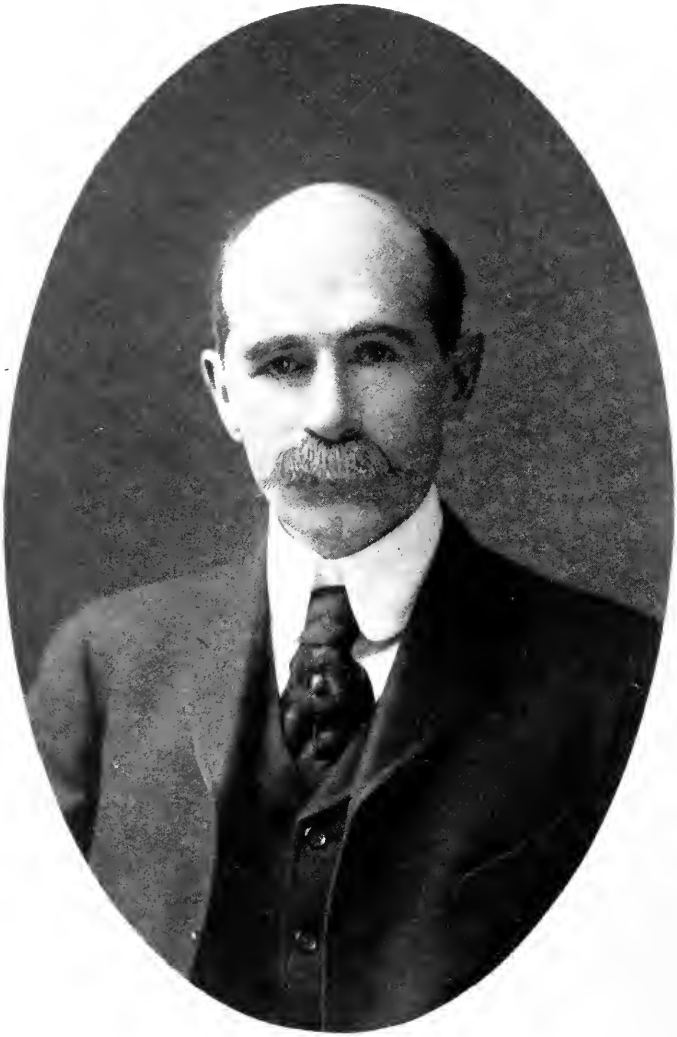
Memorial Services
for
Ex. Gaylord Warsaw Clark

In Memoriam

Gaylord Parsons Clark



Memorial Services

For the

Late Dean of the Medical College

of Syracuse University

Dr. Gaylord Parsons Clark

Held at the

John Crouse College, Syracuse, New York

Sunday afternoon, October Sixth

Nineteen Hundred and Seven

Chancellor James R. Day

Presiding

Order of Exercises

Reading of the First Psalm

The Lord's Prayer

Address . . . . . Acting Dean John W. Heffron

Associated with him in his profession, and at the Medical College.

Address . . . . . Honorable M. E. Driscoll

A fellow student with him at Williams College.

Address . . . . . Professor Charles W. Hargitt

Associated with him in scientific research.

Address . . . . . Chancellor James R. Day

Address of Acting Dean John W. Heffron

Mr. Chancellor and Friends:

This company of men and women would not have assembled to do honor to the life and character of an ordinary man.

The ordinary man is committed to the earth, his elemental mother, and forgetfulness begins at the brink of the open grave. Except in the hearts of a few, he is thereafter but a memory that becomes fainter and fainter and is soon obliterated: as the widening circles that momentarily disturb the waters of a pool into whose depths a pebble has been cast quickly subside and leave the surface placid as before.

But there have been men whose lives have come into such close contact with so many, whose characters have been so pure and inspiring, whose acts have been so true and without the shadow of disappointment, and whose influence for the betterment of their kind and of their community has been so far reaching that they can never be forgotten and whom generations who have come after them have delighted to honor.

All histories contain the names of such. The world has its universal heroes—men to whom it has been given to do great things for the good of all humanity. Nations have their heroes and by common consent set apart sacred days upon which they recall their virtues and their services for the inspiration

and emulation of their citizens. Communities have their local leaders whose characters and deeds are memorialized in bronze and in marble and the histories of whose achievements, and the lessons of whose lives are taught to succeeding generations. Great Institutions have their historic men, and preserve with loving care the annals of their lives and count them among their richest possessions.

The College of Medicine of Syracuse University, under whose auspices we are met together, has a distinguished company of great souls who have laid down the burden of their work and have passed on before. We, their survivors and inheritors, admit to that noble company to-day one more of the great and good and true, Gaylord Parsons Clark, who departed this life September 1, 1907.

It is difficult to speak of him as gone from us. The spell of his presence is still on us. We wait as though he was still upon a journey from which he must return. But we wait in vain. "He has outsoared the shadows of our night." "He is a portion of that loveliness which once he made more lovely."

Gaylord Parsons Clark was born in Syracuse, November 12, 1856. He was the only child of the late Hon. Charles P. Clark and Aurelia Knowlton, his wife. From his father he inherited the sturdy honesty, strength of purpose and industry which has characterized so many descendants of New England stock. From his mother he received the gift of delicate perceptions of beauty and a graciousness of manner that characterized him in all his relations of life.

He was never remarkable for physical strength,

but maintained so good a degree of health that he prepared for college here at home and was graduated from Williams, receiving the degree of A. B., in 1877, a few months before he attained his majority. Another will speak of him as a student, but the fact that he won the Phi Beta Kappa key is proof of his scholarship.

He entered the College of Medicine in the Fall after his graduation from Williams and received the degree of M. D. in 1880. My acquaintance with him began in those student days, and I voice the sentiment of all his fellow students when I say that he was conceded by all to be a student of unusual mental gifts and the most genial of companions.

He was made Instructor in Anatomy in the Fall of 1880, and was advanced to the full Professorship of Anatomy in 1881. This chair he filled with eminent satisfaction until 1892 when he was transferred to the chair of Physiology, which position he held until his death.

In June 1881 he married Miss Jessie H. Suydam of Baldwinsville, whose loving care made it easier for him to achieve so much and made it possible to postpone so long the termination of life in a delicate body, defective in the central organ of circulation.

During the declining years of the late Dean Didama Dr. Clark was made Acting Dean, and upon Dean Didama's death in 1906 he was made Dean of the College of Medicine.

Such is the brief record of events in his life. It gives evidence only of steady and successful progress in his chosen avocation. The practice of medicine was irksome to Dr. Clark and he early found that his

limited strength could not equal the demands of a successful practice. He was possessed of the scholarly instinct and loved with passionate devotion the study of the sciences related to medicine. He was devoted to investigation, and year after year spent his summer vacation in Woods' Holl in scientific investigation in the Marine Biological Laboratory. He was fortunate in not being dependent upon the returns from personal work for a livelihood, and early decided to follow the inclinations of his mind and devote himself to investigation and teaching. He was loyal to the College in which he had been educated, and, although it could but inadequately remunerate him for his time and services, he resisted the invitations to teach elsewhere and remained enthusiastically faithful to us to the end, content to accept what the College could afford to offer.

Mention has been made of his inherited sense of appreciation of the beautiful. He was an ardent lover of nature, in the usual acceptation of that term. He had a gift for sketching which he cultivated to so high a degree that his crayons became masterly interpretations in black and white of scenes that delighted him, and several fellow artists and friends are proud possessors of proofs of his skill with the pencil or the brush. He could have become famous as an artist.

His use of the camera was so skillful that he composed *pictures* of scenes in foreign travel where others only secured photographic memoranda.

I remember a wonderful photograph of a ruined temple in Greece which had greatly impressed me and of which I was unable to secure a satisfactory picture.

I asked him how he got it. I remember his simple account of how he waited day after day to get just exactly the light effect necessary for its perfect reproduction, how he studied it from every view point, and, finally, on one day of mingled cloud and sunshine, after hours of waiting, he caught it just in its most perfect light. This exactly illustrates his method in everything he undertook. He was satisfied with no result not as near perfection as his abilities could attain. The combination of the artistic sense with the scientific mind is most unusual. Dean Clark's ability to sketch and to make a photographic plate reproduce the most favorable impression of an object exposed to the lens was of the greatest help to him in teaching, and he made liberal use of both in his work. He was a born teacher. He loved knowledge and pursued her. He loved to delve to the bottom of subjects he was investigating. He knew the vastness of the information possible of attainment in every natural phenomenon. He knew his own limitations. But he was not so overawed by his inability to grasp every minute detail of a subject that he could not properly interpret the great truths which he had mastered. The success of the most erudite men as teachers is never great unless they can communicate with confidence that which they have attained. When he taught Anatomy he invested the subject with a living interest and was wont to call attention to the analogies between mechanisms found in the human body and the application of similar principles in mechanical structures invented by man. I remember especially his comparison of the two hip bones to the twin screw pro-

peller. Referring to this he said: "Here through all the ages has been a suggestion. It may never have inspired the thought of the inventor, the problem may have been solved in other ways, but from such suggestions have flashed thoughts rich in their results."

As a teacher of Physiology he was particularly successful. He developed a laboratory for the elucidation of the problems of physiology that is unexcelled. His ingenuity devised methods of demonstrating the intricate structure of organs and systems whose elements are microscopic in size that made the subject plain and clear and easy of comprehension by every mind.

He illustrated the action of the valves of the heart by mechanical means that almost perfectly reproduced the conditions existing in the circulation of the living organism. He appealed to the observation of his students of common things and drew from them homely illustrations that illuminated the subject under study. He was quiet in his manner, persistent in his purpose of making understood every problem under investigation, patient with those of slow perception, and inspiring to those more highly endowed. All his students felt a fellowship with him and none ever was reluctant to ask him for needed aid.

He was much sought as a teacher of the subjects in which he was known to be a master by popular bodies. I have heard him in a parlor with his low even voice, in words so simple as to be understood by anyone, accurately interpret the facts of science on various subjects. To illustrate his style, permit me to quote the close of that part of a popular lecture which

discussed the nervous system. "One night I stood in the heart of the city. A rain which froze upon and encrusted each object it touched had been falling. Illumined with the underglow of the electric lights every wire glistened like a thread of silver against the blackness of the night. It was as if a vast cobweb had been silently spun over the deserted streets. Had one struck and severed a group of those silvered strands the visible effect on the bewildering maze would have been insignificant; but there would have been a result of serious import. Lines of communication would have been cut and messages here and there would have failed or have been prevented.

"That web as complex and as purposeless as it looked had a purpose in every line, but not more than the multiplied fibres of our own nervous system. Patient investigators with keen knife and magnified vision are separating and tracing these fibres, now breaking them, now stimulating them, noting effects and so untangling the maze, till they can touch the central offices which receive the sensory impressions from the periphery, and those whence issue the impulses which thrill the various muscles. And by interpreting the symbols of disordered function, they can locate the lesions that cause them as surely as the electrician can locate a break in any electric wire, be it hundreds of miles distant and under the sea."

What illustration of a subject so intricate could have been more fitting! That represents the daily style of teaching of this gifted man. All of his old students will feel as if they had heard him speak as these sentences have been read.

Such a life is not the result of fortunate circumstances. It is due to the intrinsic worth of the man himself. Gifted, he chose deliberately to make the most of his gifts. He spared no effort, and omitted no methods by which those gifts could be cultivated to the highest point of efficiency. Not forced by grinding circumstance to work for his daily bread, he laid down a noble purpose in life and devoted his time and his talents to the study and elucidation of the fundamental sciences of medicine. He was not ambitious for the plaudits of the world, but was content with the consciousness of work well done and with the assurance that he had the respect and love of his fellow students in the faculty and on the students' bench.

His form we shall never see again. His voice can never charm us more, but the inspiration of his life and the influence of his character shall never die.

"Dust to dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came;
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unconquerably the same."

Address of Hon. M. E. Driscoll

Let me thank the Committee in charge of these memorial exercises for the privilege of joining with you on this occasion and paying my humble tribute of esteem and affection for my old friend and classmate, Dr. Gaylord P. Clark.

I am invited to say a few words on his life and work in College as an undergraduate, and I sadly and respectfully offer my testimonial to his successful career as a student and his high character as a man.

In the Fall of 1873, thirty-four years ago, the deceased and I met at Williams College as members of the Freshman class. He was from Syracuse; I from the western part of this County. That fact naturally drew us together. Quickly we became acquainted, which acquaintance developed into a warm friendship and continued through all the passing years. He was one of the youngest men in the class, being under twenty-one when he graduated four years later. In personal appearance he was neither very tall nor very short, large nor small, handsome nor homely. While he always dressed well and in most excellent taste, he was neither loud in his style nor extravagant in his apparel. He was then, as always, modest, retiring and unassuming. He did not attempt to push himself to the front by crowding others back. He was not showy or spectacular. He did nothing for effect. In our several scraps with the abusive and domineer-

ing Sophomores, if he took any part for the honor and dignity of '77, it was as an inconspicuous helper. In short, there was nothing in his manner, deportment, personality or appearance at that time which would distinguish him from the mass of his classmates. He was willing to wait until his substantial merits were recognized.

While some of our men took an active interest in baseball, football, rowing, running, walking and other athletic contests, he consumed but little time or energy in that way. He was raised in this city, and must have attended school quite steadily in order to be prepared for a classical course in college at sixteen. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and he never did any manual labor to harden his muscles and develop a robust constitution. His four years in college were an important period in his physical development. At that time athletics at Williams were optional; but had he been required to pursue a thorough and systematic course of physical training under the direction of a careful and scientific instructor, it might have made him a more vigorous man and have added years to his life and usefulness. A reasonable amount of physical exercise should be encouraged in college; while training for contests which require unusual strength and endurance, and all the muscle and physical development of which a young man is capable, uses up a certain amount of reserve vitality and should not be permitted.

As a student Dr. Clark made his mark; not especially during the Freshman year, for I doubt if he were as well prepared in the classics as some of our class-

mates who came from Eastern preparatory schools. I distinctly recollect that the subjunctive mood was our Latin Professor's hobby, about which I had received no special instruction; and the varieties of translation he could give that form of the verb, and the number of questions he could ask about its construction, were to me a revelation and bewilderment. And I think Clark suffered from the same kind of embarrassment. But he quickly mastered that, as he did all his studies, and stood high in Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

He was an industrious, methodical, painstaking and conscientious student. He never cribbed or rode the "ponies." He worked out every task, and learned every lesson day by day as it came, and steadily grew in self-reliance and mental power. He especially enjoyed the work in physics, chemistry and natural sciences; and when we took up philosophy, metaphysics and other intellectual subjects in our senior year, his faculties were so well developed and trained that he had no difficulty in comprehending them. In the second year he did better work and received better marks than in the first, and during our junior and senior years he was practically perfect in every recitation and examination.

He did not do much work outside the College curriculum, and I doubt if he gave much time to general reading. He did not take much interest in debating, writing or speaking, but devoted all his time and energy to the regular college studies. He did not frequently volunteer his own opinions or presume that he knew more than the author, but he

stuck to the text books and lectures and mastered them. He was a favorite with the President and every Professor, for he never gave them any trouble and always had his lesson.

With his fellow classmates and the student body generally he was very popular—not perhaps in the sense that a masterful athlete, a brilliant writer, speaker or entertainer is popular. Every one liked him, and he had the good will, confidence and respect of all. He was not hilarious, nor a rollicking student, for he was always modest and unostentatious. His heart was warm, his sympathies broad, and his impulses always right. He never even thought of indulging in those dissipations which destroy many college students. He seemed to have no temptations. His influence on his classmates was marked and durable; not because of any aggressive declaration of his principles but on account of his correct, sweet, honorable and high-minded daily life.

Our class held a reunion at Commencement last June. He was not there, and every member particularly inquired of me about him, and expressed for him their high regard.

My admiration for my classmates is very high. I have never met in this wide world forty men, old or young, rich or poor, high or low who, in my judgment, averaged up to my classmates in those sterling and rugged virtues which go to make up sound moral character; and of them all Clark was recognized as the foremost.

Nothing more can be said by me. No higher testimonial can be given of my high appreciation of

him as a student and a man. He was graduated from the Medical College of this University at the head of his class, and since that time has been associated with that institution as instructor, professor and dean. For thirty years he lived and wrought among you. You know of his work and worth, and you will agree with me that in his subsequent career he fulfilled the promise of his college years.

I was aware that he was not in robust health. But I also knew of his temperate and regular habits, and had no idea that he would not live out the allotted time of man on earth; and the sudden news of his death came to me as a great surprise and shock.

This is a sad occasion, but we reverently bow to the inevitable. We keenly appreciate his great loss to this institution and to society, and sincerely sympathize with his bereaved widow, the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Address of Professor Charles W. Hargitt

There are occasions when there is an eloquence of silence more fitting than that of words. Such the present seems as I confront my personal relations to it. I am asked to contribute some estimate of my lamented friend and colleague as a scientist. Though aware of the inadequacy of any words of mine to portray his worth as a man of science, still I can but regard with gratitude the opportunity to speak some word of personal appreciation of the man and his work.

My acquaintance with Dean Clark began soon after my appointment to the professorship of Biology in the University in 1891. The acquaintance then acquired early ripened into the intimacy of a personal friendship which has had no change in all the following years except in the deepening and broadening growth whose strength only became fully realized in the tragic shock which sundered the ties. To have known him as a man, to have had his friendship during these years, to have shared his counsels and confidences as a colleague, to have had the splendid privilege of cordial and continued co-operation with him in a department of educational development which must stand as an enduring monument to his memory,—surely these are grounds for personal felicitation, and to have a modest share in this memorial is a further occasion for gratitude.

But all this grew out of the circumstance that we were fellow craftsmen in the realm of science. I came to know him first and really, not as a Doctor of Medicine, not as a professor of ability in a cognate department, but as a man of science actuated by those bonds of scientific spirit and endeavor which in unconscious gravitation link others of kindred aspirations and motives.

This is not the time nor the occasion for any critical inquiry into the earlier conditions of education or environment which might have conduced to give impulse or direction to a scientific career. Suffice it to say that in those years of his academic and professional training, that decade from '70 to '80, so pregnant with scientific life and intensity, *that* would have been a dull mind which failed to gather something of its spirit and import. This must have been especially true of the influences at work during his professional education. The epoch-making biological discoveries of Pasteur and their far-reaching relations to medical advance, and the similarly daring pronouncement of Lister which gave to the world an antiseptic surgery, were just then revolutionizing medical thought and precept. And hardly had Clark received his diploma when the brilliant Koch added just the touch which brought to birth that youngest of biological sciences, BACTERIOLOGY. These and others of like character showed in a most brilliant and convincing manner the all importance of science in general, and of biology in particular, to the new pathology, and foreshadowed that new era in which medicine should be less an *art* and more a *science*.

Such was the time, such the spirit activating the very air which he breathed, and which vivified his thought. Have we not here some suggestion of the probable vision which, though yet dim and uncertain, was yet dawning upon his alert and perceptive mind, but which finally came to its full effulgence after he entered upon his work as teacher and professor? I believe the whole subsequent tenor of his life bears out this suggestion, and gives us the clue to much which would otherwise be obscure.

It was at this point that the current of our lives became confluent. In early conference with himself and his colleagues concerning new courses in bacteriology and embryology, and later as active colleague in his college faculty, came the opportunity for perceiving the many sided aspects of his life, but chiefly his insight and appreciation concerning science and its indispensable importance in medical education. In large measure Professor Clark anticipated what has since become a well recognized principle in every reputable medical college in the country at large. And it is to the credit of his faculty colleagues that this departure was so eagerly accepted, and has grown to this day. He had early perceived what has since been formally enunciated, that *efficient scientific knowledge* is available only through the vitalizing method of the laboratory, and that only from this modern factor of education may be had that training which fits for both the discovery of truth and its practical application in every department of scholarly endeavor.

This Clark emphasized, both in precept and practice. The latter he exemplified in the labor and

care devoted to the organization of one of the first distinctively laboratory courses of the college, and if I am not mistaken his was one of the very first in this country to provide adequate facilities for practical work on the part of every student, the details and designs of which were largely worked out by Professor Clark himself.

But of these phases of his life I may not further speak, lest I usurp another's privilege. Yet it were hardly possible to say less of this very important feature of his work as a scientific man. It is just here that some of the best characteristics of the man of science find expression. But they are not the only illustrations of Clark's application of scientific precept and example. To thoroughly perceive and apply a principle one must solve some problem in which it is involved. This our friend proceeded to do. At an early day he found his way to the Marine Biological Laboratory. Here, 1896, he carried on his first technical research, concerned with one of the sensory functions of the animal body. The results of this investigation were published in a paper which appeared in the same year and has received favorable mention from subsequent investigators. His work was continued in following years, and he was for some time a member of the teaching staff of the laboratory.

Later in Europe he continued his investigations, working with the distinguished Professors von Frey and Verworn at the physiological laboratories of Leipzig and Jena. Here as before meritorious results were obtained and were published in a noteworthy contribution to the American Journal of Physiology.

In these contributions may be found clear evidence of those elements which characterize the acute scientific mind, namely, close observation, careful comparison, strict adherence to facts and critical analysis and deduction. They reveal also the absolute intellectual honesty and steady purpose of the scientific man.

But these contributions, and the application devoted to their accomplishment, which were not insignificant, do not by any means constitute a measure of his scientific stature or strength. They *do*, however, afford an insight into the spirit and purpose of the man. But here, as in so many other walks of life, the man is immeasurably greater than his work. With some science would seem to be an end in *itself*. They study, investigate, laboring with commendable industry for the sole pleasure of the knowledge,—*science* for science's *sake*, an end far from pitiable or censurable. Others, again, find in science a ready road to distinction. Actuated by that ambition which aspires to fame, they investigate and publish simply for the sake of achieving a measure of recognition from their fellows. Thus is it even in matters of graver moment. Some among us espouse religion as an end in itself,—the personal satisfaction or emotional pleasure realized in certain ceremonials or observances. Others again, while not oblivious to religious joy, are rather concerned in religion as an inspiration for service on behalf of others,—a means of uplifting and ennobling human life, and promoting larger and better conceptions of human endeavor. Now none of these motives is wholly discreditable or unworthy. Yet few

would hesitate as to a verdict of the better view, whether it be in religion or science. And thus I believe it was with our friend in his attitude toward science. Estimated by his actual contributions to scientific knowledge he would not be considered great. But when we estimate his scientific worth in terms of its relations to the larger problems of human life and weal, and hence to the progress of medical methods and standards and education, then few of his generation have wrought more intelligently or enduringly than he.

One further phase of his scientific life calls for notice, namely, his relations to his collaborators, both personally and in the organized institutions for the promotion of science. He was an active member of several well known associations, among them the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Society of Naturalists, and the American Physiological Society. He was a constant attendant of the sessions of these bodies and took an active interest in their work. His late trip to Europe was prompted largely by his desire to be present at the International Physiological Congress in Heidelberg, a desire sadly cut short by subsequent events. He was a member and vice-president of the local Academy, and only the pressure of professional duties deterred him from accepting its presidency, which was urged upon him.

His personal relations to his collaborators were of the most cordial and delightful character. Everywhere his magnetic personal qualities won him ardent friends. I cannot forbear giving in this connection

extracts from a few of many letters of appreciation which have come to my hands since his death.

Professor Erlanger, of the University of Wisconsin writes: "It is certainly to be regretted that the world in general and physiology in particular has had to suffer this untimely loss of Dr. Clark's earnest services."

From the University of Michigan Professor Lombard writes: "It was with a deep sense of loss that the friends and colleagues of Professor Clark heard of his sudden death. With feelings of personal bereavement was mingled the recognition that scientific medicine had lost one of its most earnest workers. Learned in the department of medicine which was his specialty, he was above all a profound student of the problems of medical education, and devoted his best energies to the development of the school of which he was the head."

From Columbia University Professor Lee writes: "I need hardly express to you the sorrow which I felt on hearing of Dr. Clark's death. He was one of the men whom physiology, medicine, and science in relation to medicine, can ill afford to lose. His conception of those subjects was eminently broad and deep. His longing for the best in them was shown early in his career when he sought first, the laboratories of the leading universities of this country; then the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl; and lastly the Physiological Institutes of Leipzig and Jena. . . . His conception of physiological problems was broad, and his contributions to physiology were meritorious and of permanent value. Always interested in the problems of medical education, he had in late years

turned his attention more particularly to them. Here again, as in his physiology, he set before himself and his college high ideals. He recognized the value to the future physician of a thorough scientific training, and largely to make such training possible he was early instrumental in lengthening the course of the medical student to four years. Always upright, genuine, honest, generous and broad, as Clark was, physiology and medicine suffer a distinct loss in his death."

What these have *written*, hundreds near and far, at home and abroad, have *thought* or *spoken*.

One further mention must conclude this tribute. We hear it said, though with less emphasis or frequency than formerly, that science tends to blunt the finer sensibilities, or atrophy the esthetic sentiments of one's nature. And with more plausibility it is a common assumption that the scientific *specialist* is deplorably narrow, correspondingly conceited, and intolerably intolerant. Again, there is heard now and then the decadent and vanishing echo of that imaginary conflict of science and religion, which so harassed the thought a generation ago; and one is admonished not always in whispers, of the glaring philistinism of the average scientific specialist.

But the answer to all this is the scientist's appeal to fact,—an answer rather more pertinent and convincing than endless torrents of invective or declamation. Not to dwell upon the well-known cases of Agassiz, Gray, LeConte, and numerous others of their like, it will suffice to attest the subject of this memorial. Here was a scientist, aye, a *specialist* in science, in whose open and transparent life will be recognized

amplest refutation of all such baseless calumnies. In this life, farthest from pretense or display, were conspicuously blended those keen and critical instincts and methods of the scientist and that esthetic sense which revels in quiet rapture in the presence of art or music or poetry, and whose artistic tastes found expression in the work of his own brush.

Here too, with no ripple of discord or confusion, those painstaking qualities of research,—rigid adherence to the principles of the scientific method, and a faith at once simple, devout, broad and sublime, were intimately correlated. His religion suffered no eclipse in the presence of his science; his science was not embarrassed in the presence of his religion. Does this seem strange or paradoxical? Pity for him who thus construes it! There is nothing of either. It is rather and simply the essential and imperative harmony of all truth in a soul large enough for their comprehension and appreciation.

Here then culminates, in my thought, the finest exemplification and measure of the man. Strength and courage blended with gentleness and generosity; critical and discriminating skill and methods, tempered by breadth and tolerance; self-reliant and independent in thought and action, yet trustfully and reverently devout.

Address of Chancellor James R. Day

I have been requested to say a few words concerning the Dean's relation to the University; words that scarcely need be said, so visibly has he imprinted himself upon our work, and so plainly has he written his character and ability upon the college of which he was first a student, and then a Professor, and finally a Dean.

I ask myself, what is there that I can say that he did not say himself? There are men who need to be spoken for after they are gone because of some obscurity, it may be, in essential and meritorious work, or because generosity and kindness would supplement the eulogy of a work that had not completeness and symmetry. But to my thinking Dean Clark, modest as he was, and unpretentious, wrote his work in the University upon every day and week and month, and now that he has gone it seems to stand out before us all in italics, and everything that he was, and everything that he did, is emphasized. I do not care to analyze him. I could not analyze a flower that delighted me. I could rejoice in its beauty and inhale its fragrance. I could not analyze a friendship very well, I could just simply feel its power and know its loss, and so to-day I can scarcely tell you what I think of Dean Clark as a Dean. It would be far more difficult to do than the task of these my friends, who have spoken of him in the relation of student and scientist.

It perhaps would not be possible for me to make you know what a Dean is to a man occupying the position which I attempt to occupy. That he is something more than simply an executive officer, that he somehow is yourself in your own work, however independent he may be in his own work; and how wonderfully the efficient man, and the loyal man, and the devoted man lifts all your burdens in his particular responsibility and sphere, and how you come to know that by never feeling the burden of his college, or needing to ask any solicitous questions as to what may be doing there. So great are my blessings in these respective colleges that I could scarcely give you a just estimate of them, but in none of them more fully and perfectly were those things realized than at the Medical College. The man was educated there, he taught there, he invented and discovered there, he created his laboratory there, and furnished many a helpful hint with regard to other laboratories. He studied in connection with his fellow teachers and his associates all of the phases of the Medical College work, turning aside from a profession in which he would have been eminently skillful—with his traits of character and his wonderful social gifts and adaptations. He turned aside from this profession to help found on new bases, and rear in new proportions, medical learning in this country, and his work in our Medical College became the pride of the Medical College as his fame extended, and with it the fame of the college throughout the land.

He fell into this executive work naturally. He was the only man the united Faculty could think logically of to succeed the great man who had so long

stood at the head of that college. He took up that work without pretension, without demonstration, and yet so naturally, and so easily carried it on, with so little friction, that one looking upon him and upon the work of the college under him would almost question why it were necessary to have a Dean at all.

To my thinking he had the elements of a great man. I know we are apt to say that, when men whom we love depart from us, but we *dare* to say such things of this man we have known. These gentlemen have not been describing a man of scientific fame in some distant time or far separated place, they have been talking to you about your neighbor, about a man who came and went in your streets, and whom you met day by day, and they say, and I emphasize the remark, that he had elements of greatness. He associated with men of great ability in the Faculty to which he belonged; but they all recognized his power. All of them looked to him in the great work to which he had given his life, and gave him their confidence and esteem.

There are various ways that greatness displays itself; intensity does not always make the largest visible display. You would have said, here is quietness, here is an easy adaptation to circumstances, here is a nature that would hardly contest disputatiously, here is a man whom you may venture to take under the control of your own superior will, and in all of them you would be greatly mistaken, and much embarrassed, for here was a man as modest as modesty and yet a man of great force of character, great firmness of will, great persistency in reaching his objective, a man of strength, and you felt that strength.

The electric current tears through the clouds and the separated atmosphere returning crashes together with a loud demonstration of the force that has passed by, and you cringe and shudder. It is nothing however compared with those pencils of light that came up over the mountain peaks in which I have rejoiced the past summer, and even an army's signal gun seems to be out of place and out of harmony with the rising sun and its silence tells no adequate story of its power but you perceive it a little after in blooming flowers, in awakening bird notes, in the stirring industries of men, in the mighty movements of those gigantic forces that make the seasons of the earth.

There are men who move in this world and with their activities make large demonstrations, peculiar natures, peculiar circumstances, peculiar relations to things, and by these you measure them and think they are great. There are other men who move out into the world silently, almost voicelessly, the things they do seem so easy and natural, and are done so quietly that any one could do them, but after a little you look into the sum of it all, and the sum of it takes the magnitude and shapes it into grandeur and you get the measure of the man in the mighty things that will remain and bless the world long after he has gone, and such things are the measure of our good Dean. Other men were heard further, other men were seen farther, but such men will not live longer, and such men will not live in greater things. Other men whose names perhaps are known around the circuit of the globe are rendering their tribute to him as a worthy associate, as a man whose death is to be profoundly lamented,

and I measure him that way, and I say to you that his relation to the University in his character, in his scholarship, in his executive ability, in his loyalty, in his devotion to his work, in his diplomatic gifts, in handling the Faculty and students,—in his social life, in all these things his relation to the University was one of immense value, and the prize thereof will remain for generations to come as a legacy. That is what helps me this afternoon.

When I am able to look into the face of death across the campus over yonder where the dust is at rest I am able to look into it all and say you did some things to us that we terribly lament, and over which we weep; you did take away from us that which we value beyond price, and you have wounded us deeply, and our loss cannot be estimated; but there are some things that you cannot do, and you did not do, and you never can do while the generation shall pass. He lives with us, he abides with us, his form went out from us, his voice you hushed. The fire of his eye failed, we do not see him any more in the person in which he lived, but he abides with us, his essential self, and will abide with us forever. There is more of our Dean with us than there is in the grave, and the cause of medical learning will be greater because he lived. The Medical College of the University will be greater for the generations to come because he lived. Death could not take that away, and it never can be taken away. Because of him we came earlier to what we are. We came to what we are in greater proportions, we are what we are in a better sense than we would have been without this man.

Men of the faculty who labored with him, and still other men are in our thoughts who were with him, and these men would unite in testimony with us that death could not take from us that which was the greatest, and the most treasured, and the most honorable of our great Dean,—the personality that lives. That is immortal.

I have been profoundly interested in these papers which have been read, and I said to myself when the last paper finished, was he all of that? I should like to be all of that. Was my friend and your friend all of that? I said, yea verily he was all of that, and he was immeasurably more than all of that, for he was that which human voice cannot express, which cannot be portrayed to you, which cannot be made visible to you. There were the very elements of character, there were the very proportions, but more than all that, there was the mightiest personality, there was the flower and its fullest force, beauty and fragrance, which was the vital bloom of these things which have been so admirably set forth; and so in my thought, there was a man who was all that has been described, yet a man who was infinitely more, one that I wish I were able to portray and describe to you, whom I knew and felt, whose life is now a presence with me, that never can be described, that never can be known until we know as we are known, and see as we are seen, and behold him in his spirit personality out of our spirit eyes and with our spirit minds.

I think of him often. I look for him. I have instinctively reached out for the instrument upon my desk to hear him more than once. Alone I have looked

through the mist of tears and I have wondered, I asked the question, Oh, God, why didst Thou do this when there were so many in the world worthless? But the answer is, what! Thou knowest not now, thou shalt know. God's plans are immeasurable. He is greater than man, and above human affairs, we put our trust in Him and we must look forward and trust Him.

The University has met with a great loss. I will not attempt to measure it. A man so wonderfully adapted to this work, a man whose very home was in his work and was our home for his work, for no two lives ever dwelt in sweeter harmony, and in more oneness than these two lives. No man had greater pride in wife, no man had any more loyal companion in his scientific work and research, following him to the laboratory, helping him as best she could in the medical Deanship, sympathizing with him in every aspiration, and rewarded always with the delightful confidence of love. Things too sacred for me who knew much of this inside life to voice here upon this occasion. Oh, it does seem so strange, and here is where the test of our faith comes in. What he was for us, we will try to be, and what he left for us, we will try to do; and the ideals which he wrought out,—and the ideals which he told some of us that have not yet been realized we will try to realize.

We will appreciate that for which he stood which was one of the greatest of all possible interests that could be committed to the minds and hands of men, the care and development, the mending and the strengthening and the perpetuating of this physical

structure for the work of this mind and soul with which the Almighty has endowed us. He will not be forgotten. The unselfish man is not to be forgotten, and in some future time when great names are written into the College of Medicine of the Syracuse University, great founders' names, great Professors' names, great Deans' names, there will be written high above them and chiselled deep for the ages to come, the name of Gaylord Parsons Clark.

I will not attempt to say more, possibly having spoken longer than I ought to have spoken, but not longer, or of things more than ought to be uttered of such a life and such a work.

Memorial services for the late dean of the Medical college of Syracuse university, Dr. Gaylord