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FOUNDER'S DAY NUMBER

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FOUNDER'S DAY

Ovid Butler

[*The Indianapolis Journal* of July 13, 1881, contained the following notice:]

A great man, because a pre-eminently good one, has gone from earth to heaven. He lived in every year of this century but the first, therefore a contemporary of the wonderful events and changes occurring in the history of our own and other countries during that time. It cannot be expected that in a brief obituary notice full justice can be done to the life and character of such a man.

Ovid Butler was born on the 7th of February, 1801, in Augusta, Oneida county, New York. His father removed to the State of Indiana in 1817 and settled first in Jennings county. He received only such an education as could be given in the common schools of that day. His life was like that of all other young men who came West with the pioneer father, and that father a preacher—a life of toil, of privation and self-sacrifice. Every spare hour, however, was given to such books as could be then had, and the knowledge thus obtained was treasured as the miser treasures his gold. In 1822 Mr. Butler went to Illinois and tried his hand at school teaching, but the fever and ague got the better of him and he returned to Vernon and sold goods for a short time. In 1844 he studied law and was admitted to practice in one year. It was now that the strong qualities of his mind began to manifest themselves, and some of its moral qualities. He took high rank at once in his profession at Shelbyville, where he commenced its practice. He ran for the Legislature at one time, and at another for the county clerkship, and both times was defeated on account of his strong anti-

slavery convictions, which he took no pains to conceal. In 1827 he married Cordelia Cole, a daughter of Judge Cole. In 1836 he came to Indianapolis and formed a partnership in the law with Calvin Fletcher, lasting for eleven years. The pleasant and profitable relation thus formed was always alluded to by Mr. Butler in the kindest terms, he entertaining for Mr. Fletcher the warmest feelings of friendship, and the highest admiration for him as a man. Ill health compelled Mr. Butler, somewhat reluctantly, to retire from the profession which he loved and honored during his whole life. He regarded the careful study of its elementary principles as a splendid intellectual and moral discipline, and the practical and just application of those principles as one of the noblest occupations of men. The peculiar qualities of Mr. Butler's mind made him most formidable as a chancery lawyer, and it was in this branch of the profession he most distinguished himself. At the same time he possessed the rarest qualifications for all the business connected with his profession, as may be attested now by an examination of the many immense folios representing the business of the firm in which his handwriting largely preponderates.

When Mr. Butler retired from the practice of the law the anti-slavery agitation had commenced in earnest, and Mr. Butler, being in full sympathy with it, allied himself to the Freesoil party of 1848, on whose ticket he was a candidate for presidential elector. He took an active interest in the counsels of that party and subsequent anti-slavery organizations, culminating in the Republican party of 1856. In 1854 he bought the *Indianapolis Journal,* giving the management of it to B. R. Sulgrove and Rawson Vaile. Three years later Mr. Sulgrove bought out Mr. Butler's interest, and about the same time the latter contributed generously to the establishment of an anti-slavery paper at Cincinnati. He was no politician in the ordinary sense of the word. He took sides, because of his intense conviction of right and his love of freedom. But the thought and enterprise that enlisted all his energy and devotion during those years, after he retired from his profession, was the founding and maintaining a university in the interest of an unsectarian Christianity, in which the Bible was to be the only

bond of union. The North Western Christian University was the result of his care and study and labor. There were others connected with him in this enterprise who should justly share with him whatever of merits belonged to it, notably John O'Kane, lately deceased. But, without doubt, to his large benefactions, his unceasing care and vigilance, and his wise counsels, does the university owe its present prosperity and usefulness. The directors not long since changed its name to "Butler," to which Mr. Butler very reluctantly consented. The suggestion was in opposition to his innate dislike of ostentation. The subject of his latest anxiety and prayers was Butler University and the success of the grand idea suggested in the act of its incorporation, "the union of Christians upon the Bible," which was made and is now a textbook in the regular course of study.

But no one can understand Mr. Butler's life, character, and labors who did not know the deep and earnest religious faith that suggested and guided his every thought and act. It controlled his politics. It impelled him to choose something to do for the public good that he might thus live for the good of others. Mr. Butler, in early manhood, was inclined to skepticism, but he could not long wander among the improbabilities and absurdities of unbelief. In 1833 he and his wife Cordelia joined the Christian Church, his father, Chauncy Butler, being then a preacher in that communion, and afterwards the first pastor of the church established in Indianapolis. It is in this character we love best to contemplate our friend. In the family his religious devotion was always an example and incentive. Its strength and beauty won all who came within its influence. In the church of which he was a member his counsel sought, never intruded, always prevailed. His liberality and piety secured an influence always exercised for good. If differences ever did arise, a sacred regard for the rights of others, and kindly deference to their opinions, most frequently gained the adversary to his way. His prayers and exhortations in the public congregation were remarkable for their purity and depth of thought, their beauty of expression, and perfect appropriateness. He was profoundly read in the Old and New Testaments, and in his extreme old age could quote accurately any passage he had use for.

Whatever he did was thoroughly done. Mr. Butler thought for himself—his individuality was intense. He formed his own conclusions in politics, in religion, and in the conduct of life. He had no pride of opinion; only when after careful study and reflection, he came to a conclusion, he held to it with the utmost tenacity. It may, with the utmost truth, be said, that no one could be intimate with Mr. Butler without being benefited. One of the most beautiful traits of his character was his charity for the frailities and follies of others. He was rigid in criticism of himself, but most lenient of others. His was a lofty standard of Christian excellence and manhood, and the only apprehension he ever felt was that he did not reach it himself. We are willing to leave that with his God, confident he will be greeted with the joyful welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The Address

[In introducing the speaker of the day, President Thomas Carr Howe said:]

PRESIDENT HOWE: To most of you I think the main details of the history of this college are familiar; but this is our Founder's Day, and it seems to me that though some of us may tire of the oft recounting of these facts, it is well to recall a few of the significant events in our history.

We were chartered in 1849; our charter became effective in 1850; in 1855 the college began its service, and in 1856 the first class was graduated. It was then known as North Western Christian University. Subsequently it was thought wise to remove the college, or the university, as it was then known, from its then site in the northern part of the city of Indianapolis, to Irvington, the new suburb, and so in 1875 the institution began its work in this building. In 1877, because of the gifts of Ovid Butler to the university, the name was changed from North Western University to Butler University. In 1896 we became a college, and the name was changed to Butler College. The next change we made was from a stock corporation to a self-perpetuating board of government.

The college was the outgrowth of pioneer activity. It was only

about thirty years after the admission of the State to the Union that the agitation for the founding of such a college as this began among the Disciples of Christ. These sturdy, God-fearing men and leaders of that time felt there was need for an educational institution of the church in this part of the country to serve the great Northwest, and out of their activities came the incorporation of the university, came the gathering of the funds that made it possible to construct buildings and to begin the institution. And these same people—these Disciples of Christ—have been behind it, fostering and furthering the interests of the institution ever since.

It is a good thing for us to come together once in a while and think about our indebtedness to those who have gone before us. I wish we might do this oftener. It is easy for us to grow careless, to become ungrateful, forgetting what we owe to those who have gone before us. This college roots back in the beginning, you might say, of the State, and with great wisdom our fathers planted it here at the center of the commonwealth. They foresaw with clear eyes what would be the growth of the capital, in every sense the center and capital, of the coming great State. They planted, they watered, and they nurtured the institution, struggling as it was; they did their best for it. They gave of their effort, their prayers, and their money; they gave the best there was in them, and then they turned it over to those who come after, leaving the work for the rest of us to carry on. So with this institution, as with all others in the State, there rests upon us the responsibility to make it equal to the needs of to-day.

I am very proud that our history goes back so far as it does. Perhaps we might have made more rapid progress, but I believe the building has been a good building, a solid building, one that will endure, and my prayer and ambition are that the building of these days shall be as substantial and as enduring as was the building of those pioneer men. It is a very great responsibility these men have turned over to us, and especially in these days of storm and stress when it seems as though the world were chaos. There is greater need for us to cherish these saving institutions—the colleges and churches and institutions that make for righteousness.

We have come together this afternoon to think about these men.

The pictures of some are about the walls, and as has been said already, there is a cloud of witnesses around us, who I think know something about what we are doing; perhaps many dear to us all are listening this afternoon. We like to think it, at any rate, and we like to shape our course and to fashion our lives with that thought in mind. And as we think of these men, let us resolve that we will be worthy of the past, so that when sixty years from now those who may come after us come together in the great auditorium of the greater Butler and speak of us, they shall not point to us as weaklings, but as men who loyally and righteously strove to do their best.

I am very glad this afternoon that we have to speak to us a man who can tell us of the spirit of the men who have made this great and glorious central West, this superb heritage which we all enjoy and for which we cannot be grateful enough—a man who has studied the pioneer and has given the pioneer to us again in story and in sketch, who has made him interesting and real to us. Mr. Randall Parrish is well fitted to speak to us this afternoon, this Founder's Day of Butler College, in the Centennial year of our magnificent State. I am very happy to introduce a man of his type, one who can speak reverently of the spirit of the pioneer.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PIONEER

By Randall Parrish

The subject of my address to-day has been selected because of its particular bearing on this occasion. Our meeting here is in memory of the past. You loyal sons and daughters of Butler are standing on the crest of the hill of endeavor and have invited me to stand with you and to look off through your eyes down the splendid vista of achievement which is outstretched below. We pause here together, then, to gaze backward down the years, you with love and reverence, I with sincere respect, at the struggles and successes of other days and other generations, while we realize anew the sacrifices and endeavors of those who have gone before. We comprehend the silent resourcefulness of that little band which nearly seventy years ago laid in poverty the corner-

stone of this institution, but who ever comprehended the stern privations of those early years? We know the value of such history as this, and we comprehend I think that the real greatness of Butler is not to be found in its buildings of brick and stone, in its charming surroundings, or even in its student body, but rather it is to be found in the lives of these founders and that human element which has given it impetus and growth, which has given it character and personality.

We know that all history—the history of a college, the history of a state, the history of a nation, is no mere story of events. Rather it is a record of lives which have been lived, it is the embodiment in form, in outward expression, of the thoughts and the hopes and the aspirations of men and of women. What that form may be is often entirely immaterial. It may have crystallized into marching armies, into changing maps, into new governments, into great literature, into masterful art, into inspiring melody, into institutions of learning like this of Butler. It may assume any form to attract the eye of the world, but back of all of these outward manifestations will there be found the man or the woman who first dreamed the dream, who first saw the vision—the true pioneers.

And so we stand here now on this promontory of progress, and we gaze backward together. We can see along the winding road nearly seventy years stretching from that far-off little beginning to the result of to-day. We can see hills climbed, streams waded, difficulties met and conquered; we can see the loved faces and tender hands, we can hear the voices of hope with which comrade spoke to comrade. These memories belong to you; these voices of the past are yours. They are your inheritance, your inspiration, for it was the lives of these men and these women, dedicated to a great ideal, consecrated to Butler, which makes your history and your glory real. It is lives, not things, that count. It is not the beautiful building in which we stand this afternoon; it is not the wealth which this institution may possibly possess; it is not its present-day fame that we are to commemorate to-day; but it is human sacrifice, it is divine faith, it is these lives that were poured out like water for the sake of a great ideal.

And yet I think these men and these women of the past, those who have lived and gone, who have done their task and left its completion to other hands, would never bid you stand here long looking back to them. They would tell you that the eyes of the young should be turned forward, that while it is indeed well for you not to forget, yet your real work is in the future, in the to-day and in the to-morrow, and that the pioneer belongs to the present just as truly as ever he belonged to the past.

It is with the hope that I may impress this one thought upon you this afternoon, a thought drawn from history and from my own personal experience, that I stand here now, that I venture to address you on this topic, to bring before you the important lesson from the lives of these men and women of other days—the eternal spirit of their work and how it yet abides with our old world, and how it must abide forever. And it seems to me that from it we may learn this, that there are thousands of earnest, sincere men and women in this world who, thank God, do not rank success in the terms of the market place, who live for something that is higher and better than money, and who try to do that work which God has given them to do. To such as these success never means an accumulation of wealth, it never means achievement of fame, but it does mean that as best they might they are serving their generation and giving to the future the message of their lives.

My topic is one of seriousness and of thought, and it does not lightly lend itself to play of fancy, nor can it be made a subject of jest or of laughter. The pioneer of your country was a man of actions rather than words, and the gravity of his problems, the peril of his position, tended toward resolution and serious thoughts of life. Beyond doubt a very large proportion of this audience this afternoon are the descendants of such men and women. Their blood flows in your veins, their ideals dominate your souls. You are not here to-day to smile over the odd characters developed by frontier life, nor to have pictured before you their surroundings. To me these men of the advance guard of our present civilization are not to be lightly treated, but soberly and with full appreciation of the great work which they were called upon to do. It is

not my intention to review that past nor to prophecy as to the future. I come to you this afternoon simply as an American, as the son of an American pioneer. The real purpose of this address is simply to present to you those peculiar qualifications of manhood and womanhood which were required for the early development of our national life and which in slightly different form perhaps are of equal value now. As you are earnest men and women, Americans, interested in all that pertains to this land in which we live and in the problems which confront you, such a study as I propose can never be wasted effort, for I believe it is a self-evident truth that in the future as in the past we need the pioneer; that exactly the same qualities in citizenship are required to-day as were required when this land of ours was new, and these we must develop and encourage if we are ever successfully to meet the problems before us. It is a worthy theme, it is a prolific theme, it is one to inspire thought and to excite endeavor. Perhaps others may voice these lessons better than I, others more deeply versed in art, more conversant with facts, more gifted with intelligence, but be that as it may I come to you with this message out of my own heart, from my own personal experience, and given to you in the faith that it is going to be of value to you all.

I speak to you then first as an American, as one whose ancestors run back to the very earliest days of colonization, as one whose forbears have followed the forest trails and faced the perils and hardships of the wilderness; as one whose family shed its blood in every war of the Republic. But more than that, I come to you also as a student of American history, as one who has been privileged personally to witness the last chapter in our pioneer life as it was worked out and fought out in the far Southwest. I refer to this simply in evidence that my knowledge of the pioneer character, his ideals and achievements, are mine at first hand. They have not come to me from books of adventure, from the imaginations of another. While scarcely more than a boy I rode the ranches of Texas and New Mexico, camped on the staked plains, and went clear over the old Chisholm trail. Later it was my fortune to follow the mountain paths of Arizona and push south to Old Mexico. In those years I lived and experienced the actual

life of the frontier. I was a part of it. I know it at first hand, the full story of its hardships, its perils, and its privations. I have felt the evanescent mystery of the desert, its loneliness and danger and desolation. I have slept in the camps of savages, in the huts of the adventurer, and alone under the stars. That life has been my life. I have known it and I have lived it, and the haunting memory of those days has marked my soul. Whatever during these later years my pen may have written regarding the West, whether it assumed the guise of history or of romance, has been in large measure an actual portrait of life, a life some part of which I have seen with my physical eyes, a photographic reproduction of the frontier with which I have been intimately connected. I wrote of what I knew, for I knew these men who rode the ranches, revolver on hip. I knew these sturdy prospectors following their pack burros over mountain solitudes, and I knew the women of these adobe houses of the plains. They were my comrades, they were my friends. I knew more than this, for I was there when the first thin skirmish line of permanent settlement came creeping forward along the wide valleys of the Platte and Rio Grande. These first were men and women who came to stay, the land-hungry, silently overcoming obstacles by sheer persistence and steadily winning the wilderness by pluck and endurance. I was in these cabins, I walked the streets of towns born in a night. I saw everywhere men who had boundless courage, strong of body and of will, men who believed in themselves, in the purpose for which they strove, the conquerors of nature. And besides I saw women of the same stock, accustomed to hardships, privations, and loneliness, and in these later days as I have been privileged to dwell on these scenes of my youth, as I have written of them in books, oftentimes picturing some peculiar type I then encountered, I have grown to realize that these pioneer men and women, not of the Southwest alone, but of all our nation, did not compose a distinct and separate class. They were not alien to our population, they were not a race apart, they did not differ in any way from others except as they were shaped and changed by environment and conditions. They were simply typical Americans, performing the special duty of their generation. They possessed no more

courage, no more endurance, no more determination; they differed from their brothers and sisters elsewhere simply in environment and in the conditions under which they lived. In other words, the pioneer spirit which we praise so highly, which we have grown almost to worship, is simply the American spirit as exhibited in the single phase of our national development—the desire to control, to conquer, to advance. This has been characteristic of us from the very first. It is not only the birthright of our own children, but it is a gift also to the foreign born. Our earliest pioneers were from over the sea. A large proportion were of alien blood, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, German, French. They plunged into the forests of this newly discovered world, they found unknown rivers and lakes, they built homes on the plains. The children of this hardy stock made a bargain with nature. They possessed the same spirit of adventure, the same physical strength, the same independence and love of land. Yet pressing strongly forward they simply followed the instincts of their nature and took the path of least resistance. Beyond each cabin home lay the inviting wilderness, the smiling valleys, the wood-crowned slopes—free land and cheap land, a home of their own! This was the real magnet which drew them forward, and that is no sordid thought, that is no unworthy motive. It has been the inspiration of all advance, of all human progress; it has led men from low things to higher, from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to civilization, and wherever man has been found, the one who possessed his own property has controlled his own life. The pioneer has always realized that fact. It has been the secret of his liberty, of his enterprise, of his hope, and so has become the true foundation stone of patriotism.

It was under such inspiration as this that these iron-willed men surged westward, generation after generation, in great human waves. They left the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge, they discovered the passes and plunged through into the wilderness beyond; they floated down rivers, they scaled mountains, they claimed the prairie lands as their own. They fought for what they took and held it. They battled savagely with the long rifle, they conquered nature with the axe and plow. They were not

uncommon men, they were not an unknown type; they were simply ordinary men, average men, with a specific work to do. They represented something which has been in the human race from the very hour of its birth, something that will remain with the human race forever. They were not a separate type from their fellows, they were simply a part of that great chain stretching back to the steppes of Asia and the outpouring of the Aryans over the fertile lands of Europe. They were the sons of men who had dared the broad Atlantic to gain a foothold on our eastern shore, and they but formed a part of a great chain which shall stretch on and on, existing so long as there is a rod of land unconquered or a thought unknown.

And after these came our grandfathers and our fathers, to add their gift to the world and hand down their heritage to their children. These bridged the Mississippi and the Missouri, trekked across the great plains, and gazed forth over the great Pacific. These, too, this later brood, were men worthy of approbation. We may well be proud that we wear their names and that their blood flows in our veins. Their battles were fought, but no stirring bugle called them, no flags flaunted above their advance, no cheering multitudes gave them courage. Theirs was the heroism of the lonely; they went on in silence, amid frightful desolation, and in the presence of death they lived and toiled and died. They were men—nay, more. They were of all classes, kinds, and conditions, educated and uneducated, brutal and gentle, strong and weak. There is no need for me to glorify them now with unstinted praise or weave about their memory any false romance. They are there on history's page, stern and uncompromising, sturdy figures pressing steadily on, fighting to win that wilderness in which their lives were passed. They fought their fight and moved on. But mark you this, mark you this! Their age did not end with its successor. The soul that gave them strength is our soul; the hope which was in them is our hope. Out of the womb of their sacrifice there was to be born a new pioneer who will go forth even as they did, to conquer the unknown. It is in our blood, it is an inheritance of our race, it is a part of our destiny. Every generation will produce these scouts, this thin line of

skirmishers, pressing forward to discover a safe passage for the great army which is marching behind. The adventurous foot will tread the unknown wilderness of endeavor, and the adventurous eyes will look out over unknown seas. Wherever there is a question unanswered, a mystery unsolved, a dream unrealized, into that land will come the vanguard of these explorers. And then back from that far frontier the daring traveler will come to tell his tale of wonder. The waters, the sky, the earth will be rifled of their secrets, mysteries will be uncovered, truth will be made clear, and the life of the multitude will be bettered by the daring of the few.

The one thought which I really seek to leave with you is this: The spirit of the pioneer is not a mere physical thing; it is not of the earth earthy; it has no necessary relation to the plowing of the prairie sod nor the ring of the woodman's axe; it does not require the outdoors, even, for many a pioneer has lived in a city attic and breathed factory smoke. Thought sweeps on in advance of action. Before reality always is the dream. They tell me today that there is no longer any frontier. They take me down into that far Southwest, they take me into the far Northwest, and they say here is your last glimpse of the old frontier. They point to a stray cowboy riding along Powder river, to a stray traveler from Death Valley, and say here, here, is the last of the old pioneers. I say, old, perhaps, but thank God not of the new. The old is history, and I study it with the greatest interest. In imagination I walk again along the trail of Captain Boone, Kit Carson, and John Bridger, I climb mountains and ford streams, I lie down at night under the stars with these hardy men, these frontiersmen, these forgotten heroes of the wilderness. I draw again, as best I may, anew fresh pictures of it all on the pages of fiction, mingling grim fact with gay fancy. It is there forever, it is a part of our national story, that old, heroic age when men were called upon to measure their strength and courage against nature and savagery. But God knows there is frontier enough still, a place for every adventurous soul, dim trails leading away into the unknown, leading through hardship and danger down to the very valley of the shadow. Why, every generation is a generation of pioneers, called

upon to face new and unknown and unexplored paths, leading through hardships and dangers down into the very shadow. To-morrow in your life, to-morrow in my life, is a greater mystery than was the unexplored woods to the men of the Revolution. Through every path of life we tread along the unknown trail, and when suddenly death meets us on the way we know not what it means—we call it the Great Adventure.

We live in mystery. All about us extend the great woods unexplored, the vast plains unmapped. Every hour we live brings this great challenge to manhood, this demand for greater service. The call of the pioneer comes to us even as it came of old to our fathers' fathers. It comes forth from the trackless forests, and it is borne into us from off the unchartered seas, and it bids us press tirelessly on, giving our lives and doing our part in the great work of the world. I wonder if you grasp my thought? Does your mind conceive the full significance of this idea which I strive to bring to you? It is simply this. The age of the frontiersman is passing by, it is nearly gone. The man of the rifle and axe has had his day, he has done his work, in toil, in loneliness, in peril; he has cleared the path for us through shine and shade; he has fought great battles, he has won great victories; he stands there forever in the history of the world as a vast, heroic figure, and we bow humbly before him in grateful acknowledgment of all he has been. But life, life is an evolution, it does not pause, it does not stand still. From the very beginning to the very end, if end there be, it moves steadily upward, it seeks higher forms of development, it draws closer to God himself. Problems change and environments, new music charms, new ideals govern, new visions inspire the acts of men.

So it seems to me we are standing here to-day on the verge of a new frontier, a frontier no longer merely physical, but mental and spiritual. The present and the future demand a courage and devotion beyond compare, the call of action comes to men, real men, red-blooded men, out there among the mass of their fellows, to lead the way. And they will come; they are coming. There will be Boones, and Kit Carsons, and John Bridgers in the future as there have been in the past. The spirit of the pioneer in this

America of ours will never die. It is a part of our race, it is a part of our blood. We who have strongly fought our way up from tadpoles to men are not going to stop now until we attain the highest. We came creeping forth from the shackles, and we have struggled faithfully on with our eyes on the prize. Year by year, through darkness and through light, we have marched onward down the ages. We have followed the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud. To-day has been our reality, to-morrow has been our dream. We have fought and died, loved and lost; we have slipped and fallen, but we won to our feet once more and pressed on. We have fought useless battles, been led far astray by false prophets; we have seen nations wrecked and hopes ruined; we have seen "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" crushed under the foot of tyrants. We have mistaken wrong for right, and we have paid the penalty. It has been a long, hard, terrible journey down the centuries. At times it has seemed as if humanity actually stood still, yet ever there has been before us the pioneer, the man of clear vision, the man with the dauntless courage, the man with the adventurous soul, the man who went on alone, who has been the hope of all these ages and who is the hope of all the ages yet to be.

But, my friends, this afternoon I call upon you to revise your thoughts. The day of the pioneer has not passed away. It never will pass away while humanity exists. The fringed hunting shirt no longer ranges our forests, the daring adventurer no longer drives his frail canoe down the rapids of our rivers, the spurred and armed man rides no longer across our plains. That peculiar phase of our life has passed away. But the indomitable spirit which gave these birth is as strong and fine as ever. It seeks its opportunity, its heroic achievements, its adventurous career. "God give us men" has been the trumpet call of every age and it is the trumpet call of our own. The finger of advance points still to the frontier—yes, and there are those, thank God, who answer. That man who sits in the executive chair at Washington to-day is a pioneer. He is breaking the trail through untracked forests, clear-eyed, courageous, doing quietly the duty of his day. His forbears held their own with the rifle and axe, but he is just as

alert now in approaching the problems of the future. He is clearing a passage through the tangled wilderness, he is fighting his way forward step by step, and he does not even know that he is treading the right trail. But some day either he or some of his fellows will come out of that dense forest and go down to the river bank, and a new land and a new hope will be given to the sons of men.

And this is the lesson—that every man who strives, every man who thinks, every man who dares, has within him the spirit of the pioneer, and it is what the world and God ask of us. We cannot stand still, we must go on; we must approach the unknown and we must conquer it. From the heart of mystery we must pluck the truth, and that man best serves his generation who braves the wilderness, thinks the new thought and dreams the new dream, and holds before us the banner of a new ideal. Listen to me! It is not what we gain ourselves, what we win, that counts. The pioneer of our early day gained very little. He had the courage to cross the plains, to live in a log cabin, to fight for his own, that was all. But he won an empire for his children and his children's children. And friends, that is worth while. That is worth the toil and hardship, the sacrifice and pain. Oh, it is a fine thing to know that in the future our children and our children's children are going to be better and happier and truer because we once lived.

Years ago I visited Harvard University and wandered alone through beautiful Memorial Hall, erected to perpetuate forever the worthy achievements of Harvard men. I looked about me on statues and portraits, on the faces of jurists and statesmen, philanthropists, and financiers—those who had won distinction in every walk of life—graduates of Harvard. Finally to my surprise I came face to face with the picture of a mere boy, a light-haired, blue-eyed lad, smiling back at you with the joyousness of youth, and I wondered what he could be doing there among his elders, among the dignified graduates, in the midst of all those great judges and lawyers. I bent lower and I read the inscription: "Charles Russell Lowell, Class of '61. Lieutenant 7th Massachusetts Infantry, November, 1861; Captain, August, 1862; Major, April, 1863;

Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry. Promoted to Brigadier General, October 19, 1864. Killed in action at Cedar Creek, October 20, 1864." He never wore his star. No, but he won it! He won it! He won it! And that is the thing. It is not so serious a matter that we fail to gain the baubles of life. No, but it is a serious matter if we fail to do our honest part in the world, to bear our share of the burdens, to add our mite to its wealth. The world wants you, it wants your day, it wants the very best, it wants you with the spirit of the pioneer to press on into the unknown. One poor day! Remember whose, and not how short it is. It is God's day.

But we are going to lie quiet and still beside our common load some time, the great advancing human wave is going to sweep along and pass us by. But if we have lived, if we have done our duty, then have we been worthy of our fathers and of those generations yet unborn.

Is it not all to be found—the whole great lesson I have sought to bring to you—compressed into those few words which George Eliot places upon the lips of the blind violin-maker of Florence:

"If my hands slack I should rob God, since He is fullest good, leaving a blank instead of violins. He could not make Antonio Stradivarius violins without Antonio."

He cannot do my work, He cannot do your work, without us.

The Dinner

PRESIDENT HOWE: For some years it has been our custom to celebrate our Founder's Day by a meeting like this to-night. These have come to be very pleasant occasions, times when we look forward to renewing our old acquaintances and making new ones, and to come again in touch with the college and those who are a part of it. This year the celebration is intended to be in harmony with the Centennial celebration of the State. We are all interested just now in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our admission into the Union. Butler College sends its roots far back into the early days of the State—sixty-five or seventy years back into the beginning of the State, and we naturally feel that we

should like to have the celebration this year partake of the spirit of the general centennial effort of Indiana. So the committee has planned the day's celebration with that in mind. This afternoon we had an address which was along that line, and to-night we are to have two other talks of similar nature.

The first speaker is one who is an old friend of the college. He was once a student of the college, afterward a member of its Board of Directors, and for many years has given most valuable services to the college. We are very proud to have had Mr. Moores as one of our students, we are proud to have had him as a member of the Board of Directors. He is an author, a politician, and a lawyer, and an all-round good fellow, and he is going to talk to us to-night about the Spirit of Adventure. Mr. Charles W. Moores.

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

By Charles W. Moores

As one who attended Butler College forty years ago, I feel that I am not an alien to this company. I can not boast that Butler is my Alma Mater, but I can make the claim of the German child who saw at the Zoo a strange tall bird standing on one leg, and threw candy to it. To the child's delight the bird gobbled up the candy and asked for more. "O, mother! What bird *is* this?" And when told that it was the stork her joy was beyond measure, and she clapped her hands in reminiscence as she cried: "O, I am so glad. He actually recognized me."

I am sure I may claim that for this once, at least, although not a son of Butler, I have been recognized.

Some philosopher-historian has said that when the visionary left the Atlantic seaboard to find a home in the wilderness, and when the forty-niner crossed the desert in his prairie schooner and sailed into the sunset in search of the golden fleece, history's last adventure was over.

The pioneer who sprang to arms at nature's call for volunteers and penetrated the wilderness in search of an empire where he would have to obey the law of the jungle until he could make laws

of his own, and where the life and the civilization that he sought would be altogether the work of his own making, found the great adventure here a hundred years ago.

When the Olympians get together in some far away eternity to talk things over, there will be a wonderful exchange of experience. Hercules and Ulysses and Abraham and Moses and Richard of the Lion Heart and Joan of Orleans and Marco Polo and Columbus and Ponce de Leon and Raleigh and Drake and Balboa and the Young Pretender and John Smith and Miles Standish and Nathan Hale and George Rogers Clark and Paul Jones and Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Falcon Scott and Charles Frohman and Edith Cavell will be there, each with his own story to tell. And Dr. Cook will be hanging around and listening with that eager bitterness that comes to the adventurer who has failed. What a story hour that will be.

I could be content in a group of men and women whose names few remember, but whose faith and heroism was no less than the faith and courage of those more successful masters of publicity whose names appear in the Who's Who of Time in black-faced display type next to reading matter.

Some of the men who entered our own jungle to make a new civilization that would be unshackled even by the convention and conservatism of the thirteen colonies have found their way into history at least far enough to make the average American say "The name is familiar—I wonder what he did!" Among these are George Rogers Clark, Pierre Gibault, Francis Vigo, Arthur St. Clair, William Henry Harrison, Spier Spencer, John M. Dickey, Peter Cartwright, John Strange, Caleb Mills, and Levi Coffin. But until the history of the *people* of the Northwest is written America will not know what heroes lived in Indiana a hundred years ago.

The Pilgrim Father who crossed the wintry sea to build at Plymouth Rock a State where men might have civil and religious liberty, was no braver than his pioneer descendant who came two centuries later out of the comfortable East to make his home in the wilderness of Indiana. Across the Allegheny mountains his journey into the West lay along streams and through woods where

treacherous Indians waited for him all the way. But the savage was the least of the dangers he had to face. When he entered the forest, bears were ready to attack him. About his new home wolves and foxes watched for his stock. The region was full of wild creatures waiting to devour his crops. More to be feared than any living creature was the peril of disease that threatened his life, and that of his children, until the lands could be drained and intelligent physicians be found for every neighborhood. Malaria was universal. Epidemics came and there were not enough well people to feed and nurse the sick. Fever and ague remained wherever there were streams and made steady work impossible and life a torment.

The twentieth century traveler finds it hard to picture the Indiana wilderness to himself. As we travel by railway and over paved highways we forget that the pioneer had to build his wagon roads and bridle paths through dense woods, and that for forty years land travel was over winding ways among stumps and fallen timber cleared with the axe. And ever in the half-darkness of the woods there was the unspeakable terror of the savage in hiding behind some tree, ready to kill.

The men who could not choose a safe and easy place in which to serve civilization were the government surveyors who, like some of the early itinerant circuit judges and missionaries, gave up their lives for civilization's sake.

From a letter of Ziba Foote, twenty years old and just out of Yale, we get a word picture of travel in 1805 that makes the life of the pioneer real enough to men of this automobile age. Foote had gone to Fort Wayne to join David Lanford, also a Yale man, in making the government survey. Lanford had contracted the fever to which all wilderness dwellers were subject, and Foote, whose fever was not so severe, nursed him to the end. The letter tells us:

"My fever came on generally at evenings and I had to lie on the floor, which made my bones ache very badly. In a few days Mr. Lanford died and I was just able to sit up to see him breathe his last. I determined to go back to Cincinnati with all speed, for if I stayed there I thought I should die. The next day there came

along four men with but two horses. I packed up to start with them when the fever came on and I was obliged to stay. The next morning, feeling fresh and resolute, I got my horse and overtook them before night. That night we all slept in the woods. Next noon we arrived at Fort Defiance. Here I was taken with the fever again and they left me. I went on after them next morning, about three miles, lost my road and went back, hired a man for three dollars to pilot me eighteen miles. He turned back; I kept on, expecting to overtake the company, and knowing if I failed I must sleep in the woods alone. It rained very hard constantly. I spurred on till dark. I could go no farther, but must spend the night alone in those dark woods. In the first place, I knew I should need water in the night, but had only my boots to hold it, so I climbed down the river bank and filled one boot with water and placed it so I could drink out of it in the night. I tried for a long time to strike a fire, but it was raining very hard. I begged, prayed, and cried, but had to give it up. So I took my two blankets and lay down in the woods, almost doubting if I should ever rise again. The rain poured down until twelve o'clock. At daylight I hurried on and at evening I reached a house."

There were children in the wilderness who shared their father's dangers and comforted their mother's loneliness. Little thumb-nail sketches of the boys and girls appear in the histories of that earlier day. There is John G. Finch going out from Connersville with his father's cavalcade to make the first settlement on our own White river. He was nine years old. "It was snowing hard and the men of the company made their way very slowly with their ox team, driving stock before them and cutting the road as they went. I got to crying and they came to see what was the matter. I told them I was so cold that my back was cracked."

And there is that other nine-year-old Hoosier, the very mention of whose name gives us a grip in the throat and a tightening about the heart; we recall how death entered the lonely cabin and the boy who dreamed, fearing lest the mother's burial should go unremembered of God, sent beyond the Ohio to the Kentucky circuit rider to pray over the grave of Nancy Hanks. There is no story of Indiana that can leave out the tragic picture of the Hoosier boy standing uncomforted beside the grave of a pioneer mother.

And there are the children who on the way to the log school were carried off by savages or killed in cold blood in the shadows of the gloomy woods.

Life was as much of an adventure to the circuit rider who saved the souls of pioneers as if it had been given over to the conquest of the jungle or the killing of the Indian. The arena of the human soul was to him as theatric a place as the Colosseum was when the Christian martyr went down to death. Hell was as genuine a terror as malaria and as near at hand. The mysteries of faith were as plain as the simplest things of life. Such a pioneer was John Strange, who preached the funeral discourse of Edwin Ray, the Methodist missionary to Indiana. He described the second coming when the Lord is to descend in clouds of heaven and bring the redeemed with him. As he looked upward he cried out, "Where is Edwin Ray?" and after a pause, "I see him; I see him," and then lifting both hands in welcome exclaimed, as if to be heard in the very clouds above, "Hail, Edwin! Hail, Edwin!" To many an early settler, as to good folk of all ages, religion was the great adventure.

The pioneer, as I have intimated, was a failure as a publicity man. Even George Rogers Clark, the most romantic figure in American history, failed to make good when it came to self-exploitation. Recall how he took Kaskaskia and won command of the Mississippi river without firing a shot. He had left his little fleet near the mouth of the Ohio and tramped for a week with a hundred and seventy volunteers through mire and flood. As they came to Kaskaskia, England's stronghold on the Mississippi, they hid till midnight, when they slipped into the fort and took the commandant by surprise. The story was not illustrated by a life-size painting exhibited to admiring thousands, nor was it expanded into a huge quarto for sale by the indefatigable subscription book agent. George Rogers Clark wrote it all out in his complete report to Virginia's governor, and this is what he said: "I broke into the fort and secured the governor." If T. R. had been in Clark's shoes we should have had the whole story!

William Henry Harrison is one of the few of our pioneers who is remembered in the East. An antiquarian society of Virginia

has hunted up the historic spots in old Richmond and on the front of the toughest slum saloon in the city has set a bronze tablet to tell a startled world that

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
Ninth President of the U. S.
Studied Medicine
HERE.

Indiana was the scene of adventure a hundred years ago. The movie fiend could have made a thousand films of imperishable melodrama if he had been at hand.

But we are brought back to the question with which we started. Did the day of adventure end when the pioneer pitched his tent and moved no longer toward the West?

I know that spirit is not dead. Stevenson had the heart of eternal youth, with a sense of adventure as keen as ever beset the prodigal son or Richard of the Lion Heart. The world knew it though he did not, or he would not have sung that song:

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

"Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul
Give me the lad that's gone!

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

"Billow and breeze, island and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone."

We of the twentieth century are sophisticated, as the philosopher-historian was, as Stevenson would have men believe *he* was when he cried, "All that was me is gone." But the truth lies deeper. And this it is: Wherever any great thing is done it stirs the thrill that proves that the spirit of adventure still lives.

Is the pioneer spirit dead? Do you remember—you who are old enough to have seen history in the making, how Indiana's boys sprang to the colors and how as Indiana's own statesman put it, "they thronged the way of death as to a festival"?

It was patriotism, faith—religion if you will, but it was essentially the spirit of adventure.

If our greater day is come and the United States must go to war for the sanctity of a nation's plighted word and the road of righteousness is to become once more the road of death, it will be thronged as it was fifty years ago with clear-eyed Americans faring forth to fight for better things and to realize the truth of Charles Frohman's message—"Death is the most beautiful adventure of life."

PRESIDENT HOWE: The next speaker is a member of the class of 1880. I am told by my friend Mr. Brown, on my right, that there are between twenty-five and thirty-three and a third per cent. of the class of 1880 present to-night. Mr. Grafton was not assigned a subject—he was asked to speak about ten minutes. But he has decided to make as a sub-heading to that general topic, "Character Building." Reverend Thomas W. Grafton.

CHARACTER BUILDING

BY THOMAS W. GRAFTON

This seems to be an occasion of reminiscences. We are turning our thoughts backward. Before we came into this room we were trying to see how far back we could remember in our college life, our college experiences, and I am reminded of a group of children in a family who were trying to recall the earliest thing in their remembrance, and finally some of them began to fall back on their imagination to some extent. One little tot said she could remember way, way back—she remembered the day the nurse put the

first dress on her. And then a little boy spoke up and said he could remember long, long ago—he remembered when God made him and stood him up against the wall and said, "Now be still, little boy, till I put your eyes in." So we are in a state of reminiscence to-night.

The other day I was reading a new book of Peter Clark MacFarlane's, "Held to Answer," and in that book Mr. MacFarlane pictures as one of his characters a would-be artist. He had great ambitions, he was ever chasing the rainbow, looking for ideas that he might put them on canvas; and so through many years the went on, leaving his family to friends to care for, not caring who supported them, so that he might be free to search for some glory that he might weave into the work of art and so make himself immortal. Then one day he climbed to the summit of a mountain, to a log cabin in the Yosemite valley, and in absent-minded abstraction, commenting upon the glory of the setting sun, he stepped off the summit down into the depths below and fell to his death. His friends in commenting upon his life said it was fitting he should go that way—that in art he had tried to climb the heights without any solid foundation of ability beneath him, and that consequently he had fallen into the bottomless abyss below.

I wish I might take that for a text—the need of foundation upon which to build character, to build our lives. I am sure we all feel the need of this, and that we also feel that the college is coming to our support to help us somehow build ourselves upon that solid foundation for the work we have to do in life. I speak particularly of my own profession. Fifty years ago the minister of the gospel might be a farmer, blacksmith, or undertake any other ordinary occupation of life, and if he knew a smattering of the languages, or if he in any way stood in advance of the great mass, he became suddenly a teacher and men hung upon his words. We have passed beyond that stage to-day, when the high school graduates and college graduates fill all the ordinary positions of life, and there is coming a time when if a man would stand before people he must lay broad the foundations of his education and must intelligently take up the work he intends to do.

I read the other day of a man of large experience who was

asked about the preparation for life's work, and his answer was this: "If I were twenty years old and had only ten years more to live, I would spend nine years of that time in preparing myself for the work I wanted to do, and then try to crowd the real work of a life into the last year," and I am sure we all feel the need of such preparation.

And there is one other thing that the college needs to bring into the young life besides knowledge, and that other element is an element that somehow makes a life of higher ideals, that somehow brings one in touch with the divine element of our being. I am sure that while the Rabbi, here, and I may differ as to the path by which we may come into closer fellowship with God, yet we stand together upon the one great fact that if character is to stand the test of time it must somehow be built upon a foundation that makes every soul a god.

It was my privilege to be in Ann Arbor for a number of years, and I came in touch with student life and to know something about the temptations that are thrown around young manhood and what they must come through, and I want to say that the saddest experience that came to me during that residence was the young man who failed, not because he was not learned in the textbooks of the school, but because somehow there had come into that young man's life that which had supplanted the best influences, the advice of the man of great, fine ideals, and the young man went out from college life morally and spiritually shipwrecked. I think the saddest letters I have ever received were letters from parents in Indiana and in other States, asking me to go to their boy in school and see if I could not somehow bring him back to a realization of God.

I think we have great reason to be proud of Butler College because of its influence along that line. More and more every day as I come in closer touch with it I feel that there is a spiritual atmosphere as well as an intellectual atmosphere and that the young man and the young woman who are thrown under this influence will not only come out equipped in mind, but somehow will be equipped in character and will carry out from there a spiritual vision that will help him to walk the higher walks of life

in touch with the finer elements of his nature and so fulfil more completely the work he is called to do.

I am glad to stand here to-night, in a very small way representing Butler College, coming my last year and spending only a few months, and yet I want to say that the influence of that college upon my life has been a blessing, and I am sure that the young man or the young woman who comes under its influence will go out equipped for work, for the big things of life.

PRESIDENT HOWE: I take very great pleasure in introducing the next speaker, as I have been very pleased to introduce those who have gone before. Rabbi Morris Feuerlicht is a young man, yet he has made a fine impression upon this community since he has been here. He has been a very sincere friend of the college and has helped us many times by his influence and by his counsel. We have felt at all times that we could look to him for genuine friendship, and I wish that we had more of his sort in the city who are ready to speak as he is whenever the need comes in the largest and most liberal way of the value of the college to the community, regardless of sectarian or other bias.

I want to introduce to you Rabbi Morris M. Feuerlicht, an earnest friend of Butler College, one of the very liberal spirited men of Indianapolis.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY

BY MORRIS M. FEUERLICHT

It is quite superfluous, I am sure, that I should say the stereotyped "It is a great pleasure for me to be here with you to-night." And yet I am sure that the sincerity of the statement will not be questioned nor its genuineness suspected when I recall, as Doctor Howe has so flatteringly and so kindly done, that it was my privilege to be here with you at similar functions, one at least, some nine or ten years ago. So it is a real delight for me to-night, in the inelegant parlance of the prize ring, to "come back," for I feel indeed that I am among friends. And yet, Mr. Toastmaster and friends, along with that pleasure I must confess to a certain sense of uneasiness—a legacy perhaps of my own collegiate days—an

uneasiness arising from the fact that I realize I am addressing a college audience. Some one has said that you can always tell a college man, whereupon another rather cynically remarked, "Yes, but you can't tell him much." I do not know where the man who made the statement happened to live, but I am wondering what he would have said had he been confronted, as I am to-night, not merely by a college group, but what is more, a college group hailing for the most part from Irvington. I daresay that his trepidation and his uneasiness would, like mine at this moment, grow in inverse ratio to the geographical distance of Indianapolis from Irvington. For I happen to be one of those, Mr. President, one of those residents, one of those benighted Philistines, who still look upon the suburb of Irvington with considerable reverence and awe, and one of those who think it might well be said that "Out of Irvington cometh forth the law and the word of the Lord from Downey avenue." Now to any who may not hold such sacrosanct opinions of yourselves, I need only recall an incident of quite recent occurrence.

Just recently I heard of a citizen of my part of the city who happened to be riding home in the street car one evening, and, as was his daily habit, he had his *Indianapolis News* (managed by an Irvingtonian), and when he opened it up there confronting him in black-face type, large headlines, he saw "Club Women in Irvington." The man happened to be near-sighted and of course he could not read the finer print, so he turned to his neighbor and said, "Well! Well! Who would have thought it—Irvington of all places in the world to club women! The worst they ever do in my part of town is to neglect to give them a seat in the street-car."

You may think it is only a geographical difference between Indianapolis and Irvington, but the fact is that the difference exists away down in the roots—an actual difference. It is reported that in one of the tests in a school at Indianapolis a little boy was asked to give a definition of grammar, and he replied, "Grammar is what learns us how to speak correct." In Irvington, as in Boston, I am told that everybody speaks "grammar" with such precision and such scientific accuracy that even the owls on Butler

campus say "To whom! To whom!" So that, Mr. Toastmaster, psychologically at least, my position at this moment is quite obvious to you.

But yet seriously, and in view of the fact that I am one of the speakers upon your schedule to-night who happens to be outside of the immediate family of Butler, seriously, I say, that position is more or less, I venture to believe, typical and representative of the community of Indianapolis at large in its relation to Butler College. I do not happen to be like my good friend, Mr. Moores, an alumnus of Butler College. Nor do I happen to be of a people, as you well know, of the religious denomination under whose sponsorship Butler College operates. That is of course true of the community as a whole, at least figuratively speaking, and yet academically and culturally and from a purely civic if no other viewpoint, I am intensely and profoundedly interested, as the community is or ought to be, in the welfare and in the constructive fortunes of Butler College. It was an ancient wise man who said that "As the ruler of a city is, so are the inhabitants thereof," and in these days of urban and interurban communities scattered without number throughout the length and breadth of our nation, we may paraphrase that and say, "As the college of a city is, so are all the inhabitants of that city." In other words, the local college is the gauge, the barometer, the standard of local culture. It is the fountain head whence stream the living waters of the city's intellectual and cultural life.

Now, I believe that Butler College, regardless of what the critics may say, that Butler College is more than merely a denominational institution. It is an institution of Indianapolis; it belongs to Indianapolis in more than any mere geographical or physical sense. What of it if it does have a specific denominational side, if there are one or more departments that emphasize the theology, if you will, its own specific theology? Are there not other departments in which biology and philosophy and chemistry, and all the other cultural subjects are taught, that offset this? What of it if there are taught in one or more departments certain definite doctrines that may not be acceptable to me or to others? Are there not other departments in which the lessons of Aristotle and Plato and

Sophocles, of Kant and Hegel, of Milton, of Browning and Emerson, are taught in order to broaden the mind of the student? And if one department is dragged down to the depths of dogmatism, are there not other departments in which the lesson of chemistry and mathematics, of astronomy—the life that may be in the stars —are taught? *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.* Truth is great and will prevail. And whether in college or in life, in learning or in the world, in the religious or in the secular, the great truth will prevail, and so long as the president in his chair at Butler—or anywhere else—like the minister in his pulpit and the editor in his sanctum, is permitted to be unmuzzled and free, so long is that college—Butler College—entitled to the support and active interest, moral and civic, of the community of Indianapolis as a whole.

Now upon such a platform, indeed, Mr. Grafton and I can stand —upon the platform of truth in the highest and largest sense toward which we all aspire, and it is upon that platform that Butler celebrates to-night. It is, if I mistake not, the spirit of Butler College and has been the spirit all these sixty years; it is the spirit set forth in Tennyson's words:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

PRESIDENT HOWE: This afternoon at the college we were all delighted with the address that we heard from Mr. Parrish. I have been about Butler College for a good many years, and I have heard a great many admirable addresses from distinguished men on that historic platform. It is a wonderful old college hall, though to some it seems a task to climb so high to get to it. If we should have the finest auditorium that money could build it would take a long time for that auditorium to have about it the precious memories that that old chapel holds for those who have been about the college all these years. But I did not start to talk about the beauties of that hall, as hard as it is to refrain. I

want to say to you this—that of all the admirable addresses appropriate to the occasion and filled with the spirit that we need to have expressed in these days, I have heard none that surpasses the address of the afternoon. Mr. Parrish came to us a stranger; we feel now that he is our friend. He has endeared himself to us, and I only regret that all of you here to-night might not have been at the college chapel this afternoon. Yes, I wish that thousands of this city might have heard that address on the spirit of the pioneer, the spirit that is, always has been, and always will be. To-night Mr. Parrish is going to speak to us perhaps in a lighter vein, but I am sure that what he has to say will delight you. He is an adventurer, because he says he has been a cowboy, and outlaw, and I know not what. He has been on the frontier and knows the people of the frontier, but he has come back to civilization and put on white man's clothes and he is going to speak to you and tell what it all means.

THE SIMPLICITY OF LIFE

By Randall Parrish

I scarcely know what is a proper subject for me to take to-night. But after I have listened to those who have gone before me I think almost anything will be a proper subject. I am often called upon to address small bodies of business men at one place and another. I do not exactly know why, unless it may be on the principle that the greatest characters of art and literature have never written a book or painted a picture. For it is true that I am probably the worst business man now in existence. Any one who knows me will tell you (as Mr. Brooks can testify) that none of them would ever think of asking my opinion on a business problem. Such invitations as these always come to me from strangers, and the farther off they are the better. Yet I never hesitate when I am called upon—my advice is given freely, just as freely as it is to-night. For a proper remuneration I will talk to any commercial club or bankers' association or board of trade, I will advise the famous business men of this country, and when I am through I think they should erect a monument to my memory something sim-

ilar to that which was once erected over the body of a cowboy out West—"He done his damnedest; angels could do no more." So my friends, if I were to tell you, or even attempt to tell you, my real business experience here to-night, every man present would rush up to me and give me everything he had in his pocket, because he would be certain he would get it back again, with whatever I had, before I got out of this room. But I do not mean to encourage you, because I have nothing; I did not come here with anything. I am somewhat in the condition of the colored lady who was about to get married. She brought her savings of years to her mistress and asked her to keep it for her while she was on her wedding journey. Her mistress said, "Why, Martha, you ought to take at least some of this along with you. You may need it." "No, missus, I nevah will take one cent ob it. You think I'm goin' off wid all dat money on my pusson, along with a perfec' stranger?" So I am coming here to you with nothing that will tempt you in the least.

Of course during all these experiences in life I have learned something of business principles. I have picked it up here and there. I remember one instance last July. Just next to my house some of the neighbor boys had erected a lemonade stand, and as I came out they asked me to buy lemonade of them. I took note that there were two jars of lemonade that looked exactly alike, but one was marked "5c", and the other "10c." I asked one little boy what was the difference—they looked alike—and he said the one marked five cents was the one the puppy fell into. And so little by little I am picking up some business experience, and yet it does not seem to work in my case. Usually I am in the condition of the old negro that was once stopped upon the street in Kansas City by a stranger who asked if he knew where the Fourth National Bank was. "Fo'th National Bank?" "Yes, Fourth National Bank." "Fo'th National Bank? Sah, I thanks you fo' de compliment, but I don't eben know whah the First National Bank am."

So often on occasions like this there is a tendency in the minds of the speakers to think too little and talk too much. Now, is this not true oftentimes of leaders in scholarship—one might say such as here to-night—is it not rather a temptation to obscure rather than to clarify life to those who are about us? We dream, we argue,

we theorize, we deal with great questions which come to us constantly from books, we study the most complicated questions by discussion, instead of facing the facts clearly and sanely as the average man must, realizing from his own experience their real simplicity. Those of us who deal with the problems of life, with the problems of death, with the exigencies of duty, are, it seems to me, too prone to approach these subjects not at all from the standpoint of the world about us, but along the pathway of theory, of imagination—just as I have pictured to you to-night my teaching business theoretically to business men, advising them of things that I absolutely know nothing about, leaving the impression, for instance, that the selling of a spool of thread is a most wonderfully complicated thing. So we often disguise life, it seems to me, disguise its real simplicity in a fog of theory and imagination, render it complex through scholarship, when in very truth, stripped of all these outer vestments which have been given it largely by men, it is most marvellously simple, the most marvellously simple thing in all the universe. Hence it seems to me that we who read and think can really serve our world far better as witnesses rather than advocates.

I heard not very long ago of a darkey who was brought into a St. Louis courtroom charged with larceny. The judge said: "Sam, have you any money?" "No, sah, I ain't got no money." "Well, Sam, it is customary in this court when any one is brought in here charged with a crime, who has no money, to appoint a lawyer to defend him. Now, Sam, I am going to do better by you than that. I am going to appoint two lawyers. I will appoint Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith. Now you go over in that corner and talk it over with them and see what you had better do." Sam went over with the two lawyers and the judge could hear a word once in a while—question and answer—and finally the old negro got up and said, "Please your honoh, jedge, I am jes' a poor old niggah, and I don't want to do anything that ain't right, but if it is jes' the same to you I would like to trade one of these lawyers for a witness."

Is not that what this old world of ours needs? Is it not the simple facts that we really know rather than the theories which we are constantly advocating? Now, I am not denying for a moment the

value of scholarship; I do not belittle the work of the pioneers of which we spoke this afternoon. But let us give to the youth in our care the plain, simple facts; let us try to make clear the faulty gropings of our own bewildered brains. The average human being is infinitely practical, he gropes toward the simple things of life. He acknowledges the necessity of scholarship, the value of the dream, the importance of the ideal, but yet he bases his own life on stern facts that he knows all about him in his own life. Life is not a theory at all; it is a fact. It is not imagination; it is a reality. The average man does not stay in the study to philosophize and dissect, he goes out into the world of men in the midst of the fight; he is competent to grapple with the problems of the day; he is competent to make the best he can out of life. His is a practical mind. He is compelled to see things in this world from that viewpoint.

I was out in Los Angeles a while ago and I happened to drift into a Los Angeles boomers' meeting. Did you ever attend a Los Angeles boomers' meeting? They are all alike, but on this occasion it was not exactly "alike," because in a moment of forgetfulness they had invited a man from San Francisco to come down to help them out—and you may know something of the feeling that exists between San Francisco and Los Angeles. There were five Los Angeles men who got up and made practically the same speech, telling of the wonderful city of Los Angeles, how fast it was growing, how it was to be the greatest city on the Pacific coast, and that it would be the greatest city in the world—if they only had a harbor. One after the other they said that same thing—that all they lacked was a harbor. I saw this San Francisco brother was getting pretty nervous, but finally his time came and he arose and said, "Gentlemen, I can endorse everything that you have said here to-night, but I cannot see why you cannot see the remedy for it. It does seem strange that I should come down here from San Francisco to tell you how this can all be remedied—remedied in the most simple and easy way." You could have heard a pin drop in that room; everybody was eager to hear from any one who could tell them how to get a harbor. And this man went on, "Gentlemen, if you will listen to me, I will solve this problem, this mystery for you. All you would have to do to have a harbor in Los Angeles would be to run some pipe-

lines from here to San Pedro, and then if you can suck half as hard as you can blow, you will have a harbor."

Now, I am no school man. I live in the open, I live out in the world of average men. It may not be my province to say such things as I have to-night, yet I believe it is worth our while sometimes to perceive the viewpoint of the average man, of the man who feels and feels deeply, of the man who lives out in the world and not in the inside. I myself am just such a man as that. I meet others every day among my friends. I venture to assert the majority belong in our ranks; all about us are men who compose this majority. We do not speculate about life, we meet it; we climb to the heights, we go down to the depths. Men such as this may not have learned, they may not know all that books can teach, but yet through their association with people they have come to know all that the world really knows or perhaps can know of life. The average man lives, and the average man dies. He lives as a child, as a youth, as a man, and during these years he hopes and loves, succeeds and fails; he kneels by the bedside of his sick and he sees intelligence fade from out the eyes of loved ones; he places the flower over the final resting place above the sod and stands there bowed with grief, yet with all the faith of the ages springing eternal in his heart. He stands silent before the mystery, and no theory of yours or mine, no arguments, no speculations comfort in that hour. Yet he believes, he goes home believing; he has faith, he goes home in faith; yet in his heart as in your heart and in mine, as in the heart of every average man at such an hour, echoes the cry of Lowell over his dead child:

"Communication with spirit there may be,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my income from dreamland
For one touch of her hand on my cheek."

And friends, this is not irreligion, this is the highest and noblest faith, for here is where men like you and me, the average men of this earth, who do not speculate and do not dream, but who are content merely to live, lay hold on God and prove their manhood by simply doing His will. And this is life. This is life as the average

man knows it, as he must meet it in his own home, in his workshop, in his office, wherever life confronts him, and it is based on fact, not on theory. And as he stands where you and I stand to-night, on this great hilltop of personal experience, he cannot discern its meaning, he cannot determine his destiny, but he does know his present duty and he also knows exactly what has made him the man he is. And that, I take it, is after all the lesson of life. It is a simple lesson, it is not a complex one; it is real, it is not speculative. What is it? It is this: He knows that his life, his personality, his character have been developed by himself; that out of the mists of environment and heredity he has been born anew through his own efforts. It has been the work of years, it has been no miracle. And he knows also that the thing which has made him is the very thing which he has despised and which perhaps he has been taught to despise, for it is not what we call the great things of life that count the most, but it is the little things—the tiresome details. It is not the man who makes the great speech, but how did he learn to make that speech; it is not that a man leads an army, but how did he prepare himself to lead that army? The great lawyer, minister, or statesman is not an accident; he is the result of toil and labor. It has required years of toil and sacrifice to bring the supreme moment of reward, and it is only because of the little things that have been well done that any man is ever really great.

This is the first great, simple lesson of life which experience brings to the average man—that it is the doing of the commonplace, the doing of the things which you must do, which count. These are the really important things which count the most in life. These are the agencies of our development, these are the means by which man has become the master of the world.

Somewhere in European galleries there hangs a picture of monks in their solemn garb, moving around engaged in the most menial tasks. One is scrubbing the floor, one is starting a fire, one hanging the kettle over the coals—all alike busy in common, everyday toil. But step closer with me and look at that picture again. See! These are not monks at all, but angels of Heaven, and we may even distinguish beneath that coarse garb their soaring wings.

On the walls of a great many of your homes to-night, no doubt,

just as on the wall of my study, there hangs a copy of a world-famous painting which contains in its simple lines the entire round of human life. I mean "The Angelus." Did you ever stop to think what this picture does set forth, and why it finds a place on the walls of palaces and of hut? Gaze at it again mentally to-night. The poor acre of the Brittany farm, the sun sinking low in the west, and just in front stand two figures, a man and a woman, bowing bare heads in the midst of a desolate potato field, and far in the distance uprises the spire of a little church. Why is it that the heart of this world turns to that homely scene? Why do we hang it on our walls? Because of the honest, earnest life pictured there. Work, love, religion, the toil of the common people, the man and the woman standing side by side, the soft tolling of the angelus sounding out over the land calling the weary world to prayer. It is all pictured there—work, love, religion, the man and the woman, the movements of industry, the call to God.

And this, my friends, is life, the life of all the ages, and how can I better sum it up than by using the same words that I used this afternoon in summing up my other address—those words which George Eliot placed upon the lips of the blind violin-maker of Florence:

"If my hand slack I should rob God, since He is fullest good, leaving a blank instead of violins. He could not make Antonio Stradivarius violins without Antonio."

Mr. BENJAMIN F. DAILEY: I move that the following telegram be sent:

"PROFESSOR SCOT BUTLER, San Diego, California.

"Butler College faculty, students, and friends, at the annual Founder's Day dinner, send greetings and good wishes to you and Mrs. Butler, and express our hope that next Founder's Day will find you with us."

Motion seconded and carried.

PRESIDENT HOWE: I think it is a fine thing for us to remember in this way one whose thoughts I am sure are with us to-night, one who is very dear to most of us here and to all who have ever come

in touch with him in the relation of student and teacher, one who has loved the college and sacrificed for it and been a father to most of us.

Now, my friends, before we go away I hope you will pardon me for saying a word further. I am profoundly indebted to these men who have spoken to us, because they have all brought their contribution to us—Mr. Moores with that fine paper, Mr. Grafton with his serious words, Rabbi Feuerlicht with his inspiring sentences, and Mr. Parrish with his delightful address. I think sometimes that you may weary of hearing some of us express ourselves about the college, and in our modesty we have no desire to make ourselves a nuisance by speaking overmuch of the college. But this thought is in my mind. Is this college to advance, or is it not? If it is not, a good many of us have wasted some years of our lives. But it seems to me to-night, as Mr. Parrish said this afternoon, that we are standing on the crest of a hill—we take a glance backward, and then turn to look steadily forward. When we look back over the sixty-six years since this college was chartered and think for a moment of what it has done and what it has meant to many hundreds, it seems to me that the world would be poorer were it not for Butler College and others of its type. In this State eighteen or nineteen of such institutions have had their origin, and what would the State do without them, and what have they achieved for it in this centennial year? Mr. Parrish has told us that the spirit of the pioneer is still here, and he has told us the truth. Those of us who are struggling for colleges, who are putting our lives into school work, are the pioneers of the morrow. We have a precious heritage from the past and one that we may well treasure; but it is not enough simply to treasure it—we must make it dynamic, we must be busy, we must give an accounting of what has been entrusted to us, because sixty or seventy-five or one hundred years from now we hope there will be gatherings like this and there will be those who will speak of our work. They may not remember any of us who are here, but I hope that the work we have done may not be said to have been of no effect, useless, or of the wrong kind. My friends, do we take a large enough view of the future? Look at the progress we have

made in the last fifty years! What will that be in fifty years to come? It seems to me as I close my eyes and think of the future that it almost passes our imagination to comprehend it all. One of our great financiers has said that by 1950 we shall have in this country more than two hundred millions of people, more than double what we have now. What does that mean? It means a great population here in this Central West, it means a great host of folk who must be trained, who must be disciplined, who must be prepared for the numerous tasks that will be theirs. They will not have the same tasks as the pioneers of whom Mr. Parrish has told us to-day, because his was a simple task, if you please—to go with rifle and gun through the wilderness fighting the Indians and the wild beasts. But in the days to come the problems will be more complex, far more difficult, and the spirit of the pioneer needs to be stronger than it has been in the past, and we friends of Butler College should not go away from a meeting like this without resolving to be more faithful to the trust that has been left us. We must not forget those words of Mr. Grafton as to the meaning of the college in the building of the character that we need in our state. We must not forget those splendid words of Rabbi Feuerlicht as to the spirit in which we shall teach, that spirit of freedom, of reverence, of respect for all truth which I am happy to say is characteristic of Butler College.

* * * * * * *

The needs of the college grow rapidly. There is insistent demand for more diversified instruction, more expensive instruction, for more equipment, for more of everything that it takes to make a college. We need to keep there men of character, men of personality, men who are true teachers, to train these boys and girls that you older people are sending to us and that you younger people are encouraging to come to us. We must do one of two things: We must either limit our attendance—and that we should do not later than next fall—or we must have greater facilities, because we must not sacrifice quality for quantity. That we dare not do. The virtue of a small college lies in its individual, personal attention, and when the college grows too large for us to give this, too large to keep in

touch with those who are with us—as Butler College is even now doing—then we must have further aid and assistance. We must, as Rabbi Feuerlicht has said (pardon me for saying this again and again, for it might be the last time I shall speak to you), we must make this the college of the city of Indianapolis. And that does not mean that we shall thereby give up any of our claim upon the church in the State, the church which stands so strongly for our institution, but the church must help take care of the children of the State, and not more than half of the population referred to will be taken care of if the church folk do not help.

I am not asking you for money, but I feel that I dare not let you go from here without saying this word again—a word I have said time and again. My friends, let us be pioneers, let us act in the spirit of those older men, let us think of the future, let us think what this means to coming generations. It may mean salvation, the saving of your boy or your girl. It may mean the saving of your State, it may mean the saving of your nation. This town has a great problem before it. It has the problem of taking care of these boys and girls in the common schools and in the high schools, to a very large degree. It is a question that must be taken up earnestly by the serious-minded business men, to see that our boys and girls get the attention they need and which they are not getting to-day. It means that we may have to give up the luxuries of life, but we ought to do so gladly to take care of the boys and girls, to give them the thing they need, to give them the fundamentals, the essentials, the things that make for a life of usefulness.

Butler College has a part in all this. She caps the educational system of Indianapolis, and when I say that I am not speaking in any spirit of rivalry with any other institution of Indiana. All these colleges will have more than they can accomplish with the great, teeming population that Indiana must support in the years to come. But my friends, let us not think that because we sit here in comfort and at our ease that something is not demanded of us. Let us not go to sleep on our jobs, as American citizens, as citizens of Indiana. But as we go out to-night, friends, let us leave no stone unturned to do all we can to help make conditions better for these

boys and girls of ours, whether they be in the grade schools, in the high schools, or in Butler College, where the leaders of this State and commonwealth and nation must be trained. I appeal to you to-night, as friends of educational institutions, to help make Butler College what it ought to be—the college of the city of Indianapolis —a useful, helpful instrument in training men for good citizenship, because this is a job we all have to do, and it is a task that the colleges of the State have upon them, and we, it seems to me, in a larger degree, because we are here at the State's capital. It is not the task of the other fellow, it is the job of each one of us; the task cannot be thrust upon somebody else, we must take counsel as to how we can each one do his duty in this great job, this centennial year of Indiana. The part that Butler College shall play in this task of training our boys and girls will depend in large measure on us here to-night.

And now, my friends, let us hope that when another twelve months has rolled around we may all be able to come back here. It is a serious thing when we stand together at a time like this, it is a solemn thing to think that some of us may before another twelve months have joined the great cloud of witnesses, but it is a thing we ought to keep in mind without sadness. Let us hope that we may all be able to come back at the end of another year, rejoicing at the progress we have made in making the world a bit better.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Founder's Day

The academic world seems settling upon mid-winter as the appropriate season for celebration of Foundation Day. The New England colleges generally held their alumni gatherings at Boston in February. Amherst seated at her dinner 1,016 alumni, while every member of her faculty crossed the state in face of an Atlantic blizzard to be present. Yale seated at her dinner 950 alumni. Dartmouth and Williams, a few less each in number.

This fine local attendance is suggestive. One wonders what is the secret Amherst has learned that Butler knows not? What is the reason that an *expressed* interest in our Alma Mater is not more general on her festive days by those in Irvington, Indianapolis, and the accessible towns?

The Founder's Day dinner took place at the Claypool, and, as usual, brought together a goodly gathering of friends of the college. Never before have so many undergraduates nor so many outside friends been in attendance. Had the local alumni held up their end as enthusiastically, there might easily have been five hundred guests seated in the Riley dining room.

Founder's Day presented an interesting and beautiful program. We present elsewhere all that was said.

The address was made in the college chapel at 3:30 o'clock by Mr. Randall Parrish, of Chicago. To the beauty and dignity of the occasion the music added much—the vocal duets by Mr. Frank M. Ketcham and Mr. Homer VanWie, and the orchestral number by the Hughel trio.

Commencement

The features of the commencement program will be as heretofore: Baccalaureate address, Sunday afternoon, June 11; Philokurian Reunion, June 12; Class Day and Alumni Reunion, June 14; Commencement, June, 15. More definite announcement will be made later. Now is your time, however, to begin to make plans to be present.

Class of '91

The Silver Anniversary falls this year to the class of '91. It is hoped that every member may be back to join in a celebration. The present directory of the class is:

Georgia Butler (Mrs. Perry H. Clifford), 124 Downey avenue, Indianapolis.

Mary T. Brouse (Mrs. Adolph Schmuck), 93 North Hawthorne Lane, Indianapolis.

Robert P. Collins, address unknown.

Mark Collins, German Valley, New Jersey.

Charles L. DeHaas, 40 Whittier Place, Indianapolis.

Robert Hall, 129 Downey avenue, Indianapolis.

William P. Hay, Business High School, Washington, D. C.

Eva M. Jeffries (Mrs. Walter S. King), 5329 University avenue, Indianapolis.

William G. McColley, 244 East Center street, Paxton, Illinois.

Harvey W. McKane, University Heights, Indianapolis.

Emerson Waldo Matthews, 1826 Lamont street, Washington, D. C.

Jesse H. Mavity, Marion, Indiana.

Raymond D. Meeker, Sullivan, Illinois.

Grace L. Murray, Riverside, California.

Frances M. Perry, Tucson, Arizona.

Luther E. Sellers, Indianapolis.

Time has starred three names: Eugene J. Davis, who died January 12, 1903, at Indianapolis; Elizabeth D. Layman, who died April 30, 1910, at Indianapolis; and Perry T. Martin, who died in 1904 at Crawfordsville, Indiana.

A Grateful Alumnus

Gratitude is beautiful, the more so these days, perhaps, because it seems rare. In the will of Mr. Louis Newberger, of the class of '73, a remembrance of Butler College headed a list of benefactions. This bequest of five hundred dollars was a gracious and grateful expression of indebtedness to and of unfailing interest in his Alma Mater.

Butler College in Politics

The State political primaries were of unusual interest to Butler because of the number of Butler men concerned. From the top of the ballot to the bottom, graduates of our college subjected themselves to the scrutiny of the public eye and took the poll of public favor. For United States Senator, Harry S. New, formerly a student of Butler College, won the plurality of votes on the Republican ticket.

Merrill Moores, also a former student, was renominated for Congress on the Republican ticket.

Quincy A. Myers, who, at one time, attended the North Western Christian University, was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor.

Thomas Carr Howe and Claris Adams were chosen delegates to the State Republican convention.

An Alumnus in the Southland

The Quarterly sends congratulations to Stanley R. Grubb, '99, in the completion and dedication of the beautiful new church building over which he presides in Athens, Georgia. To his energy, organization, and business judgment is due largely the bringing to so successful an issue this fine enterprise. The structure was erected at a cost of $50,000.

It is pleasant to know of the appreciation of Mr. Grubb in Athens. An editorial in the leading paper of the town speaks as follows:

"The very year the Christian Church had its beginning in the

'Classic City' of the Empire State of the South, there was born in the Hoosier State, beyond the Ohio, a boy, who was destined one day to lead this body of believers to greater and nobler attainments. A happy coincidence, maybe, but not so happy as the actual day when the church elected its present pastor, and he accepted the call.

"It was in August, 1909, that Rev. Stanley Roberts Grubb, with his estimable wife, closed a happy and successful pastorate at Columbia, South Carolina, and came to their new field of activity.

"Mr. Grubb soon demonstrated a marked ability as organizer and leader; a philanthropic nature, and a broad missionary spirit; a gracious, optimistic, and tactful temperament; and a deep and abiding consecration to the cause of his Lord and Master. Through these splendid traits, he has won many friends in Athens, and by both precept and example has led his people to get a larger vision of service. He has united and rallied the forces to such an extent, that the 'little church around the corner' has proven entirely inadequate. He has encouraged growth and development in every phase of the church service.

"Realizing the great importance of a live Bible school, Mr. Grubb has directed much of his best thought and energy to this department. He stands for the newest and best methods in Sunday school work, and last spring he brought to Athens a 'school of methods,' composed of four as capable instructors in their line of work as our county affords.

"In his life work, no conviction is more strongly emphasized than that of the burden upon the church to evangelize the world. He believes in preaching, in teaching, and in healing, whether the need be in our own home land or beyond the sea.

"He has given valuable assistance in directing the work of the Ladies' Aid Society. The work of these women has been before the people of Athens for a number of years, and much of their success has been due to the wisdom and timely counsel of their minister.

"In view of Mr. Grubb's wonderful constructive ability, he is greatly appreciated in both business and fraternal circles. He is loved, not only by his own people, but by all who know him. It is hoped and predicted too, by the way, that his work has only just begun in our midst."

Statistical Summary of Second Semester

On February 2, after a week's vacation, teachers and students took up the tasks of the second semester. The registration showed a substantial increase over the record of the corresponding semester last year. Records of attendance for the year are now available, as follows:

Graduate students	32
Undergraduate students	406
Special students	23
Teachers' department	180
Summer school	65
Total	706
Counted twice	65
Total students	641

The number of students in attendance on the college sessions, exclusive of summer school and teachers' department, totals 416. Comparison with the records of the past four years gives an adequate idea of the college growth. The table follows:

	Net, Regular Sessions	Net, All Sessions
Three years ago	332	611
Two years ago	316	525
One year ago	343	626
This year	416	641

An analysis of the source of this gain is seen in the following table of geographical distribution of the students:

	Indianapolis	Other Towns	Indiana Students	Other States	Other Students	Foreign Countries	Foreign Stu.
Three years ago	216	57	86	10	23		7
Two years ago	224	44	65	13	19	7	8
One year ago	231	44	68	20	29	12	13
Now	297	41	68	17	43	6	8

Allowing for the fact that in increasing numbers parents move to Indianapolis to educate their children, and for the additional fact

that ministerial students have increasing tendency to register, after gaining residence, from Indianapolis, we still have the most consistent gains in student attendance from Indianapolis. To stand well at home will in time bring students in increasing numbers from outside the city.

The students are distributed religiously as follows:

	Communions	Disc.	Meth.	Presb.	Bap.	Other	None
Three years ago	14	138	60	57	21	44	12
Two years ago	14	137	53	41	26	47	12
One year ago	15	134	67	50	23	52	17
Now	17	162	82	51	26	70	25

These figures show the breadth of the religious policy of the college. Butler is frankly a religious institution under the auspices of the Disciples of Christ, but welcomes into its circle of influence and helpfulness, without discrimination, the members of other religious communions.

Other interesting statistics announced this semester have to do with scholarship. For the first semester Mary Zoercher leads the honor roll with an average of 93 4-15. Others on the honor roll are Marjorie Curme, Alice Dunn, Anita Muehl, Ruth Habbe, Juna Lutz, Lola Walling, Irma Stone, Grace McGavran, Irma Weyerbacher, Lola Conner, Virginia Kingsbury, Mary Shelley, Elavina Stammel.

The average grade for the college is 75.86 per cent. For the men, 69.80 per cent.; for the women, 79.49 per cent. The Delta Delta Delta led the women's fraternities with a grade of 81.62. The Lambda Chi Alpha led the men's fraternities with a grade of 71.52.

Comparison of the statistics presented above with that of other standard educational institutions, brings out the following facts:

First, Butler College shows a larger percentage of growth than any other standard institution in Indiana.

Second, Butler stands fifth among the educational institutions in Indiana, and second among the colleges. The present percentage of increase continued for a few years would place Butler beyond DePauw, and give us the lead in attendance of all but the Universities of Indiana, Purdue, and Notre Dame.

Third, Butler stands second in attendance among the colleges of the Disciples of Christ, only Drake University recording a larger attendance.

The steady growth of Butler College is a source of great satisfaction to all the alumni and friends. Especially is this growth a source of satisfaction when we consider the fact that Butler has redivided the school year, raised fees, and made other changes which make for better standards. Besides, Butler conducts no preparatory school, and no departments which do not have distinctly liberal education as their aim. C. E. UNDERWOOD.

Butler Alumnæ Literary Club

The Butler Alumnae Literary Club held its annual guest meeting on Saturday afternoon, March 18, at the John Herron Art Institute. The program consisted of an illustrated lecture on "The Development of Italian Painting from Giotto to Michael Angelo," given by Mrs. Margaret Brooks Williams. The seventy-five guests enjoyed the talk and the social hour following. The club is making for the present year a study of Renaissance Art, with a program prepared by Miss Margaret Duden, '11, Miss Margaret Wynn, '06, and Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08. Miss Irma Bachman, '12, is president.

Changed Address

It would be a great assistance to the Secretary if the alumni would keep her informed of their change of address.

It would, also, mean much to all concerned if the alumni would send to her news of interest, both concerning themselves and concerning their fellow alumni.

Attention

Have *you* paid your annual alumni fee of one dollar for 1915-1916? If not, kindly send it soon to

KATHARINE M. GRAYDON, *Secretary-Treasurer,*
Butler College, Indianapolis.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Frank Sinsabaugh (Emily Bigger, ex-) is living at Manhattan Beach, California.

Miss Martha Kincaid, '13, has been appointed instructor in French in Indiana University.

John T. Lister, '97, is holding a fellowship in the department of Romance languages at the University of Chicago.

Miss Catharine Martin, '12, is general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association at Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

Albert Tucker, '15, is connected with the E. I. Dupont de Nemours Powder Company, located at City Point, Virginia, as chemical supervisor of nitric acid manufacture.

Rollin Kautz, '87, and Edward D. Kingsbury, ex-, presented before the students of Indiana University in February, "The Glittering Gate." They were warmly received and highly commended.

William E. Payne, '96, has bought the Kenady Grocery Company in South Audubon Road, Irvington, and is carrying on the business there. The Quarterly wishes Mr. Payne large success, and hopes the Irvington alumni will help to bring this about.

The latest Butler College addition to the Kokomo High School is Elton Clarke, '15, in the chemistry department. With Miss India Martz, '90, as teacher of German, Miss Blanche Ryker, '10, and Miss Mary Brandon, '14, of English, and Miss Choate, '15, of algebra, there must be frequent alumni meetings without leaving the school buildings.

Test Dalton, '96, has written a farce comedy called "Uncle John," which was brought out very successfully in Fort Wayne in February. This play had been read and accepted by the character comedian, John Bunny, but Mr. Bunny's death delayed the presentation. It was, however, a decided "hit" as given by a capable

stock company in Fort Wayne. Mr. Dalton has taken the play to New York, where several managers are interested in it.

Mrs. Ellen McMurray Bailey, ex-, spent two weeks at her home in Indianapolis in February. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey are living at Valley City, North Dakota.

B. F. Dailey, '87, has sold his country home near Greenfield, Indiana. This means, the Quarterly hopes, that Mr. Dailey and his family have come to Irvington for permanent residence. He is a valuable resident of the college community and a most ready helper in all alumni affairs.

At the Founder's Day dinner were seen of the alumni: W. N. Pickerill, '60; Barton W. Cole and Mrs. Cole; Judge U. Z. Wiley and Mrs. Wiley; Mrs. Sarah Fletcher Wagner; Miss Emily Fletcher; Miss Katharine M. Graydon, '78; D. C. Brown, '79; H. U. Brown, '80, and Mrs. Brown; P. M. Dill and Mrs. Flora Frazier Dill, '80; T. W. Grafton, '80, and Mrs. Grafton; R. L. Dorsey, '83, and Mrs. Dorsey; Miss Ellen D. Graydon; Mrs. Frances Husted Barr, '84; W. C. Smith, '84, and Mrs. Smith; B. F. Dailey, '87, and Mrs. Dailey; Jane Graydon, '87; F. R. Kautz, '87, and Mrs. Kautz; E. W. Gans, '87; T. C. Howe, '89; C. M. Fillmore, '90; Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson, '90; Perry H. Clifford, '89, and Mrs. Clifford, '91; Miss Evelyn Butler, '93; W. K. Miller and Mrs. Miller, '94; Miss Ethel Curryer, '97; John W. Atherton, '00, and Mrs. Atherton; Emsley Johnson, '00, and Mrs. Johnson, '03; Miss Esther Fay Shover, '00; C. E. Underwood, '03; Mrs. Lucile Carr Marshall, '08; Carl Turner and Mrs. Turner, '08; Miss Elizabeth Bogert, '09; Herbert Redding, '09, and Nathan Redding; Miss Barcus Tichenor, '10; Miss Flora Frick, '11; Harold B. Tharp, '11, and Mrs. Tharp; Miss Helen Reed, '12; W. C. Kassebaum, '13; Miss Jessie Breadheft, '13; Miss Helen Tichenor, '13; Miss Jane Brewer, '14; Miss Ellen Graham, '14; Robert Hamp, '14, and Mrs. Hamp, '14; Frederick Jacobs and Mrs. Jacobs, '14; R. A. MacLeod, '14; Karl Means, '14; Carl Van Winkle, '14, and Mrs. Van Winkle; Miss Edith Webb, '14; Miss Edith Habbe, '14; Hugh Shields, '15.

Marriages

GRAFFIS-VAUGHAN.—On January 7, at Chicago, were married Herbert Butler Graffis and Miss Dorothy Vaughan. Mr. Graffis is son of W. H. Graffis, '89.

DIXON-COOPER.—On March 3, 1915, were married at Brownsville, Texas, George C. Dixon and Miss Pauline Eighmy Cooper, '07. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon are residing at Indianapolis.

HAVILAND-BENTON.—On March 25, at Sterling, Illinois, were married James Thomas Haviland and Miss Marjorie Stillwell Benton, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Haviland are at home at Sterling.

Births

TRANTE.—On February 6, at Hudson, Michigan, to Mr. James Trante and Mary Jackson Trante, ex-'14, a daughter, Lucy Emma.

HUNT.—To Mr. Earl Hunt and Mrs. Minabel Morris Hunt, ex-'16, on March 14, at Indianapolis, a daughter, Mary Marjorie.

MULLANE.—To Mr. Joseph Mullane, ex-, and Mrs. Marie Pritchard Mullane, ex-, on March 15, at Indianapolis, a son, Joseph Pritchard.

BOWMAN.—To Mr. Stuart Bowman and Mrs. Margaret Barr Bowman, '11, on April 6, near Cumberland, Indiana, a daughter—Margaret Ann.

Deaths

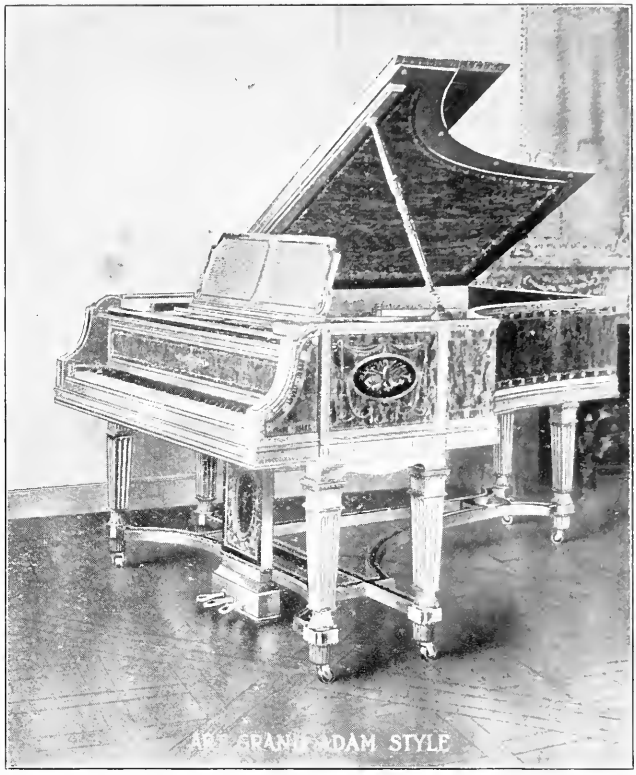
CUTTS.—On December 31, at Riverside, California, died Jeffrey O. Cutts, '74.

NEWBERGER.—On March 10, at Indianapolis, died Louis Newberger, '73.

Edward J. Hecker

Printer

5241 East Washington Street



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Butler Alumnal Quarterly

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

JULY, 1916
Vol. V No. 2

INDIANAPOLIS

THE

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Butler Alumnal Quarterly

VOL. V INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1916 NO. 2

Commencement Address

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES DAVID WILLIAMS, D.D.

Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan

My dear friends, when I look over my audience and see so many fair faces among them, and especially so many fair faces in the graduating class, and then think of the subject upon which I have prepared myself, I am reminded of a certain preacher in Michigan, who was asked to preach the baccalaureate sermon at a certain institution, and forgot to inquire the sex of that institution and prepared an address on the text, "Acquit you like men—be strong." Then, to his horror, when he stepped upon the platform he faced a large class composed entirely of the fairest daughters of Eve!

In these days, perhaps, the advice to the ladies to "acquit them like men" may not be out of order, for women are more and more invading—I will not say invading—possessing as their right, certain of the professions and vocations hitherto considered exclusively masculine. They are getting into politics—and I, for one, am thankful for it; they are claiming more and more positions of leadership in our public life. And, as it is leadership upon which I wish to speak to you this morning, I think it is appropriate to both the young ladies and the young men of this graduating class.

Now, a parson without a text is very much like a cobbler without a last—he has nothing over which to shape and form his material—if he has any. He is also like certain otherwise valuable railway lines—lacking in proper terminal facilities. A text furnishes him a point of departure, and whether he ever develops terminals at the point of arrival depends upon his sensibilities.

Now, that is my apology this morning for taking as my text a

certain story in the history of ancient Israel. The situation was this: For four hundred years, or more, these people of Israel had been practically without any great leader. To be sure, during that period they had accomplished much materially. They had conquered a new land, they had developed its material resources, they had planted their vineyards, they had grown from a horde of slaves into a great and vigorous people, though not yet, in any real sense, a nation. And why? Because there was no national solidarity established; because the higher life of the people, politically, morally, and socially had been neglected because of their absorption in material tasks. Their national conscience was yet undeveloped; the national conscience had not been yet inspired and created. Here and there the voice of a prophet was heard in the land, like that of the great prophet Samuel; but, for the most part, an anarchy, an absolute individualism prevailed, because every man was absorbed in his own individual tasks. There was no king in Israel; no leadership, morally or socially, had been established. This great, growing need began to make itself felt and the people demanded a king, a leader, who should stand for the national life, and the prophet Samuel set himself to look for one. At last he found him in the young man Saul. Saul had all the marks and characteristics of leadership stamped upon him; he was a choice young man, and goodly; he had the enthusiasm, the chivalry, the devotion natural to youth, and a commanding presence. Moreover, when he stood among the rest of the people he excelled just where a leader ought to excel—from the shoulders upward. The choice was determined and the day of anointing had arrived; but when the people came to look for their chosen leader, he was nowhere to be found, and they asked the Lord, "Is the man yet to come hither? Is there nobody else fitted for this task of leadership?" And the Lord answered, "The young man is among you; he is in your midst, but, behold, he is hiding in the stuff," and then went and fetched him thence, and set him, willy nilly, in the place for which he was fitted, and to which God had called him.

Now, it seems to me that we have here a parable of our American life and its present paramount need. It is true of our nation as a whole, among the peoples of the earth; it is true, also, of the capable,

the able, the trained, and intelligent individual American in the midst of the nation.

The world to-day needs leadership in its national life. Hitherto international life has been largely chaotic. Nationalism has been pushed to the extreme among all peoples. According to the theory ably set forth by many persons, at least in this present war, our nation is an end in itself; its national interests are paramount to all other considerations—either international righteousness or of common humanity.

Now, a nation organized on that theory of nationality is not only chaotic, it is wholly and perpetually a battlefield where the never ending strife rages between demons who know no law, either of God or of humanity. What the world needs, supremely, to-day—and what I believe all the peoples engaged in the present strife, really, at heart, are longing and yearning for—is a new internationalism; a world patriotism, bigger than any other patriotism. We want a new consciousness of a common, universal humanity, above which the life of the nation may grow; we want a new conscience of a common nation, a common humanity, to inspire and regulate that new internationalism.

Specifically we want—and we want immediately—the substitution of the arbitrament of reason for the arbitrament of force in the settlement of international disputes.

That ought to be the issue in the present world strife. That, it seems to me, is the supreme lesson that God, Himself, is trying to teach us by this awful experience; and, if the world could only learn that one lesson, it will be worth the price, frightful as that price is.

But to reach that end some nation must take the lead and raise the banner; and what nation is so fitted for that task of world leadership to-day as our own? As she stands among the peoples of the earth, she is higher than any of them from the shoulders upward. That is, her ideals of humanity are the loftiest yet conceived, whatever criticism may justly be made of her achievements in those realms. She stands also aloof from the present strife and from its causes, so far as they are purely local. Will America seize her great opportunity of world leadership in this supreme crisis of the world's life? Can she develop a world policy? That may be the supreme

question of our national history. That depends upon how we, as a people, react to this great world experience.

Over yonder the nations are finding their souls under this terrible warfare. The Germans, misled, as many of us believe, and as I certainly do believe, by militarism and Prussianism and imperialism, are rising to unprecedented heights of heroism. No sacrifice of goods or of life is too great for the simplest German peasant to make for the sake of his nation, for the Fatherland, for his ideal of national life. Nowhere is the transformation so evident to-day as in France; a people reputed frivolous and morally corrupt—such a people have risen suddenly to a majesty of patient and silent endurance and absolute devotion to an ideal that awes the whole world. Perhaps in this case it is not so much a transformation as a revelation to the world. In Russia there is a promise of the rebirth of the nation. These are the spiritual values, the spiritual effects, and inspirations of this strife.

But how is it with us? We cannot stand aloof. We are, too, affected by it; we, too, are involved in it.

We have, I believe, a great President, a seer of high and far visions. I believe he has grasped the present situation and has lifted the banner of international righteousness and of world peace, founded upon a world consciousness. He has lifted, again and again, that banner. But do we see it, and are we ready to follow it?

There are many features in the situation that make us doubt a Congress which, in large measure, is not able to see over the rim of the pork barrel; vacillating between braggadocio and poltroonery; senators and representatives with far more concern for the foreign vote than for either national honor or international righteousness. And lastly and chiefly, great hosts of our people are so absorbed in our sudden and artificial prosperity, due to the war, that they can think of nothing else but the piling up of huge profits.

And, my friends, this is particularly true of this Mid-West of ours, for, while the East may profit more directly in the trade in munitions, we, of the Mid-West, are profiting fully as largely from this artificial stimulant of our trade and industry, by the war. In the East the conscience of the people seems to be more outspoken—whether you believe they speak out rightly, or wrongly—but here

it is silent; here we seem to have mistaken moral indifference for political neutrality. We must do nothing, we must say nothing that may possibly lose votes for one party or the other; or, still worse, maybe hurt business!

The great world conflict is shaking the very foundations of the earth. Supreme questions, questions that involve democracy and western civilization, are hanging upon the issue. I do not care which side you take, but according to some of our leaders, to us in America it seems to be no more than a dog fight in the street. A good deal of our neutrality, so-called, and a good deal of our so-called pacificism seems to be no more than moral obtuseness and cowardice.

Ah, while the nations are finding their souls in this awful crisis, shall America lose hers? Are there no moral equivalents of war that may develop our spiritual life? Are we going to see our task and address ourselves to it? Or shall our false transient material prosperity blind us to the great vision which confronts us? Shall we to-day evade our plain call to world leadership by "hiding in the stuff"?

But let us get back to our parable. It is true, as I have said, of the typical individual American, particularly a capable and efficient man, as well as of the nation in its attitude among the peoples of the earth; and until we have here efficient moral leadership among ourselves, we cannot hope to assume world leadership among the nations.

The conditions in Israel at the time of our story were very like those prevailing in America to-day. We are still a young nation, with all the characteristics, virtues, and faults of youth; our civilization is still crude. For four hundred years and more we, as a people, have been chiefly engaged in the conquest of a new world, a virgin continent. We have had set for us, by Providence, as our primary task, the development of its natural and material resources. We have come to the point in that development where we feel the imperative necessity of abandoning the iniquitous wastefulness of the past, and, while we are beginning to realize the necessity of husbanding those resources economically and administering them justly and wisely for the common welfare, yet those resources are still practically unlimited.

We are an enormously rich people, probably about the richest people on the face of the earth. We are still far from that material poverty which sometimes forces the individual and the nation to a consideration of the higher things of life. The material call still sounds loudest in our ears, drowning all other calls. Our main task, as a people, is still the production of wealth, making money, building up material prosperity. Indeed, "prosperity" is the magic word which often charms the American public into forgetfulness of everything else—even social justice and righteousness and the common weal. We worship success, wherever it is found. It immediately justifies itself in our eyes. We do not often stop to inquire closely into the methods by which that success has been obtained, particularly if millionaires give munificently for charitable purposes. We have not, hitherto, been very much concerned as to how they made their fortunes from which they gave. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins!" The business world has constituted our aristocracy. We have our merchant princes, our kings of finance, and they are far more really revered as a powerful aristocracy than the hereditary nobility and royalty on the other side of the sea. We all bow down to them. All other vocations and professions sink into insignificance beside them—particularly those of an artistic, intellectual, or altruistic character are looked down upon as belonging to a lower order of beings, as belonging to the fourth estate; the poet, the literary man, the preacher and the teacher, even the statesman—not the practical politician, because he has a distinct commercial value—all these are tolerated as a sort of whimsical lot of people, of more ornamental than practical value. The main stress of life is still on the production of wealth; the chief prize, the greatest reward, in the popular estimate, belongs to the makers of money, the producers of fame. Consequently the call to the commercial life sounds loudest in the ears of our American youths.

There are many consequences which grow out of that situation. At least there are many criticisms that are made against our American civilization. Let us just glance at a very few of them.

There is a comparative neglect of culture in our modern American education. Naturally, with the development of our civilization as it is now, in our great institutions of learning the chief stress has

been laid more and more upon technical training, and less and less on the humanities and the cultural courses, until lately, I thank God, I think I discern a little reaction the other way. But hitherto things and forces have been our chief interests. Those are the things we have studied and tried to master—human thought, human history, human literature have not interested us as much. Consequently we have been turning out craftsmen, rather than men, full-rounded, well-developed men. Indeed, sometimes I think with our overstress upon the technical we have whittled a man down to one contact with life, his particular job, with no background of general knowledge; he is not a man; he is a tool, a fashioned, finished and efficient tool, but a tool which some one will handle for all his life long. He hasn't that bigger background and that wider training which makes him capable of leadership in the industrial, political, social, or any other realm.

Also our critics tell us there has been hitherto a feebleness in our social conscience, and a diminishing of our national ideal, if we had any. We Americans have been, so far, a nation of individualists; with these great prizes before our eyes, with these tremendous opportunities for every man, we have been, naturally, individualists. Our rule has been "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." There has been what has been aptly called, by our foreign critics, a characteristic state blindness among Americans. Legislatures, congresses, in fact the whole material State exists, not for the organization of the common weal, for the good of the people as a whole, for the welfare of society, for the establishment of justice and equity, the maintenance of an equal opportunity for all—that is what it means to the Englishman and to the German, but that is not what it means to the average American. What is the government for? What is the administration at Washington, or Indianapolis, for? "Back me up; back up the forceful individual." That is what it means. The test of an administration, national, State, or municipal, seems to be the effect on the stock market. No matter how wise and just its policy, no matter how necessary its measures, it is instantly condemned without appeal, in some quarters, if it may be even suspected of hurting business!

Religion itself has been very fairly interpreted among us as chiefly

the means of developing and blessing individuals, saving souls—to use the cant phrase; that is, making the individual respectable and reputable for this world, and assured of the next! Its social applications have been largely pushed into the background. The church has not yet begun to see the vision to which the Hebrew prophet, and Jesus Christ Himself, devoted their teachings and themselves—that is, a Kingdom of God on Earth; and that means not less than as Bishop Gore has defined it, "A human society in all its relations, regenerated until it shall be according to the will of God"; or, as Jesus Christ more tersely defined it, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." We have in this country an anarchy of individualism.

There is, also, we are told by these critics, a moral color blindness among Americans. We haven't the fine discernment of moral values; we cannot ordinarily—and here is the most typical thing in the American—we cannot ordinarily distinguish between greatness and bigness. With us the two are one. Greatness can be defined in moral and spiritual terms only; bigness in purely material terms. We habitually and instinctively rate most things by mathematical standards. A city is big—and, oh, how we do quarrel over the census returns, as though they amounted to anything—a city is big when it counts its population multitudes of human animals, and great factories that pour out heaps of stuff every year; when it builds skyscrapers, and tremendous apartment houses, or tenement houses—they are both the same—where human beings warren like rabbits, and where it is impossible to have a home. That is the description of a big American city. We do not so often stop to ask whether the city is really great—great in the keenness of its civic conscience, in the clearness and loftiness of its civic ideals, and the quality of its citizenship; great in its service to all its people—yes, in its redemption of its own human waste, in its uplifting inspiration of human life, in that it offers to all of its citizens the best opportunity for the fullest development of all that is in them; great in its devotion to the common welfare—that is, great as a city of God. We pride ourselves chiefly on our country's bigness. That is what the Englishman always expects to hear from Americans—how far it is from New York to San Francisco, and so on. We

boast of the vastness of our resources, the hugeness—sometimes the enormity of our private wealth—those are the things to be proud of. But we do not so often think about the quality of our national spirit, the loftiness of its standards, the fineness of its honor, the righteousness and the justness of its dealings with other people—particularly with weaker people, when we want to get something from them; the wisdom and tenderness of its laws and customs as they affect our weaker classes. Germany, which some of us are looking down upon now, in our present mood, at least—Germany is far ahead of us in this matter of social legislation. Indeed, Germany to-day leads the world in social legislation. Our material resources have not all been monopolized, cornered by private possession, as they have in other lands, but they bid fair to be, and when they are, woe unto our economic weak, for as our laws now are there is much less chance for them, under our Democracy, than under many European imperialisms.

Human life is about as cheap here as anywhere in the world, except, possibly, in China. Our law is concerned chiefly with the rights of property. We have not yet learned, in our civilization—and I refer not only to American civilization, but to English civilization—we have not learned the proper standard of values. Consequently we are told that we have developed a lopsided civilization. We are like Ephraim of old—burned black on the side of material development, but raw on the side of social and moral development.

Now, I have put the case strongly, as I have gathered it from many critics. Undoubtedly the indictment may be justly criticised as overdrawn, over-colored and out of proportion; but we must all confess that it is manifestly true of that side of our American civilization and life with which it deals.

Thank God, there is another side, and that side is coming forward more and more in modern days. There are signs everywhere of an awakening public conscience. Possibly just recently, within the last few years, there has been a slight slump in that movement; but the great movement has not stopped. The waves may recede, but the tide goes on, for the voice of the prophet is heard in the land, to-day, everywhere—from academic chairs, in magazines and

periodicals throughout the country, in our popular literature, even on the stump, a new moral note is sounded. It is a summons to our commercial and political righteousness; it is a demand, above all, for a finer humanity and a greater degree of economic justness in our civilization. That is the negative side of the process, the awakening of the social conscience among our people.

But there is also a positive side; a new social conscience is developing among us; a new vision of a national ideal is dawning among us; we are getting out of our scattered individualism and realizing our solidarity and community; and that, it seems to me, is the side that seems to be emphasized mostly in these days. A socialist said to me a short time ago, "Social forces are developing in America with astounding rapidity; the common conscience is being aroused, a mighty storm of righteous indignation."

What we need now is not so much more goads and whips, as a driver on the box who knows where he is going. We need vision and guidance, and unless such vision and guidance be forthcoming the tremendous arousal of the popular conscience may end in an upheaval of destruction, instead of orderly progress—a revolution, instead of an evolution. Therefore we need men of age, of experience, with knowledge of the times. We need a man who knows what we ought to do, not simply what we ought to quit doing. There are plenty to tell us that. For that we need seers and leaders. A man must be a seer before he can be a leader. There is a call for the development of our higher life among the people, the establishment of justice and equity in the industrial world, the framing of new legislation, which will concern itself not almost wholly with the rights and privileges of a few, but with the rights of the many; the development of our cities from vast aggregations of population into true expressions of civic ideals; the erection of institutions which will enlarge our general culture and reach our common life. These are some of the causes that are beating on every side, and not simply the voices of the individual prophets; but it is the voice of God Himself; it is the cause of religion, in its largest and widest interpretation; though, too often, the churches of to-day are indifferent to it. It is a spiritual awakening, a religious revival, I verily believe—not of the conventional, old-fashioned type, which set every

man to everlastingly worry about the eternal welfare of his own measly soul, but it comes in bigger and nobler form; it concerns itself with the righteousness of the common life. What Jesus Christ meant by the Kingdom of God and the Righteousness thereof is not the little righteousness of the individual life; it is the Spirit of God moving upon the hearts of men; it is the call of Christ to share His work in setting up a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

But who are answering that call? Ordinarily the first to offer themselves are a company of crack-brained reformers, half-baked enthusiasts and visionaries; short-haired women and long-haired men; and the world suffers as much from fool reformers as it ever does from international complication. I haven't a word of cheap denunciation for the so-called crank. God bless him. He keeps alive the ideal in our otherwise materialistic people.

But where are the men of education, of knowledge, of culture, of power, training, and ability? For the most part they are conspicuous by their absence. They cannot spare the time, they cannot spare the mind, they cannot spare energy from the all-absorbing task of making money for themselves, to attend to the concerns of the commonwealth. They are too busy with business to care for anything else. The call for some specific work of reform, the call for some great service to public weal, the call of some campaign for common justice is ignored. The men of ability are "hiding in the stuff." The paramount need of to-day, in our American life, is for leadership in this nation-wide movement, and it is a call that comes with special and imperative force to those of us who have enjoyed the privileges of culture and education. That is what education and culture are for; that is where the State, particularly in a democracy, provides for them in the public school system, in our great State universities; that is the reason there is an endowment of institutions like this; that is why you find a college at every crossroads in America. Why? Because a democracy, above all other forms of political organization, demands leadership, and it must have trained leadership.

Here in our schools and universities are gathered the nation's choice young men, and to-day, thank God, the choice young women; men and women visibly marked for leadership. It is to our college

graduates that we look, naturally, for our scholars and our social workers, our statesmen, our reformers, our prophets, our captains and soldiers in the great army of the common good—in a word, for our leaders. That is the call to them.

I am glad to testify from personal experience and observation, that there are most encouraging and inspiring signs of a response to this call of the day, among the students of our American colleges and institutions of learning.

I have been going for some years, regularly, as college preacher, to some of our leading institutions of learning, and I have talked to the students about their life work, and I have found everywhere new idealism developing among our students, a new awakening of the social conscience; it is showing itself in a new interpretation of vocation and profession. Even those pursuing the most technical courses, such as engineering, are eagerly looking forward to their professions, not simply as a means of earning a livelihood, but as a means of giving themselves to social service. That is one of the best signs of the times. I would that I might bring that call home to every student in America. What are you going to do with the abilities that God has given you, and with the cultivation and development of those abilities which society has so abundantly bestowed upon you here? Are you going to spend them all in just making a living, meager or abundant, without a thought or purpose beyond? If so, it is an absolutely meaningless existence to which you condemn yourself; a life in a closed circle. It is as though a company of sculptors spent all their time in seeking out pedestals, some cutting rough boulders from the wayside and some cutting slabs of finest marble, but not one of them thinking of carving a statue to set thereon. Even so is it with those who spend all their energies and thought in making only a livelihood.

You who stand upon the threshold of the world that lies beyond the college walls are facing your decision as to your vocation in life, and on the one side is the clamorous, deafening call to merely material pursuit; on the other side, possibly, whispers the higher and gentler call of some nobler service in life. It is a momentous decision that you have to make. It should be made thoughtfully, carefully, prayerfully.

Some are called to lead in the battle, while others are called to serve in the rear ranks, as privates. But even in the commonest, most material vocations, there is always a possibility of developing a nobler avocation; and every one of you should carry an avocation alongside your vocation. It is well for his own sake that every one immersed in the more material pursuits of life should keep open in that life a side issue into some realm of higher scholarship, or literature, whither he may retire now and then for refreshing recreation. See how the Englishman does. Every one of them has some side issue to which he turns from his daily vocation, for the purpose of renewing his energy. There was Gladstone, who, amidst his active political life, took the time to dip into Homer's literature. Imagine, if you can, Joe Cannon doing that! Keep an avocation for your own sake, but above all, every educated man and woman of to-day should open some avenue of public service—not for his own sake, but for society's sake. That is the only way in which you can ever pay back the debt of your college education, the debt that you owe to society for what society has given you here, and even in public schools, from the start. Every educated man and woman should stand for the higher things, for the best things in the community wherein his lot is cast and his work is done. Above all, he should let his life—and "he" means girls, too—he should let his life stand for the true and the right. But to some of you, I am sure, comes the call for the more concrete consecration to some high mission; and there are many who evade the call.

There come out of our American colleges every year, young men and young women of cultural training, which fits them to be leaders in the fields of social and religious service, but who immediately bury themselves in material occupations. I wish I could set before all such a vision of the modern world, as I see it. Never was there greater need and opportunity for spiritual adventure for God and man than there is to-day; never did an aroused and confused public conscience call for leaders as it does to-day; never did the great causes of humanity plead more earnestly for fearless champions and able captains in the army of the common good. For that task we need not simply men and women of zeal, warm-heartedness, and hot-headed purpose, but educated men and women, men and women

of knowledge and sanity, cool-headed and cool-minded. We need the scholar in politics. It has hitherto been the military profession whose motto has been, "To the victor belongs the spoils." To-day politics is being modernized, and even spiritualized; politics is being interpreted as the highest service of society, and it is being inspired by a passion that is fairly religious. We need trained statesmen, who can carry that process on to its successful termination. There is no nobler profession to-day than politics. I do not except the Christian ministry.

We need skilled craftsmen, who can handle deftly their tools, whether human or material, and so increase the quantity and quality of their output. Hitherto industry has been largely, if not wholly, materialistic. That is, it has concerned itself exclusively with things and not with men. It has been reckoned outside of the moral, human category. To-day it feels the claim of social ideals. We need men and women in industry who shall realize that claim and make our industries human and social. To-day I believe some of the very best social service work is being done inside some of our great industries. For example, I know of no institution more Christian in some aspects—not even the church itself—than the Ford Motor Company; and none is doing better service for social regeneration.

We need a scholar in the editorial chair. The typical American newspaper follows, rather than leads, public current opinion. It bobs along on the popular current and imagines that it leads the stream. It caters to the lowest tastes of the people. We need men, and we need women who will redeem the press and make it what it was intended to be, and can be—the farthest reaching and most efficient force for the forming of public opinion on right lines, and bringing it to noble purposes.

Much of our periodical press is to-day serving that mission.

And lastly, we need the scholar in the pulpit. Never, I am persuaded, did the pulpit afford to the right man a better opportunity for the exercise of the highest prophetic function than it does to-day; never did it afford a wider field of battle for the right. The right man in the ministry to-day can sensitize the public conscience, and thus direct the popular aspiration. Religion is awakening to-day

to its true mission, and it is beginning to claim its field; it is coming into its own; it is concerning itself more and more with the big righteousness of the kingdom, as well as with the little righteousness of the individual life.

The crucial question to-day is, Shall the church keep up with the progress of modern religion, which bids fair to outstrip the church? Or shall she lag behind, "hiding in the stuff"? That is the question our modern ministry has to answer.

These are some of the trumpet calls that are ringing on every side, for those who have ears to hear. God is calling for coworkers; Christ is seeking for fellow-laborers in his great task of redeeming and saving the world, and setting up a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. The fields are white for the harvest on every side, but the laborers are few. And why? Ah, because the main chances of life lie not that way; because it is sure to cost some meagerness and hardness of living, some sacrifice of material success. Yes, it may, now and then, cost practical martyrdom. But that fact ought to give power to its appeal to the heart of youth; chivalry and devotion, generosity and enthusiasm, even self-sacrifice, are native and natural to the heart of youth.

Yes, there are everywhere in our prosaic, modern world, quests as high and glorious as was that for the Holy Grail. But there do not seem to be, as yet, enough Sir Galahads among the American youths to go upon the quest. If the high call comes to any of you, whom God and your training have fitted for such spiritual adventure, I pray that you may hear and heed, and not spend your life "hiding among the stuff."

Baccalaureate Sermon

By Charles Thomas Paul

President of the College of Missions

The Scripture passages to direct our thought you will find in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, nineteenth verse: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself that they, themselves, also may be sanctified in truth."

And again, in Mark, twelfth chapter, thirty-first verse: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Mr. President and friends: With the class of 1916, we have met here this afternoon, conscious, I am very sure, in large measure, of that feeling of generous interest and yearning good will which is usually released at commencement season. The classic expression was once given to that feeling by Dean Stanley, when, with Wordsworthian enthusiasm, he began a baccalaureate address at Oxford with the couplet, "My heart leaps up when I behold an undergraduate."

I am sure that the hearts of many friends are turning with very deep and peculiar interest, and warm solicitude, to these seniors of Butler College. Your thoughts are very busy to-day constructing visions of what you are going to do and what you are going to become, and it may be that all of us who have come here to-day, as evidence of our solicitude, will find ourselves more than ordinarily disposed to think again about the meaning of life, to take afresh our own bearings perhaps, as we sit down with this company of young men and women, and mark with you this closing chapter of your college days, and look forward with you, into those other chapters that are as yet unopened and unwritten.

Now, of course, the most picturesque thought about this class is the fact that in a new sense you are confronting your life work, that you are confronting the world, that the world is summoning you to find your place and do your work; and I say unto you that this is a stupendous fact, that you are confronting the world at one

of its greatest crises, when the mighty are being hurled from their seats, and those of humble degree are being exalted; when every day is quivering with big events; when the map of continents is being transformed into new alignments, with no one able to foresee what the final result will be. You are facing the world when history is being made and unmade so rapidly that chroniclers cannot keep the record.

The fact that you are going into your life work at this great and prophetic day, is, as I say, of vast importance.

Yet there is another fact which transcends this. More important than the fact that you are going into the world is the attitude of mind, the philosophy of action, the motive and the spirit with which you are going out into the world to do your work. The determining elements in your equipment, so far as concerns the quality of your future achievements, is not at all the knowledge which you have gained; that, with all its values, may affect the form of your service, perhaps the place of it; but the determining factor, as regards the quality of your work, is the conception that you have concerning the meaning of yourselves, and concerning the relationship of yourselves to other selves.

What theme, then, could be more fitting for our discussion this afternoon, than this—"A Right Attitude to Life in Its Personal and Social Aspects"?

I think that this is a subject that not only has vital meanings for you, but one that is very close to the breast of the world to-day. Omitting the complexities and conflicts by which it would seem that the very fabric of our civilization is being shattered, there is a new searching after a workable basis of life; men are asking everywhere, first of all, for some solid basis, some workable basis, some principle of thought and life and action, upon which individuals and nations may construct a life that shall be satisfactory and enduring.

Many theories of life have been suggested. Among these are two which have been very specially advocated and elaborated by thinkers. Both of these rules, or programs of life, are challenging us to-day through making themselves felt in the thoughts and procedure of our generation. They are laying their claims for our

allegiance and our following; they are knocking at every college door, and their voices are speaking in every individual heart.

One of these theories says to us, "Life is a struggle, existence is a struggle; only the fit survive. See to it that you make yourself one of the fit, no matter what may happen to the other fellow. You deserve to be happy. Therefore seek happiness as an end. Turn all your efforts toward securing your own happiness; seek wealth; seek fame; seek power for the pleasure and profit of enjoying wealth and fame and power; seek knowledge and wisdom for the joy and pleasure of being wise and of having knowledge. Realize your life by claiming your life and asserting your life."

The other theory says to us: "Forget yourself; do not work for your own interest; devote yourself to your fellow-men; lay your life like a glad libation upon the altar of humanity's need. If wealth and fame and power come to you, be swift to give them away, and to invest them in the interest of others. Seek knowledge not for the pleasure of knowing, but that you may teach others. Find your life, claim your life by losing it."

Of course you will recognize these theories by their traditional names. One is "egoistic," and the other is "altruistic." The watchword of one is self-assertion; self-culture as the end. The watchwords of the other are self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, self-investment in service for others.

I suppose that if we were to seek two exponents of the extreme views of these theories, we would name two men whose thought is very much influencing the world at the present time; we would probably name Nietzsche and Tolstoi.

Nietzsche is held to be the prophet of self-realization through self-assertion. He tells us that there are only two great crimes that one can commit against humanity—one is the crime of desiring or receiving help from any man; the other is the crime of giving help to any man.

The whole theory of mutual helpfulness and interdependence Nietzsche tells us is a piece of sickly sentimentalism, from which the world ought to be purged, because the true law of life is not the will to serve, but the will to make serve; the assertion of exuberant strength that one may rise to the top; that the dependent, the weak,

the degenerate, the needy, are but a foil to the strong, and are to be eliminated by the strong, until finally this superman emerges—a whole race of supermen, sufficient each in himself.

And, as the antithesis, we have Tolstoi, the prophet of self-renouncing and of self-devotion to the needs and interests of others. We all remember how, out of interest for the poor of Russia, he renounced his title to his estates, and, so far as he could, went out to work in the fields with the peasants; how he ate the coarse Russian bread and drank cool water with the wayfarer of the roadside, and how finally, clothed in his coarse Russian robe, and with his simple shepherd's crook in his hand, he died in the Russian snow, far from the palace, far from honors; how he wanted to die by the side of the man in the road. His whole theory is the very antithesis of that of Nietzsche. Far from contributing to his own advantage by any oppression or cruelty to others, he is the apostle of the theory that force should not be used even in self-defense. We meet this theory in different moods of the same writer. There are passages in the epistles of Paul, when he seems to be intent upon the achievement of his own ideal. He speaks about forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forward to the things that are before, that he may realize that ideal which he has set for himself. But there are many other passages that fairly blaze with his unselfish devotion to others; his self-forgetfulness, as he looks out upon the great masses of mankind. He feels that rush of intolerable craving, of which the poet Meyer speaks—"Oh to save these, to perish for their saving, to die for their lives and be offered for them all."

As regards the egoistic theory we may say, in the first place, that self-preservation is the first law of nature, that the senses of hunger summon us to a protective care of ourselves. Having been born into the struggle without our choice, it is certainly our duty to fight in the struggle, and we cannot fight without fighting with somebody, and some one has to go down in the struggle.

Furthermore, it is said that the race can advance only by the development of individuality, and that individuality can only be realized when men assert themselves and forward their own interests, and cultivate their own worth; that there can be no rise above the common level, no emergence from the common struggle, unless

some man, standing upon other men, shall rise, and by that very rising others shall fall back in the race.

Then again, we have the very practical consideration that if we do not look out for ourselves and provide for our own interests, probably no one else will. So that as a matter of mere self-existence it would seem, sometimes, that the only basis upon which we can work out our lives is to wrest from the world all that we can get, and to bend our energies to the building up of our own selves.

On the other hand, a great deal can be said for the contrary theory. Man, we are told, is a social being, and that he can realize himself only in social relations. And isn't the good, the welfare of the whole community of vastly more importance than the pleasure and profit of the few, or of the one? And isn't the true glory of the individual his self-sacrifice for the many, in order that we may work out a great and glorious civilization?

And when we have said all in behalf of the altruistic theory, there flashes upon us, perhaps, the fullness of its beauty, over against the life of some Napoleon, or some Alexander, carving their ways through blood, suffering, and destruction, to the realization of their own self-ambition, and we think of some such character as St. Francis of Assisi, who gave away all he had, and went from door to door begging bread for the poor of Italy; or of Father Damien, leaving his own interests and going to the Islands in the Pacific, that he might lay down his life for the lepers. Men are stirred by the altruistic life, the life of self-devotion.

And yet, my friends, as we think more carefully on the subject, we see that neither one of these theories, by itself, can be sufficient, and that our clearest thinkers have found each one of them wanting. The egoistic theory, in the first place, is a narrow theory. It leaves out of account the great broad human interests, the wide horizon; it is a very narrow circle, a very narrow life, in which a man sews himself up, when he concentrates his thoughts and his interests upon his own life.

Again, the egoistic program leaves out sympathy. If all men are to live and struggle only for themselves, they must close their ears to every cry of need, they must close their eyes to every scene of want, and they must steel their hearts against every appeal for

anybody else's good. The egoistic program leaves out brotherhood, that experience which men have, of sharing common joys and sorrows, bearing each other's burdens, and devoting themselves to some great common cause, each doing his part, each contributing his own efforts.

If Nietzsche's race of supermen ever arrive, having killed off all the weak, the inferior, and the needy, and having nobody left either to rule or to help, we cannot refrain from asking what these supermen are going to do with each other, and wherein, after all, they are going to find their satisfaction and their happiness, and even their activity?

But there are great defects, also, in the altruistic theory. In the first place, it is not always practicable, for there are times when we ought not to sacrifice ourselves for others; there are times when every one of us ought to, must stand alone, and must withstand the wills of others, and move in the opposite direction from others; when we must stand as Luther stood before the Diet of Worms, when he felt that there alone he stood and had to strike out on a program for himself, that was against the popular will of the time, and against the supposed interests of the times. And there come moments in our lives when we must stand alone in the assertion of our own personality against other wills and other interests and other views of life, that seek to break it down. And there are times when it would be ethically wrong for us to give way and sacrifice ourselves.

Think of the fireman directing a great movement for rescue. Over there in the flames he sees many individuals whom he could rescue by the desertion of his post; but he must not desert his post, for he is the captain of the great scheme of rescue, and he must stay there, although some individuals whom he might have rescued may perish in the flames.

I doubt not you are all familiar with that story of Maeterlinck, of the man who was keeping the lighthouse and had charge of the oil for the great lamp that sent out its rays to the ships and prevented them from running on the rocks. But the farmers in that district had run out of oil, and through his generosity the lighthouse keeper supplied them with oil, and on the day when a great storm

came and at night a terrible darkness came down and covered up the rocks, the lighthouse keeper found that he had no oil for the great lamp, and the ships that came by that night were wrecked upon the rocks and stranded upon the shore.

There are times when our duty is that of self-conservation. And so we become conscious of a seemingly irreconcilable antithesis between these two theories of life—at least in many of the forms in which they have been given to us—and we ask ourselves as to whether there may not be some other theory of life that includes whatever truth there may be in either of these. We feel the truth that there is in both of them. We may be shocked at Nietzsche, yet we all feel that we must have a certain amount of selfishness, and while we shrink from giving away everything that we have and putting ourselves entirely at the disposal of other people, yet we recognize the fact that a part of us, at least, belongs to other people, and that we cannot wisely pursue our self-interests apart from those of other people. That we recognize freely, and so we ask ourselves whether there is not a theory that combined the truths of these two, and my reply is that there is a theory, a program of life, that combines the truths of both these theories, and that we find in the example and teachings of Jesus Christ. I think that reconciliation has been suggested by the texts that we have read. "I sanctify myself," said Jesus, "that they also may be sanctified through the truth." "You shall love your neighbor," said He, "as you love yourself." He means to suggest that there is a legitimate love of ourselves. He sanctified himself that others might be sanctified.

What care Jesus took of his own life to preserve His body in perfect health! He ate, He slept, He took rest, He had his times of quiet, and there, during those thirty years of obscurity in Nazareth, He drank in a great many lessons of nature, drank in the great strength of nature's hills, communed with God, built up that wonderful personality that later on burst before the world; and all the time during those thirty years, there were people perishing for want of knowledge, right in Galilee; there were thousands dying in Galilee from disease; yet, so far as we know, He spoke no words and healed no disease during that time. During those sinless years

that breathed beneath the Syrian blue, what was He doing? He was making Himself the supreme person in history, in order that He might perform the supreme service of history. We have the beautiful narrative in the Gospel of that day, when He appeared in the Synagogue of Galilee, and men wondered at the gracious words that came from His mouth, and they said He spake with authority and not as the Scribes. Men felt the thrill, the spell of that wonderful personality. And He had a wonderful message that day as He opened the scroll and read, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, to proclaim liberty to the captives, to set at liberty those that are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Here at the very beginning Jesus has shown us the synthesis between those two theories.

Surely no other argument is necessary in urgence of the wisdom of adopting this principle of Jesus, in which the truth of both these theories is revealed, except the statement which seems to be quite obvious, that in this theory lies the welfare of the individual as well as of society; that no theory that we can possibly imagine, so commends itself to common sense and to judgment; no conceivable program of life has been so confirmed by past experience, seems so to meet the exigencies of the present, seems so to become comportable with the highest conceivable future that we can picture for the individual and the race. The student of war-torn nations, seeking for a new basis of national life, will find it here, and only here. What a new meaning this new principle of Jesus would put into our patriotisms, which, in the past, have sung the glories of our own particular achievements. In our patriotisms we have been thinking too much of our exclusive territory, of our own national interests and our own national life, and very often our national territory has been built up and extended on the simple plan that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who got.

Jesus Christ speaks to our patriotisms to-day, and He tells us that that patriotism which ends with our own national interests, but which does not move toward international good will, service, and brotherhood, is far from the true theory of life.

But I want, in the concluding moments, to speak of the personal applications and implications of this program of life. What does it mean to apply it to our own particular careers?

I think, my dear young friends, it means in the first place, self-reverence, a high sense of the dignity and nobility of our individual life, with its unique possibilities, with its power of choice, with its great affinity for God, with its great possibilities of service.

Jesus has been called the Discoverer of the Individual, for He was hidden in the great empires that filled the worlds in His day. Through every accident of circumstance and rank and title, what eyes Jesus had, as He looked through Pharisee and Rabbi and beggar and employer and laborer and Magdalene and rich man, and man, woman, and child—what eyes He had to see the underlying, fundamental, eternal value! No soul that ever lived in this world was so alive to the beauty and grandeur of the cosmos. The discourse of Jesus drips with the beauties of Galilee, with the sunset of the Judean hills; He saw that cathedral, boundless as our wonder, whose brilliant lamps the sun and moon supplies, its choirs the wind and waves, its organ the thunder, its dome the sky—He saw it all in rock and rills, in flowers and fields, in hill and valley—He saw His Father's image, the beauty of the world filled His soul with the value of it all. Yet He said that one single life was worth more than the whole world. Yes, His was the Gospel of the Good Shepherd who left the ninety and nine who were safe in the fold —and He left them only because they were safe, and went out to seek the one that was lost, and none of the ransomed ever knew how deep were the waters He crossed, or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through, until he found His sheep that was lost. Yes, it was lost, but Jesus saw the fundamental value of it. Self-reverence! You are to reverence yourself because God reverences you. I am to reverence myself because God has made it possible for me to be something that nobody else in the universe can be, and that is myself. I am to reverence myself because God has willed that I shall do something that nobody else in the universe can do and that is my work.

As George Eliot put it, "God Himself could not make Antonio

Stradivarius's violin without Antonio." That is true of every one of you. My work may not be a very large work, as some count largeness; I may occupy a very small and inconspicuous place, but the truth I have to confront is that if I am to understand the meaning of my own life I, at least, count one like unto which, in what I am and what I may be, there is no other.

Self-reverence! The application of this rule of Jesus involves, also, self-development. I cannot surely be said to reverence myself unless I care for myself, unless I provide for the bringing to efficiency and fruition and fullness every power and every opportunity with which I find my life endowed.

I must subject myself to those disciplines that make for the strengthening of talent, of capacity; I must learn how to conserve and to direct my energies. I must make my life as strong and as rich and as full as I can, in order that I may render the highest service that is possible.

We hear a great deal about culture these days. I am reminded of Matthew Arnold's definition of culture. He said, "It is the knowledge of the best that has ever been said or thought in the world." But the idea of culture that is involved in this program of Jesus is much wider than that, something more than the knowledge of what has been thought and what has been said; it includes the development of the whole personality, to gird my body with strength, to fill my mind with knowledge, to enrich my spirit with those finer graces that come through communion with the Eternal; to conform my whole character to the character of Jesus Christ. That is the Christian idea of culture.

Our personality is the result of growth, and we ought to be growing all the time. I think it was Garfield who said that in education there were two great factors—"nature and nurture." Nature is always busy, and grows, but we have a great deal to do with the nurture, and we are responsible for the making of ourselves.

But we cannot stop here, but must pass on to the other feature of the program of Jesus Christ, and that is self-investment. Why am I building up this personality? Not as an end in itself, but that I may invest.

We hear a great deal, these days, about art for art's sake. There is some truth in it, perhaps, but not in the Christian program. Art does not exist for art's sake. Art exists for man; art exists for life. Beauty for beauty's sake? No. Beauty for the sake of life and ministry to man. Culture for culture's sake? No. Culture for the sake of man. Religion for religion's sake? No, a thousand times no. That is the great mistake of the church. Never religion for its own sake, but religion for the sake of man, religion for the sake of life.

My young friends, not even happiness for its own sake. Not so. The most wretched people in this world are those who are seeking happiness as an end, and never finding it. No man or woman was ever happy by seeking simply to be happy. And the most supremely happy people in the world are those who do not know that they are happy. That sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? I was traveling in a train not long ago, and in the car there was a beautiful little girl about five or six years old, great chestnut curls hanging down her shoulders, great dreamy, sparkling eyes, and a complexion that was lilies and roses. She was playing with her doll. I was studying the child, and I said to myself, "The child is innocent, the child is beautiful, the child is happy, but the most beautiful thing is that the child does not know that she is innocent; she does not know that she is beautiful; she does not know that she is happy, for she is engrossed with playing with her doll; she has forgotten herself; she has invested her innocence and her beauty and her happiness and her whole personality in what she is doing." And if you will travel over this world and keep your eyes open and try to discover the people who are really happy, you will find they are the people who haven't time to think about being happy, at all—they are too busy doing something else. No, not happiness as an end. Self-investment. We must invest ourselves. Yes, we see the beauty of this theory of life when we see it illustrated in some concrete examples. Perhaps there are some here who shook hands on this platform, some two or three years ago, with Dr. Grenfel, of Labrador, an unassuming man. Perhaps you know the story of his early life; how he made himself one of the first of the younger physicians

in the city of London, and how a great and lucrative career opened for him in that great metropolis; how he was a man who was trying to conform his life to the ideal; how he said, "Where can I invest my life where it will count the most?" He decided that it was not in London, and he then turned his thoughts to that bleak coast of Labrador, and went down into his little ship and sailed to that coast, and he has been there for twenty-five years, carrying succor of life and health to those low-browed, blubber-eating Esquimaux, planting his supply depots over the ice fields, that he may minister even in the little things of life to those men, and bring them some touch of the higher things. Grenfel sanctified himself in order that others might be sanctified.

Not long ago the King of England bestowed the Cross of St. John of Jerusalem upon a woman named Mary Mitchell Slessauer, who was laboring over on the West African coast. She came from the city of Dundee. Her father was a drunkard. Her family was poor. When the father came home on Saturday nights she helped her mother through the terrors of the evening, and at a very early age went to work in a weaver's shed to help support the family. She became a Christian while she was in the weaver's shed and then asked herself, "How can I invest myself?" It might not have been a very specifically conscious process, but she began at once to devote herself to the weavers of Dundee, and did her work among them, which the ministers of the city had not thought of doing, and then she got to thinking further about what she was going to do with her life, and she decided that she needed some more education. So she went to school. Why did she go to school? Not simply that she might get a college education, but that she might equip herself for further service; and when the day came that she went out a graduate, she took ship for the West Coast of Africa and began her work at the junction of the Calabar and the Cross rivers. She stayed there but a short time, and then went away up into the Hinterland, where no other Christian minister was working, and settled down among the cannibal chiefs, and told them of the better life, and communicated to them the treasures of her own spirit. The British government agents had not been able to do anything

in that part of the country, but it was not long before Mary Slessauer, at the request of the British government, was presiding over a court at that place, and had the great warring and quarreling chiefs coming into her presence and asking her to settle their differences. Later on there were schools and churches established, and that whole district was evangelized. After years of service there she went up into the further Hinterland into the great domain of Zozo, the great cannibalistic deity, who had been destroyed by the British, and on account of which the natives were very angry. This little woman, with her wonderful presence, mastered the situation there, and went from tribe to tribe, until a great territory, about fifty miles square, away up in the heart of the heathendom of Africa, fell before her gentle sway. Thirty-nine years she gave of such service.

That was the secret of Jacob Riis, when he was working as a reporter on the *New York Tribune*. He vowed one evening on his knees that he would become the best reporter that it was possible for him to become, and that he would consider every assignment as a task in which he might benefit his fellow-men, and even when he wrote up a murder case he tried to write it up in such a way as to make it a vehicle of inspiration or warning of benefit to those who read. He was so moulding himself that he might contribute to others. And then you will remember what he did in Mulberry Street, that unspeakable region of the tenements, with all the vice and squalor of which you have read. To make a long story short, he wiped out the slums, and you will find there the Mulberry Park of to-day. He sanctified himself in his journalism, in all his activities, in order that others might benefit.

And, my friends, the beauty about this principle of Jesus is that it is universally applicable. It matters not where the sphere of service be, or whether it be great or small; it matters not what capacity you may have—every soul, every life, can put into practice this rule of life.

Shall I try to put it into very simple language?

"Be the very best you can,
Do the very best you can,
Out of love for God and man."

The sacrificial use of life—yes, the Bible is full of it, poetry is full of it, we dream about it, it is what the great heart of humanity is hungry for; and therefore I have no hesitation in commending this rule of Jesus for your future consideration, for your adoption, for your practice:

"May you reach
That purest heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall you join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

The Class Poem

1916

BY KATHARINE MERRILL JAMESON

I have nurtured the soul within you, child;
I have taught your heart to beat;
I have disciplined bravely your passions and power
And guided your wayward feet;
I have lapped with love your tenderness
And made your strength complete.

So here is your breastplate, your maiden spear,
And the way is marked on your chart,
The riot of youth is in your veins
And my wisdom deep in your heart;
Then put on your armor, piece by piece,
And blithely and boldly depart.

Drink deep of the cup I hold to your lips,
That bubbles and beats and glows,
Whose center is deep and mystical,
Like the depth of a queenly rose,
Whose brim is sparkling and glad enough
To drown a thousand woes.

I held this cup where the past refines
The long year's gift of life,
I caught it drop by drop as it flowed
Rare from the press's knife;
And now I brim it to meet your lips
To strengthen you for the strife.

Then take it, my child, but see you return
Its boon a thousand-fold
For the world without that grovels and groans
With pain and sin and cold;
It needs your beauteous warmth of love
And your faith that is bright and bold.

Then strap on your shield, your mother's gift,
Blazoned with symbols you ken;
Bear it with honor that brooks no slight,
Or, when you come home again,
Be borne in its hollow back to your grave,
For I am the mother of *men.*

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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The Sixty-First Commencement

Butler gave degrees and diplomas to thirty-nine men and women on June 15. This fact is mentioned because the Commencement for which this furnished the excuse was in every way attractive The alumni from '56 to '15 were present in unusual numbers. Their presence and spirit added greatly to the pleasure of the program; but even they did not make Commencement.

Dr. Charles T. Paul and Bishop Williams, men of large service, spoke words of wisdom; but they were not the center of the five-day celebration.

President Howe, in the glory of Harvard crimson, embodied the dignity of the College; but even he was not at the focus.

The Seniors—they it was who owned Commencement. Their enthusiasm and love and loyalty permeated the week's program and carried all to a delightful culmination.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. Charles T. Paul, president of the College of Missions, in the college chapel on Sunday afternoon, June 11, at 4 o'clock. It is given elsewhere in this issue.

PHILOKURIAN BANQUET

On Monday evening was held the annual dinner by the Philokurian Society. This reunion was, as it always proves to be, one of the joyous events of the week. An informal reception was held in

the parlors of the Downey Avenue Church. The dinner was served in the dining hall to thirty-five Philokurians. C. E. Underwood, '03, presided at the table. Toasts were responded to as follows: "The Weaker Sex in Philo," by Stanley Sellick, '16; "The Stronger Sex in Philo," by Vera Koehring, '16; "What Philo Has Meant to Me," by Irene Hunt, '10; "The Spirit of Philo," by B. F. Dailey, '87.

THE PLAY

Though rain fell copiously or clouds hung heavy throughout the week, the heavens smiled upon the students for Tuesday evening when the Butler Dramatic Club presented on the campus stage the operetta by Blossom and Robyn, "The Yankee Consul." A large audience gathered to enjoy and to commend the production given with ease and effectiveness by the young people. Indeed, their performance would have done credit to older and more experienced actors. With the old oak as setting, with the bright colors, and dancing and singing and recitation, a pleasing picture was left in memory, and the Quarterly congratulates all who had in power the bringing to so successful an issue this dramatic presentation.

THE SENIORS

At commencement colleges are many; Class Day knows only the College. Nineteen-sixteen "met together for the last time in an academic capacity" as other seniors have done. Francis Payne was president and introduced the program; Stanley Sellick, the historian; Georgia Fillmore, the prophet; Katharine Jameson, the poet. Following was a minstrel performance in which the remaining members of the class participated. Carey McCallum acted as interlocutor, while the end men, Will Hacker, Stanley Sellick, Fred Wolff, and Kenneth Barr, ably carried their parts. This is the one occasion of the course when seniors may have their little say concerning the faculty, and the mild, pointed jokes are greatly enjoyed by students and friends.

A Senior Book, artistically gotten up, was presented to the class as souvenir of the week. It contained the talks of the last chapel

made by Vera Koehring and Fred Wolff; also, the history, the prophecy, the poem of Class Day.

Following the program, the class and audience repaired to the northwest corner of the Irwin Field, where, instead of the usual ivy or tree planting, was laid the cornerstone of the new gymnasium. This unique and happy thought was expressed in the cement block which bore the words:

BUTLER GYM
1916
CORNER STONE

Thus, the first step has been taken by the class of '16 to provide Butler with what she needs tremendously—a gymnasium which may also serve as auditorium and with dining room equipment for the social events of the college year.

ALUMNI SUPPER

The annual reunion of the alumni to be held on the campus was sadly interfered with by rain, so the gathering, diminished to one hundred unafraid members of the association, withdrew to the college where supper was served in Dr. Morro's room by the Women's Bible Class of the Downey Avenue Church. Following supper, the president, B. F. Dailey, '87, gave one of his inimitable talks to introduce the business of the evening. The report of the executive committee was as follows:

"In an organization of so large and so scattered membership as the Alumni Association of Butler College, the activities necessarily are carried on by committees.

"Some four or five years ago a reorganization of this body was effected, creating an executive committee consisting of the officers of the Association and one other member appointed by the president of the faculty. This group of people felt that its duties ought to include a little more than the provision for an alumni meeting once a year. It seems proper that a recital of its activities should be made before this body. The writer, while familiar with the organization work, has had least to do with it and this report cannot,

therefore, be considered as a 'blowing of its own horn,' on the part of the committee.

"One of its first efforts was to enlarge the scope of the Founder's Day celebration. It was believed that that was an occasion of public interest, and the banquet, instead of being an alumni affair, was made a public one. Most of you know the general and generous interest that has been taken in the movement, and it is the judgment of the writer that this has been of great value, not only in promoting a better spirit among us, but in advertising and popularizing our college.

"The work of the executive committee with which you are most familiar has been its maintenance of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly. This was first established under the editorship of President Scot Butler, and his grace of style and beauty of diction added much to those early numbers. His absence made necessary a change of editorship and the burden of the conduct of the magazine, both editorially and in business management, fell upon Miss Catharine M. Graydon. Nobody but the committee can know how heavy these duties have been and with what fidelity they have been performed. Too much cannot be said in praise of Miss Graydon's work, and you have been very remiss in the payment of dues which are the only source of revenue for the maintenance of the magazine and the writer greatly fears that you may have been remiss in the expression of appreciation of her unselfish work.

"It was the Alumni Association which established last year a course in the modern drama under the direction of Mr. Tarkington Baker. This work has been opened to the students of Butler College without charge, and credit is given on the course of study for such work. By arrangement with the University Extension people the course was opened on the payment of a fee to the teachers of the Indianapolis schools and credit is given there toward a degree. Towns people may take the course on payment of the same fee, and much interest has been manifested in this work. It will be continued through the next year.

"Recently your committee, feeling that the college should take some notice of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, with the aid of Mr. Baker made an engagement with the Ben Greet Players to give five

performances on the 8th, 9th and 10th of June on the open-air stage on the college campus. Weather conditions prevented the out-of-door presentation and the performances were given in the college chapel to small but delighted audiences.

"This report is being made, not only that you may know what are the activities of your committee, but to ask your more earnest cooperation, your criticisms, and sometimes, perhaps, your felicitations."

The report of the Alumnal Fund Association, made by Carl Van Winkle, '14, was:

The college year 1915-'16 witnessed the organization of the Butler College Alumnal Fund Association. Its purposes have been set forth in literature mailed directly to the alumni. The appeal made by Mr. Van Winkle was merged with the appeal made through this Association. Contributions total $528, from forty-two contributors representing twenty-six classes.

The Alumnal Fund committee kept in close touch with the executive committee of the Alumni Association, and both committees received many valuable suggestions concerning final plans of organization and promotion. As a result of these suggestions, the two committees united in the recommendation that the appeal made by the Alumnal Fund Association be directed hereafter by the executive committee of the Alumni Association. This recommendation was adopted at a meeting of the Alumni Association held Wednesday, June 14, 1916.

To provide for adequate promotion of this new program, the following amendments to the constitution of the Alumni Association were made:

Article IV, Section 1. Amend to read: The officers of this Association shall be president, two vice-presidents, a permanent secretary, a treasurer elected for three years, an executive committee, a nominating committee, and a finance committee.

Article IV, Section 2. Amend to read: The duties of the president, vice-presidents, secretary, and treasurer shall be such as usually pertain to such officers in similar organizations.

Article IV, Section 3. Amend to read: The executive commit-

tee shall be composed of the officers, one additional member, appointed for three years by the president of the college, and one additional member appointed by the executive committee for a period of three years, provided that in June, 1916, the president shall appoint for a period of two years, and the executive committee for a period of one year.

Article IV, Section 5. Added: The finance committee shall consist of the treasurer, the president's appointee on the executive committee, and the executive committee's appointee to its own membership. This committee shall supervise all business matters of the Alumni Association as directed by the executive committee.

The finance committee will direct the work now done by the Alumnal Fund Association. Adequate provision will be made for due recognition of the charter members of the superseded organization, and for redeeming other promises.

With the work thus unified, it will be possible to conduct the campaign with greater vigor and effectiveness.

The nominating committee, composed of H. S. Schell, '90; Mrs. Belle Moore Miller, '94; Mrs. Orpha Hall, ex-, reported: President, E. W. Gans, '87; first vice-president, Bertha Thormeyer, '92; second vice-president, Mary C. Pavey, '12; secretary, Katharine M. Graydon, '78; treasurer, Charles E. Underwood, '03.

The Class of 1916 was elected to the membership of the Association.

Calls for speech from the new president brought forth a happy response from Mr. Gans. President Howe, '89, spoke briefly, as did also Mr. Demarchus C. Brown, '79.

THE DAY

Commencement Day shone fair and mild. At 10 o'clock the academic procession, consisting of the senior class, the faculty, the trustees, the guests of honor, and the speaker of the day, marched from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the college chapel. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. Allan B. Philputt.

The Montani orchestra furnished the musical numbers. The

address of the day was made by Dr. Charles David Williams, Bishop of Michigan, and is given elsewhere.

The President of the College Conferred the Degree of Bachelor of Arts upon:

Elma Inez Alexander, Fountain City, Indiana.
Amy Henry Banes, Indianapolis.
Albert Kenneth Barr, Indianapolis.
Dorothy Bowser, Indianapolis.
Newton Clarence Browder, Indianapolis.
Edith Irene Cooper, Middletown, Indiana.
Marjorie Converse Curme, Indianapolis.
Alice Lucile Dunn, Indianapolis.
Edith Freda Eickhoff, Indianapolis.
Georgia Fillmore, Indianapolis.
Coningsby Mathieson Gordon, Melbourne, Australia.
William Eldridge Hacker, Columbus, Indiana.
Verna Prudence Harris, Indianapolis.
Frieda Pauline Hazeltine, Kokomo, Indiana.
Annette Jane Hedges, Indianapolis.
Floyd Ernest Huff, Le Roy, New York.
Mary Louise Hughel, Indianapolis.
Gladys Helene Hurst, Indianapolis.
Fred Harvey Jacobs, Zionsville, Indiana.
Katharine Merrill Jameson, Indianapolis.
Charles Karabell, Indianapolis.
Louis Napoleon Kirkhoff, Indianapolis.
Vera Koehring, Indianapolis.
Joseph Thomas Carey McCallum, Melborne, Australia.
Ralph McClain, Indianapolis.
Johanna Caroline Mueller, Indianapolis.
Francis William Payne, Indianapolis.
Louise Burke Rau, Louisville, Kentucky.
Mildred Alberta Reed, Indianapolis.
Frank Stanley Sellick, Frederickton, P. E. I.
Lucille Yarlet Sharritt, Indianapolis.
Elavina Sophia Stammel, Indianapolis.
Irma Stone, Dillon, Montana.

Irma Weyerbacher, Indianapolis.
Miriam Wilson, Indianapolis.
Fred Walton Wolff, Arcadia, Indiana.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon:
Yu Meng Chen, Nanking, China.

The Degree of Bachelor of Divinity was conferred upon:
Perry Case, '14, Indianapolis.
Roderick Alexander MacLeod, '14, Indianapolis.

The highest standing of the entire college course was announced to be that of Marjorie Converse Curme, Georgia Fillmore, Johanna Caroline Mueller. The Senior Scholarship was awarded to Mary Ann Zoercher.

After the benediction, pronounced by Rev. C. H. Winders, and the recessional, the class received the congratulations of friends under the shade of the trees in front of the College Residence.

The Class of 1916 has been unusually fertile in plans for the enrichment of college life and unusually forceful in carrying out these plans. A new form of loyalty to the college has here had birth and nurture, and the Quarterly wishes to express its appreciation of all that these young people have accomplished, of all that their labor and self-sacrifice for a real and living personality—the Alma Mater—have meant, and to wish them Godspeed.

CLASS REUNIONS

Mrs. G. W. Snider (Miss Alice E. Secrist) was sole representative of the class of '66, and was nucleus of a gathering of former students and friends. Among them were Mrs. Mary Stewart Cochenower, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Rachel Quick Buttz, of Columbus; Mrs. Barton W. Cole, and Mrs. Mary Laughlin Sims. These ladies were seen on the campus at various occasions. On Monday afternoon Miss Graydon entertained them by asking the faculty and wives to call upon them at her home; also, the "girls" of twenty-five years ago upon the "girls" of fifty years ago.

It means much, whether we have known them personally or not, to have these women, who have understood the true meaning of life and have walked wisely wherever their path has led, return to

us. It is not without a pang that they visit the college, for all that made the North Western Christian University to them has passed. Only the faces that smile to them from the chapel walls may now greet them as belonging to the past; but there are others who appreciate their return and feel the cordiality of the glad hand.

The Quarterly, also, expresses its pleasure in seeing these friends upon the campus, and hopes they will return soon and often and be interested in what the descendants of Professors Hoshour, Benton, Wiley, Thrasher, and Miss Merrill are doing. The present Butler is truly, though in altered form and home, the old North Western in spirit, trying as best it may to be loyal to its inherited and holy trust, while it meets the demand of the times.

Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, '91, entertained at luncheon on Monday, June 12, the local girls of her class and a few others. Among them were: Mrs. Evelyn Jeffries King, '91; Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, '91; Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, ex-'93; Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, '90; Mrs. Romaine Braden Schell, '90; Miss Evelyn Butler, '93; Miss Julia Fish, '93; Mrs. Rose MacNeal Kessler, '95.

The occasion, beautiful in all its appointments, was made especially happy by the presence of Miss Noble. For a long afternoon the guests talked lightly and seriously of the old times and were, more than they themselves knew, expression of one of the most valuable gifts the college has bestowed—abiding friendship.

The reunion of the class of '97 is best described by one of its members, Mrs. Jessie C. Brown:

"If all Butler alumni were as loyal and as enthusiastic as Robert Bull, president of the Class of '97, Butler's troubles would vanish like the mist in the warm sun. Every year Robert Bull, one of the busiest of men, writes a few dozen letters to his old classmates, urging them to meet on class day and renew old-time affections and old-time fun. 'Bob' is president and director and a few other things in several iron and steel companies, and bids fair to become one of our captains of industry in a few years; but when Butler Class Day comes, he and Mrs. Bull, who as Anna Williams, ex-'99, was just as enthusiastic and interested in Butler as Bob, drop business cares, leave their three children and come back to their beloved

old college. On June 14, therefore, the few available members of the class of '97 met at luncheon in response to the summons of the president, who holds this office for life. There were present Robert Bull, Frank Olive, Samuel McGaughey, Frank Brown, Edna Wallace Cathcart, Emma Stradling, Ethel Curryer, and Jessie Christian Brown; and a few "in-laws" of the class, Mrs. Evelyn Jeffries King (whose husband, Walter King, was one of the four members whose loss the rest of '97's mourn), Mrs. Esther Cole Brown, Demarchus C. Brown, Mrs. Edna Wilson Olive, Mrs. Anna Williams Bull, and Mrs. Mattie Eliot McGaughey. The fourteen lunched together at Block's tearoom, where they ate and talked and laughed and told what experiences had come to them during the past year. Letters of greeting were read from Virgil Ging, Thomas R. Shipp, Carrie Howe Cummings, John Lister and Nettie Sweeney Miller.

"Next year the class of '97 will celebrate its twentieth anniversary. It was unanimously decided that this important and awe-inspiring occasion should be observed in a fitting manner by the class, twenty-six of whom are certainly holding the memory of their college days at Butler very closely in their hearts. A permanent committee was appointed, of Indianapolis members, to work up our twentieth anniversary in fitting fashion. The committee consists of Ethel Curryer, Jessie C. Brown, Frank Olive, Samuel McGaughey, and Frank Brown. It was decided that not only should the twenty-six survivors be invited, but all who had been members of the class during its four years of work. All members of '97, or ex-members to whom this notice comes, you are hereby urged to get ready now! Lay your plans to spend a day or two on the old campus and let us have a reunion in 1917 that shall be worthy of the best class that Butler ever graduated!"

Since the June of 1908, the class of that year has not failed to breakfast together in Ellenberger's woods on Alumni Day. This year was no exception, and at 8:30 on Wednesday morning appeared at the usual place the faithful Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, Eva M. Lennes, Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, Mrs. Daisy MacGowan Turner, Bessie Power, Gretchen Scotten.

Ben Greet Players

Under the auspices of the Alumni Association and Mr. Baker's class in the Modern Drama, the Ben Greet Players were engaged for June 8, 9, 10, to give upon the Butler campus stage five performances: "As You Like It," "Comedy of Errors," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and a repetition of "As You Like It." It had been hoped that the proceeds from these entertainments might be sufficient to build upon the campus the much-needed and longed-for permanent cement stage; but the elements were against us, and each performance was given perforce in the chapel. Notwithstanding small audiences, the players interpreted delightfully some of the eternal favorites. But the permanent stage remains still a dream, a hope.

Changes in the Faculty

Professor John S. Kenyon, who for ten years has been head of the Department of English, has resigned to accept the similar position at Hiram College. Professor Kenyon is an alumnus of Hiram College, graduating with the class of '98, and subsequently studying at the University of Chicago, and afterward at Harvard, where he received his doctor's degree in 1908. President Howe has said of him: "He has been most successful, useful, loyal in all his relations to the college. He has been an effective teacher and active in the college administration. He is a sound scholar, and it is with regret that we see him leave."

The family of Professor Kenyon holds a most cordial and useful position in the community, and it is to Mrs. Kenyon and Mrs. Pow, as well as to Mr. Kenyon, that we bid a regretful goodbye. However, our congratulations and best wishes follow them to their new home, which, happily, is their old home.

Professor Kenyon's successor is Professor John S. Harrison, of Kenyon College. Mr. Harrison is a native of Orange, New Jersey. He received from Columbia University his A. B. in 1899, his A. M. in 1900, his Ph. D. in 1903. He was fellow in comparative literature in Columbia in 1900-'01; lecturer in English literature before the Teachers' Association of the New York Public Schools in 1903;

instructor of English in Kenyon College, 1903-'07, and assistant professor of English in Kenyon, 1907-'16.

Mr. Harrison's two published volumes, "Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," and "The Teachers of Emerson," have been received with approval by English scholars.

Another change in the English Department is necessitated by the leave of absence granted Miss Evelyn M. Butler, '93. Miss Butler will spend the year in New York City, and will do graduate work at Columbia University.

Honors for Butler Alumni

Roderick A. MacLeod, '14, has received a scholarship from Yale. From Indiana University scholarships have been awarded to Miss Hanna Mueller, '16, in German; to Miss Alice Dunn, '16, in French; to Miss Anita Muehl in the School of Medicine. From the University of Missouri a fellowship in Greek has been awarded to Miss Lucile Carter, '15.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred in June upon Miss Ruth Miles, '15, by Indiana University for work done in German; upon Miss Lucile Carter, '15, by the University of Missouri for work done in Greek.

Memorial Day

The celebration of Memorial Day was made impressive by the presence upon the platform of five men who left the old University to enlist in the Civil War, some of them alumni, some mere boy-undergraduates. They were W. N. Pickerill, '60; Major W. W. Daugherty, '61; Henry W. Tutewiler; George W. Galvin; Chauncy Butler, '69.

President Howe read the list of those who went—one hundred and four—a list made from memory by Mr. John H. Holliday, who considers it 50 per cent. of the number who enlisted.

The address of the day was made by Judge Ira W. Christian, ex-'80, of Noblesville, Indiana, upon "The Mothers of Men." We regret not to be able to give the talk as it fell from his lips. Not

often have the listening students been so truly impressed as they were by the patriotism and appreciation of noble things of Judge Christian. His tribute to Miss Catharine Merrill was beautiful and fine and true.

The exercises closed with the singing of some of the old war songs.

Butler College Bulletin

Some interesting facts are contained in the Bulletin of 1915-'16, among them this enumeration of students:

Graduate Students	32
Undergraduate Students	406
Special Students	23
Teachers' College Study Department	161
Summer Session	65
Total	687
Deduct for names counted twice	65
Total number of students	622

In addition to the Summer Session, the Library School is again offering its courses in the main building and occupying the Residence. There are in attendance 32 students.

Autumnal Alumni Meeting

We ask that all alumni, former students, and friends who will attend the State Teachers' Meeting in October keep Friday noon of that week free from other engagements and join in a rousing good time at luncheon at some place and date designated in the October Quarterly.

A Correction

In the last issue of the Alumnal Quarterly, the undersigned made an error in the tabulation of enrollment for the year 1915-'16 at Butler College. In the Teachers' Study Department, the enrollment was 161 instead of 180 as announced. The total for the year in all departments was 622. CHARLES E. UNDERWOOD.

Personal Mention

Wood Unger, '12, has returned from California and is living at Tipton, Indiana.

Chester A. Marsh, '12, was made in June an M. D. by the Indiana Medical School.

Miss Ruth Miles, '15, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Indiana University.

Miss Florence Smock, '13, is attending the summer school of Indiana University.

The files of the Quarterly are kept in bound form at the Indianapolis Public Library.

James L. Anthony, '04, has returned to Indianapolis for residence after several years spent in the South.

Elton R. Clarke, '15, has been appointed assistant to Dr. Turner, professor of pharmacology in the Indiana Medical School.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warfel (Sidney Ernestine Hecker, '11) have returned to Irvington for residence, and are living at 5511 Lowell avenue.

Homer Sutton, ex-, visited the college in May. He is now living near Greenwood, Indiana, managing the farm left when his father died two years ago.

Chester A. Vernier, '03, has accepted a call to Leland Stanford, Junior, University as professor of criminal law. The Quarterly sends its congratulations.

The enthusiasm of the class of '97 is delightful, and as it should be. Mrs. Edna Wallace Cathcart, of Palo Alto, California, returned again this commencement, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Bull, of Granite City, Illinois.

It was pleasant to see again on the campus W. A. Alexander, ex-'86, of Rushville, Indiana. He belonged to that famous football team which first gained the state championship for the college—an honor held for three years.

It was pleasant to see Miss Harriet Noble, former professor of English at the college and beloved by many alumni, at the commencement exercises.

Lawson A. Coble, '87, farmer and preacher, is now living at Burnett's Creek, Indiana. Mr. Coble's loyalty to Butler will show itself by sending to us next fall his son.

The Quarterly sends its sympathy to Miss Cora Emrich, '00, in the loss of her father. Mr. Emrich died May 31. He was a good man, and not only his family but also the community must feel the departure.

Bishop Williams was the guest of honor at the commencement dinner of President and Mrs. Howe. Other guests were Miss Noble, Mrs. Elizabeth Howe, Mrs. James, of Louisville, Kentucky, Miss Rau, Mr. Gans.

Clifford Browder, '12, continues to hold his reputation as debater at the University of Chicago, and as 'varsity debater was coach of the team which was victorious on April 21 over the Northwestern University team.

Upon the resignation of Mr. John H. Holliday, ex-, as president of the Union Trust Company, Arthur V. Brown, '85, has been elected in his place, and William G. Irwin, '89, as member of the Board of Directors.

Roderick A. MacLeod, B. A., '14; B. D., '16, will spend next year at the Yale School of Religion. Afterward he will be married to Miss Esther Evelyn Martin, of the College of Missions, and they will proceed to their chosen work in Tibet.

Professor Scot Butler and Mrs. Butler, whom their friends had hoped to see at home this spring, have decided to remain indefinitely in California. They are at San Francisco with their daughter, Mrs. Tefft, while Captain Tefft is under orders in Mexico.

Miss Margaret Davis, ex-'15, who graduated at Leland Stanford University with the class of 1915, attended commencement exercises. She is at home on a three-weeks' vacation, at the end of which she returns to her library work in San Francisco.

Oswald Ryan, ex-, of Anderson, Indiana, attended the baccalaureate exercises. He is practicing law in his home town, and has also entered the field of politics and of literature.

Miss Frances M. Perry, '91, professor of English at the University of Arizona, takes her sabbatical year in 1916-'17, and will spend this leave of absence chiefly in New York City.

The friends of Harry F. Lett, '15, will be pleased to learn of his improved health. "Roughing it" on a Montana ranch is bringing the desired result. The Quarterly sends its best wishes to Mr. Lett and hopes that soon his interrupted plans may be carried out.

To the Misses Bertha and Clara Thormyer the Quarterly extends its sympathy in the death of their father. Mr. Thormyer died while attending the G. A. R. meeting at Evansville, Indiana. He was a most loyal veteran. As a public-spirited citizen his loss will be felt.

E. H. Clifford, '93, sends his loyal remembrance for the commencement season. It is with much regret that the Quarterly has just learned of the serious accident which befell Mr. Clifford last August near his home in Fort Wayne. That he will soon be entirely well is the wish of his Butler friends.

Joshua C. Witt, '08, received his Ph. D. degree last June at the University of Pittsburgh. At present he is doing research work at the Bureau of Science in Manila. The Quarterly hopes soon to have from Mr. Witt some word as to his impressions of the Philippine Islands. This brings again to mind the widely-located activities of the Butler alumni, and as one's thought lingers over the work being done in India, in China, in Japan, in the Philippines, in Hawaii, in Australia, in the Bermudas, in South American and European lands, how worthy it all seems!

Among the alumni seen on the campus were: Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, Mrs. G. W. Snider, Mrs. Mary Stewart Cochnower, Mrs. Rachel Quick Buttz, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Cole, Dr. Henry Jameson, Walter S. Smith, J. A. Roberts, Mrs. C. E. Thornton, Katharine M. Graydon, D. C. Brown, H. U. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. W. S. Moffett, G. L. Harney, T. W. Grafton, Mrs. M. O. Williams, Cora

Smith, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, Mrs. Dora Pendleton Riley, W. A. Alexander, Mrs. Corinne Thrasher Carvin, Grace Blount, Jane Graydon, E. S. Conner and Mrs. Conner, E. W. Gans, B. F. Dailey and Mrs. Dailey, F. R. Kautz and Mrs. Kautz, A. W. Shoemaker and Mrs. Shoemaker, George Clarke, J. B. Pearcy, T. C. Howe and Mrs. Howe, P. H. Clifford and Mrs. Clifford, Clara Shank, H. S. Schell and Mrs. Schell, C. M. Fillmore and Mrs. Fillmore, Dr. Alex. and Mrs. Julia G. Jameson, Mrs. Vida Tibbott Cottman, Robert Hall and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Evelyn Jeffries King, R. F. David-Mrs. Underwood, Golie Stucker, Clara Thormyer, Irma Brayton, Fish, W. K. Miller and Mrs. Belle Moore Miller, Edgar Forsyth, George Miller and Mrs. Pearl Jeffries Miller, Frank Brown and Mrs. Esther Cole Brown, R. A. Bull and Mrs. Anna Williams Bull, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, Dr. Samuel McGaughey, Mrs. Edna Wallace Cathcart, E. E. Moorman, J. W. Atherton and Mrs. Louise Brown Atherton, Rosa Dark, H. L. Herod, C. E. Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, Golie Stucker, Clara Thormeyer, Irma Brayton, Mrs. Mary Clarke Parker, Pearl Forsyth, Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, Gretchen Scotten, Clay Trusty, Elizabeth Bogert, Lois Kile, Lucy Toph, Roger W. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, Carl Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, Irene Brooks, Lora Hussey, Barcus Tichenor, Agnes Tilson, Mrs. Margaret Barr Bowman, Margaret Duden, Flora Frick, Mrs. Hope Graham, Mrs. Sidney Hecker Warfel, Ruth Hendrickson, Layman Kingsbury, Harry Martindale, Aubrey Moore, Marguerite Hubbard, Chester Marsh, Lee Moffet, Mary Pavey, Helen Reed, Frederick Schortemeier and Mrs. Margaret Boyer Schortemeier, Mrs. Mary Bragg Hughes, W. C. Kassebaum, Helen Tichenor, Cullen Thomas, Jane Brewer, Perry Case, Frank Davison, Ellen Graham, Mary McBride, R. A. MacLeod, Ruth Tharp, Cornelia Thornton, Carl Van Winkle, Ina Connor, Edith Webb, Mary Williams, Mrs. Pearl Wolf Whitlock, Paul Ward, Edith Habbe, Alta Barmfuhrer, Beth Barr, Gladys Bowser, Howard Caldwell, Lucile Carter, Ruth Carter, Ruth Cunningham, Mable Felt, Charlotte Ferguson, Margaret Griffith, Berniece Hall, Marjorie Hall, Maude Nesbit, C. E. Oldham, J. W. Paul, Marie Peacock, Narcie Pollitt, Hugh Shields, Grace Small, Ferris Stephens, Mrs. Elizabeth Stephenson Kercheval, W. W. Wiedrich, Beth Wilson, Mary Winks.

Marriages

Loomis-Didlake.—On June 8, at the bride's home in Monticello, Indiana, were married Nathaniel Edward Loomis and Miss Edna Lucile Didlake, '07.

Stephens-Burkhardt.—On June 21, at Morristown, Indiana, were married Ferris J. Stephens, '15, and Miss Beulah Burkhardt. Miss Burkhardt is a member of the junior class, and a daughter of J. C. Burkhardt, '97.

Births

Dixon.—To Mr. George Dixon and Mrs. Pauline Cooper Dixon, '07, on April 3, at Indianapolis, a son—Bruce Cooper.

Horton.—To Mr. Frank Horton and Mrs. Gertrude Butler Horton, on April 19, at Sheridan, Wyoming, a son—Ovid Butler.

Voyles.—To Dr. Voyles and Mrs. Hazel Wagner Voyles, ex-, on May 12, a daughter—Mary Ellen.

Offutt.—To Mr. Samuel J. Offutt, '02, and Mrs. Nell Reed Offutt, '11, on May 14, at Greenfield, Indiana, a daughter—Margaret Ann.

Burkhardt.—To Mr. Carl Burkhardt, '09, and Mrs. Haidee Forsyth Burkhardt, ex-, on May 25, at Franklin, Indiana, a daughter—Annajane.

Adams.—To Mr. Claris Adams, ex-, and Mrs. Ruth Davenport Adams, ex-, on May 29, at Irvington, a daughter—Ruth Elizabeth.

Moffett.—To Mr. George L. Moffett, '11, and Mrs. Florence McHatton Moffett, ex-, on June 6, at Pendleton, Indiana, a son—James William.

Hamp.—To Mr. Robert J. Hamp, '14, and Mrs. Dorothy Kautz

Hamp, '14, on June 15, at Indianapolis, a son—Robert Johannis, junior.

VERNIER.—To Mr. Chester G. Vernier, '03, and Mrs. Lena Anderson Vernier, '06, at Urbana, Illinois, a daughter—Dorothy Jane.

Deaths

MORRISON.—John Campbell Morrison, '88, died, on April 6, at his home in Frankfort, Indiana.

The Quarterly extends its sympathy to Martin A. Morrison, '83, who, in the past year, has lost both mother and brother.

JACOBS.—On May 13, at the Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis, died Mary James Jacobs. She was buried at Crown Hill.

Mary James was graduated with the Class of 1914, was married to Fred Harvey Jacobs in August of 1915, died in May of 1916.

There are the facts. "Oh, the difference to me!" is the cry of sore hearts.

Seldom has the mystery of life been borne in upon us more strongly or more strangely than in the taking of Mary James Jacobs. So prepared to live, so eager to live, so needed in this needy world, so much to give, so much to be, when suddenly the joy of living here was transported to the joy of living Elsewhere. She went consciously with a glorified smile upon her face.

"My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord," and surely at times they are not.

Mary had crowded into a few years real living. She had learned while still young what are required of most of people years to attain. She had sweetness of nature and strength of character. She was kind, sympathetic, tolerant, large. She was buoyantly happy and hopeful. Her graces of mind and heart and soul were marked. She had a high and rare appreciation of things fine, whether in literature or in life. For one so young she had a clear sense of values. She knew the things worth while and she did

them. She knew what lay in Love and she had looked upon Truth—and that look has set her free.

To Mr. Jacobs the Quarterly sends its tender and sincere sympathy, as well as its appreciation of the heroism with which he has walked through the past weeks. We cannot speak too highly or too feelingly of what we have all known. May God keep him!

And to Mr. and Mrs. James we express just as deeply our sense of sorrow in their sorrow. More would we do, if we could.

TO MARY JAMES JACOBS.

Is there a place, somewhere beyond the night,
Where God has lifted you, a sweet closed flower,
To grace His garden by one glint the more,
To blend your bit of sunshine with His light?

Is there a place where we shall find at last
Those radiant ones who were too rare for earth,
The ones, like you, whose short full days were worth
A thousand years less luminously passed?

Is there a place where angels from your face
Watch the revealment of a human smile,
And half awakened from the change the while,
You learn the great new secrets of God's grace?

There is a place, I know, where sun-kissed hair
Has shed an aureole in hearts that break,
A hallowed place where, for their sorrow's sake,
They feel you near them in the tender air.

K. J., '16.

Our Correspondence

Mrs. Ora Murray Hodges, '94: "My husband and I both enjoy the Quarterly, the last number especially. The Founder's Day Addresses were worth many times the subscription price, and I think should have a wide circulation."

Mrs. Edith Dockweiler Hughes, '05: "Pardon my delay in sending subscription for the Alumnal Quarterly. I certainly do not wish to miss a single number of it. As we grow older, it means more to hear from the old acquaintances and friends from whom we are separated. We have had much illness in our family in the past year, hence this seeming neglect."

Josephus Peasley, '79: "I regret to report that I shall not be able to visit the college this commencement, as I had intended, with my wife, owing to illness in the family. Mrs. Peasley wants me to go myself, but I tell her I had planned to have her share the pleasure with me, so shall wait until we can come together. I trust you will have a rousing commencement this year and that many of the gray heads like mine will appear on the campus."

Mrs. Vida Ayres Lee, '12: "Greetings from the land of sunshine! My last Quarterly came a day or two ago. I never receive a copy of it without feeling that I must sit down and write to somebody. I can always feel a personal touch even in the 'get up' of the magazine. I was so glad to be able to read all of those splendid Founder's Day talks. We have bought our own home in Los Angeles and have moved into it. The baby is almost a little boy now. He is trying to walk and to talk."

Andrew Leitch, '11: "I had hoped to be present at commencement this year, but cannot. The next best will be the reports in the Quarterly. I expect to remain at Yale next year, completing my Ph. D. thesis. It will be my fifth year at Yale, two years in the School of Religion and three in the Graduate School. During this time I have enjoyed my work very much. I received the Fogg

Scholarships in 1912-'14, the Hooker-Dwight Fellowship in 1914-'15, a Currier Fellowship in Philosophy in 1915-'16, and the same awarded for 1916-'17. I have had the pleasure of taking a course in ethics under Professor A. K. Rogers this year. He is well liked here, as he has been everywhere. I send best wishes for all Butler's interests."

B. F. Kinnick, '71: "I appreciate the Alumnal as much as any other publication I take. It is not so much what it contains, as the atmosphere of the college which it gives, although the contents are very attractive. It is like a breath of spring in our 'winter of discontent.' It takes us back to our happy college days.

Moto Oiwa, '15: "The Quarterly is at hand, and many thanks for it. It brings me in sight of my dear old Butler and the many friends there. I am well and my family, too, serving our Lord in diverse ways. The Christian work in Japan, especially in my own large wicked city (Osaka) is not very encouraging. We Christians are fighting an uphill fight all the time. Last month our local government granted the establishment of a new red-light district in a place not far from our church, and, to make things worse, just in the midst of many schools. Part of our citizens are combining their efforts with the Christians to fight this evil. The war is growing fiercer day by day. As we started this campaign, Dr. W. A. Brown, of Union Seminary, happened to come to our city to give a series of lectures upon 'Christianity and War.' After his lectures he gave some of his experiences in fighting social evils in New York. His advice and encouragement were very helpful. I was selected as his interpreter, and feel greatly inspired with the sacred fire given through contact with such a personality. The chapel talk of Dr. Adam in the January Quarterly impressed me greatly. My prayers continually go out for the prosperity of Butler College, and for you all."

Attention

A very urgent appeal goes out to those who have not paid their alumni dues for 1914-'15 and for 1915-'16 to do so at once. The maintenance of the Quarterly depends upon the response of the alumni in paying regularly the annual fee of one dollar. Too many of our good friends are unmindful or neglectful of this obligation, and in consequence there is a deficit. The financial burden of the Alumni Association falls too heavily where it should not. So, kindly mail at once your dollar for each of the past two years to the Secretary, unless you have previously done so.

Beginning with October 1, 1916, all alumni fees will be paid to the newly-elected Treasurer, Charles E. Underwood.

KATHARINE M. GRAYDON, Secretary,
Butler College, Indianapolis.

Edward J. Hecker

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A Great Woman: Catharine Merrill

[From "The Centennial Story Hour," *The Indianapolis Star*, August 27, 1916]

When Samuel Merrill, treasurer of Indiana, removed the State funds and his family from Corydon to Indianapolis, his daughter Catharine was an infant. The only incident in which she was prominent on the journey through the forest occurred when the horse of the person carrying her trod on a yellow jackets' nest, ran away, and threw his rider harmlessly into a clump of bushes.

No one is living now who knew her in her earlier days, and the first record made is of a child five years of age being lost in trying to find the end of the rainbow.

There is a letter that mentions her as a girl of thirteen, upon whom all the family relied in every emergency. In Miss Axtell's school a year or two later she found a teacher whom she could admire and revere and two or three gifted companions whom she ardently loved. At night she took lessons in French with another teacher, and when not engaged in school books would slip quietly away and lose herself in her father's large library. His love for current literature provided her with the great reviews issued in Edinburgh and London and gave her acquaintance with the gifted British authors and statesmen of three-quarters of a century ago.

The failing health of her mother required the two to spend a winter in Louisiana, where her uncle had a large plantation. The only time for instructing the negroes was on Sundays, and as the State statutes forbade teaching reading and writing, she could impart but little information to the slaves, to her great sorrow.

On the return to the North responsibility of the home fell largely into her hands, especially of the younger members of the family. There was in the household a boy of six years, whom chills and

fever kept from school. When free from these troubles he spent his time learning to swim in Pogue's Run, trapping quail, and, assisted by two dogs, chasing chipmunks, rabbits, and groundhogs. Miss Merrill, a born teacher just in her teens, tried her prentice hand on the unpromising pupil, standing him up with a chair for a classmate, competition being necessary to excite interest. Partiality was shown, however, for although the lad was always at the foot when the lesson ended he was permitted to stand at the head the following day. A dozen years later, when this heedless scholar was translating a Greek classic and carelessly murdering the English grammar in his everyday conversation, an offer of twelve cents (a Spanish bit of that period) was given by the same monitor for every page of translation, provided one cent was forfeited for each grammatical mistake detected. Often the incautious talker lapsed into silence or fled from the house to escape bankruptcy.

It was to be expected that one to whom teaching was so natural would find the neighbors insisting on a school for their little children. A son of a prominent banker in the city had to stay at home for a day, but the vacancy was filled by his brother, a year or two older. Valuable knowledge was being imparted and the father thought not an item must be lost.

Soon older scholars, all girls, filled a large room in the center of the city, and lessons were made attractive with lectures by travelers from the far West and foreign lands.

For two years Miss Merrill was principal of the academy in Crawfordsville, Indiana, many of her scholars following her to that city. The same also occurred when she occupied a similar position for the same length of time in Cleveland, Ohio.

In the summer of 1859 she went abroad and spent two years studying and traveling in Europe.

On her return, the nation was in the throes of war, and she offered her free services as a nurse. The writer of these lines, in a casual conversation with a comrade who had had a strange experience in camp and field, in prison and escape, in hospital and battle, said, "Captain, what of all you saw will stay with you longest?"

He was silent for a moment and then replied: "There was a

lovely lady who left a home of comfort and refinement and came to the army in the field. The day I was carried into the hospital I saw her, basin and towel in hand, going from cot to cot washing the feet of the sick, the wounded, and the dying, gently preparing the tired boys for that long journey from which none ever returns. The act was done with such a gracious humility, as if it were a privilege, that I turned my head away with my eyes full of tears, and I say to you now that, after all other earthly scenes have vanished, this upon which a radiance from heaven falls will abide forever."

Toward the close of the war, and for some time after, Miss Merrill devoted her time to writing a history entitled "The Soldier of Indiana in the War for the Union," in two royal octavo volumes containing more than 1,500 pages.

There are passages of beauty in this work unsurpassed in literature, yet nowhere from title page to close of the index does her name appear. I have wandered far, seen many small and great, but nowhere met one with such gifts, who so shrank from publicity or who was so thoroughly lost in the happiness of others. On the completion of this work she was called to occupy a chair as professor in Butler College. An incident throws a flash of light on the character of the great man who founded this institution and on the one whom he had chosen as teacher of English literature. No one thirsting for knowledge was to be turned away because of illiteracy. There had pressed into the class an ambitious young man from an untamed region, who during the hour in which a passage from Wordsworth was analyzed showed his ignorance of the meaning of the word "infancy," greatly to the amusement of his classmates.

"Do not let them confuse you, Mr. ———," spoke the teacher, encouragingly. "An infant you know and from that form your word." There was an uproar in the room and but one sympathizing face as the frank reply came, "I may have saw one, but if I did I didn't know it." To-day this scorned student is a leader of men in one of the largest cities of the republic, and to such no political height is forbidden.

After teaching fourteen years in Butler College, where she had

applied the elective system before it was used in Harvard University, Miss Merrill retired, and for the remaining eleven years of her life occupied herself in directing the literary studies of many of the ladies of Indianapolis and vicinity. As she had opportunities she visited the prison, where unhappy women, who had no early care and had fallen into crime, were confined. A depressing duty it was to one to whom the sixth was the most precious of the beatitudes.

This sketch must be so limited that little can be said of Miss Merrill's peculiar loveliness. Only those who were near her for years could appreciate her love for the good and great in history, her reverence for what is possible in every human being, her haste to lift one up who was down, her quickness to defend any one wrongfully attacked, her pity for those in sorrow. Giving, always giving, another characteristic seen in no one else was the sweet and gracious manner in which she received a favor, warming the heart of the giver and creating the feeling that there is nothing in all the world so priceless as the manifestation of love.

In her latest illness she asked to have read to her the greater Psalms of David, the sublime prophesies of Isaiah, the inspiring words of the Savior, and the wondrous images with which the exile of Patmos reveals his visions of heaven.

To her the tenderest, saddest, sweetest day of all the year was the one set apart as a memorial to those who gave their lives to save the Union. On that sacred day of the opening year of the century, 1900, just as the earthly dawn was approaching, she entered the heavenly city where there is no night, and life never ending.

An Age-Old Art

By Moddie Jeffries Williams

In the twentieth century social science demands that every man have a hobby and ride it hard. To three-fourths of the people it is a source of wonder that any one's hobby could be Rugs. The remaining fourth understands. Once their interest has been aroused, the driving impulse of that interest has given knowledge, and from that knowledge has come the broader expansion of the soul which sees the unity of all art.

The question most frequently asked is, "What ultimate gain can an understanding of one's rugs be, aside from the fact that it is always pleasant to have information on many subjects?" And the collector smiles as the musician would smile if the merits of the piano were questioned. The daily life of almost all is associated with a rug or carpet. Yet the majority regard it as something merely to walk upon. Nine-tenths of the domestic designs are reproduced with modifications from the Eastern ones. If one's rug suggests nothing, if it has no charm, no fascination independent of color and utilitarian interest, the fruitful secret is not revealed to the untrained eye.

The student bows with reverence before the altar of beauty. He fondly bends over textiles in which he has counted every knot. He studies the varying shades of color, lovingly caresses the wonderful sheen, inquires of each ornament its import, and marvels with a devotion born of knowledge at its exquisite beauty. We think of the native from the East as uncultured, ignorant; yet the most unlettered is a master in an art so difficult that higher civilization has never been able to equal, much less surpass, his handiwork. The people of the East possess a national aptitude for artistic expression.

"The history of man is written in many ways. The scholar searches crumbling monuments and musty scrolls. The artist finds the history he deems essential in the form of things beautiful." For the record of the striving soul that struggles to create, to leave

behind some message of his higher aspirations, we must turn to creations of art.

An understanding of Eastern rugs is an understanding of the history of mankind, and it means nothing else.

An art which embraces so many races, religions, migrations, and which has been practised in marvelous perfection for untold ages, is difficult to condense into one article.

Among the tent-dwelling people the rug had its birth. Ornamentation in tents antedated weaving. The temple, the tent, and the tomb have drawn upon the inventive power of man to make a place beautiful in which to live, a place to worship, and a quiet spot to mark his resting place. The Eastern rug has served these purposes. Around the tombs where the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are said to be buried, rugs have been hung up to the present time. For many centuries it was the custom to put rugs with floral emblems, meaning hope, on the graves in the East, just as flowers are strewn in the West. It has always been conceded that Oriental art had its source on the site of that garden of Eden where the Chaldean legends place the ancestors of mankind. Recent investigation has definitely traced the so-called Oriental patterns to an age so remote from our own and a land so far from Asia that the masterpieces of Persia and Turkey of the fourteenth and fifteenth century seem almost like creations of yesterday. The common Tekhe Bokhara pattern, with its rich reds and octagons, which has been copied and is seen in more American homes than any other, dates to six thousand years ago to the first known philosopher of China. Every writer of antiquity has left some record of those splendid weavings in which the foot sank in the thick pile. Glowing fabrics made rich the altars of Isis. In the time of Alexander the Great rugs valued at fifteen million dollars were consumed in one funeral pageant. The Greeks practiced this art, for we read:

> "Thrones within from space were raised,
> Where various carpets with embroidery blazed,
> The work of matrons."

Gibbon describes a palace where twenty-two thousand carpets lay on the floor, many of which were woven with gold and silver.

Extremely few of the so-called museum rugs have in these latter days come out of Asia itself. Nearly all the rugs of the higher type now in the great collections have been found in the palaces and monasteries of Eastern Europe—silent witnesses to the appreciation of Europeans of the art products of the East.

The art of weaving grew in splendor and reached the acme of textile excellence in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Shah Abbas. The Shah's best artists and weavers were sent to every capital of the known world to study. The artistic spirit thus fostered under the hand of royalty reached its highest pinnacle, so that the rugs that remain to us from that period are marvels of artistic achievement and rank second to no other line of art.

The rug means Eternity—the pattern is Earth—beautiful, finite, fleeting. The designs were the expression of an individual, whose ideas of a happy immortality never ceased until the fingers grew weary at life's loom and the earth claimed him. The antique rugs are unspoken faiths recorded in wool. Tragedy and comedy as great as the motives of various operas are woven therein, and we must look upon them as sacred unlettered books. They are the history of a faith that bound together a nation, a superstition that created an occult religion or principle. Until the last twenty years its first value was religious rather than utilitarian. The East in whose bosom are stored the "ages of sunlight and silence of the stars," expressed in her textile art the ideals of her own soul. Every fine rug in the West to-day bears witness that the weaver's heart sang in harmony with his ceaseless knots. "Heaven and Earth speak of thy glory, glory in the highest." Daily up to view the sunrise to catch the roseate hues of early dawn, perhaps not again did their hands cease tying the knots until the sky was bright with the brilliant tints of Eastern sunset.

With unsandalled feet the ancients stepped upon it. The shepherds watched their flocks night and day and saved their finest fleece for it. They stole from ripening fruit its bloom and from animal blood its virility to give it wealth of color. After all was ready, the master craftsman made the design, writing strange symbols into the margin. All worked upon it, chiefly the women and children. At night when the fires of the village were lighted,

strange tales of love and war were mingled with the thread. In the evening all gathered around the rug and sang songs of Arabia and fair Cashmere. They beheld the majesty of the heavens, and in the overpowering influence of mighty solitude they wove their thoughts into a chromatic scale of color.

As music is the expression of sentiment in sound, this art is the expression of sentiment in form and color. Color is the Oriental's glory. To obtain colors from nature has always been his great secret. He has known the splendor of the grass and the wonder of the flowers; he has known the strange alchemy which extracts from leaf, root, and bark, lotions that give back to him the hues of the sunset and the shades of the forest. From the mountain heights where only the bravest dared to go, from the sumac that flamed on the hills, and from the deep-sea treasures, came the true color for the rug. Inborn is the instinct to make use of color in every act of life, to invest with significance the most minute observances that will brighten their monotonous life. The different shades have differing moods, expressing wisdom, joy, sorrow, evil. Red is the zeal for faith. An Eastern dyer must be versed in a hundred different shades of red, any one of which he could produce at a moment's notice. The most highly prized color is green, sacred color of holiness. Rugs having prayer arches in green are permitted to be used only by those in the higher offices in direct line from the Prophet. The beauty of the finished product depended, more than anything else, on the judicious dying of the yarn. From father to son, for many generations, was transmitted a knowledge of certain vegetables, the product of root, leaf, fruit, and insect. The colorist in the past knew no modern chemical mixtures, no laboratory, no temporary chromatic brilliancy. With great artistic blending of color, tone upon tone, he built a color that in spite of all efforts to copy is still past understanding. To be a dyer was to be one beloved by the Prophet. He carried with him a dignity akin to royalty. His colors were to him as the insignia of rank to the soldier.

As a rule, all conditions are perfect for the Oriental weavers. Vast plateaus, whose rich grasses furnish pasture for the sheep, water that seems to lend life and vitality to the wool washed in it,

are their heritage. And with this there is a warmth of temperament, a deep love of the natural beauty, and, best of all, a true Oriental patience that takes no note of time.

Asia has been the cradle of some of the highest forms of artistic achievement because time has never been a factor. Great patience is written on the pile of these rugs. Repeating the same processes, knot after knot, day after day, it takes four years to make even a small Kerman. And the work often had to be done in underground huts, for the air on the surface was too dry. Some rugs are estimated to have ninety-two million knots.

"In a dim litten room
I saw a weaver plying at his loom,
That ran as swiftly as an iterant rhyme;
And lo! the workman at the loom was Time
Weaving the web of Life;
'Twas parti-colored, wrought of peace and strife,
And through the warp thereof
Shot little golden threads of Joy and Love."

Such patience was only possible because of a deep love for the work.

Three varieties of rugs are sacred heirlooms, and only the spoliation of homes has made it possible for them to be found here. The hearth rug, designated by an arch at both ends of the field, was a sanctuary of safety, protection in times of danger for even an enemy if he could get his foot upon it. The Kis-Khilim, or dowry rug, was the bride's marriage gift. As soon as a girl could hold a shuttle she was given all kinds of wool and left to her own originality. As it would usually take from girlhood to the wedding day to make such a possession, it was the last thing she would part with; hence it is seldom seen in this country. Her heart was in her skill, and her future happiness in her workmanship. This rug was a revelation of the weaver's artistic skill and taste. Love, sympathy, the secrets of the Moslem maiden, were hidden in the warp, while the wool enfolded a thousand dreams of her womanhood and bridal day.

There is every evidence that the earliest Asiatic textiles until the Christian era were woven in flat stitch with gold and silver, as the

Khilim was made. Their lineal descendants are the Hispano-Moresque of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Cordova, and all the tapestries from the Coptic products of Egypt to the masterpieces of Italy and France.

The prayer rug is scarcely less regarded by the Oriental. Nothing but the stress of war or poverty would induce the family to part with such a sacred possession. It is pathetic to hear a native say, on finding a choice specimen in America, "If my ancestors had prayed upon such a rug, the wealth of your America could not buy it from me"; yet they are found in business offices, and the owners ignorant of even the names, unless perchance they saved the tag label, generally concealed on the opposite side.

In the seventh century, when Mohammed commanded his followers to make for themselves a clean thing upon which to kneel, the creation of the prayer rug became a necessity. It can be told by the niche at one end. This represents the mihrab in the sacred mosque at Mecca wherein is deposited the Koran. It is the one piece which every family had to own in a country where the people were summoned to prayers five times a day. Each country or district, city or tribe, had its own distinctive prayer arch. In some districts is woven the comb, a reminder that the beard, too, must be kept in order, and above the comb is often the design to represent the bit of sacred earth from Mecca. All the designs in field and border are one unbroken succession of Eternity emblems.

"So much of color 'neath the careless tread of alien feet,
And once there knelt in prayer, a Moslem maid,
Whose wealth of dusky hair swept low above each silken thread;
It grew in beauty until its folds draped her bridal couch,
And warm and bare she laid her children in its silken care
And on its sacred surface laid her dead."

However great the fascination which the delicate rhythm and graceful lines and harmonious tones may awaken, our greatest delight in Oriental rugs is in their suggestiveness. The tracing of a design to its source has all the enchantment of exploration. Even the dusky natives, weaving gorgeous designs from memory before their simple dwellings, have utterly lost through the lapse

of centuries the meaning of the strange designs which instinct bids them use. Many of the patterns until nineteen hundred were doubtless the same as were woven in the time of Abraham and have outlived emperors and nations. Each tribe had its characteristic pattern, regarded as its individual inheritance. Many a bloody feud has resulted from an attempt to copy tribal patterns. The Tau design, used as a border in Chinese rugs in the Kangshi dynasty, was the sign written in blood upon the doorsteps of the children of Israel when the hand of death passed over the land of Egypt.

Symbolism is a powerful motive affecting design. The written record of universal symbolism preceded all recorded formulae. The East thinks in symbols and expresses in symbols. If the symbolism of a rug is not known and the rug is regarded merely as a work of art, it is deprived of at least half its charm and interest, because it appeals less to human sympathy. One must view rugs with the dreamy temperament of the Oriental. The Occidental demands realistic art. The Oriental is better satisfied if his subject only suggests. Religious beliefs have most effectually influenced pattern. Buddhism, which prevails in many parts of Asia, teaches that a universal spirit is manifested in each form of nature. From the cypress trees of the Zoroastrians to the tallest minaret of the Moslems, from the prayer wheels of Thibet to the Gohei of Japan, from the prostrations of Hindu idol-worshippers to the calm lotus seated Buddhist saint, from the clappers in Chinese temples to the crosses of Christianity, pattern has developed under the influence of human thought and belief.

The pattern and artistic character of every rug is influenced by physical environment. Some come from wind-swept prairies; others from sandy deserts where the lonely Bedouin wanders in solitude; while others from the mosque, square, and gay bazaar of holy cities.

The pile rug, a mosaic in wool, is attributed to the Turkoman who needed warmer fabrics in the bitter cold, and created the wool knot to simulate the pelt of an animal. The Turkomans, once domiciled around Lake Baikal, are a chromatic scale of reds with rich Rembrandt shades. There is diversity in the different weaving

sections of Turkestan, caused by conquest, intermarriages, or tribal proximity, but mathematical accuracy of workmanship distinguishes all. To the east, the hard octagons are traceable through Bokhara, Samarkand, losing outline gradually, until they are lost in the circular floral medallions of the Chinese.

The Pendik-Tekkes, so called from their ability to climb precipices like a mountain goat, are gone. For centuries they were compelled to leave their tents with little warning.—"Flee from the Russians." —Seven thousand of their women were killed by them in one night. The Bokhara women, in segregation and ignorance, have a resplendent history as masters of wool. Their skill as weavers was an estimate of value,—the second wife cost more than the first, and the third more than the second. Born in the dust, cradled in the dark, with no surrounding flowers to copy from nature, the women were named after a flower or some part of it.

On crossing the Caspian sea we come into another division of Oriental rugs,—the Caucasian district. Born in a shepherd's hut, these have more of the vigor allied to the snow-capped peaks. Many a warrior has led his followers to the foot of the Caucasus, only to find it too great a barrier to cross. There were here at one time forty different races, each speaking a different tongue. Nadir Shah carried to an extreme the custom of transplanting colonies in order to improve the population. The result is seen in the rug design of these districts. They have their chief charm in adaptation of straight line. They prove what grace may come without curves and by angles only. These line-forms develop into triangles and rhomboids, until we have the pattern in its greatest glory in the Alhambran. All these forms assume many varieties of color until mathematics is translated into beauty.

To Persia all countries turned for inspiration. The noblest Persian fabrics had a textile quality without equal. There is great difference in every country between the palace and mosque fabrics of divers times on the one hand, and the tribal rug on the other. The output of Persia included such varied weaves that any enumeration is impossible within such narrow limits. The Persian rug can always be recognized by its floral pattern and trailing vine, with forms of the sacred tree. At the height of its excellence it

was a wonderful reproduction of lotus flowers and palmettos, with arabesque scrolls. From the shah to the peasant all Persians sat upon rugs, the lowest beggar only had none. Their occupation was that of a shepherd, and, like David of old, in nature's infinite book of secrecy much they did read, copying in art that which they most revered in nature. Where the desert land abounds, the goal of the human effort was to make a flower garden to be reproduced in a rug called Baharistan—mansion of perpetual spring. During the gloom of winter guests would regale themselves upon the rug where art supplied the absence of Nature. Bud is birth; full-grown flower, age. From the lotus came the life idea which found expression in tree forms. Diversity of tree forms is almost endless and reflects the life problems of a people in seclusion. "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

The silk rugs were regarded as the most exquisite creations of the loom. Designed by a Titian and finished by a jeweler, were many of the silk rugs made for gifts, mosque, or a beloved monarch. The women would carry the best eggs next to their skin in order to hatch them, and keep the caterpillars in a clean room guarded from all noise.

In no part of the Orient have rugs been woven on more classic ground than in Asia Minor. There is lacking the rigid octagonal figures of Central Asia, the frets and floral sprays distinctive of Chinese, but simplicity, variety in design, and superb coloring characterize them. The Ghiordes, considered the best rug Turkey ever made, is related to the Saracenic rugs of Damascus. In the prayer rug Turkey attained her best results, for in it is sentiment derived from worship in Moslem shrines. From a spandrel typifying the heavens, a lamp hangs—the light of mortality. The seven borders are the seven heavens of Allah. In a home as brown and bare as a box of earth in a window this rug was a very precious possession. Its beauty caressed the spirit with its intimate comradeship. The Ghiordes, Kulah, Ladik, for masterly execution and as a repository for religious beliefs, are to lovers of the art what the torso of de Belvidere was to Michelangelo. Even when blind, he found pleasure and inspiration from tracing it.

The spoliation of homes, temples, and palaces, never before en-

tered by foreigners, during the Boxer revolution brought almost the first Chinese rugs to this country. A few have come which date to the Ming dynasty. Their designs are associated with the religious and philosophical thought. They are so vastly different in workmanship and color that they merit separate consideration.

In India, the art at its best was purely Persian. The late Benjamin Altman collected splendid specimens which are possibly the best examples that India ever produced.

From Asia Minor across the entire continent to Japan the truth is departing from real native art, due to false Occidental opinions concerning it. Some flowerets of Eden we still inherit but the trail of the serpent is over them all. The value of time has penetrated the Orient. Commerce is a foe to art. Skill has given way to haste. "The influence of the West upon the East is a white calamity more to be dreaded than any possible yellow peril." Just as the public sapping of ethical ideas slowly reacts upon each member of society and gradually breeds weakness, so Western methods and demands have penetrated into the remotest part of the Orient, resulting in a double injury to the East. The West robbed it first of its fabrics, then of its taste. It was not until 1876 that a Turkish Jew, Robert Levy, brought the first rugs to America. He, with characteristic shrewdness, brought with him a native of Constantinople who had acted as guide to Mark Twain and who was known as "Faraway Moses." He received this name from the humorist because the eager guide left him so far behind he was compelled to say every few minutes, "Don't go so far away, Moses," in order to keep him within call. He puts Moses in his book and Levy found crowds at his shop daily to see Faraway Moses. Thus was attention called to the beauty, durability, and value of the Oriental rug. This was the first rug store in America. The West began to make inroads upon the seemingly inexhaustible supply of the East. There were scarcely any poor rugs at this period. Factories sprang up everywhere. Designs were furnished in New York, sizes were prescribed and aniline dyes used instead of time-defying vegetable dyes. A commercial spirit alone animated the production. This resulted in a rug that was new and looked new. In order to make a rug soft, antique-looking, the process of washing was

originated. This consists in giving it a bath in acid solution to soften the colors, but finally destroys the wool. American women demanded certain colors to match decorations, as though one should ask Raphael to paint a picture to match the wall paper. To-day the inspiration is gone. "The love for the work that sprang from the heart's desire, setting the soul and brain on fire," has become purely mechanical.

This is the smallest bird's-eye view of a great art which has already emerged into a great industry. The pyramids still rise opposite the Parthenon, but a shroud of ashes covers the capitals of Persia. As an art, the rug remains as one of the most interesting monuments of human skill and aspiration.

An Autumn Trip in Central China

By Rose Elliott

If you had seen us about to enter our rickshas, you would have wondered which pole we were setting out for, the array of pigskin boxes, oilsheet rolls, foot stoves, and other paraphernalia scattered around being apparently sufficient for a winter's expedition. You would never have guessed that we were bound on a jaunt of but two weeks' duration, to a spot less than two hundred miles distant. But the comforts of travel in inland China are strictly private property, and we must go, like the snail, with a house on our back. So, both dining and sleeping equipment accompany us.

Through the narrow, shop-lined streets of Changsha, threading our way between squealing pigs, squeaking wheelbarrows, and other traffic of a great city, we are jolted in our springless vehicles, followed by the coolies carrying our baggage on the inevitable bamboo poles, to the railway station; for the first leg of our journey is to be unromantic. Still, even a railroad ride in Chinese style might not be strictly prosaic to you. You would stifle a laugh, for politeness' sake, at our antiquated little Baldwin locomotive and our funny-windowed, bare coach, devoid of heat even on this rainy,

chilly day in late November. To our surprise we find the conductor saying, "Tickets, please," in very good English, and observe a notice to passengers in our own language. Soon a fashionably dressed Chinaman on our left engages my brother in conversation, and we learn that he is fresh from a New York engineering university, bound to a position of authority in the Ping Hsiang coal mines at the terminus of this road. His American suitcase and bag contrast strangely with our Chinese equipment and make us wonder which of us is native and which foreign.

It is nearly two o'clock, four hours since our start, but at last we reach Liling, sixty whole miles from home. We shall not do this well again, for now our modern travel is at an end. It being Saturday, we stop over Sunday with missionary friends.

At this place we visit a pottery on Sunday afternoon,—for a weekly rest-day is not a heathen institution—and some of us see for the first time the Scriptural potter's wheel, and watch the skill of the molder of the shapely vases, bowls, and teapots, noting, too, the hundreds of pieces that had been marred after leaving the potters' hands and must be remolded,—all so typical of life that it serves as a sermon.

Although the rain persists, we must set out on Monday morning, this time in true native style of overland travel. We each have a private car, consisting of a chair made entirely of bamboo, its sheltering framework covered with cloth and oilskin. We wrap well in rugs and raincoats and fill our foot stoves with charcoal, for rainy days are miserably chilly in this climate. Besides the two or three bearers to each chair, we have several baggage coolies, so we are quite a caravan.

Our way lies through a stretch of country so beautiful that not even the weather can spoil it,—mountains looming blue in the distance, green hills near at hand, clumps of brilliant trees lighting up the darker evergreens, amid which gleam the yellow mud huts of the Chinese farmer, an occasional village, or a solitary temple. Sprinkled along the road are the inns,—one-storied, often one-roomed, mud-floored, innocent of chimney though not of smoke, the pig grunting us a welcome as we dismount from our uncom-

fortable, sway-backed cars to stretch our limbs, refresh ourselves with boiling tea, or spread our midday luncheon. Much of the road is only a ten-inch ledge left between rice-fields, where a slip would mean a mud-bath; but the Chinese coolie is a very mountain goat for sureness. Ours have more tribulation on the wider clay roads, softened by the steady rain to treacherous footing.

Plodding along at an average pace, excluding stops, of some four miles per hour, we make our thirty miles, or ninety li, the first day. At nightfall we arrive at a mission chapel, presided over by a native colporteur, whose wife and daughter, learning of our coming, have prepared a charcoal fire and a few bowls of Chinese sweetmeats for our comfort. The chapel has more rooms, but otherwise is like the aforementioned inns; however, there is one floored room for us ladies, where we soon spread our cots and betake our weary frames to slumber. Refreshed by this and by the hot feast with which our hostess surprises us on arising,—bowls of rice, pork, eggs, and bean curd excellently cooked in native style and eaten, of course, with chopsticks—we again set out on our dripping way. The narrow streets of the villages are enlivened by curious yellow faces that peer unblushingly into our chairs. It is idle to attempt to outstare a Chinese. At one stop for the bearers to rest, a little chap of four, waddling close to my chair, gazes as at a giraffe, then runs giggling away, only to return with reinforcements and repeat the process. He is covered three deep with wadded garments that give him a two-by-two exterior, so we laugh at each other good-naturedly.

That night another chapel serves as *hotel de luxe,* its charcoal fire cheering our numbed bodies and drying our bedding, whose oiled wrappings have proved unavailing against the steady pour. But on the morrow our glad eyes behold clear skies, and the real pleasure of the trip begins. The back-breaking chairs are exchanged for a tiny houseboat with an oar and a cover of bamboo matting. We prefer the open deck, however, from which we view unhindered the winding shores with their scarlet and golden leafage, the dimpling mountains, and the sparkling rapids of the river, which furnish a delightful sort of "rapid transit." These rapids are motive power

for huge waterwheels, lifting to the terraced rice-fields the ever-needed moisture. The tang of the perfect autumn day flavors our coffee as we picnic on the tiny deck.

Almost regretfully we disembark that afternoon at the city to which we have been bidden to spend Thanksgiving. Yet it is good to see our friends and their joy at our coming. When four people must furnish each other with their entire social life for nine or ten months together, almost any addition to their number is received with open arms. So now for a few days we revert to home life, with such joys as baths, tablecloths, Thanksgiving dinners, music, and games, the relation of which will interest Alumnal readers, I take it, far less than that of the "tales of a wayside inn," though I assure you the experiencing of them is by no means less interesting to us.

Fortunately for us, the wayside inn is now in the past. Other travels await us, the best of our journey, but they end at dark at the homes of our fair-skinned friends, or else find us on another little houseboat, where cleanliness and fresh air mean comparative comfort. One more day of the sedan chair is ours, but a peerless one on which, when weary of the ride, we can walk over the wide expanse of uncultivated red clay, through pretty pine woods, or between paddy fields, and when hunger sharpens our appetites, can camp in the open and make a meal fit for a king from our enhampered lunch, watched by an audience of wonder-eyed Orientals, who were probably shocked at our use of knives and other murderous-looking implements.

The days vie with one another in loveliness, each revealing more charms of purple and blue mountains, pine-clad hills, beauteous autumn colorings, bamboo groves, their delicate feathery softness bordering delightful rivers whose white sandbars stretch invitingly between winding ribbons of rippling turquoise, green, or brown.

The homeward jaunt is made on the surface of several of these ribbons, in a floating palace about thirty by six in size. In this we bestow ourselves and our boxes quite comfortably, heat water, and cook our eggs and make our toast over a nice little brazier, read, write, and rest to our hearts' content. We have rather

dreaded the ordeal, our number being now reduced to two, and the four days which we allowed for the trip looming ahead somewhat like an imprisonment; but our apprehensions are turned into pleasures. The prospect is always alluring on every side, temple, pagoda, picturesque village, whitewinged cargo junks, lumber rafts, fishing boats with huge nets or with cormorants watching the water greedily and swooping suddenly on the hapless prey,—all these and many another quaint sight claiming our interest, so that sunset comes almost too soon. After all, the four days dwindle to two and a half, a little judicious bribing nerving the boatmen to an all-night service at the oar on our behalf.

As we walk leisurely through Chuchow to our train, an excited voice calls in Chinese to some one within an enclosure: "Hurry, or you'll miss them." But we are hardened to the staring by now, and besides are quite willing to play "show" to the poor things, whose monotonous lives seem so pitiful.

Two hours more of charming panorama, with here a wide country domicile where three generations, including all the sons, their wives and children, dwell in greater or less unity, and there a small white shrine crowning a sacred hilltop at the end of a tortuous brown path, —and the age-old walls and tiled roofs of our proud Hunanese capital admonish us that our holiday is done.

A Mountain Funeral

By Monta Anderson

It was a glorious day in late October. The sun shone bright and warm. As we drove along the mountain road, we drew long breaths of the delicious air and felt it was good to be alive. The hills blazed with color, the gaudy hues of the maples giving a brilliant touch here and there among the deeper, richer red of the oaks and the golden brown of the beeches. In the deep stillness of the hills the beauty of it all sank into the soul, and we, too, grew quiet as we rode. Constantly the scene changed as we turned

and twisted along the creek toward the little country church which was our destination.

The occasion was the "funeral" of a good old woman, who had died the previous winter. In the mountains of Kentucky the weather is often bad when a death occurs, and perhaps the roads are almost impassable. So the custom has become fixed to hold only simple services at the burial and later, when the season is pleasant and it is more convenient, to have an elaborate "funeral." It is announced long before the time and all the friends and relatives from far and near gather and spend the day together. A number of preachers are in attendance and each one preaches in turn some time during the day. No one is in a hurry, no one objects to a long sermon. Dinner is served "on the ground," picnic fashion, by all the relatives of the deceased, and all visitors are made welcome. Sometimes these memorial services are held annually for a number of years, and frequently the merits of more than one person are lauded at one "funeral."

As we neared the church on this Sunday morning, we saw horses and wagons standing about, and every available tree and bush served as a hitching-post. Riding horseback is the favorite mode of traveling. Many people were standing about in front of the church talking quietly together and renewing old acquaintance. It is the social phase of a "funeral" that attracts many people. Just as we alighted the church bell rang and the crowd began to drift into the building.

The church was typical of the mountains. It was a plain wooden structure, its walls without and within having the color which time alone paints. The seats were stiff, uncomfortable benches, home-made and unpainted. A single stove near the front furnished heat, and there were lamps on small wooden brackets around the walls. There was a small platform at the end opposite the door and here the preachers gathered. The seats were soon filled. The windows were open and a part of the audience stood on the outside. One man held a little child in his arms as he leaned in at a window.

The service began with song, furnished by a group of men and women in one corner and led by a singing-school teacher. These were probably his pupils, for the scale and various directions were

written with chalk on the ceiled wall behind the pulpit. There was no instrument and the leader used a tuning-fork. How earnestly they sang—especially the men! Their spirit atoned for the shrillness and lack of melody. Not a verse was omitted, although some songs were long. They sang because they enjoyed it. The songs were all about heaven and death, and the singers seemed to feel the sentiment. As the choir sang the preachers consulted together and arranged the details for the morning. We knew that each man must speak, so we settled ourselves for a long service.

As the audience gathered I noticed the sturdy strength of the men and the quiet, subdued expression of the women. Nearly all the older women wore black sunbonnets and thus gave a somber effect to the audience. Here and there, usually among the young people, one saw evidence of good taste and refinement in dress and manner. None were rude or irreverent, although there was almost constant passing in and out of the church during the service.

Finally the singing ended and one preacher rose and announced the purpose of the gathering—to do reverence to the memory of Aunt Lorindy ——. There was a short scripture reading and prayer and then the first speaker began. He told in earnest manner of the good qualities of this old lady and pointed to her large and respectable family as an evidence of her ability in character-building. This speaker is one of the most popular mountain preachers, and, though his speech was not always correct, his words carried the truth home and we enjoyed listening. The second speaker dwelt on the beauty of the devotion of wife and mother and urged all his hearers to strive to meet Aunt Lorindy in heaven. He also was earnest and worth hearing.

The one who followed him, however, had a style all his own. He was tall, with straggling gray hair and unpleasing face. His speech was without beginning or end and as he labored he reminded me of Ichabod Crane and his dancing. Not a part of his body but was brought into action. He talked and talked about the glories of heaven, shouting, "Glory to God!" after every third sentence. His words seemed almost sacrilegious at times, especially when he described a conversation with Aunt Lorindy in heaven when

some one should meet her walking down the gold-paved street. A fragment of the conversation was as follows:

"What's that on your head?"

"A golden crown."

"Where'd you get it?"

"Jesus Christ bought it for me."

"Where'd he buy it?"

"On Calvary."

"What's that you're wearin'?"

"A robe of righteousness."

"What's that you're carryin' in your hand?"

"A pa'm of victory."

And so he shouted and ranted for half an hour, saying the same things over and over. Then suddenly he said, "Some one else go on," and sat down.

Some one started a song and one preacher announced that he wanted to shake hands with every relative of Aunt Lorindy. As they crowded forward women embracing each other, some weeping, and amid singing and handshaking the morning service ended.

All trooped out to the trees to eat the substantial dinner provided. There was visiting and laughter but nothing boisterous. The farmers exchanged ideas about the crops and the election, the candidate button-holed the men whose favor he sought. Some young couples strayed away from the main crowd, but nearly all stayed together. As the church could not hold all present there was a good excuse for some remaining outside.

The preachers, however, saw to it that this social time did not draw the attention away too far. Soon the bell called us in and the choir again sang. The first speaker preceded his talk by a long song sung by himself and two or three others in high-pitched voices, but with great gusto. The tune wandered up and down with old-fashioned quavers and had a minor strain in it. We were told that this man invariably introduces his talks with this particular song. At its close he shook hands with everybody near him.

The last speaker in the afternoon was a very old man of the

sect known as Hardshell Baptist. He had to be urged to speak, but surprised us by singing a long solo first in a quavering voice. Each verse ended with the words, "It's better on before." The effect was pathetic, for he seemed on the verge of eternity. Toward the close of his song he, too, shook hands, as he sang, with all those sitting near the platform. He then took for his text, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It was a rambling harangue in the manner peculiar to that sect. One who has never heard these preachers cannot imagine the rhythmic swing of the sentences and the effect of the *ah* after every few words. "Old things-ah, are passed away-ah; behold-ah, all things are become new-ah."

The service closed with songs and another general hand-shaking. Some shouted and as we drove away the singing followed us. The day was closing and all was again quiet and still as we turned our faces homeward. It had been a day full of unique experiences but we felt drawn closer to these primitive people who are simple in their habits, but who have true ideas and perhaps reach the Heavenly Father's ear sooner than some of finer culture.

The Afterglow

By Rachel Q. Buttz

'Twas after sunset, and a rosy light
Illumed the western sky, then spread in waves
Of brightest crimson over all the earth.
Its radiance reached the eastern woods and they
Were flushed with beauty, brighter than they were
In heat of day. The trees, and grass, and flowers
All glowed with tints that sunshine ne'er brought out.
Their beauty seemed unearthly, and we gazed
With awe, until our souls must heavenward turn.
Then we beheld the light of stars, like gems
All sparkling bright and set in folds of rose
And purple clouds. These faded soon; and clear,
Pale yellow glowed behind the stars, which still
Unusual luster showed. The Milky Way
Led straight to heaven's gate, and humbled there
We bowed to worship Him who said:
"Let there be light."
Then suddenly we thought of saints
We knew—God's saints, whose earthly sun had set,
And soon was followed by an afterglow
As bright as we had seen to-night. When these
Dear saints had gone, the way they trod while here,
Was glowing with a radiance not of earth.
In long, bright streams of rose and amber light,
Their words, and deeds, and blessed influence led
Unto the gates of heaven. And others walked
Behind, along the path of splendor these
Had left, and in that light had found their way
Into the realms of endless day.
Lord grant
That thus my life an afterglow of light
May leave, in which some souls shall find
A shining road to heaven's eternal bliss!

A Letter of Professor Thrasher

[The following is a selection from the last letter, written at Berkeley, California, received from Professor Thrasher, and which came to hand after his death. So characteristic is it that we place it here for those who hold him in loyal affection.]

No place will ever be to me what Indianapolis is, so far as friends are concerned. I suppose we make acquaintances more slowly as we grow older. Like trees, we are most easily transplanted when young. But more than all else, I desire to make in some genial climate a home. I can make new friends, but I must have the *point d' appui* (is that French?) of a home. Archimedes could raise the world, if only he could find a fulcrum on which to rest his lever. Home is the old man's stronghold, his castle, his fulcrum from which to act on his environment. But to have no home and to be among strangers, that were too much. It matters not much, after all, where our tent is pitched for the brief period which for most of us follows sixty-six years. But hold, I am egotistic in the extreme. Goodby ego.

Do you read any good book you can recommend to me? The first thing I did after arriving was to get cards to a library and reading room in Berkeley. I read Richard Carvel, Boyeson's Modern Vikings, John Muir's Mountains of California (which delighted me), and a number of books of travel and biography. The letters of Jowett and of Tennyson were fascinating, each in its own way. I cannot imagine what literary Indianapolis will do when C. Merrill decides to go hence. I am sure the history of Indianapolis will never be written without much space being given to her inspiring work. In the next world will there be clubs, will there be folios, octavos; or will knowledge come in some awkward way by intuition? There are some delicious things in this poor world, among them a favorite volume, new or old, a good coal or gas fire, a bright room, and a howling tempest without to emphasize the comfort within (this is not in California). But enough.

Write to us. Tell Scot B. to write. Tell everybody to write to us. We send a Goodbye and a God bless you.

W. M. Thrasher and Wife.

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The Song of Irvington

[Written for the Irvington pageant by Katharine Jameson, '16]

O Irvington, whom nature dowers
With wreaths of fairest fruits and flowers,
Where'er on earth thy children roam
Our hearts are proud to call thee home.
Thy gracious homes and winding ways
Delight the eye where'er we gaze;
No gladder hearts e'er hailed the sun
Than ours who live in Irvington.

Green groves below, blue skies above,
Where we have learned to live and love;
Above the tree tops, sunset spanned,
The towers of Butler College stand.
O Irvington, whom nature dowers
With wreaths of fairest fruits and flowers,
Where'er on earth thy children roam
Our hearts are proud to call thee home.

Butler College in Pageantry

One of the beautiful of the many pageants of the year was that presented at Irvington on July 4 in the Ellenberger woods. Mr. George S. Cottman, the author, had worked out an artistic conception in an unusually charming manner. His aims were at pictorial

effects—at processional movements, rhythm, color, and grouping. To this end symbolism was largely employed. The historical story was secondary and the slender thread that bound together the episodes ran thus: The admission of Indiana as a State (1816); the purchase from the Indians of the land where Irvington now stands (1818); the vanishing of the last red man and the coming of the first pioneers (1821); the origin of Irvington and the apotheosis of the men who in the founding impressed upon it the character that now distinguishes the town (1873).

Of the five episodes, the last, entitled "The Vision of the Founders," may best be appreciated by our readers: "To the right by way of a glade the Seer appears, approaching the grounds with stately pace, as rapt in contemplation. As he enters the ground at the west, Sylvester Johnson, Jacob Julian, and Levi Ritter enter at the east. The Seer paces steadily toward them and confronts them at rear center, where at the edge of the wood a dais has been set.

"THE SEER—A friend bars the way—pay heed to him. Speak no word. Who thou art and what thy heart's desire is known to me. I am Prophecy—the Seer. Thou art known to me as Sylvester, and thou as Jacob, and thou as Levi. Men of vision art thou, dreamers of fair dreams, and into thy dreams enter the thousands that shall come when thou art dust. Therefore, fathers and founders shalt thou be of a new order, here on this spot where late the vanguard of the race-to-be suffered and toiled and cleared the way. Wouldst thou foresee the proof? Enough! Sit thou here upon this magic dais. Fancy, come forth! As key and prelude to the scene, let rhythmic grace and soft-hearted melody speak of the things to be. Speak thou of joy and beauty and the simple life—of guarded childhood and of homes where safety dwells, and high ideals, all flowing from the thought of those who have come hither with their dreams.

"Fancy waves forth from the woods a group of chorus dancers, and, with these as an auxiliary background, executes a solo dance. Then, leading the chorus, they wind to suggest the circles and curving streets of Irvington. At the end of this dance they meet, at east entrance, 'Irvington,' leading a procession of the first Home-

Makers. There are ten groups, each consisting of a man and woman, two youths, two children, and a Vestal bearing the symbol of the hearth-fire. Then come two figures, 'Religion' and 'Education,' bearing cross and book. Last comes an armed warrior with shield and sword and a standard inscribed 'Law.' Law plants his standard and takes stand at the entrance to the ground, as guarding it. The procession winds to foreground, then turns up to rear-center. The Home groups turn alternately to left and right and take stand in two curved lines extending from either side of the dais; Religion and Education take position a little forward of the groups, and Irvington is left in center, posing in front of the dais.

"At the west end there enters a figure in academic garb bearing a standard inscribed 'North Western Christian University.' Irvington, Religion, Education, and the adults of each Home group turn toward her with hands upraised in a gesture of welcome; the dancers move toward her and escort her forward, and Irvington, advancing to meet her, leads her to a place of honor beside herself. The dancers returning to west entrance meet three more figures, 'Literature,' 'Music,' 'Art.' These are placed in group at west side. All sing, to the tune of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' the Irvington song given above."

It was with pleasure to themselves that the participants in the pageant presented, several days later, a loving cup to Mr. George S. Cottman, as a small expression of their esteem.

Another prominent part taken by Butler College was in the celebration of Education Day of the Indiana Centennial, at the State Fair Grounds on Friday, October 13.

At 2 o'clock the entire student body, led by the faculty and the Purdue band, marching twice past the grand stand, assumed its place at the extreme west of the pageant field, which was occupied by thousands of representatives of the grade and high schools and other educational institutions of the city.

At the close of the second episode of the Education pageant, the faculty, in their academic dress, again led to the center of the field. They were followed by the football team, wrapped in their

new blankets, which had just been presented as gifts from the women of the college. Then came the students, who formed a huge semicircle about the faculty.

There were eight groups of thirteen girls each, who personified eight branches of education. These groups, with their leaders, were: Medicine, Henrietta Cochrane; Law, Vance Garner; Philosophy, Helen Morgan; Literature, Mary Padou; Teaching, Florence Moffett; Religion, Pearl Thomas; Science, Agnes Foreman, and Engineering, Mildred Hill.

Henrietta Cochrane, personifying Women, first made an appeal to the faculty, on behalf of her sisters, for admittance to higher education, and was received by Professor Putnam, who took the part of Mr. Ovid Butler, the founder of the college. This was particularly appropriate for Butler, as it was the first college in the Middle West to admit women on an equal footing with men. After this, each group, gowned in its respective and significant colors, marched forward, and was admitted by the faculty.

In the final march, Butler led the other schools represented, leaving the field directly behind "Columbia."

It was fitting that Butler, of all colleges of the State, should occupy this prominent place in her centennial celebration, being one of her oldest, and in many ways, her most distinguished college. Since its founding in 1855, Butler has developed in all branches, as was shown in the pageant. Her development has been both continuous and rapid and, as in the pageant, so everywhere, close under America's flag, floats, justly proud, Butler's banner.

For the success of the part taken by the college gratitude is due to the ever-ready and kindly friend of the institution, Mr. Edward J. Hecker.

Opening of College

College opened on September 13 with an unprecedented enrollment. Four hundred and one have matriculated to date. Not before has so large a freshman class entered, nor so large a proportion of students from Indianapolis. This is gratifying, and as it should be.

A general spirit of cordiality and friendliness to work and to

conditions prevails. Students are pleased to note the redecoration of Science Hall; also, the recitation rooms of Professor Harrison and of Professor Underwood.

The student organizations are in full activity. The Christian Associations begin their work under favorable conditions. The annual Campus Frolic was held Friday evening, September 29. The Y. W. C. A. looks forward to a good year. The Y. M. C. A. is desirous to serve the men in their varied college life. The Sandwich Club, under the leadership of Claude Stainsby, has started the year with enthusiasm and the promise of deeper interest than heretofore. The Philokurian Literary Society has organized with gusto. The men's and women's fraternities have quietly settled down after a hearty rushing season.

The Lotus Club held its first meeting at the home of Miss Graydon, on Monday afternoon, September 18. This reception was largely attended, and accomplished its purpose of establishing a bond of friendship between upper class and freshman girls.

From present indications the Senior class will number about forty-five. The officers chosen for the year are: President, Myron Hughel; vice-president, Ruth Habbe; secretary, Elsie Felt; treasurer, Earl MacRoberts.

Athletics

Coach Thomas has succeeded Mr. Meller as athletic director. Miss Schulmeyer continues to direct the women. Mr. Thomas, with the cooperation of President Howe, has arranged for the physical examination of all men and for their outdoor athletic training.

Football starts with a rush. Last year the team consisted largely of inexperienced men. Many of last year's veterans are on the field. New men with weight and experience come daily to practice. With a team of weight, experience, and efficient coaching, the college should have a good season.

One of the pleasant expressions of the women's organizations of the college was their presentation on Education Day of the Centennial Celebration of blankets to the football team. Twelve beautiful fleecy blue blankets with a white B in the center were given to the team in the name of the college women, by Miss Graydon.

She said: "Your victories and your defeats are ours. Your struggles and your self-denial and your honor, we hold in grateful esteem. As a small token of our gratitude we present to you these blankets. May the White and Blue ever wave through your effort in deserved triumph!"

To which Mr. Thomas replied in accepting the gift of the girls that he knew the boys would fight the harder for such kind appreciation, and hold in ever higher esteem and honor the Blue and the White.

Whereupon a hearty 'Rah-'Rah-'Rah was given the girls and Miss Graydon.

We are happy to add since going to press the score of the Butler-Earlham game on October 14—28 to 0, in favor of Butler.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

September 30—Kentucky State at Lexington.
October 14—Earlham at Indianapolis
October 21—Wabash at Crawfordsville.
October 28—Louisville University at Louisville.
November 4—DePauw at Greencastle.
November 11—Franklin at Indianapolis.
November 18—Rose Polytechnic at Indianapolis.

Changes in the Faculty

Professor John S. Harrison has arrived and has taken possession of the Demia Butler Chair of English. He impresses pleasantly those with whom he comes in contact. His courses are attractive and his recitation room is filled.

The Quarterly greets Mr. Harrison most cordially, congratulating both the college and him upon his removal into our midst. He and his family are living at 323 North Audubon Road. It is suggested that the alumni extend a cordial hand and make these new friends at home.

Miss Corinne Welling, '12, is supplying the place of Miss Butler, '93, during her year of study at Columbia University. Since receiving her A. B. from Butler, Miss Welling has taken her A. M. from Radcliffe. She has had experience in teaching at Hiram College and at various high schools in Indiana, and it is with grati-

fication the Quarterly sees Miss Welling return to serve her Alma Mater.

A Course in Modern Drama

The Quarterly is pleased to announce the course in the Modern Drama to be given by Mr. Tarkington Baker, of The Indianapolis News. This course is given under the auspices of the Alumni Association, associated with the Department of English. It is one of the valuable and enjoyable opportunities which undergraduates and town people may share.

The plays studied will be those by the leading playwrights of the last quarter of a century—continental, English, and American.

These plays will be examined and analyzed with the object in view of disclosing the fundamental differences between the principles of the art of the theater and of those governing the art of literature. To this end, the course will follow practical lines exclusively.

Broadly speaking, the lectures will begin with a brief survey of the history of the evolution of dramatic art and conduct the student to a knowledge of theatrical conditions as they exist to-day. How technic has changed to meet changing conditions, and how conditions, in turn, have changed to meet changing technic, will be explained during the progress of the course.

Plays will be considered individually, the course in this respect embracing comprehensive lectures on Ibsen, Shaw, Jones, Pinero, and various French dramatists whose plays have been successfully translated to the English-speaking stage. The field of American drama will be more exhaustively treated.

Emphasis should be laid on the fact that the subject will be treated in a practical rather than in an academic manner. It is intended to give the students detailed knowledge of drama as a separate and individual art, with its own laws and principles, that they may become better spectators, to their own advantage and to that of the theater itself, and to give those who may have some intention of associating themselves with the theater—as manager, producer, playwright, or player—an intimate knowledge of the playhouse and its requirements and demands.

The class will meet once a week through the entire college year

of 1916-'17, at 8 o'clock on Friday evenings at Butler College. Fee for the entire course, $6, payable in two installments.

Inquiries may be made of, and fees will be payable to, Miss Katharine Graydon, Butler College.

At the Des Moines Convention

At the recent International Missionary Convention of the Disciples of Christ, held in Des Moines, Iowa, October 9-15, a Butler College dinner was given at Younker Brothers' tea-room on Thursday evening, October 12. About sixty of the alumni and friends of the college were present. It was a time of joy and of happy reminiscence. Brief but enthusiastic and loyal speeches were made by Professor C. E. Underwood, '03, on behalf of the faculty; Rev. A. B. Philputt on behalf of the Board of Directors; Rev. F. E. Smith, of Muncie, on behalf of the ministers of the State; Rev. David Rioch, '98, of India, and Rev. George Brewster, of California, on behalf of the alumni; and Rev. R. H. Miller, of the Men and Millions Movement. Professor W. C. Morro acted as toastmaster. A telegram from President Howe, '89, was read.

Butler College was well represented on the program of this convention. Two of the directors, Rev. A. B. Philputt and Rev. W. H. Book, gave important addresses; Professors C. E. Underwood and W. C. Morro, of the faculty, were also on the program; Rev. M. M. Amunson, '05, of New York, presented the report of an important commission, that on foreign relations; Rev. C. M. Fillmore, '90, of Indianapolis, and Rev. C. L. Goodnight, '06, of Pennsylvania, had papers in an important symposium; and President H. O. Pritchard, '02, gave one of the addresses at the closing session. Rev. C. M. Fillmore was the recording secretary of the foreign society and Mrs. W. S. Moffett was elected treasurer of the C. W. B. M.

Alumni Luncheon

The alumni who attend the State Teachers' Association on October 26, 27, 28 at Indianapolis are asked to reserve Friday noon to lunch together at the University Club. Requests for reservations must previously be sent to Professor Coleman, Butler College. Plates, seventy-five cents. It is hoped a large number will be present at 12 o'clock.

Personal Mention

Dr. Henry Jameson, '69, spent his vacation in Alaska.

Karl S. Means, '14, is teaching chemistry in the Kokomo high school.

Justus W. Paul, '15, is teaching mathematics in a high school at Detroit.

Miss Irene Hunt, '10, is teaching in the Indianapolis public schools.

Miss Mary Parker, '14, is spending the autumn at Denver, Colorado.

Robert Buck, '14, is pursuing his study of comparative literature at Harvard.

Robert J. McKay, '10, is now living at Sudbury, Ontario, where he is an analytical chemist.

H. N. Rogers, ex-, and family, now living at Laurel, Mississippi, spent August in Indianapolis.

Miss Lois M. Kile, '09, is enrolled at the University of Chicago as student of domestic science.

Two sons of Hilton U. Brown, '81, enlisted in Battery A, Indiana Artillery, are stationed on the Border.

Miss Ruth Cunningham, '15, is teaching Spanish at the Emerich Manual Training High School of Indianapolis.

Elbert H. Clarke, '09, is spending the year at the University of Chicago, where he expects to complete his work for the Ph. D. degree.

Jasper Newton Jessup, '90, has accepted a call to the Magnolia Avenue Christian Church, Los Angeles, California, and will begin his new pastorate on November 1.

Walter S. Kidd, ex-, sends to us a kindly remembrance. Mr. Kidd is living at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, where he is president of the Kidd Drawn Steel Company.

Miss Ruth Densford, '15, is teaching mathematics and German in the high school of De Soto, Indiana.

Miss Elizabeth Brayton, '09, is teaching English at the Shortridge High School, and Miss Ruth Allerdice, '06, physiography at the same place.

Clarence L. Boyle, '80, and Mrs. Boyle drove through Irvington in their automobile last summer, viewing old scenes and looking up friends of former days.

The Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy to Mr. George W. Galvin, ex-, to Mrs. R. F. Davidson, '94, and to Mrs. Mansur Oakes, '95, in the death of Mrs. Galvin.

On the evening of September 22 the contemporary alumni and friends of H. S. Schell, '90, gathered at his home to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his arrival in Irvington.

Edward C. Ploenges, '15, received his master's degree from the University of Michigan last June. He is now teaching mathematics and also directing the athletics in the high school at Newberry, Michigan.

Among the new MacMillan books is "Elements of Analytic Geometry," by Alexander Ziwet and Louis Allen Hopkins. Professor Hopkins, '06, is now instructor in mathematics in the University of Michigan.

E. W. Gans, '87, spent the summer in Irvington, having with him his daughter, Miss Mary. In August Mr. Gans and Miss Gans accompanied President Howe and daughter Charlotte on a fishing trip to Georgian Bay.

Fred Jacobs, '16, has gone to New Haven for the academic year. The Butler boys now working in the Yale School of Religion are Fred Jacobs, '16; R. A. MacLeod, '14; Hugh Shields, '15; Clarence Reidenbach, '12, and Andrew Leitch, '11.

Matriculation day saw ushered into the Freshman class a son of David Rioch, '98—David; a son of E. D. Kingsbury, ex-'90—George; a son of J. B. Pearcy, '88—Robert; a son of W. F. Lacey, '92—Albert; a son of H. U. Brown, '80—Archibald.

Rumors have reached The Quarterly of the preparations already on foot for the celebration next June of the class of 1912.

David Rioch, '98, is home on a furlough from India. He and his family will spend the winter in Irvington. The college friends anticipate much pleasure from their presence in the community.

The illness of Hilton U. Brown, '80, has caused much regret in the community. Mr. Brown is too necessary to too many people to be laid by without great loss. The Quarterly sends its sympathy to him, hoping the convalescence will be rapid and complete.

Professor M. B. Anderson, formerly of the French department of the college, has sent a poem of his own composition entitled, "The Great Refusal—a War Poem":

"Would that my song, of woeful burden,
Might, like the legendary lance,
Pierce joint and marrow; then, perchance,
Touch and impart the healing guerdon."

The receipts from this poem are to be sent to the "French Wounded Emergency Fund." Professor Anderson, now retired, is living at Florence, Italy.

Directory of Class of '16

Elma Alexander, Teacher of History, Fountain City, Indiana.
Amy Banes, Teacher of History and German, Malvern, Iowa.
Kenneth Barr, with Studebaker Corporation, Indianapolis.
Dorothy Bowser, Teacher of Physics and Chemistry, Greenfield, Indiana.
Newton Browder, Student, Harvard Medical School.
Edith Cooper, at Home.
Marjorie Curme, at Home.
Alice Dunn, Graduate Student, Indiana University.
Edith Eickhoff, Teacher of German, Kokomo, Indiana.
Georgia Fillmore, Y. W. C. A., Indianapolis.
C. M. Gordon, Graduate Student, Harvard.
W. E. Hacker, Columbus, Indiana.
Verna Harris, Teacher of Mathematics, Linden, Indiana.

Frieda Hazeltine, Journalist, Kokomo.
Annette Hedges, Librarian, Indianapolis.
Floyd Huff, Graduate Student, Washington State University.
Louise Hughel, Librarian, Indianapolis.
Gladys Hurst, Teacher, Cuzco, Indiana.
Fred Jacobs, Graduate Student, Yale University.
Katharine Jameson, Graduate Student, Radcliffe College.
Charles Karabell, Business Man.
Louis Kirkhoff, Business Man.
Vera Koehring, Teacher of English and History, Tocsin, Indiana.
Carey McCallum, Teacher in Brooks School for Boys, Indianapolis.
Ralph McClain, with Swan-Meyers Chemical Works, Indianapolis.
Johanna Mueller, Graduate Student, Indiana University.
Francis Payne, Student of Assaying, Salt Lake City.
Louise Rau, Student at Business College, Indianapolis.
Alberta Reed, Teacher of English and Music, Cambridge City, Indiana.
Stanley Sellick, Assistant to Secretary of Butler College.
Lucile Sharritt, at Home.
Elavina Stammel, Teacher in Indianapolis Public Schools.
Irma Stone, Graduate Student, Radcliffe College.
Irma Weyerbacher, Teacher of German and English, Monticello, Indiana.
Miriam Wilson, Graduate Student, The University of Chicago.
Fred Wolff, Preacher, Liberty, Indiana.

Marriages

KEELING-HARVEY.—On July 7 were married at Indianapolis Halsey Keeling, ex-, and Miss Ruth Harvey, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Keeling are living at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

LETT-BENNETT.—On July 25 were married at Richmond, Indiana, Harry F. Lett, '15, and Miss Ethel Bennett, '13. Mr. and Mrs. Lett are living at Poseyville, Indiana.

HEROLD-BROWN.—On August 12 were married in New York City Don Herold and Miss Katherine Brown, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Herold are living at New York.

COFFIN-BOWSER.—On September 3 were married in Indianapolis William Coffin and Miss Gladys Bowser, '15. Mr. and Mrs. Coffin are living at Cincinnati, Ohio.

TALBERT-STILZ.—On September 5 were married in Indianapolis at St. George's Church John William Talbert and Miss Mary Stilz, '12. Mr. and Mrs. Talbert are living at Cleveland, Ohio.

MORRISON-THORNTON.—On September 19 were married at the bride's home in Indianapolis, Herschell A. Morrison and Miss Cornelia Thornton, '14. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison are living at Moline, Illinois.

KLEIN-SELLERS.—On September 23 were married in Indianapolis George Klein and Miss Ethel Sellers, ex-'14. Mr. and Mrs. Klein are living in Indianapolis.

ELLIOTT-HOSS.—On September 23 were married at Kokomo, Indiana, Don F. Elliott and Miss Pauline Hoss, '14. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are living at Kokomo.

MARSHALL-CRITCHLOW.—On September 30 were married at Kokomo, Indiana, Claude Marshall and Miss Mary Critchlow, ex-'15. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall are living at Kokomo.

Births

UNGER.—To Mr. Wood Unger, '12, and Mrs. Unger, on April 29, at Mulberry, Indiana, a son—Herbert Enos.

BRAYTON.—To Mr. Alembert W. Brayton, II, ex-, and Mrs. Lucile Scott Brayton, ex-, on July 1, at Indianapolis, a son—Lee.

BAILEY.—To Mr. Maxwell Bailey, ex-, and Mrs. Ellen McMurray Bailey, ex-, on July 21, at Valley City, North Dakota, a daughter—Aline Owsley.

DIETZ.—To Mr. Harry F. Dietz, '14, and Mrs. Dorothy Hills Dietz, ex-, on August 5, at Indianapolis, a son—Robert Hills.

MITCHELL.—To Mr. John F. Mitchell, Jr., '06, and Mrs. Mitchell, ex-, on October 2, at Greenfield, Indiana, a daughter—Jeanne Frances.

Deaths

WILEY.—Mrs. Katherine Eliza Brown Wiley, '62, died on August 2, at the summer home of her daughter, Mrs. William R. Waite, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio. To Professor W. H. Wiley, '64, and to his family the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

A friend has written the following sketch for the Quarterly:

Mrs. Wiley was the daughter of the late Mary Reeder and Professor Ryland T. Brown, who for some years filled the chair of natural sciences in the North Western Christian University, and was chemist-in-chief in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, during the administration of President Hayes.

Mrs. Wiley was born in Connersville, Indiana, March 31, 1843, and removed to Crawfordsville, Indiana, with her parents when a mere child. There she received her elementary education. Even then she showed an inherited taste for the scientific study to which her father devoted his life. Amongst other things, she made at that time a collection of the indigenous plants of Montgomery county, work remarkable, in so young a girl, for its thoroughness and its admirable arrangement.

She was a pupil of Miss Catharine Merrill, also memorably associated with Butler, and made the most of her scholarly instruction.

In 1858 she went with her family to Indianapolis, and entered North Western Christian University, where she was graduated in 1862, being especially proficient in Latin and German. She taught in a seminary for young women at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, during 1863-'64, then returned to Indianapolis, where she taught in the public schools for two years—the latter part of the time as principal of the fifth district. She joined the Central Christian Church in 1859 and became, to the close of her life, one of its most steadfast members; also teaching in the Sunday school for many years.

She was married to William H. Wiley, of the class of 1864, Butler, August 10, 1865, and moved immediately to Terre Haute where Professor Wiley began his long educational career, first as principal of the high school. They made that city their permanent home, Professor Wiley having served for more than forty years

with remarkable efficiency as superintendent of the Terre Haute schools, witnessing their development from small beginnings to a great and remarkably perfect system. To her husband, both within their well-ordered home and in his professional responsibilities, Mrs. Wiley was a source of constant encouragement and unfailing inspiration.

Two children were born to them, Walter Brown Wiley, chemist-in-chief of the Illinois Steel Corporation in Chicago, and Mrs. William R. Waite, of Cleveland, Ohio, and, as with every other duty that devolved upon her, Mrs. Wiley looked most carefully after their education and training, emphasizing precept by conscientious personal example.

Mrs. Wiley was a charter member of the Terre Haute Woman's Club, one of the first woman's clubs in the State. She was for some time its president, and was instrumental in founding the Terre Haute Public Library.

After the marriage of her children, when she had greater leisure, she turned her attention more generally to important public work, at no neglect, however, to her home duties. Although naturally of a very retiring and diffident nature, she brought to her new responsibilities the same unobstrusive ability that characterized all that she undertook. One of her associates said of her after her death: "Mrs. Wiley was usually the last to speak. But when she did speak we listened—and heeded her good counsel."

She was president of the Terre Haute Y. W. C. A. where there has been a peculiar need for such an institution, taking a deep and sincere interest in the scores of young women who have been so well cared for under its roof. For the past eight years she served as its secretary and lived to see the fine building it now occupies completed at a cost of $40,000, freed from debt, and made self-supporting.

She was also a charter member of the Day Nursery, one of its directors from its inception, and secretary of this institution, also, during the time when funds for a home were being raised, and its president during the past ten years. Under her administration, again a new and beautiful home was built, to meet the growing demands of the work, and this too, free from all indebtedness, stands,

in great part, a monument to her zeal, labor, and wonderful executive ability.

Mrs. Wiley was a woman of great personal attractions, of innate refinement, with remarkable force of intellect and character. She was widely read, a lover, always, of the best literature, and with a keen sense of humor that saved her from any suspicion of pedantry. Her literary taste was as unerring as was her taste in all else that concerned her.

She was one of the charter members of the Terre Haute Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, tracing her ancestry, from both parents, through a long line of Revolutionary patriots and soldiers; on the paternal side from Mary Ball, the niece and namesake of Washington's mother, and from George Brown, of Virginia, who raised and equipped a company of militia at his own expense and went to the aid of Washington at Yorktown. On her mother's side she was descended from the Van Cleves of New Jersey, who took part in the battle of Monmouth, and whose sons were the founders of Dayton, Ohio. For the services of Thomas Brown at Yorktown he was given a grant of land in Kentucky, whence the family emigrated to Indiana.

Mrs. Wiley's connection with Butler College was rather remarkable. One of her earliest teachers, Miss Merrill, was afterward a distinguished member of its faculty; her father also a member of the faculty. Her brother-in-law, the late Robert Kennedy Krout, was tutor of Latin in the academy that preceded the regularly organized preparatory department; she herself a member of the alumnae; her husband a graduate of the class of 1864, and her great niece, the late Dr. Jane Elizabeth Bigelow, for whose untimely death she never ceased to mourn, a graduate of the class of 1907.

It may be truly said of Mrs. Wiley that her life was nobly lived and beautifully rounded to its close—a long record of varied and exacting duties, well performed. She merited, peculiarly, that eloquent tribute wherein is recorded the virtues of exalted womanhood:

"Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates."

ORR.—Bertha Orr, a former student, died on August 20 in Indianapolis and two days later was buried from her home in Greenfield, Indiana.

What joy like that to man when borne by the tide of fortune, his proud craft cuts the foam of summer seas, bearing with him the sacred burden of love and hope; but sorrow comes and summer seas are changed to some low dismal shore, where, under laden skies the bittern's cry is heard, while far along this barren beach is seen the hull of some lone, long stranded ship.

To Bertha Orr was given the joy of the morning. Fair as the new-blown rose she faced the rising sun. Life held for her rich prospect. Hers was a mind clear and strong and hers a heart as chaste as the falling snow. Charming she was in manner and gifted in the graces of kindliness and good cheer. All gave promise of a long summer day of womanhood, but the shadows fell ere noon was struck. The loss of a father threw upon her responsibilities too heavy for her tender years. How she grappled with business affairs; how she toiled that the brothers she loved might pursue the studies from which she had been cut off—this tells in part the story of the sacrifice of a noble life. The body weakened, the mind wandered and through long months she lived in the shadows where the kindly light of reason is turned low. But the heart betrayed not its sacred trust. When all else failed, the angel of His presence encamped 'round about her. Her childhood prayer she still said when the evening stars looked in upon her, through windows which barred her from her promised place in the world's thinking and the world's work. Hers was religion, pure and undefiled.

The stranded ship may sail the seas no more, but faith takes the wings of the morning, Hope springs eternal, and "Love can never lose its own."

These things that abide shall be her joy and her crown on the morrow which shadows shall never darken. To those who knew her, the memory of Bertha Orr will ever remain a benediction.

B. F. DAILEY, '87.

HARRIS.—Addison C. Harris, '62, died at his home in Indianapolis on September 2, and was buried at Crown Hill.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Addison Clay Harris, lawyer, was born in Wayne county, Indiana, October 1, 1840, son of Branson Lewis and Martha Young Harris. The family is said to have resided originally in Cornwall, England. It is known that the ancestors were living in Wales when George Fox established the Society of Friends in that country. Obadiah Harris emigrated from Wales and made his home in a Quaker community in Guilford county, North Carolina. He was one of the charter members of the Quaker society established there and known as the "New Garden Meeting." He was a preacher in the Quaker church. At that time many Quakers held slaves in that State. One of his sons, Benjamin, owned a plantation which he cultivated with slave labor. About the first of the nineteenth century the Quakers throughout the South, and particularly in North Carolina, came to have the conviction that it was contrary to the will of God for one man to hold another in bondage; and they set about to free their slaves. By the law of that State a slave-holder could not manumit his slaves, and so to accomplish this they must go elsewhere for that purpose.

By the Act of Congress known as the Ordinance of 1787 it was provided that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude" in all that country northwest of the river Ohio and which had come to be the property of the United States through the conquest of George Rogers Clark during the Revolutionary War. For this reason Benjamin Harris, at the age of fifty-two, disposed of all his property in North Carolina and brought his slaves and family to this Northwest Territory, settling his slaves on lands provided by him for them and establishing a home for himself and family in the wild forest in what is now Wayne county, Indiana, near to the town of Richmond, which had been laid out and established by Quakers emigrating from North Carolina. He and other Quakers established a Society of Friends a few miles north of Richmond, named and still known as the "New Garden Meet-

ing." His father and other members of the family soon thereafter also came to Indiana and were members of that meeting.

Indiana Territory at that time, while sparsely settled, was increasing in population by emigrants from the South seeking homes in a land where there was no slavery; but to make sure of this purpose, a movement was set on foot to create a State government to be admitted into the Union as a free State. Nothwithstanding the Ordinance, many of the inhabitants of Indiana Territory along the Ohio river wanted to make this a slave State, on the ground that it would add to and increase the development of the country. The Quakers, with others, resisted this with great earnestness. Benjamin Harris and other Quakers from that community paid a visit to General William H. Harrison, then Governor of the Territory, trying to induce him to cooperate with them in making this a free State. Finally, in 1816 Congress authorized the people of the Territory to choose delegates and form a State Constitution and State government for themselves. This was followed by an exciting campaign throughout the Territory for the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. The free State people carried the election, the convention sat at Corydon in 1816 and adopted a Constitution which declared that there never should be slavery in this State.

The Quakers in the early history of the Territory and State settled in neighborhoods around a Quaker church, near which they always provided a schoolhouse wherein they maintained school for instructing the youth in the doctrines of their faith as well as other things. In early times these Quaker schools throughout the State were far in advance of the ordinary school provided by the State.

In his youth the subject of this sketch attended one of these Quaker schools as well as the Quaker church, which were adjacent to his father's farm. At the age of twenty he entered the junior class of the North Western Christian University, at Indianapolis, and graduated at the age of twenty-two. As was customary, he then taught school for a time and read law when not employed at the school. He then became a student in the Law School of the university under the tuition of Judge Samuel E. Perkins, then

and for many years one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Indiana. On receiving his law degree, on the recommendation of the judge, he was at once admitted to the bar, both of the Supreme and Federal Courts in Indiana, and began the practice of his profession in 1865 in the city of Indianapolis, where he has since resided, devoting himself exclusively to civil jurisprudence as distinguished from criminal law.

In a few years a movement arose throughout the State to amend the Constitution in some needed essentials, in which he took an active part and was elected to the State Senate and became a member of the committee having this matter in charge. He framed and introduced, among others, the provision limiting the powers of counties and cities to create municipal indebtedness, and also in providing needed reform in the judicial system, elections, and other needs of the times. On the submission of the proposed amendments to the people, they received the support of a majority of the voters voting thereon, but not a majority of all the electors in the State. A question then arose at once whether they were legally adopted in compliance with the provision of the State Constitution concerning amendments. This question came before the Supreme Court of the State in the case of State v. Swift (69 Ind. 505). Mr. Harris was selected as one of the counsel advocating the adoption of the amendments. The question came to assume a political complexion, as one of the amendments sought to destroy the existing practice prevailing of moving voters from one county to another just before an election to secure a party advantage. The members of the court were divided in opinion. A majority held that the amendments had neither been adopted nor defeated and therefore, were subject to resubmission to the people. This led to a State-wide discussion of constitutional law in the campaign following, when the amendments were adopted and became and remain a part of the Constitution of the State.

Thenceforth Mr. Harris was known as a lawyer familiar with questions involving constitutional or statutory law, and the reports of the State are replete with cases of this character in which he was counsel. One of the most important cases of this character is that of Dye v. Marshall, Governor (178 Ind. p. 336), and

which involved the question whether the legislature of an American State under our form of government has the power on its own initiative to frame and present to the people for adoption a new Constitution; or whether that must be done through a constitutional convention chosen by the people for that purpose. In 1911 the legislature, on its own initiative, framed and by an act assumed to submit a new Constitution to the electors, in which provision was sought to be made to overthrow the representative system of legislation by a legislature, and substitute in its stead the method of enacting laws by direct vote, known as the initiative and referendum.

Mr. Harris was invited by the legislature to discuss this question, and took the ground that the method proposed was destructive to the American system of representative government. Nevertheless, owing to political conditions, the act was passed in which was embodied the proposed new Constitution to be submitted to the people at the next general election. Immediately upon the passage of the act, Mr. Harris brought an action against the Governor of the State and other State officers charged with the duty of providing for and canvassing the vote, to enjoin the submission on the ground that the act was in violation of the fundamental principles of representative government and in conflict with certain provisions of the Constitution of the State. This was perhaps the most important case of a public nature ever brought in the State of Indiana. The Ordinance of 1787 declared that the State governments to be thereafter formed on the land known as the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio, and which had come to the United States through what is known as the Conquest of George Rogers Clark, should be republican. And the Act of Congress of April 19, 1816, authorizing the formation of the State of Indiana, provided that the form of government "shall be republican, and not repugnant" to the Ordinance mentioned. Mr. Harris maintained that a legislative department for the passage of all laws was an essential part of a republican state formed under the Ordinance, and that legislation by the initiative and referendum was opposed and destructive to this form of republican government. In this contention he was sustained first by the trial court

and afterward on appeal to the Supreme Court, where it was upheld that the legislature of Indiana was impotent to supplant or destroy constitutional republican government. The Governor and others unsuccessfully appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States (Marshall, Governor, v. Dye, 231 U. S. 250).

Mr. Harris during his professional life has been actively engaged in cases both in State and Federal Courts of the Circuit and Supreme Court of the United States. At the same time he has always taken an active part in the reform of jurisprudence and has framed many statutes found in the laws of the State, some of which may be mentioned: The Married Woman's Act; laws regulating elections, private banking, employers' liability, reforming the methods of transacting county and township business, and many others of a public nature.

In 1899 he was appointed by President McKinley, Minister to Austria-Hungary, and resided for three years in Vienna. He then, of his own volition, returned to the work of his profession. While absent, he studied international law and since has given much attention to this branch of jurisprudence, as well as pursuing the general work of his profession.

Mr. Harris is a charter member of the State Bar Association of Indiana and of the Indianapolis Bar Association, and has been president of each; he is president of the Indiana Law School, and also president of the board of trustees of Purdue University; a member of the State Historical Society, the Columbia Club, the Indianapolis Literary Club, and various charitable organizations.

He was married on May 14, 1866, to Indiana Crago, of Connersville, Indiana, who is likewise a graduate of the same university as himself and devotes her life to charitable work.

The following resolution was presented at the memorial meeting of the Indianapolis Bar Association:

"Addison Clay Harris was born in Wayne county, Indiana, on October 1, 1840. He was of Quaker pioneer stock, and received his early training in a Quaker school near Richmond. He was graduated at the North Western Christian University, now Butler

College, in 1862. He studied law at home and in the office of Barbour & Howland, in Indianapolis, and attended law lectures by Samuel E. Perkins, then judge of the Supreme Court. His preceptors and Judge Perkins were attracted by his evident talent, and took an interest in his advancement. His first case, like many of his later cases, was one of unusual dramatic interest, and came to him through Judge Perkins's recommendation and because he was able to understand the German language. Judge Howland is said to have been the means of bringing about his partnership with John T. Dye. The firm of Dye & Harris, like a true law partnership, became an intimate personal friendship. The partnership continued for seventeen years and until the demand of the railway interests compelled Mr. Dye to retire from the general practice, but the friendship lasted until Mr. Dye's death in 1913. Mr. Dye's keenness of mind and Mr. Harris's resourcefulness and forcefulness soon won for the firm a conspicuous place in a bar that was then under the brilliant leadership of Abram W. Hendricks, Thomas A. Hendricks, Joseph E. McDonald, John M. Butler, and Benjamin Harrison—all lawyers of national repute.

"After the dissolution of the firm Mr. Harris was for a short time associated with William H. Calkins, after which he continued the practice alone in Indianapolis and throughout the State, appearing in later years only in more important litigation and in the conduct of cases involving political and public questions, but practicing his chosen profession until the very end of his life. He died at Indianapolis on September 2, 1916.

"He was a charter member of the Indianapolis Bar Association in 1878, and of the Indiana State Bar Association in 1896, and was active in the organization and maintenance of both institutions. He was president of the Indianapolis Bar Association in 1890 and of the State Bar Association in 1904.

"Mr. Harris was always a friend of education, and supported Butler University with his interest and with gifts. He was a trustee of Purdue University. He was a subscriber to the Technical Institute. In 1894 he joined with Byron K. Elliott, William Pinckney Fishback, John R. Wilson, and William C. Bobbs in establishing the Indiana Law School, and except during his three

years' absence abroad as ambassador to Vienna, he has taught continuously since that year in the law school, served on its board of trustees, and given liberally of his time and means to its support. No less than a thousand of the younger lawyers of Indiana and the neighboring States acknowledge their debt to him for their opportunity to study law and for the inspiration and enthusiasm he has imparted to them in the pursuit of their profession.

"More than this, he gave not only his time and talent and encouragement, but in many instances contributed liberally of his own means to the education of young men.

"Mr. Harris's best work at the bar was in argument. He was a brilliant advocate. In his review of the facts and his presentation of his conclusions he was impressive and convincing. He took an emotional interest in his client's case and often showed it, and he succeeded in commanding the sympathy of the juror as well as in convincing his reason. He was no less potent when he arrayed before the court the reasons for his contention and the principles and authorities which supported it.

"Mr. Harris was a student of politics and history. The events of the past were real to him, and, in his treatment of constitutional questions particularly he made effective use of human experience as recorded in history and stored in his own remarkably retentive memory.

"He was a publicist. With the notion, not altogether modern, that all the wrongs of society can be righted by enacting more laws and that human nature can be made honest and kind and just by amending the Constitution, he had no patience. Learned in his country's history and wise in the experience of men, he felt it his duty to uphold the social equilibrium and prevent the mischiefs that follow in the train of radicalism. When the effort was made to create a new State Constitution by a 'short cut' he called to his help his old-time partner and friend, John T. Dye, and instituted and prosecuted his assault upon the measure to a successful end. When agitators began the movement to substitute for representative government the program of direct legislation by the initiative and referendum, Mr. Harris took an active part in resisting what he deemed to be a violation of the essential

principles of our Constitution. He even had the courage to try to convince the people of Wisconsin in an address before the State Bar Association of that State that direct legislation is unconstitutional. When the proposal was made to recall a judicial decision by popular vote his voice was raised at once in earnest and mighty protest.

"And yet he was not an obstructionist. His splendid service in preparing the way for a workmen's compensation law in Indiana is not forgotten. His sympathy for working men and his intelligent efforts to insure to them a constitutional and wise compensation law gave them a statute that will afford them permanent protection against the tragic results of occupational injuries. In the same thoroughgoing spirit he was engaged at the time of his death in preparing a much needed general highway law. We can not overvalue the services of the lawyer who knows the evils of ill-considered and unconsidered legislation, and has the patience and the ability to watch and direct and achieve the enactment of wise and valid laws in which his interest is the public good.

"Questions involving the public good aroused his deep interest and commanded his generous service. This was true whether they arose in the legislature or in the courts. A fugitive from British justice seeking refuge in Indiana against a life imprisonment for a political offense found in Addison C. Harris an earnest advocate to assert his rights in the extradition courts without other hope of reward than the satisfaction of having done what is generous and won the gratitude of the friendless. It was not unusual for Mr. Harris to volunteer in a case if he felt he could serve justice. Another instance will suffice. Mr. Harris had made a substantial contribution to the Winona Technical Institute, and when an effort was made to defeat the purposes of the donation and have the property returned to the donors or diverted to other uses, he gave his services freely to prevent the purpose of his own gift from failing and the money from reverting to him, and for many years fought valiantly for the public good and against his personal interest to save the school from dissolution.

"Despite his interest in public questions and his devotion to the advancement of the political party to which he adhered, Addison

Clay Harris will be remembered as a lawyer whose heart was early given to his chosen profession. His always broadening culture grew chiefly along the lines of jurisprudence. His interest in encouraging and helping young men had a quality almost paternal and his generous service to the community made him in a peculiar and distinctive sense a public character whose death impresses the State with a sense of real loss. To the bar of Indiana the memory of his life and achievements will remain a possession to be valued and preserved.

"We who have known him best in his chosen profession note with sorrow his passing and extend our sympathy to his household."

Of Mr. Harris the Reverend A. B. Philputt said:

"He loved Indiana, her people, her streams, her forests. He loved his fellow-men. The poor he remembered, and he gave to charities with open and liberal hands. He loved worthy young men and helped many of them to get an education. He was interested in schools, and out of his private means was instrumental in establishing and helping to maintain, through a series of years, a law school of high rank in this city that young men might have an opportunity of preparing for the profession which he loved. Born on a farm, he loved the farm and knew the value and possibilities of agriculture. He was a trustee of Purdue University. His interest in that great institution centered almost wholly in its agricultural department.

"Mr. Harris was a man of the people; not a high-brow, nor a man who sought to play up his greatness. Nor did he wear his heart on his sleeve. He always kept his dignity. He was a man simple in his ways, his dress, and his speech, but he was not easy to talk to unless one had something to say. He loved the genuine in speech and action. For falsehood and make-believe he had a profound contempt. He gave the best and all that was in him to his profession. He had a conscience for the law and attained the highest rung in the ladder of fame as a great constitutional lawyer."

Our Correspondence

A FRIEND.—The Alumni Quarterly of last October brought me much pleasure. The little article upon Dr. James Murray and the Nantucket story are most interesting. Through it all there is a splendidly high tone. I wish so fine a thing might be done for our Oahu College.

Many letters are received from the alumni appreciative of the Quarterly and grateful for the news of the college which comes through its pages. Such letters are compensation for all efforts. If there be one wish the editor entertains, it is that the alumni feel more desirous of adding to the interest and value of the magazine by sending some expression in form of article, or personal news, or of letter. It has been hoped that some word relative to the college, pro or con, might appear on these pages, some statement or suggestion helpful for those of us on the firing line. The Quarterly is the voice of the *alumni*. We invite your discussion. We need your help.

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar for 1916-'17, is due October 1. Will you kindly remit as soon as possible to the treasurer.

CHARLES E. UNDERWOOD,
Butler College, Indianapolis.

Edward J. Hecker

Printer

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Butler Alumnal Quarterly

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The Class of 1862

BY DEMARCHUS C. BROWN

Does it seem a long time ago, 1862? Fifty-four years—more than half a century. And yet until a few months since, four members of that class were living, and two are still alive. Two have died recently, Mrs. W. H. Wiley (C. Eliza Brown) in August, 1916, and Addison C. Harris in September, 1916.

The year 1862 was a season of storm and stress. Young men were enlisting and starting for the front. Families were in sorrow by reason of separation and death. Yet the little Western college continued its work. Nine were graduated in the class of this year, a large number for those days. Two of these passed away a few years after their graduation. John T. Jackson was the first. He died in 1866 at Leighton, Iowa. The following is taken from the scrapbook of Mrs. Jackson:

"John Tyler Jackson was born October 1, 1840, in Iowa, married Miss Mary Alice Barbour, of Indianapolis, on October 20, 1864. The following memorial was read at the Marion Civil Circuit Court, Hon. John Coburn, Judge, by Mr. John L. Ketcham: 'The Indianapolis Bar is again called upon to record the death of one of its members, John T. Jackson, Esq. Brother Jackson was a young man just fully entering upon the active labors of his profession and gave excellent promise of success. He was well and accurately read in the books, had a clear and discriminating mind, an earnest ardor in his cases, and managed them with more than ordinary ability. And the bar bear cheerful testimony of his urbanity and gentlemanly bearing in his profession, and tender to his young widow and the family their warmest sympathy for their great loss.

"'Resolved, That six members of the bar of Indianapolis be appointed by the Court to tender their services to the family of the deceased, to officiate as pall bearers, and that the Court be adjourned till to-morrow morning to enable the members of the bar to attend the funeral of Brother Jackson this afternoon.' The Court, therefore, appointed Benjamin Harrison, George Carter, John T. Dye, A. C. Harris, William P. Fishback, and H. C. Guffin. Subsequently addresses were made by Hon. J. W. Gordon, Judge Wick, W. P. Fishback, A. G. Porter, and others, expressive of the many high qualities of head and heart of the deceased. The meeting was by all present pronounced one of the most feeling and impressive they had ever witnessed.

"'A great and good man has left us. He never was inadequate to a task assigned him. With a well-stored mind, clear and accurate views, and an honest intention which he brought to bear upon every duty, he acquitted himself and commended his work to the approval of all. In goodness of heart, fidelity to truth and all trusts, and honesty in all his dealing, he filled the measure of a Christian. He stood in the ranks of the honest lawyers, and now he has passed away and gone to the fruition of his labors. The news of his departure came like a flash of lightning. His memory, to those who knew him and had been the recipients of his kindness, will remain a sweet incense, and will give forth the fragrance upon every mention of his name, and lend a sanctity to all his memorials.'"

The second to die was Demia Butler, October 26, 1867, at Indianapolis. I quote from one who knew her intimately:

"Her name appears in the first catalogue issued by the college, which was for 1855-'56. At this time there was a primary school for children conducted in connection with the preparatory department.

"In the years following, 1856-'57 and 1857-'58, she is classed in the preparatory department, and in 1858-'59 in the freshman, in 1859-'60 in the sophomore, in 1860-'61 in the junior, and in 1861-'62 in the senior. During these years a marked line of distinction was drawn between the boys and girls. The latter were classed as 'females' and their names given always in separate lists.

"Originally, too, there was a 'female course of study provided

for the weaker sex.' Demia Butler was the first to break away from this, she taking the regular college course as provided for 'males.'

"Personal characteristics: Of small stature, upright figure, and dignified carriage; complexion pure red and white; eyes blue-gray; hair dark brown; expression of countenance quiet and earnest.

"A strong mind and an earnest nature, but a hidden strength and an earnestness that outward gaiety cloaked. She loved quiet and reading and meditation, but she sought, too, the excitement of society, and she was fitted for society. She loved her friends, but she was not one to tell them so. Her dark brown hair was smooth, but it curled, and there was the glint of fire in it. So she had two natures—there was calm in her eyes and storm in her heart. She lived but a year after her marriage. She was sore-stricken. Life had just begun for her but it must soon end. She was married in October of 1866. She died in October, 1867. The strong lines of her character came out in these last days.

"After her graduation she was anxious to be independent. Of her own free will she entered the Indianapolis Business College and took a complete commercial course. When she had received her diploma she applied for the position, and got it, of secretary of Butler University. This place she held for some time, delighting her father's heart, and herself happy in the thought that she was earning her living.

"Later she decided to make practical use of her accomplishments and went to Franklin, where she succeeded in forming a class in music. She had a number of pupils, and, receiving much encouragement from home, she enjoyed her work."

The other woman in the class of 1862 was C. Eliza Brown (Mrs. W. H. Wiley). As pointed out above, she lived much longer than her classmate, Demia Butler. Demia Butler had been dead virtually a half-century when Eliza Brown passed away in August, 1916. Fifty years is a long time in the life of an individual. Mrs. Wiley saw and took part in much during these years.

Mrs. Wiley was the daughter of Mary Reeder and Professor Ryland T. Brown, who for some years filled the chair of natural sciences in the North Western Christian University, and was chem-

ist-in-chief in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, during the administration of President Hayes.

Mrs. Wiley was born in Connersville, Indiana, March 31, 1843, and removed to Crawfordsville, Indiana, with her parents when a mere child. There she received her elementary education. Even then she showed an inherited taste for the scientific study to which her father devoted his life. Amongst other things, she made at that time a collection of the indigenous plants of Montgomery county, work remarkable in so young a girl for its thoroughness and its admirable arrangement.

In 1858 she went with her family to Indianapolis, and entered North Western Christian University, where she was graduated in 1862, being especially proficient in Latin and German. She taught in a seminary for young women at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, during 1863-'64, then returned to Indianapolis, where she taught in the public schools for two years, the latter part of the time as principal of the fifth district.

She was married to William H. Wiley, of the class of 1864, August 10, 1865, and moved immediately to Terre Haute, where Professor Wiley began his long educational career. They made that city their permanent home, Professor Wiley having served for more than forty years with remarkable efficiency as superintendent of the Terre Haute schools. Two children were born to them, Walter Brown Wiley, chemist-in-chief of the Illinois Steel Corporation, in Chicago, and Mrs. William R. Waite, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Wiley was a charter member of the Terre Haute Woman's Club, one of the first woman's clubs in the State. She was for some time its president, and was instrumental in founding the Terre Haute Public Library. She was president of the Terre Haute Y. W. C. A. For eight years she served as its secretary and lived to see the fine building it now occupies completed at a cost of $40,000, freed from debt, and made self-supporting.

She was also a charter member of the Day Nursery, one of its directors from its inception, and secretary of this institution, also, during the time when funds for a home were being raised, and its president during the past ten years. Under her administration,

again a new and beautiful home was built, to meet the growing demands of the work, and this, too, free from all indebtedness, stands in a great part a monument to her zeal, labor, and executive ability.

She was one of the charter members of the Terre Haute Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, tracing her ancestry, from both parents, through a long line of Revolutionary patriots and soldiers; on the paternal side from Mary Ball, the niece and namesake of Washington's mother, and from George Brown, of Virginia, who raised and equipped a company of militia at his own expense and went to the aid of Washington at Yorktown. On her mother's side she was descended from the Van Cleves of New Jersey, who took part in the battle of Monmouth, and whose sons were the founders of Dayton, Ohio. For the services of Thomas Brown at Yorktown he was given a grant of land in Kentucky, whence the family emigrated to Indiana.

Mrs. Wiley's connection with Butler College was rather remarkable. One of her earliest teachers, Miss Merrill, was afterward a distinguished member of its faculty; her father also was a member of the faculty. Her brother-in-law, the late Robert Kennedy Krout, was tutor of Latin in the academy that preceded the regularly organized preparatory department; she herself a member of the alumnae; her husband a graduate of the class of 1864, and her great niece, the late Dr. Jane Elizabeth Bigelow, for whose untimely death she never ceased to mourn, a graduate of the class of 1907.

Michael R. Buttz moved away from Indiana after his graduation, and therefore, only a few of the college people are familiar with his name. Some facts about his life and character have been secured from his relatives, and these we wish to preserve. "He was born at Liberty, Illinois, in August, 1839. He studied law after he was graduated, and, like many other college men, went to the front and served as a soldier. After practicing his profession at Quincy, Illinois, a short time, on account of ill-health he moved to Colorado and thence to Kansas near Birmingham. Injuries caused by a fall from a horse weakened him and he was not able to withstand the disease with which he was afflicted. He died in 1875, and lies buried at Liberty, Illinois. His friends always spoke

of him as an amiable, honorable man. He and his family were members of the Christian church."

Austin F. Denny went to Harvard and obtained the degree of LL.B. in 1868. On his return to Indianapolis he engaged in the practice of law. He has continued at his work with honor to himself and the community. He is a native of the soil, as he was born near Indianapolis, where his father lived. The family settled there in 1823, only seven years after the admission of the State into the Union. Mr. Denny's early education was secured in a country school and a Baptist academy near Cumberland. It was in 1855 that he entered the North Western Christian University. Like many boys of that early day, he taught school to help himself along. This was both before and after his graduation. The fact that he was ambitious to go East shows his desire to study beyond what was offered at home. Not many went East in that day. One of his friends says that the loss of an arm in his boyhood prevented his enlisting as a volunteer in the Civil War. The same friend speaks in warm terms of his ability to work, his judicial temperament, and his fairness to all men. He looks back with pleasant memories upon the days of his college career. The friends of the college always rejoice to see him at the reunions.

All the residents of the northern part of Indianapolis prior to 1890 were acquainted with the name of Bruce, the florist and agriculturalist. The writer distinctly remembers the Bruce homestead, situated on what is now Park avenue. It was beyond the corporate limits of Indianapolis and we hardly had visions of its becoming part of the city. This was the birthplace of James A. Bruce. His parents, George Bruce and Dovey Bruce, lived in this homestead at the time of his birth, September 27, 1839. There were no public schools then. Consequently James attended a private academy before entering the North Western Christian University, from which he was graduated in the class of 1862. He followed the custom and taught school before entering upon a business career. He married Margaret Thomson in 1865. His widow, two sons, and one daughter survive him. His death occurred December 13, 1892. He bore the name of a shrewd business man, careful, honorable, and charitable in his dealings with men.

A. C. Harris became the best known of the class of 1862, because of his appointment as U. S. Ambassador to Austria-Hungary by President McKinley in 1899.

Addison C. Harris, lawyer, was born in Wayne county, Indiana, October 1, 1840, son of Branson Lewis and Martha Young Harris, and died at his home in Indianapolis on September 2, 1916. The family is said to have resided originally in Cornwall, England. It is known that the ancestors were living in Wales when George Fox established the Society of Friends in that country. Obadiah Harris emigrated from Wales and made his home in a Quaker community in Guilford county, North Carolina. He was one of the charter members of the Quaker Society established there and known as the "New Garden Meeting." Benjamin Harris, at the age of fifty-two, disposed of all his property in North Carolina and brought his slaves and family to this Northwest Territory, settling his slaves on lands provided by him for them and establishing a home for himself and family in the wild forest in what is now Wayne county, Indiana, near the town of Richmond, which had been laid out and established by Quakers emigrating from North Carolina.

The Quakers in the early history of the Territory and State settled in neighborhoods around a Quaker church. At the age of twenty he entered the junior class of the North Western Christian University, at Indianapolis, and was graduated at the age of twenty-two. As was customary, he then taught school for a time and read law when not employed at the school. He then became a student in the Law School of the university under the tuition of Judge Samuel E. Perkins, then and for many years one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

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The following resolution was presented at the memorial meeting of the Indianapolis Bar Association:

"Addison Clay Harris was born in Wayne county, Indiana, on October 1, 1840. He was of Quaker pioneer stock, and received his early training in a Quaker school near Richmond. He was graduated at the North Western Christian University, now Butler College, in 1862. He studied law at home and in the office of Barbour & Howland, in Indianapolis, and attended law lectures by Samuel E. Perkins, then judge of the Supreme Court. His preceptors and Judge Perkins were attracted by his evident talent, and took an interest in his advancement. His first case, like many of his later cases, was one of unusual dramatic interest, and came to him through Judge Perkins's recommendation and because he was able to understand the German language. Judge Howland is said to have been the means of bringing about his partnership with John T. Dye. The partnership continued for seventeen years and until the demand of the railway interests compelled Mr. Dye to retire from the general practice, but the friendship lasted until Mr. Dye's death in 1913. Mr. Dye's keenness of mind and Mr. Harris's resourcefulness and forcefulness soon won for the firm a conspicuous place in a bar that was then under the brilliant leadership of Abram W. Hendricks, Thomas A. Hendricks, Joseph E. McDonald, John M. Butler, and Benjamin Harrison, all lawyers of national repute.

"After the dissolution of the firm Mr. Harris was for a short time associated with William H. Calkins, after which he continued the practice alone in Indianapolis and throughout the State, appearing in later years only in more important litigation and in the con-

duct of cases involving political and public questions, but practicing his chosen profession until the very end of his life. He died at Indianapolis on September 2, 1916.

"Mr. Harris was always a friend of education, and supported Butler University with his interest and with gifts. He was a subscriber to the Technical Institute. In 1914 he joined with Byron K. Elliott, William Pinckney Fishback, John R. Wilson, and William C. Bobbs in establishing the Indiana Law School and, except during his three years' absence abroad as ambassador to Vienna, he had taught continuously since that year in the law school, served on its board of trustees, and given liberally of his time and means to its support.

"Mr. Harris's best work at the bar was in argument. He was a brilliant advocate. In his review of the facts and his presentation of his conclusions he was impressive and convincing. He took an emotional interest in his client's case and often showed it, and he succeeded in commanding the sympathy of the juror as well as in convincing his reason. He was no less potent when he arrayed before the court the reasons for his contention and the principles and authorities which supported it.

"Mr. Harris was a student of politics and history. The events of the past were real to him, and in his treatment of constitutional questions particularly he made effective use of human experience as recorded in history and stored in his own remarkably retentive memory.

"He was a publicist. With the notion, not altogether modern, that all the wrongs of society can be righted by enacting more laws and that human nature can be made honest and kind and just by amending the Constitution, he had no patience. Learned in his country's history and wise in the experience of men, he felt it his duty to uphold the social equilibrium and prevent the mischiefs that follow in the train of radicalism.

"And yet he was not an obstructionist. His splendid service in preparing the way for a workmen's compensation law in Indiana is not forgotten. His sympathy for workingmen and his intelligent efforts to insure to them a constitutional and wise compensation law gave them a statute that will afford them permanent protection

against the tragic results of occupational injuries. In the same thoroughgoing spirit he was engaged at the time of his death in preparing a much needed general highway law.

"Questions involving the public good aroused his deep interest and commanded his generous service. This was true whether they arose in the Legislature or in the courts. A fugitive from British justice, seeking refuge in Indiana against a life imprisonment for a political offense, found in Addison C. Harris an earnest advocate to assert his rights in the extradition courts without other hope of reward than the satisfaction of having done what is generous. It was not unusual for Mr. Harris to volunteer in a case if he felt he could serve justice. This he did in the Winona Technical Institute case."

Of Mr. Harris the Rev. A. B. Philputt said:

"He loved Indiana, her people, her streams, her forests. He loved his fellow-men. The poor he remembered, and he gave to charities with open and liberal hands. He loved worthy young men and helped many of them to get an education. He was interested in schools, and out of his private means was instrumental in establishing and helping to maintain, through a series of years, a law school of high rank in this city that young men might have an opportunity of preparing for the profession which he loved. Born on a farm, he loved the farm and knew the value and possibilities of agriculture. He was a trustee of Purdue University. His interest in that great institution centered almost wholly in its agricultural department.

"Mr. Harris was a man of the people; not a high-brow, nor a man who sought to play up his greatness. Nor did he wear his heart on his sleeve. He always kept his dignity. He was a man simple in his ways, his dress and his speech, but he was not easy to talk to unless one had something to say. He loved the genuine in speech and action. For falsehood and make-believe he had a profound contempt. He gave the best and all that was in him to his profession. He had a conscience for the law and attained the highest rung in the ladder of fame as a great constitutional lawyer."

Alvin I. Hobbs was the only minister of the gospel in the class of 1862. He held pastorates in Richmond, Indiana; Detroit, Louis-

ville, Cincinnati, Bloomington, Illinois; Denver, and Des Moines. At the time of his death he was the head of the theological school of Drake University in Des Moines. Before entering college he had been a printer, and then had gone into mercantile pursuits, which he followed from 1851 to 1858. In 1862, after his graduation, he served as chaplain of the Sixty-ninth Indiana Infantry for about a year. He had a varied career as business man, student, soldier, minister, and educator. He was a member of the board of directors of Butler College for many years. He was born in Ripley county, Indiana, March 13, 1834. He married Rachel Logan in 1852. Three daughters were born to them, two of whom still survive—Mrs. George B. Peak and Mrs. Vesta H. Long.

At the time of his death, May 15, 1894, he was one of the best known ministers in Des Moines, as well as in the Disciples' brotherhood. He had been the president of the national convention of the church and was universally known and respected.

Two books on controversial subjects in theology were published by Mr. Hobbs — "Endless Punishment" and "The Divinity of Christ." Mr. Hobbs's friends always believed that he was one of the strongest defenders of the church and its doctrines. He was an orator of considerable power, and, as the writer remembers him, skilled in the defense of the church's position. He was one of the most prominent alumni of Butler College.

William H. Brevoort, of Vincennes, Indiana, in his modesty requests that nothing be said about him.

Two well-known men of Indianapolis were members of the class of 1862 during part of the course in college, but did not take their degrees—John H. Holliday, founder of *The Indianapolis News* and president of the Union Trust Company, and Henry C. Long, who died January 26, 1901. Mr. Holliday's interest in everything good is known to all. No citizen of Indiana is more highly regarded than John H. Holliday.

Henry C. Long amassed a large fortune in the lumber business and left most of it to establish a school for the higher education of women. The Union Trust Company is trustee of this fund. Public announcement of its work may soon be expected.

"Who Goes to College?"

By Ira W. Christian

A Memorial Day Address

That is a question propounded by a great educator and student of child life in America, and I feel that I can do no better service than to call your attention to the statement and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Of the 20,792,879 students enrolled in the educational institutions of this country in 1913, about 19,000,000 were in elementary schools, academies, and preparatory schools, and about 361,000 in higher institutions. These students were graded as follows:

First grade	4,480,225	
Second grade	2,819,682	
Third grade	2,651,912	
Fourth grade	2,531,804	
Fifth grade	2,150,508	
Sixth grade	1,763,493	
Seventh grade	1,454,643	
Eighth grade	1,212,520	
Total elementary		19,064,787
First year high school	560,397	
Second year high school	369,752	
Third year high school	252,862	
Fourth year high school	183,838	
Total high school		1,366,822
Higher institutions		361,270
Grand total		20,792,879

Of those above high school grade about 200,000 were in universities and colleges, about 66,000 in professional schools, and the remainder in normal schools.

The very large enrollment in the first grade of the grammar

schools is due to the fact that kindergarten scholars, beginners, and repeaters or retarded pupils, are all included in this number. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that only about two-fifths of the students who enter high school complete the course. Out of every 1000 pupils entering the first grade of the grammar schools in 1904, only 109 will graduate from the high school in 1915. Nearly nine-tenths have fallen by the wayside for one cause or another. In 1920 the number of students completing a four-year college course will amount to about 27,000. This means that of every 1000 scholars who enter the first grade of the grammar school in 1904 fourteen will obtain a college degree. If we assume that the average length of the professional school is three years, it is probable that not more than two-thirds of the number of college graduates will obtain an additional degree.

The cost of the public elementary schools in this country is $450,000,000 a year, or $26 per student. The high schools cost $64,000,000, or $56 per student. The universities, colleges, and professional schools spend $90,000,000 each year, or $335 per student.

It is estimated that the following proportion of the population distributed by age groups is enrolled in schools:

Five years	18.6
Six to nine years	80.4
Ten to fourteen years	96.4
Fifteen to seventeen years	55.9
Eighteen to twenty years	16.5
Twenty-one to twenty-four years	4.8

From ten to fourteen years all but 3.6 per cent of the children are at school. After the seventeenth year the proportion falls rapidly. The Bureau of Education has estimated that in 1870 the number of years of 200 days schooling for the average individual before leaving the public school was 2.9 years. This has gradually increased until, in 1913, the average was 5.5 years.

Figures of this kind make us wonder whether grammar schools should aim primarily to enable their students to enter the high school, and whether the high school should focus attention upon college entrance examinations. Should the grammer schools have

in mind the one scholar out of a hundred who graduates from college, or the ninety and nine who never get so far?

We must buckle on the armor of truth and fight a clean, strong, persistent fight for the betterment of the schools of the republic. These veterans of the Civil War,—the greatest Nation Builders the world has ever known,—fought, fifty years ago, to win back a nation that was lost. If we are to preserve that splendid gift,—if we are to be worthy of that priceless heritage, then we must organize and equip our schools,—not only making them efficient to do the world's work, but making them the fit instruments to dominate the world for the good of mankind. "Preparedness"—that should not only be a watchword, but should walk side by side with "efficiency" in our public schools. Children are our most valuable asset. Children are the hostages of fortune. Children in this land of liberty and light, the homeland of the free and the brave, should have the first place, the high place, the post of honor, and should stand by the side of these veterans of the war, for do we not expect them to follow in their footsteps and carry their battle banner on to victory? Is it not a fact that our children are worse neglected than our live stock? "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Last year when the foot and mouth disease hit the pockets of the farmer, the dairyman, and the cattleman, the government rushed to their rescue with skill and ability and millions of money. But, when the teachers and educators of our children ask annually for a budget sufficient to meet the needs of the schools, and ask for appropriations for the building and equipment of additional rooms and gymnasiums for the sole purpose of relieving the overcrowded condition and the giving of a wider scope to the physical and mental activities of our boys and girls, they are met at the threshold with sour looks and are told with a sickly whine, "We can't afford it." Advisory boards, township trustees, and trustees of your cities and towns, know something of the struggle confronting them to make ends and means meet, but, as a rule, they fail to appreciate the larger fact that our schools are starving to death and that our teachers are on the ragged edge every day of their lives. No wonder that our teachers are losing their vim and their courage. No wonder that our bright young men and women are seeking other ave-

nues of employment. "Can't afford it!" That rusty old saw ought to be smashed, for here is a teacher in the first grade with fifty little tots, fifty little boys and girls, your children and mine,—the wards of the nation, the jewels of the home, the pride of fathers and mothers, little beginners in the strenuous battle of life,—cramped and crowded and huddled together. I regret to say it, but it is often the beginning of a tragedy, and yet more often the opening of the golden door of opportunity. Yet in this very grade, there are repeaters, slackers, and delinquents. What is the teacher to do, what can she do? For you know and the school board knows as well as the faithful teacher, that a separation should be made in the beginning, and that not to exceed twenty-five normal boys and girls be given any one teacher, no matter how efficient she may be. The repeater and the slacker and the dullard should not be assigned to the care of one who has not only the skill and ability to teach, but the heart and mind and soul of a Christian missionary to work over the dull, plastic masses into something beautiful,—for are they not something more than gilded loam and painted clay? These judges and physicians who are sitting around me, and these managers of delinquent children, know that from the ranks of the dullards come that vast army that is filling the reform schools, the houses of detention, and the penitentiaries of to-day. Men! You do not feed nor treat your live stock in this helter-skelter, slipshod manner. If your live stock is worthy of a clean place, and plenty of fresh air and good food, what are you going to say when it comes to the housing of the nation's precious wards? What are you going to say when it comes to the school life of the boyhood and girlhood, of the manhood and womanhood of the republic? Do the American people think more of their appetites than they do of their brains? More of their vanities and sins than of high ideals? More of selfishness and piggishness than of national honor? Last year we spent two billion dollars for drink and only six hundred and four millions for the education of our twenty-one million boys and girls in all grades, including high schools and colleges. For every dollar spent on education we spent three dollars and fifty cents for drink. We are stingy with our schools and prodigal with our appetites; we are miserly with our teachers and lavish on our

pleasures. We let these faithful teachers, these light-bearers, stand by the side of life's highroad like hungry beggars, with empty, extended hands, asking for the very necessities for your children and mine, while we roll by in palace cars, unmindful and careless alike of pupil and teacher, be they old or young. What is the remedy? I will tell you,—take the two billions of dollars from old man appetite and give it to the schools, and do it now. And then add three hundred thousand teachers to the million men and women now engaged, and employ them for twelve months in the year, and let it be said in America that her schoolhouses are never closed. Put drillmaster over the boys and girls alike, and when they catch the step they will keep it, and will fill the ranks of the army and the navy. Let the teaching profession become an honor. Let us make it occupy the high place in the sun that is its due, then it will be a dominant and not a negative force. God grant that the day is at hand when the teacher—and in that glorious word I include every man and woman in America who is making that his business —shall, with the lamp of learning in one hand and the open book of knowledge in the other, go forward leading our twenty-one million of boys and girls up to high ideals and justice, up to where dwells the beautiful and the good, up to that bright vision that has ever glorified the hill crowns of high endeavor. My parting words to you, dear teacher, is that you be not discouraged in well doing. Better be patient and wear plain clothes and live frugally and keep your ideals, than grow sordid and selfish, though you might gain affluence and wear fine linen. Remember that it is the tender, human touch, after all, that makes the big world kin, that makes life sweet and dear and very precious, that gives to it its spicy tang and glowing color, that clothes it with a spotless garment and makes it beautiful, in spite of hardships, responsibilities, and many cares; that it is this buoyant, palpitating, impulsive, unconquerable, and unquenchable desire to attain and to achieve that leads one on and ever on, and makes the contact with life worthy and every day worth while. Athens has been the light of the world because a dauntless race of men dared be idealists and set their lamp of learning on the Acropolis, in an age when blood and iron dominated the land and sea. The United States of America is the torch of free-

dom because a glorious race of men and women dared to cross the sea, and a little later dared to fight and die for human liberty. This sacred day was made glorious by the achievement of men upon many battlefields, and more glorious by their achievements in fifty years of peace.

Students Who Served in the Civil War

[INDIANAPOLIS, December 7, 1916.—Dear Editor: As a result of a conference between Mr. William H. Pickerill, Mr. John H. Holliday, and Major William W. Daughtery, a list of former students of Butler College who went into the Civil War has been compiled. It does not purport to be complete, but it is an enlargement of a list once before submitted by Mr. Holliday. You will note the famous battlefields on which those former brothers of ours laid down their lives. Perhaps the publication of the list in the Quarterly may bring corrections and additions which are certainly greatly to be desired in the interests of college history. It is fortunate that the three gentlemen are interested in this matter and that they have taken the time and the pains to compile this list. Some one or other of them has personal recollections of nearly all those who are named. It is an honorable record.

Very truly yours, HILTON U. BROWN.

The editor asks for any corrections or additions that may be made to this list.]

STUDENTS FROM NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY (BUTLER COLLEGE) WHO SERVED IN THE CIVIL WAR, AND THEIR SERVICE (INDIANA ROSTER)

John V. Hadley, 7th Indiana Vols.

Robert P. Baker, 7th Indiana Vols., and 4th U. S. Colored.

William R. Jewell, 7th Indiana Vols.

John M. Doyle, 7th Indiana Vols. Killed May 5, 1864, in Wilderness.

Irvin Robbins, 7th and 123d Indiana Vols.

Frank R. New, 7th Indiana Vols.

James W. Adams, 7th Indiana Vols.

Joseph R. T. Gordon, 9th Indiana Vols. Killed Dec. 13, 1861, Buffalo Mt., Virginia.

John W. Harden, 10th Indiana Vols.

John P. Avery, 11th Indiana Vols.

William C. Phipps, 11th Indiana Vols.
John S. Beaty, 11th Indiana Vols.
Vinson Carter, 12th Indiana Vols.
William A. Ketcham, 13th Indiana Vols.
George E. Wallace, 13th Indiana Vols.
Eli F. Ritter, 16th and 79th Indiana Vols.
Henry W. Tutewiler, 17th Indiana Vols.
George B. Covington, 17th Indiana Vols. Killed June 1, 1864, Atlanta campaign.
John S. Fleming, 17th Indiana Vols.
James W. Armstrong, 17th Indiana Vols.
Squire Isham Keith, 22d Indiana Vols. Killed Oct. 8, 1862, Perryville, Kentucky.
R. A. Taylor, 25th Indiana Vols.
Samuel E. Tilford, 26th and 132d Indiana Vols.
William W. Daugherty, 27th Indiana Vols.
John S. Crose, 27th Indiana Vols.
Daniel B. Williams, 27th Indiana Vols.
George A. May, 28th Indiana Vols. (1st Cavalry.)
Wilbur F. Holliday, 33d and 119th Indiana Vols. (7th Indiana).
Scot Butler, 33d Indiana Vols.
Alvin D. May, 33d Indiana Vols.
Jesse Jenkins, 33d Indiana Vols.
Martin Igoe, 35th Indiana Vols.
Marion Elstun, 37th Indiana Vols. Killed July 23, 1864, Vinings Station.
Joseph Whistler, 39th Indiana Vols.
Willis R. Minor, 41st Indiana Vols. (2d Cavalry).
Platt J. Squire, 44th Indiana Vols. Killed April 6, 1862, Battle of Shiloh.
George W. Spahr, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).
W. N. Pickerill, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).
Louis C. Wilson, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).
Thomas B. Wilkerson, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).
Augustus C. Weaver, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).
George J. Langsdale, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).
C. W. Poston, 45th Indiana Vols. (3d Cavalry).

Ross Guffin, 52d Indiana Vols.
Marshall P. Hayden, 54th Indiana Vols. Killed May, 1863, Siege of Vicksburg.
James H. Mauzy, 68th Indiana Vols.
David C. Yount, 69th Indiana Vols.
John L. Ketcham, 70th Indiana Vols.
James W. Graydon, 70th Indiana Vols. and U. S. Navy.
Charles H. Cox, 70th Indiana Vols.
A. W. Graydon, 70th Indiana Vols.
Thomas R. Lawhead, 77th Indiana Vols. (4th Cavalry).
John H. Tilford, 79th Indiana Vols.
Perry Hall, 79th Indiana Vols. Chaplain, died in service.
William A. Abbott, 79th Indiana Vols.
Flavius J. Van Vorhees, 86th Indiana Vols.
Milton Bell, 86th Indiana Vols.
John D. Eagle, 100th Indiana Vols.
Henry C. Long, 128th Indiana Vols.
Cortez F. Holliday, 128th Indiana Vols.
Edward L. Brevort, 132d Indiana Vols.
Amzi Atwater, 132d Indiana Vols.
R. C. Story, 132d Indiana Vols.
Thomas K. Wilson, 132d Indiana Vols.
Walter Hunt, 132d Indiana Vols.
George W. Sulgrove, 132d Indiana Vols.
John S. Duncan, 132d Indiana Vols.
Chapin C. Foster, 132d Indiana Vols.
Benjamin C. Wright, 132d Indiana Vols.
Samuel Tomlinson, 132d Indiana Vols.
James H. Ruddell, 132d Indiana Vols.
James Foudray, 132d Indiana Vols.
Jerome G. Todd, 132d Indiana Vols.
Augustus E. Pattison, 132d Indiana Vols.
Terrell Pattison, 132d Indiana Vols.
Chauncy Butler, 132d Indiana Vols.
David S. Beaty, 132d Indiana Vols.
James W. Norris, 132d Indiana Vols.
Thomas C. Morris, 132d Indiana Vols.

George P. Vance, 132d Indiana Vols.
George W. Galvin, 132d Indiana Vols.
James E. Downey, 132d Indiana Vols.
J. W. Cotton, 132d Indiana Vols.
Edward McChesney, 132d Indiana Vols.
George W. Gist, 132d Indiana Vols.
Butler K. Smith, 132d Indiana Vols.
W. H. Whitsell, 132d Indiana Vols.
William H. Evans, 132d Indiana Vols.
Macy Southard, 132d Indiana Vols.
John H. Holliday, 137th Indiana Vols.
Justin M. Kellogg, 143d Indiana Vols.
William W. Cheshire, 151st Indiana Vols.
John F. Dumont, 119th Indiana Vols. (7th Cavalry).
David B. Williams, 17th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
John I. Morris, 20th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
Charles G. Morris, 20th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
George W. Alexander, 22d Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
Casper W. McLaughlin, 26th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
E. R. Ames, 7th U. S. Infantry.
John W. Whitten, 11th U. S. Infantry.
Lewis T. Morris, 13th U. S. Infantry.
Alfred Curtis, 19th U. S. Infantry.
John T. Strong, 44th U. S. Colored Infantry, Surgeon.
Howard M. Foltz, U. S. Navy, Str. Blackhawk.
George W. Armtrout, U. S. Navy.
George P. Vance, U. S. Navy.
*Charles Dennis, 132d Indiana Vols.
Samuel C. Vance, 132d Indiana Vols.
Michael R. Buttz, Illinois Vols.
William A. Dixon, Ohio Vols.
Preston A. Davidson, Stonewall Brigade, C. S. Army.

*Charles Dennis ("Dr. Oldfish"), of *The Indianapolis News*, was in the North Western Christian University in 1861-'62, and was the best German student of his time. He was not, however, in the 132d Indiana. He thinks the other Charles Dennis was not in the 132d either, but speaks without absolute knowledge.

The Urban Type of Mind

By Juliet Brown Coleman

A year ago in a pleasant apartment on the edge of a great city, overlooking a drive thronged with people and a river churned by ferry boats, the spirit of the city was near at hand. I had only to open the window and let it in. I had only to step to the door and meet it in the elevator. Indeed, if I listened a moment, the almost indistinguishable rattle of a subway train penetrated into my room, with the myriad other sounds that make the dull roar of the great city. To seize this present city spirit and put it down on paper for distant Indiana a year hence, seemed then an easy and pleasant task.

But this spring, for of course I did not put it down on paper last year, I am a suburbanite and am making garden in a quiet yard, off a curved, shady street, and that same city spirit has proven rather elusive,—at least its glamour and charm have escaped. It seems a far cry from planting seeds here in quiet Irvington, to window gazing on the Avenue, or to the glare and lure of the Metropolitan Opera House, the crowds at Brooklyn bridge, the rattle of wagons and rush of cars, the clang of bells and hoot of whistles, the cries of children and peddlers, strains of the "grind-organ," stroke of hammer and machinery, the endless series of amusements, and dizzy round of experiences—these things which last year seemed to be all the world there was, are far away and hazy now.

Not that I do not occasionally go down town. But the spirit of the city is not in this place. The police at the crossings may blow ever so hard and so often; they can not give the thrill or the excitement of a great city thoroughfare. You may stand at Washington and Illinois streets and grow weary with the confusion, but your mind does not instinctively wonder where all the people come from, how they live and earn a living, what are their interests. Indianapolis is, after all, only a town grown large. You may still expect to see acquaintances on the street. You may ex-

pect the best dry goods shop to be out of the particular size and color you want, and in some parts of our city the custom of calling upon newcomers still prevails. No, Indianapolis throws no light upon urban types of mind.

This is true of many places which boast of a much larger population than our own 270,000. In my limited experience in this country there is only one place where the urban type is fully developed and that is the island of Manhattan and its adjacent dependencies. Many others show phases of it and some have developed far in that direction, but only in New York, with its hordes of city dwellers, come from all parts of the world, are the real American urban types to be found. So let us take ourselves thither and set to work to analyze the innermost soul of the city as it has stamped itself upon the minds of its people.

The most salient characteristic of the confirmed city dweller is the type of nervous system bred by the conditions in which he lives. Urban life is marked by its heightened stimulation. One is assailed through every sense by the presence of his neighbors. His ear is smitten with noises, ranging from the shrill whistling at the crossing to the shattering blast of dynamite excavation, and his eye is wearied by day with an endless procession of countless people and displays of all kinds, and by night by garish electric lights that confuse and dazzle. On the street he must be watchful of men on foot, in carriages, on horseback, in automobiles; and he must hurry with the crowd or be pushed aside. Contact with thousands of people in the daily rush for subway or elevated or suburban trains, gives thousands of nervous impacts, most of them unnoticed but all doubtless registered in the nervous organization. The result is, a race of individuals who are unnaturally alert and active—also, full hospitals and a prematurely old generation.

But relief comes in one of two ways—death, or adjustment to conditions. The case is not unlike seasickness. First, the exhilaration of new life and motion, then too much motion, internal, external, eternal, then either the end of the voyage or the attainment of two new members known as sea-legs.

When the survivor of city life has developed a city mind and

a city physique he fairly thrives on the sight and the sound of the multitude. He cannot do without them and is bored by quiet.

I remember once going to the top of Mt. Pilatus to spend the night and see the sun rise. I may say in passing that the sun did not rise the next morning—does it ever on such occasions? But I shall never forget the stillness of the night. On an isolated mountain top, with no life of any kind around—without a cricket or mosquito, with even the stars extinguished by a fog, the silence became oppressive, and I could not sleep for stillness.

So does the mind become attuned to city noises and they become a necessary part of one's environment—even a part of the mind itself.

This urban type of mind craves stimulation. Its appetite grows with what it feeds upon. The theater, the press, art, literature, and even religion, becomes even more sensational. Finance becomes more speculative. Not only Wall Street, but the general city public rushes more and more rapidly through enormous expansion, crisis, and panic. Vice and the police department, the grafter and the reformer, alike become extravagant and spectacular. New amusements, new enterprises, new fashions, respond to the craving for novelty.

It is not an accident that new styles and new ideas come from the city rather than the country. Not that the city has greater inventiveness than the country, but it is searching all the time for something different in order to get new sensations. Surely nowhere else than in city amusement parks could such oddities as bump the bumps, scenic railroads, ticklers, and chambers of horrors, come into existence.

The callous after-theater supper crowds demand new sensations and new songs to thrill them, and the hotel chefs are hard put to it to achieve new features to tempt the weary palate, which even then requires a cocktail to stimulate it.

Indifference and lack of responsibility go side by side with nervousness and restlessness as characteristics of the urban type. The city is so big that the average individual is lost in it; he cannot change things much, and for the most part he does not try. The buildings tower so high above his head, he is such an infinitesimal

part of the throng, that, if he stops at all to think, he is apt to be overawed and to lose any sense of initiative or of responsibility for the conditions which surround him.

If things go wrong the forces which control the environment are so complex, so far removed from the influence of the sufferer or sufferers, that an ordinary person usually resigns himself to the situation until some one else reforms it.

Toward other persons in general the city dweller soon acquires a sublime indifference. He sees so many people he does not know, nor ever will know, that mere proximity counts for little or nothing. The family in the same building, on the same floor with him, his very next-door neighbors, he may never know. In fact, one ordinarily has no neighbors. Even in the sense which the parable of the Good Samaritan has attached to the word neighbor, it does not thrive in the city. There are so many people who need help you cannot help them all. Then why try to help any?

The city type of mind is apt even to harbor a vague suspicion of strangers, and a feeling that they represent some possible danger.

We ate for some three months in the same dining room with a certain family without even encountering a direct glance from any member of it. I remember remarking the fact to an estimable lady whom I had just met and with whom later I had a very pleasant acquaintance. She naively remarked that you could never tell about strangers, and that it was just as well to avoid new acquaintances in a large city.

It is no wonder that men come to care little for the opinions of other people, and cease to shape their conduct with reference to others' standards. One's friends and old acquaintances are far away, the people about are all strangers. Old standards of conduct drop away, and there are no new ones with the same authoritative restraint. The city is the meeting place of the ends of the earth. Men of diverse faiths and no faith at all, men of widely differing customs and ideals, have their effect each upon the other. And so the old ideas are given up, and the old sanctions no longer bind.

In some cases the net result is a general indifference, a cutting loose from all moorings. Some people cease to feel responsible even for themselves. So many things are done for them by others

and must be done by others, that they come to depend altogether on the natural course of events. The town or country dweller must either fire his furnace, clean his walk, and care for his lawn, or arrange for some one else to do it. In the city this is all done for one.

Many of the things which a woman is likewise responsible for elsewhere she escapes from in the city. She can sit at the telephone and in half an hour have a roast chicken on her table, sent from a *rotisserie* ready to eat. In most modern apartments salt water systems of refrigeration do away with the ice man. Guests can always be taken to some theatre to be entertained, or, if preferred, professional talent can be secured for their entertainment in the home of the hostess. And in case of sickness there are hospitals close at hand for every conceivable ailment. So with many other responsibilities of ordinary life; they may be rolled very easily from one's shoulders, if he has the money. If he does not have it, charity is conducted on such a large scale, that he runs a good chance of having at least a fair amount of the necessities of life and some of the luxuries furnished by society.

In other cases, however, there develops a high and positive sense of moral freedom. Personality, individuality of the highest order, grows out of the liberty and the variety of city life. To be one's self, unhampered by conventional, traditional, neighborhood opinion and gossip—this call comes more frequently to the urban than to the town or country type of mind. Radical thinking, radical action, the breaking of new paths for society,—these also, as well as the novelties of fashions and amusements, come from the city.

And the very woe and passiveness of the city's poor, though it leaves untouched the indifference of the multitude, holds forth a challenge which aggressive, generous souls are always hearing. The city, which begets misery, vice, and crime, begets also the highest types of heroism. Arnold Toynbee, Phillips Brooks, Jane Addams are only representatives of a not uncommon urban type of mind. Men and women of this type plunge down into the depth of city life and bring out of their work not only the rescued lives of others, but a modern kind of sainthood, the crown of genuine social service.

The city is a place of congestion. The population of a whole country village is gathered into a few tenement houses. All the people of Indianapolis would scarcely crowd a square mile more than the Russians, Poles, Jews, and Italians now crowd many districts on the east side of New York. A great downtown office building covers a few hundred square feet with almost every form of activity imaginable. When it pours forth its inhabitants in the evening, the street can hardly hold the throngs. This congestion affects all classes. The difference between the tenement of the poor, the flat of the respectable, and the apartment of the well-to-do classes, is not so much a matter of space as of splendor. The apartment furnishes light, elevator, telephone, and heat, the flat furnishes light and heat, but no elevator or telephone, the tenement furnishes nothing but the bare walls. But all crowd families together in slightly varying proportion. The story of the old East Side tenement where each room accommodated four families, one in each corner, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, until one family began to take in boarders, cannot be paralleled perhaps on Riverside Drive, but even on the drive there is not a great deal of space to spare.

The suburban dweller has his own problem of congestion. It takes him so long to get from his home to his office, and from his office to his home, that he has to concentrate in four or five hours the work of a whole day. Intensity, concentration, high pitch of nervous energy, must take the place of more leisurely methods of business. The business man is everywhere and gives a certain tone to the whole city. Henry James's description of New York, in his book, "The American Scene," emphasizes "the overwhelming preponderance of the unmitigated 'business man' face, * * * the consummate monotonous commonness of the pushing male crowd, moving in its dense mass—with the confusion carried to chaos for any intelligence, any perception; a welter of objects and sounds in which relief, detachment, dignity, meaning, perished utterly and lost all rights; * * * the universal will to move—to move, move, move, as an end in itself, an appetite at any price."

Provincialism may seem a curious quality to attribute to the urban type of mind. By derivation it means an inhabitant of a

remote province as contrasted with the metropolis. But as defining the conditions of one who knows only one phase of life, and is both ignorant and contemptuous of other phases, it certainly applies also to the man of the great city. The city to him is apt to be the whole of life; other things exist only on the circumference of reality; they are of value only as they are tributary to city life. He is apt to be not only ignorant, but contemptuous of the country and of smaller towns. To a New Yorker, America consists of New York, a few other large cities, and a vague something else conceived of as the rude interior of the country. West, to him means west of the Hudson river, or perhaps western New York and beyond. His knowledge of the geography of this unknown "Hinterland" is more often than not, very slight and confused. His attitude toward those living there often assumes an air of arrogance.

Only here and there does one find a city man or woman into whose soul has found its way the consciousness of the wide sweep of prairie, the busy active life of the farm, the mine, and the field. Or, if he is conscious of these, he looks upon them as a means of his own recreation after the tiring city winter, as offering possibilities for wealth, or perchance for hunting, fishing, and summer resort. He seldom thinks of them as having real social or personal value in themselves. And this is the height of provincialism.

These, then, are the four corners, sometimes more, sometimes less prominent, but nearly always present in the urban type of mind: restlessness due to nervous excitation, indifference or callousness toward people and toward responsibilities, haste that comes from compression of life into narrow space and short working hours, and provincialism which the city breeds by overshadowing and obscuring everything else. But there are a myriad other mental peculiarities to which the city gives rise, differing in different cities and in different sections of the same city. The spirit of Paris is not that of Berlin, nor is the life of London the same as the life of New York. And how impossible it is to class together as one type the fabulously wealthy and the hopelessly poor, the fashionable idler and the feverish worker. In truth, we can not speak of the urban type of mind but of urban types of mind. We must ask, how does the city affect the poor, the rich, the idler, the industrious,

the native born, and the foreigner? My time and your patience will not permit an answer to all these questions, but a glimpse or two we must take if we would not wholly neglect our subject.

The city's poor bear most deeply imprinted upon their bodies and their minds the stamp of their environment. The well-to-do can get away and do get away from the city for one reason or another. The poor must stay, except, perhaps, for the week or two afforded a few individuals by the chance charity of a church or settlement summer camp. What more heartless and wrath-provoking manifestation of social injustice can one see than this, to drive in summer along mile after mile of boulevard in fine residence districts and see spacious lawns and palatial homes closed for the summer, and then to go to crowded tenements full of their sweltering occupants, and narrow streets, with boys and girls, men and women, wilting and drooping like leaves withering on the tree in intensest drought?

Some years ago at a beautiful Maine summer resort, late in the season, I talked with an apparently healthy scion of aristocracy who proposed staying there through September to rest from the exertions of summer golf and dances in preparation for the winter festivities of Florida. This man's family spent a few weeks in spring in its beautiful, roomy New York residence. For them the city meant a few costly dinner parties, a half-dozen gorgeous balls, a week or so of grand opera and theater. Do they live in the same world with those others who struggle with summer heat and the eternal pangs of hunger to keep body and soul together?

Surely such a society lives on a volcano of discontent. The poor love the city. They congregate there with an unreasoning response to its attractions, unwilling as well as unable to remove from it. Yet even fiercer burns a hatred for those who enjoy all the luxuries and seem to suffer none of the pains of human existence. Higher and higher rises the tide of resentment, ever and anon breaking in restless waves of strikes and anarchy. Who can see the end? Will it always go on thus? Will relief come through the social reforms championed by our Florence Kellys, our Jane Addamses, and hosts of other social workers, and through political reforms urged by our recent radicals in public life? Or will the revolution come,

preached with religious fervor by Anna Goldman and Eugene Debs, the anarchists and socialists who mistakenly deem themselves the heralds of a new and better social order?

Whatever the future may hold, the city now spreads itself before us, the strangest, the most varied panorama the world has ever seen. Here is an answer to every longing the human heart has ever felt. Pleasure unrestrained sought by the thousands and hundreds of thousands who throng the gaily lighted streets, fill the brilliant playhouses, and feast in gaudy, noisy cafes all night through. Art and music for those who seek in the beautiful the answer to the aspiration of their souls. Work and industry for the scholars, and the managers of men and industries, who seek the mastery of the world of thought or the world of action. Power and wealth and glory for those who have the strength or the luck to rise to the top. Poverty, misery, and death for those who are born weak and poor, and those who through vice, incompetence, or ill-fortune sink to the bottom. Battle and unending war for the agitator and the reformer. Here, as nowhere else on earth, is crime and degradation for him who seeks it, and the loftiest heroism for the martyrs of faith and hope and love. These, in all their shades of variation, are the types of mind to which our modern city perpetually gives birth.

Irvington's Lost Pig

[From *The Indianapolis News*]

The daily chronicle of things lost and found has proved over and over again that strange things are forever being lost in peculiar places. Nevertheless, that bit of a notice at the end of the column, informing us that a pig had been lost in Irvington, was the most enlivening piece of nonfiction we had read for many a day. It taxed our credulity, but it appealed to our imagination and our sense of humor. The very idea of a pig being in Irvington was new and delightful to us. There may have been, for all we know, pigs in Rome, wandering about the streets and getting in the way of

senators and triumphal processions. All that was so long ago, however, that we have forgotten it and certainly we have never associated pigs with any of our ideas of Irvington.

It is not, perhaps, so strange that the pig should be lost in Irvington. Everybody has been lost in Irvington at some time or other, and then a pig naturally would feel lost in Irvington, no matter if he were tied securely in his own corner of the garage. The very idea of his being a pig and Irvington being Irvington would make him think he was lost. The fact that it got into the lost and found column, however, would seem to indicate that he was lost bodily as well as intellectually, and it is a sad thing to contemplate.

One can imagine him wandering about those geometrical problems of streets and never getting anywhere except, maybe, the place where he had started being lost. One can imagine him holding up an Irvington citizen or two in a determined effort to find out where he was and where he ought to be. One can imagine him gazing hopefully into the citizen's face and one can imagine the citizen deep in profound meditation concerning the price of the can of pork and beans under his arm, stepping politely around the puzzled pig with never a thought as to the pounds of pork there available, much less any sympathy for the feelings of the pig. The citizen, you see, likely enough would have recognized the pig as a pig and remember having seen one before some time, but he would prefer working out some interesting statistics and figures to prove that so many people can live on so little a day for so long a time, to actually taking a live pig home by the tail and making sausage out of him. As to sympathy, an Irvington citizen has no sympathy with anybody that gets lost in Irvington. He cannot conceive how anybody can get lost there. One wonders what ever became of that pig. He may still be wandering about the secluded curves of the classical suburb. There are more important things in the world to worry about, but there is nothing, perhaps, of more pathetic incongruity than the unfinished story of that pig that was lost in Irvington.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

A New Year Suggestion

Do the alumni and friends of the college realize that it is in need of funds? The plans for the future call for a large expenditure of money, both for endowment and equipment. It will be gratifying to hear that some progress has been made, details of which must come later. In the meantime the important thing is to increase the available revenue of the college. A good friend of the institution who has already given liberally, and who prefers to remain unnamed at this time, has given ten thousand dollars on the annuity plan. Mrs. Hadley, wife of the late Judge Cassius C. Hadley, has also given the college an annuity of ten thousand dollars, the proceeds to be used for establishing a fund to be known as the Cassius C. Hadley scholarship fund.

Other similar donations of cash have been received. There is a fine opportunity for some alumnus to serve future generations and perpetuate his own name by putting up a new building. A new administration building is needed, and a new gymnasium, and a woman's building.

The Football Season of 1916

The football season of this year is now a matter for retrospection, and one can readily think what might have been. But, all in all, the season has been satisfactory in many ways and very encouraging to all of us—students, faculty, and alumni,—who are deeply

interested in fostering the spirit of genuine intercollegiate sport. A distinct improvement over the previous season was shown. Coach Thomas succeeded admirably in developing in the Butler squad team work and the determination that will not admit defeat before the last whistle is blown. It has been a team of fighters. The players improved steadily from week to week, because of systematic training and because of their careful attention to the instruction of the coach. Interest has grown of late years, and there were few afternoons during the past season when not enough players were on the field to give the regulars the scrimmage they needed. This fact is significant for those who know the history of athletics at Butler, when it is recalled that the homes of the majority of our students are widely scattered over the city and many are engaged in afternoon work in order to maintain themselves while in college.

The first game was played at Lexington with Kentucky State University, whose team of veterans defeated Purdue so thoroughly last year. Our light and inexperienced line went down to defeat before these seasoned Southerners, but not without a hard and interesting struggle. On the following Saturday Butler won a splendid victory from Earlham, a much heavier team. Captain Bonham was enabled by splendid interference of his teammates to get away time and again for long gains. The game with Wabash on October 23 was a keen disappointment from the standpoint of skill and clean sport. The first quarter was fast and well-played, but neither side could score. However, Wabash had a great advantage in weight and in a larger and well-balanced squad, so that she began to score in the second quarter. The fourth period proved to be a general rout and enabled Wabash to do most of her heavy scoring. Bonham and Cornelius were painfully injured early in the game, so that the passing of the ball, in which these men were especially proficient, became less accurate. The captain pluckily stayed in the encounter until the finish and more than once gave our rivals a scare. There was much unnecessary roughness, and many spectators felt that the officials were seriously at fault in overlooking this. Several players were injured as a result, and the game with Louisville the following week was played by a Butler team composed largely of new and less experienced men. This

year the contest with DePauw at Greencastle was thrilling from start to finish, and, notwithstanding the final score, the outcome was not certain at any time before the end. DePauw University was represented by one of her best teams in recent years. The Butler men gave a good account of themselves and played especially well in the second half, taking the ball by beautifully executed passes and runs across the line for a touchdown, which to the disappointment of every Butler rooter, was not allowed. It was afterward learned that this ruling of the official was an error. The game with Franklin again demonstrated how great a handicap was the lack of weight in the Butler team. The season closed with a splendid victory over Rose Polytechnic, the first won in a number of years. The game was satisfactory to every one, and especially to "Tow" Bonham, who finished his college football days with this contest. The victory enabled Butler to tie Rose for third place in the college league of the State. The schedule of games follows:

Sept. 30—At Lexington, Kentucky State 39, Butler 3.
Oct. 14—At Indianapolis, Butler 27, Earlham 0.
Oct. 23—At Crawfordsville, Wabash 56, Butler 0.
Oct. 28—At Louisville, Louisville University 19, Butler 7.
Nov. 4—At Greencastle, DePauw 21, Butler 0.
Nov. 11—At Indianapolis, Franklin 39, Butler 14.
Nov. 18—At Indianapolis, Butler 13, Rose Poly 7.

H. M. GELSTON.

Athletic Support

One feature of the support which our football team enjoyed has not been given due credit, probably owing to the fact that it was not generally known. The alumni athletic committee that raised the funds to employ the trainer for the football team secured enough subscriptions to cover this purpose. It was the first time that a trainer has been provided for the whole football season, and many of the casualties of the combats were minimized as the result of the attention received from the masseur. John W. Atherton, class of 1900, who headed the subscription list with a handsome amount, and who served as chairman of the committee, reports that the

following alumni promptly contributed on request: Orville E. Mehring, '02; Emsley W. Johnson and Edwin Thompson, 1900; T. C. Howe, '89; Hilton U. Brown, '80; Everett M. Schofield, '09; Albert G. Snider, 1900. Mr. Snider, who has repeatedly shown his generosity in contributing to all Butler enterprises, came to the rescue with a handsome contribution at a time when subscriptions were lagging, and pulled the enterprise through. He is the son of the late George W. Snider, who was one of the most generous men in Indianapolis, and Mrs. Alice E. Snider, '66. All of the men mentioned above invariably respond when applied to in behalf of the college.

Founder's Day

Founder's Day will be observed as usual on February 7. The program will consist of the address in the chapel at 10 o'clock in the morning, the Pan-Hellenic reception in the afternoon, and the dinner at the Claypool Hotel in the evening.

It is the desire of the committee which has the arrangements in charge to make this a banner occasion. We appeal to all alumni in the State and to others who can possibly come, to make an especial effort this year to attend some or all of the exercises of the day. All that the occasion has come to need to make it a complete success is a warmer response on the part of the alumni by personal attendance.

The appeal goes forth, therefore, that this year every alumnus in the vicinity be present. And if it be absolutely impossible for any one to attend, why not pass his ticket on to some one else who will thereby receive pleasure and benefit?

Autumnal Meeting

On October 27 the alumni attending the State Teachers' Association lunched together at the University Club. It was a quiet, pleasant "sprinkling of freedom" between the morning and afternoon feast of reason.

Mr. Gans, '87, president of the Alumni Association, and Mr. De-

marchus C. Brown, '79, were called upon for brief speeches. Professor Coleman suggested that, since this gathering had become an annual affair, the alumni officers take it in charge and appoint a committee for arrangements for next year.

There were present: Corinne Welling, '12; Marie Peacock, '15; Eda Boos, '14; Karl S. Means, '14; Gretchen Scotten, '08; C. E. Underwood, '03; H. S. Schell, '90; D. C. Brown, '79; Jane Graydon, '87; Mary Pavey, '12; Irma Brayton, '08; Lucy Toph, '09; Elizabeth Bogert, '09; Elavina Stammel, '16; Emily Helming, '99; Esther Fay Shover, '00; Edith Habbe, '14; Mattie Empson, '12; Golie Stucker, '06; Narcie Pollitt, '15; Ruth Carter, '15; Mary Williams, '14; Mary J. Brandon, '14; Vera Koehring, '16; Elma Alexander, '16; Susan Brown Doudican, ex-'08; E. W. Gans, '87; Katherine M. Graydon, '78; Frank Davison, '14; Elizabeth Brayton, '09; Ruth Allerdice, '06. Also Professor and Mrs. Putnam and Professors Coleman, Gelston, and Johnson.

Soldiers Remembered at Phi Delta Theta Dinner

The Indiana Gamma Chapter of Phi Delta Theta held its annual dinner at the chapter house at Irvington on November 30. One of the founders of the chapter, William N. Pickerill, class of '60, who, with nearly the entire active chapter, went into the Civil War, and alumni representing all the stages of the chapter's history, mingled with the undergraduates, including the youngest pledges.

It was both a war and a Thanksgiving night. Mr. Pickerill presented the chapter with a list of 113 former students he and his associates could recall who had entered the Civil War. Seven of these, including some members of the chapter, were killed outright in battle and others died from wounds and illness. A few remain. The chapter's necrology for the year included Judge John V. Hadley and Addison C. Harris.

Five members of the active chapter are with the Butler contingent on the Texas front. Letters were received from these with samples of the hardtack and smoking materials which the boys are using in camp. The five are William Peacock, who has recently received an appointment to West Point; Bill Young, recently made

a corporal, and Hilton U. Brown, Jr., both of Battery A, and Will Wiedrick and Gene Pittman, sergeants in the signal corps.

Butler Alumnae Literary Club

For the year 1916-'17 the club is making a study of Recent English Drama. The playwrights considered are Shaw, Jones, Pinero. The closing meeting in May will be a discussion of the Tendencies and Influences of Present-Day Drama, by Mrs. Demarchus Brown, '97.

The officers for the year are: President, Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08; vice-president, Miss Clara Thormyer, '06; secretary, Miss Margaret Duden, '11; treasurer, Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, '08.

The monthly meeting of twenty-five alumnae has a larger significance than literary pleasure or benefit. It is a fine expression of unswerving loyalty, which is not unfelt and which the Quarterly sincerely commends.

Tributes to Butler

In a letter to President Howe the dean of the Divinity School at Harvard says, in part:

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that Mr. Coningsby Mathieson Gordon, who received his degree of A. B. from your college last spring, has been awarded a Hopkins Share in the Harvard Divinity School. This is one of our larger scholarships. We are very glad to have Mr. Gordon here in Cambridge, a graduate of Butler College giving promise of high scholarly attainments, and I trust his presence here will be a cause of gratification to the members of the institution where he was fitted."

Katherine Jameson, '16, writes from Radcliffe College:

"I was proud of Butler years ago when we beat Wabash 12-0. 'Cully' glorified the White and Blue in his usual masterly way. It was a moment never to be forgotten. And who can forget the exaltation we felt when Butler won the State Oratorical, then the Interstate? We were roused at 2 o'clock in the morning, like the

inhabitants of Middlesex county the night of Paul Revere's ride, and we went out and marched and sang in an ecstasy of school spirit. All the bonfires we have ever had over Butler's victories are bright memories to one who is so far away.

"But never in my life (and pride of Butler was born in me) have I felt so the thrill of satisfaction in all she stands for as I do now. Surrounded by the stiffest standards in America, the teaching that Butler gave me has been a noble preparation. To be able to step right into classes with Radcliffe's own graduates, feeling in no way less well grounded than they, is to know that our pride in Butler is righteous pride. This is not written to flatter our self-satisfaction. That would be stagnation. It is written to tell a little of the gratitude that one Butler graduate feels for the excellence of our Alma Mater. I truly

" 'Feel we owe a debt to her
That never can be paid.' "

Recollections of a Freshman

[These "Recollections of a Freshman" found expression in *The Butler Collegian*.]

I have no recollection of my first impression of Butler College, any more than of my first impression of the old poplar tree in our front yard, or of the little green house across the street, or of my father and mother. The college campus, with its ivy covered brick buildings and tall trees, has been to me a familiar part of the landscape which I have known all my life. The activities of the students, their football victories and baseball defeats, their tennis tournaments and oratorical contests, their vaudeville performances, Drifts and Collegians, have been parts of an agreeable story, which I have read, a chapter a year, as long as I can remember. The incidents in the story have varied little, but the characters have changed.

A frat house used to be on Butler avenue, where we live, when I was about four years old. I remember the boys congregated on its porch singing lustily a series of rhymes containing uncomplimentary allusions to each other. One very thin boy used to entwine

his long legs about our piano stool and make the house tremble with the violence of his music, while my aunt struggled to teach his frat brother from Avon how to waltz.

At a later date a memorable class scrap took place in which one young hero, with more daring than sense, climbed to the belfry by clinging to the projecting bricks and vines, and painted his class numerals where all might read! He was cheered by the students and severely frowned upon by the faculty. Personally, I adored him, though I had not seen the feat nor the hero either.

I have seen my father assisting budding journalists, future playwrights, and aspiring orators in their honorable efforts to win glory for old Butler, or on other occasions, helping Butler song writers and poets in their praiseworthy attempts to immortalize their teachers in verse, verse more appreciated by the student body than by the faculty. I have been thrilled many times by the news that Butler had won the Thanksgiving Day game. I have enjoyed often the same jokes perpetrated at irregular though rather frequent intervals. I was struck with horror when the old college bell crashed down from its place. I have admired generations—I mean college generations, of course—of football heroes and class play leading ladies.

I imagine that respected principals of high schools, responsible business men, and earnest newspaper reporters, would be surprised to learn that I, whom they have never seen, only a Butler freshman, can recall perfectly the exploits of their college days. I like to fancy the surprise of some lady teachers who have endeavored to improve my rhetoric or to interest me in the binominal theorem, if they should but learn that I know what kind of a hair band and what color of a dress they had worn at a Butler prom, many years ago.

The account of my first impression of Butler College sounds like the confused mass of detail delivered by the oldest living settler of Hancock county at a centennial celebration, but when you consider that I have viewed Butler life with lively interest since the days when I slid down the banisters of the main building with great success, it perhaps does not seem strange.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Bertha Negley Wright, '95, has returned to Irvington for residence.

Judge and Mrs. Ira W. Christian, ex-, are spending the winter in Florida.

Miss Irma Stone, '16, has been elected treasurer of the Graduate Club of Radcliffe College.

Miss Rose Elliott, '94, writes from China that she hopes to attend next commencement.

Miss Florence L. Smock, '13, is teaching departmental English in School No. 16, Indianapolis.

Miss Gwyneth Harry, '14, is teaching Latin and history in the high school of Elwood, Indiana.

Thomas A. Hall, '92, has returned to Irvington for residence. His son enters college next year.

Professor George W. Hoke, '95, visited Indianapolis in October and spent a few hours in Irvington.

Professor C. E. Underwood, '03, read at the December meeting of the Faculty Club a paper upon the "Kalevala."

Harry F. Dietz, '14, with his family has moved to Washington, D. C., where he is engaged in government service.

One of the best talks in a long while given in chapel was that of B. F. Dailey, '87, on "Being Normal," on November 24.

Mrs. Allen M. Fletcher, of Proctorsville, Vermont, a former student, spent two weeks in November in Indianapolis with her sister and friends.

Kindly note that the alumni fees are now to be paid to Professor C. E. Underwood, Butler College, treasurer of the Alumni Association. All other communications concerning the Quarterly are to be sent to the editor, Miss Graydon. The Quarterly is mailed to

every paying member of the association, and if at any time a number does not arrive, she asks to be notified.

Howard M. Hall, '06, secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, talked in chapel on November 28. He is now living in Chicago.

President Howe, '89, spent the autumn on the Pacific coast in connection with the Men and Millions Movement. Mrs. Howe, '89, accompanied him.

Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, has accepted the position of first secretary to Senator Harry S. New, ex-, and will remove to Washington the 1st of March.

A pleasant word of college remembrance has been received from John P. Vollmer, former student of the North Western Christian University. Mr. Vollmer lives at Lewiston, Idaho, where he is president of the First National Bank.

In the absence of President Howe, Vice-President C. B. Coleman has presided over the college most acceptably. How much Mr. Coleman enriches the college by scholarship and tireless activity, only those most closely connected with the institution realize.

Miss Mabel H. Tibbott, '97, was re-elected in October field secretary of the Associated Charities Association of Fort Dodge, Iowa. An interesting report has been received by the Quarterly wherein is account of an unusually active and successful association.

Hugh Th. Miller, '88, after spending several of the autumn weeks at his home in Columbus, has returned to Saranac Lake for the winter. Mr. Miller is greatly improved in health and hopes to return in the spring to his business activities. Mrs. Miller, '97, accompanied him to New York, where she will remain a short time.

It is with regret that the Quarterly announces the resignation of Mr. William J. Cotton, assistant professor, who has been in charge of the department of physics for two years. He has accepted a position under the United States government at Washington as inspector of credentials for those applying for scientific positions

under the government. Mr. Cotton's influence as teacher and as man is a sincere loss to Butler College. His successor is Mr. Rene de Poyen of the University of Chicago, who took charge of his work January 1.

Butler was represented in the last State election as follows: Harry S. New, United States Senator; Merrill Moores, Congressman from the Seventh District; Lawson M. Harvey, Judge of Supreme Court; Horace Ellis, Superintendent of Public Instruction; William E. English, Joint-Senator, Marion and Hendricks counties.

Marriages

MANN-JERMEY.—On October 15 were married at Palatka, Florida, Harold Abraham Mann and Miss Alice Helen Jermey. Mr. and Mrs. Mann are at home at Mannville, Florida. Mr. Mann is the son of Henry T. Mann, of the class of '90.

HYMAN-MORLEY.—On December 16 were married at Terre Haute, Indiana, Herbert R. Hyman, '10, and Miss Madeline Morley. Mr. and Mrs. Hyman are at home in Indianapolis.

Births

DAVISON.—On October 30, at Spencer, Indiana, to Frank E. Davison, '14, and Mrs. Davison, a daughter—Georgiana.

THARP.—On November 3, at Indianapolis, to Harold B. Tharp, '11, and Mrs. Tharp, a daughter—Betty Jane.

TRUSTY.—On November 7, at Indianapolis, to Clay Trusty, '08, and Mrs. Trusty, a son—Clay, junior.

KERCHEVAL.—On December 2, at Sheridan, Indiana, to Dr. Kercheval, and Mrs. Betty Stephenson Kercheval, '15, a son—Leonard, junior.

MYERS.—To Mr. Samuel Myers and Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, '08, on December 5, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Ruth Elizabeth.

Deaths

STANLEY.—On October 10, 1915, died at the Sexton sanitarium in Rushville, Indiana, William Preston Stanley, '69. Mr. Stanley was buried at East Hill cemetery, Arlington, Indiana.

HOUSTON.—On December 3, in Indianapolis, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. May E. Thornton, ex-, Mrs. Margaret M. Houston died.

Some of us have not known Irvington without Mrs. Houston. She is the last landmark of the pioneer days before the arrival of the college in 1875 to be removed, and she lingers graciously in memory of many students. Mrs. Houston was born in Crawfordsville in 1827 and had always lived in this State—the greater part of the time in Indianapolis—except for a brief period spent in Springfield, Missouri. She and Mr. Houston bought a house in East Washington street in 1873 that had been built by Mr. Downey, and occupied it for many years. They planted many of the shade trees north of Washington street in the suburb that now adorn the streets and lots.

Mrs. Houston, with her sister, Miss Ellen McCullough, lived for many years at 123 South Emerson avenue. Neither of the aged people had been in good health, and Mrs. Houston had been practically an invalid for many months. Seeing her mother's increasing weakness, Mrs. Thornton, a few weeks ago, induced Mrs. Houston and her sister to go to her home.

Mrs. Houston belongs to a long-lived family. She has a brother, the Rev. James H. McCullough, the surviving member of the class of '65, now eighty-seven years old, in California. Her sister is eighty-two and she herself would have been ninety next July.

Mrs. Houston was a charter member of the Downey Avenue Christian Church and devoted to its charities and missionary enterprises, and, as long as she was able, active in the social life of her community. She was always a loyal friend of Butler College and to the last found interest in the Alumnal Quarterly.

BARR.—Mrs. William H. Barr (Frances E. Husted, '84) died at her home in Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, on December 27, and was buried at Crown Hill.

In speaking of Mrs. Barr one does it with reluctance, as lifting a veil she herself had never lifted. As she passed out of life, she seemed to close the door quietly behind her. In her life she had asked little and given much. There was a deep stillness in her nature; she had a crystalline clearness of mind, but she rarely spoke of the deeper things of life. Heavy burdens were laid on her; she bore them in resolute silence. Sacrifice was her daily portion; she accepted it as if it were her choice and happiness.

Frances Ellen Husted was born on her father's farm near Cumberland, Indiana. In her parentage she received the great blessing of heir to an appreciation of the things which are real, of those things which, when all else is stripped, are eternal.

Her education was started in the country school nearby the home, and was later carried on at Butler College, from which she graduated with the class of '84. Her memories of college life never grew dim, nor did the edge of her sense of appreciation of her teachers ever grow dull. Her loyalty to her alma mater was expressed in many ways—in none greater than in the four fine children she dedicated in their cradle to the college, the last of whom will receive her degree next June.

After teaching four years, she married in 1888 Mr. William H. Barr, of Granby, province of Quebec. After eighteen months the Canadian home was exchanged for a Hoosier home, and in Indianapolis she and her family have since lived.

The facts of her life were not many, nor to be dwelt upon; they were, however, such as to call forth and develop an unusual character.

Mrs. Barr's life was spent in her home. Here were demands on every side of her many-sided nature. Here were seen her artistic sense in fine sewing and fine cooking; her appreciation of the dignity and privilege of making a family comfortable and happy; her love of flowers, of little children, of books and of pictures. Here she showed herself the thinking woman, and here a rare wisdom was manifested. Here were daily seen her unselfishness and her devotion to duty. Of those years and years of nursing the suffering sister, who shall speak! We could see her courage and, too, her fortitude; her selflessness; her humility; her genuineness; her loyalty to friendship; her effort quietly to live up to her ideals, up to

principle, with a New England conscience; all this we saw and admired and loved.

She found her own true self, was independent of luxuries and false ideals; she knew the things really worth while, and she did them, in silence fulfilling the law.

Huxley's epitaph to Henslowe comes to mind: "He had intellect to comprehend his duty, and force of character to do it."

In all that she was, in all that she did, she showed how much greater—how much more needed in this needy world—the *good* woman is than the gifted woman.

Two words express Mrs. Barr—Duty and Love.

> "O Duty . . . I myself commend
> Unto thy guidance from this hour;
> O let my weakness have an end!
> Give unto me, made lowly wise,
> The spirit of self-sacrifice;
> The confidence of reason give;
> And in the light of truth thy bondwoman let me live!"

"He that loveth knoweth God, for God is love."

Our Correspondence

M. ELLEN GRAHAM, '14: My work of visiting the children placed by the Board of State Charities and the various orphans' homes and associations is most interesting. The children with their strange histories appeal to me very strongly. Some are utterly impossible, while others have really bright futures before them, as well as corresponding advantages and privileges. My sympathies go out most strongly to those mentally and physically deficient. I hope to tell you more of my work some time. I wish the Founder's Day banquet were to be held on Saturday evening.

ELIZABETH WATERS, '07: Enclosed find my dollar for the Quarterly. If the alumni neglect sending the fee, I am sure it is not from lack of appreciation, for each issue is a source of inspiration. With best wishes for Butler College.

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar for 1916-'17, was due October 1. Will you kindly remit as soon as possible to the treasurer,

CHARLES E. UNDERWOOD,
Butler College, Indianapolis.

Edward J. Hecker

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