in Others' Autos

By Grace Gookin Karslake

Isn't it the irony of fate that every collarless, cuffless Rube who motors into our town draws up his car along the University Campus, so that the casual traveling man arriving on the Interurban pictures the members of our faculty as spinning merrily back and forth between luncheon and lectures? Whereas we all know that a college professor with an automobile is as rare as an egg with two yolks. Our new rector's wife remarked the other day that she longed for aeroplanes to come into general use, for then people would hand over their cast-off cars to the ministers. "It really was surprising," she said, "the number of horses that were put at our disposal when automobiles became common." As it is with preachers, so it is also with teachers. However, our friend, Professor Burt, bought a real live car last fall. Out of his salary? Oh, no, but out of that rifle-range he built last summer. Professor Burt has a happy faculty of picking up bridges, sewers, and such little odd jobs during the vacation. So when I heard the news I determined to be as nice to the Burts as possible and run an opposition to those Smiths next door who are always prancing to picnics in the Jones's car. Now what

started as a cold-blooded scientific experiment has culminated in a number of artful deductions which I wish to give for the benefit of other college professors who enjoy a ride but have small hopes of ever owning a machine.

Before they had their car, Mrs. Burt had often hustled home from club or missionary meeting to get the family supper, only to be passed on the way by some acquaintance in a partially filled car. So when the Burts became the proud possessors of a car of their own they determined, like the Golden-Rule Dollivers made known to fame by Margaret Cameron, that they would never ride with an empty seat if it could be avoided. Many a time I helped them keep that vow, and many a time I have wondered how much longer their good nature would be able to stand the wear and tear of transporting their inconsiderate friends from Aid Society to Triangle Tea, from Bridge Luncheon to Library Board.

In the first place, if you wish to ride in other people's automobiles, be punctual. If your friend telephones he will call for you at ten fifteen, be ready at ten ten, hatted and gloved and ready to sally forth at the first honk, for there is nothing a person who runs a car hates to do as much as to get out of the car and ring a doorbell. It is not enough for you to open the door and say, "I'll be out in a minute." He knows your minute may be an hour, and the second thing he hates to do is to stop the engine. To let it run during an indefinite wait wastes fuel, to stop it wastes time and effort. Therefore be painfully punctual. The second point to observe when riding in another's auto is to remember whose car you are in. Haven't you seen women who as soon as they found themselves being driven through town would suddenly remember that Woolworth was selling three cakes of ivory soap for a dime and ask to stop, or else recall that it was chicken-pie day at the Woman's Exchange and wish to get one for the family supper? Such people behave as if the car belonged to them and the owner was simply their chauffeur. Then they wonder why they are seldom lucky enough to get a lift.

If you sit on the front seat of your friend's auto, for pity's sake keep to your own side and don't compel him every time he wishes to change the gear to knock your knee off the lever. If you sit

on the back seat, don't insist on keeping up an animated conversation with the driver whose attention is fully occupied dodging street-cars, grocery wagons and perambulators. And wherever you sit, don't hesitate to hold the baby if there is one, or be slow to jump out and mail a letter. In fact, make yourself generally useful, a handy person to have around, if you wish to ride again. If you live on an unpaved street where the inhabitants seek to alleviate the mud by depositing their ashes in the middle of the road, have your friend drop you at the nearest paved corner. I would rather walk half a block any day than have Mrs. Burt say, "There's Mrs. Thingumbob, she lives on such a muddy street, let's not take her in."

There are persons so punctilious as to maintain that every invitation must be returned in kind. Therefore they feel themselves exempt from repaying courtesies of the car extended by their motor friends. If these people would descend from their dignity sufficiently to ask their friends to Sunday night lunch or even present them with an occasional jar of fruit or homemade pickle, they would find their thoughtfulness appreciated to the extent of being picked up many times on the way home from dentist or dressmaker. In short, if all the above suggestions are borne in mind, I venture to predict that many poor duffers will no longer be reduced to sitting on the front porch hot summer evenings and watching the passing of half-empty automobiles, but will themselves enjoy many a cool and comfortable ride.

A Universal Language

By Samuel Herbert Shank

Perhaps every one who has traveled in a foreign country has felt a sort of hopelessness when in a place where the language spoken was unknown to him. The inability to ask the simplest questions, the way to a hotel, for something to eat or drink, makes one feel more lonesome than if he were alone in the desert. There may be a few rare, independent spirits to whom it may make little difference whether they can talk to any one or not, and who through their ingenuity can manage to get along without understanding or being understood. Such was a friend of mine who visited Russia some years ago. He could neither speak nor understand Russian but that did not lessen his desire to eat, and so entered a restaurant. Examining the menu he found nothing he could make out. Motioning to the waiter that he wanted something to eat, he made a noise like a cow and the waiter brought him meat. But the average American, I believe, feels his dependency when he cannot make his wishes known in plain "American." And above all things, we Americans do not like to lose our independence.

As the facilities for travel have increased and intercommunication between the peoples of the world has become more general, the necessity for a universal language has become more apparent and has led to the formation of such languages as Volapük and Esperanto. But is it possible to make such a language universal? It is not enough that a language can be easily learned and used to be a "universal" language, but it must be one that will be learned and used by practically all classes in all countries. Of the "hand-made" languages Esperanto has, perhaps, been the most successful, but it, too, has been learned only by those who are able to study the rules of grammar and thus be able to construct the various parts of speech from the root-words. It is doubtful if it will ever gain such a hold that it will be taught to the children in the schools. And unless this is done it will be

impossible to have a language that in any sense is "universal." The "universal" language must be one that can readily be learned by uneducated as well as educated people—one that can be taught to children of even moderate intelligence. It seems scarcely probable that this can be brought about with any of the languages now in use. The one which could be made "universal" is English. Already simple in its grammar, English need only be simplified in its spelling and pronunciation to have it introduced into the schools of different nations as an auxiliary language. The first step, of course, would be to change the alphabet so that each sound had a character or combination of characters to represent it, thus securing phonetic spelling. As it seems impossible to get educators in the English-speaking countries to agree to such a sensible proposition, it is probable that it will be many decades before such a result can be obtained. And if this cannot be brought about with English—the simplest of languages—it is much less probable with others that are grammatically much more complex.

Is it possible, then, to have a language that will be "universal?" It is quite clearly demonstrated that the first language was a symbolical one. The written language of the Japanese and Chinese is a symbolic one, so that although when a Chinaman and Japanese meet they may understand not a word that is spoken, when they write their ideas they understand each other perfectly. This is true because they write a symbol for an idea instead of writing the name of the idea. When they speak they call the ideas by different names and consequently they do not understand each other. It is therefore apparent that if we could talk in symbols it would be perfectly simple to understand all who used the same symbols.

Such a language has been in use in some of the European countries for two or three centuries, and in the United States for nearly a hundred years. I refer to the "sign language" used in certain schools for the deaf. Such a language was also used by the Indians as a means of communication between tribes speaking different tongues. Although not so highly developed as that used in the more civilized countries, there have been found in almost all lands a sign language which is similar to the

more perfected one employed in our schools for the deaf. As a proof of the universality of the sign language, an authority on the subject states that he had employed it with success in communicating with American Indians, Hawaiians, Chinese, and deaf-mutes of the United States, Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, and England. In Italy there are works on the "art of signs" published as early as the sixteenth century, and the French method has been in use for more than two hundred years. As further illustrative of the universal character of this more highly developed sign language, I may cite the fact that at a banquet given in his honor in Paris in 1912, Professor E. M. Gallaudet, of Hartford, Conn., the recognized authority in the United States, delivered his after-dinner speech in the sign language and was understood by persons from the various European countries.

That there may be no misunderstanding as to what the "sign language" is, it will be well to explain that it does not mean spelling out words with the hands, but the making of a "sign" or "symbol" for an idea. If all nations had one sign to represent the idea of "house," it would not matter by what name it was known, you could convey the idea to another person who called the idea by another name. The sign is made by holding the ends of the open hands in the form of a roof. So the German might call the idea "Haus," the Italian, "casa," the Frenchman, "maison," the Hungarian, "haz," etc., but all would understand when the American made the sign for "house." All that is now necessary to make the sign language a universal one is to call a convention of all nations for the purpose of codifying the existing signs.

The simplicity of the sign language is another point in favor of its adoption as the "universal" language. The signs, made with one or both hands in conjunction with the head, arms and body, are not difficult to make, and are easily learned. The number of signs needed is not as great as might be supposed. When you consider that one sign represents all the past and one all the future tenses of verbs you will realize how many thousands of words may be spoken by one sign. A thousand signs would perhaps be sufficient to cover the needs of a person making a tour of the world.

The effectiveness of the language is not recognizable by one not familiar with it, but to those who have observed its use it is apparent that the force with which one can communicate the feelings and thoughts often surpasses that of speech. The necessary use of facial expression combined with the motion of the hands and arms makes an impression often not obtainable by speech. The truth of this will be recognized when you recall some scene you have seen acted on the stage where not a word was spoken. The elimination of prepositions, articles, and other unnecessary words gives an added force and brevity of communication. The ability to communicate with one at a distance where the voice could not be heard would frequently save time and trouble. That it would reduce some of the needless noise in the world might also be counted in its favor.

As I have before said, in order to make a language "universal," it is necessary that it should be known in all lands and by practically all people in every land. This can only be accomplished by teaching it in the schools. I believe this is a feasibility with the sign language. It would not take the place of the "mother tongue," but would be taught as an auxiliary to the language of each country. The quickness with which the deaf-mutes pick up the sign language in institutions where it is not taught demonstrates how readily children would learn it. It would be necessary only to spend a few minutes each day in teaching the signs for the ideas which the children had learned in their lessons. That it can be fairly well taught from text-books has been demonstrated by Professor J. Schuyler Long, of the Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, Iowa, who has published a very practical work on the subject. But there would be little difficulty in securing teachers in most places.

The question of simplifying and codifying the sign language into a "universal" one was discussed in the Deaf and Dumb Congress held in August, 1912, but no conclusion was reached. It would seem that some international organization should take the matter up in a serious way and bring it to some practical conclusion. The value of a really universal language cannot be overestimated. If it were known that one could travel from one country to another and make himself understood, it would cer-

tainly be conducive to greater intercourse among the peoples of different nations. This would not only lead to larger commercial intercourse between the different nationalities, but would give to all a better understanding of one another's ideals and aims. Probably no one thing would advance so much the World's Peace as a language that is universal.

"In hoc signo vinces."

Mistakes

By Thomas Breckinridge Curtis

The difficulties existing between Mexico and the United States have aroused the military enthusiasm of the country. Under such excitement, many people enlist without the slightest idea as to the nature of the job. This was illustrated by an experience of the writer during the Spanish-American War. After his battery was mustered into the service of the United States, it was directed to enlist an additional number of men so as to make it a full six-gun field battery upon a war footing. This necessitated the acquisition of some fifty more men. These, joining what were practically experienced veterans, were known as "rookies" and, of course, did not acquire the thorough knowledge of the old men for months. The organization was ordered to Porto Rico, where it remained for quite a while, and, after the cessation of hostilities, life there was exceedingly monotonous. As the old men had been doing splendid work for years, the "rookies" were gradually worked into the harness and put at all kinds of tasks, including guard duty. One on guard is required to observe certain formalities, such as halting, presenting arms, etc., when an officer crosses the line or approaches him within a certain distance. Desiring to observe the work of these "rookies" when on guard duty, the writer one day purposely approached the beat of one of these men, and the soldier paid no attention whatever to him, but walked along with entire indifference and even endeavored to mow the straggling grass with

his sabre. After crossing the line and demonstrating that the private was thoroughly unacquainted with or indifferent to his duties, a return was made, and he still paid no attention, when he was accosted with the remark, "Well, my man, haven't you made a mistake?" the thought being, of course, that it would bring him to a realization of his neglect of military duties. The reply was, "Yes, I made the d—est mistake in my life when I enlisted in this army."

No doubt, those who graduated from other institutions besides Butler, now that they see the position which the institution is bound to assume, feel that they made some such mistake in not attending our beloved Alma Mater. There is no doubt that many of our alumni are making such mistakes without any reason by their indifference to the institution and to the efforts made in its behalf. For a long while, a few people have endeavored to arouse interest among the alumni and the friends of the college by the publication of the Alumnal Quarterly. Those who have read it have always been pleased with it, but felt that the work was left too much to the volunteers who had undertaken it. That is a mistake. Too much importance cannot be paid to the success of such a publication, and, to make it meet the expectations of all, it is a mistake on the part of any one who does not see what he or she can do to make the publication more interesting and enlarge its field of usefulness.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumnal Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind
Subscription Price, one dollar per year.
Entered at the Indianapolis Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter, March 26, 1912.
Address communications to Katharine M. Graydon, Secretary, Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.

In Memoriam

[Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Carr Howe and Jennie Armstrong Howe, died on the evening of June 12, at the age of nineteen years.]

At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis.

The poet's words singing a soul's secret sorrow have import wide as human experience. Catullus mourns the death of a pet sparrow, but pagan as he is and lamenting a passing loss, his dirgeful verse voices, too, whatever greater grief the stricken heart may know, whose despairing cry it ever is under first stress of sore bereavement: "Death, devourer of all things beautiful." And this life of ours were indeed a bitter thing were there no hope for us beyond. But not even to pagan men was that saving hope denied. The myth of Grecian Persephone, celebrated of old times in solemn ceremonials, encouraged in man the hope that out of death should spring new life. That hope with them perhaps was but poetic fantasy. Who shall say? We live in clearer light and with us that hope has come to be a living faith. As says the Evangel, using symbolism of Eleusinian Mysteries, "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in

corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

In such hope the fond heart finds its very life. Heaven is promised. What Heaven is we are not told, nor when, nor where. The dead go from us. Silent and alone, the disembodied spirit fares it forth into the vast darkness whence no voice of it may ever reach us more. And yet we hold the promise true because we feel it must be true—feel that this short life of earth cannot be final—feel that in itself it reaches no end, fulfills no purpose—feel that if it cease so, it were but mockery entailing bitter heart-ache. True the shades of death do swallow up earth's all things beautiful, but thanks be to the Beneficent Power that made us what we are, we do believe—He made us to believe—that He in His good time will bring to perfection the natures planted in us and that sown seed shall bourgeon and shall broadly grow into a glory greater far than earth can ever realize.

Mary Elizabeth was one of earth's things beautiful. Her, too, hath death claimed. Gone is she into the unbroken silences into darkness deep as night of nether world, into distance vast as reach of cosmic space. Ah, would-be comforter, what bitter comment on this mortal life of ours it is that thou shouldst say, "It is well with Mary Elizabeth." And then the desolating darkness that in a moment blotted from her young eyes this beauteous world and all its dear associations, has it not brought to hearts that loved her sorrow, sorrow to linger through all the empty years that lie before. What hast thou then to say of these, good comforter? This (for platitudes are true): Sweet are the uses of adversity, sweet is sorrow though it kill and suffering though it slay. For sorrow maketh purer, suffering maketh stronger. And have you not read, do you not out of your own heart know, that after death is life and glad reunion with the loved and lost. That were something, Oh heart bowed down with weight of woe, something to live for, something to die for. It is Heaven.

Commencement Week

The Fifty-ninth Commencement season opened fair and warm on June 7. More classes than usual were represented by returned alumni, who remained throughout the week. The program was pleasantly carried out as announced, and a general atmosphere of gladness pervaded the college.

On Sunday at four o'clock President Thomas Carr Howe delivered in the chapel the baccalaureate address. It is given elsewhere in this issue.

On Monday evening at the University Club of Indianapolis, Mr. William G. Irwin entertained at dinner in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the class of '89. The hospitality of the host, the beautiful dinner, the informal talk of reminiscence made blest the tie that binds and an occasion long to be remembered. There were seated at one table Mr. William G. Irwin, of Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. U. C. Mallon, of Francesville; Dr. Robley D. Blount, of Valparaiso; Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, of Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwin Frazier, of Norwalk, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Perry H. Clifford, of Irvington; Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Parry, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Genevra Hill Kirkman, of Richmond; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Morgan, of Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Howe, of Irvington; Miss Clara L. Shank, of Irvington; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harmon, of Indianapolis. This list included the living members of the class, with the exception of W. H. Graffis, of Chicago, who, on the last day, was prevented from coming by illness in his family, and of Miss Flora E. Shank, who was also unavoidably detained.

On the same evening was held the annual dinner of the Philokurian Society. This reunion was, as it always proves to be, one of the happy events of the week. The company gathered in the parlor of the College of Missions, and thence proceeded to the dining hall. About seventy-five Philokurians were seated at the two long tables. Mr. Emsley W. Johnson, '00, presided, in the absence of Thomas R. Shipp, '97, president. Toasts were responded to as follows: "The Philo of 1914," by Paul W. Ward,

'14; "Friends," by Miss Mary C. Pavey, '12; "The Last Decade," by Mallie J. Murphy, '08; "The Worth of Philo to Butler College," by Charles E. Underwood, '03; "A Voice from the Past," by Archibald M. Hall, '88. After an original poem by Harry H. Martindale, '12, the society closed the meeting with the singing of Butler songs. Before adjourning the following alumni officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. E. Underwood, '03; vice-president, Margaret Shera Wynn, '06; secretary-treasurer, Harry H. Martindale, '12.

On Tuesday evening occurred the president's reception to the graduating class, given by Mr. and Mrs. Howe at their home. This function is largely attended by the college and the friends of the college, and is one of the delightful occasions of the year, for here is struck the keynote of reunion and friendship which sounds throughout the days to follow. The beautiful lawn was festive with lanterns and on it refreshments were served.

Wednesday opened with regulation commencement heat, but the spirits of the Seniors wilted not nor were their friends deterred from filling the chapel at ten o'clock to hear the Class Day exercises. The program, carried through in good form, consisted of an amusing playlet entitled "A Mix-up of Butlers," and was given by six members of the graduating class, Misses Mary Parker and Mary Williams, and Roderick MacLeod, Daniel Mullane, Robert Buck, Lawrence Bridge.

At the conclusion, the girls of the class sang an original song, "Where Did You Get That Class?" Miss Edith Habbe read the class history, following which was an elaborate prophetic account of the career awaiting each Senior, given by Miss Ellen Graham. Both were clever and full of interest to Butler College people. The singing of the new college song, "In the Gallery of Memory," concluded the chapel entertainment.

The anticipated rendering at three o'clock of DeKoven's "Robin Hood" by the students under the auspices of the Senior class was postponed because of a heavy thundershower. The sweetly freshened campus was, however, in order by five o'clock, when the alumni began to arrive. Most of the classes from '56 to '14 were represented—a proud and happy bead roll—and the

scattered groups of graduates and former students dotted the lawn and made it vocal. An efficient committee on which were Miss Julia Fish, Mrs. Myrtle V. Reagan, Mrs. Florence Moore Huggins, Mrs. Erastus Conner, Miss Bertha Thormeyer, Mrs. May Brayton Johnson, Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, and others, directed the delightful and plentiful picnic supper which was served to over three hundred. Much reminiscence and sportive talk was indulged in under shadow of the old building. All were boys and girls again. As truly, though with more wholesomeness than Dr. Heidegger's experiment, did the charmed surroundings bring back for a brief space of time the light of other loved days.

Following the supper, Charles M. Fillmore, '90, with his usual good humor and pleasant fellowship, made his presidential speech, after which the officers of the association for next year were read for the nominating committee by Miss India L. Martz, '90, and were unanimously elected. They are: President, Henry Jameson, '69; first vice-president, Miss Julia Fish, '93; second vice-president, Clay Trusty, '08; secretary-treasurer (permanent), Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Following the alumni supper, all adjourned to the portion of the campus just west of the gymnasium, where two plays were to be given by members of the Alumni Association on the open-air stage under one of the large oak trees. This platform was built about ten years ago and has been almost every commencement the scene of some interesting college event.

The stage for the first play made a most effective picture, representing an Indian camp in the woods, the setting of the tragic and poetic little drama, "Glory of the Morning," written by William E. Leonard, of the University of Wisconsin. The play is worth while, both from a literary and an historic viewpoint. It was presented with care and accuracy as to setting and costumes, and the reading and interpretation of the beautiful lines were a delight. The characters were:

Glory of the Morning (the Chevalier's Winnebago squaw).... Elizabeth T. Bogert

The Chevalier (called "The Half Moon," a nobleman now an

adventurer in the French fur-trade)...............F. R. Kautz
Red Wing, Oak Leaf (their children)........................
Jane Graydon, Mary Galvin Davidson
Black Wolf (a visionary old Medicine Man, not without some
homely wisdom)...............................Claris Adams

The second play was a bright, light comedy, "The Two Deaf Men," by Jules Moineaux, translated from the French by Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, the manuscript being lent by her to the Butler College Players. In this farce the leading roles were played by very nearly the same set of actors, with the exception of Miss Jane Graydon and Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson. The characters were:

M. Damoiseau.........................F. R. Kautz
Eglantine, his daughter........Elizabeth T. Bogert
Marie, his servant..................Evelyn Butler
Placide, Eglantine's lover............Claris Adams
A Gardener.........................James Murray
A Rural Guard...................Fred Davenport

Mr. Kautz, Miss Bogert, and Mr. Adams all showed their versatility in character interpretation, as their parts in the second play were in contrast to the highly serious ones in which they first appeared.

The plan of having alumni plays is a new one and was tried as an experiment this commencement, but for many reasons it commends itself as an experiment to be repeated. The open-air performance in June is certainly an improvement on the program of toasts in a hot banquet hall at this particular season. A campus reunion, too, has to the average alumnus more of the flavor of his college days than a hotel dinner. Last, but not least, there is a great deal of reminiscent, as well as present, pleasure for the student of other days in seeing some amateur footlight favorite of his own college days once more donning buskin or sock.

Miss Jane Graydon and Mr. F. R. Kautz were in the class of '87. Miss Graydon was a royal favorite in comedy and many people this commencement felt disappointed not to see her once more in one of the rollicking roles in which she is so inimitable.

The part which she played, however, that of the loyal Indian boy, was done with fine force and reserve, and one's only regret was that she was not seen in a comedy part also. Miss Graydon has had some practice since her college days, as she appears occasionally in the plays given by the Indianapolis Dramatic Club. Mr. Kautz, also, has done some dramatic work since his college friends of the '80's saw him on the chapel stage; he is an active member of the Indianapolis Players Club. Mr. Kautz had heavy parts in each of the plays, and his delineations of the two very different types of men—the heartless French fur-trader of the first play and the fussy old deaf man of the second—were splendidly done.

Mrs. R. F. Davidson and Miss Eva Butler belong to the period of the early '90's, and acted together in a number of college plays—notably "The Rivals," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Esmeralda." Both were among the organizers of "The Richard Brinsley Sheridan Dramatic Club," of glorious memory. Mrs. Davidson's portrayal in the first play of the light-hearted French-Indian girl was charmingly done; while Miss Butler, in the second play, as maid, gave a piece of spirited, finished acting which would have done credit to a professional.

Miss Bogert and Mr. Adams are of such recent date as to need no heralding among students of to-day. They were in college at the same time and played opposite each other for the four years, Miss Bogert playing always with great charm and intelligence the "young lady" parts, while Mr. Adams was invariably the handsome and devoted stage-lover. Both showed unusual versatility in turning from the one play to the other. Miss Bogert's interpretation of the Winnebago squaw was of excellence and at times of power.

For the idea of an alumni play the association is indebted to Miss Katharine Graydon, who, by giving time, interest, encouragement, and work, succeeded in carrying out her plan. Only those who have attempted anything of the kind, realize the mental, moral, and physical fortitude necessary in trying to bring an amateur dramatic performance to a successful culmination. Had it not been for the untiring work and enthusiasm of Mr. Kautz, who, his help and sympathies once enlisted, proved a

bulwark of strength, there could have been no alumni plays. All three of the actors who took double parts were originally cast for but one part and took the second as accommodation, when the inevitable disappointment in cast incident to amateur performances came. The Butler College Players have been asked to repeat the program in other communities.

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning the academic procession, consisting of the Senior class, the faculty, the trustees, the guests of honor, and the speaker of the day, moved from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the college chapel. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Allan B. Philputt, followed by orchestral music. The address of the day was made by Dr. Edgar Young Mullins, and is found, in part, elsewhere in this issue.

To the class, Dr. Howe said:

This is the last thing we can do for you. We have given you the best of our thought and our energy through the years you have spent here. You have come to the end of what seemed a short while ago the long road, but I suspect as you look back today it looks like a short journey. You stand with the long road stretching out before you. Or, is it a long road that stretches before you? Some people laugh at those of us in middle life for becoming a little reminiscent. It seems very funny to them that some of us have sentiment that now and then we are willing to let come to the surface. Yet I am not so sure but we might all be reminiscent now and then with profit.

The last few days I have felt something of this mood, because, as I told you last Sunday, I belonged to the class that left here twenty-five years ago, and now there is not more than one-fourth of us who could answer the roll. And so, as I have stood here this morning looking at you, I have not been able to keep back the thought of inquiring in my mind how many of you will be here together again when your quarter of the century is passed. How long is the road to be for you? I hope it will be twenty-five, forty-five, fifty, or even sixty years, because I think from what I know that you can help the world for all that length of time.

You are going out to-day to joy and happiness. The speaker this morning has brought you no message of pessimism. A

message of joy and good cheer, and I hope you are going to carry that with you through all the days of your life. I hope you will see the joy and happiness that will be in your lives from the hard work you will have to do, and I hope you will have to work hard all the days of your life, for the greatest sorrow that can come to your lives will be the days when you are a professional idler.

Before you go away I want to tell you something about a new face in our midst this morning. You will notice on the wall on my left behind me the face of a man who, I think, is a stranger to every one of you, but about whom most of us here who are older can scarcely think and hardly speak for the choking. Professor Thrasher was born out in the eastern part of this State in 1833, and when he was twenty-one years of age, after he had spent two years under the tutelage of that man [Professor Benton] whose face hangs on that side of the wall and who for many years was a member of the faculty and president, this man went to college, and after three years came out, taught school in the old Fairfield Academy, then taught at Rushville, and then at the Northwestern Christian University, now Butler College. From 1864 until his health gave way completely in 1889 he was professor of mathematics in this college.

And there is no one of us, his old students, who do not love him. He had a sharp tongue and a kind heart, and he hated a sham or fraud, and if we were cheating in our lives in any way he was the one to tell it. He was merciless, but it was the lover of the student behind. And so if you will ask any of these old Butler College students, there will instantly come the quick response of appreciation and love for "Uncle Billy," as we knew him. He loved us all and we all loved him—a lover of learning for learning's sake, a lover of history and poetry and all good things, and a clean-minded man. He loved every student in the college and he had the fine enthusiasm which I exhorted you a few days ago to have. To-day some good friends have caused his good old face to hang here on this wall to bless us all. He belongs to that older group of great men among whom were Scot Butler, H. C. Garvin, Demarchus C. Brown, Miss Merrill, Professor Iden, and all the others.

And now, as you go away, I want you to take with you this

thought, that here was a man who lived an honest, a good, a gentle life. He worked, you will say, in a narrow circle. I don't know how far away from this place he is known, but there are many men and women who are thankful to God Almighty that that man lived and that they came under his instruction.

And I can wish for you no better thing as you go away into the life and joy and happiness that await you than that you will be just as useful and able and willing to give joy to those about you as this man who has given his good influence to the lives of those who went out. In us he lives; and in you, the members of this faculty and any of the rest of us who have worked with all our failings and weaknesses will live. In you we live and we expect to find that you have profited by our faith and that you will make good where we have not succeeded. And may the good Lord keep you strong to do the work you will find at hand to do.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred by President Howe upon, Eda Buehler Boos, Edward Clarke Bradley, Mary Jane Brandon, Jane Abiah Brewer, Lawrence Wilford Bridge, Robert William Buck, Clarence Ware Burkhardt, Perry Case, Elvin Earl Daniels, Frank Elon Davison, Harry Frederic Dietz, Mary Ellen Graham, Edith Habbe, Robert Johannis Hamp, Mary Gwyneth Harry, Elmo Benton Higham, Pauline Hoss, Mary Ela James, Dorothy Kautz, Mary Syfers McBride, Roderick Alexander MacLeod, Karl Stone Means, Daniel Francis Mullane, Mary Osgood Parker, Xerxes Silver, Mary Ruth Tharp, Cornelia Thornton, Carl Stone VanWinkle, Paul William Ward, Edith A. Webb, Mary Morris Williams, Pearl Rebecca Wolf.

The degree of Master of Arts upon Orah Frances Haight, Sterling Gould Rothermel.

The degree of Bachelor of Divinity upon Harry Howard Martindale, Edward Hall Clifford.

The highest standing for the entire college course was announced to be that of Mary Syfers McBride, Karl Stone Means, Robert William Buck.

The Senior Scholarship was awarded to Ruth Miles.

The recessional moved to the campus, where, in the shade of the trees, the graduating class received its congratulating friends.

Following the exercises of the morning, President and Mrs. Howe entertained at dinner the speaker of the day, the Rev. and Mrs. Philputt, and other out-of-town guests.

At the Residence, Miss Butler was at home to many guests of the college.

To luncheon Miss Graydon had invited the accessible alumni through the class of 1869. There were present: Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, '56; B. M. Blount, '59; Mrs. Eliza Brown Wiley, '62; Addison C. Harris, '62; William H. Wiley, '64; Frank C. Cassel, '67; Scot Butler, '68, and Mrs. Butler; Mrs. Barbara Blount Cassel, '68; Chauncy Butler, '69; Henry Jameson, '69, and Mrs. Jameson; Hilton U. Brown, '80. Owing to illness, absence from the city, or the heat, several were prevented from coming. Letters of regret were received from W. N. Pickerill, '60; W. W. Daugherty, '61; William H. Brevoort, '62; Austin F. Denny, '62; David M. Hillis, '64; A. C. Easter, '64; Alfred Fairhurst, '66; Mrs. Alice Secrest Snider, '66; Mrs. Indiana Crago Harris, '66; A. C. Ayres, '68. The place cards were pictures of the old Northwestern Christian University. The conversation, chiefly directed toward the college of the past, brought out much humorous, as well as fine, reminiscence of the days and the men of undergraduate years. One listening to and looking upon the company gathered about the tables thought, How rich the college is in their possession!

After luncheon the guests withdrew to the lawn, where pictures of old classes, programs of far distant commencements, scrap books, and papers of various character and interest, were passed about eliciting gales of laughter or sad comment. The company lingered into the afternoon, and dispersed with the general feeling that

> "I can not but remember such things were
> That were most precious to me."

The festivities of the week ended on Thursday afternoon with the presentation of "Robin Hood" upon the campus before a large and pleased audience. The comic opera is a clever dramatization of one of the many legends concerning Robin Hood, the gallant outlaw chief who roamed the forests of merry England

during the reign of Richard, the Lion-hearted. The music of the opera is attractive. Miss Ruby Winders, as Allan-a-Dale, sang "O Promise Me," and Miss Mary Merker, as Annabel, gave several solos which were enthusiastically encored.

One of the humorous hits of the opera is the scene in which Dame Durden, played by Miss Mary Louise Rumpler, mistakes the Sheriff of Nottingham for her long-lost husband, a crusader. The sheriff's part was played by Kenneth Badger. The sheriff has disguised himself as a tinker to search for Robin Hood and is wearing a stolen suit of clothes, the same that Dame Durden has sent to her husband. The sheriff becomes drunk in Dame Durden's inn and many humorous situations ensue. The scene kept the audience in an uproar.

Robert Hamp was good in the character of Robin Hood, as was Harry Budd as Friar Tuck. Paul W. Ward as the simple Sir Guy Gisborn was another character that kept the audience laughing. Paul Ragsdale as Will Scarlet and Ferris Stephens as Little John, members of the outlaw gang, played excellent singing parts. The tinkers' chorus, composed of Paul W. Ward, Kenneth Badger, Harry Lett, Elmo Higham, Bruce P. Robison and Dan F. Mullane, added to the fun of the opera in their fearful search for Robin Hood. The choruses of milkmaids, village girls, outlaws, and village men were very good, the dancing of the choruses being a feature.

Much credit is due to the young people for carrying through so successfully so elaborate a production. Mr. Robert Hamp, especially, deserves credit, for he not only sang the role of Robin Hood, but also directed the whole production.

With the proceeds of the play, the class decided to start a fund for the purpose of erecting an amphitheater on the campus. Such a structure, it is thought, would be of great help to future student dramatic productions and would, in addition, afford an excellent place for public speaking.

The class of 1914 has been spirited, studious, loyal, and has endeared itself to the college. The Quarterly wishes for it Godspeed and all that will individually cause it to grow large and fine and useful. It also bespeaks from it the same spirit of helpfulness and appreciation as alumni that it has received as undergraduates.

Butler's Oratorical Victories

For forty years Butler has suffered defeat in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Indiana. Sometimes her orator ranked high, sometimes low. The alumni had come to accept defeat as the probable outcome of all contests.

The situation changed with the coming of Lawrence W. Bridge. He had some training in Hiram College, having won for her first honors in the State Peace Contest. With great ability, he combined industry and teachableness to a remarkable degree. The State contest he won easily. Then came the long, hard pull for the Interstate contest. An alumnus of the college made it possible for Mr. Bridge to supplement his training by private lessons under Professor Phillips, of Chicago. On May 15 Mr. Bridge easily captured the Interstate contest.

Mr. Bridge has brought great honor to Butler College. We gladly share it with Hiram College. The victories have stimulated Butler students to greater effort. We must build from the bottom for the next contest, but the outlook is hopeful.

The Portrait of Professor Thrasher

The hanging of the portrait of Professor Thrasher in the chapel on the north wall beside that of President Burgess is gratifying to the former students. It is the enlargement of the picture which appeared as frontispiece in the Quarterly of April, 1913, and is a beautiful copy, simply framed, of that excellent likeness.

The deep impression which Professor Thrasher made upon his students is more and more generally realized and expressed. Seldom are the old boys and girls thrown together without conversation reverting to college days, and especially to him they hold in growing esteem and affection. Among his papers has been found the close of his last chapel talk to the class of '96. Too characteristic is it to keep:

"As the departing guest and his host become most voluble at

the instant of parting; as we charge with many messages a friend on the eve of leaving for foreign lands; as the old man is most garrulous of the past when life has almost waned; as the reader of a charming story, before closing the book, turns back and rereads the choicest passages; as reluctant lovers lean heavily on the front gate and discourse the thrilling platitudes with which lovers in the last stages of the old, old disease all want to regale each other; even so do we, the undergraduates and the faculty, hesitate to let go our old friends of many years' acquaintance without a parting word.

"This word we say, as it were, at our front door; by and by we shall say another good-bye at the front gate; and we shall, perchance, be tempted to accompany you a little distance along the highway as you depart; and then as you go on and outline yourselves, silhouette-like, on the gray evening sky, you will turn toward the old Alma Mater and see us whom you have left looking wistfully after you, as we shade with uplifted palm our eyes from the slant rays of the setting sun."

A Forward Movement

We call attention to the words of Mr. Curtis, found elsewhere. His expression is exactly the sentiment of the Quarterly.

One's obligation to the college does not cease with Commencement Day; indeed, it is just beginning. For four years the student has been receiving; now he "commences" to give. The Alumni Association is not an organization into which graduates of the college inevitably drift by right of a degree conferred. It should be more. It is more. It is the strongest asset the college possesses.

A new forward movement is on foot whereby closer ties among the alumni and between the alumni and the college shall be cultivated. The issuing of the Alumni Directory, the publication of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly, the larger observance of Founder's Day, the local reunions and dinner given by alumni of Greenfield and Chicago, the systematic endeavor to bring back to

Irvington a larger number of "old grads" at commencement time, the encouragement of class reunions, the entertaining of alumni as alumni, the establishment of The Butler College Players, a dramatic society formed from the resident members of the Alumni Association, are some of the modest accomplishments of this movement.

But we hope by a natural and steady growth to bring about larger and more helpful things. Under the direction of the new president, Dr. Henry Jameson, and officers of the association, we anticipate for the coming year efficient work.

The officers of the association, however, can not do all that is desired and possible. You, alumni, must lend a hand and do your part. The college is yours, the memories are yours, the benefit is yours. The work, too, must be yours. If each one were to assume his part of showing in some possible way his lively interest in his Alma Mater—and she deserves it—the load would be less heavy for a few to carry. Come back to her, when you can; pay your alumni dues promptly; influence a student now and then to come; write a word of encouragement for those directing the affairs of the college, or make a suggestion for improvement; when formal occasions occur and you can not attend, send the price of a ticket for those equally interested but unable to be present; subscribe for the Quarterly for some one else just as loyal as you; commemorate some dear anniversary of yours by giving a book to the library; if you have been prospered in life by the help of the powers which Butler College cultivated in you, recognize it by establishing a scholarship for very worthy boys and girls working fiercely to gain an education. Oh, there are a hundred ways in which you can do something for Butler and every one of value!

It is "many a mickle that makes a muckle."

Marriages

Wallace-Thompson.—On March 28 were married at Christ Church, Indianapolis, by the Reverend William Heilman, of Covington, Indiana, Roger Wayne Wallace, '09, and Miss Elizabeth Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are at home at 35 North Hawthorne Lane.

Dietz-Hills.—On June 1 were married at Indianapolis, Harry Frederic Dietz, '14, and Miss Dorothy Hills. Mr. and Mrs. Dietz will spend next year at Stanford University.

Murphy-Gant.—On June 17 were married at Greenfield, Indiana. Mallie John Murphy, '08, and Miss Mable Banks Gant, '12. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are at home at the Plaza Apartments, Indinapolis.

Burkhardt-Forsyth.—On June 20 were married at the Downey Avenue Church by the Reverend C. H. Winders, Carl Alonzo Burkhardt, '09, and Miss Haidee Alice Forsyth. After several weeks spent in the Ozark mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Burkhardt will be at home in Lexington, Missouri.

Personal Mention

Miss Clara B. Thormyer, '06, is spending the summer in Montana.

Mrs. Dora Pendleton Riley, '85, is living at Mount Washington, Maryland.

Mrs. Rachel Quick Buttz, of Columbus, Indiana, a former student, spent commencement week with Mrs. Barton Cole.

Misses Marie Binninger, '07, and Irma Nix, '09, are attending the summer school of the University of Wisconsin.

John Scot Butler, '96, after thrilling experience in Mexico, is, with his wife, at his father's home in Irvington. Professor and

Mrs. Butler have had for a brief time all of their children with them.

Mrs. Moddie Jeffries Williams, '97, gave in April, before the of the Rug."

Mrs. Hope Whitcomb Graham, '11, sailed on June 20 for a vacation abroad.

Charles E. Underwood, '03, was faculty marshal for the commencement week.

Samuel J. Offutt, '02, made a business trip of several weeks in June to California.

William F. Elliott, '80, wife, and son, Byron, sailed on June 13 for a summer abroad.

On May 18 was installed at the college the Delta Lambda Chapter of Delta Delta Delta.

Mrs. Henry L. Bruner, wife of Professor Bruner, is visiting relatives and friends in Germany.

Mrs. Elmer I. Phillips, now living at New Castle, Pa., paid Indianapolis friends a visit in the spring.

Misses Monta Anderson, '10, and Irene Hunt, '10, are spending the vacation in travel throughout the East.

Mrs. Corinne Thrasher Carvin, '86, after severe illness, has gone to northern Michigan for the summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pearl Wolf, '14, to Oren J. Whitlock, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Whitlock.

Jean H. Everest, '83, is located at Oklahoma City, where he is member of the law firm Everest, Smith and Campbell.

The son, Max, of E. P. Wise, '87, now living at East Liverpool, Ohio, has just graduated from the University of Michigan.

Mrs. Annie Bence Hobbs, a former student, who for several years has made her home in Arizona and California, returned, with her daughter, Miss Julia, to Indianapolis for a brief visit in

May. Mrs. and Miss Hobbs are now with Governor and Mrs. Fletcher in Vermont.

Miss Anna Weaver, of the faculty, is spending her summer in Greece and in cruising among the islands of the Ægean sea.

Mrs. Carrie Howe Cummings, '97, with little daughter, Frances Ellen, is spending the summer in Irvington with her mother.

James G. Randall, '03, is spending the summer with his mother in Indianapolis. Dr. Randall is now located at Roanoke College.

Misses Margaret Duden, '11, and Flora Frick, '11, sail in August for Germany, where they will spend a year at the University of Bonn.

The Quarterly sends its sympathy to Miss Frances M. Perry, '91, in the sorrow which has come to her and her sister in the death of their father.

Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown, '97, with son Philip, is spending the summer in the British Isles. In August Mr. Brown goes over to attend a meeting of librarians.

Miss Helen M. Reed, '12, was one of the Indiana pages at the national congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution which met in Washington in April.

Leon B. Logan, '12, called at college on his way from the University of Missouri to Chicago, where he resumes his connection with the Sears-Roebuck Company.

Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, '84, was re-elected as director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the twelfth biennial convention recently held at Chicago.

Miss Evelyn Butler, '93, is spending the vacation with her sister, Mrs. Carlos Recker, '00, at Leland, Michigan. Professor C. B. Coleman and family are also there.

Raymond A. Smith, '00, is principal of the Beckley Institute of Beckley, West Virginia. He has charge, also, of the department of physical science. Mrs. Grace Clifford Smith, '01, appears on

the faculty as assistant professor of mathematics. The Quarterly sends its best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who have so worthily undertaken this good work.

Stith Thompson, ex-'09, has passed his examination at Harvard for a Ph. D. degree. He will next year be connected with the English department of the University of Texas.

Frederick C. Domroese, '06, has received a year's leave of absence from the Manual Training High School of Indianapolis to pursue his study of German literature at Harvard University.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred in June by Radcliffe College upon Miss Corinne Welling, '12, and Miss Mary Pavey, '12; by Indiana University upon Miss Martha Kincaid, '13.

George W. Hemry, '05, has resigned his pastorate at South Bend, because of a nervous breakdown. He has been with the Christian Church of that place for eight years and has done a good work.

H. Edwin Frazier, '89, paid a short visit in May to Irvington, primarily to see his mother, who is in frail health. Mr. Frazier is now living at Norwalk, Ohio, where he is manager of the Crucible Steel Company of America.

The list of graduates suggests other names and other faces. On it are the daughters of Charles E. Thornton, '78; of Lora C. Hoss, '81; of John Arthur Kautz, '85; of Mrs. A. B. Tharp, ex-; and the son of Daniel B. Burkhardt, ex-.

Professor Bruner, of the department of biology, has recently published a scientific treatise entitled "Jacobson's Organ and the Respiratory Mechanism of Amphibians" in a supplement to the Morphologischen Jahrbuch of Leipzig and Berlin. Professor Bruner's contributions are recognized and sought by German scientists.

Recent word has come from Mrs. Amos W. Walker, the sprightly, appreciative, faithful "Lizzie Curyea" of the '70's. Miss Curyea came from Mattoon, Illinois, and remembers with much pleasure and gratitude the opportunities and privileges the college offered, especially that of looking upon and knowing "the

Saint Catharine." Mrs. Walker is now living at Lagrange, Illinois, and is deeply interested in all that pertains to social betterment.

The undergraduates have been regaled and impressed by the talks in chapel at various times during the last semester by the following alumni: Carey Morgan, '83; A. C. Smithers, '90; H. O. Pritchard, '02; T. W. Grafton, '80.

The Quarterly sends its greeting to Dorothy Louise, who came into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace M. Russell on November 15; to Daniel Sommer, Jr., who came to Mr. and Mrs. D. Sommer Robinson on December 26; to Carey Wilberta, who came to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnett on February 14; to Robert Everson, who came to Mr. and Mrs. George L. Moffett on April 2; to the little son, who came to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Dennis on April 20.

Our alumni have been figuring in politics. In the Republican convention held at Indianapolis on May 5, Vincent G. Clifford, '79, was nominated for Judge of Superior Court of Indiana; Hugh Th. Miller, '88, for United States Senator; Quincy A. Myers, ex-, Judge of Supreme Court of Indiana; Horace Ellis, ex-, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Indiana. On the Democratic ticket, Homer L. Cook, ex-, appears as Secretary of State.

At the Burkhart-Forsyth wedding, Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08, was maid of honor and Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, was best man. The ushers were Harold Tharp, '11; Stanley Sellick, and Joseph Mullane. The wedding music was furnished by Miss Verna Sweetman, organist, and Mr. Paul Jeffries, '03, soloist. Many alumni and former students were seen in the auditorium. Indeed, it was a real Butler wedding, and upon the marriage the Quarterly beams with pleasure.

The contributors to this issue are: Edgar Young Mullins, president of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky; Thomas Carr Howe, '89, president of Butler College; Miss Frances M. Perry, '91, professor of English at the University of Arizona; Mrs. Grace Gookin Karslake, '00, of Iowa City, where her husband is professor of chemistry in the University of

Iowa; Samuel H. Shank, '92, United States Consul at Fiume, Hungary; James B. Curtis, '80, lawyer in New York City.

Of the class of 1914, for next year a teaching fellowship in chemistry has been given by the University of Illinois to Clarence W. Burkhardt; a scholarship in chemistry and mathematics by Indiana University to Karl S. Means; a scholarship in German by Indiana University to Mary M. Williams; a scholarship in German by Columbia University to Robert W. Buck.

The following changes of residence have been reported: Laz Noble, '90, to Alwington, Warrenton, Virginia; Harry S. Brown, '93, to Lebanon, Missouri; J. N. Jessup, '90, to Johnson City, Tennessee; Charles A. Stevens, '94, to Edinburg, Illinois; Jasper T. Moses, '02, to Fowler, Colorado; Louis G. Hopkins, '06, to Williams Bay, Wisconsin; Walter S. Smith, '68, John A. Roberts, '71, Paul Murray, '05, G. Frank Powers, '10, to Indianapolis.

At the Fifteenth Annual Congress of the Disciples of Christ, held in the Downey Avenue Church, April 28-30, were seen the "Inseparable Quartet," as of days of yore—Blair and Pritchard, Moorman and Daugherty. Earle M. Todd, now of Canton, Missouri, was also present and read a paper on "Mysticism as an Element of Pulpit Power." Charles M. Sharpe, professor of systematic theology of the University of Chicago, was secretary of the congress.

An unusual number of classes was represented this season by returned alumni. On the campus were seen: Mrs. Atkinson, B. M. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cassel, Scot Butler, Chauncy Butler, Dr. Henry Jameson, John A. Roberts, Charles H. Caton, W. S. Moffett and wife, Katharine M. Graydon, D. C. Brown, Hilton U. Brown, Lora C. Hoss and wife, Ellen D. Graydon, Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Harlan, Mrs. Frances Husted Barr, Cora Smith, J. Arthur Kautz and wife, Grace Blount, Erastus Conner and wife, B. F. Dailey and wife, Jane Graydon, F. R. Kautz, George H. Clarke, Perry H. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Howe, H. Edwin Frazier, Clara L. Shank, Mrs. Genevra Hill Kirkman, Joseph R.

Morgan, Romaine Braden, C. M. Fillmore, Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, India Martz, H. S. Schell, Mrs. Vida Tibbott Cottman, Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, Mrs Mary Brouse Schmuck, Robert Hall and wife, Mrs. Eva Jeffries King, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Davidson, Bertha Thormeyer, Evelyn Butler, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clifford, Julia R. Fish, D. W. Layman and wife, Clara Goe, Isabella Moore Miller, Ina Conner, Charles A. Stevens, Mrs. Myrtle Van Sickle Reagan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Mrs. Rose MacNeal Kessler, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. John Scot Butler, Mrs. Pearl Jeffries Miller, C. R. Yoke and wife, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, Emily Helming, E. E. Moorman, A. L. Ward, Carl McGaughey and wife, Ovid M. Butler and wife, Emmett Huggins and wife, H. L. Herod, C. E. Underwood, John Mitchell and wife, Golie Stucker, Clara Thormyer, Mrs. Mary Clark Parker, Lucile Carr, Alma Hoover, Daisy MacGowan, Mallie J. Murphy, Gretchen Scotten, Clay Trusty, Elizabeth Bogert, Lois Kile, James Murray, Roger W. Wallace and wife, Monta Anderson, Irene Hunt, Lora Hussey, G. Frank Powers, Blanche Ryker, Barcus Tichenor, Margaret Barr, Margaret Duden, Mrs. Hope Graham, Layman Kingsbury, Harry Martindale, Maude Russell, Harold Tharp, Irma Bachman, Jeannette Clifford, Mattie Empson, Chester Marsh, Catharine Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Davis, Adilda McCord, Lee Moffett, Mary Pavey, Clarence E. Prichard, Helen Reed, Clarence Reidenbach, Melissa Seward, Mary Stilz, Ethel Bennett, Mary Bragg, Jessie Breadheft, Mrs. Lotus Collins Lloyd, Agnes Fort, Katherine Gawne, Beatrice Hoover, Claude Kassebaum, Florence Smock, Cullen Thomas, Helen Tichenor, Ella J. Weaver.

Our Correspondence

George B. Davis: "Could not do without the Quarterly."

Lucile Didlake, '07: "The Quarterly grows better with each issue, and is more of a necessity to me. May it and the college live forever!"

Clara Overhiser Frye, '00: "I am training three sturdy children to look forward to Butler College as the pleasurable goal of their education."

Edna Cooper, '09: "I cannot afford to miss a single number of the Quarterly. You who are near Butler can scarcely appreciate what this word of news means to one so far away as Wyoming."

Elbert H. Clarke, '09: "The Quarterly would be enjoyed if there were but one in the family to read it, but when two of us read it with equal eagerness it becomes a necessity for keeping house."

Raymond A. Smith, '00: "We enjoy the Quarterly too much to miss a single issue, and so send the dues of us both. We enjoy very greatly our work here with the C. W. B. M. Mountain school."

Jesse L. Brady, '93: "We are so far away as to be almost out of touch with Butler, but we still think of her and will strive to do all we can to advance her interests. Enclosed please find the dues of Mrs. Brady and myself."

Charlotte Powell Goddard, '03: "I hasten to send my annual fee, as I have no intention of allowing myself to be dropped from the mailing list after April. I enjoy too greatly the Quarterly ever to be obliged to miss a single number."

Ora Murray Hodges, '94: "One Butler College alumna in Kansas is always glad to see the Quarterly. It is about all I have to bring a breath of news from my former college associates, therefore it is always welcome. I see a great deal of the Kansas

University students, and in this way keep in touch with the college spirit. It is a busy life we are leading in Topeka, with its varied interests and demands on time and strength, but never too busy to hear a word from 'Old Butler.' "

Belle Hopkins Updegraffe, '79: "I would not do without the Quarterly for many times its price. It keeps me in touch with the college I love, and the friends of my girlhood. Especially do I appreciate the words often spoken of my dear brother John."

Alfred Fairhurst, '66: "I have been much pleased with the Quarterly. I hope to visit Butler by and by. I am glad to know that the college is prospering. It will be pleasant to meet the friends there after the many years of absence in Kentucky."

Mary Hay Minnick: "We are very glad to receive the Quarterly, and thus to keep in touch with the college and the graduates. Indeed, it is a great pleasure to read the magazine and we wish not only to send our check but also to express our appreciation."

J. W. Barnett, '94: "I enjoy the Quarterly very much. It helps me to live over some very happy days, and keeps me in touch with the friends of those days. Some of these friends may be interested to know that a dear little daughter, Carey Wilberta, came to bless our hearts and home on February 14."

Arthur Ewing Waters, '03: "Allow me to express my appreciation of the work that is being done for the alumni. I can imagine some of the difficulties and know that only devotion to Butler College is accomplishing this task. I enjoy the Quarterly from cover to cover, and want never to miss a single copy."

Samuel H. Shank, '92: "By all means keep up the good work! It certainly is resulting in much good for the college. The last Quarterly has just arrived, and the tributes to President Benton are most touching. Although I had never corresponded with him, on the night of January 1st I wrote him a letter of appreciation for what he had been to me. His spirit must have already left its earthly habitation when I was writing, and evidently was exerting its influence on my mind and heart. Such reminiscences

as the Quarterly brings of those who have been instrumental in shaping our lives must have an inestimable value, not only for those of us who have gone out but also for those who remain at 'Old Butler.' I wish to express my appreciation for what is being done in the publication of the Quarterly."

Chester G. Vernier, '03: "Mrs. Vernier and I read the Quarterly with great interest, especially enjoying the personal items. We visit Indianapolis several times yearly, but nearly always during vacation time, and hence do not see much of Butler College. We have only one objection to the Quarterly, viz., the fact that it is only a quarterly."

James H. McCollough, '66: "I will continue to take the Quarterly for the present, though my eyes are growing so dim I read with much difficulty. I am glad to hear of the success of Butler College. I am now in my eighty-fifth year, am still preaching regularly at Santa Cruz, California, but expect to retire from pastoral work the last of May."

William F. Clarke, '92: "It is sometimes the way of mankind to speak disparagingly of their blessings in order to escape making any adequate return. But there is no disguising the fact here at home, at least, that I have greatly enjoyed the various numbers of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly. I suppose that relatively few individuals, aside from those who have lived long in the immediate vicinity of the institution, or have been officially connected with it, have a more extended intimate acquaintance with Butler College than the writer of this. For years before and after my unusually long sojourn as a student there I have had near relatives studying in its classrooms. This naturally occasions a more or less abiding interest. But the thing for which I owe most to Butler is the new concept of life which its ministrations led me to develop. I have since attended larger and more widely known institutions and have been benefited by such attendance, but I have not felt that they gave me any nobler outlook or truer perspective than was given at Butler. And this I conceive to be its proper function. It cannot hope to compete with more magnificently endowed institutions in providing for

training in many directions, but it can be a shrine where choice souls may find inspiration and a new, wholesome outlook on life. I know no better hope to express than that in the future it may be such a shrine, even more truly than it has ever been before. I wish to congratulate you personally on the merits I discover in the Quarterly. You have done well. I trust you will meet with that encouragement which will enable you to continue along the same lines."

Horace M. Russell, '05: "My indebtedness is more than the amount I enclose. The visits of the Quarterly are most pleasant. No publication received is more eagerly or thoroughly read than the Quarterly. I realize the discouraging difficulties of making the magazine, and I appreciate the generous work that goes into it to make it the success that it is. President Howe's letter has helped us all. Butler surely lost a true, loyal and useful friend in our dear mother. She greatly enjoyed the few brief visits in the college community, and she looked forward to visiting again when her last two daughters should be together in Butler. President Butler's jewel-set sentences in appreciation of the loss of Dr. Benton come almost as a personal expression of our own loss here. I must take another moment of your time to tell you that much of my attention is absorbed by a member of the class of 1933, in the person of Miss Dorothy Louise Russell, who arrived November 15 last."

David Rioch, '98, Damoh, India (From a letter received by President Howe): "A little affair occurred two months ago, about which you may be interested to hear. One morning, while Mrs. Rioch and I, with the children, were having what we call our 'chotti hazari'—a cup of tea and toast—before the work of the day begins, Dr. Mary McGavran came dashing up in her carriage and called to me, 'Get your gun quickly. A wild boar up near our house is killing people.' I rushed into the house and seized the little rifle you gave me, together with a magazine of cartridges, jumped into the carriage, and away we went at a rate the horse had not before known. Having gone as far as possible in the carriage, the doctor alighted at her house to get bandages

and medicines, and Miss Franklin to help, while I went in the direction of the boar. Soon I saw one woman soaked with blood and fearfully torn. It made me ill to look at her. The next minute I was shown another woman who had been knocked down by the brute and had received a frightful gash behind the ear. Still another was there with injuries even worse. A short distance on, in my search for the pig, I saw a great crowd, among whom were police with guns. Upon asking where the boar was, I was told he lay in a hollow just behind us. Cautiously I went in, for I know that at close range a wild boar is terribly ferocious and takes a lot of killing. I had gone only a few steps when up he jumped, not fifteen feet away. He was above me on a knoll. Without a fraction of a second's warning, he charged straight for me. I have often wondered what I would do under such circumstances. Is it not strange how rapid thought is? In the space that boar had to charge, three things went through my head: Keep cool; Mrs. Rioch and the children; the people behind me who would suffer if I did not. In that time the animal had three bullets in him, the last in the brain just as he was striking me. Tom, I would not take ten times what you gave for that rifle for it to-day. With no other rifle that I know anything about could I have shot so quickly; could I have saved my life.

"If you could have seen the poor woman, you would better understand what a wild boar is able to do. When he came for me, he had had some successful practice and naturally expected more; but, unknowingly, he faced a different proposition—a modern rifle.

"Enclosed please find a dollar for my year's alumni dues. I must say the Quarterly is great, and that I do enjoy it very much.

"I had expected I would get home next year, but we are too short-handed. I wish you could get some of the Butler boys to come out here. There are any amount of opportunities for capable men—men with hearts and brains, men who want to help their brother men to higher things."

B. F. Kinnick, '71: "I truly loved Dr. Benton and have all my life since leaving college remembered him with greatest respect. May I add a few words, inadequate as they are to express

my feeling, to what has already been said? I first met Dr. Allen R. Benton in April, 1866. I was an awkward, diffident country boy, sixteen years old, and had left the farm to 'go to college.' I felt at once at ease and full of confidence in him; he was kindly, appreciative of my need of good advice and encouraging, much like a father. Long before I ever saw a picture of Charles Lamb, I always felt that Dr. Benton was talking when I read 'Elia.' Dr. Benton was, of course, not so quaint in language nor used any old-time phrase. Dr. Benton was a thorough scholar, not gone to seed or oblivious of the present. He lived in the present and was keen on the needs of the present. But he was a ripe scholar and was often quoting a choice sentence from some great classic, apposite to the topic in hand. I remember the class was at one time regaled with some remarks by Dr. Benton on salutations used in past times. He quoted Horace, 'Quid agis dulcissime rerum.' This was not to display learning or acquaintance with the classics, but out of a pure love of so apt an illustration of the question under discussion. Though he has passed away, I seem almost to see his fatherly face, his kindly eye, as he used to greet Butler students, whom he met in classroom or on the street, no difference how awkward or poorly dressed, and I feel now to ask him, 'Quid agis dulcissime rerum.' "

Necrology

Blount.—The Reverend Barzillai M. Blount died at his home in Irvington in his eighty-seventh year, on June 28, and was buried at Cicero, Indiana, on June 30.

Since going to press the news of Mr. Blount's death has reached us. In his passing almost the last link which bound Butler College to its founders has been severed. Mr. Blount graduated with the class of 1859, and has been these many years an active and valuable friend of the institution. Long he served as member of the Board of Directors, being for twenty years president of that body. He attended the commencement exercises two weeks ago, and left at the reunion luncheon of the alumni of the '60's a sweet memory by his presence.

Last year Mr. Blount celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as minister of the gospel. During this uninterrupted activity, who can tell the accomplishment!

Death came, as Mr. Blount had hoped it might come, painlessly, upon a Sunday morning.

The services were held at the Downey Avenue Church on Tuesday morning, conducted by the Rev. C. H. Winders, his pastor; the Rev. J. W. Wittkamper, of Elwood; the Rev. J. T. Legg, of Indianapolis; the Rev. C. M. Fillmore, of Indianapolis; Dr. Jabez Hall, of Butler College. The nobleness, the sweetness, the gentleness, the calm temperance of his life, were dwelt upon; also his industry, his service, his tolerance, his optimism, his faithfulness, and his high faith.

In speaking of the passing of the pioneers, Mr. H. U. Brown has written:

"With the death of every pioneer this age is losing touch with that period which saw the middle west emerge from the wilderness. Because we have the things which much older communities enjoy and esteem as the marks of civilization the younger generation may feel that the Mississippi valley is no longer virgin territory. Perhaps it is not, but its beginnings and latest devel-

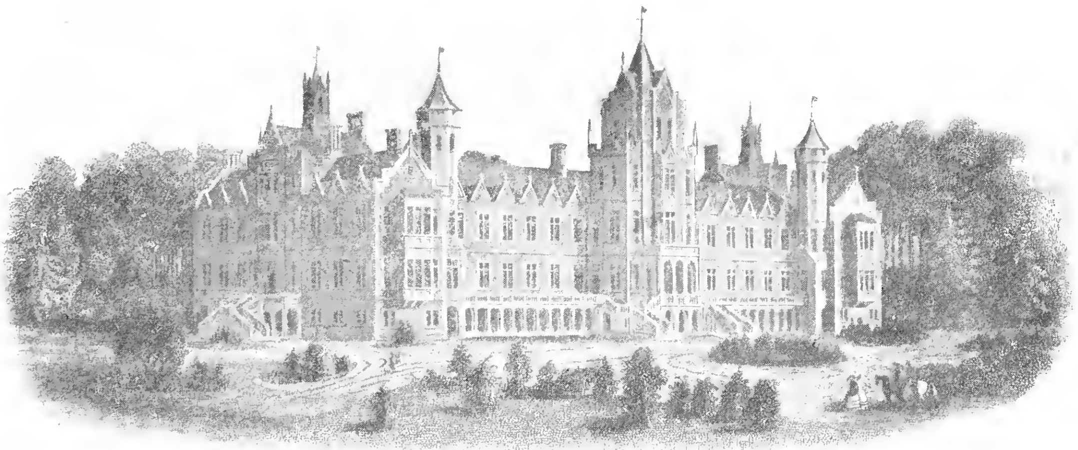
opments can be spanned by the lives of a few men still known among us. One of these, Barzillai M. Blount, has just passed away at the age of eighty-six years. He helped to drive his father's cattle over a dim trail from Ohio into Indiana. He saw the first turnpikes, the first railroad and the first canals built in this part of the country. He attended Indiana University when it was a small institution and when higher education was not within easy reach. He received a degree from Butler College, with which later he became identified for many years as director, and also for a long time as president of the board of directors. All the years of his mature life he preached and taught. For sixty odd years he came and went before the public. He was one of the early settlers of Irvington and in serene but not inactive old age he passed away in the house which he built and where he had lived. Of such stock as he were the conquerors of the west. And not merely were they the conquerors of the physical aspects of a new country, but they brought the school teacher, the preacher, the constancy of high purpose and the open mind with them. It was a great generation and all honor is due them."

The Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy to Mrs. Blount and to her children, Mrs. Josie Warman, Mrs. Erastus Conner, Miss Grace Blount and Homer S. Blount, of Indianapolis, and Marvin E. Blount, of Atlanta, Indiana.

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar will be due October 1. For this amount will be mailed to each paying member of the association all alumnal publications. Will you kindly send the dues for 1914-1915 as near this date as possible to the secretary-treasurer,

KATHARINE M. GRAYDON,
Butler College, Indianapolis.



NORTH WESTERN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
(As Contemplated)

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

Vol. III INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1914 No. 3

The North Western Christian University

By John H. Holliday

It is doubtful if the experience of one generation can be visualized to another. Even where the surroundings are the same, the eyes see differently and the aspect is not the same. Nor can we enter into the experience of the past with the zest of curiosity that pertains to the new things we encounter for ourselves. A story told may be interesting, but it does not take hold of one and absorb his own interest as when he himself is the central figure or an active participant. We are mostly concerned with our own affairs. So it is that the young are bored by the old when they talk of the past or the changes the years bring, and the old cannot comprehend why the young do not care to hear about the circumstances and events of forty or fifty years ago so interesting to themselves. There are times, however, when it is fitting that reminiscence should be indulged in, when the past and present should be contrasted, when the foundations of a good work should be exposed and its progress toward success traced. In my judgment, this is such a time and even at the risk of being set down as a bore or an old fossil I want to tell you something of the North Western Christian University, the first name of your Alma Mater.

It is nearly sixty years since a small boy riding on a horse behind his father along a country road that is now Tenth street, saw off toward the northwest, half a mile away, a large brick building going up. "What building is that over there?" he asked. "It is a college the Campbellites are starting. Mr. Butler has

given the ground for it," was the reply. This was a little town in those days, and a curious lad, as this small boy was, could wander over the north half of it and not get far away from home. So it was quite natural that a short time afterward he took occasion to pay the building a visit and saw for himself the brick being laid on the south side, enclosing rooms with which he was to become familiar later. He can recall that scene vividly, the warm summer afternoon drawing to a close, the foundation with the joists placed on it and the brick masons laying the wall breast high above it. His memory has no tag on the year, it may have been 1854 or 1855, but the impression that it was a great thing that was being done remained with him for a long time. And it *was* a great thing, not in the material brick and mortar sense as he then fancied, but in the deeply moral and spiritual sense that he could not comprehend, the evoking of a great and beneficent force that should pervade the lives of many generations and exert an incalculable influence upon the community and the commonwealth and touch distant lands. It was the beginning of an institution that would instill high purposes in the hearts and minds of men and women and fill them with a courage to live life bravely and serviceably. Thenceforward the boy knew a little about the North Western Christian University. He saw it from time to time as he went nutting in Butler's woods, some of his acquaintances went there and he never could pass the building without admiring it. It remains in his mind to-day as one of the most impressive he has seen. The architecture was plain Gothic. There were three stories with two towers, one in the middle and a round one in the south side. It was shaped like an L. In fact, it was but one wing of the contemplated structure. A main building was to join it to another similar wing on the north, and to this main building the approach was a lofty double stairway on the outside, and in the engraving of the complete building which was used on the official letterhead, the whole stretched away in perspective until it seemed large indeed. The interior was no less impressive, with its high ceilings and the large oaken beams supporting them, with the broad staircase and with double doors leading into spacious, well-lighted rooms. It

was well built, built for the ages, and when torn down seemed as solid and substantial as it was half a century before, when no one dreamed that relentless change would cause its demolition so soon. It had a fit setting in a spacious campus that is thus described in the early catalogues: "The University Building is situated one and a half miles northeast of the center of the city in a Campus of twenty-five acres that is covered with primitive forest trees. Its location secures the advantages of both city and country." For the benefit of the present generation I will mention that this campus extended from College avenue to the Lake Erie & Western railroad on the east, and from Thirteenth street on the south to a point about Fifteenth street on the north. Beyond that was Butler's woods, a heavily timbered tract ending about half a mile north. The nearest house was Mr. Butler's Forest Home, on the corner of Park avenue. College avenue, which had no name then, was a country lane through farmland, and there was no house on the south nearer than three or four squares. There were not many houses then north of St. Clair street, but on Ft. Wayne avenue there were quite a number up to the turn into Central avenue, while above there on Central avenue there were only three within a mile, Judge Morrison's, General Morris's and R. B. Duncan's, all country places then, covering considerable acreage. There were no sidewalks or improved roads for several years, and in the spring the mud was something inconceivable to this generation of city dwellers.

I think the first catalogue was issued in 1856. This shows an attendance during the year 1855-'56 of 113, differentiated as 97 "male students" and 16 "female students," no classification being attempted. There were, however, three graduates, two male and one lady who is credited with completing "the Female Collegiate Course," indicating that although coeducation was the policy of the school, the sexes were not placed on an equality, the female course covering three years as against the customary four years of the male. It would be interesting to know why this distinction was made, and if this shortening of the period was a concession to the idea that females should not be educated too highly. A law school also was taught that year, with two students

The next year showed evidences of growth, there being 141 attendants, divided into classes, with 21 in the college proper, 66 in the college preparatory and 54 in the English school. Twenty-four of these were females. The law department had 9 students. In 1857-'58 the number ran to 178, the "males" and "females" disappeared, becoming "gentlemen" and "ladies," the only exception being a "female sophomore." That year there were 39 in the college proper.

In the early part of 1858 the Supreme Court rendered a decision that overthrew the free school system in Indianapolis and probably other cities. for a season. The High School located on University Square expired, and a considerable number of its pupils were compelled in the absence of a good school to attend the University. Due largely to this influx. the total ran up to 265, 58 of whom were in the college proper. In 1860 the number was 240, in 1861, 249, and that year the first triennial was printed showing 32 graduates. Then came the war with its disturbing effect, reducing the total in 1861-'62 to 181, and in 1862-'63 to 166, when there was but one senior to graduate.

In September, 1858, I entered the preparatory department and became a full-fledged college student. We soon learned to address the teachers as "Professor," and in turn to be addressed as "gentlemen," not "boys." Some changes had been made in the faculty, possibly in the anticipation of increased attendance. John Young. the president, was succeeded by Samuel K. Hoshour, who had been professor of modern languages for two years. Dr. R. T. Brown had become professor of natural science, the chair previously held by Professor Young, and a primary school was opened under the direction of Mrs. E. J. Price, President Hoshour's daughter. At Christmas of that year James R. Challen, who had been the head of the English school from the beginning, retired and was succeeded by Madison Evans. There were seven members of the faculty. President Hoshour was a better teacher than presiding officer. He was a kindly, scholarly man, but lacked judgment in the enforcement of discipline. He wanted to treat all the students as gentlemen, but there was quite an unruly and mischievious number who did not appreciate his ef-

forts. Hence there was trouble. He thought it was his duty to make the boys do theirs, and when some of them did not come into recitations he went forth after them. Now, for an old man with dim sight to try catching fleet-footed boys who dodged in and out a twenty-five acre campus thickly covered with trees, was not an easy job and never was successful. It became a favorite game, especially on Monday mornings when a Bible class was held in each room, to make a noise and lure the President, usually in slippers, on to a chase. And he was always game. He would call out, "I cite you in," sometimes giving the name of one suspected though he could not distinguish him, and he would follow the boys until he had to stop. But frequently he would exhaust the hour in vain pursuit and leave his class to look after itself. I knew him once when in good condition to chase a group as far as the State Ditch and the Peru railroad, before he gave up. I have often wondered what the other professors thought of this sport. His teaching methods were somewhat peculiar but he was efficient and generally respected and liked.

Professor Benton, who later succeeded him, was a thorough disciplinarian. I never knew of his having any breaches. He was not only a perfect gentleman who expected to be treated with the same courtesy he gave others, but he had exquisite tact and fine sense combined, with a firm bearing that admonished any one inclined to play tricks to beware. I remember well an exhibition of these qualities just after he became president. The literary societies gave occasional public performances, and a group of some of the older students in President Hoshour's reign would make a racket in the hall of the story below. This challenge never failed to arouse the President; out he would go pursuing them down the stairs and into the campus, only to return heated and irritated. On the first occasion after Professor Benton came in the game started as usual, but the President sat calmly in his place, attentive to the performance, and the noise went on until the makers grew tired and quit. It never was repeated; one lesson was enough. There was no fun in it if the President could not be tolled out. Professor Benton was a great teacher. He knew his subjects thoroughly and explained them with clearness

and completeness. He could not be diverted from the main object by questions or attempted discussions that were not pertinent. He stuck to the text and impressed upon his students the fact that they were there to study and learn. An idler or trifler had a hard time with him and soon quit or mended his ways, but for those who were simply dull though in earnest he had great patience. Of all the teachers I have had he ranks first, and I think the school owed more to him than to any other professor in its first generation. It could have been said of him as President Garfield said of President Hopkins of Williams College, "A student sitting on one end of a log with Mark Hopkins on the other made a college."

Quite a different type of man was George W. Hoss, professor of mathematics. He was a fine spirit also, polite and considerate. But he was more vivacious, more enthusiastic, more energetic. He was an inspiring teacher who had great pride in his profession. Many students taught school in the winter season, and for those principally Professor Hoss conducted a normal class, treating methods and practices of teaching. He also taught a class in rhetoric, giving instruction in writing and public speaking that were valuable to many and found expression in the literary societies. The latter years of his life were devoted entirely to this branch. Personally he was a handsome man, with a bearing and figure that were noticeable, and these qualities made him the most popular member of the faculty. His greatest fault, if it be a fault, was that he loved to talk and was easily induced on occasions to discuss some subject at length and occupy the time of recitation. Of course, that was taken advantage of by unscrupulous students, but the game did not always work, for it had to be played adroitly or the Professor saw the object and declined the overture. His connection with the school was terminated by his election as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and on his retirement from that office he became one of the professors at the State University.

This year saw the beginning of the work of Dr. Ryland T. Brown, which continued a long time. Dr. Brown was an all-around teacher of natural science, but was more expert and better

known as a geologist. He was then fifty-four years old, and when I heard him tell his age it seemed to me that he must have come down from the Old Silurian he talked about so familiarly. He had more exact and varied knowledge than almost any man I ever knew, largely along practical lines, how to farm, how to raise animals, how to purify cisterns, how to tan hides, and all that sort of thing, from the least unto the greatest. He was a fairly good speaker and preacher and occasionally dropped into poetry. Once he read quite a long and rather dramatic poem before the Mathesian Society, in which the characters were the Indians of a tribe formerly resident in Indiana. He was for many years one of the editors of the Indiana Farmer, and was a temperance advocate of power. In all of these capacities he served his generation well. As a teacher he was successful with those who wanted to study, but those who did not were not compelled to. He was intense or self-centered and absent-minded. Full of his subject, he would talk on regardless of noisy demonstrations or inattention, and nothing but an extremely outrageous offense could arouse him, and then but rarely. Things that would have upset most teachers never caused a ripple with him. He went placidly on as a rule, unnoticing and uncomplaining. Apparently he never knew many of his pupils and outside he never recognized anybody unless accosted by them. His head was always in the clouds and his mind absorbed beyond the touch of trivial matters.

James R. Challen, the preparatory teacher from the start until 1859, was the son of a prominent Christian minister who became the principal publisher of the denomination at Philadelphia. Professor Challen was much younger than the others, apparently, and was a sound teacher who invoked respect and friendship. On leaving the college he established himself in the practice of law at Cincinnati and held a creditable place there for many years. He was succeeded by Madison Evans, who was never popular. He retired in two years, being succeeded by our good friend A. C. Shortridge, and in 1865 was the victim of a murder that caused one of the most sensational trials the State has witnessed.

Of Mrs. Price and her later colleague, Mrs. Burns, better known

as Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, I had no personal knowledge, their work being confined to the primary department, but they were reputed to be excellent teachers and their work still abides in the hearts and minds of many.

The personal influence of these teachers was an important factor in the education they furnished. With possibly one exception, they were high-minded men, earnest and devoted to their work, intent upon building up character among their students. They were religious men, realizing the responsibility of the positions they filled and holding them as sacred trusts from God. Their examples and their outgivings were true, consistent and inspiring, and the effect of their good influence upon those whom they taught has been demonstrated over and over again.

The students to themselves were, of course, the most interesting body. They were of their time and that was different from the present. Indiana was a new State, comparatively. Its preponderating industry was farming, and its people lived plainly on their own products with little ready money. A majority of the students came from farms or small towns. Many of them were mature men who for the first time had an opportunity of getting an education. In his "Reign of Law," James Lane Allen describes the starting of a college in Kentucky just after the war, and I have thought that description fitted the North Western. The period of which I speak was in the closing years of the controversial era in which sect opposed sect and doctrinal differences were considered of the highest importance. The Christian denomination, as the members designated it, or the Campbellites, as its opponents designated it, was comparatively new, and, filled with the zeal and enthusiasm of youth, it was a mighty proselyter and foe. It had achieved great success among the plain people, and when strength and experience increased, it began to feel larger needs and turned to profit the experience of other denominations. The demand for an educated ministry was one of these and largely to that end the University was founded, just as that motive was the cause of practically all the colleges then existing, except State institutions. Therefore, a number of the students were recognized preachers and many were there to fit

themselves for that profession. As said before, there was a large element from the city, but as the city only had about 15,000 inhabitants, there was not so much difference between the classes as might be thought. Some of the city boys were "tonier," and some wore better clothes, but the best clothes then were plain compared with what students wear now. At bottom the student body was homogeneous, all being pervaded by the spirit of a new community, the distinctions being only on the surface. The object of going to college was to get an education, not to have fun, as it seems to be now. There was nothing else to go for. There were no sports, no glee clubs, no rival fraternities, no social distractions to divert one from the main issue. Therefore most of the students were in deadly earnest and worked hard. Numbers of them were there under pecuniary straits, at the cost of sacrifice to their families, and they worked when they could get work, taught school and preached. Some of these men who have made a mark in the world had to "bach" in order to get through, and one does not know which to admire most, their pertinacity or the strength of their stomachs. Naturally in such a heterogeneous body there were some queer fish. I remember one in particular. He was over thirty, his ability was very ordinary and he had had little schooling. But his ambition was overweening. He was bound to get an education quickly and entered classes in the English school and preparatory school that occupied the whole day, from eight-thirty to three, except three-quarters of an hour for dinner. I think he had seven recitations daily. Then an extra Greek class for beginners was started, meeting before chapel, and he joined that. A few weeks later the law school opened and he joined that also. It is needless to say that he accomplished nothing, and at Christmas gave up entirely. His case was the extreme, but there were some others who were no better fitted for college training. There were several to whom could have been applied the story of the man who wanted to preach, and, when told he had no gifts, said he had seen in answer to his prayers the letters "P. C." emblazoned on the sky, which meant "Preach Christ," and who was told, "You are mistaken, man, they

meant 'Plow corn.'" But, on the whole, the students averaged well, being fully equal to any similar body nowadays.

There was but one fraternity, the Phi Delta Theta, or Phis, as they were called. Its membership was small and select, and I do not think it had or tried to have any influence in college affairs. There was no college politics either. Possibly an occasional contest for an office in one of the literary societies, but no division into parties or cliques. The only diversion from study was the literary societies, the Mathesian and Pythonian, exclusively for men. Later the ladies organized one called the Sigournean. I deem these societies of first rate importance in the university, as they were generally, and believe the modern system has lost a valuable factor in their abandonment. The members read essays, made orations and debated questions of interest, and the work done furnished an experience and equipment that every man was the stronger for having. It broadened intelligence, taught men the forms of expression and the ability to meet men in discussion, and developed powers that enhanced their success in life.

No one can belittle those early days of your college. It was necessarily the small beginning, but the foundation was sound and the workmanship was good. It was a "small college," as the word goes now, but I believe that it is the small colleges that have done and do the best work in this country, and whose influence goes for more proportionately than in the great universities. The small colleges have more dynamic force and exert a greater influence upon their students than where there are scores of teachers and thousands of scholars. Their work is better done and they turn out a more finished product. A few weeks ago, when our beloved President Benton passed away, I wrote the fact to an Eastern minister, a former student at the university, who left there in 1860 and went to Princeton College. In his reply he said: "He was one of the choice men I have known, one of the best educators. I had not been in Princeton a great while when I began to realize the great advantage I had had in taking the freshman and sophomore years in a small college and under such men as were at the N. W. C. U. The languages as taught

in Princeton in those years were empty and a horrid grind, about as interesting as breaking stone. I have always felt I owed a great deal to Professor Benton, a scholar and a gentleman." This, I believe, would be the testimony of every survivor of those days to the worth of the institution.

One fact in conclusion that I think you should know: I have said that this period was the controversial era of the various religious sects. They quarrelled and fought with an intense bitterness that would seem incredible to you.

That era was drawing to a close, though few if any discerned it, and soon passed. But, in spite of such a condition, of such an environment, no trace of it was ever exhibited in the college. Every catalogue contained this statement: "The charter of the university requires the Bible to be taught daily as a class book, but forbids any kind of sectarian or partisan principles to be inculcated." Such breadth of view, such toleration, is astonishing. And it was carried out to the letter. In my four years I never heard one of those professors say a word in the advocacy of the beliefs of his church or in criticism or antagonism of the beliefs of other churches. In a college of a church so zealous in proselyting, this was a marvellous thing. I do not know at whose instance this provision was placed in the charter, most likely it was by the Founder, that far-seeing man whose day we honor, but however it came about, it shows the spirit that originated and pervaded the institution, and to which is due its greatness.

William Tinsley, Architect

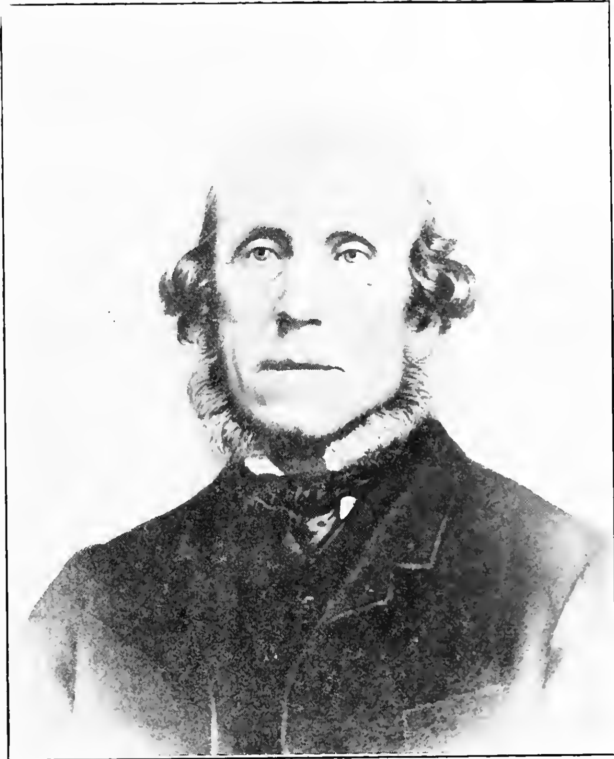
By William N. Pickerill

Upon a plain and unpretentious marble slab in beautiful Crown Hill, and marking his last resting place, may be read this inscription:

William Tinsley, Architect
Born in Clonmel, Ireland, February 7, 1804
Died in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 14, 1885
He walked with God for sixty-five years

A pleasant memory lingering with the pioneer students of Butler College, when the college bore the name North Western Christian University, was the building in which the institution was housed and its environment. And the name of William Tinsley, architect, had much to do with that pleasant memory, for it was he who designed the completed structure of the old college and superintended the construction of the west wing of the edifice, the only portion of it that was ever erected.

William Tinsley was one in a line of architects distinguished on both sides of the Atlantic ocean. He was the son of Thomas Tinsley, a contractor and builder in his native city, and in his youth studied architecture with his uncle, John Tinsley, an elder brother of his father, and a noted architect. Arriving at the age of manhood, he married Lucinda McCarthey, built a home and began his life work. From the first, he took high rank as an architect, and designed work and buildings for many distinguished people in southern Ireland. He designed and supervised the construction of the first Methodist church of his home city, Clonmel. He was prosperous in business. There were born to him and his wife seven sons and two daughters while they lived in Ireland, and one daughter in this country. When the O'Connell rebellion broke forth in Ireland, in 1850, he concluded there was a land across the sea better suited for the rearing of his numerous family; so, in 1851, he disposed of his belongings and with his family came to America on a sailing vessel. He



WILLIAM TINSLEY, ARCHITECT

settled at Cincinnati, Ohio, and, as he came equipped with letters and testimonials from numerous distinguished people in his native land for whom he had worked, his reputation as an architect, when he reached Cincinnati, was already established, and he had no difficulty in finding employment. His first work in the Western city was the substructure of the Probasco Fountain. To this he added the palatial mansion of Henry Probasco on Clifton Heights, and St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. These remain as landmarks of the good old city on the Ohio river. He also designed and superintended the construction of the school for the blind at Columbus, Ohio.

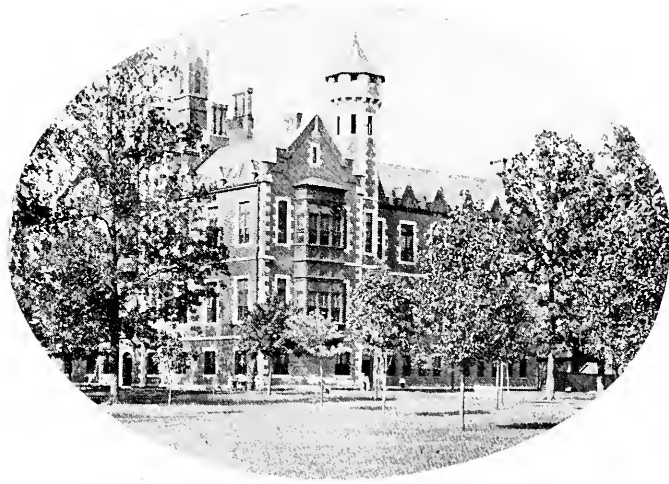
But the fame of William Tinsley as an architect was not confined to the city of his adoption. It reached out into Indiana, soon after he came to this country, and when the Hon. Joseph A. Wright was governor of Indiana, through his influence the plans for the State University at Bloomington, designed by Mr. Tinsley, were adopted, and he superintended the construction of the building there. When Bishop Talbot was at the head of the Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Indiana, through his influence the plans of Christ Church, in Monument Place, prepared by Mr. Tinsley, were also adopted, and he superintended the construction of that splendid and permanent ornament of our city. As the architect of churches and college buildings he was a noted master, and for several years he was president of the National Association of Architects of the United States.

An historian, supposed to be accurate, tells us that on the 14th of July, 1852, the board of twenty-one directors of Butler College (then the North Western Christian University) was organized, with Ovid Butler as president, and plans by William Tinsley, architect, were adopted, and the contract let for the construction of the west wing of the building./ It was then he moved to Indianapolis, that he might superintend the construction of the edifice he had planned. It was of Gothic style of architecture, with east and west wings and a main central structure, three hundred and eighty feet in length, one hundred and forty feet at its greatest width, three stories high, and each section surmounted by a stately spire. The walls of brick were faced with

trimmed stone, giving it a most comely and enduring appearance. The building was so designed that any one of the three sections could be erected and present a completed appearance. The west wing, the only portion of the building ever constructed, was erected in 1854-'55 under the supervision of Mr. Tinsley, at a cost of $27,000, and was dedicated on the first of November, 1855, by Horace Mann, president of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The site of the building was a large and beautiful grove, in the northeastern suburb of Indianapolis, covered with stately forest trees of oak, ash, sugar maple, elm, hickory and walnut, covering an area of twenty-five acres of land, which had been donated to the institution by Ovid Butler, its founder. The underbrush was removed and the entire campus, level as a house floor, was carpeted with a lawn of blue grass. With this magnificent setting, William Tinsley conceived and planned the temple of learning that was to become its fitting ornament. He was a lover of nature, realizing that the groves were God's first temples, and studied how to supplement the plan of the Great Architect of the Universe by disturbing them as little as possible.

The inscription upon his monument, as well as the monument itself, designed by himself while he lived, afford a key to his character. He was a devout man and walked with God, as evidenced by his work. He not only perpetuated his name in brick, mortar, wood, stone, iron and brass, but he left to posterity the example of a life well lived. And that life and that example found its impress in most of the lives of his numerous family. His eldest child, his daughter Ellen, at eighty-four, still survives in Dublin, as the widow of the Rev. Dr. Charles Fry, at one time a rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His eldest son, Rev. Dr. Charles Tinsley, whom the father trained for an architect, engineer and surveyor, resides in Indianapolis, at eighty-two, a superannuated minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after an active ministry of fifty-three years in twenty-four churches of southern Indiana. His son, Thomas R. Tinsley, was trained by and worked with his father, and is one of the distinguished architects of New York City, and at this



WEST WING, NORTH WESTERN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
(The Only Part Erected)

time, by selection of the company, is supervising the construction of the Equitable Life Insurance Building, the largest and most magnificent office building ever erected in New York. His daughter, Mrs. Jennie Waugh, is a missionary near Lucknow, India. His son, Harvey R. Tinsley, a leading citizen and prominent hardware merchant of Crawfordsville, Indiana, served his country as a soldier three years in the Civil War in an Ohio regiment. His son, James Tinsley, of Chicago, served in the same war on the gunboat Lexington, of the Mississippi squadron. Two sons, John and William, died as young men, while both gave much promise of future usefulness. The daughter Lucy was the wife of the late Charles Stagg, originator of shorthand reporting in the courts of Indiana. He and all his kindred were followers of John Wesley. Sleeping beside him, under the same marble slab that marks his final resting place, repose the remains of his beloved wife, and upon that slab he wrote this inscription when his first great sorrow came upon him: "Unselfish, affectionate, beloved Lucinda, wife of William Tinsley, lived a life of faith in Christ, and departed in the hope of a joyful Resurrection in her 47th year, Nov. 3, 1857."

It was the dream and hope of early students of Butler College that the plans of its founder would be carried out in the completion of the splendid structure designed by this eminent architect, and that in time they would be permitted to return and look upon the completed temple, whose picture they had carried away on their diplomas at the end of the college course. And fifty-nine years have demonstrated that the building, completed as planned, and its twenty-five acres of beautiful campus, would have accommodated all the patronage the institution has ever enjoyed. But it was not to be. The "Groves of the Academy in which we sought Truth" have succumbed to the devastating woodman's axe, all that ever was of the great architect's plan has been razed to the earth and the once beautiful lawn is now dotted over with the habitations of men. It was fitting that the name of the college should have been changed to the one it now bears. It should have been this from the first.

for we all realize that to the wise purpose and noble zeal of one man the college owes its existence.

If, in the coming years, there should be a resurrection of some of the things connected with the past of Butler College, let us hope the plans of William Tinsley may be among them.

Mark Twain in Vienna

By Addison C. Harris

On the way to Vienna, in 1899, we stopped some days in Paris. While there a letter came from Vienna commending a certain hotel because it had a lift that worked both ways, and hot and cold water laid on in every room. The round plain hand showed that the writer was not a German, and so I concluded at once that some American was trying to get in a position to claim a gratuity from me, or a commission from the hotel proprietor. This ruffled me a little, and I handed the letter to my wife, saying, "Here is some fellow I never heard of writing to have us come to the hotel where he is living in Vienna. Do you know anybody by the name of Clemens?" "Why, it is Mark Twain," she said, "of course. I thought you knew that much, anyway."

I had known Mark Twain by his books only for more than twenty years. I could repeat by heart some of his stories, as "The Jumping Frog," "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral," "The Song of the Turtle in the Land," and others; but I had forgotten, if I had ever known, that Mark Twain was not his real name.

We arrived late one rainy evening in Vienna, and, of course, went to the hotel Mr. Clemens had commended. We had hardly settled in our room when a stranger came to the door,—a spare man, with great bushy white hair and a long, drooping mustache. Of course I knew him, but for the life of me I could not think of his name, and so I said, "Come in, Mr. Twain." He answered, "Now that's good, that *is* good. I often forget my own name myself." He was accompanied by his wife and daugh-

ters, whom he presented as "my folks"; and at once we were well acquainted all around.

Mark Twain was entirely original in looks and words and manner. He was then sixty-five years of age, and had taken on the literary stoop. He had paused in Austria on his journey around the world, and was engaged in writing books and articles for the press. He said that his lectures in Australia and elsewhere on his journey had netted him enough to "pay off all his debts and put him eighty thousand dollars to the good." I soon became very well acquainted with him. His habits were simple. He cared nothing for the theater or the opera or fashionable functions. He lived in himself and with himself. There was connected with his suite a small room, commonly called his study, but which he always spoke of as his den. He arose late in the morning, and, after a cup of coffee and a biscuit, went at once into his study to write, and no one durst interrupt, not even one of his own family. He would not permit any one to tidy up his table, which I once saw littered over with papers and pencils and letters and cigars, pipes of all kinds and smoking tobaccos of all varieties. He smoked continuously as he worked. He kept his manuscripts that he was writing in certain separate places on the floor. For sometimes he wrote on a book, and then at other times on articles for magazines and the like. He said that his articles brought him twenty-five cents a word, and that he could not supply the demand.

He talked much about his own biography, on which he was then engaged. He said that his Life would not be published until one hundred years after his death. In answer to my inquiry why he put it off so long, he replied that he was writing the cold truth about his own life and many people whom he knew, and that nobody could write the plain truth about himself or his friends so long as there was anybody living who, reading his book, would take offense. He went on to say that a friend of his, meaning, I think, his brother, had written a life of Mark Twain, and that the book was simply a bundle of bald lies. It seems he never completed his autobiography. Why I cannot say. After his return to America he printed some chapters of it

in the North American Review. They failed to arouse public interest, and it may well be that he finally abandoned his purpose. Not only was he writing his life, but he said he had many other books in mind, and some partly written which he had failed to finish, because they turned out bad before he got through.

Having written and smoked the day long until evening, he would come out of his study and take a short walk to a certain beer cellar, where he would spend perhaps an hour. Soon after making his acquaintance he invited me more than once to go with him. To reach this beer hall we turned down a narrow alley along the wall of the synagogue, then went down a few well-worn steps into a large, dingy room with an arched ceiling, which indicated that the architecture was some centuries old. The floors and tables and benches were black with age. We always sat down on a bench—there were no chairs—and he would order the beer, which was always brought by a small boy from the cellar still below. Twain said this same beer had been sold in this same place continuously for more than two hundred and fifty years; and that every cup was drawn fresh from the wood; that the cellar was kept dark and at the same temperature all the time, so that the quality was always maintained up to the highest test. "And see," he said, "what strong and healthy men and women it makes." The room was always crowded with people of the working classes, masons, hodcarriers (who in Vienna are women), street sweepers, cab drivers, teamsters, market women and the like. He used to say, "See how happy they are. Every one has bought a lottery ticket on Monday and lives the whole week long expecting to draw a prize on Saturday; and this and their bread and beer is sufficient to fill their measure of life." I asked him why he came here. He said he wanted to hear German spoken by the common people, as he sometimes lectured on "German as She is Spoke," and he wanted to be sure of his pronunciation and accent. It is but just to say that he did not lecture in Vienna for money, but in aid of charitable societies and the like. In this way he had made a somewhat wide acquaintance with the cultivated and literary people. Besides, some of his books had been printed in German and were

on display in book store windows. I remember among these were "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and "Life on the Mississippi."

We had arrived in Vienna in the middle of Lent, and then learned that by the rules of the Court I could not be received until after Easter. Until I was received we had no social standing and could neither make nor receive calls. It was an awkward predicament. Mr. and Mrs. Clemens undertook to relieve this embarrassment by giving us an informal dinner to meet some of their Viennese acquaintances. It was an interesting company we met that evening at the table, set, as is the custom in Vienna, in their rooms. Counts and Barons are more common in Austria than Colonels and Judges in America, because all the generations inherit the title, men and women alike, to the remotest kindred. In the company was a certain Baroness who supported herself by publishing a literary almanac every Christmas, which she distributed gratis, but for which every one was expected to and did respond in a handsome sum of money, which was sufficient to maintain her in her apartments up five pairs of stairs. There were two or three Countesses and as many Counts, an officer of the Austrian army in a beautiful uniform, a young Russian musician, a Polish lady who spoke equally well any language, a newspaper reporter and an English subject who had never been in England, and whose wife was a painter and sold her wares to her friends as a favor.

The table talk ran chiefly along the lines of pleasure and sport. I remember well that a Countess, fat, fair and over forty, asked me if I had brought my saddle horses, for she hoped to have the pleasure of meeting me some morning on the course in the Praeter. One of the Counts inquired what style of gun I used when shooting, and asked me to spend a day with him in somebody's game preserve. The editor insisted upon the privilege of writing up the extent of my large estates in the Indian country I came from, and the number of horses and cattle and sheep grazing on the wild lands. Now, as I neither wrote nor shot nor had an estate, I was losing caste as a gentleman, when the Englishman, with a lisp that made me sure that his forefathers came from Jerusalem, said, in a low, apologetic way, "Do you fish?"

I did. Then he inquired what I would give him to take me where I could get five trout a day. My hand. Then he raised the offer to ten trout a day, and I said both hands. Then, lifting his voice in such earnestness as to gather the attention of the whole table, he said: "What would you give me if I take you where you get a hundred trouts a day?" "My purse."

The next morning he brought me a card of membership in the Vienna Trout Club, and I was off at once to the beautiful trout stream owned by the club in the mountains. None but gentlemen are permitted to fish for trout in Austria. The trout were so plentiful that I brought back to Vienna a full creel. In the meantime Mrs. Harris had learned that you may eat trout in Lent in Vienna; and so she gave a trout breakfast to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and their choicest friends, with whom we had made acquaintance through their kindness. A trout breakfast, self caught, and in Lent, was high fashion. Fishing with a fly was not a common sport, like riding or shooting or the opera. It was the favorite sport of his Majesty. All went off in high glee, and the newspaper man published a story in the society column with proper headlines, and I was at once qualified to be accepted in Viennese society.

Twain never worked in the evening, nor even read a book or the papers. His delight was a box of Havanas, a little Scotch and a friend with whom he might talk. We spent many evenings together in this way. He liked to tell how he was born in poverty in a little village in Missouri; that he had no school education; that when about thirteen years of age he was taken to Hannibal and put in a newspaper office as an apprentice, where he learned to set type and write "locals," and had, to use his own words, "the entire charge of the circulating department," meaning the delivery of the papers once a week. Then that he became a journeyman printer and traveled and wrote letters for the press; was in the Confederate Army for a few weeks, and then ran away and went to Nevada and reported on the Virginia City Enterprise; then drifted into San Francisco, doing newspaper work, until he was offered twenty dollars a letter for fifty letters, and all expenses, if he would go to Jerusalem on the Quaker

City; that he wrote the full number of letters, but on his return the newspaper people said they had received but forty-seven and refused to pay for the three lost letters. This he said was an injustice. Moreover, the newspaper people threatened to issue his letters in book form. This he declared would have been a gross outrage. So he rented an empty room, furnished it with one table, one chair, one cot and an armload of scratch books and a whole handful of pencils, and sat down and wrote "Innocents Abroad" from first to last in sixty days. The book was sold by subscription and made him a large sum of money, and he had been a book writer by profession ever since.

Reading his books carefully, one can see that everything is written from a reporter's point of view. He does not reason or essay, but tells what he sees and hears in such a way as to make him the world-wide humorist of his time. Much as I liked his books, his conversation and stories were often even richer, it seemed to me, than anything he had put in print.

I came to feel that I wanted to do something in proof of my friendship, but the Court was in mourning caused by the assassination of the Empress, and there were no Court balls or functions of a diplomatic character to which I might take Mr. and Mrs. Clemens. Suddenly he announced that he must leave Vienna in a short while and go to London. And so one day it came to me in great confidence that Mrs. Clemens would be pleased if I might bring about an audience for her husband with the Emperor. Twain was to know nothing about it unless I succeeded. At once I made a call on the Prime Minister and told him that Mr. Twain was compelled to leave Austria, where he had lived with great pleasure and delight for many months, and that it would please my President if his Majesty would grant Mark Twain the favor of a private audience. The Minister said that he had read some of Twain's books and thought them very good; that he knew of his world-wide reputation, as also did his Majesty, and that he was that very day to call on his Majesty and he would take his pleasure in this matter. That evening there came a note stating that his Majesty would receive Mr. Clemens the next day at noon. I carried the good news in haste

to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens. He seemed, and perhaps was, carelessly indifferent, but Mrs. Clemens was delighted. He must wear a dress coat, a silk hat, white gloves and a big cane, and go in a carriage with a footman. He was all ready the next morning, and was gone some time. On his return he sat down before all of us and began saying:

"Well, there is but few fellows that chum with Kings like you and me. I knew where the King lived but not how to get in. That footman knew all about it. We rode into a sort of back yard (the court) and then walked up an old wooden stair where there was some officers in a hall, who bowed before me to the floor, and the footman took my things, and the double doors opened into a large room which I entered to meet a gentleman in a white coat with gold buttons and red trousers and a sword, and I knew it was the Emperor. And he knew me too. And we both shook hands together, and then he asked me if I spoke German, and I said, 'Ya, Kindergarten Deutsch.' And then we began to talk together just like anybody, until after while he asked me about my hunting in the Rocky Mountains, and killing bears and lions and all that; and I undertook to tell him, but as I had never been hunting in my life and didn't know the names of wild animals in German, I was making a mess of it, when he said in a sort of friendly way, 'Twain, if you would talk English I think I could understand you better.' And then I did, and we had a good long talk together; and when I got ready to come away he sent his best wishes to my President and——"

And then he went into his study and wrote up an account of his visit in his best style, enough to make three columns in the newspaper, and sold it as soon as he arrived in London.

As I said, he was a thorough newspaper reporter and saw no impropriety in that, if there was any.

He left Vienna with some regret, for it afforded an opportunity for a Bohemian life which was entirely to his liking. All in all, he was entirely unique and singular, and whatever may have been his manner in his early days, in his old age he was a cultivated, genial, charming man.

Paracelsus

By Mary Galvin Davidson

"Browning's penetrative sympathy delights to enter all the various forms of life, to try to look through each man's eyes and describe in his character how his outside world is affecting the individual within. In Browning's harvesting all ranks afford an equally rich yield of humanity. He shows the husk, only to remove it and present us with the soul."

In Paracelsus Browning has chosen, as he was fond of doing, a real rather than a fictitious character, and one sufficiently complex and pronounced to give his philosophy and power of delineation full play. He found no mean subject in this man of insight far beyond his age—of stellar brilliance and inordinate ambition—with an intellect not only the peer of any of his day, but of which he himself not unjustly wrote: "I know that the monarchy of mind will belong to me, that mine will be the honor. I do not praise myself, but Nature praises me, for I am born of Nature and follow her. She knows me and I know her.

"After me, ye Avicenna, Galenus, Rhases, Montaguana, and others! You after me, not I after you, ye of Paris, Montpellier, Survia, Meissen and Cologne; ye of Vienna and all that come from the countries along the Danube and Rhine and from the islands of the ocean! You Italy, you Dalmatia, you Sarmatia, Athens, Greece, Arabia and Israelita! Follow me! It is not for me to follow you, because mine is the monarchy. Come out of the night of the mind! The time will come when none of you shall remain in his dark corner who will not be an object of contempt to the world, because I shall be the monarch and the monarchy will be mine."

Between the lines of this assured prophecy we read the pathos of the only consolation left to this disappointed, loveless man, whose long-sought sweets had turned to wormwood. Surely in his story we find much husk before the soul appears.

At his first appearance his strength of conviction, his singleness of purpose, his unlimited visions, and his fearlessness might easily

presage unprecedented achievement. From time to time, too, we find him in the presence of mistake and failure and misapprehension, with unbroken energy and independent action. Of his methods, so much criticised, because unusual, he says: "I went in search of my art, often incurring danger of life. I have not been ashamed to learn that which seemed useful to me even from vagabonds, executioners, and barbers."

Yet he would not learn from his peers and colleagues, and says, "I began to study my art by imagining that there was not a single teacher in the world capable to teach it to me, but that I had to acquire it myself. It was the book of Nature, written by the finger of God, which I studied—not those scribblers, for each scribbler writes down the rubbish that may be found in his head; and who can sift the true from the false? My accusers complain that I have not entered the temple of knowledge through the legitimate door. But which one is the truly legitimate door? Galenus and Avicenna or Nature? I have entered through the door of Nature; her light, and not the lamp of an apothecary's shop, has illuminated my way."

Again in defense of his own manner of research:

"We must seek for knowledge where we may expect to find it, and why should the man be despised who goes in search of it? He who wants to study the book of Nature must wander with his feet over its leaves. Books are studied by looking at the letters which they contain. Nature is studied by examining the contents of her treasure-vaults in every country. Every part of the world represents a page in the book of Nature, and all the pages together form the book that contains her great revelations."

We love the bold, free spirit that spared no time or pain in following its quest, and spent itself in willing devotion to the cause it deemed most worthy. Running through his whole life, as the very mainspring of his being, we feel the fierce struggle and reaching up, not only consciously, for the knowledge of which his mind had revealed to him the glimpse, but unconsciously for the soul development, of which he had no vision, of which he felt no need, but for which his soul, so great in embryo, cried out in unsatisfied hunger.

One critic calls him a drunkard and pretender; another defends

him as the most abstemious and misjudged of men. We find perhaps the most correct presentation of his character in the poem by Mr. Browning, who says, "The liberties I have taken with my subject are very trifling." He has indeed brought to our knowledge a man who, though a contemporary and friend of Luther, and a valuable pioneer in scientific research, would, but for this poem, have been almost unknown.

In it we are given the story of his life, from the time he leaves home in 1512 until his death in 1544. We see him first overflowing with the enthusiasm of youth, with the fire of his own awakening intellect fanned to flame by the possibilities the work about him suggests—the unknown world that seems filled with a wealth of hidden mysteries. With undaunted courage he leaves his friends, saying, "Are there not two points in the adventure of the diver: One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge; one—when a prince, he rises with his Festus? I plunge!"

After this we see him never again the light-hearted, the all confident. Though he attained success sufficient to satisfy many another, he suffered the isolation of an advanced thinker, the sneers of doubters, the jealousy of his compeers, the scorn of unpopularity. He experienced struggle with his own vices and defeat in attaining the unlimited knowledge that was ever his goal—in his feverish thirst,

> " 'Tis as yon cloud
> Should voyage unwrecked o'er many a mountain top
> And break upon a mole-hill."

Thus he regarded the result of his aspiring.

In following the course of his life journey we are impressed with the steady stepping downward all the way. It was not that his ardor burned itself out, nor that he became diverted by any greater or lesser passion. Nor did he fail intellectually. Misunderstood as he was, and deterred, no doubt, by persecution, he did make unparalleled discoveries and attained wonderful heights in science. His work and its influence were far greater than he or his colleagues ever knew. But in this drama Browning gives the story, not of a man's deeds, but of a soul. And there we find the dearth. With his marvelous insight into life, and the power that comes of vision, he

draws a consistent picture of this unbalanced character. He traces him through all his hopes and disappointments—a splendid marble figure, with a mind struck into unquenchable flame, but a heart unburned, even unwarmed thereby.

In him Browning finds adequate exemplification for his belief regarding the place of love in a life. Weakness, failure, even sin, he exalts if they are a means to development. And no development can be complete without love. No matter what pain or sacrifice it may cost; no matter how unsatisfactory its fruition; no matter if it be in all a tragedy; it *must be*. It is not a part of life. It *is* life.

Paracelsus comes to the close of his life without it—incapable either of grasping or of enjoying the real success so near him. Hence his failure.

In the last scene we find him unconscious in the hospital cell where he was taken after the accident that caused his death. His only friend, Festus, the same sane, true, steady Festus who has followed him afar through his life, is at his bedside. Always conscious of his friend's weakness, always fearful of his overpowering ambition, doubtless he alone knew Paracelsus thoroughly, and exagerated neither his faults nor his virtues. Saddened and lonely after the death of his wife Michal, he comes to the last interview with Paracelsus, bearing the weight of the love of them both for him, and burying under it his disappointment and knowledge of mistake. In his prayer the depth of his love for God and for Paracelsus is revealed. His old gentleness is swept away by his passionate grief. In the power of his love and faith and peace, he stands out a vivid contrast to Paracelsus, as he says:

> "God! Thou art Love! I build my faith on that!
> Even as I watch beside thy tortured child,
> Unconscious whose hot tears fall fast by him,
> So doth thy right hand guide us thro' the world
> Wherein we stumble. God! say he erred—
> Save him, dear God; it will be like thee; bathe him
> In light and life! Thou are not made like us;
> We should be wroth in such a case; but Thou
> Forgivest—so, forgive these passionate tho'ts,
> Which come unsought, and will not pass away!

I know Thee, who hast kept my path, and made
Light for me in the darkness—tempering sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy;
It were too strange that I should doubt thy love:
But what am I? Thou madest him, and knowest
How he was fashioned. I could never err
That way: the quiet place beside thy feet,
Reserved for me, was ever in my thoughts."

When he is roused to half consciousness, Paracelsus wanders from a haunting vision of Aprile, with some possession he cannot acquire—warmth, forgiveness, love—to a galaxy of demons waiting to beset him—his rivals and enemies. He discloses the misery he has endured in persecution, and his dawning heart hunger. Slowly he comes back to consciousness, clothed in a new humility before God, a new desire for eternal things, a new recognition of his fellow man.

Finally, under pressure of the burden of a last message to deliver, he insists upon rising from his couch, and, in his most dignified attire, addresses his audience. He reviews his life. First his vision; then the wonder of the world which had so called to him, and had been his workshop; and the perfect continuity of all creation, culminating in man in his supremacy. He revels in the stages of creation and presents a pronounced theory of evolution twenty years before Darwin's first book appeared. He explains man's relation to all created things, but reaches out to the future for the perfect development of man as a race. At last he comes to an avowal of appreciation of the past, and of the lack in his own life. He now realizes the difference between the knowledge and experience of love. As if the curtain were already drawn, he seems to have caught the vision that all his life before he has missed—the vision of God's truth.

Mr. Browning believes that for every life there is a mountain peak experience that transcends all previous or future life, and expresses a man's best self, but cannot be held or repeated.

Paracelsus reached his pinnacle as his life closed, and he lived neither to realize nor to descend from it. Wholly different was it

from the achievement he had been straining toward. He says, "I gazed on power till I grew blind." But now,

> "The power I sought for man, seemed God's.
> I learned my own deep error; love's undoing
> Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
> And what proportion love should hold with power."

Throughout the poem the author leaves no doubt as to the cause of his hero's failure. At the close he makes him stand self-revealed. Self-centered, self-seeking, self-satisfied, mistaken in his life principle, farther and farther he strayed from the possession of real truth and real happiness because he knew not the secret of self-surrender and self-spending.

In the study of this poem, the metaphysical issue is so absorbing as to call our attention from the poetry. In reading it, however, the originality, the music, the charm, of the verse are not lost. As a literary production it is considered one of Browning's most perfect poems, and indeed, one of the greatest English poems since Shakespeare. Although written when its author was but twenty-three years old, his second poem, it was markedly indicative of his philosophic and poetic genius, and in beauty of form was not surpassed by his later poems.

The Function of Education in a Democracy

BY JAMES CHALLEN SMITH

Herbert Spencer was one of the first scientists to place society under the law of evolution. This is to say that society is in a state of flux, and that the things which might have been predicated of it a decade ago are no longer true to-day. It follows from this, of course, that the school system, which is a function of society, falls under the same law; and that the old principles and methods of the schoolroom either have become obsolete or require modification.

Society to-day evinces a decided tendency toward a centralization of power in the hands of the few; toward a financial aristocracy—an economic caste of great influence over the masses. Distinguished from, if not opposed to, this financial oligarchy stand the people, 80 per cent. of whom are wage-earners, depending for their bread and good fortune upon those above them. One schoolman has said that we are rapidly becoming a nation of "machine-tenders," implying a wage tutelage as hard and fast as that of slavery.

With the Renaissance came intellectual freedom and with it science and invention. A little later religious liberty followed, the state emerging from the dominance of ecclesiasticism, which freed the people from organized intolerance and the terrors of the Inquisition. Political independence did not lag far behind. In England, France and America especially, democracy sprang up; the monarch's tyranny vanished, and eventually serfdom and slavery.

There remains, however, another power of injustice—the power which falls into the hands of the few under financial centralization. The problem of economic freedom remains to be solved; and how it shall be done in the future depends on what the schools shall do for the masses to-day. In other words, the question is: What is the function of education in a democracy? In America there is the absence of titular caste, but not of financial caste. And though it is still possible for the poor man to rise into political power, the opportunities for such become constantly restricted. The Senate of the United States is rapidly becoming a body of rich men. To grapple with the problem two things are required of the school system:

1. The governing class must be educated; they must not depend merely on political popularity for the suffrage of the people. They must be intellectually and morally qualified.

2. In order that this may be so, it is equally necessary that the rank and file be educated; otherwise designing leaders will exploit them politically and grafters continue to serve. Just and good government depends, in the last analysis, upon the general education of the electorate. The greatest power in a

democracy is popular opinion. If the people be illiterate and suffer abuses, as were they of France prior to the Revolution, the results are full of cause for apprehension. The fire of the illiterate mob is unquenchable. On the other hand, an intelligent, conscientious popular opinion is the voice of God. There is no problem which the people may not solve eventually—but culture must aid in the task. Horace Mann said:

"If republican institutions wake up unexampled energies in the whole mass of a people, and give them implements of unexampled power in order to work out their will, then these same institutions ought also to confer upon that people unexampled wisdom and rectitude. . . . In a word, we must not add to the impulsive, without also adding to the regulative forces (in men)."

The question then resolves itself into one of deciding which sort of education should be adopted in order to meet the conditions of the times, and to prepare the rising generation to solve its inevitable problems. There are in the main four answers proposed:

1. There are those who argue that, since the masses are to be wage-earners and "machine-tenders," our educational schemes should look toward æsthetic subjects, toward music, art and literature; that each day, when his toil is over, the laborer may spend his leisure in the highest forms of pleasure. His schooling, in other words, must teach him how to spend his leisure, not how to grapple with the problems of government and economics. In the coming thraldom of the "machine age" they must learn to alleviate their lot by turning to æsthetics, just as the great slaves of Roman antiquity cultivated elocution and the languages for comfort. If the "machine-tender" age be inevitable, perhaps this is the true philosophy.

2. The second plan is what is sometimes called the "traditional" or the "liberal education" plan. It would give to all alike, so far as they are able mentally, a general education, in literature, in art, in geography, in history, in mathematics; in fact, a good degree of knowledge both in the æsthetic and in the scientific subjects of the curriculum. On the broad basis of

a liberal education, commenced in the elementary schools, continued and enlarged upon in the secondary schools and in the college, it would leave to the individual the sort of life structure he should build for himself. It would make men of such flexibility of mind as to succeed in any vocation. It would prepare not only the leaders of men for the professions and for government, but also the common people for business in their chosen vocation. It would give the masses of men as much education as possible, in order that an intelligent, conscientious, popular opinion might give stability to the foundations of human society. It would create by this means of ferment in society an intelligent unrest, refusing to enter a "machine-tender" age, preferring independence with precariousness, rather than economic servitude with assured comfort. Paradoxical as it may seem, this is the view held by the various labor organizations of the country. They view with distrust the plan to teach the trades in the public schools, as a method of plutocracy to narrow the scope of learning, in order to keep the laboring class in intellectual and economic servitude.

3. There is a manifest tendency, however, toward the third plan, the "vocational" plan. The "traditional" scheme has failed to meet the needs of the times. In the first place, the majority of youth never get far enough into the cultural subjects to derive inspiration and benefit; they leave school too early to face the "bread and butter" question; and their training has not been adequate. There would be no movement toward vocational education were there no demand for it. The people demand something tangible and practical.

Besides this, the adherents of the plan argue that it disciplines the mind quite as well as the so-called cultural subjects. Commercial arithmetic has as much disciplinary value as general arithmetic, and has the added virtue of preparing the student for his life work. Making bread according to well-defined recipes exercises the mind quite as efficiently as conjugating a Latin verb. Being able to sew a straight seam in good stitches indicates as much mental development as to play the piano or to paint a seascape.

The adherents of the vocational plan "believe that the proper teaching of vocations not only will give the pupil a firm basis for industrial success, but will give him naturally and effectively the culture of ideas, the power of right habits, and guidance of ideals that are in harmony with a life of common toil."—("Education," October, 1913.)

Facts seem to indicate, however, that these are radical claims. How many men one meets in common life who lament the lack of schooling in their early days! They have had no lack of vocational training, or its equivalent—apprenticeship—with which no vocational training in the public schools of to-day can compare. And yet such men feel their limitations. Rigid vocationalism may submerge the schools into a system which turns out shopmen, carpenters, machinists, typewriters, bookkeepers, drug clerks, agriculturists, horticulturists, etc.

What vocations shall the public school system embrace? What proportion of time shall be allotted to each on the program? How many merchants can the city maintain, and therefore how many shall the schools make provision to educate? How many blacksmiths, carpenters, typewriters, etc.? To be just to each and all the vocations, the schoolmen must have these data in order to apportion time and expense to each. The problem then assumes a practical phase which renders it impossible on any equitable basis.

4. The last plan contemplates a combination of the foregoing, only that it lays emphasis upon the cultural rather than upon the vocational. The latter becomes an adjunct, an outlet, or expression of the former. Measurements, for instance, are taught theoretically in the arithmetic class; they are fixed in mind in the carpenter shop. The hygiene of food is inculcated by precept in the hygiene class, perhaps with class-book; it is emphasized practically in the domestic science kitchen. Drawing and decoration by the pencil and by the brush in the artroom are supplemented by the scissors, the needle and the crochet hook in the sewing-room. Divorce the theoretical from the practical and each becomes less efficient as an agent for the increase of either knowledge or training. Huxley truly says that the sub-

jects taught in the high school and in the college are but amplifications of the same subjects commenced in the elementary school; and in this fact the terminology "elementary" finds justification. The elementary school lays the foundation upon which all professions and vocations build subsequently.

It goes without saying then that up to the sixth grade all pupils, irrespective of present condition, or of future vocation, should be taught the same subjects, the so-called "fundamentals" —reading, writing and arithmetic. These may be for variety and interest interlarded with nature study, stories, geography, present-day history, music, art and handwork; but the emphasis must be laid where it belongs—on the fundamentals.

In the seventh and eighth grades a segregation gradually appears, both in the mental and in the physical aptitudes of the pupils. Many have left school altogether; many more are soon to leave upon their completion of the eighth grade. There is reason here for a divided program; one giving a maximum of culture subjects and a minimum of vocational. for those who are going to high school; and the other laying the emphasis upon the vocational, for those leaving school altogether.

In the high school the sifting process continues, where there are courses suited to the aptitudes and capabilities of all, professional, commercial, tradescrafts, engineering, scientific, pedagogical and classical. The difficulty here, however, lies in the fact that pupils of the adolescent age have not yet "discovered themselves;" they do not know what they want. Wise teachers know how to counsel pupils who show aptitude to continue the cultural course rather than the vocational. If later these pupils find that they desire a given vocational training, their antecedent cultural training has not been in vain. The same method of procedure continues in the college.

The cultural course has been continuous from the sixth grade to the university; but the number of pupils under it has grown less and less in the ascending scale. as also the number has increased under the vocational. The cultural course has been the trunk, branching out from which have been the various departmental courses, absorbing strength from the parent course, and

flowering into practical and useful trades, business and the professions. That man in any vocation who has a great amount of cultural training is the gainer. He can get the practice outside of the schoolroom; in fact, his remaining life will be a practice field, where proficiency will continually approximate perfection. The higher education should give such flexibility of mind as to enable one not only to make a living, but also to know how to live.

Under a democracy the function of education is to give to the greatest number of children possible a cultural training, putting who. from necessity, must leave the schoolroom to make a living; for those also whose mental ability renders further advance in higher education impossible or questionable. On this basis only is it believed that under a democracy may we have both educated and efficient governors; and what is equally as important, an intelligent populace, whose just and wise opinion will give stability to human society in all the vicissitudes of solving its own political and economic problems.

DOWNEY AVENUE CHRISTIAN CHURCH
(As Proposed)

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumnal Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Subscription Price, one dollar per year.
Entered at the Indianapolis Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter, March 26, 1912.
Address communications to Katharine M. Graydon, Secretary, Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.

New Building of the Downey Avenue Church

On September 27 the completed Sunday School Building of the Downey Avenue Christian Church was dedicated. It is the left wing of the picture opposite. Professor Thomas M. Iden, '83, now occupying the chair of Bible study at the University of Michigan, was the guest of honor and spoke both morning and evening. Happy was the selection, for Professor Iden is regarded as one of the greatest Sunday school organizers in the country. He teaches at Ann Arbor a class with an average attendance of 1,100. And happy, too, was the selection in bringing back one so esteemed and so beloved in church, in college, in town, as Thomas M. Iden.

So closely identified is the history of the church with the history of the college that we give briefly the resume of the service rendered through the years to bring about this beautiful building.

The preliminary steps toward the organization of what is now the Downey Avenue Christian Church were taken at a meeting held in the then new college chapel, September 19, 1875.

On the 5th of September, 1875, a meeting was held in the recitation room of Professor Hopkins. Mrs. Margaret Huston, Miss Ella McCollough and W. S. Moffett, of the present church membership, were among those who associated themselves together in the first meeting. On December 12 they observed the first communion service.

The first board of elders were: I. M. Tilford, S. M. Huston, Silas Loughlin, O. A. Burgess, A. G. Thomas. In addition, the

following have served as elders: E. W. Knapp, A. R. Benton, H. W. Everest, W. H. Wilson, B. M. Blount, J. B. Newcomb, H. C. Garvin, W. S. Moffett, Jabez Hall, D. C. Brown, T. C. Howe, J. A. Roberts, J. W. Putnam and H. U. Brown.

The preaching service was done largely by the faculty of Butler College from the beginning to the commencement of the pastorate of E. L. Frazier in April, 1892. The church has had the service of J. W. Comfort, E. P. Wise, F. W. Norton and the present pastor, C. H. Winders.

On August 11, 1881, the official board passed a resolution for the erection of the present church building. This was erected at a cost of $15,470.63, and was dedicated April 9, 1893, Carey E. Morgan officiating.

The Sunday School was organized January 23, 1876, with Professor J. O. Hopkins as superintendent. He was succeeded by James A. Young, then a student. The following have served as superintendents of the Sunday school: Horace Mann, Thomas Iden, T. C. Howe, Will D. Howe, Carl R. Loop, A. B. Tharp, C. B. Coleman, W. A. Sweetman, S. H. Creighton, W. G. White. Of these, possibly Dr. Creighton, now teacher of the Men's Bible Class, rendered the longest service.

For the happy culmination of the severe work of three years, for the selection of plans so chaste and dignified, which add greatly to the attractiveness of Irvington, and for the promise of the completion of the entire design, the Quarterly expresses its appreciation and sends its congratulations.

Butler's Sixtieth Year

The sixtieth year of Butler College instruction opened September 16 under conditions more than ordinarily favorable. All teachers were at their posts in spite of the delay occasioned by the European war. A throng of students, whose numbers surpass that of any previous opening week, pass in and out of recitation rooms and crowd the chapel. Classes have settled down to hard work. Student activities claim the usual attention. All look forward to a year of happiness and achievement.

President Howe conducted the first formal chapel service on Tuesday following the registration. He made a telling plea for the due proportion of time to religious worship. Rev. C. H. Winders, of the Downey Avenue Church, at the Thursday chapel service spoke earnestly in behalf of a well-balanced program, with due allowance for work, for play, for friendships, and for worship.

Athletics starts with a rush. A tennis tournament is on at date of preparing this report. Football practice started early. Al Feeney, the former Notre Dame star, assists Thomas in the coaching. Coaches report splendid material.

Attendance figures at time of writing show the following results: Men enrolled, 124; women enrolled, 183; total, 307. Of these 120 are new students and 187 are old students. The increase in attendance over last year comes with the old students. This decrease in the mortality rate is especially gratifying.

Another gratifying feature is the large number of seniors. It seems certain that this year's class will outnumber last year's class. Since the class of 1914 broke all records for size this situation calls for congratulation.

Enrollment by departments follows: English, 238; History, 147; Religious Education, 118; German, 109; Philosophy, 100; French, 98; Economics, 81; Chemistry, 45; Mathematics, 44; Biology, 38; Sociology, 30; Latin, 27; Greek, 21; Public Speaking, 12; Physics, 8.

The religious census yields the following result: Disciples, 125; Methodists, 57; Presbyterians, 45; Baptists, 23; Congregationalists, 8; Episcopalians, 8; Lutherans, 7; Friends, 5; Catholics, 5; Evangelicals, 3; Unitarians, 2; Hebrews, 2; Christian Scientists, 2; Moravian, 1; Reformed, 1; no church, 10; no report, 3. This census shows a thoroughly representative student body, and constitutes a splendid commentary on the interdenominational spirit of Butler College.

Thirty-one ministerial students are in attendance, and sixteen others preparing for missionary or other form of religious work.

Butler College has grown steadily through the past decade. In that period the attendance has increased three-fold. Nothing

sensational has stimulated this growth. It came through the patient toil of men who set high standards of collegiate work before the students. The growth, then, marks the normal, healthful growth of the standard institution.

CHARLES E. UNDERWOOD, '03.

Changes in the Faculty

This fall's reopening of college finds several changes in the faculty. Professor Milton D. Baumgartner, who heads the German department, graduated from the University of Kansas in 1902 and received his master's degree from there the following year. Later he became a graduate student at the University of Chicago, where he received his doctor's degree in 1913. He was once before connected with Butler College when, during the winter term of 1905, he was acting assistant professor of German, taking the place of President Howe, then head of the German department, who was serving at that time in the Indiana State Legislature. During 1905 and 1906 Professor Baumgartner was acting assistant professor in the University of Missouri, and during part of 1907 he held the same position at Miami University. He was elected to the faculty of the University of Nebraska in 1908, where he was serving as assistant professor when called to head the department of German at Butler.

William J. Cotton, who succeeds J. Ralph Kuebler as instructor in physics and assistant instructor in chemistry, graduated from Ripon College, and received his master's degree in science from the University of Wisconsin in 1910. In addition to his college training, he has had several years' experience as a commercial chemist with large Chicago and Ohio concerns. He was for one year instructor in chemistry in the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Kuebler has accepted a fellowship at Indiana, where he will complete his studies.

Miss Amy E. Keene has come as instructor to take charge of two of the five sections of the Freshman English. Miss Keene is a graduate of the University of Michigan and at present a resident of Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene returned August 15 from a twelve-month in France, where Mr. Greene, who is of our Romance language department, followed courses during the university year at the Universities of Rennes and of Paris. They have only the pleasantest memories of France. A letter from Professor Grandgent, of Harvard College, introduced them among university people, whose continued kindness added much to the pleasure of their stay. Although the primary object of their trip was not sightseeing, Mr. and Mrs. Greene saw something of Normandy, Brittany and the Chateaux country of the river Loire. Pleasant and inspiring as their year has been, they are nevertheless glad to be at home again.

A New Book

The Columbia University Press has just issued in its "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law" a volume by Christopher Bush Coleman, Ph. D., professor of history in Butler College. Under the title of "Constantine the Great and Christianity," Mr. Coleman in a critical and scholarly manner discusses this colossal figure of Christendom, showing the part he played in the rise and establishment of Christianity in European states.

The author considers his subject in three sections: In Part One he presents the historical facts of Constantine and Christianity; in Part Two, the legendary Constantine and Christianity; in Part Three, the spurious Constantine—The Constitutum Constantini.

Following Part Three is an Appendix, consisting of several documents connected with the history of the Constitutum Constantini and the "Donation."

A full, rich Bibliography is given and an Index.

The volume is technical enough for the keen student, and not too scientifically critical for the plain reader deeply interested in that commanding century of church history. An added interest for many readers lies in the fact of the authorship, and the book is doubly welcome because from the hand of a scholarly

member of the faculty and a tireless, selfless worker for the interests of Butler College.

Athletics

Much is being said these days about an alumni management of athletics, and a movement is on foot to place Butler athletics under the control of the organization of the graduates of the college. Such, at any rate, is the hope of Coach Thomas and several others of our alumni. Nothing definite has been done as yet along this line excepting the planning of an alumni banquet at the close of the present football season, at which Coach Thomas expects to outline his plans and put the proposition before the men graduates of the college. It is expected that this will be held immediately after the Franklin game, which will be played here November 21, and that all of Butler's alumni men and the football team will be invited.

The purpose of the movement is to place Butler athletics on more of a paying basis, so as to make our athletic equipment what it should be. It is an ever-increasing problem how each succeeding football squad is to be properly equipped. The alumni believe that with a plan such as is being fostered among them, equipment can be annually obtained which will add materially to the success of the Butler teams.

Among the men who are behind this plan are Roger W. Wallace, R. Frank Davidson, Cullen Thomas, Charles B. Davis, Demarchus C. Brown and Hilton U. Brown. The football equipment this year is much better than formerly, and it may be that, due to the efforts of these men, we may hereafter be able to expect the same or better for each team that Butler sends against the other secondary colleges of the State.

The football schedule for the season is:
October 3—Georgetown, at Indianapolis.
October 17—Earlham, at Richmond
October 24—Hanover, at Indianapolis.
October 31—Transylvania, at Indianapolis.

November 7—DePauw, at Greencastle.
November 14—Rose Poly, at Indianapolis.
November 21—Franklin, at Indianapolis.

The Butler Alumnæ Club

"A Study of Modern Drama" is the general topic for the year's work of the Butler Alumnæ Literary Club. The program follows:

September 26—The Children's Theater and Some Legendary Plays.

The Children's Theater Movement, Irma Bachman, '12.

"The Piper"—Its Writing and Production, Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08.

Conversation—"The Piper," leader, Irma Nix, '09; "Peter Pan," leader, Lucile Carr, '08; "Robin of Sherwood," leader, Margaret Duden, '11.

October 24—The Spectacular Drama.

The Pageant, Mercedes Lois Kile, '09.

The Staging of Spectacular Drama, Daisy McGowan Turner, '08.

Conversation—"The Daughter of Heaven," leader, Gretchen Scotten, '08; "Joseph and His Brethren," leader, Eva Mae Lennes, '08; "The Garden of Allah," leader, Hope Whitcomb Graham, '11.

November 28—Moving Pictures.

The Mechanics of Moving Pictures, Marie Binninger, '07.

The Development of the Moving Picture Theater, Clara B. Thormyer, '06.

The Possibilities of Moving Pictures, Irma Nix, '09.

Moving Picture Actors and Magazines, Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08.

December 26—Social Drama.

The Development of the Capital-Labor Drama, Lucile Carr, '08.

Conversation—Hauptmann's "The Weavers," leader, Cora M. Emrich, '00; Galsworthy's "Strife," leader, Alma Hoover, '08; Galsworthy's "Justice," leader, Margaret Duden, '11.

January 23—Social Drama—The Moral Side.

"Damaged Goods"—Is the Subject Matter Proper for the Drama? Emily Helming, '99.

Conversation—"The Fight," leader, Clara B. Thormyer, '06; "The Lure," leader, Bessie Faye Power, '08; "Hindle Wakes," leader, Lettie Lowe, '08.

February 27—Leading Dramatists.

Bernard Shaw, Jessie Christian Brown, '97.

Conversation—"The Doctor's Dilemma," leader, Emily Helming, 99; "Man and Superman," leader, Hope Whitcomb Graham, '11; "The Devil's Disciple," leader, Esther Faye Shover, '00.

March 27—The Irish Theater Movement.

The Theater Movement in Ireland, Daisy McGowan Turner, '08.

The Abbey Theater, Helen Tichenor, 12.

The Irish Players, Marie Binninger, '07.

Conversation—Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," leader, Margaret Shera Wynn, '06.

Presentation of an Irish Play by Members of the Club. Committee in charge, Eda Boos, '14; Edith Webb, '14; Helen Tichenor, '12.

April 24—Modern Actors.

Maude Adams, Mercedes Lois Kile, '09; George Arliss, Beatrice Hoover, '13; DeWolf Hopper, Eda Boos, '14; William Faversham, Edith Webb, '14; Ethel Barrymore, Helen Tichenor, '12; William Hodge, Eva Mae Lennes, '08; Walker Whitesides, Lettie Lowe, '08; David Warfield, Lucile Carr, '08.

May 8—Guest Day, with Miss Graydon.

May 22—The Production of a Play.

The Writing of a Play, Gretchen Scotten, '08.

The Reading of a Play, Beatrice Hoover, '13.

The Rehearsals, Irma Bachman, '12.
Press Agents, Mary Clarke Parker, '08.
Producers, Alma Hoover, '08.
The Production, Mercedes Lois Kile, '09.

The officers of the club are: President, Marie Binninger; vice-president, Gretchen Scotten; secretary, Lettie Lowe; treasurer, Alma Hoover; program committee, Irma Nix, chairman, Flora Frick, Gretchen Scotten.

Personal Mention

President Howe and family spent August at Provincetown, Mass.

D. Sommer Robinson, '10, is spending the year at Harvard working for his doctorate.

Miss Gretchen Scotten, '08, is teaching English in the high school at Muncie, Indiana.

George V. Miller and Mrs. Pearl Jeffries Miller, '96, have come to Irvington for residence.

Miss Florence L. Smock, '13, is at Stockwell, Indiana, teaching English and Latin in the high school.

Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, '90, spent August at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and the vicinity of Boston.

Professor W. R. Longley, '02, and Mrs. Longley, '04, and little daughter spent July with Mrs. Longley's parents in Irvington.

The Quarterly sends sympathy to Miss Mary Bragg, '13, for her siege of typhoid fever. Miss Bragg is with relatives in Virginia.

The Quarterly sends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Butler for the long illness of the latter. Mrs. Butler is at present at the North Shore Sanitarium above Chicago, but is ex-

pected to return in the autumn to Irvington, where her many friends will gladly welcome her.

Anson H. Washburn, '98, is located at Zeeland, Michigan, where he is superintendent of public schools.

Mrs. Mary Graham Place, '00, with her children, visited her mother and friends in Irvington in the summer.

Herbert W. Schmid, '11, having graduated at the Indianapolis Law School, is now located in the office of Ernest R. Keith.

Mrs. Dora Pendleton Riley, '85, has returned to Irvington for residence to place her daughter in college. We heartily welcome her to the shadow of her Alma Mater.

Paul W. Ward, '14, received the Merit Scholarship from the Union Theological Seminary and is spending the academic year in New York City working for his master's degree.

George W. Hemry, '05, is acting professor of religious education at Transylvania University in Kentucky during the autumn. In January he intends to return to the University of Chicago.

We are all interested in the new partnership of Myers and Moffett, which has its rooms in the Law building of Indianapolis, and recognize therein our friend Lee Moffett, of the class of '12.

In the present Freshman class have entered Mildred, the daughter of J. N. Jessup, '90; Katharine, the daughter of Dora Pendleton Riley, 85; Beulah and Opal, the daughters of James Calvin Burkhardt, '97.

A pleasant picnic reunion was held on the beach at Jackson Park, Chicago, in July, at which gathered Leon B. Logan, '12; Ira D. Clarke, '12; John McBride, '14; Allen H. Lloyd, '12; Mrs. Lloyd, '13, and Miss Graydon.

Thomas H. Kuhn, '90, of recent years at Fortville, Indiana, has entered upon his duties as one of the deputies of the State Board of Accounts. He will serve out the unexpired term of George A. Bittler, the Democratic nominee for Treasurer of

State, who has resigned. Mr. Kuhn has been a minister and a lecturer, and, while a citizen of Richmond a few years ago, became the Democratic nominee for representative in Congress.

Mr. Mallie J. Murphy, '08, and Mrs. Murphy, '12, have gone to Washington, D. C., for permanent residence. Mr. Murphy is associated with Mr. Thomas R. Shipp, '97, who is conducting a publicity and advertising bureau.

Miss Flora N. Hay, ex-, now living at Evanston, Illinois, where she is associated with the public library, has been elected for the ensuing year president of the "North Shore Alumnæ Association of Kappa Kappa Gamma."

Mrs. May Vinnedge Sheridan, ex-, now living in Frankfort, Indiana, has been appointed under the Federation of Clubs upon a committee to consider the condition of the mature blind of the State and the establishment of an industrial home where the inmates may work and be self-supporting and self-respecting.

The Quarterly sends welcome to Alice, who came on May 22 into the home of Mr. Samuel and Mrs. Mildred Moorhead Shafto, '11; to Barbara, who came on July 7 into the home of Mr. Mansur and Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95; to David Brent, who came on September 6 into the home of Mr. David and Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft, '11.

Among our college family caught in Europe this summer, all having now returned in safety, were: W. F. Elliott, '80; Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97; Miss Blanche P. Noel, '00; M. M. Amunsen, '05; Mrs. Hope Whitcomb Graham, '11; Ernest M. Linton, '11; Mrs. Henry L. Bruner, wife of Professor Bruner; Miss Anna Weaver, of the Greek department.

Mr. Emsley W. Johnson, '00, and Mrs. Johnson, '03, entertained in their home in Indianapolis on the evening of October 2 a number of Butler friends, with Arthur E. Waters, '03, and wife as guests of honor. There were present: Earle M. Edson, '03, and wife; Charles E. Underwood, '03, and wife; William Shimer, '02, and wife; Orval Mehring, '02, and wife; E. E. Thomp-

son, '00, and wife; Mrs. Ernest Graham, '11; E. E. Moorman, '99; Dr. James and Mrs. Rose Billings Morrison, '05. Mr. Waters has for several years made his home in California, where, near Pomona, he owns and cultivates ninety acres of fruit.

At the commencement of the Yale School of Religion, held in New Haven on June 1, the degree of B. D. magna cum laude was conferred upon Andrew Leitch, '11. His thesis was upon "Paul's Doctrine of Law in Romans." Mr. Leitch also received the Hooker-Dwight Fellowship for one year. Mr. and Mrs. Leitch spent their vacation in their home in Ontario, Canada.

Misses Margaret Duden, '11, and Flora Frick, '11, who had been granted leave of absence from the Indianapolis Public Schools to study for a year at the University of Bonn, Germany, have cheerfully risen above their disappointment and have taken up graduate work at home: Miss Duden, German and history at Butler College; Miss Frick, German and education at the University of Wisconsin.

E. G. Clifford, '93, has removed to Fort Wayne, where he takes up the pastoral work of the Jefferson Street Christian Church. The Quarterly extends to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford its best wishes for the new field, knowing that what is honest and true and unselfish and earnest will be accomplished by them. They will be much missed in the loyal gatherings of alumni, from which they were seldom absent.

George B. Baird, '06, missionary in China, is at home with his wife on a year's furlough. It is Mr. Baird's intention to do graduate work at the University of Chicago. An anecdote is told which may interest Mr. Baird's friends. Several years ago two Shelbyville gentlemen, Mr. DePrez and Mr. Gorgas, while on the tour of the world, were the guests of their fellow townsman in China. At this time there was civil war in that country. The Americans were living outside the city of Lu-chow-fu, which is in the interior. At night a guard was stationed about the city and no one was permitted to enter or to leave. One evening Mr. Baird left his companions, telling them he intended to run

the picket lines. Several hours later he returned, having successfully passed the Chinese soldiers. Being quizzed by his American friends, Baird told them that he had gone into the city to see an American girl. The tourists told him that if he ever married the girl, to see whom he had risked his life, and brought her to Indiana, a dinner party would be given in their honor. Let us add that the dinner party has been given.

Thomas M. Iden, '83, has a correspondence list—a personal list—of over two thousand. If some of the people who lament at the necessity of writing one letter a week could get a look at the address book of T. M. Iden, it would give them something to think about. Mr. Iden started the old Bible class at Butler in 1892, and has kept such work up while in Kansas and in Michigan. Every boy whose life he has touched hears from him once or twice a year by letter or by card.

A petition has been presented to President Howe, signed by about twenty-five alumni teachers in the Indianapolis Public Schools, asking if it is not possible to slide on Commencement festivities one week that they may be able to attend the exercises, as heretofore. The change in the college calendar, beginning one week earlier and closing one week earlier, interferes sadly with many of the teaching alumni of the State attending the Commencement they are interested in and loyal to. It is hoped the college authorities may in some wise rearrange to grant the petition.

Chester G. Vernier, '03, now of the University of Illinois, is a member of the University of Chicago chapter of the Order of the Coif, a national organization, membership in which is limited to students in those law schools of the United States which require three years of study. The Order of the Coif is a purely honorary society, designed to occupy the place in the law schools of America which the Phi Beta Kappa occupies in the colleges and universities. There is no other national fraternity which limits its membership to those students of law who attain the highest general excellence in the work of the curriculum. Not over 10 per cent. of any graduating class may be elected to mem-

bership. Chapters already exist at the Universities of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Virginia, Leland Stanford Junior and other institutions.

M. M. Amunson, '05, secretary of the commission on Russian work, of which Z. T. Sweeney is chairman, was sent to investigate educational and missionary opportunities in Scandinavia and Russia. He was accompanied by his wife. He had completed his work when the war broke out, but was unable to lay definite plans for establishing a church school at St. Petersburg. Of his steerage trip home, Mr. Amunson has not sent us word!

Mrs. Ora Murray Hodges, '94, made a brief visit in Irvington and gladdened former friends by her gracious interest. She was accompanied by her two children, Georgia and James Murray. On the afternoon of August 15, Mrs. Belle Moore Miller gathered in as many of the "old girls" as were near. There were present, in addition to the guest of honor: Mrs. Myrtle J. Reagan, '94; Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson, '94; Miss Bertha Thormeyer, '92; Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, '91; Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, ex-; Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, '91; Miss Nina Gilbert, ex-; Mrs. Lora Hadley Clifford, 95; Miss Ina Conner, ex-; Mrs. Retta Barnhill Morgan, '96; Mrs. Carrie Howe Cummings, '97; Miss Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

The contributors in this issue are: John H. Holliday, a former student, who afterward graduated at Hanover College, now president of the Union Trust Company, and always an honored citizen of Indianapolis; William N. Pickerell, of the class of 1860, who was a brave soldier, and has since been a well-known lawyer of Indianapolis; Addison C. Harris, of the class of 1862, who has long been an esteemed member of the Indianapolis bar, and who by President Harrison was sent to Vienna as ambassador; Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson, of the class of 1894, interested in her home and as time allows in helping on good things outside, pre-eminently the Young Women's Christian Association; James Challen Smith, of the class of 1888, now living in Salt Lake City, where he is principal of the Irving School.

Marriages

Unger-Bailor.—On October 8, 1913, were married at Forest, Indiana, Wood Unger, '13, and Miss Alma Bailor. Mr. and Mrs. Unger are living at Berkeley, California.

Mathews-Diggs.—On June 30 were married in Indianapolis at the home of the bride's mother, Robert M. Mathews, '06, and Miss Lena Diggs, ex-. After a month spent in Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews went to their home at Riverside, California, where Mr. Mathews is head of the mathematical department at the Boys' High School.

Schell-Braden.—On July 15, at the bride's home in Irvington, were married by the Rev. C. M. Fillmore, '90, Henry Stewart Schell, '90, and Miss Romaine Braden, '90. After a month spent in northern Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Schell returned to their home on Downey avenue, Irvington.

Harris-Brown.—On July 22 were married at the home of the bride's mother in Indianapolis, Carl Garland Harris and Miss Lois Stevens Brown, '09. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are at home at 501 South New Jersey street.

Newlin-Seward.—On August 5 in the Downey Avenue Christian Church in Irvington, were married Charles Ivan Newlin and Miss Melissa Bell Seward, '12. Mr. and Mrs. Newlin will make their home at Urbana, Illinois, where Mr. Newlin is connected with the University of Illinois.

Turner-McGowan.—On August 30 were married at the home of the bride's father, Carl Daily Turner and Miss Daisy McGowan, '08. After a trip to New York, Mr. and Mrs. Turner are at home on Emerson avenue, Irvington.

Necrology

Blount—Doctor Roland T. Blount, ex-, died in Indianapolis at the Dr. Robert W. Long Hospital on August 28. Thus, another is added to that fine long beadroll bearing the honored name of Blount.

Roland Blount spent the year of '93-'94 at Butler College. His first year of medical work was taken at Louisville in '96. The following two years were spent at Indianapolis. The year of '08-'09 was spent in New York, where he did graduate work.

For the past six years Dr. Blount had been located at Rushville, Indiana, where he had already built up a large and appreciative practice. He was a hard worker, as his accomplishment at the age of forty years shows. He was quiet and unassuming, though always ready to stand up for what he believed to be the right; he was hospitable to those who entered his home, beloved by those who were his friends and highly respected by those who were his acquaintances.

A wife and two young children survive, to whom the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

Denny.—Colonel Frank L. Denny, ex-, United States Marine Corps, died in Washington, D. C., on July 8 and was buried with military honors at the Arlington National Cemetery.

The Denny family moved to Irvington about the time the college was taken to that place, and their home, one of the landmarks still to be seen on South Ritter avenue, was the scene of many student festivities. The three children, Frank L., Ed and Mamie, now the wife of Glenn G. Howe, of Indianapolis, were in college at the same time, and many pleasant memories are associated with the lively group of students about the house. The sons are now both dead. Frank L. was a member of the Sigma Chi chapter of Butler College.

A year ago Colonel Denny, a prominent figure in the Marine Corps, retired at his own request. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, to whom the Quarterly sends its sympathy.

Hillis.—David Marquis Hillis, '64, died on September 15, at his home in Chicago.

Mr. Hillis, born in 1841, was the son of a farmer living near Greensburg, Indiana. His early education was received at a country school. He worked on his father's farm until he entered Butler College, from which he graduated in 1864. Then he went to Yale University, where for one year he studied law. In 1865 he entered the law office of Polk and Hubbell, Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Hillis removed to Chicago in 1868 and established himself as a lawyer. In 1871 he married Miss Dora Knight, the daughter of a Chicago pioneer. He was a member of the Union League Club, the Indiana Society and a life member of the Art Institute.

One who knew him well has written the following appreciation:

"David M. Hillis was actively engaged in business in Chicago for forty-six years. Most of this time was spent in the practice of civil law, his work being mainly in real estate matters and the management of estates and in various advisory capacities. He enjoyed the complete and absolute confidence of all his business associates. Integrity was the watchword of his whole career and was the fundamental attribute of his character. He was honest with himself and with all men.

"Two other characteristics were prominent in him—strength and thoroughness. He was a strong man, morally and physically strong to stand for what he knew to be right in the face of all opposition, firm in purpose to do as his judgment dictated, and thorough. He had the spirit of the scientist. The work that he undertook was never shirked. He spared no effort to reach the truth, studying the work of others, assembling the evidence on all sides and reaching his conclusions only after the most painstaking and careful consideration. It may be truly said of him that 'he knew that next to finding truth the greatest joy is honest search.' This quality, developed in his business career, was carried into his other interests in life. He loved books. In his library he had assembled, as his companions and friends, the works of the masters in philosophy, science and art, and with them he found his keenest delight in life. In philosophy and

science he kept pace with modern thought and was also familiar with the works of the best thinkers of the past. His interest in art, whether represented by pictures, old violins, rugs or pottery, was based not only on their beauty of form or color, but upon their deeper meanings in the vast field of human life from its earliest periods.

"A man of simple tastes, democratic, he valued the more substantial things of life, despising sham, pretense and display. Modest and genial, kind in his attitude toward his fellows, he had no enemies. He helped those who were in distress and, in his quiet way, did much for charity. He was never heard to speak ill of any one. A good husband and father, he left his family the priceless heritage of an honored name and the record of a life well spent. He was an honorable man, a good and useful man, and the world is surely better for his having lived.

"During the past fifteen years he had lived retired from active business pursuits, devoting most of his time and attention to study and to travel. Up to the beginning of his last illness, he retained an active mind with a keen interest in life unusual for a man of his age."

One other phase of Mr. Hillis's character the Quarterly saw and appreciated—his loyalty to his Alma Mater. More than any other non-resident alumnus of the early years of the college did Mr. Hillis return for commencement. His interest thus expressed, his presence at all the festivities of the week, made a deeper impression, gave a more real pleasure, than he probably ever knew. Those who heard his toast at the Butler College dinner in Chicago last February do not forget the earnest and interesting and tender memories he recalled. And before going out into the inclement night he talked to one guest of the anticipated class reunion in June—the class to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary of graduation. When the week came, however, he was too frail to make the trip in so great heat. It is said Mr. Hillis never recovered from the fever contracted in Egypt two winters ago.

In such an alumnus has Butler College been rich, such character justifies her existence, and for such loss the Alumni Asso-

ciation is the poorer. But we remember those of nearer ties, and to Mrs. Hillis and her two sons, Dr. David S. and Mr. George H. Hillis we send our appreciation and deep sympathy.

Our Correspondence

J. N. Jessup, '90: "I have been thinking that some one of the class of '90 ought to issue the call for a class reunion on our twenty-fifth anniversary, 1915. Will you make this announcement in the Quarterly that we may have responses from members of the class?"

Miles L. Clifford, '79: "The Quarterly comes into my busy life like a refreshing breeze from some far-off land of pleasant memories. The thoughts of those who were with me in college days are imperishable. I want to retain these memories, hence I am sending subscription for another year."

Carl H. Barnett, '10: "The Butler Alumnal Quarterly and other publications of the college have reached my desk none too often, in the years since I was a student at old Butler. No magazine is so welcome or so eagerly devoured as your Quarterly, consequently I gladly enclose my subscription."

Mrs. Mattie Benton Stewart, ex-: "We were much pleased with the memorial number of the Alumnal Quarterly, and I am sure we do appreciate the numerous expressions of love and admiration for our dear father. We are more than grateful to the good friends in Indianapolis who have been so devoted through all the years, and shall always feel an especial attachment for the friends of Butler and Irvington."

Andrew Leitch, '11: "I often think of Butler and the many friends I have in Indiana. And as I look back on my Alma Mater, through the windows of Yale, so to speak, my admiration and appreciation of dear old Butler grow stronger. The faculty and academic standard of Butler compare very favorably with that

of Yale in the same lines. I think Butler students while there do not fully appreciate the high grade of work being done. Both Mrs. Leitch and I enjoy our years here in the East very much. This summer we are living in a beautiful New England town just over the hills from Hartford, Conn. I continue my studies in the graduate school of Yale this coming year. I am working for my Ph. D. degree in the history and philosophy of religion, and expect to be here two or three years longer. After that I have dim dreams of a year in Germany, but they are only dreams yet. These college years are full of rich blessings and golden privileges. In closing, I must not forget to tell you how I enjoy our Alumnal Quarterly. My best wishes for all of Butler's interests I extend."

Errata

In our last issue the signature of the article upon "Mistakes," page 72, should have been James Breckinridge Curtis, instead of Thomas Breckinridge Curtis. In "Personal Mention" upon page 90, should have been read, "Mrs. Moddie Jeffries Williams, '97, gave in April at the Art Museum in Toledo, Ohio, two lectures upon 'The History of the Rug.'" In the account of the presentation of "Robin Hood," on page 85, the name of Miss Minabel Morris was omitted and the pleasure which her voice and acting gave to the opera.

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINE
NINETEEN HUNDRED FOURTEEN

"*What hath this day deserved, what hath it done,*
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides of the calendar?"

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

Vol. III INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1915 No. 4

Abraham Lincoln

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD

By Charles W. Moores

Abraham Lincoln has been dead less than fifty years. He was personally acquainted with more men than any other American of his century. Hundreds are still living who were his friends in the simple Illinois life before the Civil War, and hundreds more are still relating the personal impression he made upon them during his four years at Washington. More than four thousand books and pamphlets have been written about him. Despite these living memories and these still more accurate records, a mythical Lincoln has already come into being.

Some of his early biographers were afraid the nation might overvalue the man whom they thought they had made great, and gave us distorted accounts of a vulgar creature who had been their boon companion. Others, who never saw him save in dreams, have created a Lincoln as unreal as the baser counterfeit of the biographers.

I remember a little woman in Indianapolis who wore black ever after a day of darkness in 1864, and who used to tell over and over of how the President, on a journey to the West that he never took, gave proof that he understood her sorrow and her pride as a soldier's widow who had laid her "costly sacrifice upon the altar of freedom," and bowed low to her in his courtly way to show his understanding. It makes little difference that the incident never occurred, for to her the giant figure of this man who understood was as true as any event in her life. There comes a time when the difference between a dream and a memory cannot be told.

Between the Lincoln of the early biographers and the Lincoln of "The Perfect Tribute" we must somewhere find the man himself,

"A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero born of star and sod;
A Peasant Prince; a Masterpiece of God."

It will be among the frontiersmen of Illinois who knew him as one of their own people, and among the boys in blue,—now wearing the gray of God's providing—who loved him as their own Father Abraham, and among the widows and fatherless whose sorrow he understood;—it will be in the hearts of these that we find the true image of the man.

To our own generation, close as it is by blood and by feeling to that greater day, is intrusted the duty of keeping as an inheritance for those who are yet to come a correct memory of the personality of Abraham Lincoln, whose

"Life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

In the later years of his short life, even when the sorrows of the war had well-nigh broken his heart, he was still young. Made President at fifty-one, he carried within him the spirit of eternal youth. It is only among the immortals that we find a man who, as he walks through the valley of the shadow of death, fears no evil because in his heart he has become as a little child.

Lincoln, the mature, in the natural development from the Hoosier boy who learned his first lessons in manners at the country school, and who, beside the road that wound its sunny way across the prairie, and at the country store or the hospitable tavern, as he rode the circuit or argued the right and wrong of slavery, and on "the common," where he foregathered with the boys, continued day by day to feel and to show a growing interest in others.

If we would study the social growth of the man, from the un-

gainly boy who was ready to fight his schoolmates to prevent the hurting of a helpless animal, to the man whose towering frame bent beneath the burden which a nation's sin had laid upon his shoulders, we should find that it began and ended with an unfailing interest in others, and particularly in those who needed sympathy.

No one has explained Abraham Lincoln to us. Of one thing we may be sure, the success of his life work—the greatest entrusted to any man of modern times—was partly due to the fact that, understanding the need of others, he gave them his sympathy and commanded theirs in return. It is in his social relations, then, that we are to find one explanation of his power over men.

The higher critics have denied many of the stories of his early life. The stories I shall tell to show his understanding and his sympathy for the helpless are nearly all authentic, coming either from the man himself or from those to whom he gave his help.

In the little caravan, made up of the Lincoln, Hanks, and Johnston families, as they traveled from Gentryville, Indiana, toward Decatur, Illinois, in 1830, the central figure is that of a man of twenty-one who drove the ox-team, helped the younger children over the rough places, and kept their elders in a good humor with his interesting talk, his mimicry, and his stories. The caravan had not traveled far before it discovered, after breaking the ice and fording one of the many streams it had to cross, that a little dog had been left behind. Trembling with cold and with the fear of abandonment, the dog was whining piteously on the farther bank of the stream. Because he "could not bear the thought" of leaving the lonely beast behind, Abraham Lincoln took off his shoes and socks and waded through the ice to rescue the dog.

It was natural that one who felt the sorrows of the brute creation should care for boys and girls.

At Petersburg, near New Salem, where Lincoln began and ended his career as an Illinois merchant, and where he studied law, there still lives a vigorous old countryman named Abraham Lincoln Clary. In the course of a Lincoln pilgrimage which I

took not long ago through the different county towns where Lincoln had practiced law, Mr. Clary was brought in with the introduction, "Here is the original Abraham Lincoln, himself." Mr. Clary spoke up, "Well, that is nearly true, for I am mostly Abraham Lincoln." Clary's father was the owner of most of the country around New Salem when Lincoln went there in 1832, and he is related to many of the little group with whom the years of Lincoln's young manhood were spent. "My earliest recollection of Uncle Abe," Mr. Clary went on to say, "was when I was a little feller about four years old. I was dangerously sick, when the tallest man I ever saw stood by my bedside with a lot of sympathy and pity in his face, and stooped down and kissed me as he said, 'Wouldn't it be dreadful if my little namesake should not get well?' "

At Springfield, in the old homestead, there lives a sweet-faced woman who remembers how Mr. Lincoln made her happy when she was a girl of ten. Little Josephine Remann, standing in front of her mother's house, leaned disconsolately over her trunk and counted the minutes until the train should leave for Decatur without her. The leader of the Illinois bar came swinging up the street, noticed her distress and stopped to give her a word of cheer as she told him that her mother had promised her a visit to Decatur, and the wagon had not come for her trunk, and she would not be able to go. He lifted the trunk to his shoulders and took her by the hand, and as he said, "We'll make that all right," hurried her through the heart of the town to the station, lifted the trunk on the train, and bade her goodbye.

In a little town in Kansas lives Grace Bedell Billings, a sweet gentlewoman in her early sixties. In the campaign of 1860 Mrs. Billings, then a child of ten, wrote a letter suggesting to the new President that he would be better looking if he wore a beard. Strangely enough, the suggestion of the little girl made its impression. Before he started to Washington to be inaugurated, Abraham Lincoln was wearing a beard. As his train passed through Westfield, New York, instead of the usual speech to the crowd who had gathered to pay him their tribute of respect, he said to the audience: "I have a little correspondent in this town,

Grace Bedell. I wonder if she is here?" The rest of the story she tells in a letter written not long ago. "He said, as he held my hand, moving his left to his face, 'You see I let these whiskers grow for you, Grace,' stooped and kissed me, and a frightened little girl ran home to her mother, while the crowd cheered and the train rolled out of the station. It does not seem so long ago, although frosty finger-tips have touched my hair and I am looking back over nearly sixty years of peaceful life in this dear country of ours."

In the days of his law practice and when he was making the campaign interesting for Senator Douglas, Lincoln had a way of seeking the companionship of the children. Not long ago I talked with a woman, now nearly sixty years old, who as a child of four walked hand in hand with him to a village where he was to make a political speech and with whom he talked by the way. One of those old-time little folks now describes the serious way in which he questioned the boys about politics and drew from them their personal hopes and their ambitions; and another is fond of relating the delicious way in which he talked nonsense to them as he joined in their games of marbles or handball.

"Nothing tickled him so much," says "Uncle" Felix Ryan, of Lincoln, Illinois, "as to get a prank on the boys. Once they stretched a rope across the walk just high enough to catch his plug hat. He pretended to be very angry and ran all over the place until he had caught the boys, making them think that he was going to punish them, and then led his captives into the store and stood treat."

At Danville the assembled lawyers at McCormick's tavern went to bed early because Lincoln's absence had spoiled their evening for them. Next morning when they demanded an explanation they were told that Lincoln had slipped away to attend a children's entertainment at the country school.

Judge McBride, of Indianapolis, tells this of him: "One beautiful spring morning in 1864, as the President returned from his visit to the War Department, he found a group of school children playing on the north portico of the White House. The news from the front had evidently been satisfactory and the President

was bright and cheery. He stopped, called the children around him, and for several minutes talked with them, looked at their books, questioned them about their studies and said quaint and humorous things. His manner was not that of condescension, but rather that of comradeship. The children crowded around him as if he had been their elder brother."

His devotion to little Tad, and his sorrow at the death of his son Willie, which brought him to the verge of madness, are familiar to all who have read the story of his family life.

Lincoln had a way of doing the natural thing without considering what men would say. And he did not hesitate to let weighty affairs of state rest until the personal duty had been done. To gratify a small boy whose word had been doubted, the busy President found time in the spring of 1861 to write this letter from the White House:

"To whom it may concern: I did see and talk with George Evans Patten last May at Springfield, Illinois.

"Respectfully, A. LINCOLN."

At one reception a little boy came into the room with his father, and in the enthusiasm—or freshness—of youth shouted as he saw the tall figure of the guest of honor: "Hurrah for Mr. Lincoln!" And Mr. Lincoln picked the child up, tossed him toward the ceiling and, as he caught him coming down, shouted back in much the same boyish way: "Hurrah for Mister You!"

We are apt to think of Abraham Lincoln as a man's man, but we have seen that he understood the little children as well as he did older folk. With our preconceptions, it is hard to realize that he was no insignificant figure in the best society of Illinois. In the assembly ball of 1839 at Springfield, his name appears as a member of the floor committee. Those who met him socially still recall him as "a gentleman of the old school, who arose at once when a lady entered the room, and whose courtly manner would put to shame the easy-going indifference to etiquette which marks the man of the world of to-day." He was not much of a dancer, it is true, as the story of his invitation to Mary Todd will show. "Miss Todd," he said, "I would love to dance with you the

worst way," and the story is that this is just the way he did dance with her.

At every social function a cardroom was provided for those who danced the "worst way," or did not dance at all. It was to this cardroom, one of the surviving belles of that day tells us, that the young women used to lead their escorts, because they wanted to enjoy the charm of Mr. Lincoln's talk.

Mr. Cunningham, of Urbana, Illinois, tells this story of the Lincoln and Douglas debates: "At one of the mass meetings at the Urbana fair-grounds, following the debate at Charleston, a barbecue had been prepared and thousands of people were to be fed. A special place was provided for the guest of honor at the head of the table, and Mr. Lincoln was escorted to this place by a committee of ladies who had provided the best of the feast for him. He was scarcely seated before he noticed an old woman standing near. He recognized her at once as 'Granny' Hutchinson, a dishwasher at the Urbana Hotel. He called out to her, 'Why, Granny, have you no place? You must have some dinner. Sit here.' In spite of her protestations, Mr. Lincoln arose from his seat at the head of the table and compelled her to take his place while he moved off and seated himself at the root of a tree nearby." Mr. Cunningham speaks of this incident as characteristic of Lincoln, because he "instinctively sympathized with the lowly wherever he met them; and the look of the lowly woman standing aloof from those who were being fed, with no one to speak to her, appealed to his sense of right, and he placed her in his preferred place, taking for himself the lowly attitude."

A client whose unpaid note Lincoln held was injured in an explosion and lost his right hand. Meeting the attorney he said apologetically: "I have been thinking about that note of yours." "It's not to be thought of," replied Lincoln, as he handed the paper to him. "If you had the money, I would not take it out of your only hand."

There are stories of Lincoln's relations with men in the early Illinois days which show that long after his success had come to him he was still at heart only an overgrown boy. A young lawyer named Whitney was seeking the signature of Mr. Lincoln

to his application for admission to the bar, and was told that he would find him in Judge Davis's bedroom at the tavern. A knock at the door brought no response, although he could hear the sound of laughter within. When he finally gained admission he discovered two men, the one six feet four in height, and the other much shorter, but enormously large in girth, each clad in one of the shorter man's yellow flannel nightgowns. The lamp had been placed in the corner of the room beneath two chairs for safety, and Abraham Lincoln, afterwards President, and David Davis, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, were in the midst of a pillow fight.

At the time of one of the political gatherings in 1856, a search had been made for Mr. Lincoln to get him to come and address the convention. When they did discover him, he was slipping through the alley back of the tavern, with the tavern gong hid beneath the long skirts of his black coat, in fulfillment of a promise he had made to the guests at the tavern that he would see to it that the infamous gong should not be allowed to disturb their slumbers too early the next morning.

It was during this period that an incident occurred which Judge Blodgett, of the United States Court, is said to have told. It had rained for days, and when the company of lawyers, circuit riders, came to a swollen stream which seemed to be miles wide, Lincoln was the only one who knew the country well enough to act as guide. He saw his opportunity and agreed to conduct the party across, if they would do exactly as he required. The pledge was given and every lawyer was compelled to strip, tie his clothes in a bundle, and, mounting his horse, follow the leader. This grotesque company, including the rotund figure of David Davis and the gaunt form of Abraham Lincoln, wound its way up and down the stream on horseback, until, much as Moses led the hosts of Israel through the Red Sea without wetting a garment, Lincoln conducted them to dry ground on the farther side of what they had supposed was a flood, but which at no time rose higher than a horse's knee. One can imagine Lincoln's laugh at the threats of revenge which his associates uttered when they found what an absurd picture they had presented.

There was a great change in the way of living when the man who had spent fifty years of active life on the western prairie took up his exacting labors at Washington. For him it was no longer possible to slip away into the woods, or court the solitude of the boundless out-of-doors; it was no longer safe to mount his horse for a scamper into the country. There were no more gatherings of congenial souls on the public square or at the tavern to discuss politics or tell stories all night through. If he ventured for a short stroll in the dusk across the White House grounds to the telegraph office at the War Department, secret service men followed him. Once within the prison walls of the Executive Mansion he was hemmed in on all sides by office-seekers and candidates for promotion, beggars all, until he had neither the good fellowship he hungered for nor the solitude that his soul needed.

And from month to month, from the awful day in 1861 when, for defending the honor of the flag, his friend Elmer Ellsworth was shot down and brought to the White House for burial, to the last Good Friday in 1865, the shadows grew always heavier about him.

Not the least of the trials which beset him was the knowledge that whenever his boyish spirit made itself known, and with an apt story he cheered a disheartened visitor or turned away an angry critic, the world in its wisdom would say, "The President does not understand. He is only a clown after all."

Among the hundreds of stories that show his boyishness there is not one that justifies this criticism, for always his laugh was the laugh of one who loves and sympathizes and understands. And the face that men carry to this day in memory or in fancy is the face of one made perfect through suffering and kept sane through the humor that purifies and saves.

John W. Bunn, of Springfield, is one of the few survivors among the little group of his Illinois friends. Mr. Bunn says: "He was always called 'Mr. Lincoln,' or perhaps by men of his own age simply 'Lincoln'—never to his face was he addressed as 'Abe.'

"I want to say with emphasis that there is no foundation for

much which has been written which represents Mr. Lincoln as a clown in manner and appearance, and wanting in personal dignity.

"He was the leading lawyer of central Illinois; he had been in Congress; he was universally respected for purity of life and integrity of character, and he never failed to receive from all who came in contact with him the consideration due to his ability, character, and position."

We who are familiar with his face still find it hard to call before our vision the look of the man. We know his high cheek bones, his angular jaws, his heavy chin, his large mouth closely compressed, with deep lines channeling his haggard cheeks, his luxuriant black hair never in order, and his eyes set deep and bearing in repose a look of inexpressible sorrow, or, if aroused, sparkling with the warmth of sympathy or the laugh that came forth so quickly from beneath its cloak of sadness. His expression depended upon the mood of the moment or the feeling of the occasion. One who knew him in many of his moods has said of him: "Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, far-away look that with prophetic intuitions beheld the awful panorama of war and heard the cry of oppression and suffering."

He had countless pictures, but no portrait.

Of his life in the bare, barn-like White House, John Hay, his gifted secretary, tells us much: "Where only one or two were present he was fond of reading aloud. He passed many of the summer evenings in this way, when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He would there read Shakespeare for hours with a single secretary for audience. * * * He would go to bed with a volume of Hood in his hands, and would sometimes rise at midnight and, traversing the long halls of the Executive Mansion in his night clothes, would come to his secretary's room and read aloud something that especially pleased him. He wanted to share his enjoyment of the writer; it was dull pleasure to him

to laugh alone. There were many poems of Holmes' that he read with intense relish. 'The Last Leaf' was one of his favorites; he knew it by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling:

"'The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb;'

"Giving the marked Southwestern pronunciation of the words 'hear' and 'year.'"

This correspondence shows the real man.

"Executive Mansion, March 12, 1861.

"My dear Sir:—God help me. It is said I have offended you. I hope you will tell me how. Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

The reply to this letter, with Lincoln's endorsement of that reply, is as follows:

"March 14, 1861.

"Dear Sir:—I am entirely unconscious that you have any way offended me. I cherish no sentiment towards you but that of kindness and confidence. Your humble servant,

"J. COLLAMER."

"His Excellency, A. Lincoln, President."

(Returned with endorsement):

"Very glad to know that I haven't. A. LINCOLN."

Not long after the election in 1860, an organization, partly social and partly military, was effected in South Carolina, for the purpose of protecting the Southern members of Congress at Washington against the mischief which they felt would befall them as the result of Lincoln's election. This organization was known as the "Minute Men," and included in its number a very attractive but violent young partisan, John Hatcher, who was six feet six in height. Hatcher had bet a suit of clothes with one of

his Southern friends that he would attend the reception at the White House and would pass President Lincoln in line without shaking hands with him. Hatcher shook hands with President Buchanan and then, dropping his hands by his sides, stalked past President Lincoln in military fashion. Lincoln grasped the situation at once, and, taking a long stride, planted himself directly in front of the young man from South Carolina, and greeting him with a smile, said to him: "No man who is taller and handsomer than I am can pass by me today without shaking hands with me."

Hatcher accepted the situation and as he passed out said to his friend that the compliment was worth all that it cost.

To men who looked upon the President as only a head official, whose duty it was to keep at his desk day and night, to maintain the dignity of his station, and to confine his associations to ambassadors and senators and generals, Lincoln's executive methods were a source of despair.

Instead of waiting in his office for the advice of Congressmen and editors, he was away at Antietam or City Point visiting the soldiers in camp; or he was spending precious hours beside the bedside of some one dying in the hospital. And once when they sought him he was in Brooklyn, praying all through the night with Henry Ward Beecher.

The soldiers in the armies of the Union were boys. Many of their colonels and their generals were under thirty years old. And the boys who slept on sentry duty and whose sentences of death came up day after day for the President's approval were only fifteen or sixteen years old and worn out with disease and fatigue. And no one knew it better than the man at the White House who had broken bread with them in camp and talked with them as they walked together by the way.

It was not strange that the generals and those who were strict in their insistence upon military discipline were offended when he granted pardons and reprieves by the hundred. But he said, "You don't know how hard it is to have a human being die when a stroke of your pen may save him."

On one of these many hospital visits, when the despairing offi-

cials were grumbling because they said he was neglecting his duties, he sat at the bedside of a boy to write a letter to the father and mother in the far Northwest. He saw that the lad did not realize who it was to whom he was dictating, but to comfort the people at home the amanuensis added at the close, "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln." As the President rose to say goodbye the boy saw who it was and asked, "Do the doctors say I can live only an hour?" "Yes, my boy." "Then, Mr. Lincoln, I wish you would stay and hold my hand until it is all over."

It was because in every home in the great North the people knew that their President sympathized and understood, and because on every lonely picket post and at every campfire, from the Peninsula to Arkansas, the boys in blue knew that Abraham Lincoln loved them with a father's love—it was for this that the flag was upheld and the Union was saved.

It was Henry Ward Beecher who said of him: "There has not been a poor drummer boy in all this war that has fallen for whom the great heart of Lincoln would not have bled; there has not been one private soldier, without note or name, slain among thousands, and hid in the pit among hundreds, without even the memorial of a separate burial, for whom the President would not have wept. He was a man from the common people that never forgot his kind."

When Stonewall Jackson died and a Washington paper paid him a deserved tribute of praise, the President wrote the editor: "I honor your generosity to one who, though contending against us in a guilty cause, was nevertheless a gallant man. Let us forget his sins over a fresh-made grave."

The day has come when in our memorial to the boys who died for the country we remember those who suffered for the lost cause as well as those who saved the flag. It is easy now to forget the mistakes and the wrongs that fifty years of happy peace have blotted out. But the greater danger is lest we forget the sacrifice the boys—our fathers—made and in our interest in the newer things, with our races and our sports, we dim the glory that should be kept undimmed forever.

As we fix our thoughts on the commander-in-chief whose name is dearest to the hearts of all Americans, let us not forget the boys who answered his call, those who died, and those no less who are still with us—the most honored of all among our hundred million citizens. To the boys that died and to the Father Abraham of their love, it was given to remain always young. As I think of them, I recall the words of Lincoln's secretary, John Hay, to the survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic: "I should not have said your ranks are thinned, for the place of each fallen comrade is filled with a loving memory. And who can ever forget the faces which never had a chance to grow old—the brave young warriors who fell in battle and gained the prize of immortal youth? For them there is no shadow of struggle or poverty; no trouble of gray hairs or failing strength; no care of the present or fear of the future. The unfading light of morning is forever in their eyes; the blessing of a grateful nation hallows their names. We salute them with loving tears, from which the bitterness is gone. We hear their young voices in the clear notes of the bugle and the murmur of the fluttering flags. Our answering hearts cry, 'Hail and farewell, young comrades, till we meet again!'"

Although the Civil War is far away, and, to most Americans, its heroisms and its sorrows are unreal, and although the men who fought it out stalk like giant shadows across the pages of history, it is possible for us of a younger day to find an inspiration and an ideal in that heroic company.

I wish that in some way Abraham Lincoln—the man who understood—might become the companion of our thoughts, so real that even in our dreams we might see the twinkle of the kindly eyes and feel the tenderness of a look that expressed the sorrow of a broken-hearted nation and hear the contagious laugh—never far from tears—that saved him from madness, and catch the uplift of that flute-like voice which spoke his message of sympathy and of hope to all the ages; and then the strange, bent figure of the man whose face wore the majesty of another world, will become the comrade of our thoughts and make us richer for the fellowship.

The National Radium Institute at Denver

By Richard B. Moore

Up to two years ago the work of the United States Bureau of Mines was almost exclusively confined to work in connection with coal, explosives and mine safety. Most of this work had its headquarters in Pittsburgh, although the bureau has offices and some laboratories also in Washington. The work of the bureau in connection with its coal and mine safety investigations has done a great deal for American mining, but it was felt in the West that not enough had been done by the government to develop the metal mining industry. Congress had been spending fifteen to sixteen million dollars a year for the development of agricultural pursuits in the United States, but not one penny had been appropriated for experimental work in connection with metal mines or metallurgical processes.

As the metal mining industry in the past has been changing more or less, due to the fact that many of our high-grade ore bodies have been worked out, and it became necessary, therefore, to handle much lower grade ores, the need for federal assistance has each year become more marked. After working for some time, the director of the Bureau of Mines succeeded, three years ago, in getting an appropriation of $100,000 to start this metal mining work. This amount was hardly enough to justify any great expenditure in connection with the baser metals, and therefore a considerable portion of it, during the first year, was allotted to miscellaneous mining investigations and put in charge of Dr. C. L. Parsons, of the United States Bureau of Mines. Under this general heading the work in rare metals was started, with laboratories and offices in Denver, Colorado.

The object of the work at Denver is the enlargement of the supply of the rare metals, the development of new and cheaper processes for their extraction, and, where the supply is larger than the demand, to find new uses for the refined article. The

scope of the work, therefore, is very broad, but the main object is along the line of conservation and elimination of waste. Before the laboratories were installed in Denver, the fact had been ascertained that Colorado and Utah contained considerable deposits of radium-bearing ores. The carnotite deposits of these two States were investigated by the Federal Bureau of Mines. They were found to be much more important than had been anticipated. After a careful examination, it was established without doubt that they constituted the most important deposits of radium-bearing ore in the world. The Kirk mine, near Central City, Colorado, is an important source of pitchblende, another radium ore.

Some work had been going on in connection with the mining of these ores for several years, and one company located in Pittsburgh had started experimentation, with the object of using them for the production of radium. The larger part of the ore, however, was being exported abroad, and the radium extracted in foreign countries, for the use of foreigners, whilst this country was getting little or no benefit from these metal resources.

People in the West seemed to have very little idea of the value of these ore deposits to the State and nation, simply because the total intrinsic value of the shipments was small in comparison to the production of other metals. Their humanitarian value was entirely lost sight of. All these points and many more were brought out in Bulletin 70 of the United States Bureau of Mines, published a little more than a year ago. Immediately the interest in these deposits was greatly enlarged, and through the efforts of the Secretary of the Interior and Dr. Holmes, and Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, the matter was brought to the attention of Congress. Bills were introduced into the House and the Senate, providing for government regulation of the unoccupied carnotite lands, and an annual appropriation whereby the government could actually manufacture radium for the use of the government hospitals of this country. It was shown at the hearings in Congress that, whereas something like forty or fifty grams of radium metal constituted the world's supply, only about one gram was being used in this country, and yet the ore

from the United States had given rise to nearly half of the world's supply. There was a great deal of opposition to these bills from various sources, although most of this opposition at this time has ceased. The bills, however, were not passed.

Meanwhile, efforts had been made by men in the Bureau of Mines to find some way by which a sufficient amount of money could be raised for the technical study of the best methods of treatment of these ores, as the funds of the bureau at that time were not sufficient to handle the subject. Dr. James Douglas, of New York, a multimillionaire of broad sympathies, and Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University, became interested and guaranteed the money for the above work. The National Radium Institute was formed, under the laws of New Jersey, with the following object:

"It is interested in the study of the best methods of producing uranium, vanadium and radium, and in the mining and concentration of ores from which these products may be obtained for use in radium therapy. For the benefit of the people, and to secure the advantage of a scientific and technologic study of efficient methods of production, as well as mining and concentration of ores, without waste, the institute solicits the cooperation of your bureau—that is, the services, under your supervision, of enough chemists and mineral technologists connected with your bureau as may be necessary for the proper technical control and supervision of the mining, concentration and treatment of carnotite and other suitable Colorado ores."

The above is an abstract from the letter to the director of the Bureau of Mines, from Doctors Douglas and Kelly, which led to the formation of the institute. This gives a clear idea of the aims and objects of the institute.

Work was begun on the plant in January last, and the initial results in connection with this plant were sufficiently satisfactory to justify the directors of the institute building an addition to the plant, which is now under construction. When this is completed, which will be some time in December, the combined plant will have the second largest radium production of any plant in the world. It is located in Denver, and is under the

direct supervision of the Bureau of Mines. The radium produced will not be for sale, but will be used for research work in radium therapy. The arrangement between the government and the institute has two years longer to run.

Although the work of the Denver office has been very largely up to the present concerned with the radium work, interest is taken in all of the rare metals, and some efforts have already been made to duplicate, to some extent, the radium work in other directions. The field is very large, and the possible results equally large.

The surgical applications of radium are still in the experimental state. It is difficult, therefore, to write definitely on this point. The following may be taken as a layman account of the evidence to date:

The main use of radium is for the treatment of cancer. A great many statements have been made in the newspapers, and to some extent in the magazines, which would indicate that the value of radium for cancer treatment is very much greater than can legitimately be assigned to it. On the other hand, equally erroneous statements have been made against its use. Successful experiments along this line have been carried out only during the last two or three years, and, until the carnotite deposits of Colorado and Utah were opened, the amount of material available was so small that progress in therapeutic research with radium was very slow. During the last two years the amount of radium available, thanks to the American deposits, has become greatly augmented, and progress now is very much more rapid. This statement is merely relative, and does not mean that there is anything like the amount of radium available that we need. When we realize that 10 per cent. of the people of the United States over fifty years old have some form of cancer, it is readily seen that radium can never have a universal use in cancer treatment, no matter how successful the results are that are obtained. This can be more readily understood when it is stated that all of the radium at present in the United States can only treat a few hundred persons per annum. Therefore, its use must be more or less restricted to such cases as cannot be treated by surgery.

The results that are being obtained, both in this country and in Europe, are exceedingly encouraging, especially with that type of cancer known as the round-cell sarchoma. In addition, radium has a distinct use in the removal of red birthmarks and similar blotches on the skin, but undoubtedly its chief use medically will be in the treatment of cancer.

A large number of concerns have started to put on the market low-grade radium preparations in the form of salves, ointments, radioactive water, etc. The value of such material is extremely doubtful, but it is to be expected that efforts of this kind will be made to make money out of a wave of popular interest.

Concerning Illustrators

BY JAMES G. RANDALL

As we read, or glance over, our magazines, how many of us stop to consider the importance and the excellence of their artistic output? Yet such are the reading tastes of the public to-day that a magazine without pictures is nearly an impossibility. Learned publications, and one or two periodicals of blue-blooded literary standards, may sustain themselves with barren type, but an up-to-date publisher no more thinks of putting out a magazine without illustrations than he would think of omitting advertisements. Incidentally, the advertisements themselves are highly pictorial, and they help to sell, as well as to sustain, the magazine. Illustration, as a result, has become an important and lucrative profession, and its main features are as thoroughly standardized as are those of the writer's craft. There are about 17,500 artists in New York, and some five hundred of them are illustrators. The vast number of short stories and feature articles demanding their talents serve to occupy fully the time of those who have made good, and to stimulate the ambitious efforts of those who have not yet arrived. When we consider that the craze for light fiction keeps these men producing for a heavy

demand and under constant pressure, the high quality of their work becomes a matter of wonder.

Book illustration is as old as the printer's art, as the metal and wood prints of Aldus at Venice in the fifteenth century and Botticelli's engravings for Dante's "Divine Comedy" indicate. With the advent of such forerunners of the modern illustrated magazine as *The Argosy, Cornhill, London Society,* and *The London Illustrated News,* a great impetus was given to the art, and men of real genius were drawn into this attractive field. These old prints were made from line drawings, and the draughtsmanship of the engraver was of almost equal importance with the artist's skill. If we think of these men as inferior to our own illustrators, the difference must be largely attributed to the medium in which they worked, for the development of the modern printer's reproductive "process" has brought color printing to a high degree of perfection, and, by the substitution of brush strokes and shadings for the less expressive lines, has emancipated the artist from the limitations of the earlier day. Though the drawings of such men as Cruikshank and "Phiz" (H. K. Browne) may seem to us crude in style and technique, yet they somehow got Dickens into their pictures, and our acquaintance with such creations as Tom Pinch, Pickwick, Micawber, and David Copperfield is largely due to the constructive humor of the artist.

These men who make our drawings succeed because they know life at first hand. An illustrator's sketchbook will be full of drawings made from life, and after years of the collection of such material he will have a valuable storehouse from which to draw in preparing pictures. Besides this, he takes hundreds of photographs. In an afternoon's walk he may snap an old darky or a picturesque farmer, a "typical" cabin, a quaint country rig, an appealing landscape, a dog, an old piece of furniture, and a dozen other available objects. Weeks or months at a time may be occupied in collecting "local color" or getting original sketches. For the people of the town in which the artist worked, a magazine drawing may often contain particular touches flavored with a local significance that would be wholly lost on the general reader, though even to the latter the sketch would have a greater value

because of its faithfulness to life. Collecting this raw material for the artist's workshop involves hard work, but it makes all the difference between a picture which smacks of the studio and one that reflects life.

For the drawing of his figures the modern illustrator must rely very largely upon models. He usually has the names and addresses of many professional posers, with notes indicating their "types," and he calls upon special models when needed. Often an artist will work with a model for years, and their cooperation becomes essential to the successful prosecution of the work. The model may have as much influence upon the interpretation of character as the artist himself. An experienced model makes a good living, and must possess not merely an interesting or typical face and form, but the ability to select costumes, and, in at least a limited way, to act a part. Actresses and actors are not infrequently recruited from their ranks.

The dependence of the artist upon his models is so great that a picture may be held up for a long time because the model may not be available, while it would be nothing less than a calamity to the artist, author, and publisher if the original for such a perennial character as Wallingford or Perlmutter should die before the stories had run out. It is really unfair that the public knows so little about these models, since they see them so often. The same man may be featured one week as a secret agent in a story of international intrigue while in the next week he poses as an American professor. Scores of feminine parts may be impersonated by one girl who possesses that loveliness of face and figure which is so essential in our short-story heroines, and this sufficiently accounts for the sameness of picture coming from the brush of one artist.

Illustration has been so developed and improved by competition that it involves a special technique. A picture must not only be interesting; it must be printable—that is, it must be susceptible of successful reproduction. In deciding what to paint, the artist, who does not ordinarily communicate with the author, goes through the proof of a story or an article and marks telling passages; then he chooses a few of these for illustration. The pic-

tures are usually made large, and are much reduced in the reproduction. Often they are made in colors, though printed in black and white. Or they may be painted in black and white (oils), or drawn in pencil, crayon, or ink. Since the illustrator's art is but accessory to the production of light fiction, it is quite ephemeral, and there is but little demand for the artist's originals, except in the case of "subject-pictures." Ordinarily these originals belong to the artists, since only the reproduction right is sold, but often they accumulate at the publisher's house till they are disposed of by special sales.

The practical ability of the illustrator is shown chiefly in his relations with the art editor. An artist, for instance, brings in a picture on which he has toiled for weeks. "That part of your drawing doesn't look right," says the editor, who probably knows much less about it than the artist himself. The artist agrees to change it. In a few days he receives a phone message inquiring: "Is that picture done?" "Why, it's not quite dry," he answers, "I'll bring it around to-morrow." When he appears with it next day the editor compliments him on the improvement, wholly unconscious of the fact that the picture has not been touched. An artist may be turned down when he presents a subject-picture for sale to the editor, and the following month the same editor will declare that it is the very thing he wants. There is constant pressure upon the illustrator to produce pictures at high speed, since a good artist could sell much more than he is able to produce, but on the other hand it is essential that a high standard of workmanship should be maintained. An artist's reputation when once established is a great asset, since art editors are exceedingly reluctant to entrust work to new hands even though they present excellent "specimens." Pictures are usually made to the art editor's order—for instance, he will say: "We want one full-page drawing and three small ones," specifying the price, which, by the way, is liberal and much higher than the payments made to mere authors.

Now and then a curious hoax will be perpetrated even by a genius. A well-known artist once had to represent a girl running an engine at top speed. He made a striking picture which

produced a powerful impression. Every detail of the engineer's cabin was shown, but alas! on looking closely one discovered that the throttle was closed. To show that artists are not the only offenders along this line, the foregoing trick might be matched against the following sentence in one of our recent best-sellers: "The couple then seated themselves by the lattice, under the checkered shadows of the trailing arbutus."

It is not surprising that blunders should occur in drawings that call for the representation of technical apparatus, nor is it especially serious, but one does not often achieve such remarkable success as the man who drew the illustrations for one of Richmond P. Hobson's naval articles. The subject was somewhat out of the artist's line, and in representing a scene in the boiler-room of a ship he devised an arrangement of bolts and shafts, valves, pistons, and cylinders, which would supply a background to his own taste, paying no attention whatever to their technical accuracy. He was not a little astonished to receive a letter soon after in which the famous author complimented him on the correctness of the machinery and declared that it looked exactly like the scene he had in mind.

It takes a rare combination of qualities to make a successful illustrator. During the trying period of his novitiate, while he is carting around bulky pictures in subway cars and elevators in the hope of winning the favor of the art editors, he must have a genius for persistence, nerve, and industry. In order to make a name for himself he must be not merely able to draw,—he must have the power of conceiving a picture. This involves a constructive imagination. He must have a trained vision—an eye for perspective, for varying color effects, for light and shade, and for interesting groupings. He must usually have a specialty. Pyle or Remington, for instance, devote their attention to historical illustration. Philip Goodwin studies big game, while Blumenthal exercises his talents in depicting that form of wild life that is found in our American colleges. Boardman Robinson and Bernard Partridge interpret politics by means of telling cartoons, while Christy, Fisher, and Boileau adopt the delightful specialty of portraying feminine beauty. With Walter Biggs

the main thing is Southern life, an inexhaustible and fascinating field. Dana Gibson's pen, still remarkably active, excells in producing pictures that tell their own story and powerfully depict character. Other illustrators may concentrate on farmers, or "kids," or pseudo-scientific stories, or battleships. By thus establishing a specialty, an illustrator not only perfects his workmanship, but acquires a reputation for expertness in his chosen field which is a valuable asset from the professional standpoint.

Nor should we overlook the important influence which illustrators exert. Children who have seen Tenniel's sketches in "Alice in Wonderland" cannot think of Lewis Carroll's text apart from the pictures. In the 2,300 cartoons in London *Punch* made by this same artist one might read a political history of the period, in which the drawings themselves were often of significance. Nast's drawings did much to cripple Tammany and to awaken the American conscience to the evils of municipal graft and corruption. We may safely assume that the publishers would, if they dared, dispense with the artist and substitute the much cheaper method of photographing figures and groups posed and arranged to represent the desired scenes, but all such attempts have failed to produce interesting and successful pictures. There are some things that mere science cannot do, and it appears that the illustrator is here to stay. Few if any arts are altogether independent, and, just as the drama relies upon music, and architecture upon sculpture, so modern literature must rely largely upon illustration.

The Times and College Men

By Frederick E. Schortemeier

We are hearing it said on every hand that it has befallen our lot to live in an age of economic and social adjustment. Practically every issue of our current publications presents a discussion of some phase of what is called our "national unrest," and it has become the practice for public speakers, social clubs, and other agencies to engage in unlimited debate as to the merits of "much needed reforms" which are offered as panaceas.

Whether or not the alleged evils actually exist or are as serious as some of our thinkers would have us believe is not within the scope of this brief discussion. Nor is it our purpose to champion the cause of the reformer or put forth the claims of the most conservative. The relative merits of the positions taken by each can be ascertained only by the most comprehensive consideration of each specific problem as it is individually given a thorough study, and after that is done there, perhaps, will be much reason for prudent men to differ in their conclusions.

But notwithstanding the complexity of the tasks with which we find ourselves confronted, it is submitted that there are certain basic principles which must guide our endeavors to adjust conditions which are the result of changes in our material life during the last quarter of a century. It is, perhaps, not within the bounds of reason to hope that all classes of our people, in view of their extremely different points of view which come from their having been placed in widely different spheres, may consider the issues involved in their proper perspective. For example, it is not difficult to appreciate the point of view of those in severe straits that radical changes in our social structure are imperative; nor, on the other hand, is the position of the ultraconservatives, who believe sincerely that the alleged evils are psychological and that a large portion of our population is by its nature inclined to be continually discontented and permanently

unhappy, beyond comprehension. The difference, of course, is due to the fact that their views are presented to them from angles widely distant; and the classes which differ but slightly from these are numerous.

Between these extremes, it is hoped, will be found, accompanied by a host of other good people, that great body of college men and women who, by reason of their superior advantages, may be expected to base their views, whatever they may be, upon a broad foundation, giving due regard to the views of all classes of citizens and yet possessing definite ideas as to the most advisable position upon any specific problem. It is our purpose to call to mind those basic conceptions which, it is submitted, should guide the disciplined intelligence of former and present college students in working out the best solutions for our present problems,—which principles, regardless of what goal ultimately may be reached, should serve as guideposts along the way to an improved national life.

At the outset, we must realize the very great importance of always facing the issues squarely and with absolute candor. It is unfair to cry "Peace" if there in truth is no peace; to say that those who suffer from any inequalities of the present system are "all wrong" in their views; to scoff lightly as the pleas of those who, for reasons profoundly vivid to themselves, feel they are victims of burdensome influences which they assert exist. No wrong is ever righted by forbidding the sufferer to present his cause. No problem is ever decided by saying it does not exist. For example, the future wellbeing of our people would not be assured should we refuse arbitrarily to consider the meaning of the fact that 90 per cent. of this nation's boundless resources is controlled by 10 per cent. of our people, and the other nine-tenths of our hundred millions must live on the remaining one-tenth of the treasure. The problems of the day can be worked out successfully only if they are confronted openly and frankly and by turning upon them the great white light of study and investigation, all of which must be done with a sincere desire to get at the foundation of matters, by cutting the wound to the bone, as it were, so that it may heal anew.

While a searching consideration of every alleged ill and each much-heralded remedy is advisable, it may also be expected of college men that they will realize that the evils are not to be cured by a hasty lot of ill-considered legislation. One of the greatest difficulties and one which has not been given the attention that its importance demands for it, is that we legislate too much and consider too little. We have too often let ourselves believe that a quantity of legislation would suffice regardless of its quality. Instead of requiring a reasonable amount of thorough and efficient improvements, we have overshot the mark with an overabundance of second-rate substitution. Mr. Elihu Root pointed out in a recent address that during the last five years the national and State Legislatures have passed 62,000 statutes. Many of these conflict and overlap each other, and, instead of being a benefit, the result in too many instances has been only to hinder and delay the administration of justice. College men and women may be expected to lend their influence to advance steps only when they are contemplated as the culmination of a most searching analysis of the issues involved. We cannot do better than to devote our attention to urging the importance of concentration of effort and thoroughness of study, for such practice only can insure substantial progress.

While we have a duty to face present conditions with an unqualified openness and to favor changes only when a most comprehensive inquiry shows them advisable, it also is to be taken into consideration that we have an obligation to uphold our present institutions. While, indeed, they do not need a defense, they too often suffer from the absence of our commendation. It is obvious that from certain sources is arising a tendency of too great strength to think lightly of our President, whoever he may be, to scoff at our highest judicial tribunals and to depreciate our other governmental agencies with equal vigor. With this attitude we cannot afford to show any toleration. The truth is, it is submitted, that the vast majority of the men of all political affiliations who are leaders of our national life are none the less patriotic, capable, and desirous of giving service of the highest type than were the four men who sat in Washington's cabinet or

those who counselled with Mr. Lincoln. We are prone to over-emphasize the defects of the present order without showing due regard for the good influences which always are at work.

It is significant that our public agencies are well aware of the issues which our national readjustment has brought and our upholding them need not be without ample justification for doing so. No better example in proof of their alertness could be asked than the spirit which predominated the sessions of the American Bar Association at Washington in October. Mr. Taft urged vigorously the necessity of removing any delays in the judicial machinery, Justice McReynolds called to mind the value of properly heeding the good in public opinion, and there was an unanimity in favor of sane and well-considered advance steps. Signs such as this should convince us that an appreciation for the established order is not without foundation. For that political school which would tear down without substituting something more efficient we need have little regard. Let us be more fair, more ready to give praise where praise is due, welcoming any inspection which is conscientious, intelligent, and well-considered, and stamping out those influences which are negative, unappreciative, and ill-considered.

Closely allied with the importance of urging the highest regard for our present institutions is the equally significant duty of maintaining and developing our vision. When one makes his way through the slum districts of some of our large cities, it is not unreasonable if he ponder over the much exalted infallibility of our government. When some exposure is made of the flagrant activities of some sinister force in our political life, there is toleration for the doubt as to whether, after all, patriotism is not a myth and self-government a failure. But notwithstanding these most depressing influences, only the slightest meditation is required for thinking persons to realize anew that the good greatly outweighs the evil, that the struggles of democracy are worth while, and that the hundreds of thousands of happy homes throughout the country are the best proof that our forefathers' dream, of a great, efficient people advancing slowly but not the

less steadily toward a more perfect race, was not in vain. A review of the advancements which each generation has accomplished is not necessary to students of history. As the leaders of our national life have always in the face of often indescribable obstacles dwelt unflinchingly at their matter-of-fact tasks, finding their stimulus in a dream of a nation which would lead the world, so it is our privilege to share that vision and thereby gain that strength and hope without which all our efforts would be void of meaning.

If the foregoing observations are sound, we find in order our question: What, in the light of that which has been put forward, should be our attitude toward the innumerable innovations which are being urged on every hand as solutions for the alleged unsatisfactory conditions? Our answer is that the position which college folk, at least, may be expected to assume toward them is one of discrimination. There is no reason why it is illogical or paradoxical to favor those reforms which are in harmony with the truths here emphasized and to oppose all movements which are contradictory to them. In the nature of things, a person need not be a liberalist or a conservative as such. Realizing our obligation to welcome all sincere criticism, our conclusion is that it is reasonable and prudent to lend our active support to those reforms which, after a searching and effective analysis, appear, to the best of our understanding, to be constructive additions to our present institutions—which advance steps convince us that they are extensions and complements of the present regime. And it is equally important that we maintain a never-ceasing protest against any proposed reforms which are opposed to all that is worthy in the present order and the results of which would be revolutionary rather than evolutionary. For example, if changes in our legislative systems seem advisable, it is our duty to meet the situation; if, however, any interference with our judiciary seems to the best of our wisdom as a backward step, it is incumbent upon us to oppose it. It may be contended against this position that nothing of practical benefit can be accomplished unless we effect an

alignment of the masses either in favor or opposed to all reform movements. But against this argument it is submitted that whenever public opinion becomes sufficiently developed in favor of any certain change, that provision, without exception, is enacted into law in due time.

If college men and women will realize how important it is to discriminate in this regard as herein urged, they can do much to clarify the atmosphere, turn near-chaos into order, skepticism into confidence, and in the place of frenzied endeavor we shall have a substantial progress. By studying each alleged evil and each proposed reform in this attitude we shall arrive at the truth, regardless of what, in any given instance, our favored policy may ultimately be, and the freedom which is ours will not die, but will have a larger meaning for all classes of our people. Then we shall have performed our duty toward those who have gone before and those who are yet to come, and thereby we shall have proved ourselves worthy of our American citizenship.

Notes of Travel

By WILLIAM F. ELLIOTT

My wife, boy and I, together with my sister, left New York for Naples on June 11, 1914, and sailed from London on our return to America August 26, 1914. We stopped on the way to Naples at Funchal, Gibraltar, and Genoa, all of which are well worth seeing. Riding in the ox-carts or sleds and coasting down the mountain at Funchal are novel experiences.

Genoa seemed to be doing a great deal of business and is the only Italian city that appears to have improved much in that respect since I visited Italy more than twenty years ago. Naples and Rome, however, have improved considerably in sanitation, and beggars are no longer the nuisance they once were in those

cities. The most delightful experience we had in the region of Naples was the drive to Amalfi and the night at the old Cappuccini Hotel. The far-famed blue grotto was a disappointment to me.

Rome, Florence, and Venice are among the most interesting of the large cities on the continent. Berlin, Paris, and Brussels are the others that I liked best. Dresden and Munich are also very attractive. But the quaintest and most picturesque place we found anywhere is the Bavarian town of Rothenburg, at which we stopped for several days on our way from Nuremburg to Heidelberg. Osborne rightly called it one of the "picture towns" of Europe. It is an old walled town and is far more picturesque and medieval in appearance than Nuremburg. The battlemented towers and walls, on which one can walk for several miles around the town, look as they did hundreds of years ago, and the view from the wall on the west over the valley of the river Tauber, which runs along three or four hundred feet below and is crossed by a picturesque two-story bridge, is beautiful beyond description. So, the Rathaus with its peculiar designs and balcony of flowers, the Architects' House with its tearoom, the vines and pear trees trained upon the medieval walls, and the flowers in the windows of the quaint looking houses, make pictures that will linger in memory for years.

We were in Berlin when Austria declared war on Servia. Berlin is one of the most beautiful and attractive modern cities of the world and is noted for its municipal government; but almost everything one wants to do is forbidden or must be done in a prescribed way. We were out near the Reichstag building in the evening of the day on which Austria declared war, and noticed crowds of Germans yelling and singing around the statues of the Kaiser and of Bismarck, but we did not then know what Germany had to do with the war. The next morning, however, we left for Holland, as we had already planned. We stopped at Amsterdam and The Hague, "took in" the galleries and other points of interest at both places, visited the Peace Palace at The Hague, and saw Queen Wilhelmina at her palace

in the woods. We then went to Antwerp and Brussels, and from the latter place to Paris, passing through Mons, where one of the greatest battles of the present war was soon afterward fought.

We intended to stay a week in Paris, but Germany had already declared war on France and it was impossible to get money—except a small amount from the American Express Company—the streets of Paris were filled with soldiers, waiters were taken from the hotels, automobiles and trains were seized and used in mobilization, and we were advised to leave Paris as soon as possible. We stood not upon the order of our going but went at once. We got the last boat, as we were informed, that crossed the channel for a week or ten days, but we had to stand in a pushing crowd of four or five hundred people at the Paris railroad station for over two hours waiting for the only train to Dieppe, and sat on our baggage on the boat deck half the night. Fortunately, the channel was unusually smooth. Many people left their "luggage" at various places on the continent, but we had shipped our trunks through to Southampton from Naples two months before and carried our hand baggage with us.

The Americans in London seemed to be much more excited than the English. Business went on as usual, and about the only noticeable difference made by the war was in the number of soldiers passing along the streets. Many Americans arrived, however, with tales of hardship and mistreatment, and complained particularly of the Germans; but, later on, those who came from Germany said that the people of that country were taking pains to treat tourists from the United States unusually well. I think most of the inconvenience everywhere was caused by mobilization and preparation for war rather than by intentional mistreatment.

Some of the Americans at our hotel were so anxious to get home that they took steerage passage on any boat they could get, and one wealthy California couple who had a high-priced cabin engaged on a fine boat scheduled to sail in three weeks, gave it up and came home in the steerage on a small boat sailing from Bristol. We all felt much as the "gentleman of color" who

applied to the American relief committee for help, and in filling out the printed form of application, said, in answer to the question why he wanted help, that he was "very much interested in his own home just at present." But we waited until the regular time fixed for the sailing of the boat on which we had engaged passage before leaving this country, and had no trouble. We had to get along at night, however, with all portholes closed and curtained so that no lights could show.

In the meantime, we visited Oxford, Stratford, Warwick, and places around London, and took a week's trip to Scotland and back through the English Lake region. Some of the Oxford colleges were already used in part by soldiers. Rooms in Warwick Castle were offered and in course of preparation for hospital uses, and nearly every nobleman's mansion and many of the hotels were offered for the same or a similar use. This suggests some good that has come out of the great evil of the war, namely, the sympathy and feeling of brotherhood that has been aroused. The prohibition of drinking in the armies is another good thing which, with a similar prohibition in some other places and enforced abstinence, may have a far-reaching effect. Edinburgh certainly needs something of the kind. It is one of the most beautiful and attractive of all cities, but we saw more drunkenness there than in any other place.

While coaching through the English Lake country we met an English clergyman who said that although he had seen many people from the United States, I was the first one with whom he had talked, as they all "seemed so important" that he feared to speak to them. By the way, his wife was almost as large as the woman in the story told by Jerome. This woman was sitting in a London "bus," next to a small boy, when three girls entered. All the seats were occupied, and the woman said to the boy, "Where are your manners? Why don't you get up and give one of the young ladies a seat?" The boy replied, "Why don't you get up yourself and let all of them sit down?" This must have been an exceptional case, for in Great Britain no more passengers are ordinarily taken than there are seats for.

It is difficult to single out any one place as the most attractive of the many beautiful spots that we saw, but the Amalfi and Sorrento drive, the upper part of Lake Lucerne, Interlaken, and the view of the Jungfrau, Rothenburg, Heidelberg from the Schloss Hotel above the old castle, and the English Lake country with its beautiful scenery and literary associations, are among those that appealed to us most. The Italian lakes and the Rhine are also deservedly celebrated, but to me they do not excel our own Lake George and the Hudson.

There is much to be said in favor of Dr. Johnson's advice to Boswell to see the people and their customs rather than cities and pictures and Arcadian scenes. In conclusion, therefore, I give a few instances of particular customs or characteristics of the people. Throughout Europe the women do much of the harvesting and work in the fields. This is particularly noticeable in Germany, where they had a very large harvest this year. They farm much more intensively and better than we do. Distances are usually estimated in figures of the time it takes to walk them, and when we asked the distance to a certain place we were told "ten minutes' walk," or the like. In Italy people also went out of their way to show us without thought of compensation; and in England the policemen were especially accommodating. Generally, however, almost everybody expected a tip. This we often found to be true of the "man higher up" as well as of subordinate employes.

Germany is, in many respects, more progressive than Great Britain. In the latter country they cling to the old ways and methods, but they are reliable. England, for instance, has long been noted for its cutlery, but one can buy a fine-looking pocket knife in Berlin for one-fourth the price of a similar knife, so far as appearance is concerned, in London. I presume the German knife is not of much account for actual use, but the Germans make their articles attractive, both in looks and price.

In the countries that use the lira or franc, I think a franc goes as far in paying traveling expenses as a shilling goes in Great Britain or a mark in Germany. We found expenses at hotels

about the same in Great Britain and Holland as in this country. In Germany, too, we noticed very little difference. In Italy, and even in France and Switzerland, we found the average rates a little lower.

The custom of tipping is a great and demoralizing nuisance. A few hotels, such as the "Strand Palace" in London and the Luzernerhof in Lucerne, have abolished it, in theory at least. They charge little, if anything, more on that account, and are well patronized. The former is very attractive and well-managed, and the Luzernerhof is one of the best hotels in every respect that we found anywhere at anything like the same price. It is always difficult to apportion the tips satisfactorily to the porter, the waiters, the boots, the elevator boy, the chambermaid, and the rest of them. They all seem to know when one is due to leave and line up near the doorway. Some travelers avoid embarrassment to some extent by having 5 or 10 per cent. added to their bill for proper distribution by the landlord or manager among the employes.

There are, of course, other inconveniences in European travel and one has to adopt Touchstone's philosophy, but even inability to speak or understand the language of the country is not a serious drawback. Bad water is a bugbear, but good water can now be obtained almost everywhere, and mineral or charged water is for sale at almost every railroad station. We were compelled in several instances, however, to pay more for meals because we did not take wine or beer with them.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumnal Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription Price, one dollar per year.

Entered at the Indianapolis Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter, March 26, 1912.

Address communications to Katharine M. Graydon, Secretary, Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Awakened Spirit

During the fall there has been an unusual spirit about the campus—a happy, healthy activity and accomplishment. In the classroom, in the various societies, on Irwin Field, has been an expression of fine energy and cooperation.

A goodly number of alumni have returned. Many parents have shown their interest by visiting classes. The students have through Panhellenic meetings, the Lotus Club, the Christian Association, been brought together in democratic and friendly manner. The successful athletic season has increased their confidence in, and loyalty to, their college and awakened an obligation to express this confidence and loyalty.

In the festive celebration of the State championship gained by Butler College, strong hope and expectation were expressed by those long faithful to the college, of the realization of a new era. At the football banquet Miss Katharine M. Graydon spoke of Butler's record, of her unswerving course onward and upward through storm and stress; of her possession of a wealth money cannot secure in faculty of the past; in the dignity and modesty of true worth; in the scholarship she had undeniably stood for; in her 'scutcheon kept without a blot. Mr. Hilton U. Brown carried on this thought, showing that out of a strong and worthy past would come a future we all hope to see. Buildings and grounds are not all of a college, desirable and necessary as they are; are not the best of a college. The richest outcome of college life is sentiment, is the spiritual gift in which Butler has

been mighty. The future was vividly pictured by Dr. Henry Jameson,—a beautiful exterior to house the spirit just mentioned, and the possibility of bringing this about by crystallizing in material form the feeling he saw present, and by the college patriotism he knew existed in many not present.

Indeed, all seemed easy as we listened to the speakers—almost possible did we think it to walk out and pick up a Gymnasium, an Administration Building, or a Woman's Building. So real did things become that we were not surprised when President Howe followed upon Dr. Jameson's words with the offer to be one of one hundred to give one thousand dollars each within four years for the new Gymnasium.

With such enthusiasm of undergraduates, alumni, faculty, and trustees about Irvington, the realization of an increased endowment to give Butler sadly needed buildings and equipment seems not far distant.

May this local spirit not be strengthened by absent friends? Are not the obligations of the alumni their true privileges?

The Football Season

In all college life nothing arouses greater interest than a football contest. With a certain class of students, debate and oratory have their place. Others anticipate social events with pleasure. Basketball and the great American game of baseball have their adherents. A track and field meet has a fair attendance. A student play or concert may be patronized by a goodly number. But it is the college game of football that belongs to the whole student body, friends, and alumni.

The 1914 football team made a record in Butler athletics. Beginning the season with many discouragements, it closed with the State college championship. Some of the men of last year's team graduated in June. Others did not return to college. At the opening of the school year, prospects were not promising. Only one man had played three years. Most of the rest were either one-year men or wholly inexperienced. To make a winning team from such material seemed a Herculean task. But Coach

Thomas, as a Butler student, as captain of the football team, and as all-round athlete, proved himself on more than one occasion equal to such tasks. So, he met these obstacles with his usual patience and perseverance.

Believing that a well-balanced team is one of the requisites of success, Mr. Thomas made no effort to develop individual stars. Each man was made to feel that he was an important factor in the final result. Captain, quarterback, linemen, and all, knew that each individual went in as a part to make up the complete machine, and that failure in any part might result in failure to all.

Seven games were scheduled, five with Indiana colleges, and two with Kentucky schools. From the first, efforts were directed toward developing a machine to meet the Indiana teams. Consequently, by faithful practice and careful coaching, a squad met Earlham, the first Indiana college on the schedule, in one of the closest contests of the season. At no time during this game had either team a decided advantage. The first half closed with a score of 6 to 0 against Butler. Earlham supporters saw only victory ahead, and shouted themselves hoarse. But the fighting spirit in the Butler men was not vanquished. They entered the second half with a determination to be avenged. A united effort at the proper moment resulted in the ball being placed over the opponents' line, and the game ended with the close score of 7 to 6 in Butler's favor.

Perhaps no more exciting football was ever seen on Irwin Field than in the Hanover game. It was closely fought from the start. Each team in succession made good gains, only to be held at length for downs. The open game, with end plays and forward passes, seemed to predominate. Long runs were not infrequent. Three minutes before the game closed, the score was 16 to 10 in Hanover's favor. Butler's goal seemed to be in danger again, when the ball went to her side. Then, in two minutes of the most brilliant and spectacular play ever witnessed on the home field, by five long successive forward passes, any one of which, of itself, was enough to set the bleachers wild, a touchdown was made and goal was kicked. And thus a second victory was scored by just one point.

The game generally expected to test the Butler men to their limit, proved the easiest game of the year. This was with DePauw. The day had been made "Old Gold Day" at Greencastle, where the report had been circulated that an easy victory was expected. This information, coming as a challenge just before the game, placed the Butler squad on their mettle. From the beginning to the end of the contest, they fought. They completely outplayed their opponents, and seemed able to gain ground at will. Only once during the entire combat was Butler's goal in danger, and then for a short time only. Again and again was DePauw's goal threatened, although but once did Butler succeed in going over. And thus another victory was recorded for Butler in her march toward the State championship.

The game with Rose was cancelled at her request, thereby forfeiting to Butler. After this, the championship title lay between Wabash and Butler. Franklin, Hanover, Rose, and Earlham had all been eliminated earlier in the season. DePauw was out after her defeat on "Old Gold Day." Butler was not scheduled with Wabash this year. Each, thus far, had defeated all the Indiana colleges played, and each had one more game on its list. Wabash was to play DePauw November 16, and Butler, Franklin November 21. Should either Wabash or Butler win and the other lose, the title was settled. Should both win or both lose, neither could claim it. Hence, interest increased as the time approached. DePauw and Franklin were making their best efforts, each that it might win over its adversary. Butler supporters favored DePauw, and a number went to Greencastle to see Wabash go down to defeat in a 3 to 0 score.

Thus, heightened by a succession of events, interest became intense in Butler circles. Not another college in the State but naturally wished Franklin success. And it was reported that a coach from one of these was assisting the Franklin coach that Butler might be defeated. Hence team, students, and alumni felt that an athletic crisis was pending. The entire student body was in attendance to support the home players. A large delegation came from Franklin. The crowd was perhaps the largest ever seen on Irwin Field. The contest in the first half was close, with

the odds in Butler's favor. Each was held for downs again and again. Butler was the stronger on offense, but Franklin showed surprising strength on defense. She met every Butler play as no other team had done. As a result, the first half closed with a score by neither. In the early part of the second half, the ball went back and forth for a time. But gradually the Butler team worked their way down within a few yards of their opponents' goal. The bleachers grew enthusiastic. Then Franklin stood firm, and the whistle closed the third quarter with Butler in possession of the ball, only five yards from Franklin's goal. Shortly after the beginning of the fourth quarter, Butler's captain carried the ball over for a touchdown. The bleachers went wild. And the game closed with Butler as the unquestioned champion of college football in Indiana for the year 1914.

Such a succession of victories, together with the State college championship, was worthy of recognition. So the students, alumni, and friends met on the campus, in the evening of this victorious day, and gave expression to their emotions around a bonfire. College songs and college yells, interspersed with student speeches and football wit, filled the evening with general hilarity. And the wave of enthusiasm generated here had not yet subsided at the chapel hour on the following Tuesday, when the students, with songs and college yells, marched through the halls and out on Irwin Field, where their surplus energy finally spent its force.

The alumni, former students, and football stars sought to emphasize their interest in the 1914 football team in a more substantial way, by serving a chicken dinner to the entire football squad. On Monday evening following the last game, nearly a hundred of them assembled at Page's country place, two miles east of Irvington, where a genuine feast of wit and chicken was enjoyed. President Howe acted as toastmaster, and the occasion was made gay with story and song. Many the tales that were told of gridiron achievements in years long gone by. From which one might well conclude that "there were giants in those days" on the Butler football team. Among other things accomplished on this occasion, perhaps the most immediate and tangi-

ble was the raising of money for the purchase of fifteen sweaters to be given to those of the football team who had earned their "B" in 1914.

As a climax to the successful football season came the Y. M. C. A. banquet in honor of the team. This was held on Friday evening, December 4, at the College of Missions. It had been announced beforehand that, on account of the size of the banquet hall, the attendance would necessarily be limited to two hundred and fifty. This number of tickets was soon disposed of, and many people were turned away. At least a hundred more would have attended had there been room sufficient. President Howe again acted as toastmaster, and appeared at his best. Those responding to toasts were Professor E. N. Johnson, chairman of the athletic committee; Justus Paul, captain of the football team; Bruce Robison, student manager; Cullen Thomas, coach; B. F. Dailey, of the class of 1887; H. U. Brown, president of the Board of Directors; Miss Katharine Graydon, representing the faculty, and Dr. Henry Jameson, of the class of 1869, president of the Alumni Association. Newton Browder, as usual, was yell leader, while the music, consisting of college songs, was furnished by all. The happy hits and humorous incidents, together with the solid food for thought in each toast, made the occasion one to be long remembered. Two or three in their remarks, referred to Butler's need of a new gymnasium, and as a fitting close to the celebration, President Howe pledged himself to be one of one hundred individuals, each to give one thousand dollars for a new gymnasium. And thus the 1914 football season has become history.

E. N. JOHNSON.

Financial Plans

The story of Butler's growth is a fascinating one. It brings no encouragement to pessimism. No man can fully measure her intellectual and spiritual opportunities. We only know that they crowd hard upon us, and are calling for the open door of larger financial resources.

In our very midst is the Men and Millions Movement. It gath-

ers strength even through the financial depression. In the next few months it will reach Indiana. This movement promises slow but sure success. From the fund so raised Butler College will receive $300,000 for her endowment fund. This will provide about $16,500 income. This income will enable the college to increase salaries until the necessarily high-grade faculty will become much more permanent through longer terms of service for its members. It will also enable the college to employ some new professors, strengthening some departments, and building all more symmetrically and substantially. It will not solve all the financial problems. When we solve the immediate problems new doors of opportunity for enlargement will open.

Pending the completion of the Men and Millions Campaign, what is our problem? This campaign is now an actual expense to the college. Naturally the college pays its proportion of the expense of promotion. Without it, or other unusual expense, the college would run practically without deficit. With it and other unusual expense, a small deficit threatens. This is contrary to the business policy of the trustees and the administrative officers of the college. The work of the college is run on the basis of the strictest economy. The expense could be cut very little. Manifestly, the college must raise some additional funds for current expense fund and prevent this deficit. This policy and plan has met the approval of the board. Soon the alumni and friends of the college will be asked for a modest sum of money to tide the college over the meanwhile until the larger income is ours. An announcement of plans will soon be mailed by Mr. Carl Van Winkle, field secretary of the college. C. E. UNDERWOOD.

Butler College at the Atlanta Convention

Professor Charles E. Underwood, '03, and Carl Van Winkle, '14, have given us accounts of the International Convention held at Atlanta, October 7, 1914. Upon the program appeared the names of Carey E. Morgan, '83; E. P. Wise, '87; C. M. Fillmore, '90; and M. M. Amunson, '05. Professor W. C. Morro, of the college faculty, was chairman of the Religious Education Com-

mission, which made an extended report of research work in both the Sunday school and college field of religious education. There were present, connected with other institutions, H. O. Pritchard, '02, president of Eureka College; Earle M. Todd, ex-, president of Christian University; Professor C. M. Sharpe, ex-, Disciples' Divinity House, and Professor V. W. Blair, '03, Eureka College.

In E. W. Gans, '87, Butler College has a worthy representative among the business men of Atlanta, he being connected with the White Automobile Company. He did much to make enjoyable the visit of the Butler people, driving Mr. and Mrs. Wise, Charles M. Fillmore, Mr. and Mrs. George Muckley, and H. L. Willett about the city and environs in his spacious machine, and visiting the leading club-houses and other places of interest.

Stanley R. Grubb, '99, of Athens, was the only Butler man among the ministers of Georgia. He extended a hearty welcome to the big State and left the impression that in him Butler has an alumnus of whom she may be justly proud.

As in former years there was a well-planned Butler dinner. The dining-room of the Piedmont Hotel was tastefully decorated with pennants of white and blue and with carnations. The service and menu were excellent.

By unanimous choice of the Butler faculty present, Cloyd Goodnight, '06, acted as toastmaster, presiding with his usual dignity and ability. His introduction of speakers was exceedingly pleasing.

Carey E. Morgan spoke first, on "How Can Pastors Contribute to Christian Education?" He spoke of the influence of Butler College on his life, telling that he came to prepare himself for the profession of law, but how under the influence of President Burgess he entered the ministry. He held that the pastor could contribute to Christian Education by telling his people of the achievements of our college, by constant thought of the college, and by unceasing prayer for her success.

Charles M. Sharpe spoke of the responsibility of alumni and former students to the Alma Mater. He spoke tenderly of the direct and indirect influence of Butler College on his life. Carey

E. Morgan, he stated, inspired Charles M. Sharpe to enter the ministry. What success had attended that ministry, through Carey Morgan he owed to Butler College. Later, as a student, Mr. Sharpe himself enjoyed these same influences at Butler. The speaker held that the alumni and former students owed to the college a debt of gratitude, earnest and loyal support, and sincere affection.

Elias P. Wise spoke of the parents' responsibility to the college. He also spoke of the fine influence which Butler had had upon his life, and pointed out the service which a parent may render both himself and the college by placing before his children the ideals implanted by the college, and by sending these children into the same circle of influences.

Garry L. Cook, of the Indiana Christian Sunday school work, spoke of the relation of other agencies to Butler. Superintendent Cook was not a student of Butler College, but his official relationship to Indiana's cooperative work had drawn him into close fellowship with students and faculty. He spoke of the great field in which he worked as a field of religious education, and considered the college a higher institution which carried on the same broad program, as it dealt with the youth.

Professor W. C. Morro spoke clearly and earnestly on the present situation of the college, showing the promise of larger things now opening up.

A telegram of greeting from President Howe was received with sympathetic appreciation.

The following were seated at table: J. H. Mavity, '91, of Windfall, Ind.; H. H. Martindale, '12, G. L. Cook, Mrs. Shank, C. E. Underwood, '03, T. J. Legg, C. W. Cauble, C. M. Fillmore, '90, W. C. Morro, Perry Case, '14, W. E. M. Hackleman, Carl Van Winkle, '14, Miss Eunice Wright, of Indianapolis; A. L. Ward, '99, Lebanon, Ind.; L. E. Murray, Richmond, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. William Everman, Burlington, Ind.; Dr. Blount, Valparaiso, Ind.; Cloyd Goodnight, '06, Uniontown, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Carey Morgan, '83, Nashville, Tenn.; J. C. Burkhardt, '97, Muskogee, Okla.; C. E. Cobbey, Omaha, Neb.; C. M. Sharpe, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Calkins, Atlanta, Ga.; Stanley R. Grubb, '99,

Athens, Ga.; Earle M. Todd, Canton, Mo.; E. W. Gans, '87, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wise, '87, East Liverpool, O.; C. A. Brady, '99, Rochester, N. Y.; M. M. Amunson, '05, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. W. Crabb, Brazil, Ind.; Miss Frieda Fillmore, Cincinnati, O.

Founder's Day

February 7 occurs this year upon Sunday. Hence, the festive numbers of the program will be given on Saturday afternoon and evening, and the Founder's Day address will be made in the college chapel on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. At this early date the program cannot be more definitely stated, but through personal announcement made to the Alumni and through the daily press the features of the celebration will be clearly stated.

Founder's Day has become one of the rich days of our college calendar, and we hope that this fact will be more generally recognized this year than ever before. All exercises of the occasion are open to the alumni and friends of the college, and we trust that all accessible alumni and friends will consider it their especial pleasure to attend the dinner on the evening of February 6, and the address on the afternoon of February 7.

A Request

It would mean very much of ease in the conduct of this little paper, if the alumni would regularly pay their annual fee of one dollar. We shrink from wearying our readers with this frequent request, but we are business like, must meet our financial obligations, and have nothing to depend upon but the income accruing from alumni dues. *Verbum sap.!*

It would also be pleasant to all concerned, if you would send some news of yourself and family; or, if you be too modest, of somebody else once connected with Butler College.

The editor does wish to furnish readable news of and by your fellows, but she feels the need of assistance from you.

Personal Mention

Professor and Mrs. Scot Butler are spending the winter at Galveston, Texas.

Robert J. McKay, '10, and wife have returned from California upon a brief visit.

Dr. W. E. Phillips, '96, has removed from Granby to Springfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Josephine Besaw, '06, is teaching in the Bartholomew-Clifton school at Cincinnati.

Albert M. Chamberlain, '84, is living at Miami, Florida, where he is president of the Equitable Title Company.

Mrs. Chauncy Butler is spending the winter at Asheville, North Carolina, where her health is steadily improving.

Rev. James H. McCullough, '65, after fifty-six years devoted to the ministry, has resigned and is located at San Jose, California.

Mrs. Luther Eldridge (Roxana Thayer) and daughter, Jean Claire, returned from Los Angeles to spend the holidays at Greenfield.

The Quarterly sends sympathy to Professor Edmund H. Hollands in the death of his mother, which occurred in October at Watervliet, New York.

We receive with pleasure and follow with profit the bulletins of the Upper Room. To such work as is being carried on by Professor Iden, '83, at Ann Arbor, we lift our hat in profound respect.

Miss Agnes Tilson, '10, is located at Bloomington, Illinois, where she is in charge of the domestic art of the public schools. She teaches in the high school and also supervises the eight buildings of the city. Miss Tilson received her master of science

degree last June from Purdue University, her major being "Home Economics."

President and Mrs. Howe have removed from 48 South Audubon Road to 30 North Audubon Road, having purchased the house of Mr. J. D. Forrest.

Raymond D. Meeker, '91, is State Senator from the Twenty-fourth District of Illinois, and is chairman of the committee on public buildings and grounds. Mr. Meeker resides at Sullivan, Illinois.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Harold Bradley, ex-'14, and Miss Alice Branham. The wedding will occur in the spring. Mr. Bradley is living in Florida, where he will take his bride.

Butler friends were glad to see the November election returns give to Merrill Moores, ex-, a seat in Congress from the Seventh District; to Vincent G. Clifford, '79, a judgeship in the Superior Court; and to Horace Ellis, ex-, the superintendency of public instruction.

The Quarterly wishes to correct an erroneous statement in the last issue. Rev. E. H. Clifford, '93, is in charge of the East Creighton Avenue (Third) Church of Christ, Fort Wayne, Indiana, instead of the West Jefferson Street Church. Of the latter Rev. O. E. Tomes, '04, is pastor.

Milton D. Baumgartner, head of the German department, has issued a volume "On the Influence of Dryden in Germany During the Eighteenth Century." Professor Baumgartner has recently received his doctorate from the University of Nebraska, for which this publication was the thesis.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson entertained at supper on October 31 for Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Tibbott, now living at Germantown, Pennsylvania. It was a small and happy gathering of old Butler friends, among whom were seen Professor Scot Butler, Mrs. W. M. Thrasher, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, Mr. and

Mrs. Frank Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Cottman, Miss Annie Tibbott, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Davenport, Misses Ellen, Jane, and Katharine Graydon.

James B. Curtis, '80, was elected president at the national interfraternity conference held in New York on December 3. Mr. Curtis represents Delta Tau Delta.

To Mr. Perry H. Clifford, '89, and to Mrs. Grace Clifford Smith, '01, the Quarterly sends sympathy in the loss of their mother. Mrs. Clifford died in Irvington on November 22, and was buried from her son's home, at Crown Hill.

The Quarterly sends welcome to Nelson Chamberlin, who came on September 26 into the home of Earl George and Mrs. Romenta Chamberlain George, '08; to David Eugene, who came on October 3 into the home of Elbert H. Clarke, '09, and Mrs. Inez Williams Clarke, ex-'09; to Gene Lois, who came on November 2 into the home of A. Leroy Portteus, '00, and Mrs. Portteus; to Elizabeth, who came on December 8 into the home of Will D. Howe, '93, and Mrs. Elizabeth Poulson Howe, '02; to the little daughter who came on December 15 into the home of Dr. Daniel W. Layman, '93, and Mrs. Layman; to Martha Julian, who came on December 19 into the home of Professor and Mrs. Christopher B. Coleman.

The Indiana chapter of Phi Delta Theta held its annual Thanksgiving banquet at the Butler College chapter house. Twenty-four active members and about an equal number of alumni were present. W. N. Pickerill, '60, the only surviving charter member, appeared as guest of honor. He told of the early days of college fraternities, particularly of this chapter, when college secret societies were not much in favor. They grew and flourished notwithstanding this, except that the Civil War interfered for a period. Six of the charter members enlisted in the war and two of them were killed in battle or died of disease and wounds. Mr. Pickerill served three years in the Army of the Potomac, and was in nearly all of its great battles. His account

of these events was heard with much interest. Albert R. Tucker, '15, president of the chapter, was toastmaster, and, beside Mr. Pickerill, the speakers were Cullen Thomas, '13, Claris Adams, ex-, W. E. Fitzgerald, ex-, F. R. Kautz, '87, Hilton U. Brown, '80, and Lee Moffett, '12.

The contributors to this issue are: Charles W. Moores, a former student who afterward graduated from Wabash College, a well-known lawyer of Indianapolis, and an authority upon the life of Abraham Lincoln; Richard B. Moore, professor of chemistry in Butler College, 1904-1910, now connected with the Department of the Interior in the Bureau of Mines, located at Denver, and an authority upon radium; James G. Randall, '03, professor of history at Roanoke College, Virginia; Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, student of the Harvard Law School of the class of 1915; William F. Elliott, '80, an esteemed lawyer of Indianapolis.

James B. Pearcy, '88, has been appointed by the State superintendent of public instruction as State high school inspector to succeed A. O. Neal, who recently resigned to go to the University of Arizona. Mr. Pearcy has been superintendent of schools of Anderson several years, graduating to that position from the principalship of the Anderson high school. He is recognized as one of the leading public school educators of the State. He has been specializing recently in the study of the development of vocational education, and this fact had much to do with his selection. Mr. Pearcy took up his work on December 1. He will now make his home in Indianapolis.

During the Indiana Teachers' Convention held in Indianapolis the last week of October, several alumni lunched together at the Chamber of Commerce. Among them were seen: D. C. Brown, '79; Miss Frances Doan, '07; Miss Lucile Didlake, '07; C. W. Moores, ex-; Miss Jane Graydon, '87; R. L. Dorsey, '83, and wife; A. M. Hall, '88; Robert Hall, '91, and wife; Miss Sara Patterson, '07; Miss Margaret Barr, '11; Miss Martha Empson, '12; Miss Bertha Thormeyer, '92; Miss Marie Binninger, '07; Miss

Irma Nix, '09; Miss Golie Stucker, '06; Mrs. Hope Graham, '11; Miss Clara Thormyer, '06; Miss Gwyneth Harry, '14; Miss Katharine Graydon, '78; Professors Coleman, Putnam, Baumgartner.

At the football banquet given on the evening of December 4 were seen: Dr. Henry Jameson, '69; Chauncy Butler, '69; Katharine Graydon, '78; Hilton U. Brown, '80; Minnie Olcott Williams, '81; Robert L. Dorsey, '83; Dora Pendleton Riley, '85; B. F. Dailey, '87; Jane Graydon, '87; T. C. Howe, '89; Julia Graydon Jameson, '90; Evelyn M. Butler, '93; Isabella Moore Miller, '94; Charles E. Underwood, '03; John K. Kingsbury, '06; Elizabeth T. Bogert, '09; Hope W. Graham, '11; Cullen Thomas, '13.

Marriages

Brayton-Scott.—On October 14 were married in Indianapolis Alembert Winthrop Brayton, Jr., and Miss Lucile Lee Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Brayton are at home at 2501 North Alabama street.

Hall-Millikan.—On October 15 were married at the home of the bride's parents in Indianapolis, Ellis B. Hall and Miss Cleo L. Millikan, '13. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are at home at 2411 North Alabama street.

Murray-Hughes.—On October 15 were married at the home of the bride's parents in Greenfield, Indiana, James Lee Murray, '09, and Miss Lucy M. Hughes. Mr. and Mrs. Murray are at home at 5452 Lowell avenue, Indianapolis.

Hunt-Morris.—On October 17 were married at the Irvington Methodist Episcopal Church, Earl R. Hunt and Miss Minnabel Morris. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are at home at 510 North Meridian street.

Hughes-Bragg.—On November 19 were married at Roanoke, Virginia, Jesse Derwood Hughes, Jr., and Miss Mary Bragg, '13. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes are at home at Greenfield, Indiana.

Morrison-McReynolds.—On November 24 were married in Bethlehem Chapel of SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Washington, Representative Martin A. Morrison, '83, and Miss Katharine McReynolds. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison are at home at 1410 N Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Smith-Brown.—On November 25 at the home of the bride's parents, were married Stanley H. Smith and Miss Martha L. Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are at home at 1345 East Thirty-eighth street.

Necrology

McCallum.—Reverend Neal Spiers McCallum, '79, died on July 13, 1913, at Tacoma, Washington.

Mr. McCallum was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, his parents removing to the United States when he was an infant. He was graduated from Bethany College, later taking a course in modern languages in the Kentucky University at Lexington and then a classical course at Butler College. In 1875 he married Miss Emma Middlekauff at Hagerstown, Maryland.

In his later years Mr. McCallum was prominent in evangelistic work. He had lived in Tacoma for about ten years. An able, scholarly man, an earnest worker, an eloquent preacher, he was beloved by many friends. Two daughters, Misses Emma and Bertha McCallum, of Tacoma, survive him.

Breeden.—Lewis Clark Breeden, '84, died on October 1, at Lewistown, Illinois.

Mr. Breeden had lived at Lewistown since 1885, where he had owned and published the *Lewistown News* until nine years ago, when he was compelled by ill-health to resign his editorship. Politically he was a Democrat, and in 1894 was elected to the Illinois Legislature, in which he served one term. Mr. Breeden is survived by a widow and an adopted son of five years.

Duncan.—John Sanders Duncan, '65, died on November 28 at his home in Indianapolis from which he was buried at Crown Hill. One who knew him well has written:

"After a long and honorable life John S. Duncan is dead in his sixty-ninth year. It was the normal life—singularly so. In this community of his birth he grew through boyhood, was educated at home schools, and graduated from the old Northwestern Christian University, now Butler College. He had studied law and on the day after his twenty-first birthday was admitted to practice. He had set out to be a lawyer and he went as straight as an arrow to the mark. For nearly forty-five years, until his last sickness, he was active in the profession. He was a consistent member of his church, of which he was a deacon and at whose college he had graduated. He lived and died here, where he had been born, a life of continuous labor which yielded the fruits of such a life, for in the full power of his years he was among the foremost of the Indiana bar. He was especially a great criminal lawyer. His power over juries was wonderful. His address was fair, like his face, which seemed the home of candor. There were no tricks of advocacy. His serenity and poise were perfect, as they always seemed in his life. Apparently he won his great success by the simplicity of his address as if he took the jury into his confidence, laid open the whole case before it and stood waiting in unruffled calm. Of course, there was much more here. Behind was keen intelligence and fine management springing from long experience. But outwardly he seemed to win by the virtue of his case's strength only, with an entire absence of rant, parade, or ornate periods.

"The only public office he held was that of prosecutor, to which he was early elected and which added to his growing reputation as a lawyer. He had before performed a public function—that of a soldier at eighteen in the hundred days' service. With these exceptions he lived in private and pursued his calling from the days of his youth. He was one of the last of the descendants of one of the early pioneer families, his maternal grandparents coming here from Kentucky when the foundations of the town were laid. He added his labors to theirs, playing his full part in aiding the development of the community which they had helped to begin.

"In daily intercourse Mr. Duncan was genial, overflowing with good spirits at times, at times serious, but in whatever phase leaving the impression of poise, restraint, control, serenity. Of course, his life had its burdens and trials as well as its joys. But all were carried with an unvarying steadiness, marked by an absence of 'moods,' and that, perhaps, is the finest attainment for any life. He had troops of friends everywhere in the state. And among them was to a great degree the old-fashioned quality of recognition that set one apart. Thus he was widely known as 'Lawyer Duncan,' a sort of title which in a simpler civilization was in various callings given to men distinguished therein as a mark of honor."

Our Correspondence

Elbert H. Clarke, '09: The Alumnal Quarterly is the most welcome magazine that comes to our house.

Thomas J. Byers, '69: I gladly send my alumni dues, for I still want to keep in touch with the old college. My best wishes are always for the success of the college.

H. O. Pritchard, '02: May I send congratulations on the latest number of the Quarterly, which has just come to my desk? It is a worthy production in every way. I wish Butler College every success.

James G. Randall, '03: My work is going nicely and I am quite attached to Roanoke, though it is always good to get back to Butler and to see Butler people. I was delighted with the last number of the Alumnal, and I look forward with great pleasure to the quarterly visits of this very attractive paper.

William C. Kassebaum, '13: I didn't get to see any of the football games this year, being pretty busy, with it hard to get away in the afternoons; but I was awfully glad to note the results, and the several beautiful wallops that the team handed to various secondary championship claimants. Whether the attitude

is right or wrong, it seems true that nothing wins a college more respect from folks generally, than a successful football season. We can be proud of the record this year.

Emerson W. Matthews, '91: Enclosed herewith I send you $1.00 in payment of my dues to the Alumni Association. Permit me also to take this opportunity to convey to you my deep sense of appreciation of the Alumnal Quarterly. Every issue of it is a delight to me as I am sure it must be to all former Butler students who read it. No other means of communication between our Alma Mater and those of us who are far removed from its hallowed shades serves its purpose quite so well as the Alumnal Quarterly. In conserving the best traditions of the college by means of such excellent literary contributions and personal reminiscences as the Quarterly brings to us, this little messenger is doing an invaluable work in fostering Butler spirit. With every good wish for your continued success.

Charles F. McElroy, '04: I enclose my alumni dues, and hope to keep in touch with Butler as long as I live. I would not willingly give up the Quarterly as you are conducting it. It is better than the alumni publications of some large schools in the scope and character of its contents. I congratulate you on doing something which looked impossible.

Frederick C. Domroese, '06, who is doing graduate work at the University of Michigan, writes: The Michigan spirit is excellent. Ann Arbor is a tiptop town for a university. Among my professors I find most sympathetic men and inspiring teachers. The work which is to culminate in an A. M. is proving altogether delightful and practical.

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar was due October 1. For this amount will be mailed to each paying member of the association all alumni publications. Will you kindly send the dues for 1915-1916 as soon as possible to the secretary-treasurer,

KATHARINE M. GRAYDON,
Butler College, Indianapolis.

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