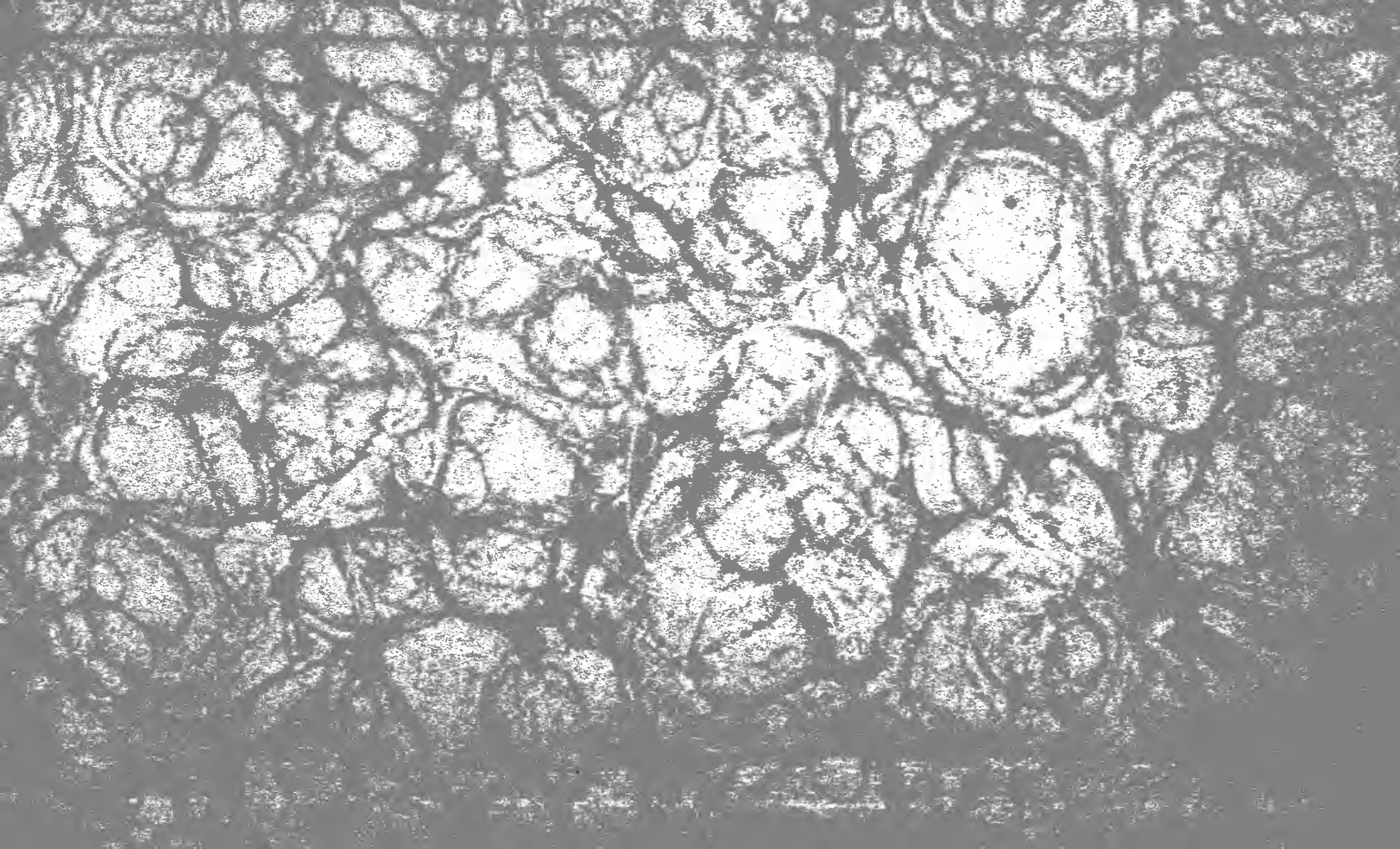

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To Charles Dickens

BY DEBORAH EDGEWORTH

Wide as the knowledge of our English speech,
Deep as the well-springs of a people's heart,
The myriad beings fashioned by thy art
In joy or woe, our inmost feelings reach,
Fraught with the message 'twas thy art to teach.
On windy marsh, where flickering shadows start,
In flowing meadows, or in busy mart,
Thy outraged children church and state impeach.
A sordid childhood made thy later life
Replete with kindness; made thy fancy stray
With lives discordant, burdened with the strife
That in the cankerous path before them lay.
For them thy tender heart with love is rife;
Thy gentle ethics speak a better day.

Religion in Our Colleges

BY OSCAR C. HELMING

(Delivered before the students of the University of Chicago)

There is a more or less widespread feeling that the status of religion in our colleges and universities is uncomfortably unstable or ill-defined. In speaking upon this subject here I must confine myself to a few simple conclusions drawn from the observation of the situation as it appears to one thrown by his vocation into somewhat close contact with students and teachers.

I shall begin with the assumption that the chief object of education is the development of personality. Even if we hold that the student's schooling should be distinctly a preparation for some specific vocation, we can hardly fail to recognize that the principal asset of the future bread-winner will be in himself as a man rather than in his tools or his profession. The chemist, the lawyer, the business man, have their peculiar problems; and their schooling should prepare them to meet these problems intelligently. But the chemist's problems are not all chemical; the lawyer's problems are not all legal; the business man's problems are not all industrial. Life is larger than any profession, and every man is more than his professional title expresses.

At the same time it is true that the mass of men immersed in the material affairs of business and commerce and legislation lose sight of the central importance of the personal element in the struggle for existence; and the strong trend of scientific thought to treat nature and all life as a mechanism does not improve the situation. There is sufficient confusion in our standards of value to unsettle the whole question as to what are the essential elements of education; how we are to keep morality and intelligence abreast; how we are to combine the training of character with the preparation for a vocation. What is there to furnish a strong motive to propel the moral nature to right ends; to keep our ideals fresh and vital; to keep the standard of character to the front in the heightened struggle for material existence? Is there anything in the mechanical view of man and nature to furnish this motive? Is there anything in the character or the appeal of the competitive struggle itself which can stir our idealism and bring out the finer and stauncher qualities of the moral nature and insure the growing progress of personality? Whatever may be said of other influences, there is ample warrant to state that religion can and does furnish such motives; and many thoughtful minds are convinced that what is needed to-day is the awakening of a new and more adequate religious interest, and especially in our educational centers.

It is no depreciation of literature and philosophy and science to say that as a matter of fact religion, with all its imperfections, has been the largest factor not only in developing the concept of

the self, but in developing the qualities which go to make up a strong personality. The reason for this is that more than anything else religion compels one to measure life's values in terms of character and destiny, rather than in terms of wealth or fortune or anything external or material.

Religion draws one's soul into communion with God. It gives a rational foundation to one's feeling of dependence. It stirs the sense of wonder without which nature is dead and the soul only half alive. It gives a heightened meaning and importance to one's sense of responsibility and one's desire of usefulness. Religion appeals to the spirit of reverence and devotion; but it does not consist entirely in acts of worship. Those prophets and teachers were right who felt that God asks of man not primarily adoration and recognition, but obedience, loyalty, faith. The effect of one's faith in God, that is to say, is this: "To draw out from the mingled motives and conflicting desires of the undeveloped life a conscious consecration, which shall issue into a new sense of capacity, resistance, initiative and power."

If this view of the matter is correct the presence of the religious motive in the student's life will make a vital difference in his whole mental and moral attitude.

To speak of the moral effect first, it will determine in large measure the way in which he uses himself and his opportunities. Shall he compel his natural impulses to keep within the strictest moral bounds, or shall he ease up his standard and train more or less with the "fast set"? Not that religion stands for gloom and asceticism. It doesn't; but it insists that one's joys shall be clean and worthy of a man. Will he use his opportunities to the best advantage of mind and body? Will he acquire the habits of thought which shall make his mastery of history and economics and science a pledge of intelligent and unselfish service to the community—make him a man of strict honor, and a citizen of sterling loyalty?

The college is a little world in itself. The student is away from the surroundings in which he has the direct moral support of the home family, the home church, the home friends. To say that this sudden and complete change of environment may have —indeed, must have—serious consequences is not to argue that

the youth is a weakling who cannot be trusted away from his mother's apron strings. It is simply to say that when he leaves home for college he must find his own moral ground to stand on, which is a process fraught with genuine difficulties. Does he stand there with the aid of the conviction that his faith in God is a help in deciding his moral choices? Does he stand there equipped with the feeling, which goes deeper far than momentary reason, that if he offends against virtue or social purity or intellectual honor he destroys to that extent the moral order of the universe, that he defeats the will of God, which is vastly higher than the hedonistic code of any set of boon companions?

That is what I mean—and much more—when I say that his religion will make a vital difference in his moral success if it is genuine and strong.

In the second place, the student is confronted with the question of the relation of his religion to his world-view. Here he will find plentiful elements of confusion. What the outcome is will depend, of course, to a considerable degree upon the student himself. It will be affected by the equipment he brings from home. It will depend upon his own mental and moral make-up; on the way his nature reacts upon the materials which affect religious experience.

But in any case he will be greatly influenced by the attitude of his individual teachers, and by the attitude of the college as a whole toward religion. If the matter is simply ignored or neglected, the student will get the feeling that religion is in fact a negligible quantity, unless he already has sufficient conviction of his own to think otherwise. What he actually finds in many of our larger colleges and universities is a variety of different views, expressed or latent; and an absence of anything very definite to bring unity and firmness into his own shifting and uncertain feeling and thinking about religion. If he is sensitive to such things he will probably experience a considerable variety of reactions as he goes from one lecture-room to another. In one region he will hear the mechanical view of life expounded —the view which explains its phenomena on the theory of mechanism, which leaves no room for religion in any vital sense of the word. In another region he will find the opposite con-

ception, which sees evidence of causes and ends in nature which are more than mechanical. In still other regions he may find a somewhat confusing attempt to apply one or the other of these world-views to the practical affairs of life in ethics or law or sociology or religion. This is not a criticism of the professor in a given department. It is not the duty of the professor in biology to teach a man religion. But it suggests the duty of the college to make some thoughtful and adequate provision for this important element in the student's life and experience.

In writing of the need of students to gain some broad knowledge of religious history and experience, one of our university professors has pointed out how difficult it is for the student in most colleges to get this knowledge in interesting forms. Consider such questions as these: "Is the Christian church a useful force in the community, and an institution to be conserved? What attitude toward it, or part in it, ought I personally to take? The progressive and the conservative tendencies in religious life: which makes most for human welfare and the conservation of true religion, and what ought to be my attitude toward them? Existing social institutions and current methods of business life: ought I to contribute to the improvement of these things, or are they data to be accepted, my duty being limited to conducting myself personally as righteously as possible under these conditions? The effort of Christians to extend the influence of their religion to foreign lands: is this a chimerical fantasy of partisan enthusiasts, an unjustifiable invasion of the rights of others, or is it the legitimate and necessary expression of the altruism of Christianity? These are but examples of the questions to which every thinking man must assume an attitude. But if so, it needs no argument to show that the four years spent in college in the formative period of youth, in what should be an atmosphere of study and thought, cannot fail to affect the student's attitude toward them, and that the college is not without a measure of responsibility in the matter."

This statement expresses the feeling which is widespread today that we have not yet succeeded in finding a good way of providing for the study of religion in our State universities, or even in our denominational colleges, as a subject which stands at

least upon a par with other branches of the curriculum. Religion is a phenomenon which has affected human life in a large way; has been a large factor in shaping history and civilization; creating institutions like the church, the school, the hospital; engaging in missionary enterprises of wide influence. It has created a great literature of its own, and more or less inspired all literature; it has put a distinct stamp upon the customs and morals of nations and races. As such, religion should be given a place side by side with science, philosophy, history, mathematics, as a department by itself, with carefully chosen teachers, who are on a level with the best in other departments.

Fortunately, thorough investigation and study is being devoted to the subject in many quarters; the prospects are that the situation will be greatly improved in another decade. Some of our State universities are hampered by legal limitations; here religious worship must be provided for in other ways. But these restrictions do not affect the study of religion as a subject of the first importance, of whose history and influence no intelligent person may be ignorant.

A Day in Algiers

By Jessie C. Brown

When your steamer anchors in the harbor of Algiers you say to yourself, like Alice in Wonderland, "I'm sure that something interesting is going to happen"; for before you have time to exclaim over the marvelous beauty of the harbor the steamer is surrounded by a flock of little boats, each full of red-fezzed Arabs, gay with piles of fruits, with here and there a nimble monkey running over the seats. And your prophecy proves a true one, for if there is a more fascinating city in the world than Algiers I have not as yet seen it.

We were five—the Professor, the Lieutenant, the two boys and Mother. (You know Wendy says in "Peter Pan" that somebody always has to be the Mother.) Of course we made the Professor do all the work; he paid all the bills, changed the money,

carried the Baedeker and told us what information he had extracted from it. Else why take a Professor with you at all? When our two brigands who rowed the boat finally deposited us on the wharf we were straightway surrounded by a mob of small merchants, who yelled at us in several languages and waved before our eyes their collections of paper knives, daggers, belt buckles and brooches (made in Germany); especially did they force upon our attention a lot of small stuffed lizards, which they insisted would bring us good luck. Now of course you are a strong-minded person, who steadfastly refrains from buying stuffed lizards for the utterly inadequate reason that you do not need them, but the simplest way to get away from the sidewalk merchants of Algiers is to start the day by buying one of these unpleasant bringers of good luck. Finally we rode away, up the winding Rampe into the city.

It was a wonderful day. The sky was blue, blue, blue as—the sea; for as somebody says, blue is only a word, only an adjective, until you have seen the Mediterranean sea as it washes the shores of Algeria. It was mid-December, but in the squares the palms and green vines waved in the fresh breeze. In the gardens roses bloomed in profusion, and we saw everywhere the gorgeous bougainville, that splendid climbing vine, with its purplish-pink flowers. In the streets the gay summer dresses of the French ladies, the white of the Arab costumes, the uniforms of the French soldiers, made one charming picture after another to refresh our eyes, which were weary with looking at our own dull clothes. All morning we rode through the broad, clean streets of the French town, with its big public buildings, its parks and its barracks. Past us along the streets went the cars, with passengers every one of whom was a picture. There were the zouaves, with their red bloomers, blue jackets, white gaiters and red caps, looking so much like guests at a fancy-dress ball that it was difficult to think of them as real soldiers in everyday uniform. Then would come a group of little Arab women, bundled in white garments from head to foot, with only two dark eyes and two little slippered feet emerging from the white. Swinging along the street went the tall Arabs, each wrapped in white burnous, each with a picturesque turban or fez on his

proud head, dark-eyed, keen of glance, haughty of bearing. These Arabs were so fascinating and so handsome that the Lieutenant and Mother decided that the mystery of Othello was solved. The wonder is not that the fair Desdemona fell in love with her handsome Moor, but that the entire feminine population of Venice did not follow her example. And among the crowds went numerous French gentlemen, twisting their small black moustaches, swinging their inevitable little canes, talking as fast as their tongues could possibly go; French ladies of all descriptions, officers, priests, monks, beggars. Certainly life in Algiers is at least picturesque.

We visited the botanical gardens, the Jardin d'Essai, where a polite French guide took us about explaining with many gestures the interesting features of the gardens, their tropical plants and rare specimens. Nothing was more delightful than his mixture of French and English; for instance, when he pointed out to us the wild banana, he carefully explained, "We call him the sauvage banan, because he is no good for the mange." We rode through the ravine of the Femme Sauvage, where Phil was much disappointed at not seeing the wild woman herself. Along the roads we met many people, doubtless the owners of the flourishing little gardens and farms, sometimes driving, oftener riding, the meek little, moth-eaten gray donkeys, loaded to their ears with creaking baskets. Words fail when one tries to tell of the view from these heights of Mustapha Superieur. Here are exquisite villas, with balconies and windows outlined in lacy patterns of stone, with their green gardens tossing branches over the stone walls. Over all this dazzling white and green arches the cloudless sky, and far out there in the distance is the deep, deep blue of the sea, dotted with white sails, bearing on its waves the great steamers of every nation in Europe. "In these villas," said the Professor, "used to live those bloodthirsty old pirates whose names are still preserved in these Arabic inscriptions on the gates. From their windows they watched the ships of the infidels and pounced down upon them; and down there in the city were the slave-pens, full of Christian captives, princes and priests and sailors. Aren't you glad that the French came along and made everything clean and modern and safe for

us?" And the Lieutenant, jealous for his nationality and his profession, added, "Hurrah for Stephen Decatur!"

In the afternoon we spent many happy hours wandering through the Arab town, which all day had beckoned to us across the harbor, a maze of white houses huddled together, climbing the steep hill. Up and down the dirty, steep streets we climbed. The streets were so narrow that the houses touched friendly roofs above them. They were rather a succession of stairways than streets, for there were few feet of level walking. The cobble stones were slippery with the accumulated grime and refuse of one knows not how many generations. It was Friday, the Mohammedan day of rest, and the population was out in full force. Slipping past us went the noiseless feet of the Arabs, the tall men, the women with their clattering bracelets, the black-eyed, voluminously pantalooned children. In front of the butcher shops and the vegetable shops were displayed the wares of the merchants, which were of such a nature as to upset a delicate occidental stomach. I shall not soon forget those blackened carcasses and grinning black lambs' heads that adorned the entrance to the butcher shops. The people paid not the slightest attention to us. Old men went on smoking and talking, young men played their games of cards without even looking up. In the doors we saw occasional loungers, and though we peered curiously at the mysteriously closed houses, they showed us nothing of their interiors. But we knew that behind those closed doors, fascinating only because they were closed, were dirt and ignorance and cruelty, and we hastened past. In the mosque, where we stepped carefully over the sacred carpet used by the faithful, we saw the worshipers (men, of course) washing hands and mouths and feet; then, each taking his prayer rug, they knelt in silence with faces toward the east in the cool, dusky quiet of the interior.

In the Arab shops, where old merchants with charmingly polite manners wait for the tourist, everybody speaks French. There one sees the most alluring things—bronzes and delicate laces, Kabyle belts, so heavy with their ornamentation that one wonders how an average human could carry them about his waist; one finds old coins, enamels, cameos, embroideries. The

simple merchants are fully aware of the value of their stocks, and one pays high for whatever he gets. But Mother did find a bargain. In one shop she saw an old silver ring, which was so captivating that she resolved to have it, regardless of cost. "How much is this ring?" she said to the French proprietor, after ascertaining that it was an old Arab ring, hand made. "Three francs, madame," said he. "You see it is old and worn." "Well," said Mother carelessly, "I'll take it just for a souvenir." Then she ran all the way down stairs lest the proprietor should change his mind.

But, alas, hurry as we did, it was impossible to see all we wanted. The shadows grew longer, the funnels of the ship began to send out dark columns of smoke. To emphasize her impatience for the return of the wanderers she blew a sharp blast with her whistle, and when we finally climbed the steps up the steamer's side our courteous captain remarked pleasantly, "You are the last to arrive, madame. I was afraid you had decided to stay in Algiers." And I replied, with my eyes fixed on the hills of Algiers, the white town glowing rosy pink in the sunset, while the space of blue water between the ship and the city grew ever wider, "Oh, how I wish I were going to stay in Algiers! Some day I shall return, perhaps a la Turque, like Tartarin, and then I shall stay as long as I like in this lovely rose garden, this glowing jewel of the Mediterranean."

Music and Poetry: Their Relation to the Medical Life

BY DR. A. W. BRAYTON

The great interest manifested by the physicians of Indianapolis in the musical events of the past few years shows that medicine is not regarded as entirely prosaic by the local profession, even if the practice of it is not at all times heroic or even idyllic.

For medicine as a biological science includes psychology and stands in very close relations to poetry and music, the highest forms of human expression. All avenues of approach and sympathy should be open to the physician. We agree that he should

be trained in the elements of the profession, should have four year courses in the great medical schools of city and State universities, with abundant clinical courses, as is the cry of our profession in Indiana to-day.

And we agree, too, that it is better for his whole future and that of his patients that the physician should have so broad and liberal an education that he will have the best outcome of culture, and that is, in the long run of years, independence and placidity. For only by culture can the physician achieve intellectual power and independence and full justness of perception. Only by culture, by being in company with the best men and the best books in youth and throughout life, can he achieve alliance with those choice spirits who have conceived an infinite hope for mankind; only by culture can he enlarge the horizon of feeling and emotion.

But a well-trained intellect and a sound, healthy body and a due and just temperance are not yet enough for the qualification of the physician. Nor can he achieve power and intelligence and justness of perception by following a single line of research in medicine.

For even so eminent a scientist and specialist as Darwin did not bring full circle in the sphere of life. He spent ten years on the study of barnacles—a notable lesson in patience and persistence—and he finally rose to the highest concept in biology, that of organic evolution. And yet he had not culture in the sense that an educated man has it—the man of Arnold, who knows the best that has been said and thought in the world.

Late in life he confessed to a friend that he no longer experienced the need of two things, for which most men have a dire necessity; and these two things were, strange as it may seem, religion and poetry.

And yet Darwin was one of the most religious of men, for his love of nature and his reasoning upon it had come to be to him a religion and secured to him the ends of right conduct, of solace, of independence, of serenity and beauty.

There are thousands of men—a constantly increasing host—who by their intensity of study and research, notably in nature subjects, as natural history, astronomy, geology—there are many

in our profession—who are going on with their work in patience and reverence and yet are enabled to lay aside the shackles of habit, of ancient dreams and traditions.

The law of the world ceases for them to be a narrow fanaticism; error is no longer the condition of human morality. But religion is to the physician of this type none the less a reality.

The mind of man has ever stood in perplexity between the demands of intellect and sanctity, now tiring of the saints and again of the philosophers, and no reconciler has as yet appeared answering once and for all the problems of being, whence, why and whither. Literature does not solve this problem; Shakespeare only presents it. Philosophy accounts as well as it can for the constitution of the world, of the mind of man, but still the old question of being comes to each anew and must be solved by his own life and thought, by no book or tradition. The physician, seeing life in all its aspects and motives, is brought early and often against the boundary of science and philosophy, and to a higher and more compelling region, the world of morals and of will. The sense of moral sentiment lays hold of every man at some time with fierce haste, taking precedence of all else, reducing all material and philosophical concepts to chaff and vacuity, and he finds that only along this way lies serenity and safety. He becomes religious without tradition and without system, creed or theology.

Even the typical agnostics of our generation conduct themselves as though they believed that God and the soul of man exist and are perpetual.

We may well keep in mind, then, that all the avenues of approach and sympathy should be kept open by the physician. He should not be less cognizant of the spiritual and emotional relations in which he stands or may stand to his patient than of the physical and intellectual.

Men primarily educated in medical science have drawn heavily upon the scientific and religious tolerance of the age. Darwin and Huxley are notable examples. Darwin discovered evolution and Huxley was its greatest English advocate, as was Asa Gray in our country. What a revolution in thought and doctrine! The hypothesis that all the forms of life, the uni-

verse itself, the mind of man and all its qualities, emotion, intellect and will, and all the phenomena of their action were once the latent possibilities of a fiery cosmic cloud!

Our profession also knows, or should know, the limits beyond which science ceases to be strong in proof and statement, when it is time to stop affirming and begin wondering. None more than we should feel the humility born of insight and knowledge —that we are only transient actors in the cosmic drama. Like Prospero's fairy creation, we

> "Are melted into air, into thin air,
> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

So when times of storm and stress have passed and the pause of reflection and emotion comes to us, we are overshadowed by the great awe which was experienced by Emanuel Kant when he declared that two things filled him with wonder and emotion —the contemplation of the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man. This feeling is inherent, none have escaped it, even if like the Latin poet they have struggled and denied—

> "Lucretius, better than his mood,
> Dropped his plummet down the broad,
> Deep universe and said,
> 'There is no God.'
>
> "Finding no bottom, he denied
> Divinely the Divine, and died,
> Chief poet of the Tiber side,
> By grace of God."

All serious study leads to this cloudland, which lies far beyond the hampering details of science and theology—a realm and a vision we can not analyze by the intellect or comprehend by the sense. It is illumined and made comforting to us by the mystics and idealists, by the poets and musicians.

The writer was speaking to a thoughtful young man walking faithfully the ways of his daily vocation the day following a presentation of the "Walkyrie." He was explaining to his companions the story of the Niebelungen dramas, describing the Ride of the Walkyries as far, that is, as it is possible to describe music in words or play the ten commandments on a violin. He said, in his enthusiasm: "If the whole range of modern literature were lost and only the works of Shakespeare and Wagner remained to us, the world would have lost but little."

This, I suppose, is the common feeling of those who are worshipers at the shrine of Wagner, master of the drama of thought and sound, the very "Shakespeare of music."

The opera before Wagner bore little relation to the thought and life of the people, as it did not spring from their native thought and tradition. Wagner's aim was to make the opera to the Germans what the Greek drama was to the Athenians. The tragedies of Sophocles and Aeschylus embodied human types and elemental emotions. They were the celebration of the great religious festivals and were presented twice each year for three days in succession in open-air theaters to the whole adult male population. Their influence upon the life and thought of the people was tremendous, and those few preserved to us are, after two thousand years have passed away, among the most precious remains of the world's early literature.

Wagner, then, followed the Greek, seizing upon the national myths, pagan and Christian, for myths are universal and free from the limitations of time and place. And so he wrote the dramas, the librettos, which in themselves are powerful dramatic poems.

"Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" and "Parsifal" are Wagner's embodiment of the Christian mythology of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, with its whole content of religious belief and tradition.

The "Ring of the Nieblungs" presents the Teutonic pre-Chris-

tian conception of the supernatural government in four operas—"The Rhinegold," "The Walkyrie," "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," the last meaning the passing of the pagan gods. In this series, first presented in Beyreuth in 1876, Wagner set forth the old pagan mythology of his country with its noblest thoughts and stories pushed to the front, with Christianity rising above the ruins of the old Norse religion. To this purpose the lifetime of Wagner was devoted consistently, the result being the two great groups of operas which many consider the highest expression of human persistence and genius since the time of Shakespeare.

Throughout this work we find the law of organic union. The use of the myths permitted concentration upon character and emotion, making action and pictorial elements subordinate, and so text, action, scenery and music all unite to a common purpose, the expression of emotion of the drama to the hearer and spectator.

But what shall we say of the mighty genius which could do all that the old dramatists attempted on the scenic stage and to this added the vocal and instrumental music, making all contributory to his purpose? We leave this question to those who have studied the Wagnerian operas, and they have a voluminous literature in every modern language.

Those of our profession who have heard "Tannhauser," the story of love and redemption through suffering, and the "Walkyrie" will know wherein lay their pleasure and what stirred their emotion; whether it was the art form of the Greek drama, the tracing of the pagan or Christian myths used as the groundwork of the drama, the dramatic action and declamation of the text, the simple scenery employed, or the independence and illustrative agency of the orchestra, which in Wagner's operas is one of the chief elements in the development of the plot.

Happily Wagner's works need no explanation. One does not even need to know the melodic phrases or "leading motives," as they are called, which by their repetition either in a voice part or in the orchestra, designate a certain personality or recurring thought in the drama. The more familiar one is with the text and the music of the opera the more intellectual pleasure will

one have in listening, but the same is true of the plays of Shakespeare. To know these motives is not essential to an understanding of the dramatic force, eloquence and truthfulness of music.

After all "the play's the thing," and not the study or the criticism of it. Wagner was an original genius in music. He could not express himself in existing forms and so produced an absolutely new operatic form. Classicism always resists new movements. Classicism in music means devotion to pure beauty of form and matter as we have it in ritual music, in the devotional contemplative spirit withdrawn from the world. It is intellectual; it is profound; it is simple, serene and cloistered—not the life among men. Classical music found its expressive field in religion just as did the Gothic architecture, with its heaven-seeking and earth-despising spires, the cathedrals which were "frozen music."

Wagner could not express himself in these forms, for they do not contain the note of earthly passion, the fierce dominance of love and hate, the cry for intellectual liberty, the destructive analysis of old theologies, the passage of feudalism.

The passion for liberty, the demolition of pagan theology and the substitution of Christian traditions were the themes of Wagner, and the old vessels would not serve his purpose, and so he devised a new operatic mold. And the music-loving world seems to have accepted it. Few were his friends; the insane King of Bavaria was the most helpful and appreciative. He was derided as an iconoclast. France, England and Italy, the latter the home of the opera, refused his works, but they were received in this country from the outset. It was sixty-seven years ago that "Tannhauser" was written and it was sung in English in our city the first time the 11th of April, 1906. It is not to be wondered at that our physicians very generally seized the opportunity to hear it sung in English.

Physicists and physicians have done much to develop the history of the evolution of music, notably Helmholz and Bilroth. The latter was by nature and desire a musician, although greatest of the German surgeons and pathologists. The twenty-five years he spent in Vienna were divided between surgery and

music. Indeed, it might be said of him that surgery was his wife and music his mistress, as John Hunter declared of medical science. He wrote a great work on music, the substance of which has been made available to American physicians through an extensive and sympathetic essay by Dr. Hemmeter, of Baltimore, in the Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin several years ago. Bilroth shows how the earliest music was intonation, the rhythm simply that of the text, as in the Gregorian chants, which emphasized to the people the church liturgy.

Even now the most civilized nations can not escape the tyranny of rhythm, the law of periodicity which rules the stars in their courses and also exercises power over all living things. Rhythm is the "dance of sound" just as dancing is the rhythm of movement. Melody grew out of an intonation and rhythm appeared in music as soon as it did in the measured verses to which music was set. To children and savages rhythm is the most agreeable form of music and in primeval humanity must have been the only music known and was interwoven with language itself. Language expresses thoughts, moods and emotion in but a crude manner even now—

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
* * * * *
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

Much can be conveyed by music when language fails utterly. Music and poetry are the highest reaches of human expression and the closest allies of the heart and mind of man. They serve to spur up the emotions on which action depends and they nourish indirectly the intellect and the will.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals," and yet he can never know himself any more than he can know the flower in the crannied wall, nor can he ever reveal himself fully to others by his act or by his speech.

His best life is the life of thought, of introspection, and in the last analysis every one must find his solace and his consolation

within himself. The contemplation of the universe of which he is the highest expression and in which he is supreme, may baffle his intellect, but it should elevate his heart.

In 1833 Emerson "found the house of Carlyle amid the desolate, heathery hills of Craigenputtock, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart," no one to speak to within sixteen miles save the minister of Dunscore. Emerson and Carlyle walked over the long hills and looked down into Wordsworth's country and naturally reverted to the immortality of the soul. Emerson tells us that it was not by Carlyle's wish that they talked upon this topic, for Carlyle "had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls and did not like to place himself where no step could be taken." "But he was cognizant of the subtle links which bind the ages together, and how every event affects the future. Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore Kirk yonder and brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence." The point of this conversation between Carlyle and Emerson on immortality is that Carlyle did not want to talk about it—and what talk of immortality is there that is positive and assuring? Not that of Socrates in the Phaedo of Plato; not in Cicero; not in the several annual essays by Fiske, by James, by Osler and others on the Ingersoll Foundation at Harvard; not in Weissman or Metchnikoff do we find proof, for there is no proof; there is only hope and desire, and we express these best by poetry and by music, by looking into the eyes of love.

And then we turn to the poets and the musicians, who in the past have been the great comforters of mankind, and have yet a greater part to play in the future of the world. Poetry and music have filled many shores which the recession of the theologic and scientific tides have left exposed and lifeless in the century just closed, and to poetry and music we may look for our greatest joy and happiness in the future.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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OUR PURPOSE

The pages here presented form the initial number of a proposed quarterly publication in the interest and for the delectation of alumni and others formerly students at Butler College. The work of conducting this publication is undertaken by a board of editors and managers officially appointed by the Alumni Association of the college. Back of this appointment is action taken at a recent meeting of alumni and other former students when it was unanimously resolved that such publication was desired by them and that the officers of the association should at once proceed to arrange for its regular issue. Full report of the meeting to which reference is here made will be found on another page. The object here is to give expression to certain reflections which the present situation suggests.

Be it said then: any collegiate institution needs, first of all and most of all, the sympathetic support of its old friends, of those now men and women in the world, who in their earlier years may have come under its influence and thereby, it may be, been roused to larger hope and blessed with clearer vision. There is no thought of material aid in this. But, in order to life and usefulness and continued growth therein, the college needs the sympathetic support of those who once were part of it, who have known its inner life, have grasped the meaning of its purpose, have imbibed its traditions. To secure this in continuance and yet more fully is the purpose of this publication. The colloge is entering upon a new era, it is hoped. With increased financial means the future opens for it new and wider fields of useful-

ness. They that once were part of it and have known the intimacies of its life and ways and purposes, and have got strength from these things, strength and hope and human warmth and tenderness, would have it, though other, yet remain the same; other in wider usefulness and greater power, the same in the democracy of its academic life, in its tolerance of opinion, its charity, its sympathy and always in its loyalty to truth.

OUR CALL

The call is, then, Come back! Call issued to scattered host, to children that have gone their several ways, to comrades unforgetting, unforgot. Come back in memory and in such messages as wanderer sends home. It is the true home feeling that calls the heart hitherward. For not alone the roof that sheltered childhood's days shall live in memory as rest's haven and hope's source; life has other pauses—places that ever after backward beckon, scenes that cease not to invite, companionships long lost, never relinquished—and one's college is of these places. Persons and places make up the world we live in, the human world of hearts akin and scenes familiar. Life is one whole; its days are not divided. The past lives in the present. Yesterday is to-day's, and to-morrow's, and to-morrow's. So the past of Butler College lives in the present of those who one time were enrolled in its student body, forming vital part of their life traditions. To such it seems another home. Fair to them in retrospect is Irving town, of winding ways and shaded walks, and college bell that rang its summons far and clear, and Ellenberger's woods, where, under giant trees, the brooding silence banished world thoughts, and Pleasant run that lingered soberly in quiet pool, then laughing hastened on. And good to them seem now the associates of those years; the men—but chiefest was a woman—that taught here. Unselfish taught—but no—taught because they loved it, loved letters, loved their kind, loved youth's brightness, its buoyancy; loved even its very thoughtlessness, though sometimes, perhaps, sore wounded thereby. And so they lived, missing much in life no doubt, but gaining what is best of all, the lasting love of those they labored for. And then the comrades of those days. Kin spirits in a

care-free world, full some of proud sententiousness, unbounded expectation, assurance doubly sure. One feels their presence still, as once when hope was young and life a holiday.

Sentiment? Yes. The vital things of life do not lack sentiment. On the contrary, the things most vitally affecting our lives are the things most full of feeling. The alumnus departing will go with larger mind, be it hoped, but surely with fuller heart; and this is consecration of the other. He will go carrying with him something of the traditions of his college, to whose traditions himself will have added part. A college lives in its traditions, and these minor traditions of life and feeling, contributed by succeeding generations of students, vivify, make present and real the traditionary principles and purposes of its founding.

OUR COLLEGE TRADITIONS

In the organism of a college indispensable is material apparatus for the prosecution of its work of instruction; grounds, buildings, libraries, laboratories; but the college is something more and greater than these things. It is its traditions that constitute the college, and in the enduring truth of its traditions and in its power to impress these upon the mind and heart of the passing generations does its worthiness, if it have worthiness, consist. What, then, are the traditions of Butler? First, be it said, it was founded in response to religious impulse. But there are many religions. Some one has said that all religions are true in part. But it may be added, if any religion is but partly true then is it a false religion and the betrayer of its votaries. The true religion must be all true. Goethe in the "Wilhelm Meister" says that there is one thing on which all depends for making man in every point a man, and that essential thing is reverence; that there are three forms of reverence: the first, for what is above us; the second, for what is around us; the third, for what is beneath us; that one or other of these reverences has been characteristic of every religion; that all three combined constitute the true religion. Butler in the purposes of originators and in its practical execution of those purposes has been truly a work of true religion, a work whose impulse sprang from reverence of God and reverence of man and reverence of the things

that God has made to minister to man. But these reverences of Goethe are not to be differentiated as having separate and distinct origin and character. Reverence for man and reverence for the agencies subject to man are corollaries of reverence for God and at the same time ancillary to it. The college traditions which we inherit from its founders have been handed down to us in written memorials declarative of their principles and purposes. In the original avowal of these purposes as found set forth in their charter God is made the first and highest object of reverence. Their first injunction was that His word be taught to the youth coming under the tutelage of the college—that Christianity pure and liberal in interpretation and unclouded by useless dogma be inculcated as rule of faith and practice. This avowal of purpose was fundamental to the whole program which they had to propose for the operation of the institution they were founding, not for the strengthening of an eccleciastical organization, but for the glory of God and the good of mankind. And their reverence of man in the world about them, of man as man, grew out of their reverence of God, for had not the revelation of Him whom they trusted taught them that men are the children of God? In such belief was written the provision that honors man next only to his Creator. Butler was founded in the years immediately preceding our civil war. In that period the one question occupying men's minds, enlisting their sympathies, firing their passions, was that of human rights; and the hand that penned the charter of the old Northwestern Christian University wrote into it a democracy as wide and free as the practice of an ordered world might ever fill. It was declared that the institution then founded was for the benefit of all without distinction of race, class, caste, sex or condition. Does it seem an ambitious program? Does some of it seem futile? Does some of it seem unnecessary? Not by proclamations of men, it is true, nor by any laws of man's enactment can the instincts of human nature be changed, and social intercourse everywhere will be to those of kindred spirit. But in the development of civilization equality of opportunity is possible and justice demands it. This equality of opportunity Butler's charter promised. The history of

the institution thereon founded has been true to that promise. Its doors have ever been open to all. This is a practice not uncommon in our day, to be sure, but at the beginning of Butler's history such attitude marked innovations shocking to the general sentiment. In protest against such sentiment the framers of our charter stood for human rights. Reverencing God first, they reverenced next the world of man about them. Already has their brief been approved, their position justified. They were in line with the promptings of the world's better instincts and with God's eternal purposes.

Finally the formula of the poet-philosopher brings us to this: that we reverence the things that are beneath us. In application to education what does this mean? We reverence the lowly when we lift it to lofty purpose, discern in it the power and beneficence of Him that is our first reverence, recognize in it the inanimate suggestions of spiritual truth and esteem that as highest that shall most exalt our own nature. In the arrangement of their educational program our predecessors here had not need to be wiser than their generation. In conformity with time-honored traditions and in harmony with the accepted views of their contemporaries, they gave prominence to those means and methods that contribute toward making man in highest sense a man. They had no battle to fight over this. The struggle came in the generation following. It is over now. In the meantime Butler has ever been true to the old faith. It has refused to abandon or to neglect the essentials of liberal education. It permits but limited election of studies and that only after completion of certain fixed courses. It has held that in order to the realization of the best in life man's nature demands the cultivation of certain inherent powers independently of and unrestricted by utilitarian aim. Without means necessary for the exercise of the larger powers granted it by the terms of its charter, it nevertheless will not neglect the legitimate worth of the college for the sake of making show of assuming more extended functions. All friends will hope that Butler may one day be able to occupy the larger field of university work, but may this end never be sought through curtailment of its collegiate department.

In Memoriam—M. H. W.

On another page will be found announcement of the death of Mary Hall Wilson.

Death is a simple thing, an occurrence in ordinary course of nature. Nothing happens oftener. Viewed abstractly and simply as another of the countless phenomena that make up the system of things unknowable in the midst of which we live, death is an altogether negligible quantity, a part of the whole, an unavoidable part, a thing that has been and must be. And it is a grand thought, too, that one, even in death, is part of the illimitable vastness.

Nevertheless such is not the mind's wonted mood. Not always ride we in storm of stardust, nor do we dwell familiarly in wide space of distant worlds. The life we live is here and now. It is personal. It is full of things and thoughts that touch us nearly. It is in feeling that we live, for this personal life of ours, however self-contained, however self-controlled, is thing of passion. When we feel, we live; and what we feel, that is our life.

What is this sense of personal loss that comes to one on the death of a friend? Is it not that in it a part of one's own life seems to have ended? It may be the death of one not seen for years and whom in the ordinary course of things we might not expect to see again. It matters not; the sense of loss is not less keen. Because this one having once been part of our life, in that became part of ourselves, and dying that part of us is lost past renewal. And when the word comes to us unexpectant—the fateful word—it halts us. It makes us think—think back over the past, forward into the future. It is indeed a part of our own life that has ended, and the lesson of it we must make our own lesson. We grieve—grieve for the dead—grieve for the part of our own and other lives that with the dying died.

Those who knew Mary Hall in her early life will recall the grace of her girlhood, her unaffected ways, the gentle dignity and the sweet sobriety of her bright, young face. Kindness shone in her countenance, and truth was the message of her eyes. She had inherited the temperament of her father. Perry Hall was a young man of great promise, once a student in the Northwestern Christian

University, who died in his country's service early in the civil war. The daughter was yet an infant when he died. The mother, too, died while the daughter was yet a child, leaving her to the care of a grandfather. Early she took up life's burdens and bravely did she bear them. More and more she grew to resemble her father. His manner, his quiet steadfastness, his unclouded serenity, his undisguised sincerity, his cheerful optimism found repetition in the mature woman of our later knowledge, when as teacher at the college she held the love and confidence of all who knew her.

A life is short, the story of it is soon ended; but the influence of a strong, true character is longer far than such brief space of years. To those who knew Mary Hall, Mrs. Wilson, her life was blessing, her memory beatitude of peace.

Reorganization of the Alumni Association

In response to the invitation of President and Mrs. Thomas C. Howe, over one hundred of the Butler alumni gathered in their home on the evening of November 18 last. Classes were represented from the class of '59 in B. M. Blount, on through '68 in Scot Butler, '76 in W. S. Moffett, '78 in Katharine Graydon, '79 in D. C. Brown, on down through the infants of the present class.

Miss Lora Hussey, '10, was present from Zionsville; Miss Agnes Tilson, '10, from Greenwood; Mrs. Albert Blessing (Nell Brevoort, '95), from Montrose, Colorado; Miss India Martz, '90, from Kokomo; Miss Alma Hoover, from Bridgeport; Mr. Samuel Offutt, '11, and Miss Nell Reed, '11, from Greenfield; Mrs. Roscoe Kirkman (Ginevra Hill, '89) and daughter, from Richmond, and Marshall Davis, '90, from Oxford, Ohio.

The object of the gathering was a reorganization of the Alumni Association and the adoption of a new constitution, with a little social intercourse thrown in. In a brief address Mr. Walter O. Williams, '80, president of the association, gave an outline of the plan of reorganization. Then Miss Graydon, '78, vice-president, read a draft of the new constitution, which was adopted. This constitution will be found on another page of this issue.

Speeches were called for from President Thomas C. Howe, Mr. Hilton U. Brown and Dr. Scot Butler. All rejoiced in an organization that would draw the alumni closer together and expressed their undying love for Butler College and their faith in a great and useful future for her.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ASSOCIATION

ARTICLE I.

Sec. 1. This Association shall be called the Butler College Alumni Association.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. The object of this Association shall be to serve the College and the Alumni, and to serve them by trying to bring them closer together.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1. All graduates of Butler College, former students not graduates of Butler College who shall be elected by the Executive Committee, members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences not graduates of Butler College, persons who have received honorary degrees from Butler College, are members of this Association, or entitled to be so regarded.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. The officers of this Association shall be President, a Vice-President, a permanent Secretary, a Treasurer, an Executive Committee, and a Nominating Committee.

Sec. 2. The duties of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer shall be such as usually pertain to such officers in similar organizations.

Sec. 3. The Executive Committee, composed of the officers and one additional member appointed by the President of the College, shall have entire management of the affairs of the Association. Three shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. It shall at the first stated meeting of the year elect a standing Committee of Nominators to consist of three members. It shall make such arrangements as shall seem to it advisable for the happy celebra-

tion of Commencement; for the management of all affairs which require organized effort by the Alumni; for the gatherings of the Alumni at any time; for the proper representation from the Alumni at functions and ceremonies. It is authorized in its discretion to publish an Alumni periodical; to prepare and publish a general list of all College graduates; to add to the membership of the Association from the list of former students; to further the interests of Butler College in all ways open to the Alumni of Butler College.

Sec. 4. The Committee on Nominations shall report at the June meeting, when the election of officers is held.

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. All members of the Association shall pay an annual fee of fifty cents.

STATISTICS OF THE ALUMNI

From the letters that have been received the past winter from the alumni some interesting statistics have been gathered. In answer to a question in what States is Butler College represented, it is found that seven alumni are in Oklahoma, thirteen in California, three in Arizona, eleven in Missouri, thirty-four in Illinois, three in Nebraska, seven in Colorado, two in Wisconsin, seven in Texas, eight in Michigan, one in North Dakota, eighteen in Ohio, three in Arkansas, two in Maryland, eight in Pennsylvania, one in Alabama, two in Massachusetts, two in North Carolina, two in Oregon, eight in Kansas, four in Washington, seven in Washington, D. C., two in Hawaii, one in Argentine, two in Mexico, one in Japan, one in China, three in New Mexico, six in Connecticut, five in Kentucky, three in West Virginia, one in Florida, four in Iowa, five in New York, two in Idaho, three in Wisconsin, two in Vermont, one in Georgia, one in Minnesota, one in Utah, one in Louisiana, one in England, one in Germany, 335 in Indiana and nineteen on Downey avenue, Irvington. Downey avenue is the hub of the Butler universe.

Of the professions twenty-five are doctors, forty-seven are lawyers, seventy-eight are ministers and 116 are teachers.

ADDRESSES WANTED

A new Alumni Directory is in process of preparation. Any information concerning the present address of the following will be gratefully received by Miss Katharine M. Graydon, 303 Downey avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Rev. John Kimmons, '56; T. C. Elliott, '57; W. G. Hastings, '57; Levi Hanson, '59; Dr. Abram D. Williams, '60; Wickliffe A. Cotton, '64; Henry H. Black, '66; John Denton, '67; John S. Moore, '69; Samuel E. Young, '71; Rev. Walter R. Couch, '72; Nathan W. Fitzgerald, '72; Rev. William R. Lowe, '72; Rev. Charles H. Coton, '76; W. Henry Grove, '81; Rev. John McKee, '84; Mark A. LeMiller; Robert P. Collins, '91; Mark Collins, '91; Mary E. Thomas, '93; Bertha Belle Ward, '93; Chloe F. Hall, '97; Emily Adams, '00; Elmo Scott Wood, '08.

It is desirable to know, also, the place and date of death of the following:

Jacob F. Lockhart, '59; Estell R. Moffett, '59; George W. Spahr, '61; Henry C. Guffin, '63; Ben Wright, '67; John W. Tucker, '69; Lorenzo Tucker, '69; William H. Tiller, '72; Henry C. Owens, '75; Solomon Metzler, '81; Burgess L. McElroy, '82; Jesse Walden, '85; Harry L. Henderson, '95; Charles J. McGroarty, '99; Thomas R. Lawhead, '00; Eva L. Goodykoontz, '95.

THE LIVING ENDOWMENT MOVEMENT

One of the most prominent undertakings which the alumni of Butler College have taken up is the "Living Endowment" movement, a project whose possibilities every alumnus should consider. The present effort for the creation of a living endowment was first promoted by the class of 1911, and resembles closely the plan which has been used with great success at Oberlin and Hiram colleges, and more recently at Illinois College. The pledge contemplated in this plan obligates the signer to pay to the treasurer of Butler College an amount equivalent to an annual interest of five per cent. on a specified sum during his lifetime, with the proviso, however, that at any time he may, if he so chooses, withdraw from the union

by giving thirty days' notice, and that at his decease all obligations of the pledge shall terminate. By this plan a $2,000 living endowment can be carried by an annual contribution of $100, while a yearly payment of $2.50 will carry a $50 endowment. A "union" consisting of 200 members at an annual outlay of $5 each can establish a $20,000 endowment, and a little calculation will show that by the addition of a few large pledges and many small ones a considerable income may be obtained. By promoting the accumulation of such a fund the alumni of Butler College may not only add substantially to its material resources, but may thus furnish the best possible living asset for any institution—a body of constant supporters whose regular financial contributions are an indication of increasing loyalty and interest.

As yet the chief activity for the living endowment has been manifested by the classes of 1911 and 1903, but other classes are now planning to promote it, and it is hoped that the movement will soon become widely extended and be participated in by all the alumni. Communications regarding the plan should be sent to The Butler College Living Endowment Union, in care of the college. The class secretaries appointed so far are: Miss Mildred Moorhead (class of 1911), 356 Ohmer avenue, Irvington, and Charles E. Underwood (class of 1903), president of Eureka College, Eureka, Illinois.

Founder's Day

The commemoration of Founder's Day, February 7, began with fitting exercises in the college chapel at 10 o'clock, at which many visitors and alumni, besides the entire student body, were in attendance. Acting President Kenyon's remarks of introduction related to the benefits which every student enjoys from the generous gifts of the founders and benefactors of the college. The fact that to-day three-fourths of the expenses of a college education are supplied free of cost is due to the interest which hundreds of donors have felt in the perpetuation of an institution of higher learning at Butler.

The principal address was delivered by Professor Charles T. Paul, of the Missionary Training School, on the subject, "The Church and Education." Professor Paul said in part:

"If, writing of the new era of freedom, progress and opportunity that seemed about to burst forth from the French revolution, Wordsworth could say:

> "'Bliss were it in that dawn to breathe
> And to be young was very heaven,'

what shall be said of those who are alive and strong to-day and preparing for the tasks of to-morrow? Students, you who are here now in Butler College, in the blush and buoyancy of your youth, in your formative period, in those golden strategic years of breaking potency and self-discovery when, according to the action of your will and choice, your bent and sphere are being silently determined—you now, I say, stand at the conjuncture of such a past surging with great lives to inspire you, such a present rich with opportunity to grow and work, such a future radiant with the light that never was on land or sea, and vocal with the challenge of the unaccomplished and untried—such a past, present and future as have touched the lives of no preceding generation.

"Butler College was founded by a Christian man for a Christian purpose, and through the years it has been the ideal of the college to be true to that purpose. It is not for me to state, perhaps it is impossible for any one accurately to measure, the degree of success which in this regard Butler College has attained. But viewing it from the present, and aware of the great conflict of forces beating upon the doors of our institutions of higher learning, any one can see that to maintain in this age a college that is essentially, distinctively and preponderatingly Christian in its aims, spirit and output, is an ideal exceedingly difficult to realize. It is one of the hard things gloriously worth while. I am taking it for granted that Butler College is to become more and more a center of Christian life and learning—a college in its scope, its purpose, in all its activity and all its appeal, committed to the control of the spirit and principles of Jesus Christ.

"But we cannot speak of a Christian college without taking into account the church. Abstract Christianity apart from the church does not, so far as I am aware, build Christian colleges. They are established and largely, though by no means adequately, maintained by Christian men and women who are church members, and thus they are, in origin at least, vitally connected with the organized Christianity of our day. What, let us ask, is the true relation between the church and education?

"The relation is, in the first place, a vital one, which inheres in the very nature of the Christian religion. Let it fearlessly be proclaimed that Christianity is essentially the religion of culture. Christ himself was essentially a teacher. The gospel was extended into Europe by Paul the Scholar. Christianity assimilated the ancient learning of Greece and the orient, and out of the medieval church grew the universities. It has been through educational methods that Christian missions have spread and are developing to-day.

"There is, also a functional relation between the church and education. The church should seek to bring the Christian life and influence into the State universities. The establishment of Bible chairs and departments of religious education in the State universities is in nearly every case welcomed by the authorities of these institutions, and offers a promising opportunity which the church should utilize. But, more especially, the church should conduct distinctively Christian institutions of learning—institutions which justify the name Christian by providing a pure religious atmosphere, by offering as an important part of their curriculum courses that will develop the Christian faith and morality, and by furnishing opportunity for enlistment in definite lines of Christian service."

In the evening the large banquet hall of the Claypool Hotel was the scene of a brilliant event, when the faculty, alumni, undergraduates and friends of Butler College assembled to pay deference to the fifty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the institution. The dinner followed special services at the college in the morning in honor of the day.

Preceding the dinner, a reception was held. The guests were

received by Dr. and Mrs. John S. Kenyon (Dr. Kenyon acting president in the absence of Dr. Howe). Dr. W. E. Stone, of Purdue University, and Dr. E. A. Harsley, of Franklin College. Covers were laid at the table of honor for the members of the receiving party, Dr. Scot Butler, Mr. D. C. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Paul, Dr. and Mrs. Jabez Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Morro, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Moffett and Dr. and Mrs. Philputt.

Dr. Kenyon acted as toastmaster. Dr. Stone spoke to "An Intangible Investment." He asserted that in no more fitting way could a man's memory be perpetuated than by having an educational institution named in his honor, and by having it reverently mentioned by the faculty and by lusty college students. The institution founded by Mr. Butler is one of the State's richest heritages, was his statement.

Dr. George L. Mackintosh, president of Wabash College, was to have given the other talk, but he was prevented by serious illness. Mr. Demarchus C. Brown, for many years a member of the Butler College faculty and prior to that a student in the institution, gave a most interesting talk on some of the familiar figures that had been in college life. He opened the floodgates of reminiscence with many present. He paid tribute to the scholarship of Professor Hoshour, the intellectual strength of Mr. Burgess, the gentle leadings of Miss Catharine Merrill in the fields of literature, the humor of dear Professor Thrasher, and, above all, to the one who is still left to us, our beloved Professor Butler. With this a message was delivered from Dr. Benton, who in his declining years is making his home with his daughter in Lincoln, Nebraska.

To close the evening Dr. Scot Butler repeated, at the request of many alumni, a paper which he had read thirty years ago, as the representative of the family, when they gave the large oil portrait of his father to the board of trustees of Butler College. He told of the ideals that were treasured in the hearts of the founders of the college, ideals not easily lived up to, but always striven for by those in whose hands the management of the school has rested.

Personal Mention

Among the former Butler students who have returned to Irvington for residence is Thomas R. Shipp, who is living with his mother at their home in Irvington avenue.

Thomas R. Shipp left Butler with the class of 1897, and has returned to Indianapolis after a stay of ten years in Washington, D. C., to open the permanent headquarters of the National Conservation Congress, of which he is secretary.

Mr. Shipp has had a most interesting and remarkable relation to the conservation movement. He managed the first conference of governors, at the White House, attending to the preliminary work for President Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot. He became at length about the entire executive authority of the conservation movement; at one time he was secretary of the governors' conference, of the joint committee on conservation, of the national conservation commission, and of the National Conservation Congress. He came to be known as the "conservation trust."

Mr. Shipp was with the Indianapolis News for four years following graduation from Butler, and first went to Washington as secretary to Senator Beveridge; he was later secretary to Forester Pinchot and thence was drawn into the conservation activities.

Upon Mr. Shipp's leaving Washington, one of the Washington papers concluded an editorial comment on his work as follows: "The conservation movement as a national force owes to Mr. Shipp a debt which few people understand. His work has been done quietly and in the background; others have appeared in the spotlight for a few minutes on great occasions and harvested the glory, the recognition and the advertising. 'Tom' Shipp got little of these, but he did get the real work done, and he was recognized for that by the men at the top of things."

Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Nelson D. Brayton, who, with Dr. Brayton, was visit-

ing in Indianapolis. The guests included the members of the class of '95. Those present were Rose McNeal Kessler, May Brayton Johnson, Mary Deputy Yoke, Mary Galvin Davidson, May Reeves Morris, of Columbus, Ind., and Nell Brevoort Blessing, of Montrose, Colo. Dr. and Mrs. Brayton were also entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Yoke at their home in Southern avenue.

Robert Hall, '91, has recently returned from a trip to the Panama Canal region, where he conducted a party of Indiana people. Among those who accompanied him were Mr. J. A. Kautz, '85, of Kokomo, and President Howe. The party sailed from New York and arrived at Port Antonia, Jamaica, February 26. A few days were spent in the Canal Zone and points of interest in Central America visited. The party returned to Indianapolis by way of New Orleans, La., about March 10.

Miss Augusta Stevenson, '90, has entered the field of dramatic literature and is meeting with gratifying success. She is the author of several volumes of plays for children, which are used in several States as reading material in the public schools. She spends most of her time in New York, where she is at present, pursuing the work of her profession, but returns to Irvington for the summers.

Carl Morris, a former Butler student, who has attained unusual success as a singer in New York, is planning to return to Indianapolis after a course of study with De Rezske, in Paris. Mr. Morris sang recently with the People's Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel quartet in New York, and has given recitals in Baltimore and Scranton, Pa.

Charles F. McElroy, '04, is secretary of the Franklin Club, a national organization of employing printers with headquarters at Cleveland, O. Mr. McElroy is proprietor of a publishing company in Chicago. He continues his academic interests and has served for the last few years as the debate coach for the University of Chicago.

Elbert Howard Clark, '09, has been for some time professor of mathematics at Purdue University. Mr. Clark specialized in mathematics at Butler and continued his studies at the University of Chicago.

Ernest L. Talbert, '01, is sociological researcher for the University of Chicago, conducting investigations in connection with the work of the University Settlement in the Stock Yards district of Chicago.

Chester G. Vernier, '03, is professor in the law department of the University of Illinois. Mrs. Vernier was Hazel Anderson, '06.

Louis G. Hopkins, '06, is assistant professor of mathematics in the engineering department at the University of Michigan.

Mrs. D. C. Brown, '97, is delivering a series of lectures on Greece before the Fortnightly Literary Club in Greencastle, Ind.

Guy E. Killie, '04, is instructor in English at the Clyde High School, in one of the suburbs of Chicago.

Fay Shover, '00, is teaching in the English department at the Manual Training High School.

Charles E. Underwood, '03, is the newly appointed president of Eureka College, at Eureka, Ill.

Pearl L. Vogt, '03, is professor of economics at Washington State College, at Pullman, Wash.

Robert Mathews, '06, is instructor in mathematics at the University High School, Chicago.

Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, '56, is spending the winter at her bungalow in St. Petersburg, Fla.

H. A. McGill, '02, is instructor in history in the University of Michigan.

Arthur E. Waters, '03, is conducting a large fruit ranch near Ontario, Cal.

Oris White, '06, is superintendent of schools at West Aurora, Ill.

Sam Offut, '02, is now practicing law at Greenfield, Ind.

MARRIAGES.

Brayton—Nelson D. Brayton was married at last Thanksgiving time to Lillie Terry, of Williams, Ariz.

Randall—Dr. James Garfield Randall was married last summer to Edith Abbott, both of the class of '03.

Morgan—Louis J. Morgan, '89, and Retta V. Barnhill, '96, were married June 29, 1911.

OBITUARY.

Irvin Robbins, '60, died February 9, 1911, at Indianapolis.

Mary M. Moore (Mrs. McConnell), '68, died April, 1911, at Oxford, Ind.

Martin Conrad Amos, '01, died June, 1911, at Georgetown, Tex.

Walter Scott King, '97, died October 12, 1911, at Irvington, and was buried at Richmond, Ind.

Mary Hall Wilson (Mrs. Omar Wilson) died March, 1912, at Paonia, Col.

Irvingtoniana

IRVINGTON HOME-COMING

A mass meeting of the citizens of Irvington was held recently at which plans for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Irvington were discussed. It was decided to have a "home-coming day" during the summer of 1912. Definite arrangements are in charge of a committee to be made up from the various women's clubs, with Mrs. Vida T. Cottman as secretary. Sylvester Johnson and James T. Layman have offered the use of their properties for the celebration. It was suggested that money might be raised for the event by selling historical sketches of Irvington.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

A most cordial invitation is extended to all the old students of Butler College to return to the scenes of their youth for commencement week. Come back and be young again, come back and gather around the maternal board once more. A welcome awaits you in Irvington, and this means YOU.

Entertainment at moderate cost will be secured for any one wishing to return, if he will communicate his wish to Miss K. M. Graydon, 303 Downey avenue, Irvington, Indianapolis, Indiana. The official program for commencement week has not been issued yet, but it can be tentatively given here. The week will. begin with Baccalaureate on Sunday, June 16.

Tuesday Evening—President and Mrs. Howe will receive the faculty, alumni, students and friends of the college at their house in Audubon Road.

Wednesday Morning—Class day.

Wednesday Evening—Alumni dinner.

Thursday Morning—Fifty-seventh annual commencement.

HONOR SYSTEM IN COLLEGE

The honor system in examinations has been recently inaugurated at Butler. As elsewhere, the system involves placing students on their honor as to fairness of work, and giving over matters of discipline for breaches of honor to student management. The faculty, therefore, withdraw from all surveillance of examinations. Each student is asked at the close of his examination paper to subscribe to a pledge which states that he has neither given nor received any aid. Any evidence of violation of this pledge is referred to a committee of ten students, who conduct hearings for the examination of testimony. The first appointments to this committee were announced by President Howe in June, 1911, and vacancies have been filled by faculty appointments from time to time. In the perfecting of the system, however, it is intended that ultimately a larger choice will be allowed to the students in making the selection

of the committee. The committee has the authority, after weighing the evidence, to render a verdict establishing the guilt or innocence of the party suspected of unfairness, and also to pass sentence fixing an appropriate penalty.

The execution of this plan presents problems of such importance that it is well to notice what other institutions are doing in the same line. On the broad question of the principle of the honor system and its application among American colleges and universities, Professor Henry Lloyd, of Transylvania University, has written very instructively in the "Transylvanian" for February, 1911. Professor Lloyd points out that the movement had its inception in the University of Virginia, and that all the leading colleges and preparatory schools of that State have adopted it, as well as numerous other Southern institutions, including Vanderbilt University, the University of South Carolina and the University of the South. Four of the principal educational institutions of Kentucky have established the system, Transylvania University, Central University, Georgetown College and the State University of Kentucky. At Transylvania the plan has proved very successful, and there is no disposition to take a backward step. (As a further indication of this we might quote Dr. Thomas B. McCartney, of Transylvania, whose address before the Association of Kentucky Colleges in December, 1910, was a strongly favorable report of the workings of the system at the Lexington institution.) Colleges of the North and East, Professor Lloyd shows, have done little to extend the honor system, Princeton being the only large Northern institution in which it has been fully developed, while at Cornell the system was tried for a time and dropped.

To make the honor system successful, as Professor Lloyd indicates, a high sense of noblesse oblige in the student body is essential, so that public opinion within the college will carry swift punishment to any individual student who has outraged the general sense of honor and decency. Without such an attitude throughout the college, no examining committee of students could continue to conduct its duties. As between the faculty and students there is need of a relation of complete

trust and confidence, and the entire absence of police vigilance. A wholesome attitude between students and faculty, says Professor Lloyd, is comparable to the relation between soldiers and their officers. "The private soldier does not fight for his captain only. The captain may be the inferior of the private soldier in every respect save that of military rank. The captain's commission, signed by the Governor of the State or the President of the Nation, does not alone, or even chiefly, compel the private's obedience to his superior. The private himself is acting under a commission, incorporeal, yet real. Hands, countless and invisible, have reached out to sign that commission, while myriad voices from the past, the present, and perhaps most powerful of all, the future, call him to play the man."

In dealing with the results of the honor system, Professor Lloyd writes: "While the honor system has proved to be the best known agency for preventing dishonest practices, its chief value does not arise from that fact. If Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller were to set aside millions amply sufficient to provide for a system of surveillance by a corps of paid watchers that would render overt dishonesty absolutely impossible in every college in America, cheating on examinations would cease, but the moral sense of the youth of America would, at the same time, be dealt a deadening blow. It would be hard to conceive how a result more baneful might be produced. No college would accept such a proffer. The stopping of cheating is an incident of the honor system. The promotion of the spirit of honor, the development of the moral nature—this is the end sought by the honor system. It is because of this fact that the college faculty is justified in striving in all proper ways to keep the claims of the honor system before the minds of the student body."

FACULTY CLUBS

The ladies of the faculty have formed a club which meets informally the third Thursday of each month, and whose purpose is to assist in promoting the social life and welfare of the students.

Its officers are Miss Katharine M. Graydon, president, and Mrs. H. M. Gelston, secretary. The hostesses this year have been Miss Graydon, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Allen-Forrest and Mrs. Danton. The March meeting will be with Mrs. Hall, the April meeting with Miss Weaver, and the May meeting with Mrs. Gelston. The club was organized in the fall of 1910 with Mrs. C. B. Coleman as president.

The Faculty Club of Butler College, an organization including the faculty members and their wives, has been entertained this year by Professors Graydon, Putnam, Weaver, Danton and Hall. The following papers have been read: "Radium and Materialism, or Physical Monism," by Professor James Brown; "The Conservation Movement," by Professor J. W. Putnam; "The Poetry of Madison Cawein," by Professor Mark H. Liddell; "New Light on the Gospel of John," by Professor William C. Morro.

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Commencement Address, 1912

BY HON. MARTIN A. MORRISON, '83

It was more than kind in the authorities of Butler College to invite me to address you. For the honor and privilege conferred I ought to be grateful, and I am.

I am returning after a period of twenty-nine years. In June, 1883, our class occupied the rostrum and received diplomas. The scene is as vivid in my memory as though it had all occurred only one year ago. The coming of that day had been one of the dreams of my mother's life. She was in the audience. She had committed her son to the care of Butler College, and believed that Butler had been to him a kind mother. She was serene and satisfied; her cup was running over. She has been spared until this good day, and it is her fond hope and fervent prayer that I may speak some helpful and timely word to you.

Well do I remember the outlook upon life that had been given to us by the men who were our instructors here. It all came to its perfection on graduation day. Every boy at such a time has a vision of the opportunities and duties which life holds in store for him, and highly resolves to make the ideals of his college days realities of his after life. The persistent and transforming power of such ideals, such a vision and such high resolutions, it is impossible fully to comprehend.

Time would fail me to make fitting mention of the instructors who in those elder days poured their very lives over into ours, living helpful and sacrificial lives for the safety and advancement of the boys and girls who had been committed to their care. Coming to Butler as a lad of sixteen years, I needed to come into contact with men and women great of soul, as well as broad of mind and highly cultured. Kind Providence had placed them

here long in advance of our coming. May I speak the name of one as a fair type of all? I hope that there are some in this audience who were under the tuition and inspiration of Miss Catharine Merrill. If such there be, I know that I express their thoughts when I say that the memory of her sweet, pure, refined and refining character and life still rests upon us all as an abiding benediction, pleading like an angel with "still small voice" against all that is little and mean and selfish in our lives.

In June of 1883, life spelled out for the members of our class opportunity and duty. The world looked big and bright. There appeared to be room for all, work for all, full and fair rewards for all. We faced life and the world assured that throughout the passing years we would grow in knowledge and in grace, and that in due time we would come to the fullness of the stature of mature, well-rounded manhood and womanhood.

Since then we have been out in the wide, wide world, bearing the heat and burden of the day, putting to practical test and application the net results of the four years we had spent seeking the truth amid the shades of the academy. We are now past middle life. The experiences which in ordinary course of the normal life come to men and women, have come to us. Have they belied the glorious outlook and hopes of 1883? Have they turned joy into sorrow and hope into despair? Have our experiences, however sad, embittered our lives? Not if we are true sons and daughters of old Butler. Not if we carried away with us the true spirit and genius of college thought and culture. The memory of those years is the fountain of perpetual youth, the antidote to every poison of mind or soul, a royal charter authorizing us to sail over every sea, traverse every land, and meet every experience that can lie in waiting for men and women. Its votaries will often be overwhelmed and defeated. They will be chastened, but they can never abandon hope nor lose their faith.

God's first and finest gift to a young man is a godly mother whose heart is set on his receiving the benefit of a full college course. He ofttimes bestows upon the same favorite a second princely gift,—second in point of time only and equally precious, since both are perfect. Omnipotent Omniscience, and I speak it

in all reverence and deathless gratitude, has not been able to contrive a richer blessing for a college man, son of such a mother, than to decree that, in his own good time, a college girl should become the keeper of his heart and home and the mother of his children. Every thoughtful and earnest man reaches the time and status, when and in which he sees the world hastening to destruction, truth crushed under the rushing feet of multiplied errors, sweet religion losing its power over men, and the Republic fast reaching the second stage in the traditional sweep or syllogism of "liberty, anarchy, despotism." That does not argue that he is not intellectually sound or that his heart is not right. It argues only that he is thoughtful and sincere. Against this crucial period in the life of the college man, the Father has provided a sure defense,—the college girl. Her unerring intuition bridges the chasm that opens athwart the intellectual pathway of the college man, stays him in his course and sometimes turns him back in utter despair. He will in most cases succeed in crossing over by slow, tedious and hazardous processes of his own contrivance, until he stands once more with his feet firmly planted on the solid rock of faith in God and men, time and eternity. The college girl needs no contrivance and suffers no delay. God made her superior to such delusions, and has commissioned her to brush them aside for herself and all those who live under the spell of her fine spirit. As daughter, sister, wife and mother, woman sweetens and sanctifies life to us all. She molds and fashions the lives of men as the potter fashions clay upon the wheel. She has ever borne the greater share of sorrow and suffering in the world. She has been its saving grace and furnished its redemptive qualities. Her disinterested and deathless love is ever turning darkness into light and sorrow into joy. In meekness, modesty and grace she wields a power more nearly akin to those which Deity has reserved to Himself than any other of all the powers committed to the administration of human hands.

Whosoever offers for this normal life of a woman a substitute, assumes a frightful responsibility. He challenges at once the wisdom of Almighty God and the value of all the lessons that have come to us out of the history of the race.

After twenty-nine years of active life, in which have come to me almost all the experiences that come to the average man, I come back bringing to the class of 1912 a message from the world upon which they are now entering. Shall it be a message of hope, or fear? Of faith, or unbelief? Had I been left to walk alone and been thrown on my own resources, in the day of doubts and fears into which I entered and through which I safely came, what had been the trend and spirit of this message, I know not, nor have I the courage to think upon. But I did not walk alone. The Eternal Father knew that I was not equal to such a test. Over against the weakness that might have been fatal, he set the unmeasured strength of heart and the unfaltering faith of the college girl whom, even throughout the ages, He had purposed to give me to wife. For almost twenty years her daily companionship was the inspiration of my labors, the comfort and consolation of my dark and dreary days. Her rich natural endowment of the fine qualities of head and heart, ripe scholarship and mental poise made her the safest of all safe counselors. Long years ago, in response to the irresistible appeal of her deep conviction as to the responsibility and duty of the public speaker, I promised her that I would never again stand before a public audience, unless I felt the purpose, if not the power, to leave my hearers with a little stronger faith and hope and a renewed sense of gratitude.

The lesson of faith, hope and gratitude is not always easy to learn. Its clear vision is sometimes obscured by rising pride, sometimes by falling tears. But at last it does come.

From out the school of intervening years I return to-day, declaring it as my abiding conviction that the good Lord has made the best possible world. He inspires no hope He does not mean to be realized. He withholds no good thing from us. He does not seek to gratify our whims and fancies. Omniscient love often needs withhold the desired in order to bestow the desirable. We live our entire lives under the reign of law,—His law, with its checks, balances and compensations. Disappointments come, but it is given to most of us to look back and see in them our richest blessings. Sorrows come and we are not always able to discern their mission and ministry in our lives. This much we

all must have learned. No human countenance, however rich its natural endowment of feature or complexion, is ever deeply, lastingly beautiful to the world, until it has been sweetened, chastened and glorified by the consecrating touch of tears. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" He does. He does.

I fancy that the foresight of my college girl and the pledge I gave to her, were ordained against the temptations of the recent past and the present and passing days. The public speaker and the public press have assumed the easiest and cheapest, as it is the least valuable, of all the public virtues,—the indiscriminate adverse criticism of public men and contemporaeous public measures. Speakers and writers have been sowing to the wind. The country is beginning to reap the whirlwind. I may have sown a very few of the seeds of discontent that have sprung up into the present harvest. If so, I am ready to share in the reaping, knowing that chastening will at least bear the peaceable fruit of righteousness. This consolation I have, and highly prize,—I have sown no dragon's teeth in recent years.

It is often assumed that he who denounces everybody must certainly be better than any of all whom he denounces. It is assumed that he who denounces all that is, would certainly have done all things much better, had he been given the power. The expected has happened. Men freely assert, what apparently many others assume, that every man elected to public office is utterly wicked, and that every man who is not in public office is thoroughly virtuous. Both presumptions are alike ill-founded. Public men average right along with other men in private life. They are both good and bad, as good and as bad as you and I.

It has been my privilege to see at close range the lives and deeds of men who have rendered conscientious public service, and who still are giving to the public as disinterested and self-sacrificing labors as were bestowed by the founders of the infant Republic upon the stupendous task they were called upon to perform. It is easy to assert that all public men are corrupt, and that whatever is, is wrong. That is a gospel that any one can preach, without preparation and without notes. When it is preached too long and too earnestly, it is liable to be taken seriously and to give birth to a spirit of suspicion, ill-will and dis-

content that may at any moment assume the proportions and functions of a revolution.

College men and women are to be leaders of thought among their fellows. Their increased power should inspire the greater caution and thoughtfulness. At a time when the fundamental principles of representative government are being viciously assailed on every hand, I feel justified in begging college men to read the history of the establishment of the Republic, study the early debates, learn anew that every word in the Constitution of the United States was given long and earnest consideration, and that it contains scarcely a single phrase that does not have distinct history and a special reason for being what it is and where it is. It has cost too much, it is worth too much and has wrought too mightily for the common good, to be left to the whims and fancies of the thoughtless and insincere, or to the fanatical assaults of men who are incapable of entering into its history, its almost inspired authorship, and the immense service it has rendered to the cause of true liberty in America and throughout the world.

The fact that I am speaking to an Indiana audience in an Indiana college, gives additional warrant for the appeal I am making. Our State is at the center of population. It is the gateway between the East and the West. All people pass through and among us, and yet our population is largely native to the State. The two coasts receive the influx of foreigners, carrying the spirit of unrest and discontent, and steeped in doctrines at war with our principles of government and dangerous to our civilization. We of Indiana are the purest type of Americans and bear allegience to the truest principles of genuine Americanism. It is, therefore, our imperative duty to keep our heads on our shoulders and our feet on the ground. The testing time may be near at hand, the hour of supreme danger and duty may be about to strike, and we shall have need of all our wits and powers. I am strongly tempted to ask of the members of the class of 1912 the age-old and ever-present question, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?" With my unfaltering faith in the future, I had not asked that question had I not known that all would remember, not only that Queen Esther

chose to stand for, and die with, her own people, but also that she saved both herself and them. If such be the hazard of the task to which the members of this class were born, such also is to be their triumph and reward.

I hear it said daily by thoughtful men that the political convictions of men and women are now in a liquid state, tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, and following the brilliant and the daring backward and forward as the tides of the ocean follow the moon in the sky. I grant you that some of the old forms of conviction have broken under the strain of new conditions, and that men have gotten a firm hold on anything to take their places. These are not necessarily premonitions of approaching dissolution; they may be "growing pains."

In the early eighties a like condition arose, having special reference to the religious tenets of men. The much misunderstood and maligned theory of evolution had just begun to take hold on the popular mind. To many it appeared to deny the creation of the world by a Supreme Intelligence, to drag God down from His throne and banish Him from the universe. That was during my days at Butler. The student for the ministry was brought face to face with a peril that staggered the brain and made the heart to sink within him. Fathers in Israel were heartbroken and their young men and maidens rested under a depressing sense of insecurity, as they were reluctantly preparing to release all hold on the religion that had brought safe guidance and comfort to many generations. As usual the expected did not happen. Events proved again that "the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come."

It soon became manifest to the thoughtful that the theory of evolution has relation to certain laws, and that laws are modes and methods of action, not actors. That they are mere processes, not powers, is known to us all.

A single glance at new truth had tended to draw the mind of the studious youth away from the religious truths he had learned at mother's knee. But when he had looked upon the truth many times, on many sides, from many view points, he came to know the truth and the truth made him free. The serene trust of childhood took new hold on him with a giant's grip and he was con-

strained to exclaim anew, as with doubting Thomas, and as though standing in the very presence of the risen Christ, "My Lord and my God."

He rejoiced to know that science had not discovered that there was no Creator. It had merely learned a little as to the methods of the creation.

Science had not proved that back of the universe there is no Supreme Thinker. It had only learned partially and insecurely to think some of the thoughts of God after Him.

Science had not proven that God is not imminent in the world. It had proven rather that this old earth has heard his stately steppings, for men had been able dimly and imperfectly to trace footpaths along which He walked.

I do not doubt but that we shall all have a similar experience with reference to our waning loyalty to the fundamental principles of democratic, republican, American representative government. We shall come to ourselves again. When we do, we shall see new beauties in the Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the spirit and genius of the fathers. We shall receive a new baptism of faith and hope and gratitude, virtues we have all but lost because we have all but forgotten the sacrifices and almost superhuman labors out of which came the superb civilization which we enjoy as a birthright and heritage.

"Lord of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget."

I presume that it is my duty to point out at least one danger to which the college men and women are peculiarly liable. I do not agree to do that. I shall, however, refer to a weakness that comes with much reading, and college-bred men and women are bound to read.

One of the strongest teachers I ever had, used constantly to repeat to us the words of Sir William Hamilton: "Read much, but not many works."

You will recall the words of Bacon: "Read not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Colton said: "Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; some to talk, and these are the great majority."

Burke said: "To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting."

In Holy Writ blessings are pronounced on him who reads and meditates. Some one has said, "The meditative hour is the soil into which events and epochs strike their roots."

I do not venture to criticise or advise. If I were to take the risk I would suggest that the highly cultured of this age read too much according to how much they think. It might be more accurate to say that they think too little according to how much they read.

It is said that every family has a skeleton in the closet. That may or may not be true, but I dare assert that almost every college man or woman who has reached middle life, has in some cozy nook an assortment of lithographed certificates of stock in an oil well, a mine, a banana plantation, or some other first and last chance "to get rich quick," knowledge of which came to him as to one of a favored few who read too widely, but not well. Pride of intellect and a cheap magazine have led many a college man to waste the accumulations of years upon a single venture offered to the intellectual and cultured only.

The members of the class of 1912 are at liberty to forget all else I say, but I beg them to remember this. A college education is not intended to enable one to live without work, and it does not do it. It is not intended to enable one to get something for nothing, nor does it do that. The gift of such a power would be no blessing, but rather a fatal curse.

All education and culture are intended to equip men and women for the performance of the duties of life. They are not to free us from burden bearing, but rather to enable us to bear heavier burdens, and to bear them more cheerfully and securely. They are not intended to bring luxury and ease. These rot the fiber of body, mind and soul. They are intended to equip and inspire us to "endure hardness" as good soldiers. Until they have led us to accept unselfish service as the true aim of life, the one measure of our worth, and the one justification for our hav-

ing lived, education and culture have not fairly begun, much less finished, in us their perfect work.

The added equipment which a college gives increases power and efficiency, but in no wise affects the essential principles of correct living. These maintain their rightful sovereignty over all, and, in the long run, make and unmake the destiny of every household. The homely virtues of integrity, industry and economy are still the only safe foundation on which any one, learned or unlearned, may build life and character. The word economy may be offensive, but it is the virtue of the other virtues protective and preservative. Add to your integrity industry; add to your industry economy. If economy be left out of the combination, integrity and industry may utterly break down, as they are daily breaking down, beneath the ever-increasing weight of extravagance and waste.

It would seem quite unnecessary to remind a college man that the government absorbs, transfers and dissipates wealth, but creates none. It has no dollar it has not taken from the man who earned it. Every Congress is pledged to reduce the expenses and taxation of the government. In every Congress bills are introduced for new bureaus, departments and activities sufficient to double the total of our current appropriations. Every Congress is petitioned by educated men to appropriate new items of expense sufficient to exhaust our total annual revenues in less than six months and make it necessary to sell bonds every thirty days to pay current expenses. It is not that men do not desire economy and reduced taxation. It is not that they cannot work out a simple problem in addition and subtraction. They simply read and act, without taking time to think.

I will relate an incident in point. A friend of mine, a member of Congress from a distant State, asked me to read a letter he had received. It started out with the words: "Some things Congress ought to do." Then followed a list of a score of propositions, each of which called for new expeditures of public money. The list contained schemes of all classes, constitutional, unconstitutional, practical and impractical, visionary and impossible, and they would have required in all countless millions of dollars. He ended up with an imperative demand for an imme-

diate and radical reduction of tariff taxes, including the complete abolition of many of them. His attitude was not that of one making a suggestion, but rather of one giving a final order. Had he stopped to read his letter over, its absurdity and utter impossibility would have appealed to his judgment at once.

This letter was written by a college professor, drawing public money for training the intellects of young men. His is an unique distinction. He probably has no fellow among the hosts of instructors in our colleges.

He sent his demands as his final judgment on matters which he desired us to believe that he had investigated on his own initiative, and had thought out to a definite conclusion. If they were the expressions of his own deliberate judgment, then he had performed the literal miracle of forming an independent judgment on each of a score of questions, and as to each of which he reached the identical conclusion expressed in the identical language to be found in the literature sent broadcast by the central agencies engaged in the business of putting pressure from home on members of Congress, for the purpose of coercing them into voting for measures that cannot stand on their own merits. If he thought, he thought the unthinkable, even as he demanded the impossible. I will not do him the injustice to say that he thought or even that he thought that he was thinking. It will be more generous and nearer the truth to say that he dreamed a dream in which he dreamed that he dreamed that in a dream he had thought that he was thinking. That accepts the final fact and saves his intellectual integrity.

The member who received the letter showed me his answer. I read it and was amazed. I said to him, I would not send that letter for a million dollars. He replied, "I would not miss sending it for a hundred thousand dollars." That left one million one hundred thousand dollars between his judgment and mine. This was the body of the letter:

"One thing a certain breed of college professors ought to do: Hunt a thistle patch. Sincerely yours."

Far be it from me to criticise a college man, much less to call a college professor a donkey. I love college professors. I owe them a debt of gratitude. Besides I am speaking this very mo-

ment by their courtesy and leave. And yet even a college professor is not exempt from the mental disorder that comes with the universal condemnation of all that is or ever was, and the thinking and imperious demand for all that is not, never was and never ought to be. When that fatal poison gets into the blood, the mental machinery of the man of education and high culture is no more reliable or efficient than is the mind of a sick child; but it is much more dangerous.

We look out over the countless resources of the Republic, its mountains and valleys, rivers and harbors, fields and factories, industry and commerce, army and navy. They are so vast and mighty that we feel that the Republic and its citizens are secure.

So, indeed, they are, but for far distant reasons. All these serve the Republic well to-day, but they might serve the commune or usurper quite as well to-morrow.

These things do not constitute the Republic. The Republic is in the last analysis a state of mind and a condition of heart. As a nation thinketh in its heart, so is it. Self government is government of, by and for self-governed men. The only majesty that has in it a saving grace is the intrinsic majesty of a self-governed soul.

If Butler College has wrought in the class of 1912 her perfect work, they have learned to keep their intellectual faculties in authority over their lower natures, and to maintain their spiritual powers in calm mastery over all.

If the Republic is to live (and I am sure that it is), if it is to be saved in the hour of danger, it must be by the lives and characters of such men and women as the members of this class ought to be. These must be scattered throughout the great body of its citizenship, leavening the entire body politic with the leaven of high thinking, clean living and a firm purpose to preserve and bring to perfection the American Republic, its institutions and its civilization.

You can not safely rely upon Representatives and Senators in Congress to do that work for you. They have no salvation in them. They are so industriously engaged in keeping their ears to the ground that they have lost the art of standing upright and looking all comers squarely in the face. Indeed, I fancy that

they sometimes keep their ears so constantly to the ground that they are scarcely able to discern between the rising and the setting sun. The founders of the Republic built wisely, perhaps more wisely than they knew, when they wrote checks and delays into the fundamental law of the land. They are intended to compel the Congress to move slowly, and calmly to endure punishment if need be, until the people have had time to think a proposition to a conclusion and to form a deliberate judgment. At just about that time, the present organic law leaves the law-makers free to execute the public will, judgment and conscience.

Were these checks completely removed, Representatives and Senators would become mere human thermometers and barometers. They would respond to every rise and fall of temperature or of temper. They would yield to every change of atmospheric pressure, and write upon the statute books of the nation, not the deliberate judgment and will of the people, but a minute history of the passions and prejudices, the passing whims and fancies, of men. Our country's salvation and perpetuity are to be wrought out and established, not on the hustings nor in the halls of Congress, but in clear minds and brave hearts, at the family hearthstone and the family altar.

Members of the class of 1912: As in 1883 so in 1912 the world is big and bright. It has room for all and work for all and need for all. It will furnish a task that is equal to all your powers of head and heart, and your reward shall be even according to your labors.

I welcome you into the number of the alumni of our Alma Mater. I bid you to enter joyously and courageously into the possession and administration of the godliest heritage that has ever yet been bestowed upon the young men and women of any age in any land. I pray that God may make you worthy and keep you grateful. This is my final charge: "Be strong and quit yourselves like men" and women. Butler College can ask no more. She will be satisfied with nothing less.

Commencement Week

One never sees unmoved a ship sail out to sea. There is joy in the record of the Past, there is faith in the power of the Present, but the Future lies behind the mists of the horizon.

Commencement is a time of mingled emotions. One glories in the achievement that it represents, one marvels at the power that youth bears in its hopefulness, its fearlessness, its inexperience; but the older heart swells at the thought of battle ahead. Many ships go out to sea that never come back. But many a craft slips back into port with its story of storms past and a man's part played.

Commencement—with all its reunions and separations, with all its joys of memory and its uplift of anticipation, its storms behind and breakers before—never becomes an old story even to the hardened participant.

BACCALAUREATE.

The fifty-seventh commencement of Butler College opened with the baccalaureate address Sunday, June 16. The chapel was filled to its entire seating capacity. Dr. Thomas C. Howe presided, and the address was made by the Rev. Charles J. Tanner, pastor of the Central Christian Church, Detroit. The Senior class, numbering twenty-seven, attended in caps and gowns.

Speaking on the subject, "The Uplift and Preservation of a Great Work," Mr. Tanner took as his text, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Speaking of the work of Nehemiah, whom he had quoted, he said: "In every great work three kinds of opposition appear—ridicule, war and compromise. The last is the most dangerous. There is an uplift to every great work. The work carries the workmen up." In connection with this he spoke of the building of Washington monument.

"Abraham Lincoln," he said, "did a great work, and he cannot come down. The world will never let him come down. He is

uplifted and preserved from all smaller ambitions and tasks. Every man's life approaches Christ's in proportion as he comes under the control of the Christ spirit and lines up with his life purpose. All honorable callings bring their possibilities to young men and young women. Given over to a high calling on a great work, one cannot come down to be an idler, a fop, a gambler, a mere money-getter, a victim of lust and appetite."

He charged the Seniors in their work to attend to the four essentials—preparation, time, application and endurance. He said great preparation was required for any great work, but this time was never lost.

RECEPTION TO GRADUATES.

The annual reception in honor of the graduating class was given by President and Mrs. Thomas C. Howe at their home on Tuesday evening, June 18. Many friends of the class and the alumni of the college are guests on this occasion. The house was decorated with pink-shaded lights and a profusion of June flowers; rambler and Dorothy Perkins roses predominated. Mr. and Mrs. Howe were assisted by members of the Faculty and their wives. A large number of the out-of-town alumni were present, among them being Mr. D. M. Hillis, of Chicago; the Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Wise, of East Liverpool, Ohio; Mr. Arthur W. Shoemaker, of Daleville, Ind.; the Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Dailey, of Greenfield, Ind.; Mrs. Alfred J. Brown, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Henry Toner, of San Antonio, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Loop, of London, England, and Miss Ida Bunker, of Mechanicsburg, Ohio.

CLASS DAY.

Wednesday, June 19, was a full day at the college. In the morning the Seniors gave their Class Day program in the chapel. The class sang two songs written by Miss Corinne Welling. The class poem was read by Mr. Allen Lloyd, and the class prophecy by Miss Jeannette Clifford.

Then the scene changed, as was indicated by a sign hung up in front, and the class presented a "Faculty Prayer-Meeting." The members of the Faculty were very cleverly represented by the

class: Dr. Howe by Mr. Nelson; Professor Danton by Mr. Leon Logan; Professor Hollands by Mr. Clarence Reidenbach; Professor Green by Mr. Chester Marsh; Professor Johnson by Mr. Clifford Browder; Professor Gelston by Mr. Lee Moffett; Professor Brown by Mr. Ira Clarke; Professor Putnam (registrar) by Mr. Fred Schortemeier; Dr. Morro by Mr. G. H. Fern; Miss Graydon by Miss Mattie Empson; Mrs. Forrest by Miss Melissa Seward; Miss Weaver by Miss Corinne Welling. Miss Maud Martin sang a solo.

PICNIC LUNCHEON.

At noon on Class Day a picnic luncheon was served on the campus to the alumni who had come for the day's program. A sweet June day, a closely cropped lawn, a bountiful picnic dinner, and a gathering of many sons and daughters of one beloved Mother, with hearts overflowing with good will, made this an occasion to be remembered. About one hundred and fifty were present.

CLASS DAY PLAY.

As has been the custom for many years, a play was given on the campus on the afternoon of Class Day. The Catha Woodland Players presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and did it admirably. A large crowd assembled for this. The setting was nothing more elaborate than the green grass for the stage, and a thicket of branches and two trees for the background. The little play within the play showed unusual ability.

ANNUAL REUNION OF ALUMNI.

The Alumni Reunion was held the evening of the 19th in the spacious dining hall of the C. W. B. M. building. It was unusually well attended and was most highly enjoyed by all. About two hundred guests were seated at the tables. Of the speeches following the dinner, but two, the first and the last, are presented here, and they as worthy samples of a worthy whole. Mr. Walter Williams, president of the association, began the duties of his office as toastmaster, speaking as follows:

"If those of you who have been in college lately will subtract

1880 from 1912—don't raise your hands, I'm not going to call on individuals for the answer—if there are any of you who can do that problem in higher mathematics, you will know how many years it is since your president has stood on his feet like this before an intelligent audience and tried to talk intelligently. I am afraid that the records of the old Mathesian Society will not show that I was a giant in oratory in those days, and certainly these many years of inaction along that line have not made me more proficient.

"Isn't it wonderful how a little change in arrangement will make so great a change in the view? I suppose a day has not passed in all that time when I have not tried to say something and have had difficulty in finding listeners, and now, when I am expected to talk, how hard it seems—eyes that I have looked into for inspiration, give me but a stony glare to-night, and faces that I know as I know my own, seem strange to me. My condition is that of the small boy who took the railroad trip with his parents. It was an all-night ride, and either because the berths were not to be had, or because the funds were low, they took the day coach and sat up all night. And in the morning, after the long hours had dragged themselves away, the father and mother got themselves into shape in some way and said, 'Now, Johnny, run to the front end of the car and wash your face and hands and we'll have some breakfast.' And the small boy, in a daze, said, 'Wash my face and hands? Why, I ain't just got up—I ain't been to bed.' Yet that boy, under compulsion, had probably washed every morning of his short life.

"In other words, I would be happier to-night if some one else were presiding. When I said as much to the vice-president a few minutes ago, she said 'Be game,' and immediately I quailed—for I want to say here that whatever the vice-president suggests has had great influence with this administration. At any rate, I am not going to put it in the unfortunate words that the bridegroom used at the wedding supper when, after the congratulatory speeches were made, he was lifted, unwilling, to his feet, and in his embarrassment put his hand on the bride's shoulder and said, 'My friends, this thing has been forced upon me.'

"My subject to-night is 'The Occasion.' I think we all know

why we are here. It is to talk matters over, isn't it? To renew the old acquaintances and to make new ones; to welcome the graduates of the year and help them give this great day in their lives a fitting celebration; to show our loyalty to the old college —our college—and in return to have our loyalty renewed and strengthened by the touch. Can we do less than give this one night of the year to our college? What is it to us? What should our college be to us? Read on the program what Professor Butler says about it: 'Not alone the roof that sheltered childhood's days shall live in memory as rest's haven and hope's source; life has other pauses—places that ever after backward beckon, scenes that cease not to invite, companionships long lost, never relinquished—and one's college is of these places.'

"I think we all believe that one's college is of these places—living in memory as rest's haven and hope's source. Is our college that to each one of us? If not, we did worse than waste our time here. I am sorry for the one who cannot look back on his Butler days as good days, as profitable days, and who does not feel that his life is stronger, finer and better for the years of study and association. I am sorry for the individual who at that age, during his college course, did not make friendships that alone have been worth everything to him in after life. It takes time, perhaps, to make us understand it, but as we grow older the more strongly we feel the debt we owe to our college.

"And what in return does our college get from us? What does it need and what has Butler a right to expect from us? Just what any father can claim from his children—what any institution can expect from those who have taken good from it—their love, reverence and support. Hear how well Professor Butler has said this: 'Any collegiate institution needs, first of all and most of all, the sympathetic support of its old friends, of those now men and women in the world, who in their earlier years may have come under its influence and thereby been roused to larger hope and blessed with clearer vision. In order to life and usefulness and continued growth, the college needs the sympathetic support of those who once were part of it, who have known its inner life, have grasped the meaning of its purpose, have imbibed its traditions.' I think we all believe that, too, and I trust we feel the force of it to-night.

"The executive committee has tried to do some things this year toward getting the Butler alumni and old students in closer touch with each other and with the college. I am not sure yet that we have accomplished anything; the next year will show that. We proposed a new constitution that would allow a closer organization, and at a general meeting last fall it was adopted. We have made a complete card index of the names and addresses of graduates and students as far as they could be had. A good many have, of course, died, and some have disappeared. We have suggested the new magazine, appointed editors who have consented to act, and the first number of the Alumni Quarterly is issued. Whether the new-born infant is to thrive and grow big and lusty, time alone will determine. It depends on the demand for it and how well it is supported. It certainly is promising. A minister in the south part of the State was a great fisherman. He not only fished a great deal, but he caught fish, and they were bigger fish than any one else caught. To prove it the good man had his own scales and weighed them. One day a nice little girl baby was born in the neighborhood, and they must have it weighed at once. The grocer's scales were busy and some one suggested the minister's scales. He was not at home, but they took them and the nice little girl baby weighed thirty-seven pounds. I do not know that our infant magazine will weigh up to that, but it might with the minister's scales. As to the value of such a magazine to the college and her alumni, I think there can be no question. It is a bond that will hold them together, and, under such management as it starts with, with Professor Butler in charge, it will not only fulfill the purpose which was conceived for it, but as literature it will take high rank and win a place among the college magazines. I say 'we' have done these things, and I mean by that that the vice-president has furnished all the ideas and done most of the work, and if any real good has been accomplished, she should have the credit for it, she and those who have so willingly, faithfully and capably managed the magazine so far."

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. Benjamin F. Dailey, '83, who, in response to the toast,

"The Golden Age,
When life went so like a dreamy rhyme
That it seems to me that then
The world was having a jollier time
Than it ever will have again,"

spoke as follows:

"The Golden Age of Butler College life was between 1883 and 1887. Rome in the days of Augustus, and Athens in the days of Pericles, fall flat beside our classic suburb, where lowing kine and bleating flocks nipped the grass around the college door; where winding paths became highways of l'arnin'; and where the old college bell called the coming statesmen, poets and philosophers, down to 'seven-forty-five.' No chariot of the gods drawn by Pegasus was ever equal to the Irvington car, drawn by the emblem of Democracy, to the merry tinkling of a sheep bell.

"No institution of ancient or modern times compares with the dormitory, before that sacred building degenerated into a plain college residence. Here, when a Freshman, I served as waiter at the first alumni dinner ever held at Butler, and stood behind the chair of Charles Emory Smith, afterward Postmaster General, the special guest of the college. Here one night when the halls were not yet lighted, thinking that I was belaboring a fellow student, I chugged and pushed and kicked a visiting stranger with a populist beard from the third story down to the dining-room door.

"At the dormitory co-education held forth for all it was worth. A single wall only separated the Romeos and Juliets, and by means of a well-understood code of rappings many a courtship was begun. I can to-day show you holes in that wall made by the arrows of Cupid. The love-making was accelerated when at the dining table the fair Galatea broke silence, pursed her sweet lips and called upon her adoring Pygmalion to pass the ginger snaps.

"But the men and matrons of the world's future were in the making, and I speak in confidence to you when I say that I owe the larger part of my phenomenal success in life and my fine

physical appearance to the consumption of barrels and barrels of dormitory hash.

"In the Golden Age every man in college, from Freshman to Faculty, wore his best dress suit seven days in the week. The men on the Faculty wore full beards, and it was the ambition of the boys to sprout a mustache in the Sophomore year.

"We were much given to music. We strummed the guitar to 'The Spanish Cavalier' and 'The Blue Alsatian Mountains,' and reveled in 'Peek-a-boo,' 'Little Annie Rooney' and 'Over the Garden Wall.'

"Greek and Latin were the thing. Ten of the seventeen Immortals of '87 took the full classical course. We spent nine-tenths of our time journeying to the shrines of Demarchus and Scotty. We made the trips on foot or on horseback, as the occasion called for.

"Literary societies were in their palmy days. Demia Butler, Athenian, Philokurian, Pythonian and Mathesian—they rivaled the Senate of America and the parliaments of Europe. Once upon a time it fell to my lot to preside at a joint inaugural of these societies, in the college chapel. Some Philistine had placed a bell in the spring bottom of the president's chair. At every down-sitting and uprising of your humble servant the bell evoked the laughter of the audience. This little comedy was turned to pure tragedy at the chapel service next morning, when our beloved President, ignorant of the low-down trick, repeatedly sounded the gong and as often failed to quiet the uproar with the injunction of 'That will suffice.'

"These literary societies nurtured many a Demosthenes. We did not smoke in club houses or dance in faternity halls, but we declaimed and essayed and debated and orated, and when commencement came round we did our own speechmaking.

"On that memorable June 17, 1887, there were seventeen speeches, replete with wisdom, scholastic, historic and prophetic. The entire day was given to oratory. We spoke from the rising to the setting of the sun. There was no occasion then to send to Washington for a statesman who was expected to view with alarm or point with pride to the gyrations of chimerical improbabilities.

"You, my graduate of 1912, you have written a thesis upon 'The Microscopic Examination of Limburger Cheese.' Upon the platform to-morrow you will play the part of innocent bystander and look as blank as the average luck at a lottery. You will never know the joys of the graduate of the Golden Age. When I deliver my inaugural address as President of the nation, I expect to feel no more the responsibilities of the hour than when I arose on commencement day and spoke somewhat as follows:

" 'We are leaving the bay behind, and the ocean lies before us. In passing the narrow straits of final academic honors, we pause to bid you an affectionate farewell. With feelings of profound assurance we go forth, the applause of listening senates to command, to right the nation's wrong, to redress the grievance of mankind. The past at least is secure. *E pluribus unum.* White winged doves of peace bespeck the sky. The ship of state sails grandly on. *Sic semper tyrrentulum.*'

"The Golden Age of Butler College life was the four years ending in 1887, and the Golden Age of the world's history has been the twenty-five years following that date. The last quarter of a century has recorded the world's greatest advance in all that makes for progress. We would have you know that this is the exact time that we have been upon the scenes of the world's activities. Some may be so stupid as to think that this is a coincidence, but we maintain that it is a plain case of cause and effect. We submit the facts. We report some of the things which have engaged our attention since we left Butler.

"We have spent a large part of the twenty-five years in running Bryan for President. We have settled the question, 'Shall the people rule?' We have doubled the endowment of Butler College, and, like Grandfather Squeers when he'd rounded his three score and ten, we've the hang of it now and can do it again. We have reached the ends of the earth. We have fulfilled the prophetic hopes of Darius Green. We have discovered the hook worm and taught the world to swat the fly. We are ditching in Central America and preparing to fill the halls of Congress, the Supreme bench and the White House with hobble skirts. We have propounded the new philosophy of pragmatism—whatever

that is. We have planted the stars and stripes in the Orient and built the Palace of Peace.

"The Golden Age is notable for its material progress, but better still for its widely diffused intelligence, and, best of all, for the highest heart culture the world has ever known. Its chief product is an increased sense of the value of life. The diffusion of knowledge, relief for the suffering, the awakening of morals, the uncovering of rottenness in government, the grappling with the hosts of intemperance, the call for world-wide peace, the ever onward mission of the world's best religion, these are the fair flowers that bloom in the early sunrise of the twentieth century. Through the fabric of an age of materialism and selfishness runs the shining thread of altruism, which is simply man's faith in man.

"We, the graduates of a generation ago, return from the farm and the forum, the pulpit and the teacher's desk, to testify that with all its lights and shadows the sun to-day shines upon a golden age.

"But, though in the prime of life, there are to be seen 'silver threads among the gold.' When another quarter of the hour of time shall have ticked by, the major part of a royal group shall be at rest from their labors. Then, perchance, in 1937 there will come some single member, with failing step and bowed shoulders, to celebrate alone the golden jubilee of a class which loved old Butler and which helped in some small way to make it what it is.

"And may that lone member find here at the Alumni dinner every one of the class of 1912 in the forties of life, sunburned and seasoned and strong from the conflict, and reporting to our Alma Mater that the world is in the heyday of the Golden Age."

The annual election of officers of the association resulted as follows: President, Benjamin F. Dailey, '87; vice-president, Robert L. Dorsey, '83; secretary, Katharine Merrill Graydon, '78; treasurer, Harold Tharp, '11.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement day dawned clear and cool and beautiful upon June 20. Exercises in the college chapel were preceded by an academic procession extending from the Bona Thompson Library

to the college. The procession was led by William Doeppers and Murray Mathews, as marshals, followed by the Seniors in their regalia. Following in line were the members of the Board of Trustees and the Faculty, all in their scholastic dress. At the door of the college the line of Seniors separated, allowing the procession to pass between them, reversed, led by President Howe and the Speaker of the morning, the Faculty following in order of seniority, then the Board of Trustees and the Seniors.

The college chapel was filled to overflowing, and many were unable to gain admission. Dr. Thomas Carr Howe presided. The Rev. Allan B. Philputt pronounced the invocation and the Rev. C. H. Winders the benediction. A solo was sung by Mrs. Fern Brendel Metzger, a former student of the college, and the program was finished with an instrumental sextet.

The address of the morning was made by Congressman Martin A. Morrison, of the class of '83, whose address in full will be found elsewhere in this magazine.

Twenty-nine students were awarded the degree of A. B., and one the degree of A. M. Fred E. Schortemeier, Clifford H. Browder and Robert D. Armstrong were awarded Addison C. Harris medals for public speaking.

REUNION OF CLASS OF '87.

The class of '87 made a great effort to return to Irvington for this commencement, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation from the college. The out-of-town members of the class, nine in number, were entertained for the two days at a house party in the home of Miss Jane Graydon in Downey avenue. They were the Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Wise, of East Liverpool, O.; the Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Dailey, of Greenfield, Ind.; Mrs. Harry M. Toner, representing her husband, from San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Alfred J. Brown (Sallie Thrasher), from Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Arthur W. Shoemaker, of Daleville, Ind.; Mr. E. W. Gans, associated with the White Company of Cleveland, O.; Miss Mary Gans, his daughter, of Mansfield, O. The Irvington members of the class besides Miss Jane Graydon are Miss Grace Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Conner, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kautz. Letters were read from Mr. Omar Wilson, of

Paonia, Colo.; Mr. J. R. Reller, of Evansville, Ind.; Dr. Henry M. Toner, of San Antonio, Tex.; Mr. Fred M. Wade, of Manchester, Ia.; the Rev. Lawson A. Coble, of Idaville, Ind.

The party took in all of the commencement exercises, sang college sings, produced old programs, pictures and Butler Collegians; in fact, they lived the good old days again.

The house party closed with a formal dinner after the commencement exercises, at which fourteen were seated. Of the seventeen members of the class, nine were present.

Two days of sweet communion, tender recollection and youthful hilarity! They separated, renewed for another twenty-five-year lap in life's race.

CLASS SONG OF 1912.

Come, come, oh, ye comrades, with laughter and song
We'll bear through the campus a chorus along,
We'll sing and make merry and happy abide,
For life's at the youth and youth's at the tide.

Together we'll wander and gather in store
Through gardens of learning, the blossoms of lore,
We'll wreathe fast the branches of friendship entwin'd,
The fast holds of faith our affections enshrin'd.

Together we'll pledge us our friendship for aye,
And drink to the faith that we've plighted to-day.
May right never fail us, nor evil beguile,
May the fair face of fortune bestow us a smile.

Together we'll pledge thee that our lives shall be,
Our dear Alma Mater, accepted of thee,
For we'll honor, we'll love, and we'll cherish thee e'er,
Thou kind, loving Mother, for the love that we bear.

—Corinne Welling.

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[In order to give our readers as full report as possible of this year's Commencement exercises, we have found it necessary to devote this entire number of the Alumnal to that end. This, for the time being, eliminates the department of the magazine regularly appropriated to contributed articles and reduces our editorial matter to the minimum. We regret the necessity of this curtailment of our usual program. We have in readiness our full complement of contributed articles and should be glad to publish them now, but the desire having been expressed that this should be made peculiarly a "Commencement Number," we shall reserve these for our next issue.—ED.]

Alteration of the Butler College Constitution

The friends and alumni of Butler College will be interested to know that a plan of reorganization has recently been effected as a result of which the old charter, constituting the college as a private stock company, has been replaced by a new instrument more in harmony with the customary form of college administration.

Under the former constitution the government of the college was in the hands of a joint stock corporation, the members of which held stock varying according to the amounts of their investments, the total capitalization being $500,000. These stockholders chose the directors at triennial elections. A movement was set on foot some years ago to alter this form of government, and the legal process of making the change has now been completed. By a bill passed by the Indiana legislature in 1909, the stock company was authorized to transfer its rights to a self-perpetuating board of directors. The consent of two-thirds ma-

jority of the stockholders was secured, the stock was retired and cancelled, and a memorandum of the whole transaction was filed in the office of the Secretary of State of Indiana.

The new government took effect in 1909, and the directors as provided for in the legislative act are now the legally responsible officers of the college. One of the advantages of the new scheme of organization is that the college is now eligible under the terms of the Carnegie Foundation, which excludes from its benefits any educational institution which is organized on the commercial basis.

This formal change is the only modification which has been made in the college charter. There has been no alteration regarding qualifications to membership in the board of directors. It should be noticed that the change has been consummated with the observance of every legal requirement; that it involves no deflection whatever from the original intentions of the founders of the college, and that it has been brought about by the voluntary relinquishment of technical rights on the part of the former stock company members.

The Relation of Butler College to the Indianapolis Schools

In the last ten years Indianapolis has developed from an overgrown country town into—certainly, with the rack-ak-ak-ak of the riveting in our ears, and the little cubby-holes away up there, before our eyes—we can fairly say into a big modern city. It is gratifying to know that Butler College has kept pace with that development, and has helped to direct the current of civic life in Indianapolis. One of the means by which the college has come into a vital relation with the life of the city has been through her increasingly close connection with the public schools. Not only has the college sent out a large number of her graduates as teachers into both the public schools and the high schools, but she has afforded to the other teachers, through her summer school, and through extension courses during the winter, an opportunity to do work for which college credit is given and which counts

toward the securing of principals' certificates. The courses offered in the summer school, covering a wide range in English, history, economics, Romance languages, education, botany, physiology and astronomy, have been given in the main by the regular professors at the college. Each year, however, at least one course is given by some educator of national reputation. The teachers have had the opportunity of hearing such well-known educators as Professor Liddell, formerly of Texas University; Professor Hodge, of Clark University; Professor Judd, of Chicago University; Professor Hanus, of Harvard; Professor Baker, of Columbia; Professor MacMechan, of Dalhousie, Halifax, and Mr. Edward F. Bigelow, editor of the Nature Study Department of the St. Nicholas Magazine.

In the Butler College Extension Course, during the winter, the college has been taken, as it were, into the very schools, the classes being held at the Benjamin Harrison and the Shortridge High Schools. Regular college work is given and is accepted toward a degree.

The average attendance at these two schools has been between seventy-five and a hundred, and there is every indication that this number will be materially increased in the next few years. Butler College may well be proud of the development of this particular phase of her work.

Public Speaking in Colleges

If the average class of college graduates should be confronted with the simple task of reading a poem of Tennyson, a fair proportion of them would probably fail to give even a smooth and intelligible reading of the selection, while the number that could give it an interpretative rendering would be exceedingly small. If the task were that of giving a dialect reading from such an author as Barrie or Kipling, the performance would be very disappointing. A response to a toast, or a speech without notes on an assigned topic, would perhaps bring equally poor results. This should not be. Wholly aside from the special need of public

speaking in certain callings, such as the ministry, teaching, and the legal profession, it should be regarded as an essential part of the equipment of an educated man. The practical public expression of one's views with naturalness and force is an accomplishment as necessary as the ability to write effectively.

In a sense, it takes the whole of a college education to cultivate the power to make a successful speech and to train the instincts to discriminate between good and bad taste in speaking, but there is nevertheless need for compulsory courses which give the specific training along this line. The plan pursued at the University of Chicago is to require every undergraduate student to take, with credit, a course in the public speaking department meeting once a week for a year. There are no frills of elocution in these courses, in fact, there is manifest at this university a very well defined feeling of opposition to the overwrought, flowery style of oratory. The work consists chiefly of practice in the oral discussion of themes before an audience of classmates, subject to the criticism and stimulus of competent instructors. The plan is to have the sections sufficiently small, so that each student may have frequent opportunities to speak. As these courses are taken early in his college career, the student is encouraged to pursue the work farther with advanced courses in the public speaking department.

As it works out in many institutions, both of the collegiate and university grade, the chief opportunities for public speaking are incidental. Oratorical and debating contests, dramatic and literary societies, the competition for prizes in special subjects such as temperance and the peace movement—these all furnish much-needed stimuli for effort in self-expression, but their usefulness is necessarily limited because they are only occasional and they seldom enlist more than a small number of students. A regular course in oral discussion and reading would supply these deficiencies, and would have the further advantage of making the training systematic and technically correct.

Methods of the Suffragettes

Although we may hear most of woman suffrage from England and America, the battle is not, by any means, confined to those countries. It seems to be a part of a general world movement toward freedom and has invaded Russia, Germany, even China and Persia. One would hardly be surprised to hear of it from within convent walls.

The methods of the suffragettes of difference countries vary greatly. Perhaps each adapts herself to her individual problem, using the most effective weapon at her command.

Though the American woman seemed at first inclined to imitate the pyrotechnical and militant method of her English sister, she quickly found herself and originated a plan of her own. Whether it is due to an unusual astuteness, or whether she is merely following the line of least resistance, she has found it expedient to enlist her enemy in her cause. So we have the American woman who has grown up in friendly comradeship with the American boy, saying to the man in this same spirit of comradeship, with an added touch of feminine weakness appealing to masculine power, "We want the ballot. Come along and help us get it."

And he is coming along!

This is much more ladylike than smashing windows and pleasanter than serving a sentence in jail.

Mrs. L. H. Harris, in The Independent, gives the following vivid description of the English and American suffragette:

"The picture of a round-shouldered, corsetless English suffragist in an ugly, patched, polka-dot sateen waist and flippety-flop skirt standing before a street crowd or leading a mob is a monstrosity we ought to consider before we follow her example"; and, "This is the latest moving picture of the American woman, a wayfaring lady with her little Pandora box of frailties under one arm, her pretty skirts tucked under the other, making a sort of pious pilgrimage in the direction of the polls and the ballot box with the hope of meeting *him* there."

Passing of the Old Northwestern

The past year has witnessed the final disappearance of a landmark long familiar to many readers of this paper. The old Northwestern has been torn down and the materials of its construction have been built into residences fronting a street opened through the last remaining fragment of the old college campus.

Is there not tragedy in it? Brick and stone and timbers strong reared once toward heaven in lordly pile, symbolic of a lofty aim, degraded thus to menial services. It is the world's way. When the great souls of the ancient days were dead, arose another race of men who, heedless of the glory that had been, sacked temples of the gods and robbed the tombs of buried greatness for material wherewith to construct their low-roofed dwelling places. So ever is it true that in the founding of a new order old idols must be shattered, mute memorials of a lost art, motionless defenders of a glory that is dead be brought low to serve the sordid purposes of men's lives and perish thus with common dust in undistinguished grave.

Yet, well we know, the better part endures, the part in which all worth is, and whatever of everlastingness belongs to human things. What we inherit from the past as part of the world-order that we carry forward incomparably is better than all material grace or beauty or grandeur or strength the hand of man throughout all the ages has ever wrought. The visible symbol perishes, the soul of it survives. Too near to be seen of eye, it lies close to heart and life.

Is this to compare small things with great? And why not? In a world of endless variety inheres a fundamental oneness. Forms differ and degrees; everywhere one principle prevails. There is height and there is depth; each answers to the same call. Draw line across whatever meager confine of our little world and find in infinite space a parallel whose twin termini shall be stars—and so it is that wanderer on desert sands may guide his footsteps by the glory of the skies.

Besides, the things of youth in after life to none of us are little

things. When we look back on them they loom large—large, and when we speak of them it is ever ore rotundo. And that were well. There is nothing false or feigned about it. The fact that they are great to us is proof that they have in them element of greatness. It is well to think in world-thoughts—to speak in terms of race—to contemplate the present with reference to far distant future; but the world is very large and there are worlds and worlds, the race of man goes on in endless undeterred continuity, and of the future there can be but speculation. Meantime one's own is dear to one, one's past is precious; and the memorials of that past are the tangible evidence of its reality, without which memory is but a dimly remembered dream. For we are little more than dull creatures of sense perception and without markers along our course we forget the way that we have come.

And so in the passing of the visible reminders of one's earlier years there is to move to tears. It has to be in time, of course, but this came too soon for some. Cut life in two, leaving to one but isolated fragment of the later days; then is the past far gone to be as if it had not been. For dead is doubly dead that lies in unmarked grave. Spirit survives as some dim phantasy; the solid substances that had stayed our human sense of things is gone from sight and life.

And yet how strong in faithful hearts this spirit of the past may be. The last visible evidence of the old Northwestern has disappeared, but to those who as students knew it in the early years, its towers high-rising over lofty tree-tops will ever hold place on memory's distant sky-line, and in their dreams its fair proportions ever fairer grow.

Personal Notes

Mrs. Fern Brendel Metzger was the commencement soloist.

Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95, sang the solo at the baccalaureate address.

William G. Irwin, '88, spent several months in Europe during the winter and spring.

Mrs. Jennie Nichols Kiser, of Cambridge City, attended the commencement exercises.

Mrs. Kate Hadley Buchanan, '88, was a guest upon alumni day of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kautz.

Rev. Claude M. Burkhardt, '08, has taken charge of the Christian Church at Coshocton, O.

Mr. Carl Loop, '00, of the U. S. Consulate, London, returned in time to be with us on alumni day.

Miss Ida M. Bunker, '80, of Mechanicsburg, O., spent the commencement week with Miss Graydon.

Frances M. Perry, '91, professor of English in the University of Arizona at Tucson, attended the alumni supper.

Myra Dyer Stevenson, '08, has returned to Irvington after graduating from the Missionary Bible Institute at Nyack, N. Y.

Mr. George D. Davis, of North Salem, and Judge Marshall Hacker, of Columbus, both members of the Board of Directors, attended the alumni supper.

David M. Hillis, '64, was a faithful attendant at the exercises of the week. It is pleasant to have Mr. Hillis with us, and we hope he will soon come again.

Stith Thompson, ex-'07, attended the various exercises. Since graduating from the University of Wisconsin in '09 he has been teaching in Portland, Ore. Last year he did graduate work in

English at the University of California, and next fall, upon a scholarship from the latter university, he pursues his English studies at Harvard.

The Rev. and Mrs. John C. Martin announce the engagement of their daughter Maude, '12, to Mr. Charles Davis. The wedding is to take place in the autumn.

Miss Clara L. McIntyre called during the week upon her friends en route from the University of Kansas to spend commencement at her Alma Mater, Radcliffe College.

Carl H. Barnett, '10; G. Frank Powers, '10, and Carl Burkhardt, '09, who have been studying in the Yale Divinity School for the past year, are home for the summer.

Rosa E. Dark, '03, after several years spent in teaching in South America, has returned to Indianapolis to live. Miss Dark was at the head of the Escuela Normal de Maestras, in Argentina.

Another friend returns to our midst, Thomas W. Grafton, '80, who has been called from the Jackson Boulevard Church, of Kansas City, to the Third Christian Church, of Indianapolis. Mr. Grafton's labors begin here on July 1.

D. Sommer Robinson, '10, who has been doing graduate work at the Yale Divinity School, made a brief call during commencement. Mr. Robinson has received a Yale scholarship, on which he will study next year at the University of London.

Word has been received of the death of Mark A. J. Le Miller, '89. For several years Mr. Le Miller had wandered beyond the knowledge of his friends. A letter from his brother gives this intelligence: "Mark died May 26, 1911, at North Industry, O., at the residence of J. J. Le Miller. He was buried from the Church of St. Peter in the family lot at Canton, O. After graduating from Butler College he pursued his classical studies at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kan. For a short time he taught in Minnesota. Then he took a graduate course in the Oregon State University; a medical course in the Salem Medical School,

receiving his degree from the International Medical School of Monterey, Mexico. While practicing his profession in Oklahoma he was seized with paresis of the brain, and died in a few weeks at the home of a brother. He always spoke highly of his friends at Butler College, and I wish the alumni to know this."

It is with regret that the Alumnal sees the departure of Professor J. G. Randall, '03, from the college, where for the year he has faithfully and effectively filled the vacancy made by Professor Coleman's leave of absence. Professor Randall as member of this staff and as member of the college faculty, leaves with the esteem of all who have known him.

Butler alumni are now in the limelight politically: Claris Adams, a former student and graduate of Indiana Law School, is a candidate for Indiana House of Representatives; Thomas R. Shipp, '97, for Congress; Emsley W. Johnson, '00, for prosecutor of Marion county. All are good, capable men, worthy of supporting the honor of Butler anywhere.

The friends of Miss Evelyn M. Butler, '93, are happy in the news of her home-coming. Miss Butler has for the past three years been at the head of the English department in the State Normal School at Silver City, New Mexico, and returns this fall to Butler College to be connected with the English department and to be head of the College Residence. It is a move approved by the alumni to have the Alma Mater call back her sons and her daughters when they are well equipped and worthy.

Frances A. Fish, ex-'83, died on April 10, 1912, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Daniel Foley, 1530 East Washington street, and was buried at Crown Hill. Miss Fish was a teacher for many years in the public schools of Indianapolis. Of her an associate said: "She was born on a farm, and brought to her school all the knowledge that comes of loving birds and flowers and trees. She spent three years at Butler College and the time since then in teaching. She took a personal interest in each child, and tried to give him the high ideals that were hers—teaching that honesty, courage and justice were more necessary to life than even knowl-

edge. She had a rare appreciation of all fine things in literature, and lost no opportunity to make the child love a good book. A keen sense of humor endeared her to her pupils. She gave of her best to all who came near her. Character, so grounded upon principle, must have a lasting influence on the young people of Miss Fish's teaching."

The reunion of '87 is noticed elsewhere. Of it, professionally, the following is noted: Dora Grace Blount, teacher; Lawson A. Coble, minister; Erastus S. Conner, minister; Benjamin F. Dailey, minister; Emmett W. Gans, manager of the White Automobile Company; Jane Graydon, teacher; Frederick Rollin Kautz, stationer; James S. McCollum, minister; Gertrude A. Mahoaney, teacher; Martha O. Murray (Mrs. G. W. Hoover), died June 30, 1896; John A. Reller, minister; Arthur W. Shoemaker, farmer; Sallie B. Thrasher (Mrs. A. J. Brown); Henry M. Toner, physician; Fred M. Wade, lecturer; Omar Wilson, orchardist; Elias Price Wise, minister.

Commencement Week Visitors

Among the returning members of our college family in commencement week were seen: Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, '56; B. M. Blount, '59; W. N. Pickerill, '60; Mrs. Lydia Short Braden, '60; David M. Hillis, '64; Mrs. Alice Secrest Snider, '66; Scot Butler, '68; Chauncy Butler, '69; B. F. Kinnick, '71; W. S. Moffett, '76; Katharine Merrill Graydon, '78; D. C. Brown, '79; H. U. Brown, '80; Ida M. Bunker, '80; W. F. Elliott, '80; Mrs. Flora Frazier Dill, '80; Walter O. Williams, '80; Lora C. Hoss, '81; Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams, '81; Robert L. Dorsey, '83; Martin A. Morrison, '83; Cora M. Smith, '83; Mrs. Frances Husted Barr, '84; J. P. Findley, '86; Mrs. Corinne Thrasher Carvin, '86; Grace Blount, '87; Erastus S. Conner, '87; B. F. Dailey, '87; E. W. Gans, '87; Jane Graydon, '87; F. R. Kautz, '87; A. W. Shoemaker, '87; Mrs. Sallie Thrasher Brown, '87; E. P. Wise, '87; Mrs. Kate Hadley Buchanan, '88; Louis J. Morgan, '88; William Mullendore, '88; Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe, '89; Perry H. Clifford, '89; T. C.

Howe, '89; Joseph R. Morgan, '89; Romaine Braden, '90; Charles M. Fillmore, '90; Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, '90; India L. Martz, '90; Henry S. Schell, '90; Mrs. Vida Tibbott Cottman, '90; Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, '91; Mrs. Mary Thorpe Schmuck, '91; Frances M. Perry, '91; Bertha Thormyer, '92; Julia R. Fish, '93; Mrs. Lona Iden Lacey, '93; Rose Elliott, '94; Emma C. Johnson, '94; Mrs. Isabella Moore Miller, '94; Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95; Mrs. Rose MacNeal Kessler, '95; Bertha Negley, '95; Mrs. Retta Barnhill Morgan, '96; Charles R. Yoke, '96; Frank T. Brown, '97; Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97; Mrs. Carrie Howe Cummings, '97; Mabel H. Tibbott, '97; Emily Helming, '99; Mrs. Anne Butler Recker, '00; Mrs. Ethel Roberts Loop, '01; Samuel Offutt, '02; Mrs. Edith Abbott Randall, '03; Rosa E. Dark, '03; James G. Randall, '03; S. M. Compton, '04; Ruth A. Allerdice, '06; Frederick C. Domroese, '06; Anna H. Burt, '08; Lucile Carr, '08; Lucile Didlake, '08; Pearl Forsyth, '08; Alma Hoover, '08; Mrs. Anna Hughes Wilkinson, '08; Eva M. Lennes, '08; Lettie E. Lowe, '08; Daisy MacGowan, '08; Mallie Murphy, '08; Dr. John K. Kingsbury, '06; John F. Mitchell, '06; Golie Stucker, '06; Clara B. Thormyer, '06; Irma P. Brayton, '06; Pauline E. Cooper, '06; Frances E. Doan, '06; Sadie M. Kraus, '06; Clay Trusty, '08; Elizabeth T. Bogert, '09; Elizabeth N. Brayton, '09; Lois S. Brown, '09; Carl Burkhardt, '09; Elbert H. Clarke, '09; Lois M. Kile, '09; Charles O. Lee, '09; Mabel C. Long, '09; James L. Murray, '09; Herbert Redding, '09; Lucy J. Toph, '09; Roger Wallace, '09; Monta Anderson, '10; Carl H. Barnett, '10; Fannie J. Braden, '10; Irene B. Hunt, '10; Lora Hussey, '10; Anna K. Murphy, '10; G. Frank Powers, '10; D. Sommer Robinson, '10; Barcus Tichenor, '10; Margaret A. Barr, '11; Flora M. Frick, '11; Sidney Ernestine Hecker, '11; Ruth E. Hendrickson, '11; Andrew Leitch, '11; Harry H. Martindale, '11; Gertrude Pruitt, '11; Nell P. Reed, '11; Maude M. Russell, '11; Harold B. Tharp, '11.

Death of Miss Lola Bridges

The news of the death of Miss Lola Bridges is a source of deep regret to her many friends in Irvington and Butler College, where she was both student and teacher for several years. To her, Irvington was a home, to which she gladly came back through the years, knowing that here she could always enter into and receive the old, sweet fellowship of friendship circles. Her presence was a cherished inspiration to all who knew her. Here she was known intimately, not only through her work as professor of English in the college, but also through her connection with the church, whose faithful and loyal member she was, and through her wide and sympathetic friendship for all her associates. Though we mourn her loss, we rejoice in our rich heritage of the memory of her life, so generously planned and so nobly lived as to bring us nearer to her spirit in

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

The following account of her funeral, and the tribute paid her by the Rev. Jesse G. Nichols, pastor of the Congregational Church in South Hadley, were taken from the Springfield (Mass.) Daily Republican, June 17, 1912:

"The funeral of Miss Lola Bridges, of the department of English in Mount Holyoke College, was held Saturday afternoon at 6 o'clock at Crest View, the home of Miss Clara F. Stevens, professor of English, and Miss Alice P. Stevens, associate professor of German, in South Hadley. The attendance was very large, and the profusion of flowers bore witness to the love and esteem in which Miss Bridges was held by her many friends. Besides the residents of South Hadley, many members of the faculty of Mount Holyoke College were present, among them President Woolley and Dean Purington. The student body was not represented, as college closed Wednesday, but a large number of the faculty were still in South Hadley, some of them having prolonged their stay in order to attend the funeral.

"Rev. Jesse G. Nichols officiated. Mrs. A. T. Buckhout sang two selections, Adelaide Proctor's 'My God, I Thank Thee, Who Hast Made' and Whittier's 'Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.' Mr. Nichols said in substance: 'This is not the time nor the place, nor am I the one to give any extended eulogy of our friend. Indeed, such a course would be contrary to a wish sometimes expressed. Yet it will afford satisfaction and bring comfort to our hearts to call to mind some things not reserved for her going, but often expressed by her friends. So many beautiful tributes have come to my knowledge from friends in addition to what I had gained by personal observation, that I cannot forbear to speak a few words to you about her. As she maintained the beautiful spirit of childhood, with its simplicity and joy and delight and faith in the beautiful world in which she lived and in her human friendships, it is natural to recall the tribute of a little child. In a home where she was always welcomed and considered one of the family, she was known by the little child as "the lady with such a kind face." Our Father lifts up the light of his countenance upon his children in such a way that those who will may impart it as the health of his countenance in their own. Such was the case with Miss Bridges. She showed the unmistakable signs of a rich inner life. With this tribute of the little child may be coupled that of an aged friend, "To be in her presence was a benediction." '

"Although she was a graduate of another college and connected in an important official capacity with three others, yet during her two terms of service at Mount Holyoke she centered her interests and affections here, and by adoption and spirit became a true daughter of Mount Holyoke. That in itself is a great tribute to any one, to be able to throw one's self wholeheartedly into the work in hand, to give one's best self where one's duty lies for the time, and to allow one's self to be thoroughly associated with others. Her spirit of service and devotion and all her conscientious labor revealed her appreciation of those words of the Master, 'He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many.' With singular unselfishness and modesty of spirit that often expressed itself in terms of self-depreciation, she earned for herself the sincere appreciation and

gratitude of friends who believe that 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Although she sometimes failed to estimate the true value of her own work, she had a keen delight in the success and attainment of others. Quick in appreciation, abounding in character and loyalty, she gave to others and drew to herself the unfailing devotion of many friends. The closer the contact, the more pronounced was the admiration, the stronger the friendship and the clearer the discernment of beautiful qualities of character hitherto unrevealed. She showed her friendship for others in many beautiful ways, not only by rejoicing in their successes, but also by urging and encouraging the finest achievement and the highest ideals. She was deeply wounded when any in her care lowered the standard of excellence in character or in the performance of the daily task. What she expected of others she required of herself. She was continually setting her house in order, and by her daily discipline, accuracy, precision and devotion she made a permanent contribution to the real and enduring worth and the happiness of life."

Born in Salisbury, Ill., Miss Bridges attended Butler College for several years, and was graduated at Oberlin in 1885. She then accepted a position as teacher of Greek at Mount Holyoke College, going from there to Germany and Greece for two years' further study. On her return she taught at Olivet College, Michigan, where her health became broken and she was compelled to cease work for a time. Later she accepted the chair of English Literature at Butler, which place she filled acceptably for two years ('94-'95 and '95-'96), when it again became necessary for her to give up her work. While in Irvington she became a member of the Indianapolis Woman's Club and made many warm friendships. After leaving Irvington she spent several years with Oberlin friends, and some six or seven years ago she returned to Mount Holyoke as teacher in the department of English. Since that time she has made her home at Crest View with the Misses Stevens. Mrs. L. L. Nichols, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was in the same class with Miss Bridges at Oberlin College, was present at the funeral. At the sunset hour she was laid to rest, according to her wish, in Evergreen cemetery, in sight of the hills she loved so well.

Marriages

Shafto—Samuel Roger Shafto and Mildred Morehead, '11, were married on April 3, 1912, at the bride's residence in Irvington. They left immediately for their home at Spring Lake Beach, N. J.

Charleton—Frederick R. Charleton and Mary C. Fletcher, '96, were married April 28, 1912, at Proctorsville, Vt. Dr. and Mrs. Charleton are at home at 1805 Talbott avenue, Indianapolis.

Marsteller—Charles Almus Marsteller, '85, and Lorena Wilstach Pyke were married at Lafayette, Ind., on May 16, 1912. They will reside at Ridgewood Farm, West Lafayette, Ind.

Kingsbury—Theodore Kingsbury and Cornelia Goe were married May 16, 1912, at Irvington. They are at home at 1515 Lowell avenue, Indianapolis.

Adams—Claris Adams and Ruth Whitney Davenport were married on June 12, 1912, at Irvington. They are at home at 45 North Hawthorne Lane, Indianapolis.

Hicks—Earl A. Hicks and Edna May Huggins, '07, were married on June 18, 1912, at Indianapolis. Dr. and Mrs. Hicks will reside in Chicago.

Hadley—Clyde M. Hadley and Edna Trueblood were married June 26, 1912, at the First Friends Church, Indianapolis. They will make their home at Seattle, Wash.

Helped the Magazine

The following alumni and former students have kindly assisted in the publication of this issue: Addison A. Harris, John E. Hollett, Louis Newberger, Frank T. Brown, Arthur V. Brown, Austin F. Denny, Edwin E. Thompson, Joseph B. Kealing, R. F. Davidson, Merrill Moores, Charles W. Moores, Henry Jameson, John K. Kingsbury, W. F. Kelly, John M. Cunningham, Alex. Jameson, Daniel W. Layman, W. J. Hubbard, Robert Hall, Demarchus C. Brown, Perry H. Clifford, Paul W. Jeffries, Hilton U. Brown, John R. Carr, Orval E. Mehring, John H. Oliver.

Vote for Butlerites Next November

EMSLEY W. JOHNSON

Republican Candidate for Prosecuting Attorney
of Marion County

GEORGE CLARIS ADAMS

Republican Candidate for Indiana
General Assembly

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

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The City from the College

ELIZABETH MILLER HACK, EX-'99

Across the tranced city waft
The agate veils of fire,
Past lucent miracles of shaft
And dome and phantom spire
And trembling webs of steel that wait
Their walls of stone and stain
In airy fretwork delicate
As frost upon a pane.

Deep harmonies are hither blown,
Great Trade's outcries in one
Long organ-throated note, in tone
With Hope's true antiphon.

* * * *

And this is Life's illusion, seen
From these cool, leafy ways,
Where youth turns restless from his green-
And-golden fable-days.

Large-hearted Life happed in this guise
Recruits her ranks from these,
So, tender of their hopeful eyes,
She spares the verities.

Historical Sketch of Irvington

By Mrs. Vida T. Cottman

In 1870 Mr. Sylvester Johnson and Mr. Jacob Julian, of Wayne county, Indiana, having accumulated a little money, began looking about for a profitable investment. They were friends, and, after canvassing various projects, decided that the laying out of a suburban town would be agreeable and profitable to both. Through the late Rev. T. A. Goodwin they learned of this place and after looking over the ground and considering its juxtaposition to the State's capital, they decided to purchase 320 acres from the Sanduskys, paying therefor $32,000. An eighty-acre farm just west of Ritter avenue had been purchased a short time before by Dr. Levi Ritter, and a little later a land company bought in the old Parker homestead. These various owners formed an alliance and concurred in plans to lay out a beautiful suburban town. The original plat of the town covered about a square mile, running from Emerson avenue on the west to Arlington on the east; from the Brookville road on the south to a line a little south of Pleasant run on the north.

It was a pleasant place to look upon in those days. There were many beautiful forest trees, broad green fields, and, winding through fields and groves, sundry tinkling little streams, all tributary to Pleasant run. The draining and grading of the town have caused most of the little streams to disappear, but Pleasant run is still wending its rippling way through our midst. It was at that time considerably larger and well stocked with fish—red-eyes, goggle-eyes, suckers and even bass being taken from its waters in abundance. In the south part of town were a number of ponds, one about a hundred feet east of the present Irvington station, affording excellent fishing. It is only in recent years that Pleasant run has ceased from riotous overflows, learned to keep within her banks and to live thoroughly up to the reputation implied in her name. A son of Aquilla Parker relates the following story of the origin of that name: A party of govern-

ment surveyors, along with their other duties, were charged with the bestowal of appropriate names on all the unknown streams they crossed. When they came to a creek east of here they spilled their sugar, and as a memorial to that momentous disaster called the little stream Sugar creek. Grassy creek was so denominated for obvious reasons. Buck creek signalized the shooting of a deer at that point. As they forded our dear little stream some one remarked: "This is a pleasant little run," and thus they named it on their maps.

The name of our town, Irvington, was bestowed upon it by Jacob Julian, who, along with the rest of his household, was an ardent admirer of Washington Irving. It is to Messrs. Sylvester Johnson, Jacob Julian and Levi Ritter that Irvington people are indebted for the unique character of their town. The name itself bespoke culture, and the plans were laid to attract people of means and refinement. It was to be only a beautiful residence suburb and was laid out in large lots, an acre being the average size.

Many have wondered why the majority of Irvington's streets are so winding. Mr. Johnson says they copied the idea from Glendale, Ohio. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Julian and the county surveyor of Wayne county, with more regard for the artistic than for the tired feet of humanity seeking shortest routes, wandered in and out, following little creek beds, bending out and around to avoid cutting down some of the fine forest trees, and so staked out the curving streets for the town. In thus following the courses of the little streams the high ground adjacent was reserved for building sites. Oak avenue, Mr. Johnson says, has a bulge in it for the express purpose of saving a magnificent oak, which fact suggested its name. The first street in town to be graded and graveled was Audubon road, then called Central avenue. The two circles on this street make it unique. The circle south was designed for a park set out with trees and a statue of Washington Irving was to grace its center. The north circle was given to the town with the understanding that a young ladies' seminary was to be erected there within ten years or the land would revert to the owner. A fountain occupies the place

designed for an Irving statue and the home of J. D. Forrest fills the circle north.

The nomenclature of our streets preserves the memory of many of those early residents—Ritter, Johnson, Julian, Downey, Ohmer, Graham, Burgess, Rawles, Chambers, were all named for men prominent in the beginnings of Irvington. The present generation in Irvington owe to these men a debt of gratitude for the effort they made in establishing permanent ideals for a suburb of cultured homes. The streets were broad and well graveled, trees were set out and zealously tended, not only in yards but along the highways; beautiful homes were built, each surrounded by spacious grounds; a large schoolhouse was erected, and such overtures made to Butler College, then the Northwestern Christian University, as to induce it to remove from Indianapolis. All the dwellings of that period are marked by a rather magnificent air and still lord it over the more insignificant houses of later date.

The home of Dr. Levi Ritter, which stood on the site of our present schoolhouse, was the first house of the new town to be completed. In 1872 Mr. Sylvester Johnson and Mr. Jacob Julian built their homes, costing $20,000 and $25,000, respectively. Among the other houses built at that period are the Bradbury house, owned now by Scot Butler; the Ohmer house, belonging at present to Willis Miller, and the Downey property, now the home of T. E. Hibben. All the old brick residences were erected at that time. The George W. Julian home, B. M. Blount's, the two large bricks on South Ritter, the Earl house, the bunch of handsome residences southwest of the college, all date back to those days, as do many of our most substantial looking frame dwellings. On the theory that a man is not only known by the company he keeps but by the house he builds, these houses are certainly indicative of the culture and refinement of that day.

One of the unique features of the town which has been a factor in preserving the highly ideal character of the community is a clause which is inserted in the deed of every piece of ground lying within its original limits. This clause prohibits the sale of liquor on any premises inside the corporation on penalty of its

reverting to its original owner. This idea was borrowed from Colorado Springs and was suggested by Sylvester Johnson, who says that the accomplishment of this provision is the proudest fact of his life.

The idea of the place was a taking one, and from the modest $100 per acre paid by the original purchasers, in two years' time it had increased to $1,000. In 1873 came a great financial panic, which swept the whole country, and Irvington did not escape. Its capitalists persisted, though woefully crippled. Roadways were graded and graveled, the maples which yet line its streets were set out and carefully tended, and a handsome schoolhouse was built. The promise of the college in their midst served to keep up interest, as did also a street-car line being built out by way of English avenue.

In September, 1875, the college building was finished and dedicated. Almost simultaneously came the completion of the street-car line and the inauguration of hourly trips between Irvington and Indianapolis. The early capitalists kept up their high hopes and also high prices until these last great features to the town had been realized, then wealth and prosperity still failing to materialize, many of them left town for other places, where they had hopes of retrieving their lost fortunes. It has been many times asserted that every investor of that day came out a financial wreck.

In 1875 practically every house in Irvington was occupied. Rentals were high. For a little six-room house containing nothing in the way of conveniences, and not even supplied with well or cistern, $20 a month was asked and obtained. Inside of two years there were many vacant houses, and large and commodious dwellings could be rented for $5 a month. In fact, through the succeeding years there were good houses here where people continued to live not even knowing to whom rent was due, for ownership was a mooted question on account of liens and mortgages and consequent litigation.

In Berry Sulgrove's History of Indianapolis and Marion County, published in 1884, is the following description of Irvington:

"Irvington contains, besides the university, a Methodist Episcopal church building, a handsome depot built by the Panhandle Railroad Company in 1872, and fronting on Washington Irving Circle stands a magnificent three-story brick public school building, which was erected in 1874 and is valued at $20,000. The town has a telegraph and telephone station connecting it with all parts of the State. The street-cars pass between it and Indianapolis every hour. The town has a postoffice, I. O. O. F. lodge, one general store, drug store, wagon shop, meat store and blacksmith shop, and six hundred and fifty-two inhabitants. The Christian church has an organization in the town (membership nearly one hundred), services are held in the college chapel."

The writer can well remember the Irvington of those days. The Methodist church was then a struggling organization of about eighty members, and its building, a little plain wooden structure, was located near Pleasant run east of Arlington avenue. The college professors served the Christian church people in the capacity of pastors. The college was the social center for the majority of our citizens. As most families were represented there by sons or daughters, they felt free to join in whatever social activity it offered. Students were all lodged and boarded in private homes, which increased the intimate relation of college and town. Seldom, if ever, did the five flourishing college literary societies meet without a number of town people in their audiences, and college entertainments were liberally patronized. Miss Catharine Merrill's Thursday evenings remain a delightful memory to many. Our Sunday-school teachers were recruited from the student ranks, and their assistance was counted on in all church activities. Thus there were few homes which were not permeated with an indefinable college influence which certainly made for culture and refinement.

The social life of the college was democratic and markedly simple. Sunday dresses and best suits were considered sufficiently elaborate costumes for any social functions. The fraternities had not yet attained to halls or chapter houses. The halls of the literary societies were used for many social events. In lieu of dancing, which was tabooed, we "played" "Virginia reel" and "Miller." The

charade was popular. At Professor D. C. Brown's annual Greek party each class was supposed to present one or more Greek charades. At Professor O. P. Hay's receptions botanical or zoological words were selected and played with genuine zest. At Miss Catharine Merrill's Thursday evenings everything was literary. Books were discussed, selections read aloud, and much lively literary entertainment enjoyed. Citizens were often in attendance at these meetings, and there were few families who did not at least hear the doings of these pleasant evenings rehearsed at their own firesides or dinner tables.

Among those of the college people who closely touched the life of Irvington, besides the professors mentioned above, are O. A. Burgess, who was president when the college came here, and for many years occupied that position and also the Christian Church pulpit; A. R. Benton, dear to the heart, and known of every old-time and all except the very newest Irvingtonians; J. O. Hopkins, professor of Greek in the early days, a man whose life in the community was short, but so rich and abundant that none who lived here then but feel that their lives have been blessed by even the memory of so rare a character; David Starr Jordan and Melville B. Anderson, who lived side by side and are still remembered for their devotion to the study of nature and their exemplification of the joys of simple, unostentatious living; President H. W. Everest, who lived here with his family for many years, an integral part of the community, preaching in the pulpit on Sunday and teaching through the week; Professor Thrasher, famed in our town, not only for mathematical ability but his genial heart and ever ready and overflowing wit and humor; H. C. Garvin, who through many years preached in the college chapel and was loved and honored alike by his college students and citizens; Miss Harriet Noble, who followed Miss Merrill in hospitality to town as well as students, and living in their midst, endeared herself to many homes; and lastly Scot Butler, who has lived here almost since the beginnings of the town and is still with us, an influence as broad and liberal as the college itself.

Commencement week was a gala season, and the college chapel was always filled to overflowing for each performance. The exhibitions of the literary societies occupied the evenings up till

Thursday, when the under-graduate address was delivered. Friday was commencement day, and every graduate read an essay or delivered an oration.

For this festive week most families had guests from abroad, and everybody went to everything going on. Even the children were interested and crowded the front seats, keen to see and hear. The graduating exercises usually lasted all day, and the noonday dinner eaten under the trees of the campus, was the great Irvington picnic of the year.

The simple pleasures of home, school, church and friendly neighborly intercourse comprised the social scheme. There were no clubs, no receptions, no luncheons, dinners or teas, and, isolated as we were from the city, few entered social life there. To go to an evening theater, concert or lecture was only to be accomplished by arduous efforts, as there was no evening car service except on Saturday nights. If a sufficient number of people could be interested a car was chartered. Down the middle of our graveled roads we walked carrying our lanterns, for then we had neither sidewalks nor street lights, and triumphant we were carried in our swaying chariot by a pair of little mules to our destination. It was always a happy, good-natured crowd, whose pleasure in the great event nothing could dampen, not even alighting in the mud to help the driver get his car back on the track.

The "magnificent three-story schoolhouse" mentioned by Berry Sulgrove was never altogether finished. At first we had only one room, then two, then three, and finally four. Outwardly it was quite imposing, but within none too comfortable. The large rooms, with their very high ceilings, were only imperfectly heated by the one big stove. School was not so strenuous then, and the changing of seats which were too warm or too cold gave variety and spice. Out of doors the whole school ground was at our disposal. We had long recesses and noons, and really played. In pleasant, warm weather we often had school out of doors, and if we did not study nature we absorbed it.

In appearance the town presented a marked difference from its present aspect. The houses were scattered. Yards were sur-

rounded by fences. Everywhere were long stretches of commons, over which grazed the village cows, for everybody kept a cow, and everybody's cow wandered where it listed. Mr. W. H. H. Shank had large flocks of sheep, and these also dotted our meadows.

Such conditions as these existed throughout the later seventies and eighties. There was little change in the personnel of the community and few houses were built. The piping of natural gas to the suburb marked the beginning of a growth in the town, which the establishment of an electric street-car line in 1892 greatly accelerated. The quick and frequent service to and from Indianapolis removed the bar which had long kept business men from locating their families here. Many homes were built, sidewalks were laid and streets improved. In ten years' time her development was so marked and she had become so attractive that Indianapolis was enamored, came courting, wooed and won her, and the two were made one. So endeth my story of Irvington.

A Child's View of Early Irvington

By Grace Julian Clarke

[Paper read by the writer at the Irvington Home-Coming, August 28, 1912.]

During the early spring of the year 1873 there was unusual excitement in our little household in Centerville, and the younger members of the family were aware that a change of some sort impended. Two of our neighbors, Sylvester Johnson and Jacob B. Julian, with their families, had removed two years before to Irvington, and we presently learned that our elders contemplated joining them there. Pretty soon we saw them poring over maps and plans, quite uninteresting and unintelligible to childish minds, and we continued our play with little thought of the future. But in July I was permitted to accompany my parents to see the new house. I fully expected to behold it well along toward completion, and was greatly disappointed to find only brick walls, without a roof, and

nothing in the least attractive about the place. While here at that time we learned that the Northwestern Christian University was to be removed to Irvington, a fact that seemed to cause great satisfaction to the families of the little suburb.

Finally, in November, our goods were shipped to this place, and we followed the next day. On arriving here, we at first found shelter in the home of Judge Jacob B. Julian, now the Layman place, till a sufficient portion of our own furniture was installed to make a few rooms of the new house habitable. It was not nearly finished, but it seemed to have become evident that it never would be unless the owners themselves came to superintend and urge forward the work. It was a trying time for them, the noise and confusion being almost unbearable, but to children it was delightful, and we reveled from morning till night among clean shavings, putty, sawdust and sand, enjoying the society of the good-natured workmen, who allowed us to do pretty much as we pleased, and frequently taking excursions on Sam Smith's wagon, when he drove after gravel, lumber or brick. In Centerville we had been closely confined to our own yard, but here we seemed to have the freedom of the entire town, which was simply a piece of country, portioned off into big yards, with meadows between. There were few trees, but everybody was planting them, and we recall Mr. Johnson superintending most of this work, for he was considered an authority along this line then, as now. We went with bare heads and feet the following summer, and several succeeding ones, visiting the Ellenberger woods, then a dense forest, apparently impossible to penetrate, and where we had a vague and delicious dread of wild beasts and Indians. There first we learned to know the wild flowers, and can go now to the precise spots where the hepaticas, anemones, white violets and bloodroot grew most luxuriantly. There were not more than half a dozen children in Irvington the first year of our residence, but the need of a school was talked of, and we were aware that one was projected.

If my memory serves correctly, the only houses here before ours were those of S. M. Houston, built in 1870 by James E. Downey, on the corner of Washington street and Audubon Road; of Dr. Levi Ritter, also erected that year, on the present site of the schoolhouse; of Sylvester Johnson, Jacob B. Julian and J. M. Tilford, erected by

Charles W. Brouse, now the home of James Stevenson, and "Billy Wilson's boarding-house," just south of the Panhandle railway, where the workmen who were employed in putting up the various houses found shelter and food. Mr. Wilson was Mr. Johnson's son-in-law, and the house was built and owned by the latter. Simultaneously with ours, a Methodist minister named Crawford erected a home across the street from us, which in a modified form is now the residence of R. E. Moore. This Mr. Crawford afterward built the house in Ritter avenue which is called "the old Denny property," because it was for years the home of the late Judge Denny. Jacob B. Julian built a number of houses to rent at this time, the late home of Dr. Cravens being one of them. The present home of Mr. Earl was put up by Mr. Johnson's son Endorus, but he never occupied it. About this same time J. W. Chambers built what is now the Badger home, a Dr. Cotton the present residence of B. M. Blount, and a Mr. Rawls the home now occupied and owned by Dr. Tompkins. I think this Mr. Rawls died of typhoid fever about the time the house was completed, and we children always called it "the haunted house." Other houses belonging to this period were those of Major O. M. Wilson, in Washington street, and of D. M. Bradbury, now the Scot Butler residence.

With all these people our family had social relations, but unless there happened to be children they did not interest me, and the only ones I distinctly remember are the Houstons, Crawfords, Tilfords and Chamberses. Let me not fail to mention the Shanks, who were really pre-Irvingtonians, being established here before the town was dreamed of, as were the Ellenberger and Osborn families, now of Irvington.

I remember that almost every family had a croquet set, and that the two champion players were Mr. Tilford and my father, each of whom claimed to be invincible. Mr. Tilford had a very long mallet, with an extremely short handle, and when he came off victorious my father insisted that it was the mallet and not his skill that accounted for his success. I incline to think that nothing would have induced him to use such a mallet himself, for that would have deprived him of his excuse for not vanquishing his opponent every time.

It was croquet in summer, but euchre during the long winter evenings, that furnished the amusement of the suburb, and it seems to

me that our house was the center for this gaiety. Many a night have I crept to the head of the stairs and listened to the talk around the euchre tables, the players being my parents and the younger members of the Jacob Julian, Johnson and Tilford families. How bright it seemed down there, and why was I not allowed to sit up and look on?

All Irvingtonians in those days had their own carriages, which formed the only means of communication with the city, except the railroad and the omnibus which pretty soon began to go back and forth three times a day. It was a long drive to town, especially with our deliberate gray mare Meg, purchased from John Moore, and I remember that all our neighbors passed us on the road; but no one seemed in a hurry then, and an hour spent in transit was not irksome.

The only houses between Dr. Ritter's and the Deaf and Dumb Institution were the Parker place, which had been an inn in earlier days; the old Kealing place opposite, on the site of the late street-car barns; Clay Parker's blacksmith shop; the house, occupied by John Huber and later by the Weesner's, on the side of Hilton Brown's hill; the Heizer home, just west of Mr. Brown's; the Caylor place; the Wallace house, now owned by the Bosart heirs; the Streight, Graves and King homes; old Mr. Shank's tollgate, at the intersection of the Brookville road and Washington street; the Hanneman and Noffsinger places, and perhaps two or three others, one a little red brick near the present Beville avenue. All of these have disappeared except the Streight and Noffsinger homes, the latter the residence to-day of Mr. William M. Taylor.

I recall that Mr. Graves, who lived across the road from Colonel Streight, was a widower, with courtly manners and a very pretty dark-eyed daughter, Lou, and that Mr. Hanneman, too, was a widower, with a lovely golden-haired daughter, and that these two young ladies seemed the most enchanting creatures I had ever beheld. The Kings had a son and daughter, and the Streights a son, and with these young folks the young ladies and gentlemen of Irvington had merry times, frequent parties being the order of the day. They also shared in the social life of Indianapolis.

Of all these families the Streights were the most hospitable, I think, and they were so thoughtful and uncermonious as to include

the children in all their companies. Colonel Streight was a New Yorker by birth, a lover of young society, fond of good things to eat and drink, generous, and a capital story-teller. He had been confined in Libby Prison during the war, from which he had dug his way out, and although by no means a braggart, he could once in a while be persuaded to relate this experience, and it was my good fortune to be present on one of these occasions, which is a pleasant memory. Mrs. Streight, "the Madam" he called her, delighting to please her husband and herself fond of company, used to suggest to some friend in Irvington, in those early days when there were not more than a dozen families here, that they come in and surprise the Colonel. On one of these occasions I remember that Major Wilson was the intermediary between her and the people, and he went around on his horse notifying everybody. Mrs. Streight, taking her servants into the secret, immediately set about getting ready. I cannot begin to tell you all that they prepared, but if tables ever "groaned," hers did. I know that several turkeys lost their lives, hams were boiled, cakes and pies baked, there was a barrel of oranges, and the children had all the ice-cream they could eat. Some of the Irvingtonians being total abstainers, no wine was in evidence; but happening to dash into a side room, we children came upon the Colonel with a few choice spirits enjoying themselves over a social glass.

The first school teacher in the town was a pretty blue-eyed girl named Mary Plumb, now a grandmother over in Illinois, and she made her home with us, her family and my mother's being old friends in northern Ohio. She remained only one year, being homesick in this to her far-western region. The schoolhouse, a three-story building with a mansard roof and a tower, after the prevailing fashion of the seventies and of Irvington, stood south of Irving Circle, and was much too large and pretentious for the little suburb. It was never paid for, I think, and made the taxes lamentably high.

The numerous buildings going up during those first years of the town made life constantly interesting to children, and we delighted to circumnavigate the various foundations as they were put in. I remember chasing the little Crawford girl around and around on the stone foundation of the main college building until we were

both so dizzy that we were in grave danger of falling into the rather deep cellar.

Quite the most attractive place for play was the old sawmill that stood where Mr. Shank's brick building now is, on the southeast corner of Railroad street and Audubon Road, put up by Sam Smith and his nephew. There was a little railroad that carried the logs to be cut, extending about as far as where Mr. Beck's house now is. On this railroad we entertained ourselves by the hour, taking turns at being brakeman and conductor, and getting very tired, because it was hard work to push the car along.

I have referred to Mr. Samuel Smith, who was pre-eminently the children's friend. He and his wife were not blessed with little ones of their own, but he delighted to take us home with him, and there Mrs. Smith used to regale us with pie and other good things, while they sat and listened to our words of wisdom. The Smiths came to Irvington before the Julians and Johnsons, in the year 1870. William Hammons also belongs to a very early period, having come here in the year 1871. He and his son Rufus were among the first acquaintances we made here. Mr. Hammons, too, was kind and patient with children, lifting us on and off his wagon as often as we chose to accompany him on his rounds. These old friends are among those still with us, pleasant reminders of the long ago.

After awhile came the Tibbotts, Thrashers, Blounts, Butlers and other families. The college brought a number of new-comers, and the town grew, not rapidly, for the panic gave it a decided setback, and for years it was at a standstill. With the coming of natural gas in 1890 new life was apparent, and the growth of Irvington has since been steady. The town now is beautiful; but to those who knew it in the very early days there is something lacking that must cause more than a passing sigh on an occasion like this. There was a repose about the Irvington of that time unknown to-day. But this is not what causes the sigh; nor is it the disappearance of so many of the old landmarks; nor the cutting up of the big yards; nor our own lost youth. It is "the old familiar faces"—faces of those once our friends and neighbors, that few who now make merry here would recognize if they should appear among us. But some of us can conjure up from memory's richness forms long gone: The rotund fig-

ure and florid, beaming countenance of Irvington's other founder, Jacob Julian, who gave the town its name; the cavalier form and rather imperious manner of Major Oliver M. Wilson; Messrs. Downey and Brouse, always eager and confident in regard to its future; Dr. Ritter's genial presence; stately ladies and rosy children. We see men and women hastening to catch the eight-forty-five train on the Panhandle, and returning at four-thirty, laden with parcels and evening News in hand. They open the gates to their yards (for every house had a white fence, plain board or paling), and meander up the winding walks. They do not go out at night often, but when they do they always carry lanterns. (There were no street-lights or pavements then—only a few gravel paths.) These persons whom we see are all in the vigor of manhood and womanhood. Age afterward overtook some of them, and poverty and suffering, but as we behold them to-day all are hale and hearty, with the vigorous step and hopeful air of prosperous middle life.

I like to think, friends, that on this occasion we are compassed about by a cloud of unseen witnesses, a company grateful for this celebration, that rejoices in the splendid growth and development of the little settlement once dominated by them. And I am constrained to offer the suggestion that we hold these reunions regularly, at least once in five years—not on such an elaborate scale as this home-coming so courageously undertaken and pushed through by our young friend, Mr. Cross; but let us meet to renew old acquaintances, talk over the past, and resolve for the future. Let us impress upon the younger residents of our suburb the duty of perpetuating this custom: it will be good for them, and serve to form a closer bond between us all, which cannot fail to have a wholesome and humanizing effect.

> "The bird of time has but a little way to flutter,
> And the bird is on the wing."

Year by year some of our number must pass off the stage; but Irvington will go on, and I believe that it will go on in a better and nobler way because of such meetings as this to-day.

Through the Spreewald

By Jennie Armstrong Howe

Although the American traveler sees many things in Berlin that remind him that he is in a foreign country, the city on account of its newness might be called American. If he were to except the many soldiers in uniform, the signboards above the shops and the cleanliness of the streets, he might almost believe that he were in New York or Chicago.

Here and there, but more frequently in the broad avenues where there is little traffic and which the children have taken possession of as their playground, one sees a peculiarly dressed figure which at once attracts attention. These women, for they are women, are the most reliable and most sought for nurses by the German families; these strange creatures, whose garb presents such a contrast to those of the passersby, belong to another race. They are not of German ancestry. They are the descendants of the original inhabitants, who more than a thousand years ago occupied the region about Berlin.

After the sea had receded from north Germany and had left behind that great sandy plain, some one must have sought and found a home there; for when Julius Cæsar conquered Gaul, a people called the Suevi inhabited the territory between the Oder and the Elbe. The great migration of nations which took place in the first centuries after Christ and which exercised a great influence, not alone upon the southern nations of Europe, brought about changes in Gaul. At any rate, when the settlement of Prussia began the Germans fought many a hard battle with a Slavic people called Wends. Civilization seems to offer here another example of how the original inhabitants of a country are driven out by strangers. The Germans have so supplanted the Wends, that to-day, after a few centuries, only a part, perhaps 140,000 souls, remain of a once powerful race, a people which at the end of the next century will exist only in history and in their local and proper names.

Not far from Berlin there is a highly interesting settlement of Wends. A part of the principal territory which is occupied by

them is on the boundary between Prussia, Saxony and Bohemia, and on the Spree, which flows through Berlin.

This Spree region embraces not less than seventy-five square miles, which is intersected by numerous tributaries of the Spree river. The greatest part of this tract was originally a vast swamp, but is now so completely traversed by drainage canals that we find here, instead of a swamp, the most beautiful meadows; on the other hand, much is still a swampy forest. In spite of these ditches or canals, the whole surface is flooded in winter and not until July are the shallow places dry, and even then one can travel to all parts of the Spree forest on the streams and broad canals.

One Saturday afternoon, on a July day several years ago, a merry party, six in number, crowded into one compartment, left Berlin for Luebben, the little village from which one starts on the journey by water through the Spreewald. On the way a severe thunder-storm seemed for a time to threaten the pleasure of the next day. However, when we arrived at Luebben, a village famous for its cucumbers, the sun was so burning hot we were glad to take the primitive carriage which carried passengers and the mail from the station to the town.

The village Luebben is in the genuine Wend part of the Spree region, and from here we must reach the little town of Burg early the following morning in order to attend church service, which takes place between 8 and 9 o'clock.

We arranged with the boatman for the entire journey, and while he gets the boat ready for us we have time to look at Luebben. A Sunday quiet reigns supreme. Not a carriage to be seen, and I think there is none except the one used for carrying the mail. The low thatched or tile-covered houses look neat and cosy. The paved street is spotlessly clean. No sign of unrest or carelessness is to be found anywhere. This would be a perfect picture of still-life if a sturdy woman with her gigantic broom were not there vigorously engaged in getting everything in order for Sunday. Our boatman soon returns and announces that he is ready to start. As it is now too late to think of reaching Burg yet this evening, we decide to go as far as the inn, some five miles on our way. After following our guide through the crooked, winding streets, we

come suddenly to the shore where we find our boat ready. It is all one could desire for the purpose. On account of the extreme shallowness of the water, which in some places is only two or three inches deep, the keel must be quite flat, while the seats, when there is room enough for two, are raised from the floor and provided with backs. The boatman stands in the back part and pushes the boat forward with a long oar, which is provided with a hook at the end. The beginning of the journey is favorable, the weather delightful, and we are almost the only company starting out so early. Soon we are gliding under the hanging branches, then out again on one of the wide streams between peaceful meadows where the fragrance of the new-mown hay and the chirping of the insects remind us that nature is everywhere the same. Not a beast of burden anywhere. Now and then a peasant and his son are loading the hay upon a boat, to carry it to the barn or to the haystack, placed high upon the pilework out of reach of high water.

As we glide by the comfortable looking peasant cottages, the universal quiet is now and then disturbed by the wild barking of the angry watchdog as he rushes to the water's edge in vain attempt to reach us, and whose ill manners we reward by showering him with water. The cuckoo calls in the distance, or when we are hastening past another cottage a little child runs down to the bank and asks us to take her handful of wild flowers which she has gathered to earn a penny.

After a couple of hours of this strange but restful gliding on the winding streams through the Spree meadows, our oarsman suddenly drives his boat to shore, in front of a farmhouse or inn, and tells us our journey will be continued early the next morning.

The Spree folk know how to cook their Spree fish and the rare Spree sauce is delicious, so that we fare better here than in the city. The outlook for the night is not particularly reassuring. There are only two rooms for us here. One, a kind of dining-room with two beds, falls to the lot of the gentlemen of the party. We four women are invited to the attic, where we find six beds, three in a row on either side of the wall under the low roof. I have never seen a more primitive sleeping apartment outside of the hut of a backwoodsman.

Four o'clock the following morning we are up, and, after breakfast in the morning gray, we are ready to embark again. The Sunday sun rises clear, and its beams are reflected through the fresh morning air by thousands and thousands of dewdrops. We are not surprised that the Berliner call this spot the German Venice. But Venice, with all its historic setting, misses much of the natural peaceful charm of these quiet meadows and woods.

Another boatman passes us, with whom our boatman chaffs till the two can scarcely see one another, so quiet it is on the water. As the sun climbs higher, we jump out of our boat to the shady bank and run along the path, bordered with dewy grass, alongside our boat, until we are in such a happy mood we could shout for joy.

Here is a house covered with roses, there a thorn hedge or an orchard, and farther on we pick poppy blossoms. those brilliant deep red spots among the wheat, or we hasten over a bridge where the branches are so thick that the sun cannot penetrate.

We reach the church before the service and have the best opportunity of seeing the Wends as they go to worship. We almost wonder if we are not in fairyland. The variety of costume is almost endless; for the women embroidered skirts of heavy material, made full, which reach only to the knee. The close fitting bodice of Alsatian cut is almost concealed by a light shawl, worn loosely about the shoulders. The different colors chosen for the garments show the taste of the owner, and all is in harmony. Almost every color and shade are to be seen, and in all kinds of combinations. One never tires of the charming picture. In one respect all are alike, and that is in the headwear, which consists of a simple stiff linen cap or bonnet which sits upon the head in the one unchangeable fashion, and which must always be shining white.

The men all wear black coats, old-fashioned black silk neckties and black silk caps. They are a friendly people and quite ready to give us samples of their Slavic speech.

Inside the church the spectacle is striking. The men sit upstairs in the gallery, only the women remain below, and their white headdress and gay clothing present a scene not to be forgotten.

After leaving the church about eleven o'clock, we start on our return voyage by a different route. We pass through the locks and

float idly along through the great still forests which tower up out of the water, and through whose dense branches a sunbeam steals only here and there; and past the old mill with her immense wheel and foaming water, where we stop for a glass of milk and a piece of bread and butter; then again through the woods, where the water is so shallow that we must get out and walk awhile.

Six o'clock and we are in Luebben again, the starting point of our journey of forty miles through a region, whose existence we would almost have believed impossible if we had not seen it for ourselves.

The Amherst Idea

BY DEMARCHUS C. BROWN, '79

The whole question of education, liberal and technical, has been brought to the fore and emphasized by the memorial of the class of 1885 of Amherst College. Although it was a plea for classical training, educators and writers of most schools of thought have welcomed this memorial as a sane presentation of the conflict between liberal and technical training.

A liberal education—shall we go back to it? Have we ever lost it? What is it? These questions are answered in various ways by men of various minds. The more advanced view is that education is training for a vocation, preparation for a trade or profession. The other side holds that education precedes that. It is a nourishing, a building up of scholarly attainment and character, and upon these must be laid the training for a vocation.

The correctness of these views is not so much the difficulty as when to have the one kind of training or the other, and to whom to give them. It is a commonplace to say that education is by origin a nourishing, feeding, strengthening. With the many—even the majority—this must be for trade or occupation. Others must have larger training in language, history, philosophy and science for their own sakes. Some of the leading points made by the Amherst class are the following: A calling back to the culture studies, the classical literatures, philosophy

and history; an education for the development of character; that the best teachers, not research professors, be employed; that competitive examinations for entrance be required; that teachers' salaries be higher, allowing for study and travel; that intensive work be the goal rather than extensive; that Bachelor of Science degree be abolished; in short, that cultivation and character shall be the prime things.

The report is not opposed to technical education—engineering for example, but let this come in a technical school, and even then be built upon a good foundation. The question arises here whether capable engineers in all departments of scientific engineering would not be more easily secured if a good general mental training preceded the special work. To the mind of the writer there is no doubt of this at all. In other words, train our engineers at the universities as they do in Germany, in which country efficiency in every department of life is brought to the highest point.

The position of the class of 1885 appears so sound that even the Popular Science Monthly, which maintained that classical training was next to useless, has commended the spirit of it.

Sir Gilbert Murray, who has been lecturing in the United States, has been a stanch ally of classical scholarship and a warm advocate of the Amherst appeal. He believes in industrial education and in vocational training, but maintains that there should be some colleges where general cultivation is the ideal—cultivation based on linguistic, philosophic and historical studies. The cry that technical training is desideratum is true, but not the sole truth. We dare not be swept away by that demand.

Amherst College has accepted the proposition of the class of 1885 in a somewhat modified form, and its courses of study are now planned accordingly. The results will be watched with profound interest. Even if Amherst's halls are not crowded with students, that will not justify us in calling the plan a failure. It may turn out to be, and I believe it will, "a seminary for the aristocracy of talent." Education must have in mind the individual, not what he is to do. I mean by this up to a certain

point, of course; after that, vocational training must begin. This dividing line will not be in the same place for all pupils in secondary schools nor for students in colleges. The division exists, nevertheless. A short passage from the committee's report will be appropriate here: "A training in civics, in the history of government, in the development and significance of institutions, in the meaning of civilization,—in brief, a training for public leadership, not a personal equipment for a trade. Institutions and governments have a history, and the best statesmanship is that which meets the future with lessons derived from a profound understanding of what has gone before us."

The trend is quite strong against classical culture. It is fashionable now and may continue so for a long time. There are many, however, who think that character forming, scholarship, wide reading and appreciation of the literature of the past are much better than the department store education now so popular. The whole system resembles an "educational cafe," where dishes are served hot and in a rush, but not where you can sit down in peace with the hope of enjoying your food and digesting it.

It took courage for the class of 1885 to send forth their report, it has taken courage for their Alma Mater to adopt the policy suggested, and besides, we have all been given courage to insist on a real education.

Religious and Ministerial Education

By W. C. Morro, Ph. D.

Reeves Memorial Professor of New Testament and Head of the Department of Ministerial Education in Butler College.

To many persons these two phases of education have seemed to be one and the same, but they are as distinct as the study of economics and of law. The study of the former is a necessary preparation for a legal education, and so the courses which constitute the instruction in religion should be elected during his college course by every prospective ministerial student, but they are not designed for him exclusively. In former days the only course of this nature which a college would probably include in its curriculum was one in the literature of the English Bible. In this the justification for its place in the curriculum was the fact that the Bible constitutes a very important element of our literature, and no man is in the truest sense an educated man who is ignorant of it. Hence the course was given quite as much for its literary value as for its religious. In recent times, however, there has arisen a demand for instruction upon this and related subjects for its religious value. This conception is based upon the view that education should meet all of the complex needs of human life, and that religion is one of the essentials to the perfectly rounded out and complete man. "The spiritual is recognized to be a part of truth as essential as the physical framework of things." Education is not a rod, but a cable made up of many strands twisted together, and one of the most important of them is religion. The report for last year of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching says: "It seems an intolerable incongruity that a boy should go through the four years of his college course without receiving anywhere in its curriculum any touch of those deeper, underlying, spiritual truths that humanity has gained after so many centuries of travail." As a result of this newer view concerning religious education, colleges and universities are

providing their students with instruction in religion. Even state supported institutions, so far as they can do so, are not neglecting this duty. In an editorial in the Biblical World of October, 1910, it is said that "the college owes to its students to see that as far as possible they have opportunities to make a beginning in the study of the great moral and religious problems that are sure to confront them in after years. Every college recognizes this obligation in respect to philosophy, economics and politics. It is surely not less real or weighty in the sphere of morals and religion."

In no state institution and in most of the other colleges and universities it is not possible nor is it desirable to give instruction in sectarian principles or even in the distinctive principles of any religious movement. It is the recognition of the fact that there may be instruction in religion without these, and that religion is in fact superior to these, which has made this changed attitude possible. The religious instruction which should be imparted in our colleges will consist in the statement and the application of those broad, deep, fundamental principles which constitute the very essence of the Christian religion.

To such a policy there can be no serious objection except those which are rooted in dogmatic or sectarian grounds. Some religious bodies will fear to grant this privilege lest the teachers of other denominations may exert an undue influence. In short, they will fear that the instruction in the broad principles of religion will lapse into sectarian tenets. Extremists in the belief in the Calvinistic and Arminian doctrine of total depravity will regard this as subversive of the doctrine of the operation of the Spirit, but those who will advocate such a view are to-day comparatively rare.

In accord with this tendency of the best thought in college circles, Butler College has created a department of religious education. It includes only non-technical courses. They contribute to the general culture of the student rather than to the professional development of the minister. A very important element of the work of this department is instruction in the English Bible, and this is given not merely that the student may know it as a

body of great literature, but that he may respect the faith which it enjoins and accept the morals it teaches. Students may elect from this department on the same conditions as from other departments, and the general student is advised to select part of his work at least from its courses.

The standard theological course consists in three years' graduate study. But in most institutions there is permitted an overlapping of the senior year of the college and the junior year of the theological course, so that the requirements of the two may be met in one year. There is a manifest tendency toward the abolishment of this privilege, so that in the near future the higher grade institutions doing theological work will require three full years of graduate study. The Disciples have in a very notable way failed to conform to this standard set by other churches. The instruction given by its colleges to ministerial students has been almost exclusively undergraduate, and has either been given in conjunction with or to the exclusion of academic training. In an article on schools of theology in the report of the Carnegie Foundation referred to above, it is noted that the institutions of the Disciples are eliminated from consideration because "men studying professionally for the ministry are mingled with college students taking Biblical courses." It is unquestionably true that our schools have been in advance of those of other churches in the emphasis which they have put upon religious instruction, but they have gained the advantage of this position at the cost of too little emphasis upon the distinctive training which should be given to the minister. Our future task is to diminish in no respect our emphasis upon religious instruction, and at the same time to elevate the standard of our ministerial instruction.

Theological seminaries have been extremely conservative and have been reluctant to admit changes into their curriculum. Recently, however, the necessity of changes has been admitted and departures from the time-honored curricula of the seminaries are frequent. One of the great tasks of the modern church is the evangelization of the remotest regious of the world, and so every seminary must provide instruction in the history, the methods

and the rationale of missions. There has been also a loss of interest in systematic theology and an increased interest in Biblical theology and in the sympathetic appreciation of the views of Christian life and truth which have been held by former generations. Hence in the modern theological curriculum there is more prominence given to Biblical exegesis and historical studies. The modern social sciences are opening a vast field which can not be neglected by any institution which seeks to equip men for the Christian ministry.

The modern minister is more than a mere preacher. He must be a leader of his community in spiritual matters. Our modern society has other ways of disseminating information than through the spoken word. Books and periodicals do much of that which in former days was done exclusively by the preacher, but they have not eliminated the need of men who stand for the things of the spirit rather than for things of the flesh, and who have the ability to direct the thoughts of others from the material to the spiritual. This calls for men of the highest type. They must be fitted in every way to lead. Their training must be of the highest character. They must of their own impulse, unforced by external agencies, choose this as their life task. Such a choice must come out of a real experience in the affairs of life. Hence the choice cannot be made too early in life and it must be held tentatively for a time. When the choice is made, it must be one from which the man will feel no inclination to recede or he will not fulfill his high mission in life.

For these reasons the ministerial work of Butler College has been announced as a graduate course. It is hoped that men will be added to the faculty in the near future, so that the training given will be adequate to meet the needs of all classes of students. The current issue of the catalog contains a preliminary announcement of this scheme of study.

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The Amherst Idea

Much has been written, much more could be said, about the way in which alumni influence, both organized and individual, reacts upon the life of the college or the university. That this influence is not always wholesome, that its demands are too often for superficial and showy triumphs rather than for the elevation of ideals, we may have to admit. Alumni applause, so runs the complaint, is always heard for victories on the gridiron or the diamond, and no questions are asked by what means, by what sacrifice of educational standards, these are achieved. A campaign for conspicuous material expansion will arouse enthusiasm, however much this policy may involve compromises in thoroughness and intensity of work. The enthusiasm of alumni is often lacking in discrimination, failing to recognize that a small college has a sphere different from that of a large university, or that an institution fitted to promote the arts is not to be blamed for its lack of technical courses.

In the face of this indictment against alumni influence as manifested in certain quarters, it is refreshing to point to a conspicuous instance of alumni idealism which has recently attracted wide notice throughout the country. The class of 1885 of Amherst College determined at the time of its twenty-fifth reunion to make an intangible contribution—a gift of ideals—to promote the well-being of their Alma Mater, and the result was the creation of "the Amherst idea." Radical recommendations were pre-

sented by a committee of this class to the authorities of Amherst College. Recognizing that Amherst could not compete successfully with the immense equipment of the large universities, the committee recommended that a "modified classical course" be frankly adopted as the type of instruction to be cultivated, that only such scientific courses be given as are essential to a general cultural training, and that the degree of B. S. be abolished. To carry out this policy it was proposed that financial contributions and surpluses be used to increase the salaries of faculty members in order to attract the best men in the courses offered, that the number of students be limited, and that entrance to the college be conditioned upon the passing of competitive examinations.

The problems presented by these recommendations are, as will be at once recognized, not localized in a New England town—they are problems which claim the attention of the alumni of every college. The preservation of a broad untechnical education by means of classical and cultural studies in this age of excessive vocationalism is a bold ideal which is here to be adopted as a controlling policy. The revival of the early type of New England college is a worthy service to the educational needs of the country. But even more important, perhaps, is the realization that an institution may possess an advantage by reason of its very smallness. The feeling is not that a college should seek consolation for its inability to "compete" with larger schools, but rather that it should welcome the peculiar mission which its small enrollment makes possible. This involves a realization that differences in kind are just as significant as differences in size, that concentration has its place as well as expansion, that thoroughness of work is as essential as extensiveness, and that the personal touch is an immense compensation for the lack of that prestige which numbers give. J. G. R.

Needs in the Public School System

From figures compiled in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, it appears that the total enrollment of pupils for the school year 1911-1912 was 520,723. The total enrollment in the high schools for the year was 55,247, and of this number only 9,169 were enrolled in the fourth-year classes.

Even in the grade schools there is shown a great falling off in the number of children enrolled in the higher grades, as compared with enrollment in the lower grades. In the first grade of the schools throughout the State there were 90,634 enrolled, and in the eighth grade 38,386. It appears from these figures that more than 50 per cent. of the children entering school fail to complete even the lower grade, and that of those entering high school only one in six continues to graduation.

These and similar figures furnished in the report to which reference is made force one to the conclusion that our public school system is not fulfilling its purpose. For surely a public institution, maintained at public expense, is for the public; and that means the whole public, and not merely some part, much less some small minority of it.

The situation presents a problem. A complete system of education should be made compulsory upon all. The present failure is due no doubt, in part, to the indifference of parents. But is not the system itself largely responsible for that indifference? Certain conditions of life are to be met. It is to the interest of the State that all be prepared to meet those conditions as good and useful citizens. For the vast majority, life is related to manual labor. The industrial world is the larger part of our life today, and though a man labor not with his own hands, whatever place of supervision and direction he may hold is likely to be over the manual labor of others.

Preparatory training along these lines is the need of the rising generation, and when by change of the present curriculum a practical system shall have been presented to the public, such summaries as those cited above will assume far different proportions.

Personal Mention

Miss Mary Stilz, '12, is teaching at Knox, Ind.

Lee Moffett, '12, has entered the Indiana Law School.

Rev. Thomas A. Hall, '72, has removed to Lawrenceville, Ill.

Miss Corinne Welling, '12, is instructor in English at Hiram College.

Miss Irene Hunt, '11, is teaching in the High School at Oxford, Ind.

Miss Margaret K. Duden, '11, spent her vacation abroad, chiefly in Germany.

Miss Jane Graydon, '87, spent July with friends at Harbor Beach, Mich.

Miss Frances Doan, '07, is teaching English in the Greenfield High School.

Dr. Herbert L. Creek, '04, of Urbana, Ill., spent a part of his vacation in Indianapolis.

Robert J. McKay, '10, is taking a graduate course in chemistry at the University of California.

Miss Gretchen Scotten, '08, took her Master's degree this summer at the University of Chicago.

Nathaniel B. Rose, '09, is with the American Book Company, with headquarters at Bowling Green, Ky.

Rev. Thomas W. Grafton, '80, took up his new pastoral work at the Third Christian Church of Indianapolis on July 1.

Miss Blanche P. Noel, '00, spent her summer in European travel. Miss Noel is teaching in the Vincennes High School.

Miss Clara L. McIntyre spent most of the summer vacation with friends in Irvington. Miss McIntyre, once a member of

the Butler faculty, is now identified with the English Department of the University of Kansas.

Rev. Andrew Leitch, '11, has resigned his pastorate at Danville, Ind., and will spend the present year in the Yale Divinity School.

Miss Fay Shover, '00, and Miss Marie Binninger, '07, are teaching in the High School Department opened in the Technical Institute.

Clarence E. Prichard, '12, has been awarded a scholarship at Indiana University, where he will pursue his studies in advanced chemistry.

Mr. Emmett W. Gans, '87, has taken his daughter, Miss Mary Gans, to spend a year of study in Paris. They will travel a month before Mr. Gans' return.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl R. Loop, both of '00, sailed for London on August 8, accompanied by Miss Ethel R. Curryer, '97, whose intention it is to remain the year abroad.

Word has been received of the engagement and approaching marriage of Rev. George B. Baird, '06, and Miss Eva M. Raw. Both are engaged in mission work in China.

Roger W. Wallace, '09, took the degree of J. D. at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, on May 12, 1912. Mr. Wallace is now practicing law, located at 405 Indiana Trust Building.

Joshua C. Witt, '08, received in June his degree of M. S. from the University of Pittsburgh, his major being physical chemistry and his minor physics. Mr. Witt is now associated with the Robert W. Hunt Company, engineers, with office in the Monongahela Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. Frank D. Muse, '90, of Lewiston, Idaho, spent some time in Indianapolis in the summer, visiting friends of former days. Mr. Muse was one of our old-time football stars. He said he had not played the game for a long time, but that education and athletics form a strong combination in the Northwest. He is enthu-

siastic over the agricultural possibilities of his new home, though he has in no wise lost his affection for the Hoosier State.

Mr. Paul Jeffries, '03, gave a dance on July 31 at the Propylaeum for Mr. and Mrs. Carl R. Loop, of the U. S. Consulate, London, England. It was a beautiful and enjoyable affair.

Dr. James G. Randall, '93, who last year filled the chair of history at Butler College during the absence of Professor Coleman, has been appointed professor of history and economics at Roanoke College, Salem, Va. The best wishes of the Quarterly follow the career of this promising son of Butler.

Samuel H. Shank, '92, has been appointed by President Taft consul at Fiume, Hungary. For several years Mr. Shank was stationed at Mannheim, Germany. Six months ago he was transferred as consul to Sherbrooke, Quebec. Butler follows with interest and pride her sons in the diplomatic service.

It is gratifying to the friends of Miss Evelyn M. Butler, '93, to see her again associated with the work of Butler College, for the worthy sons and daughters of the institution bring more than intellectual attainment: they bring love and loyalty of inestimable worth. Miss Butler is instructor in the English Department and head of the College Residence.

A prospectus of the Annotated Christian Hymnal, edited by Gilbert L. Harney and H. J. Storer, has been received. Mr. Harney was a former Butler student. The annotations consist of a brief statement of facts in the life of each author, which adds to the interest and effectiveness of the well-planned volume. Some of the musical compositions are work, also, of Mr. Harney and Mr. Storer.

The Irvington Home-Coming

It will be of no small interest to many old students of Butler College that on August 27-30, inclusive, Irvington celebrated her fortieth birthday. A very cordial invitation was sent by the committee on arrangements to all old-timers, and a number availed themselves of the opportunity to "come back."

A very interesting program filled a busy week for guests and hosts. The festivities began with a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Clarke, 115 South Audubon Road. One of the interests attaching to this was the fact that this house was one of the original residences of Irvington, having been built by Mrs. Clarke's father, George W. Julian, two years after the founding of the town.

On Wednesday afternoon several hundred citizens and "home-comers" gathered in the schoolhouse yard, originally the site of Dr. Levi Ritter's house, to listen to a program, historical and reminiscent in nature. A cordial welcome was given to guests by the chairman, Mr. Charles M. Cross. Mr. J. C. Bickel, pastor of the M. E. Church, read an ode he had written, "To Irvington." Mr. B. F. Dailey told of his various sojournings in Irvington, beginning with his arrival as a prospective student in the college thirty years ago, "in paper collar and with carpet bag." He came to college with dreams of classic halls, and was landed from the train in a field where he could see one house and two barns. The next fall he had graduated into the celluloid collar stage and was ready to do the society act.

Mr. Sylvester Johnson, one of the two founders of Irvington, now in his ninety-first year, told the story of Irvington's beginnings; how he and Mr. Jacob W. Julian, then neighbors in Wayne county, decided to found a suburb of Indianapolis. They bought 320 acres at $100 an acre and laid out what is now the beautiful and growing suburb. Mr. Julian asked that it might be named Irvington because of his love for Washington Irving. Mr. Johnson acceded to that on condition it might be made a temperance

community, and on the strength of that agreement a clause has always been inserted in every deed that if liquor should ever be distilled or sold in Irvington the property should revert to the original owners. Irvington to-day has five churches and no saloons.

Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke read a very pretty story of her childhood memories of Irvington, of the long carriage drives to town, of affairs social that consisted in games of croquet in summer and euchre through long winter evenings; of delightful hospitality for whole families at Colonel Streight's.

Mr. J. C. Day, the first pastor of the Irvington Presbyterian Church, now doing a great work among the immigrants on the East Side of New York, spoke on the obligation of culture, what Irvington, with the atmosphere created by its college, owes to the less fortunate parts of the community.

Professor Scot Butler closed the afternoon's program with delicious reminiscences of his early years in the burg—of his muley cow that was afflicted with the "holler horn"; of the pig that was to be a great source of revenue, but required the entire family income to fill him up, and had to be given away in the end; of Prexy's horse, that no one would buy but the traveling butcher; of the hens that would only sit if he sat on them, and he had his baccalaureate to write and could not spare the three weeks.

Wednesday evening the reminiscent spirit pervaded a program at the Christian Church, presided over by Mr. Hilton U. Brown. Thursday afternoon automobiles took the guests over Irvington and the main residence streets of Indianapolis.

On Friday afternoon the annual ball game, that is played for the benefit of charity, took place on Irwin Field. The two teams, the Veterans and the Pioneers, are made up of those who were famous when the athletic fields were town lots, and gray hair, bald heads, bulbous waist lines and grandfathers are conspicuous on the list.

The closing events of the celebration were a picnic supper on the college campus, followed by fireworks in the evening.

Guests who returned for the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. E. F.

Tibbott and David Tibbott, of Germantown, Pa.; Mrs. Watts, of Winchester, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Shelley D. Watts, of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. Will Butler, of Kokomo; Mr. and Mrs. Updegraff, of Cleveland (Mrs. Updegraff was Miss Belle Hopkins, of the class of '79); Miss Flora Shank, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Louisville; Mr. B. F. Dailey, of Greenfield, Ind.; Mrs. Emma Engle Bailey, of Winchester, Ind.; Mr. J. C. Day, of New York; Mr. Allen V. Wilson, son of Major Alvin M. Wilson, of Kansas City.

The Summer's Improvements

A number of improvements were made at the college during the summer. Foremost among these, though probably not so noticeable until the zero weather sets in, is the rebuilding of the heating plant. The connections between the engine room and the buildings were in such poor condition that an otherwise unnecessarily large radiation was necessary in the lecture rooms to assure the proper heat, and even then it was difficult to heat some of the rooms.

The biggest improvement to attract the attention of a returning alumnus is the new office fitted up for President Howe. The suite of offices on the west side of the main building is now awe-inspiring, and a third degree system, which naturally increases the dignity of the presidential office, has been installed. The three degrees through which one must now pass before meeting the otherwise democratic "prexie" are Dr. James W. Putnam, who, as registrar, occupies the office farthest to the north. One is then introduced to Miss Sarah E. Cotton, the newly appointed assistant to the president. In the next office is Miss Bessie Hester, secretary to the president. After all of which one is permitted to enter the sanctum sanctorum of the president. The last named place is much more in accord with what one might expect of a college president's office, with its hardwood floors, oak furniture of the early English style, side lamps and chandeliers of the latest design, and a heavy brussels rug—not green.

This improvement has been accomplished by moving the presi-

dent's office one room south. The room now occupied by Dr. Howe was for years used as a storeroom, and still earlier by the janitor, until the professors tired of the odor of boiled cabbage with which the janitor's dinner used to perfume the halls.

A new cement floor has been put in the large basement under the offices and steps have been built on the outside leading down to it. This basement can now be used for storage purposes. The usual annual repairs at the College Residence, including the redecoration of the walls and the refinishing of the hardwood floors, have been made. The two locker rooms in the gymnasium have been equipped with steel lockers.

Announcement

The Alumni Directory has been mailed to every graduate. Any one not receiving a copy may make application to the secretary of the Alumni Association, Miss Katharine M. Graydon, Butler College.

The object of this quarterly magazine is to furnish college news to the scattered alumni of Butler, thereby to keep them in touch with each other and to draw them nearer to their alma mater. This enterprise, it is hoped, meets the approval of all who receive the quarterly copy.

In reorganization of the Alumni Association, a year ago, the constitution as adopted was printed in these columns. Article V reads, "All members of the association shall pay an annual fee of fifty cents." With this annual fee of fifty cents it is possible to publish this magazine as well as to meet the expenses incurred by the Alumni Association; but, unless the fee is paid generally, it is not in our power to continue. Therefore, the urgent request is made to every interested graduate of Butler College to send annually by October 1 this fee, to Miss Graydon, Butler College. Attention is also called to the advertisements in the rear of this copy, and a solicitation from the "old boys" of their business cards. They make interesting reading, and tell their own tale.

Marriages

Davis-Johnson.—On the evening of August 1, at the home of the bride's parents in Irvington, were married Benjamin Marshall Davis, '90, and Emma Claire Johnson, '94, by the Rev. Jabez Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will reside in Oxford, Ohio, where Professor Davis is connected with the scientific department of Miami University.

Templeton-Boston.—Merle L. Templeton and Jessie Maude Boston, '10, were married on August 5, at the home of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Carl Van Winkle. Mr. and Mrs. Templeton are at home at 322 North Emerson avenue.

Curry-Blount.—Jasper W. Curry and Anne M. Blount, '07, were married on August 28, at the Christian Church in Tipton, Ind.

Davis-Martin.—Charles B. Davis and Maude M. Martin, '12, were married on the evening of September 17, at the home of the bride's parents in Irvington, by the Rev. John S. Martin, father of the bride. After November 1 Mr. and Mrs. Davis will be in their new home, 341 Downey avenue, Indianapolis.

Lee-Ayres.—On the afternoon of September 18 were married at the home of the bride's parents, Henry M. Lee and Vida E. Ayres, '12, by the Rev. C. H. Winders. After a visit upon the Pacific coast Mr. and Mrs. Lee will be at home in Indianapolis.

Necrology

CLARENCE FORSYTH

After an illness of several weeks, Clarence Forsyth, the head of the Department of Music of Butler College, and a musical composer of note, died on September 8 at his home in Irvington.

Mr. Forsyth was especially known as a composer of children's music and as a composer of new music for old songs, which he loved. Among the old songs he set to new music were "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Annie Laurie." He was a composer of both vocal and instrumental music, much of which has never been published.

Mr. Forsyth was born in Johnson county, Indiana, March 29, 1859, and, after receiving an elementary education, attended Butler College. Later he attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. He was married twenty-five years ago to Miss Mary Layman, and they went abroad directly, where Mr. Forsyth continued his studies at Berlin and Stuttgart.

In the fall of 1889 Mr. Forsyth founded the Indianapolis School of Music, the first of its kind in Indianapolis. It was situated on the Circle, on the present site of the Hotel English. He was also the founder of the Portfolio Club, which was composed originally of the leading artists, musicians, writers and poets of Indiana. Among the charter members were James Whitcomb Riley, Dr. A. W. Brayton, Theodore C. Steele, William Forsyth and many newspaper men.

In 1902 Mr. Forsyth became the head of the musical department of Butler College, a position he held until his death.

Death was due to Bright's disease. While Mr. Forsyth had been ill for several weeks, his condition was not considered critical until a few hours before his death.

After retiring from the School of Music he had not overburdened himself with instruction, but he always had a few chosen pupils, some of whom have become distinguished in their art.

He seldom played in public himself, because of native modesty and a feeling that music was for individual pleasure and cultivation. He always said that there were few artists who were good enough to exhibit themselves, but there were many people who could be taught to play and sing well enough for their own enjoyment and for the influence it had on their own lives.

The only time that is recalled by his friends that he participated in any public entertainment was as a boy, when he was induced to enter into competition for a prize in piano playing that was offered in the old Indiana Exposition. He took first honors in the State contest, but he always said he did not deserve it and that no one in the contest played well enough to deserve a prize. He tried to teach sanity in music and hoped for a school of American composers.

A useful and sterling citizen has passed away in the death of Clarence Forsyth. He was a musician of far more than ordinary talent, and was more than a musician. Had he sought the limelight he might have been famous. He preferred the quiet but effective work of a teacher. He had a fine scorn for mere personal publicity as such. There was nothing shoddy or showy in his make-up, and in the Indianapolis School of Music, which he organized, and in all his earlier and later work as instructor and composer, he gave evidence of the qualities which made for strong citizenship above other things. But he had a high appreciation for merit in good work, whether in art, agriculture, athletics or daily life. He loved his State and country and was a true patriot.

EDITH STANTON BROWN

News of the death of Miss Edith Stanton Brown came as a shock to her many friends. Miss Brown had gone to Tower Hill, Wis., for her summer rest, but a severe attack of spinal meningitis soon ended, upon July 29, a career, to our human eyes, far too short.

Miss Brown was connected for several years with Butler College as teacher of the violin, since which time, after foreign

study, she had been successfully conducting large classes at Terre Haute.

She impressed those who knew her as gentle, strong, retiring, generous, sympathetic, affectionate, and always appreciative of fine things. In memory she will stand out a beautiful interpreter of the most spiritual of arts, and is one proof more of the poetic affirmation that

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;"

and

——— "'tis we musicians know."

REV. HERMAN HELMING

The Rev. Herman Helming died on July 10 at Upham, N. Dak. This will be of interest to many alumni who are friends of his children, Rev. Oscar C. Helming, '88, and Miss Emily Helming, '99.

Mr. Helming was born in the province of Lippe-Detwold, and came to this country in 1848, a member of that class of most desirable citizens drawn from Germany at that time. In 1871 he came to Indianapolis, and was pastor of the First German Reformed Church for nine years. Following this pastorate, he helped to organize the Third German Reformed Church, and in time became its pastor. When this church was firmly on its feet he withdrew to his farm southeast of the city. But the call of the pulpit rang loud in his heart, and when an invitation came in May from a congregation in North Dakota, he accepted it. Though advanced in years, he was so alive to the interests of the day that he threw himself into the new work with the vigor of middle life. For two months only was he spared to his hopes, and when death came suddenly he was mourned by the laboring man as by his wealthy employer. Mr. Helming moved in so quiet a way and was so wrapped in the work that lay nearest his hand that his acquaintance was not wide; but his spirit of vigorous devotion to the service of God and of man gives an uplift to the lives he touched.

PRESS COMMENTS

A Good Example

Kansas City Journal.

The example set by the department of English in the University of Kansas in opposing slang is worth imitating in other universities, and the reform might well begin with the faculty. A dread of academic purism has driven not a few professors to the opposite extreme; Vident meliora; probantque, deteriora sequuntur. They know good usage and admire it, but they use the language of the street. Perhaps they are afraid of seeming stilted or pedantic, but the world has a sound instinct; it does not object to dignity in a clergyman or to choice language from a man of learning and letters. The temptations of slang are great, and the most austere need not be ignorant of the piquant phrases of the day. But it can not be said that America needs any further help in the production or circulation of slang, while it does need all guidance and support possible for the cultivation of taste and distinction in spoken English. This is something to be achieved mainly by social contact, but if those who should be models perversely refuse to set a good example, where are we to look for guidance? Slang need not be absolutely barred, but it ought not to be the staple of the talk any more than of writing. It is not in Kansas only that there is need of reform.

Cause and Effect

The University of Nebraska has abolished final examinations and plans are now being made for the erection of skyscrapers on the college campus to take care of the increased enrollment. —*Exchange.*

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Some Thoughts About Society

BY CATHARINE MERRILL

[The essay following is taken from among the unpublished writing of Catharine Merrill, Demia Butler Professor of English Literature, 1869 to 1883, whom all loved that knew. To such her words, here given, will recall her ever blessed presence.]

It is sometimes said that he who can have the select society of all the centuries should be satisfied without any other. And it is true that a library has certain advantages over actual living association. Books cost little, comparatively. They can be handled without gloves, without finery. They require no etiquette, no conventionality. You may stand, you may walk, you may sit, you may recline carelessly and enjoy the company of the greatest. You may be candid to the utmost extent of candor without causing offense. You may be effusively delighted without exciting a suspicion of flattery.

It is true that the best society and the most accessible may be found in a library. Here the solitary and the sorrowful, the disappointed and the erring, the betrayed and the deserted, the unthanked benefactor, the young who are sensitive to the limitations of poverty, the old who have neglected to repair their friendships, the slow who have been left behind, the weary, the overburdened, may find company, solace, stimulus. It is true, also, that the happy and the strong may find in the library increase of happiness and strength. But it is also true that the bright creations of genius cannot fill the place of living, warm human beings—even to the scholar, even to the poet who in his library weaves with his own the thoughts, the dreams, the fancies of his intellectual equals.

That lonely man "whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart," in his age and poverty and blindness, in the desertion of friends and the contempt of foes, felt that the climax of his sorrow was the deprivation, or limitation, of intercourse with his kind. He says:

"Not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
* * * from the cheerful ways of men cut off."

Addison's old-fashioned hero, Sir Roger de Coverley, has little resemblance to Milton except in his love for humanity. Let me recall Addison's description of Sir Roger at the theater:

"As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment."

Can we not see that honest old face beaming with intelligence?

Human nature stands on a substratum of love in spite of the fret and fury of the untoward circumstances. The baby in his cradle quivers with delight, his fingers and his toes begin to curl and play at the sound of another baby's voice. What is prettier than a child of four or five years absorbed in contemplation of another child, lips apart, eyes unwinking, head fixed in its pose?

All through the seven ages the passion for association with his kind reigns over the heart. Standing forlorn, like a sentinel left to guard the outpost of a vanished army, the aged man finds comfort in the tender presence of a little child. With gentle patience and equal pity they both await the broadening of their twilight into day. A Timon seeks solitude and curses his kind only because his heart is lacerated by ingratitude. His hate is the reverse side of love. A medieval saint lives forty years in the desert because humanity's first and last passion is extinguished by a morbid selfishness that would save his own soul if all the world were lost.

If a man love God he must love his brother also. On this love

is founded civilization. The word civilization means the art of living together. When this useful art becomes a fine art, civilization passes into society. Apply the tests by which poetry, the first of the fine arts, is tried, and see how far the figure holds good.

"Poetry is the language of perfect discretion," is Lowell's rather curious definition. "It is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," says Wordsworth. "It is the accent of high beauty and power," says the critic Arnold.

In its substance and matter is the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity. It has a constant union of simplicity with greatness and something besides that words cannot define, that analysis cannot detect, an interesting, subduing, uplifting, charming power that only concrete examples may show. Ideally, society is the poetry of civilization, therefore it is that society is the purest thing the mere world affords.

"Evenings like these are worth a pilgrimage," said Lady Dunstan after a dinner with Diana of the Crossways. Amiel, the Swiss scholar, writes of an evening of social intercourse: "There was not a crease in the rose leaf. Let us hail as an echo from Heaven these brief moments of perfect harmony."

It must be acknowledged that society does not often reach this perfect harmony. Why? Is so much required? Yes; much is required and must be interwoven with the nature, so interfused into the very blood as to become an integral part of the whole. Why is it that society so seldom attains to this perfect harmony? It is because of the imperfections of individuals who constitute society and of the homes on which it rests.

American society, like the American state, is especially individual. Yet it presents a singular anomaly, inasmuch as individualism, if it mean originality, is rare. The self preserved in its integrity throughout a full and natural development, in all its simplicity and yet with the complexity of high and fine cultivation, is the individualism that may and must exist in good society. To be ourself is to be brave. It requires thought to have convictions, and courage to hold them; to have and to hold are not always the same. For the latter, a certain strength of grasp is

necessary, and not only distinctness and fixedness are essential, but a certain alertness, a tactful recognition of the variety in harmony.

"Why dawn't thee letten Mrs. Grundy alone?" says farmer Ashfield to his wife. "I do verily believe when thee goest to t'other world the furst question thee'll ax'll be if Mrs. Grundy's there."

The question, "What will people say?" is the knell of courage, and the soul without courage has neither truth nor beauty.

Good sense and common kindness are essentials of society. Of course, every sensible person uses every opportunity for gaining knowledge and for drawing wisdom from knowledge. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Good sense shuts out every sort of eccentricity—forwardness, backwardness, loud talk, self-consciousness, too much of a thing, too little of a thing. Good sense knows the Golden Mean. Good sense keeps clear of all affectation, all artificiality, all desire for effect. It preserves the individuality, originality, selfhood. A kind of politician known a half century ago was called a "doughface." Good sense forbids the doughface in society. Each man must do his own thinking. None must be ashamed when there is no cause for shame, proud when there is no reason for pride. Therefore, society requires courage, but a courage that may be yoked with lamblike gentleness. Society is soft and smooth, smiling and graceful. It is so kindly that it is almost, not quite, caressing. Painstaking is another element. Some one said to Charles James Fox, who was carving at a dinner table with his usual ease, grace and precision, "How does it come that you do so many things and such different things so well?" "It is because I am a very painstaking man," said Mr. Fox. "I put a book beside me when I first carved and studied the art."

In all games of skill Fox excelled. In oratory none came near him, except Pitt and Burke. In conversation he was above all. It might almost be said that none excelled him in anything. Without something of this genius for taking pains, society, as well as the individual, is unfinished and slovenly. "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-forgetting," says the wisest of the unin-

spired. Individuality is to be preserved at every cost, and friendship is too noble and too sacred a thing to be played with. Yet one should not be too particular or too laborious. Among the thousand good things in Mrs. Browning's "Love Letters," I find the following: "Lord Bacon did a great deal of trifling besides the stuffing of the fowl, * * * and, in fact, all the great work done in the world is done just by the people who know how to trifle. * * * When a man makes a principle of never losing a moment, he is a lost man. Great men are eager to find an hour, not to avoid losing a moment."

Some think there is a preservative in exclusiveness. To me it is ridiculous, almost servile. Of course, one must choose one's friends and associates with the congenial. But to catch up our skirts, toss back our heads and turn a scornful face is unbecoming, to say the least. As I pass through Indianapolis, north and south, east and west, and see the hundreds and hundreds of pleasant homes, of pretty children, of fine-looking men and women, I often recall Shenstone's sigh when, looking over the map of England, he exclaimed, "How many pleasant people are here whom I shall never know."

Continued growth or improvement is a law of the individual, consequently of society. Without growth there is no life. Living things grow, dead things decay. "The good die young," is often said; say rather, "The young die good." It is not the early spring, but the late summer that disfigures the earth with thistles, nettles and other noxious weeds. Every one who has had long observation of life and literature knows how great may be the change, how complete, in the progress of years, may be the transformation of character as well as of appearance. A great artist made a pair of contrasting paintings—"Innocence" and "Guilt"—an interval of twenty-five years having elapsed between the two. Unawares, he had painted two portraits of the same individual. Innocence had become guilt. Is that not enough to frighten one?

"Death is not the worst thing," said a wise old lady to me when I had partially excused Victor Hugo's glorification of a lie. "Death is not the worst thing." No, it is not. Sometimes

it is better to die than to live. After they have reached a certain maturity, men and women who have hitherto felt a measure of anxiety and responsibility for themselves too often fold their hands, and with satisfied eyes, view and review the shortcomings of their neighbors. The arch enemy of humanity seizes the luckless moment and drops into the unguarded soil the seeds of envy, jealousy and all unrighteousness.

When a woman finds herself calculating that such and such an attention will bring her or her children into notice, will be an advantage in some way to her or hers, it is time for her to beware. She is entering the cave of petrefaction whence there is no egress to the free air of heaven. It is not necessary to be a member of any special circle, but it is necessary to preserve one's integrity of soul.

The very seat and center of all life is the heart, and it is the heart that is earliest neglected and most persistently left out of the reckoning. Now and then we see a man with fine powers, fine education, fine opportunities, fritter his precious life away in trivial, futile, passing interests. Without a clear conception of the distinction between right and wrong the man, it is true, may go sadly astray. The sense of right, with the courage to put it into word and conduct, is grit, is granite. No one is respectable without it, no one is disreputable with it. Still, it is not the moral sense I mean here, but the feeling heart.

Hawthorne, in some respects the embodiment of the puritanism he abjures, is the great American teacher, his lessons gently flowing through parable and allegory, or cutting and burning in direct precept. The sum of his teaching is: "The heart—the heart. Purify that inward sphere and the many shapes of evil that daunt the outward, and that now seem almost our only realities, will turn to shadowy phantoms and vanish of their own accord; but if we go no deeper than the intellect, and strive with merely that feeble instrument to discern and rectify what is wrong, our whole accomplishment will be a dream."

It is common to see the mind cultivated, the manners guarded, the health nursed, the dress cared for, the heart ignored. It is said of one of the most learned of women that she has absolutely

no sense of natural ties—the holy ties that Shakespeare calls "too intrinsic to unloose"; that she has none but a philosophic idea of the gentle and self-abnegating emotion of love. History records of the most intellectual family that ever lived, a family whose rise is ranked among the four great events of the century that invented printing and discovered America, that it was as lacking in heart as it was abounding in mind. A great gulf may lie between mind and heart. He whose aim in life is to build himself up widens and deepens this gulf. He rises, and the society that accepts him is pulled down by its own weight.

"There is nothing on earth," said Luther, "so sweet as the heart of a woman in which pity dwells." The tenderness that softens the fiery eye, that subdues the fervor of the voice, that withdraws out of sight and out of mind consideration for self—this compassion, to use the scriptural word, this fine sympathy it is that makes it possible to have such a social evening as Amiel describes. In the really great soul, simplicity and sincerity dwell by the side of lowliness of mind.

We all may name examples of individuals, coming within our own observation, that form good society, and still more examples that we have met in our reading. Burke said of Mrs. Delaney that she was the best bred woman in Europe. He might, perhaps, have left the word "bred" out and said only "best," she was so good. One smiles to read Mrs. Barbauld's notice of Joanna Baillie: "I saw her at church looking as innocent as if she had never written a line." Mrs. Edgeworth says of Scott: "He is one of the best bred men I ever saw, with all the exquisite politeness which is of no particular school or country, but which is of all countries; the politeness which rises from good and quick sense and feeling, which seems to know by instinct the character of others. As I sat beside him I could not believe he was a stranger and forgot he was a great man."

Two years ago, in California, I spent a week in the house of an old lady of ninety years. She had seen many vicissitudes. Born in England, educated there in a boarding school, and spending there her early married life, she had later lived in Wisconsin on a great farm that required to be cleared, and had then

drifted to the Pacific Coast, where, lately, she ended her days. Every evening at 8 o'clock she would take the hand of her devoted daughter and, turning to each of us with a little curtsy and a kindly smile, would bid us goodnight and wish we might sleep well. She could not forget the manners of a refined society, even though the enfeebled memory compelled her to say, "Ellen, what are the names of my sons?"

Among the advantages possessed by the young mothers of early days in Indianapolis was the acquaintance and friendship of one who had so wide and varied an experience that at forty or fifty she was regarded and always spoken of as old. "Old" Mrs. McDougall has lain in her grave many and many a year, but her stately figure, her gracious manners, her wise, witty, humorous, intelligent, altogether charming discourse, will never be forgotten by even the child who had the good fortune to know her. She chatted as genially with a laundress over methods of washing and starching and about early reminiscences as with the general or clergyman or traveled lady who sought her company, no touch of condescension in the one case, no hint of self-consciousness in the other. She was interested in humanity at large and in little. She was a queenly woman with experience, advice and luminous anecdote at the service of her young neighbors. "It is pleasant to be grateful even to the dead," says Lowell. Between that day and this many a woman of whom any circle at any time might be proud has spent her sweet and modest life in Indianapolis, and made her home the home of the virtues and the graces.

After all, it is the home next to personal character that is of import in our making and maintaining a lofty and refined atmosphere. If, for the sake of society, the home is neglected or deserted, society is no longer a blessing, nor is it even a joy. The individual preserves his mental integrity by doing his own thinking and maintaining a sense of justice and candor. The home stands upon a foundation of peace, is built up by purity and love, is illumined by innocent gayety, is warmed by tender sympathy, is strengthened by wide intelligence. Society must have these same elements—peace, purity, love, gayety, sympathy,

intelligence. Into the soul we can not look. In the home we may not pry. One is secret, the other sacred. Of society, we have a right to demand that it be open to inspection, even in its motives.

Simplicity, with the kind of greatness that everybody can have, the greatness that means a heart large, yet too small for anything that is base, is a mark for good society and a pillar for its support. "The longer I live," says Tennyson, "the more I value kindness and simplicity among the sons and daughters of men."

Phyllis, A Reminiscence

BY SCOT BUTLER

A division of the Union army, of which the writer was a member, spent the summer of 1862 among the hills of south-eastern Kentucky. We were cut off from the North, the entire State, except this remote corner, being occupied by the forces of the Confederates, and so were compelled to live on the country. It was early in the year when, after weary march, we reached Cumberland Ford. The days of the early springtime passed away. The river, boisterous with the freshets when first we pitched our tents beside it, fell quiet in shrunken channel; thick masses of foliage lined its banks, willow trees bent over its quiet waters, great sycamores stretched heavenward their sinewy arms, and out from the dark greenness, here and there, gleamed the birch tree's white trunk; while over the sandy plain the air palpitated in wavering heat-lines, and in the purple distance the tufted hills stood sentinel.

The summer grew older. Along the edges of the clearings, and where the woods had been burned away, the briar brushes throve in thickets, and there the blackberries grew blacker and sweeter under hot August suns. In the little valleys, too, deep and rich of soil between steep hills, the great leafed pawpaw droppd its fat fruit among the thick grass for the 'possum to stuff himself on, and the muscadine trailed from tree to tree its richly fruited vine.

A mile or so from Cumberland Gap, on the road leading northward, there had been what the mountain people call a settlement; in this case, an old tavern standing in clump of locust trees, deserted, its prosperous days departed; a little further along, other buildings: a rough shed that had served for blacksmith shop, its anvil silent, its forge-fire gone out; across the way a log cabin, sole center of what human interest the war had left to the deserted hamlet.

The rude and squalid life of camps makes men long for the comfort and cleanliness of well-ordered homes, and the touch of a woman's hand. It was pleasant to sit under a roof, on a chair with a back to it, at a table overspread with cloth of white, and be served with homely viands by a young woman with an apron on. The buttermilk came cool from the springhouse. The cooking was done at open fire. A great fireplace occupied one side of the house, and from a crane attached to the logs above the kettle swung. The bacon was fried in a skillet; the cornbread was baked in the hot coals on the hearth. A Sardanapalus might be satisfied! But among all thy charms, oh, lowly cabin by the mountain-side! among all thy charms not the least—not the least by any means—was Phyllis, the neat-handed Phyllis with the apron on!

And thus the lingering days of summer went—and then the mists of autumn fell upon the hills. The mountain ash curled faded leaf; the sumac blossom blazed a brighter red; behind the crowding seasons, stalked fell winter. And now starvation threatened our devoted band. Horses died by scores; for weeks the men had had no breadstuff. Our safety lay northward—over the multitudinous hills and across the Big Sandy—two hundred fifty miles to the Ohio river. Preparations were made for a march that all the way must be a fight. Property that could not be transported, was destroyed; the troops were reduced to lightest marching order, and by night, the better to elude the enemy, we left the Gap.

Down through the defile, out into the valley below, we marched—ten thousand men—cavalry, artillery, infantry, wagon trains. Oh! I have seen troops march—march through our streets at home here, when from every crowded window, and

from every peopled housetop, proud and loving eyes looked down, and banners waved, and shouts of farewell smote the very skies!—and how proud the men marched then! how soldierly they 'strode impatient steed, how erect they sate upon the rumbling caisson!

On us that night only the unseeing stars looked down, and from the unresponsive hills no voice came back to cheer us on our way. Ah! but there was a goodbye even there. Down the mountain side, out into the valley, along the winding road, the long line made its sullen way in the semi-darkness of the starlit night. And then, from the log house opposite the old tavern standing dark among its trees, through open door, across the road streamed out a bar of light. One stood in the low doorway, head leaned up against the doorframe, form defined against the firelight, face in shadow.

And then the troops came marching on:—out of the night—across the bar of light streaming from open doorway—into the night. There was trooper whose battered saber clanked as he rode, and whose jaded steed needed no curbing; and gunner in worn uniform, walking beside his black gun as it rumbled over the stones; and foot-soldier, rifle swung at will and smoke-grimed coffee-can beating time 'gainst bayonet hilt;—and teamster too, swinging the ready whip the while he blanked his lagging mules. Out of the night—into the night! but as they passed, each turned bronzed face the moment in the light, and looked on the girl enframed in shining doorway, head leaned up against the doorframe, form defined against the firelight, face in shadow.

So stood that form that night, and so, for me, it stands forever. Looking back, my thought is wrapped in darkness—the stars shine overhead—rough hills give back the sounds of marching troops—the night wind stirs—these things touch faintly on my sense; but strong and clear, across a rugged road a bar of light streams out from open door, and in the doorway Phyllis stands!—Phyllis of the shining hair—Phyllis of the slender waist—Phyllis with the apron on;—Phyllis stands and looks out on the night—head leaned up against the doorframe—form defined against the firelight—face in shadow——.

The Weird Funeral of the Emperor of Japan

By Tade Hartsuff Kuhns

[Correspondence *The Indianapolis News*, Seoul, Korea, September 23, 1912.]

Like the burial of Sir John More, the obsequies of the emperor of Japan took place in the dead of night. As a revival of the observances and ceremonies of medieval Japan on like occasions, it was weird, mysterious and awesome. It was as though a regiment of ghosts had been sent back from old Japan to escort the body into the mysterious unknown. Their costumes were singularly quaint, such as one sees in the old print and kakemono, and their footfalls so faint that the illusion was, indeed, perfect. Arc lights gleamed from lofty standards here and there, gas torches in semblance of ancient watch fires and beacons blazed from pine tripods, and great white paper lanterns gave out a mellow, subdued glow along the route. Throughout the city, at the portal of every house, hung a great white lantern bearing in black the ideograph hoso, meaning "to take leave." Those too poor to buy one were supplied by the city. This medley of lights touched up the strange, yet artistic decorations of mingled black and white, yellow and dull gray, and brought out into fascinating picturesqueness the details of the phantom procession.

It was, however, the appalling silence of the great throngs along the route and within the inclosure at Aoyama, that helped to render the mournful occasion truly awesome. The movement of the cortege was absolutely noiseless, due to the graveled ways being strewn plentifully with sand at the last moment; but the voluntary hushing into silence of some four hundred thousand people was a dramatic incident that stands apart. It was a stillness broken only by the wailing of the reed pipes, singularly sad yet sweet music, and the mournful creaking of the wheels of the funeral cart, purposely so constructed as to emit a most dolorous sound at every turn. In fact, the mechanism produced seven distinct sounds, but so ingeniously blended as to give

out the one lugubrious, blood curdling moan. From time to time there was the discordant noise of the cannon salute and the distant melody of temple bells in the suburbs of Tokio; but otherwise it was a patiently waiting, vast, silent multitude that gazed upon the medieval procession that conducted the body of their beloved emperor from the old palace, in the heart of Tokio, to the temporary structures of Aoyama, where took place the Shinto ceremonies preparatory to the final burial of Momoyama in Kyoto.

There was a service at the palace at 7 a. m. on the day of the imperial obsequies, and yet another before the placing of the body in the funeral cart at 7:40 p. m. Long before the first of these, yea, even at daybreak, thousands of the beloved emperor's subjects were seeking places along the lines of the route of the cortege, and hours before the last one, hundreds of thousands were trudging mournfully home again, disappointed in their efforts, and these last may have been of those who freely gave their sons in the awful slaughter before Port Arthur, November 3, 1904, when ten thousand soldiers were sacrificed in an effort to capture the fortification as a birthday offering to his majesty! Before 2 p. m. every available niche along the route was filled and the lines were closed. Patiently, in the hot sun and silently they waited.

Promptly at 8 o'clock a gun in the palace grounds sounded the signal for starting. It was one of the strangest processions the modern world has ever seen, that slowly moved across the double bridges and wended its way down through the lines of beacon fires and sacred sakaki trees that alternated in decorating the center of the main avenue of the Nijubashi, the great park in front of the emperor's palace. It was solemnly weird in its slow movement, almost supernatural. It seemed a veritable procession of phantoms gliding along so noiselessly over the sand-strewn streets. This wonderful cortege was headed by a cordon of police inspectors who awaited the royal body at the entrance to the palace grounds. Following them, were the military and naval guards of honor. Then came torches carried by tsukodo (court servants), clad in short dull-colored robes. Funeral com-

missioners followed, the secretaries in dull gray, the commissioners in black, wearing the little quaintly shaped, horsehair skull caps and coif, and carrying swords. Along with other torch bearers, came uchidoneri (high rank court servants) two and two in three lines.

Then began the long double lines of tsukodo, carrying the sacred emblems and ancient implements of the chase. They were in companies of ten or twenty. The first ten in widely separated lines of two each carried the sacred temple drums; the second ten, the sho (gongs), and the third ten the sacred mirrors. The next part of the procession was especially beautiful and picturesque. It consisted of twenty banners, alternate yellow and white ones, of exquisite silk brocade crape. They were fully a dozen feet high and were carried by tsukodo in costumes of pale blue, touched up with white. Each banner required three men properly to carry and manipulate its soft folds. Following these was another commissioner in ancient habiliments and directly back of him came the quaintly attractive lines of tsukodo carrying quivers, twenty in all, followed by another twenty carrying bows done up in white silk covers. Then came the twenty shield bearers, as well as the twenty carrying wooden halberds. The imperial banners, one bearing the figure of the sun, the other the moon, followed. The queer combinations of dull colors in the ancient costumes, as well as their quaint styles, produced wonderfully attractive tableaux, only there was scarcely time fully to absorb it all.

The chests for the bows, as well as the chests for the arrows and quivers, and rain covers and cross-legged plain white stools used for mounting the carts, were carried aloft on the shoulders of tsukodo. Just behind a company of torch bearers came two great evergreens, the sacred sakaki (cyclera Japonica). They were tall trees, tapering to a point, with gomei (long streamers of white paper) flowing from every stem. In appearance they are not unlike our own Christmas trees. Each one was borne aloft on the shoulders of four men. Preceding the chest for the offerings was a ritualist in an exceedingly strange, quaint, costume of white, with coif and sword, and intermingled with the

bearers of the rain covers and stools and torches was a company of ritualists in ancient priestly garments. Only the first and last of them wore the skull cap with curled over horsehair and whalebone plumes, called a coif. They, moreover, were the only two carrying swords.

Aside from the imperial funeral cart, the most attractive part of this strange procession was undoubtedly the Shinto music. There were twenty musicians walking two and two, and their music, although distressingly sad, was plaintively sweet. There were three kinds of instruments, all reed pipes. One set looked like lyres held up before the face, and another set more nearly resembled flutes. The music was like the notes of flutes as it approached, more like violins as it came nearer, but trailed off into the wail of the pipes as it floated away. It was Shinto funeral music, dirges never before heard in Tokio, save at the funeral of the empress dowager some years ago. While it was mournful it was singularly sweet and all wished they might hear more of it. After the order of the orient, which reverses occidental ways, the chief musician followed his band of players.

A great body of tsukodo carrying torches, lighted up the chief cowherds, head cowherds and cowherds, thirty in all, that had charge of the five oxen, two of which were yoked to the imperial funeral cart, and three in advance, regarded as reserve animals. They were fine, large, healthy looking beasts, and could be seen in daily drill on the streets of the capital for weeks in advance of the imperial obsequies. Two were black, one black and white, and two brown and black striped. In color they harmonized with the colors of the funeral cart. Their harness was of white silk rope, heavy untwisted strands of pure white silk thread, laid on over their backs in artistic design, with great tassels of the thread falling from knots here and there. The cowherds walked close to them with hands on their horns and the rings in their noses, while also along their sides walked twenty-five attendants from the province of Yase, down near Kyoto that has always furnished the pallbearers for imperial funerals. The royal chamberlains, clad in the robes of their office, also walked by the sides of these sturdy beasts, so that it was almost impossible to see them.

It is interesting to learn that after this one laboring event of their lives is over they will find fat pasturage in the royal mews and have loving care for the rest of their days, instead of being put to death, as was formerly the case.

The imperial funeral cart was a nearly square, box-like structure, possibly five feet high, on two wheels—quite likely a relic of the imperial Mings of China, where the cart is still in use about Peking. The ends were in black lacquer, and the sides in chestnut brown, in exact reproduction of ancient models. The wheels, too, were in the black lacquer, inlaid with brass. Fine bamboo curtains hung under glittering pendants of brass at openings on the upper rear sides. By it walked an escort guard of fourteen high military and naval officers. Directly behind it an imperial chamberlain carried the royal sandals, he and his assistants wearing white robes, and carrying swords. The imperial sword had been placed in front of the coffin in the cart, before it left the palace. Other chamberlains carried aloft on their shoulders the stools for resting the shafts of the cart, and the steps for alighting. The rain cover chest and poles for lifting the rain cover itself, were all officially carried.

In ancient robes came the imperial director of the mews, followed by Grand Chamberlain Keijoj. Here ended old Japan with her queer costumes and ancient funeral accessories. It was new Japan that followed, prominent among whom were Admiral Togo, Prince Kanin, representatives of the emperor, and Prince Fushimi, president of the funeral commission. The rest of the cortege consisted of princes of the blood, peers who are relatives of the royal family, the court physician who had attended his majesty during his last illness, and a whole host of noblemen and ministers of state. There were twelve thousand in all who walked out from the palace, and it is said that so perfect were the arrangements, that all were seated within ten minutes after admission to the imperial inclosure at Aoyama. Such, indeed, was the procession that left the palace promptly at 8 o'clock and arrived at Aoyama two hours and forty minutes later.

During all the days that the emperor's body lay in state in the palace at Kojimachi-ka, two thousand workmen were busy

at the great Aoyama parade grounds constructing of pure white pine the buildings, both beautiful and elegant in their very simplicity, the keynote of Shinto architecture, in which the final sad rites were to be observed. At the farthest end of the great inclosure and nearest the railway station was located the shrine of Shinto. It was a plain building of the white pine with walls of white paper. Leading up to it from the great torii at the entrance, was an avenue one hundred feet wide. Long, low wooden buildings with ceilings twenty-five feet high, had been erected along either side of the leading avenue.

The most infinitesimal degrees of rank were observed in the seating arrangements. If Gabriel had come blowing his horn just then and carrying his copy of "Who's Who," he would have had no difficulty in locating those he sought. The ceilings of all the pavilions were profusely studded with electric lights, bringing into brilliant relief against the somber settings, the gayly colored uniforms of the army and navy officers who filled all of the left-hand quarters and two-thirds of the right-hand building.

Out in the open, leaning up against the stars, were the five great torii, each one fashioned of pure white pine without knots. Always are they the vanguards of Shinto shrines, and no landscape picture of Japan seems quite complete without them. If they are bird rests, as some say, the ones at Aoyama must have been meant to harbor eagles, so grand were their proportions. The largest of all was the great one at the entrance, and outlined against the Shinto shrine was another with one between, and two in the sides of the inclosure, five in all. All things Japanese are in groups of multiples of five. Directly in front of the Shinto shrine was the sacred fire, devoutly attended and fanned by a kneeling priest throughout the two hours of the final ceremonies. During the tedious hours of waiting foreign refreshments were served to the envoys and ambassadors in a building erected for the purpose, quite near their pavilion, while nearer the great body of the people were refreshment booths where Japanese food and tea could be procured. I had been admitted with the

press representatives, the only woman among two hundred, including about thirty foreign journalists.

A body of Shinto priests met the funeral cortege at the great entrance torii, and the sight of them, in their green robes, carrying lanterns, was the first indication to the waiting throngs of its nearness and approach. The military and naval guards lined up four deep along the avenue within the parade grounds leading up to the torii entrance of the imperial inclosure, so that it was only old Japan that slipped so silently into our midst. It was a hushed, absolutely silent assemblage that awaited them. The bearers of the ancient temple drums stepped to the sides on entrance, and hung up their instruments on the little toriilike racks in line with other receptacles bordering the center avenue. The bearers of the gongs passed on to the next set of racks and did the same, as did those who carried the mirrors, all standing in picturesque attitude by their sacred treasures. A little further along the banners were placed in the sockets awaiting them, and the bearers in blue grouped themselves three deep back of each. The quivers were set up on tiny shelves, as were the bows and shields, but the halberds were stood up in a square stand at the left of the Shinto shrine, while the great sakaki trees were carried down and placed on either side of its entrance. The musicians marched on down, taking up their positions in front of the sacred fire, where they continued to play until the funeral cart had come through and been placed within the glowing shrine. Scarcely had the sweetly pathetic strains floated away in the dim distance when the awful stillness was yet further broken by the mournful creaking of the funeral cart and the labored breathing of the oxen. The vast throng, standing with bowed heads in awed silence, was visibly affected as the emperor's body passed.

The dolorous scene was greatly enhanced by repeated flashes of lightning just at this time. I was reminded of a violent storm that broke over Oberammergau the first time I saw the Passion Play in 1900. It came up suddenly and lasted only during the famous betrayal scene, when Judas held the stage in a vehement

shower of hail, vivid flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder.

Only through a thin black curtain could the doings within the shrine be seen for a time. As the shadows of the priests moving to and fro fell on the paper shoji (walls) it was evident that the offerings were being made. During this ceremony the musicians played and sang the "Ruika," one of the late emperor's poems set to music. They also sweetly chanted during the services of the ritualists. It was possible to hear the musical chanting of the former, but the voices of the latter were lost in the void. The offerings consist not only of food, but garments as well, silken robes in piles of five. When, by and by, the curtain was withdrawn, we could see the emperor as he stood before the bier of his father reading his address, the paper flowing off to one side. He was followed by the envoys and ambassadors, who paid homage at the imperial shrine—or rather to the spirit of the dead emperor—and by many members of the imperial family. It was midnight when the emperor, wearing an officer's uniform, offered his prayer. All wheels all over Japan paused, and in every part of the empire bowed heads were silently worshipping with him who represents the head of the state, the supreme eternal function of government. It was a most impressive and supreme moment.

The dowager, on the advice of her physician, had not left the palace, but was represented in the worship. In front of the various pavilions officers were stationed, whose duty it was to tell the assembled masses when to arise and when to sit down. The one near my location was a pleasant, genial gentleman who doubtless had some sympathy for the press representatives. At least he allowed us to stray out as far as the lanterns, where by kneeling on the gravel and craning our neck a bit, it was possible to see the ceremonies within the shrine. True, he now and then waved us into line, but quickly turned his back so we could move out again. There seemed to be many women among the mourners of the imperial family, and it looked sad and lonely as, one by one, they were summoned out from the surrounding

darkness for the few seconds' worship in front of the funeral cart. From my position, the brass inlay of the cart wheels shone like mother-of-pearl. Somehow, this distant view of the shrine quite appealed to me, as it was wholly in keeping with all the other mysterious doings and the strange evolutions of the phantom procession of quaintly garbed figures carrying queer emblems. It was pathetic to witness the quiet grief and respectful submission of the twenty thousand citizens and soldiers within the pavilions, as only those on or near the end seats of the center avenue could see anything, save the sea of human faces all about them under the brilliant lights. Yet they sat or stood in mournful silence.

Indeed, it was meant to be just so. The orient is where only the elect are supposed to be worthy of any consideration. It was long ago said of the sacred Shinto shrines of Ise: "There is nothing there to see in the first place, and you can't see it when you get there." For the great majority of the people at Aoyama this was true within the imperial inclosure, as far as the ceremonies were concerned.

The drawing of the curtain indicated that all was over, yet the Japanese still sat silent and motionless. Thus I had found them and thus I left them, departing somewhat reluctantly from a place of such fascinatingly wierd distinctions and ghostly environment. Again I bowled along deserted streets, as I had done on my way out, among the still undimmed, softly blinking lanterns. These farewell emblems, together with the funeral cart and railway carriage conveying the body to Kyoto, will be gathered together and burned in a great bonfire at the end of thirty days.

With the dawn came the news of the suicides of General and Countess Nogi, a most dramatic and pathetic linking up of the old with the new. Then, indeed, was there full realization that not only the semblance, but the real spirit of old Japan, had attended the emperor's burial.

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Editorial

Whether a college course have value depends. It is worth, in results, much to one, little or nothing to another. It is a matter dependent, in the first place, on the individual. Whatever benefit the college has to offer in the way of mental training and development can be realized in any measure only by those who are temperamentally inclined to mental activity. It is temperament rather than varying powers of mind that differentiates young people or old. All men are wise, and without much difference. Every man has the machinery of thought set up in his head, but not every man has the will to make it run. To think, for many, is the hardest task in the world. Now mental culture is not a thing of passive absorption. It comes of strenuous activity. Without movement the machine only gathers dust and rust, and in due course becomes as rigid as welded iron. It must move and the push behind it must be the pleasure that its possessor has in its motion. Otherwise thinking is dull and profitless; it is mechanical; there is no pleasure in it. Many persons are indifferent to the alleged advantages of a college education. For them, it is fair to say, such advantages do not exist. Many young people go through the round of high school and college, with whom results so far as regards the cultivation of the mind are nothing. There must be natural aptitude. There must be mental hospitality and an inherent interest in the fields of thought that lie outside immediate envi-

ronment. One has no inclination toward exercise of that further reach of thought that history invites and literature and philosophy. Very well then, without pausing to consider whether this argues inferior mental endowment, it is enough to say that time spent in feigned pursuit of that which must be regarded as the serious business of college life, is time wasted. So far it will fail of result.

So far only, perhaps; for, to be sure, there are other considerations. Education, even at college, is not all in books, nor under formally appointed masters. The student touches a nearer world; and that closer contact that comes of personal associations, giving rise to interests many and attractive, is itself educative. Granting then that to young people having naturally little or no interest in the sort of culture that deals largely with matters abstract and speculative, a college education is, so far, without result and therefore worthless, it may be held, nevertheless, that there are, too, outside the curriculums, lessons to be learned, lessons for which all have aptitude, the results of which are wholesome in the development of character, and therefore of great practical value. College life away from the classroom and outside the study, is rich in opportunities for cultivation of the amenities of life and the development of the social instincts. Who would question that these college associations and experiences go to make life richer and fuller, increase capacity for happiness and for usefulness, have power to make life brighter and more meaningful? All this is true; and yet when the question is put as to whether the benefits thus derived justify the expenditure of time and money demanded, it is safe to say that they do not. A college course stripped of its serious purpose, is so much given to pleasure. It is a luxury, and, under the circumstances, a most expensive luxury. In a word: The college is for collegians and the young person that has no aptitude for nor interest in the methods and purposes of higher education—the part of education dealing with matters largely abstract, speculative, general—in attendance wastes precious time and, perhaps, suffers serious injury to character; for the

continuous pursuit of pleasure for pleasure's sake is in itself morally harmful.

But for the young person interested in the serious purpose of student life the value of a college education will hardly be questioned even by those who are insisting most earnestly that it in general is useless as preparation for practical affairs. The question as to whether a college education pays has been argued on either side. Perhaps if the question were divided there would be no question left. Put it in this way: A college career is of value to one interested in its serious purpose. To such an one it gives mental training and discipline, gives strength and scope and fulness of life. On the other hand, time spent at college in pretense of seriousness, while the real interest is in easy living or social pleasures or athletic sports is time wasted and character injured.

We are approaching another anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, which fact renders peculiarly seasonable a certain further line of thought, What about the man without a college?

Education is for power and the college is means for the acquisition of education. There be those to whom such means is not indispensable. Lincoln was of this class. Consider then the monumental American of his century: What the secret of his power?—Whence derived?—How acquired?

A man is not merely a physical structure operated by a mental organism. In human dynamics brains and brawn are secondary forces, efficient for useful exercise, effective of enduring results only as driven by an impulse lying behind. A deed is not great simply because of difficulty of accomplishment. Great is the deed and great is the doer when unselfish devotion to high moral principle triumphs over difficulty to the accomplishment of enduring results, and greatness is supremely of that vital essence that we call spirit.

The opening sentence of a biography standard in our American literature is this: "Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky." Environment no doubt affects to a degree the development of character, and yet the influence

of things external is matter of comparatively small moment. Character, whether good or bad, suggests stability. The only thing in the world stable to any man is what he is in himself. Out of the heart are life's issues. The solution of life's problem then is not in externalities. To every living organism, it seems, is granted some secret alchemy with power to commute the sterile and deadly into source of life and health and added strength. The fir tree rooted in barren rock drives heavenward his lordly spire. The pond-lily, rising from swamp's black ooze, over the surface of dark waters spreads out a dazzling whiteness. When after the fall of Troy, as the poet tells the story, Helen came back with the Argive hosts her heart was as unsullied as when in maiden purity she had pledged it to Menelaus. Acids but make pure gold brighter; the Lord's anointed go through hell-fire and coming forth their garments only shine the whiter.

Lincoln, then, strong of intellect, great of soul, heart big enough to hold all his countrymen, with room, too, for the despised slave, a nature touched with unutterable tenderness and compassion, melancholy, bearing life's responsibilities as heavy burdens, with aims high and impersonal, with ambition unselfish, had been born in a backwoods log cabin. It was a rude structure with mud chimney and clapboard roof, windowless and supplied only with such domestic conveniences as the woodsman with his axe could hew from timbers felled in the forest. Over the bare clay floor of such rude dwelling he crept a child and looked out from drear doorway on poverty's mean surroundings. His early years were passed under the tutelege of illiterate parents. All the different periods of such fragmentary schooling as he in all his life had opportunity to avail himself of, if connected in one continuous course, would not cover more than one year's time.

These are the facts of Lincoln's early life, but let us not be misled. You shall not characterize the man of one period in terms of another. In some circumstances to be illiterate and to dwell in rude abode carry no disgrace. A hundred years ago

it was the common condition in this our now called "Middle West."

Lincoln came of good stock. Writing of the dwellers in the mountain regions of the Southeastern States, Emerson Hough in the American Magazine says: "Here lives a people of arrested development who have always remained Americans. * * * These are by no means the 'poor whites' of the South, by no means the shiftless Cracker sort, but a keen, bold breed of men who remain of the Revolutionary type even to-day. * * * We heard of the mountaineers in the Civil War, when a hundred twenty thousand of them fought for one flag. Then we forgot them. For many decades we have had no news regarding them save garbled news about their feuds and moonshining. Moonshiners? Yes, but prohibitionists. Illiterate? Yes, yet wise in the loyalty that held them to the flag and to the Government, a loyalty which by some strange intuition they have retained through a century of isolation. Slave-owners? Never, but workers themselves. Feudist? Yes, but carrying on feuds as a religion. In short, a half million splendid spartans living in a rough land two hundred by six hundred miles in extent and held in the worst bondage for more than a century; while meantime our civilization, first simple and strong, now mad and sordid, has roared on across the land. * * * A country with a history arrested, unwritten, waiting. The log cabin is the universal form of the home. You can find to-day the loom, the spinning wheel, the lard-kettle, the candle-mold, the squirrel-rifle unchanged in a hundred years. The women there still wear sun-bonnets.

"Really, these people are not so far along as they were fifty or a hundred years ago. So stern have been the conditions of living that intellectually they have retrograded. You will find in families where not one member can read or write, old copies of the classics, the Latin and Greek dramas, books which Grandfather brought in from Virginia one hundred years ago.

"They are an extremely godly folk, as much as they were in the old Scotch Highlands two hundred years ago. The raid is begun with prayer, men slay each other with exceeding righteousness. A man is saved or he is damned, in the Cumberland

creed. The lake of fire and brimstone still seethes for sinners literally.

"In this country you will see the old American type. The men are tall and sinewy, for the most part quiet in habit, slow of speech. Though marrying young and soon aged by hard work, the women are delicately beautiful of face and figure. They have nothing of the vacuous, 'poor white' look and have not the slightest resemblance to the peasants of Europe.

"You will find grown men of powerful body and powerful mind, with an exactness of estimate, a breadth and justness of mental view simply astonishing; yet perhaps their total book-knowledge will not equal that of a five-year-old child in communities more fortunate. It is simply arrested civilization. Have a look at the population we meantime have imported from the rest of the world in place of these.

"Do these people need us? Yes, but not nearly so much as we need them. Side-tracked for a century, maybe they have been around some sort of Ark of the Covenant after all, shielding it for us; maybe they have retained some ideals and principles which we have lost in our swarming commercialism. Leaders grow among that kind of people. As they understand the right, they do it. When they see what they think is wrong, they smite it and spare not and cease not.

"Lincoln came out of that sort of environment."

The man that at first hand and beyond the reach of society's protection wrests from nature the sustenance of life is schooled first in courage and endurance. In the well-endowed fosterer of sturdy virtues is it. In the well-endowed—because no system of culture can make harvest sprout from sterile soil. The vital element must inhere. Lincoln naturally had an insatiable desire for knowledge. But more, he loved humanity and the passion of his soul was to be of use to his country and to mankind. After all is said, it was his love and his humility that made Lincoln great. Strong man intellectually was he, but in this perhaps not exceeding others of his time. Ambitious too, but not for vain display, nor with the politician's wily intrigue. This much only of selfishness was in Lincoln's ambition: of baseness and weakness to stand acquit, first be-

fore the tribunal of his own conscience, and then in the verdict of posterity.

When Lincoln was twenty-five years of age he was postmaster in a small village and deputy surveyor of a sparsely settled county. He could, therefore, we may infer, read and write and knew enough mathematics to be able to survey land. But this by no means indicates the sum of his mental acquirements at this period of his life. With the very lowest minimum of the now most common appliances of culture he had made himself at the time referred to, a better educated man relatively than schools commonly make or libraries, study or travel, or any or all the means that we so highly value. Let us disabuse our minds of the notion that education is solely, or mainly, in something outside us. The kingdom of heaven is within. If it be not there, then for you it is not anywhere. The world is voiceless. Earth and air and sea and sky are void of meaning. But, if, as answers deep to deep, the voices of the silences shall reach to you—Ah! then the life that is within shall rise to meet its own, and to your seeing eye, the desert waste shall be a very garden of the gods, and gray sky's dull arch shall blaze with golden splendor of the perfect day. Our young people do daily tasks in literature under trained teachers, with books chosen from libraries containing the world's literary masterpieces. What we are trying to have them do is to find the subtle quality that makes the book literature, to cultivate a taste for that and to develop in themselves, by study and practice, some power of literary expression. But it is not all in teachers and books. Teachers are only guides, and if the thought that is in the book be not first latent in the pupil's mind, he seeks it vainly anywhere. Lincoln while a young man engaged diligently in the cultivation of his mind. By borrowing he acquired the use of the few books his neighborhood afforded. It was a scant list, to be counted on the fingers of one hand; and barren, for none of these books are to be found in our college courses of study. After the hard day's work sitting alone he read them such as they were, by the dim firelight. Yet it was he that in

fulness of time wrote the Gettysburg Speech and the second Inaugural Address.

In Lincoln's day political issues were distinctly drawn, involving questions that affected the very life of the Nation. Lincoln was born to bear among his fellows the burden of a great responsibility. Born strong man was he—man strong in intellect, in judgment and in will, and to these powers of mind nature had added yet other gifts to make the strong man's strength a thousand fold more strong: reverence, sympathy, patience and human kindliness wonderful among men—such gifts benign as transform strength and make it greatness. When the war came all his life till then had been but training school for trial that should drain the resources of human wisdom, should test the ultimate of human strength. For this his lowly origin and his life's rude beginnings; for this the struggles of his youth, his student vigils invading hours that others gave to rest; for this the broad experiences of his manhood, in law-courts, in legislative halls, in public discussions before his fellow citizens. Came then to Lincoln in the course of events the ordeal that was to strain all his strength, put to proof his wisdom, try finally the qualities of his soul. Argument had been exhausted, all save one, the final argument, the ultima ratio nationum.

Lincoln's name ever recalls thought of our Civil War. It is so with all of us now living; it will be increasingly so with posterity. Nations in their course leave behind them great battlefields, marked with far-shining monuments, but the vital record of the struggles that they mark finds no place on their commemorative tablets. Lincoln is our grandest monument of the war and across his life is largely writ the record of our struggle. The most enduring thing in the world is the power of a great personality. The record of our Civil War, the causes of it, the travail of spirit that it involved, the baptism of blood that it brought to our cleansing will be perpetuated in the consciousness of our people because they form large part in the life of that supremely great American. Read Lincoln's life and his words and you will know the mind and feeling of the mass of his

contemporary countrymen. For Lincoln was a man of the people—a giant among men, yet by virtue of the essential qualities of his being, akin to and in close touch with the common people. Culture can make us fellows after a fashion, but the fellowship of intellect is a cold and distant sort of relationship. The true bond of brotherhood, the tie that makes the world akin, is of more subtle essence; it is essential part of the life. Slender strand in some, in Lincoln it was cable-strong. It anchored him. It made him sure. Others wavered; he stood as if with feet firm-planted on truth's bed-rock. He could truly divine the heart of his countrymen because his own heart was so richly human; and having the courage that such feeling prompted, he knew that his convictions would stand the test of time. He was ever gentle and forgiving in his treatment of those arrayed against the Government. He died untimely but in the end his example told. At first it is true our country, deprived of his wise and loving leadership, fell upon the horrors of the reconstruction period. But that was not for long. The heart of the people was always right. The sentiment of true patriotism survived every shock and men well knew that patriotism is not merely to love one's country's possessions, but more, to love one's countrymen.

The high literary character of Lincoln's writings has been source of wonder to many. That he, a man of hard life, of rude associations and of limited acquaintance with books, should have developed a style of expression, whose strength carries conviction, whose purity charms the sense, whose serenity wins the soul—this to some seems incomprehensible. That all depends on one's idea of literature. Literature is not a thing apart, to be attained by mere study of method and imitation of example. Literature is said to be record of life, but understand that to be life in the vital sense, life in the deep, the enduring, the meaningful sense. The literary quality, if there at all, is in the content—content born of spirit; for literature is record of life emotional. And because Lincoln's nature was so rich in the elements that make for such inspirations, therefore, writing, unconsciously he wrote literature.

Personal Mention

Robert M. Mathews, '06, is teaching at Riverside, Calif.

Emma Catharine Martin, '12, is teaching at Millbank, S. D.

Pearl Forsyth, '08, is Y. W. C. A. secretary at Bay City, Mich.

Rev. Albert Luther Ward, '99, has removed from Pueblo, Colo., to Arcadia, Ind.

Allen H. Lloyd, '12, is permanently employed at the State Laboratory, under Dr. H. E. Barnard.

Mary C. Pavey, '12, who is spending the year at Radcliffe College, has been admitted to the Graduate Club.

Mallie J. Murphy, '08, has removed to New York to be connected with the Good Manufacturing Company.

Mrs. Alfred J. Brown (Sallie Thrasher, '87) spent Thanksgiving week in Irvington with her mother, Mrs. W. M. Thrasher.

Rev. William Verner Nelson, '12, has accepted a call to the First Christian Church of Grand Rapids, Mich., and is now settled there.

Mrs. J. B. Kuhns (Tade Hartsuff, '82) is touring the world. It is pleasant to be able to read her interesting account of the imperial funeral in Japan.

At the dinner of the State Association of Teachers of English were seen Emily Helming, '99, Lucile Didlake, '07, Frances Doan, '07, Bernice Sinclair.

Mrs. Henry M. Lee (Vida Ayres, '12) has returned from her wedding journey to the Pacific coast, and is at home at The Gaylord, 523 North Alabama street, Indianapolis.

Among the new students registered in the fall were: Kenneth and Gail Barr, son and daughter of Mrs. Fannie Husted Barr, '84; Paul Ward, son of Rev. Albert Luther Ward, '99; Georgia

Fillmore, daughter of Rev. Charles M. Fillmore, '90; Katharine Merrill Jameson, daughter of Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, '90. With the infusion of such tried blood Butler has been enriched.

Professor and Mrs. Richard B. Moore called for a few days in November, en route from Washington, D. C., to Denver, where Professor Moore will be connected with the Bureau of Mines.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Albert Johnson are spending the winter in Irvington. A gradual return of the old students to Irvington for residence is noticeable, and, needless to say, very gratifying.

George Wilson Hoke, '05, professor of geography at Miami University, Oxford, O., is making a tour of the world, via Japan, China, Russia. Professor Hoke expects to return about the middle of February.

Rev. A. C. Smither, '90, visited college on November 1. He spoke to the students in chapel and to the Sandwich Club. Mr. Smither is now general manager of the Christian Board of Publications, located at St. Louis.

Miss Virginia McComb, '01, attended lectures last summer at the University of Jena. Miss McComb is now teaching German at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. She is also interested in the foreign tours, to which attention is called in our advertisements.

Mrs. David Owen Thomas (Anne Butler), of Minneapolis, spent the month of October in Irvington, visiting old and making new friends. We wish she might come oftener, for the touch with the dear past is more welcome than many of our friends realize.

A visitor to Irvington to-day would be impressed with the two great holes visible on Washington street. These excavations, we would have him understand, are preparatory to the erection of the two new bank buildings, the Irvington Bank and the East Side Bank. The latter is to be erected on the southeast corner of Washington street and Ritter avenue, beside the present residence of Mr. Charles M. Cross, and where once was the home of

Professor Thrasher. Among the directors of this bank are: W. S. Moffett, '76; D. C. Brown, '79; H. U. Brown, '80; T. C. Howe, '89.

The Alumnal Quarterly is indebted to the following friends for assistance in the publication of this issue: Mr. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller, Mr. Girnie C. Reeves, Mrs. John L. Morris, Mrs. Charles S. Baker, Mr. John E. Spiegel, Dr. John K. Kingsbury.

Chauncy Butler, '69, seems wonderfully drawn to that Florida orange grove! Mr. and Mrs. Butler spent a part of November there. Comfort for the absence comes not only in the taste of the luscious fruit, but also in the news which reaches us of our old friends, Henry T. Mann, '90, and A. M. Chamberlain, '84.

It is pleasant to receive words of greeting and gratitude from the alumni as they send in their annual fee of fifty cents. We wish we had more of both fees and words.

Prof. Herbert L. Creek, '04, writes: "I enjoy receiving the Quarterly, and think it performs an important service."

Mrs. Grace Gookin Karslake, '00: "We read it through from cover to cover, and enjoy it immensely."

Benjamin Smith, '08: "With best wishes for Butler College."

Mrs. Ora Murray Hodges, '94: "I have enjoyed the news in the Quarterly, as I am so separated from the Butler alumni. Every item is of interest, and I send my best wishes."

Mr. W. C. McCollough, '88: "The Quarterly is a credit to the Alumni Association. Particularly did I enjoy reading the last number."

Herbert M. Michael, '07: "With best wishes for old Butler."

B. F. Kinnick, '71: "The Quarterly is high-grade, and I enjoy it. I hope it will be a success as literature and as a link binding the alumni to our alma mater."

Mrs. Ora Murray Hodges

The vigorous contest waged in Kansas over the election of a governor was settled on November 30 by the State canvassing board, which gave the certificate of election to George H. Hodges, of Olathe. This outcome of the issue is especially gratifying to Butler College, because the wife of the governor-elect is one of her loyal daughters, Ora Murray Hodges, '94.

Ora Murray's life on her father's farm in Kansas ended when, upon the death of her mother, she was sent at eight years of age to relatives in Indiana. After graduating from the Rushville High School she entered Butler College, became a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, and took her degree in 1894. In 1899 she married Senator George H. Hodges, and has since made her home in Olathe, except for one year she and her husband spent abroad. Mrs. Hodges is the mother of two children, Georgia of seven years and Murray of two years.

In commenting upon Mrs. Hodges, the Kansas City Star of December 1 says: "Mrs. Hodges' tastes would probably be termed 'domestic,' and public matters are subordinated to her interest in her home and her friends. She is a member of the Olathe Public Library board of directors, and is interested in literary organization. In educational matters she is an ardent advocate of manual training and domestic science.

"'Among my attainments,' she recently remarked, 'I think I am proudest of the fact that when I came home to my father with a college diploma I was able to keep house and to cook for him, and that I did so for the next five years. Since my marriage it has been a great happiness to live quietly and unostentatiously, caring for my household and my children. Every girl ought to leave our schools equipped to do just that.'"

If more college women went out into life with such sentiments many American problems would be silently and well settled. While not many of our Butler girls come to be wives of governors, we feel that very many grace the homes of worthy husbands by being domestic, useful, intelligent, good women. But-

ler College is, and may well be, happy in the type of woman who has left her doors.

This Alumnal sends its congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Hodges.

A Correspondence Department

It is the desire of the staff of this Alumnal Quarterly to open a department devoted to correspondence, and we call upon the recipients of the magazine to heed this suggestion and to answer the call.

We are all interested in each other, we are all interested in the secret of life which one and another has learned, we are all interested in Butler College and her growth.

We here at the college center can send out some news, but we want to receive some from you—our alumni scattered over the face of the earth.

Will you not sit down and send to us a letter, however brief, as soon as you read this, telling us somewhat of yourself and of your work, of your observations and conclusions. Let us know that you think of Butler College. Any suggestions for the furtherance of her effectiveness and her beauty will be gratefully received.

Send to us, also, some contribution other than epistolary. With our scientists, ministers, teachers, farmers, missionaries, business men, home-makers, bankers, diplomats, public servants, we ought to be able to furnish our readers a paper of worth, of especial value, because the whole of it is the expression of a friendship made at and held by Butler.

Address all communications to the Alumnal Secretary, Butler College.

Greeting from Dr. Benton

Professor Charles E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, gave a delightful chapel talk in October. He prefaced his remarks by reading the following message, sent to him as leaving Lincoln, from Dr. Benton:

"To all friends, former associates, and especially to students of

Butler College, past and present, I send a word of greeting and good cheer. The personal friendships acquired in an active teaching service of more than sixty years are greatly cherished by me. Disabled in body, but buoyant in spirit, I breathe a prayer for an abundance of life and happiness for you all, here and hereafter. I bid you all, hail! hail! and—farewell.

"1822-1912. Allen R. Benton."

A Butler Dinner

One of the pleasant memories of the International Convention of the Church of the Disciples, held at Louisville, Ky., October 15-21, is of the Butler College dinner held on the evening of the 18th at the Henry Watterson Hotel. Seventy-four plates were laid. Rev. Carey E. Morgan, '83, now located at Nashville, Tenn., presided as toastmaster. The feeling of cordiality and jollity which permeated the sons and daughters as they sat about their alma mater's board was truly delightful and not soon to be forgotten. "Charlie" Fillmore declared it to be the best college dinner he ever attended. Surely, "the tie which binds" was felt to be "blest."

The program was expression of the grateful past and the promising future. Elton A. Gongwer, '88, of Washington, D. C., spoke to "Reminiscences of '88;" Rev. M. M. Amunson, '05, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to "A Butler Pastor in the East;" Rev. A. C. Smither, '90, of St. Louis, Mo., to "A Butler Pastor in the West;" Rev. E. F. Daugherty, '00, of Vincennes, Ind., to "Butler's Opportunity in Indiana;" Rev. Earl Todd, ex-'85, of Fort Wayne, Ind., to "A College Course Thirty Years After;" Professor Paul, of Irvington, to "Butler and the College of Missions;" Dean Morro to "Educational Ideals of the Ministerial Department;" President Howe to "Butler's Outlook." The gracious talk of that rare woman, Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, '56, gave finish and feeling to the whole occasion. Mrs. Anne Butler Thomas, of Minneapolis, daughter of Mr. Ovid Butler, founder of the college, was introduced and expressed her pleasure at being present. Among those in attendance, in addition to the above mentioned, were: Charles M. Fillmore, E. E. Moorman, S. R. Grubb, B. M. Blount, Clay

Trusty, B. F. Dailey and wife, Flora Shank, Aubrey H. Moore, G. F. Powers, G. H. Clifford and wife, C. H. Barnett, H. L. Herod, C. E. Underwood, H. O. Pritchard, Hugh Th. Miller and wife, Elsie Sweeney, Jessamine Armstrong, Hally C. Burkhardt, Elvin Daniels, C. E. Oldham, G. H. Clarke, Thomas A. Hall, J. F. Findley, J. W. Putnam and wife, Mrs. G. D. Edwards, S. A. Harker, M. L. Pierce, Carl Van Sickle, J. N. Jessup and wife, S. A. Frazier, W. D. Bartle, Carrie Atchison, Lillian Proefrock, Harry H. Martindale, Floyd H. Randall, Thomas L. Cooksey.

Our Football Record

Of the eight intercollegiate games played by the football team, the following is the record:

Butler, 54—Hanover, 0.
Butler, 25—Franklin, 0.
Butler, 0—Wabash, 47.
Butler, 13—Earlham, 0.
Butler, 27—Transylvania, 0.
Butler, 54—Moores Hill, 14.
Butler, 3—DePauw, 17.
Butler, 6—Rose Polytechnic, 13.

Founder's Day

This anniversary of February 7 is not only keeping up traditions, but also yearly adding to the dignity and pleasure of a worthy observance. In the celebration of "Founder's Day" are included all interested in the college, and to all the meetings of the day are all cordially invited. Commencement reunions are, more or less, exclusive, are for those who have been personally connected with the institution, for the great college family; but Founder's Day reaches out farther, and invites to its various functions those for whom such an academic occasion holds interest. Preparations promise an unusually full and rich day, and the committee which has the occasion in charge hopes that not only will the Indianapolis alumni turn out strong, but also that

graduates and friends from accessible distances may be present. Invitations will be duly mailed, but mention of the occasion is thus early made that friends may remember the date and make their arrangements accordingly. The program will in a general way consist of exercises in the morning in the college chapel, festivities in the afternoon of a social order throughout Irvington, dinner in the evening in Indianapolis. All are very cordially urged to spend the day, or at least a part of it, at the college. Is it not true that you need the college, as the college needs you?

Married

Tefft-Butler.—On the afternoon of October 23, at the home of the bride's parents in Irvington, were married Captain William Henry Tefft, of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, and Cordelia Butler, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scot Butler. Captain Tefft is at present stationed at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

Thomas-Walton.—Hon. John Quincy Thomas, '71, and Mrs. Laura E. Walton were married in Indianapolis, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas, by Rev. W. V. Nelson, '12, pastor of the Fourth Christian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will make their home in Rushville, Ind.

Keach-Clay.—Benjamin Harrison Keach, '11, and Leslie Clay were married in Chicago on November 8. Mr. and Mrs. Keach will make their home in Markleville, Ind.

Baird-Raw.—Rev. George Burleigh Baird, '06, and Eva May Raw, of Akron, O., were to be married, according to letters, upon November 12, at Nanking, China. In one year Mr. Baird receives a leave of absence from his work at Lu-chow-fu, at which time he and his wife will visit their homes in this country.

Sputh-Uhlrich.—Dr. Carl Brosius Sputh, director of physical training of Butler College, and Elsie Uhlrich were married on November 20.

Necrology

Dr. Abram Dickson Williams, '60, died on August 6, at Bedford, Ind. Dr. Williams had practiced medicine in Cincinnati and St. Louis for many years, being an oculist and aurist of note. The last years of declining strength had been spent in his boyhood's home, where he died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart.

News of the death of Portia Pearcy Batton, on September 27, came as a shock and a sorrow to her friends at the college, and sympathy has gone out to her husband and to her parents. The burial occurred at Anderson, Ind., on Sunday, September 29, and was attended by President and Mrs. Howe, and representatives of Delta Tau Delta and Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Judge Leander Perry Mitchell, '72, died suddenly of heart disease in Washington, on the 6th of December. Two months ago, while in New Castle, Ind., he suffered a slight stroke of apoplexy, but apparently recovered his health and again took up his duties as assistant controller of the United States treasury.

Mr. Mitchell was born near New Castle on February 5, 1849. At the age of fifteen he enlisted as a private in Company B, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry, and was discharged at the close of the Civil War. Afterward he taught for a number of years. Then he attended Butler College, from which he graduated in 1872. He was also a graduate of the law department of Indiana University. After beginning the practice of his profession in Washington, Judge Mitchell became prominent in Republican politics. In 1888 he was a presidential elector on the Harrison and Morton ticket from the Sixth district. In 1890 he was supervisor of the census in the same district, and in 1892 was an alternate delegate to the Republican national convention. In 1896 he was a member of the Republican State central committee from the Sixth district. In January, 1898, President McKinley appointed Judge Mitchell assistant controller of the treasury.