Contents.

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State Normal Magazine.

Died suddenly, on the Southern Railway train between Durham and Hillsboro, N. C., at 5 p. m. of Monday. September 17, 1906, Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, President of The State Normal and Industrial College, teacher, statesman, patriot, and friend of humanity.

THE DEATH SCENE.

BY ANDREW JOYNER.

At 2 o'clock at the Yarboro House in Raleigh, Dr. McIver, with Col. W. H. Osborn, of Greensboro, took dinner. While he ate hurriedly, he ate but little, but he was in his usual good humor. On the train to Durham, which left Raleigh at 3.20, he was jovial and cheerful, but when Durham was reached, as he stepped off in company with Mr. P. D. Gold, Jr., to enter a carriage in waiting to take them to the Opera House to the speaking, he said: "I am not feeling well. I think I am suffering with acute indigestion, and instead of going to the speaking, I shall go to a drug store and get some medicine." The drug stores were closed, and he, with Mr. Gold, returned to the train, though he would not permit Mr. Gold to remain away from the speaking. Taking up a newspaper he declared he was feeling better and really preferred to be alone.

When the party returned to the train, Dr. McIver had apparently recovered and greeted the comers cordially. In a few moments he went in the smoker and took a seat at the extreme end, facing the oblong seat which runs across the panel. He called State Treasurer Lacy to him, made way for him to sit next the window and began an earn-

est conversation. Suddenly he complained of feeling very uncomfortable and suffering pain in the chest, saying his indigestion had returned with increased violence. He was advised to take a sip of brandy and some was procured for him. In a little while he remarked that he didn't believe this had done him any good.

Dr. McIver was sitting just in front of Mr. P. D. Gold, and near by were the other occupants of the car, among them being Senator Simmons, Messrs. A. D. Watts, H. E. C. Bryant, Andrew Joyner, Dr. Jones, of Hillsboro, and half a dozen others. The main party, escorts of Mr. Bryan, himself and the ladies were in the rear Pullman of the two-car special.

Without a moment's warning Dr. McIver's head was seen to be resting back on his seat, the voice of Mr. Lacy being heard in great alarm: "Mr. Gold, look at Dr. McIver." His head had fallen on Mr. Lacy's shoulder and was raised at once to the cushion of his seat.

Mr. Gold immediately moved in front, saying: "Get a doctor here quick, Mr. Watts, Dr. McIver has fainted."

Dr. Jones responded, and it was the work of but a moment to lay him gently on the long-cushioned seat in front of him and while those of us who so tenderly laid him there, opened the windows and unbuttoned his collar and other binding clothing, hoped it was but a fainting spell, it was felt that we were in the presence of death. So it proved, for with two doctors trying to bring respiration in a vain hope that it was not so, there was not the least response, for beside a mechanical throb of the pulse as we laid him down there was no movement whatever of a muscle or a nerve, the calmness of death and its rigid calm, grand dignity of repose marking his features from the very first.

It was apoplexy, sure, swift and sudden, and he lay there until Greensboro was reached as if in a sweet and restful sleep after a fitful task.

Not one on the rear car knew of what was passing, and that while they were enjoying the sweet converse of congenial thought, social or political, that the soul of the life of the

crowd but a few moments before had taken its flight. When the awful intelligence was communicated, there was a scene never to be forgotten as weeping men rushed through the fast moving train across the vestibule to the dead comrade's side, helpless, stunned, paralyzed with sorrow. Whatever may be Mr. Bryan's hold on himself, he lost it then. Like a lion he rushed through, less speedy friends exclaiming: "It cannot be. Oh, it cannot be," and reaching the bier, he knelt down and caressed the dead hands and was gently led away weeping.

At Hillsboro a large crowd had assembled to hear Mr. Bryan, and this station was reached just as all had become acquainted with the sad event. Here telegrams were sent, and standing in the rear of the train Governor Glenn, as Mr. Bryan stood there with bowed head, the object of every eye, told the people of the occurrence, and they stood silent and awed, uttering no sound as the train moved off.

At Burlington, there was an immense gathering and it had been arranged for Mr. Bryan to speak in a pavilion near by. Governor Glenn again imparted the sad news. The people seemed unable to comprehend. Soon they began to leave and crowd around the rear platform of the car. Standing there with head bared and all others bowed, Mr. Bryan said:

"I am sure that you will agree with me that this is not the time or occasion for a political speech or any other speech when I tell you that just after we left Durham, one of our party, Dr. Charles D. McIver, suddenly died. He was the man who first invited me to North Carolina twelve years ago, and I have never been in your State since, but he was found on the reception committee and the first to greet and cheer me. And when I recently reached New York from abroad, Dr. McIver was there to greet me and again to invite me to North Carolina.

"His life, perhaps more than that of any man I know as well, illustrates the value of an ideal. He was an educated man whose sympathies were ever with the uneducated. He moved in and adorned the highest circles, yet snapped the golden chord in unselfishly lifting others up, and he devoted

that life to bringing blessings to the poor and less favored than he. His death is a loss, a fearful loss to his country, his State, his city of Greensboro, to the glorious institution of learning which is now so suddenly become his enduring and sanctifying monument, to his family, to his church, his party, and a grievous personal loss to me. I bid you all a sad good bye."

BRYAN'S EULOGY ON McIVER—DELIVERED IN GREENSBORO ON MONDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 17.

I have come to North Carolina to take part in your campaign. I came here because I felt that I owed to your people a debt of gratitude so large that I was under obligation to respond to any demand that you might make upon me. I am glad to look into your faces tonight. I appreciate the courtesy extended to me by your Governor, your United States Senators, your Congressmen, your public officials, our member of the National Committee, your reception committee, and the people who have in the various towns come out today to listen. I appreciate the kind words that have been spoken by your chairman, although I cannot admit that I deserve all the good things that he has said. The only satisfaction that I find in the kindly sentiment that takes what I have tried to do as an accomplished fact, and measures me not by results, but by what I have intended—I say the satisfaction that I find is that that kindly sentiment will be with me in the future and not require more than I am able to do. I would despair if I thought it necessary to live up to the very high ideal that good friends have formed for me. I can simply do my best, and then throw myself upon your tender mercies.

But, my friends, something has occurred since my arrival in this State that makes it impossible for me to gratify the

expectations that brought you to this hall, many of you from distant homes; and yet my excuse is one that must appeal to every one of you. There was one in this community at whose invitation I visited your city twelve years ago. This was one of the first States of the South with which I became acquainted and it was through an invitation from Dr. Charles McIver that I came here. I have never come to North Carolina without seeing him. He has always greeted me with a smile, and when I landed in New York the other day, after an absence of almost a year, I found that he had travelled all the way from North Carolina to add his greeting to the greetings extended by other friends, and when I arrived this morning, he was one of the first to meet me and we enjoyed communion together until on our return, without a moment's notice, he was summoned to the world beyond, and the latter part of our journey we made with all that was mortal of this friend.

Do not expect me to make a political speech tonight. My mind will not work along political lines. It requires all my blood to supply my heart. There is none left to make my brain active. All that I can say to you tonight is to draw some lessons from a life that impressed me as it must have impressed you, and if any here wish to hear me on political subjects, I will come again and talk to you when I can meet your expectations. I could not do it tonight if you demanded it of me.

There is something solemn in standing in the presence of death. I do not know that I have ever been brought nearer to this mystery than I have been brought today. To see one in the full enjoyment of life, to see one entering with enthusiasm into all of the exercises of the day, and then in a moment find that the vital spark had disappeared, and that he was cold in death, is an experience that is rare for me, and it is rare for most of us. But I am sure this subject has come so near to each one of you in the death of father or mother, wife or daughter, brother or sister, or friend, that there is not one here who will go away and criticize me for surrendering to my feelings, my personal feelings of friendship rather than presenting to you a political address.

I have traveled some, and I have come back to America with a greater pride in my country than I ever had before. There is no country on earth like ours. I thought it before I left home; I know it now. Go where you will, in every hemisphere, on any continent, among any people, and you will not find a people like the people of the United States. They have all of the qualities that make a nation great, and they have them to a degree that you do not find in any other land, and the thing that impressed me most was that my country is presenting an ideal of human life to the world—the highest ideal that the world has ever known. There is more altruism in the United States than in any other country now known, more than in any other country that history tells us of. I have found evidences of this altruism everywhere. I have traveled, following the sun in its course, over thousands of miles of the Orient, and in every center I found some American or groups of Americans, who from disinterested love for the human race, were holding up the light of American civilization, and when I reached Bombay and addressed a school supported by American money, when I attended another institution where little blind Indians were gathered together and taught by American money, I told them that we might not be able to boast that the sun never set upon our possessions, but that we could boast that the sun never set upon American philanthropy; that before it went down upon one center of civilzation it rose upon another. I learned to admire these people with a mission, these people with a purpose, these people who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of others, and what I loved about our dead friend was that he was measuring life by what he put into the world and not by what he took out of the world.

If I were going to describe a successful life and contrast it with a selfish life; if I could illustrate it by a picture drawn on canvass, I would present a stagnant pool, gathering water from all around, and giving forth nothing till at last it became a scene of disease and death; and then I would present on canvass a living spring pouring forth constantly of that which refreshes and invigorates. I would show that the stagnant

pool represents a selfish, self-centered life, and that the living spring represents an unselfish life, a really successful life; and I look back upon the life of Prof. McIver as a spring overflowing with that which refreshes and invigorates. He worked his way up. He was an example of what can be done in this country, starting and laboring first to secure his education; then going out and teaching; then starting with a purpose to establish a school, and he has made his impress upon the educational system of this State. When I was last here he showed me a map, and on that map he had marked places to show where the length of the school term had been extended. He was trying to enlarge the scope of education. He was trying to bring it within the reach of more people. Why? Because he loved the human race; because he wanted to do something for them. He might have enjoyed himself at home more than when he was off speaking. He might have had the quiet of life when he was busy and active, but there was within him something that demanded that he should go forth and do something. He saw the education of your women confined largely to the class, that is, higher education, where it was expensive, and as his heart was in sympathy with the poor and the struggling, he wanted to make it possible for more of them to get an education, and with that purpose he secured the establishment of a school, and he presided over it, and he gave his experience to it, until now he has established a great institution here with between five hundred and six hundred girls, and they are getting an education, and he has made education so cheap for them that people can now get it who could not have afforded it before his work was done.

Who will measure the things done by such a man? I have been in countries where education was scarcely known. In India, where less than one per cent. of the women can read and write, I looked upon one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in the world. Many people think there is not on earth a building that equals in beauty the Taj Mahal. It is a tomb that a man reared to his wife whom he loved, and people who visit it marvel at its beauty. For more than three hun-

dred years it has stood there, the admiration of all the world, and yet as I looked upon it, and then looked around and saw how few of the women in that community were able to read and write, how few of them had ever had anything done for them, I asked myself: "Would not this Emperor have paid a higher tribute to his wife, had he done something for womanhood, trying to lift woman up and make her lot easier and her path brighter? Would he not have paid a greater tribute to his wife than in building that splendid marble monument in the midst of destitution, disease and despair?" Dr. McIver chose the wiser part. He paid his tribute to womanhood by trying to bring happiness into a larger number of homes. Who will measure the influence that he has exerted upon this State? He is dead; in a few days his remains will be consigned to the grave; they will heap the dirt up over him; from time to time loving friends will go and put flowers there, but, my friends, Professor McIver still lives in the work that he has done. He has touched the hearts of your people, and through their hearts he will live on. Some time I think we over-estimate the influence of the mind, and if there is not something in education more than mental instruction, it is sometimes a disappointment to those who have it, and to their friends, but Professor McIver had behind his intellectual enthusiasm a moral enthusiasm, and you could not come into contact with his life, consecrated to great work, without feeling that somehow there had been kindled in your own heart an enthusiasm like his. What has he done? How long will his influence be felt? Who can tell? Who will measure the influence that heart can exert upon heart? You can measure the influence that a body can exert upon a body. You can measure the influence that a mind can exert upon a mind, but who will measure the influence that a heart can exert upon the heart of the human race? We speak of inventions of genius, and they have been great. We marvel that one can stand by the side of a telegraphic instrument, and by means of an electric current talk to people ten thousand miles away, but the achievements of the heart are still greater. The heart that is full of love for its fellows,

the heart that yearns to do some great good, the heart that puts into motion something for the benefit of the human race, will speak to hearts that will beat ten thousand years after all our hearts are still. How are people remembered? Do you build monuments to them? Is that the only way? Have you ever gone into an old graveyard, a hundred years old, or two hundred, and looked at the monuments over the graves? How few of all the countless millions of the human race will ever be remembered one hundred years after their death by any monument that marks their resting-place! I am glad that the Creator—as infinite in love as in power—has made it possible for every human being to erect for himself a monument that will endure when all the monuments of granite and bronze have crumbled to decay. I believe such a monument has been reared by Professor McIver. Five hundred students—into how many homes do these people go? Count the graduates who have gone out from year to year. Count the homes which they have helped to make better, and then trace, if you can, this tremendous influence as it goes on in increasing circles generation after generation. We can measure the distance of the farthest star from the earth, but who will measure the influence of a single kind word or a single kind act on the generations that are yet to come?

Professor McIver has shown us what man can do. He has not only shown us this, but also what man ought to do. He has given us an ideal of life, and I am coming more and more to believe that the ideal is the important thing. There are Democrats here and they have spoken kindly of my Democracy. There are Republicans here, and they have sometimes criticized me possibly with severity. I want to say to you that I have reached this point, that I believe that the things that hold us together as citizens are more important and more numerous than the things that separate us during campaigns into hostile battles, and I am more wedded to the ideal that shapes the individual life than I am to any party policy. No matter how good we make our government, no one will get the benefit of it if he has an ideal that does not lead him onward. No mat-

ter how bad our government may be, those who have ideals that are best can best stand the bad government, and will least suffer from it. If I could look into your hearts and see what ideals you have there, I could measure with some exactness your future with its happiness or its woe. The ideal controls the life, and one of the most important things to present to the young is an ideal. I speak as a parent to parents when I tell you that the most important thing that we parents have to do is to give to our children a conception of life that is a worthy one and that will control their destiny. I believe that no ideal is high enough for a great life, a good life, a successful life, that is not high enough to be seen from both sides of the river that divides time and eternity. I believe that Professor McIver had an ideal, a Christian ideal, a conception of life as not limited to a few years on earth—but as a small arc of an infinite circle.

I have been a member of a Christian church from the time I was fourteen. I passed through my period of scepticism as a school boy, and I was planted upon solid rock by the time I reached manhood, and as I have grown older my views on the subject have deepened, but I say to you this trip around the world has much increased not only my devotion to the Christian ideal of life, but my appreciation of its priceless value. We are doing more for the world when we give them a conception of life in harmony with our religion than we are in any other way, and I am glad that our dead brother day by day held before those who came into contact with him a Christian ideal of life, an ideal of service, an ideal that life is to be measured by the service rendered; that you are to be going forth all the time, and not merely selfishly trying to secure the richest rewards and the most of individual comfort. I had my ambitions when I was a boy. You had your ambitions, and these ambitions are changed. Sometimes a boy starts out with the idea that he is going to be rich, and he bends everything to that end; sometimes one starts out, and his goal is social distinction, and he bends every energy in that

direction; another starts out with an ambition for office, and he lays his plans and works patiently, looking forward to some coveted honor. I had my ambition. When I was a boy only fourteen years of age, I conceived the ambition of going to the United States Senate. I never thought of going to Congress; never thought of being President—it was to be a United States Senator. I didn't expect to go soon; I was going to be a lawyer first; I was going to make my fortune in the law, and after I was independent I was going to enter politics and the United States Senate was the object of my ambition. Circumstances changed the course of my life, and experience has given me. I think, a better ambition than to hold office. One hundred years from now the world will not remember me by what the world has done for me. If the world remembers me at all, it will be for what I have done for the world. I am conscious of changing ideals as I make progress toward the grave. You are conscious of changing ideals. When we are young, things look great to us that after awhile look very insignificant. Struggles that excite us and arouse us are looked back to with amusement. But, my friends, as we approach the grave we begin to wonder what the world is going to say of us; wonder how the world is going to feel when we are gone. We wonder what impression our lives are going to make upon those about us. Those of you who are older already think of this, as I think of it. You who are younger will think of it as you grow older. I believe that Professor McIver's life was a success. We have a great man, Rockefeller—the richest man in the world, and if I had to choose between leaving the record of Professor McIver and leaving the money of Rockefeller, I would a thousand times rather leave McIver's record to posterity. I will tell you a test of whether life has been a success or not. We all live amid an environment. Sometimes we are only known to a little circle, sometimes to a large circle; but when we die there is going to be a just verdict, and that just and honest verdict is the thing that we ourselves, when we come to take a proper view of life, will be more interested in than the houses and lands that we leave

for our children to quarrel over, and I have thought that it can be said that a life has been lived successfully if, when it passes out, we can say of the person, as we can say of this dear friend of mine and of yours:

"The night is darker because his light is gone out;
The world is not so warm because his heart is cold in death."

DR. CRAWFORD'S FUNERAL ORATION.

Dr. L. W. Crawford conducted the funeral services in the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro at 11:30 a. m., of Wednesday, September 19.

The following is Dr. Crawford's tribute. There was but one thought pervading the congregation. It was that the sermon was a beautiful eulogy on one who was worthy of the best that human lips can utter.

Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him. Daniel 6:3.

The elements that constitute true manhood, real nobility, supreme excellence have been the same in all ages of the world. Modes of life may vary, customs may change, educative processes may differ, but that which determines the value and worth of men in all countries, under all forms of civilization and among all races is, to a large extent, the same. Let me call your attention for a moment to the qualities that seem to me essential to real greatness in human life and character.

1. The first essential is the power of vision; the ability to see. In speaking of the heathen gods the Scriptures say: "Eyes have they, but they see not." So it is with millions of people. Our Lord said of the Jews in his day: "Seeing they see not." That is, their's is a surface view, they do not understand, they do not comprehend. The function of sight is merely to paint on the retina of the eye a photograph of an external object; but true vision penetrates its depths, discovers its hidden things, grasps its whole content with its resources and possibilities. To illustrate: Michael Angelo, passing along a highway, saw a block of marble. As he fastened his gaze upon it he said, within himself: "I see an angel in that marble." He had the power of vision. Hundreds had looked upon that stone before, but had seen only its form and surface.

Fulton sat quietly in his home meditating. A kettle of water hung over the fire. He watched the lid rise and fall as the

steam collected and escaped. Thousands had watched the same thing without a thought of what it meant. Fulton was a seer, he had the power of vision. His eye penetrated beneath the surface and he saw there the prinicple and power of condensed steam, the knowledge and application of which was later to revolutionize the industrial world. Sir Isaac Newton, the great astronomer, saw an apple fall from the limb of a tree to the ground—a common place occurrence which millions had witnessed before. But Newton had the power of vision, and in the falling apple he discovered the law of gravitation that controls the movement of every mote that floats in the air, and guides every planet in its orbit, and holds in its place every system of suns and stars that make up the great universe.

Daniel, to whom reference is made in the text, had both sight and vision. He lived at a period before the Sun of Righteousness had fully shined upon the world and given to man a knowledge of the higher, better and diviner things. He was reared in a kingdom and country where wealth and power were deified and worshipped. He lived in great and mighty Babylon, whose hundred and twenty provinces, whose mighty rivers and lofty mountains and rich valleys, whose walled cities, hanging gardens and towers and palaces, made her the wonder and admiration of the world. Like others he looked with pride and pleasure on these things, but with a seer's eye, with a prophet's ken, he set them in their right relation to their great Creator. On hill and valley he saw the footprints of God. He saw His hand guiding the course of nature and shaping the destiny of empires. There came to him the consciousness that all is unsubstantial and fleeting that is not allied to God; that all is vanity that does not lead to Him; that the world passeth away and the things thereof, but the Lord abideth forever. He felt the need of His touch, the inspiration of His Spirit, the inflow of His life and power. He began to seek after God. Day by day he turned his thought to the fountain of life. Day by day he sought communion with the unseen. Three times each day, the record is, he turned aside from office and toil that in his closet he might feel after

Him and ally himself to the Source of all life and power. In the heart and head and spirit of His servant the light and truth and power of God began to pulsate, and thus it was that "this Daniel was preferred above all presidents and princes because an excellent spirit was in him." Then all Babylon realized that a new ruler had come to the throne, and that all the material wealth and splendor of the great Capital were not to be compared in value to the wisdom and power, the faith and righteousness, of Daniel.

II. The second essential to true greatness is ability and willingness to serve. Vision penetrates, comprehends and grasps, but, if it does no more, little is accomplished. There must also be ability to materialize, to organize, to project and control. Vision gives an ideal and it may be perfect and exalted, but unless the ideal is made the actual it is worth little to the author or to the world. To one who toils without vision the task is heavy and burdensome. If one has a vision of what ought to be and does not throw himself into it—if one has an ideal and cannot convert it into the actual, he is a dreamer and not a master. It is only when the seer becomes the worker, when the ideal is clothed with form and fashioned into being, that humanity is greatly benefited.

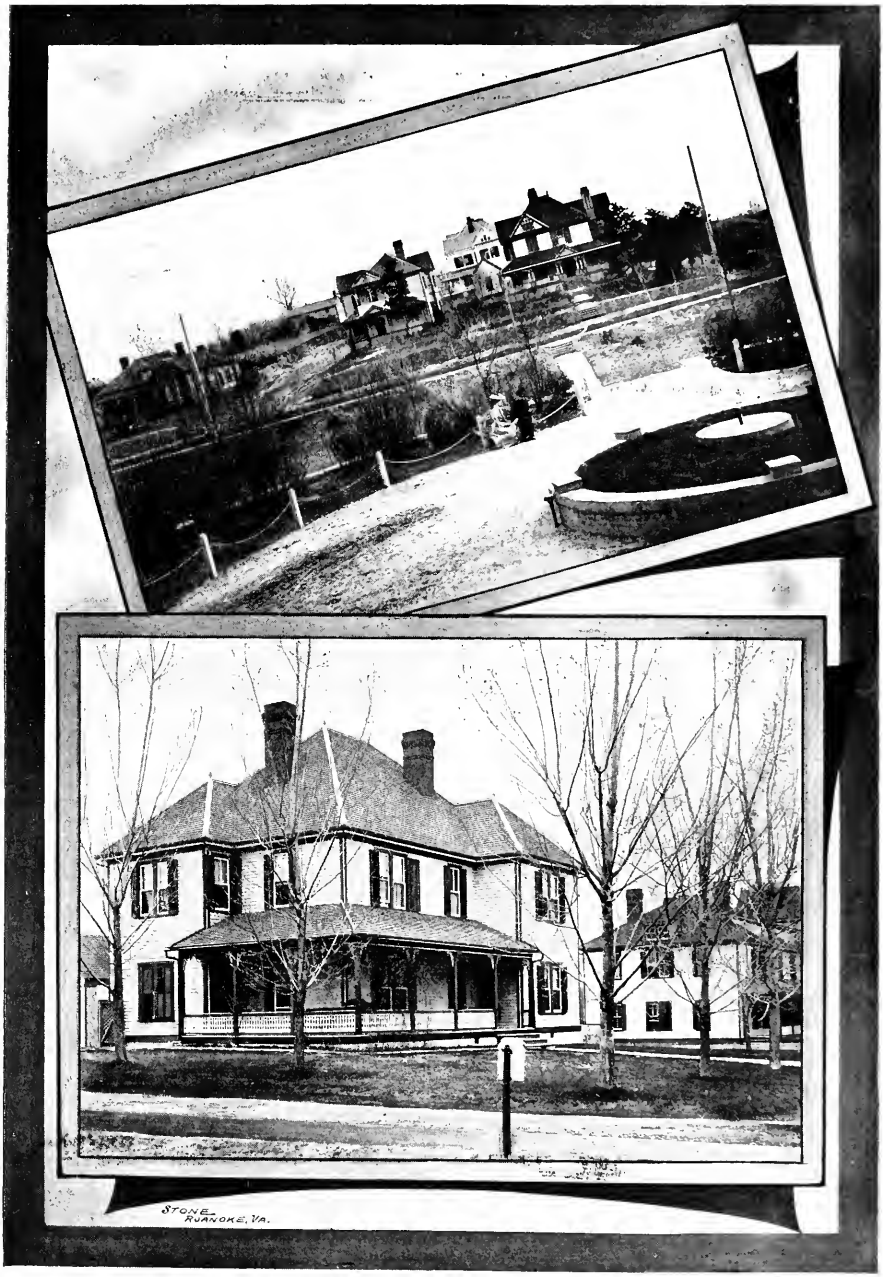
When Michael Angelo called the angel from the marble, converted the ideal into the actual, clothed it with form, and it stood forth perfect in outline and feature; then the world felt the trob of his power and the inspiration of his genius. When Fulton applied the principle of condensed steam to machinery and locomotion, then the power and genius of the man thrilled all men with their greatness. When Daniel in Babylon had a vision of Divine things he was considered a dreamer, but when the life and power and wisdom of God were actualized in his own being; when through his heart and brain and spirit these Divine elements began to express themselves and touch the lives of men, solve the problems of government, enrich the thoughts of the world, and profoundly impress humanity and elevate peoples, races and nations, then the real value of Daniel was recognized and understood. Then it was that the king,

the court, the presidents and princes willingly gave him the pre-eminence.

The power of vision and the ability and willingness to serve are always and everywhere the real test of human greatness. When we come to measure our departed friend by this standard, when we apply this test to his life and character, how really great does he appear! May I not say that in his sphere, in his chosen field, he was peerless—that he was above all presidents and princes because of the spirit within him?

Does any one who knew Charles D. McIver doubt for a moment that he was a seer, a prophet? That he had the power of vision and saw angels and mighty forces where others saw only stones and apples? Years ago he saw with prophetic eye, he discerned with a master spirit, and penetrated beneath the surface of things. He had a vision clear and well defined, a perfect ideal.

As he went throughout his native State, where every foot of soil was sacred and dear, and in whose industrial, educational, and religious progress he felt the deepest interest, he saw her vast material resources and the infinite possibilities of her people. He believed that North Carolina could be made one of the first States in our great republic, whose influence for good would be felt throughout the nation and the world. He saw with others that the solution of this problem was in popular Christian education, but it was his own peculiar vision that this work could be best accomplished, this end soonest realized, by putting in every home the highest type of womanhood. Give the State mothers, educated, refined and Christ-like, he said, and all her material, social, educational, economic and religious problems will be solved, her development and progress will be steady, and her position and fame be secure for all time to come. This conviction came to him with overwhelming power, and though Herculean seemed the task, he set about its accomplishment in sober earnestness. His highest aspiration henceforth was to be obedient to the Heavenly vision; the one purpose that dominated his life was to finish the work God gave him to do. He was no idle



1—View from Main Building.

2—Dr. McIver's Home.

dreamer, but a man with a genius for work and ability to grasp and master the situation. His energies were first directed towards creating and strengthening public sentiment, which he crystalized and concentrated upon centres of influence. The State soon felt the power of the man, and responded to his splendid leadership with such sympathy and generosity that ere long the cherished dream of his heart stood forth a living reality.

We are accustomed to speak of the State Normal and Industrial College as Dr. McIver's monument. Largely it is, and one that will long endure and continue to give glory to his name and light to the Commonwealth. But this is only one feature of his great work. His chief monument is in the hearts and lives of the people and in the present advanced position of his State. Governors, legislators, judges, teachers, State and denominational schools and colleges, and the humblest citizen as well, felt the magnetism of his personality and the inspiration of his enthusiasm. The three thousand girls who have come under his guardianship have caught his spirit, and gone out with his ideals, and the two hundred thousand pupils to whom they have communicated it have been enriched and uplifted thereby. Nor were his work and influence limited by State lines. As the years went by, the circle of his influence widened, until his life pulsated through our Southland and many Northern States also were benefited by his energy and wisdom. His services were more and more in demand, and he willingly gave his time and strength wherever he could help the cause he loved. As evidence of the love and esteem in which he is held, this city is today in sackcloth and ashes, our Commonwealth is bowed in grief and sorrow, and in every State of the Union many mourn his departure as a National loss.

III. One other fact I must mention. The life and usefulness of a good man do not end with a few years on earth. Man's immortality is clearly taught in God's word. That we should live not for this world alone Christ emphasized in all his earthly teachings. He impressed the fact that to man the

world is a school-house where we are to learn a few lessons, a stage where for a time we are to act our part, a field for investigation and research, but surely not our home or abiding place, nor the field for the highest achievement.

That wonderful man, Moses, the great statesman and lawgiver of Israel who broke the yoke of Egyptian bondage and led the people through all the educative processes of the Wilderness journey, came at last to the borders of the promised land. There, on the summit of Pisgah God met and talked with him. He showed him the hills and valleys of that goodly land, and then said, "Moses, you have done enough, come up higher." And with eye undimmed, and his natural force unabated, he at once entered upon a larger sphere of action beyond.

Elijah, the wonder-working prophet of Israel, who lived so near to God that he shut up the Heavens that it did not rain for three years, and called down fire from Heaven to consume the sacrifice and altar on Mount Carmel, was also the great educator of the Nation, the very life of the schools of the prophets at Bethel and Gilgal and Jerico. One day while busy with his life's work, active, strong and brave, there met him on the highway a chariot of fire and horses of flame, and —in an instant—he was translated from earthly labor to higher service above.

We can but recall in connection with these scenes that of the transfiguration of Christ. As He stood on Mount Herman glorified, His face shining with the brightness of the noonday sun, His very garments white and glistening, his humanity swallowed up in the glory of his divinity, the Heavens opened and there came forth Moses and Elijah, wrapped in Celestial light, leading the angelic hosts. There, in full possession of all their powers, they talked with Christ concerning the things that should shortly take place at Jerusalem, as though they had part in the very councils of Heaven. Surely death but opens the door into real life.

How like Moses was our departed brother, in that patiently and heroically he struggled and toiled to lead the people out

of the bondage of ignorance into the liberty of light and knowledge. The march through the wilderness was ended, and the promised land in sight. A sword was in his hand, a crown upon his brow, when God said, "Come up higher." With eye undimmed and natural force unabated, he laid down his work on earth that he might enter upon a grander work above.

Carrying, like Elijah, the great cause of education on his heart, full of life and zeal and courage, he was busy and absorbed in the opening of the schools of the land. Ever ready, as was his wont to minister to others and to contribute his part to the public welfare, he left his home on the morning of September 17th in company with friends, to do honor to the foremost private citizen of our Nation. As always, so on this occasion, he had performed well his part. The day had been a glorious triumph, a succession of brilliant events. The sun had crossed the meridian and, slowing sinking in the West, cast his glory athwart valley and hill. The happy company was homeward bound. Was it not a fitting hour for the departure of our friend? Speeding o'er the great highway on a mission of unselfish helpfulness to others, surrounded by men of State, himself second only to the guest of honor, in the inner circle of whose affection he filled so large a place, in the prime and vigor of a splendid manhood, planning larger things for his State and Nation, by an overruling Providence. the Bryan special was changed into a triumphal car. God called him, a celestial chariot appeared, and in a moment Charles D. McIver was promoted from work on earth to higher service above, where instant vision is perfect joy and immortal labor, eternal rest. Servant of God, well done.

Let us catch his spirit; emulate his example; take up his work and carry it forward.

With our loins girt about us and our lamps trimmed and burning let us be ready to answer the call when our summons comes.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS ADOPT RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, resolutions deploring the death of President Charles D. McIver were adopted. It was decided to hold a public memorial service in the College, and at that time to present a memorial commemorative of the life and service of the man. It was further decided to postpone until that time the selection of Dr. McIver's successor, and to place the affairs of the College in charge of Prof. J. I. Foust, dean of the faculty, until a president be elected.

The College opened at 9:30 o'clock of Thursday, September 20th. J. D. Murphy, of Asheville, a member of the Board, remained in the city to assist Professor Foust in the opening of the fall term.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Board:

Resolved by the Board of Directors of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College:

First, That we deeply deplore the death of Dr. Charles D. McIver, president of this institution. He was the originator of the idea of the State Normal and Industrial College; the founder of the institution; its faithful friend in adversity and prosperity; and in his death the institution has suffered an irreparable loss; the State and the nation one of their foremost educators; and popular education a vigorous defender and advocate.

Second, Dr. McIver had mental capacity to devise, heart and enthusiasm to inspire, energy to execute. He had but one purpose, one desire, one ambition in life,—to serve and elevate mankind.

Third, He was a man of broad and patriotic sentiments and sympathies. He loved his State with a deep devotion, and believed that all the interests of the State could be best served and advanced, and popular education could be best fostered by training and elevating for service in the home, the church, and the schools, the young womanhood of the State.

For this idea and to advance this purpose he gave his efforts, his energies and his life.

Fourth, The State Normal and Industrial College, with its magnificent buildings and equipments, is a visible monument to his memory; but in the hearts of the people of North Carolina there is a monument to his life and service more lasting than stone, bronze or marble.

Fifth. Resolved, That the chairman of this Board appoint a committee of three to act with the Dean of the Faculty in arranging for a public memorial service to be held at the College on Thursday, October 11, 1906, and to present at that time a suitable memorial commemorative of the life and service of the distinguished dead.

Sixth. Resolved, That the Board officially and personally join with the widow and family of the deceased in mourning the loss that we have in common sustained, and that we tender to them assurance of our deepest and tenderest sympathy.

B. F. Aycock, Wayne County.
T. B. Bailey, Davie County.
A. J. Conner, Northampton County.
S. M. Gattis, Orange County.
R. T. Gray, Wake County.
J. Y. Joyner, Guilford County.
C. H. Mebane, Catawba County.
J. D. Murphy, Buncombe County.
J. L. Nelson, Caldwell County.
J. F. Post, Jr., New Hanover County.
T. S. McMullan, Perquimans County.

Prof. J. I. Foust, Dean of the College, said:

The great loss the College has sustained is, of course, known to you all. We stand face to face with a great calamity. While the institution has gone through many trials this is possibly the most severe that it has yet experienced. I am moved by too many conflicting emotions to speak of this loss. At the proper time one who can really give a correct estimate of the life and work of President McIver will do so in your presence.

About the only idea I wish to leave with you is that as the College is passing through this critical period it is the duty of us all to work with renewed energy. It is a time when we should re-consecrate ourselves to the upbuilding of this institution. We all must realize that it is and will be difficult to take up our work when the man who inspired and led us can no longer do so. I feel confident, however, that if he could give us a message at this time it would be a request that we endeavor to carry on the work of upbuilding and continuing the efficiency of this institution.

I am sure that I simply express the feeling of every member of the faculty when I say that while we realize that our responsibilities will be increased, it is our purpose to go about them with new determination. We cannot afford to allow the work here to suffer, and while we can never hope to develop it as he would have done, we should yet be inspired by his example of devotion and self-sacrifice, and under this inspiration we ought to be able to accomplish great things.

With a full appreciation of the misfortune which had befallen the College, the Board of Trustees met and made provision as best they could for the opening today and for carrying forward the work. Mr. J. D. Murphy, from Asheville, a member of the Board, who has always been deeply interested in the welfare of this institution, is with us this morning. He has been requested by the Board of Directors to speak for them, and I take pleasure, therefore, in presenting him to you.

J. D. MURPHY, MEMBER OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Faculty and Students of the State Normal and Industrial College:

At this moment and in this presence every heart is touched and saddened because we sit in the shadow of a great grief and in the gloom of human sorrow.

Only a few hours since, the founder and father of this great institution stood among us, strong in the strength of a vigorous manhood, bouyant and hopeful in the prospect of a long life of usefulness and helpfulness. Today all that is mortal of your late honored President lies in the bosom of Mother Earth —dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Truly man's life is a shadow and human existence mysterious to finite minds.

At the request of the Board of Directors of this institution, I am here today to extend to the faculty and student body the sympathy of the Board, officially and personally, and to express to you our tenderest sympathy for you in your sorrow and to express to you our high appreciation of the worth and work of President McIver.

For me this is a labor of love because I loved him much. Classmates at the University of this State, we formed there a friendship which time has only served to cement, and our subsequent association has served to strengthen. Would that I had the gift of a Bossuet to express to you in tender and eloquent eulogium the sentiments which I today feel in my heart.

At an epochal moment in the history of the English people, when there was taking place in the English Parliament the great debate in which Edmund Burke participated, involving the treatment and policy of the English nation toward the American Colonies, Mr. Burke arose from his seat and humbly and revently said, before entering upon that great debate, "Sursum corda—Let us lift up our hearts to Almighty God and ask for guidance and wisdom."

When the Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia to carve the greatest piece of constitutional statuary ever chiselled by the pen of man—the Constitution of the United States—Benjamin Franklin arose and told his comrades that in entering upon such momentous and important duties that they should seek divine guidance and wisdom, and said in substance: "Let us go down on our knees before God, who giveth wisdom to all men liberally and upbraideth not."

In this epochal moment in the history of this institution and of this State, let us be guided and governed by the spirit of Burke and Franklin, inspired with Christian hope and Christian faith, and, on our knees, lift up our hearts and ask for divine guidance.

In, perhaps, the greatest city on this earth there is a great church,—St. Paul's—first the dream and then the realization of Sir Christopher Wrenn, the great architect and builder of that beautiful temple. On its walls there is a Latin inscription: "Si vis monumentum, circum spice"—"If you wish a monument, look around." If you wish to see a monument of Charles D. McIver, look around on these magnificent buildings and these beautiful grounds. But he has reared another monument—an invisible and intangible monument, more lasting than pyramids and more perennial than bronze statues—a monument in the hearts and lives and souls of the people of a great State.

This visible monument *shall live* and *shall grow* to perpetuate his name and fame because its foundations are built upon the hearts of the womanhood of North Carolina.

Today, there is a word of sorrow on every lip and a tear of grief in every eye. But in the presence of this dispensation shall we be discouraged? The great throbbing heart of North Carolina answers "no." Upon the foundation which he builded so wisely and so well, we will continue to work and labor until the dreams and visions of that great soul become actualities in this great educational force of which he was the founder.

On the tomb of John and Charles Wesley there is an inscription: "God buries His workers, but continues His work." The work of the great law giver, Moses, was continued by his successor, Joshua. The mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha.

While we know that it will be difficult to find one upon whom to cast the mantle of your late President, I have a supreme and abiding faith that Jehovah will point out the man, because I feel that the very hand of God is in this great work, and that upon this institution,with its noble ideals and lofty purposes and Christian influences, He will vouchsafe His benign benediction.

We deeply deplore the fact that Dr. McIver was taken in the very prime of life, in his 46th year. But "Man that spake as never man spake"—I speak reverently—accomplished His mission in thirty-three years. Was there ever such grief; was there ever such apparent failure of a great purpose in life as there was to all outward appearances, on Calvary's Hill near Jerusalem when all nature shuddered, and shrouded herself in darkness at the sight of an expiring God! Today millions of men and women bow down in reverence and love before the cross which stood on that day for failure and despondency.

May I say right in this connection, Young Ladies, that the thing which most distinguishes the Christian nations and peoples from the other peoples of the earth is their love and reverence for woman? Your distinguished President devoted his energies, his efforts, his life to this Christian ideal, and the heart of every woman in North Carolina is today touched with grief because, in yonder grave, lies their greatest defender, their life-long advocate, their helper and friend. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Truly, Young Ladies, Charles D. McIver has, indeed and in truth, laid down his life for you and for your children and for your children's children. At all times, under all circumstances, in the State or out of the State, his chiefest and uppermost thought was,—What can I do for popular educa-

tion? What can I do for the womanhood of North Carolina?

Let us be sorrowful, but let us be hopeful. The holy influences in the hearts of the three thousand young women who have gone out from this institution are seeds planted in fruitful gardens, which will hereafter produce roses of hope, lillies of love and flowers of patriotism. The hearts of three thousand young women are bound to this institution by golden chords, and the hearts of nearly two millions of people today, Faculty and Students, extend to you sympathy in your work and bid you Godspeed in your efforts to continue the work of this great institution.

As Aaron and Hur held up the arms of Moses in the presence of the Amalekites, so the Board asks you, Young Ladies, to hold up the hands of your faculty by an earnest devotion to duty, by hopeful helpfulness and by indefatigable effort, to build here a great institution of learning, a great fountain from which will flow streams of living water to bless and brighten the pathway of the people of our State.

And in all your efforts may the richest joys of earth and the choicest blessings of Heaven come to you collectively and individually.

IN MEMORIAM.

We, the Faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College, wish to record our grateful appreciation of the remarkably successful and singularly useful life of our honored President, helpful co-worker, and esteemed friend, Charles Duncan McIver.

While our hearts are deeply saddened by the loss of his genial presence, his magnetic personality, and his friendly sympathy, we feel that his spirit is still with us. The sunshine of his abiding optimism, and the radiance of his cheerful hopefulness, will continue to brighten for us the path of duty.

Dr. McIver's was a soul too generous to entertain jealousy, too noble for pride. Neither wealth nor public honors could tempt him from his unselfish devotion to what he regarded as the State's greatest need. His was the truly great character that stands the crucial test of service to humanity.

For him no undertaking was too difficult if its accomplishment meant a larger life for his people; no burden too heavy for him to bear if thereby it was made lighter for the shoulders of another. His example can but inspire us with courage to continue the work which he had so wisely planned and so successfully begun at this College.

We count it a privilege to have been guided by his masterly hand, inspired by his magnanimous spirit, and aided by his sympathetic co-operation. We, who remember his sweet spirit of charity, delight in bearing testimony to the fact that his life was a beautiful demonstration of that sublime truth which he so often read in our presence: "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

Viola Boddie,
Gertrude W. Mendenhall,
S. M. Kirkland,
Melville V. Fort,
E. J. Forney.

THE ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY PAYS TRIBUTE

We feel that in the death of our President, Dr. Charles D. McIver, the Adelphian Literary Society has lost its most valuable guide and counsellor. To many of us he was not only our College President, but a close personal friend, and those of us who have been here with him esteem it a privilege to have had our lives touch his, to have been quickened by his live spirit, to have had put into us some of his enthusiasm and hope for the future, and to have known something of his clear insight and foresight, and ability to plan large things for us and for the College which he loved more than life.

His plans were not made for time as we measure it, but the endless years stretched out before his vision, and he showed his wisdom when he invested his time and strength in this great work to which he gave his life.

Let us hope that his purpose may be recognized and fulfilled by all who enter this College, and that we may all be inspired and controlled by "the power of an endless life."

"He was made not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life."

These to our President, since we hold him dear,
Through all these years we have learned to love him well.
And now that he is gone we love him more;
And so it must be ever to the end.

The problems great and small alike were his,
And in the solving he but grew more strong,
Whose breadth of vision seemed to come with age,
And strength of purpose with the added years.

For life like this and service such as his,
Our thanks we render to the God who gave,
And pray while time is given us here to serve,
We too may follow where he saw the light.

Miss Mendenhall,
Flora Thornton,
Mary Exum,
Committee.

THE APPRECIATION OF THE CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Cornelian Literary Society wishes to bear testimony to the useful life and wonderfully helpful example of our beloved President, Charles Duncan McIver. His habitual cheerfulness, his unfailing courage, his devotion to duty, and his boundless faith in humanity will ever be an inspiration to us.

We gratefully attribute to him the opportunities now afforded the women of our State for obtaining a broad and practical

education. It was through his efforts that the women of North Carolina were brought to a realization of their responsibilities as citizens; but he emphasized no less the importance of educating a woman for her home. Those who knew him well are familiar with his saying: "Educate a man and you educate an individual; educate a woman and you educate a home."

His trust in the students and his appeal to their honor and loyalty ever aroused a public sentiment that resulted in faithful work and right conduct. He constantly held before us the noblest ideal of democracy—an ideal which recognizes true worth and honest service regardless of class distinctions.

To form a correct estimate of his worth, his life should be measured not by years but by deeds:

"For the shortest life is longest, if 'tis best;
'Tis ours to work, to God belongs the rest.
Our lives are measured by the deeds we do,
The thoughts we think, the objects we pursue.
Though all too short his course and quickly run,
'Twas full and glorious as the orbed sun."

Mena Davis,
Mabel Howell,
Mary Mitchell.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION MOURNS HIS DEATH.

In the death of our beloved President, the Young Women's Christian Association has lost a true and sympathetic friend. We feel keenly the lack of his ready aid in every good work; of his unselfish, Christ-like spirit. His life was an expression of Christian love and service, and the high ideals which he set before us will long live in the memory of a grateful people. We would not repine; we believe that the great All-Father is too

good to be unkind, too wise to make a mistake. "He was not, for God took him."

Christina Snyder,
Rena Lassiter,
Vaughn White.
Committee.

THE CLASSES SORROW.

To each member of the Senior class of the State Normal and Industrial College, the death of our President is a personal sorrow. For three years, we were guided by his counsels and inspired by his high ideals till his influence upon us has crystallized into a steady purpose.

If, as a class or as individuals we have gained in strength since our entrance here, we attribute it, in great measure, to his inspiration. Never too tired to help with advice; never too pre-occupied to sympathize with each girl's aspirations, his approbation was a thing to be sought and his kindly criticism a thing to be appreciated.

Since his life was one of service, its purpose may be expressed in the following prayer: "Grant, Lord, that I some service to mankind may render in my little space of years. Naught else I ask but that when life is done, some one may say: 'He was God's tool.'"

Mary Lovelace,
Elanor Elliott,
Vaughn White.
Committee.

As members of the Junior class, we wish to express our love and esteem for our late President, Dr. Charles Duncan McIver. During the two years of our college life his noble example has been a constant inspiration. He has impressed upon us the necessity of having a high purpose in life, and has ever helped

and cheered us by his encouraging words. We will go forth to our work stronger for having known him. The memory of his cheerful, hopeful spirit and untiring energy will go with us throughout our lives. We see him no more, but his works live after him.

Rena G. Lassiter,
Selma C. Webb,
Martha Petty.
Committee.

We, the members of the class of 1909, desire to express our love and esteem for the late President of our college, Dr. McIver. Our class fully appreciates the privilige of knowing so noble a character. Although we knew him but a short time, we deeply deplore the loss of one who so unselfishly gave his life for the benefit of others. He was an inspiration to us in the beginning of our college life; his memory encourages us to do our part of the great work that he loved.

Florence Landis, Ch'm.
Eunice Roberts,
Maud Rogers.
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY HENDERSON GRADED SCHOOLS AND CITIZENS.

Henderson, N. C., Sept. 20.—At a meeting of citizens, graded school teachers and former pupils of the State Normal College the following resolutions were adopted:

"The entire State of North Carolina mourns today. She has lost her first citizen and most useful one. From mountain to coastline there is sorrow at the passing of Charles Duncan McIver, for his influence was felt and his benefaction extended

throughout the length of the State. The teachers of the Henderson graded schools desire to express their feeling of obligation to Dr. McIver and their deep sense of personal loss in his death.

> In him all good qualities seemed united—
> 'To give the world assurance of a man.'

"As an educator who was doing more for the youth of the commonwealth than any other, a public spirited citizen deeply interested in all that touched his State, and a Christian gentleman of unquestioned loyalty to all truth and duty, his death means an irreparable loss to North Carolina. We do not know how we shall get along without him.

"Another may assume his duties, but no man can take the place of Charles Duncan McIver with a host of friends who loved and admired the man, or the great throng of young men and women of North Carolina who have been stirred by his example and teaching to a deeper intellectual activity, and have learned at his feet the beauty and power of the life of service. 'Know ye not that a prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel today.'"

BECAUSE WE LOVE HIM.

When the news of the death of Dr. Charles D. McIver reached Hickory it caused great sorrow among the residents of this place who remember him as having helped to organize the graded school here. But the sorrow was greatest in the hearts of those who have been students of the State Normal College, who knew him as a great educator and Christian man, who learned to love him as a personal friend. We wish to place on record our appreciation of this man who devoted his life to the upbuilding of the womanhood of the State. While others admire him as a public man, we wish to pay tribute to those traits of character that won the love of every girl who knew

VIEW IN THE PARK

him not only as president of the College, but as a friend when a friend was most needed. In our pain over the loss of our friend we would not forget his loved ones who no longer see him in his place in the home.

He has passed over the river to rest, but in our hearts he will always be loved and remembered. Signed,

Josie Doub,
Kate Finley,
Louise Dixon,
Rosa Lee Dixon,
Mamie Dixon,
Roche Michaux,
Mrs. E. B. Cline,
Katherine C. Baker,
Lee Lentz,
Carrie Powell,
Estelle Davis,
Marie Brooks.

TRIBUTES.

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER.

Rest, son of Carolina, sweetly rest,
The boon long self-denied now meetly thine;
Obedience yield we to the call Divine,
Our comfort this:—the Master knoweth best.
He knoweth best, yet sore we feel our need,
So great the void, we may not smile nor sing,
But, bowed in grief, our altar-gift we bring
And mid our tears look mutely up and plead.

Grant us with him to see where honor lies,
To build for God and man, and not for self,
To face the future with untroubled eyes
Intent on lasting service, not on pelf,
Thus life lives on its purpose to fulfil
When weary eyelids close and tired hands grow still.

W. C. SMITH.

META LILES, '06.

The announcement of the death of Dr. Charles Duncan McIver has carried sadness throughout our State. Nowhere is the gloom more penetrating or the sorrow deeper than in the hearts of our women, for Dr. McIver was beloved by the women of the State.

When Dr. McIver was a young man, he decided there were two things that he would never do: one was to teach women; the other, to make a public speech. His first public speech was a failure. He was attending the school closing of an old school mate. Fearing that he might be called on for a speech, he took a seat in the rear of the room. The exercises proceeded and Dr. McIver found himself enjoying the occasion. When the program had been completed, he was shocked to

hear the principal of the school announce that **Mr. McIver** would address the school. Dr. McIver found his **feet and** rose. He began: "I, I, sym—, I, I sympathize with **Brother** ——— in his work. I sympathise with him." That **was his** speech. At the conclusion of the affair, the schoolmaster grasped the hand of his sympathetic friend and expressed his appreciation.

He was a born teacher, and an expert in managing girls. His stalwart appearance was such as to inspire awe in the heart of the Freshman, who tremblingly, made her first appearance before him. His broad smile and cordial greeting easily dispelled all discomfort and her second coming was made with a firmer tread. After a short acquaintance, each student was made to feel that in Dr. McIver she had a true friend and a ready adviser.

The largeness of his soul aided him in adapting himself to each individual and to each occasion. He was an important personage at all social gatherings where his keen sense of humor and his jolly disposition were given full sway. His nature was one that called forth all the good in those about him.

He placed the discipline of the College largely in the hands of the girls, relying upon their judgment, and appealing to their sense of honor. Consequently, the girls of the Normal College are freed from many of the restrictions which prevail in other Colleges, and each girl is made to feel peculiarly responsible for the preservation of these liberties.

As a commander encourages his soldiers with fitting words at an opportune time, so did Dr. McIver encourage students who were struggling with difficulties. The quotations which he drilled most into the minds of his hearers will bear repetition here:

"He that knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool. Shun him."

"He that knows not and knows that he knows not is simple. Teach him."

"He that knows and knows not that he knows is asleep. Wake him."

"He that knows and knows that he knows is wise. Follow him."

The two things that Dr. McIver loved best were education and North Carolina, and these two he coupled together. He believed that it was through the women of the State that a higher civilization was to be effected. It was his desire that every girl in the State should have an opportunity for the development of her powers. To this end he labored unceasingly. Through his efforts, loan funds have been established at the State Normal College and each year girls enter the College with little save pluck and ambition.

Dr. McIver was a Christian. Sincerity and charity were the virtues that he emphasized. At our opening exercises he read and reread, until almost every one knew I Cor. 13: "Tho I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not charity, I am—nothing," and St. Matthew VI., which reads: "Take heed that you do not your alms before men." Once when an unfortunate incident occurred, he dealt gently with the persons involved and thus admonished others:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it scarcely behooves any one of us
To talk about the rest of us."

In his death the State Normal College has lost its chief, the women of the State, a friend and the State, a broad-minded, active citizen. We look upon his career and say:

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world:

'This was a man.'"

TO DR. McIVER.

Sometimes a man dies old and full of years,
And men say: "It is best that he is dead,
His work is done; his labors now are past,
His influence was good, and well he lived.
But he had weary grown of earth, his place
Was filled by others. 'Tis best that he is gone."

Sometimes a man dies young—sometimes before
He reaches manhood, or plans his work,
And men say: "'Tis sad that he is dead.
His work is scarce begun, if he had lived,
What influence for good he might have had!
He'd but begun to live: 'Tis sad that he should die."

But sometimes in the midst of life's hard strife
When he has reached his prime, a man may die,
When all his work is planned and pointed out
To thousands. When he has 'complished much
And shown to others how to work and pray,
And carry on the work which he so well begun.

Then men will say: "A noble man is dead,
He lived his years so well that others may
Take up the work he left, and bless the man
Who pointed out such noble work to do.
His influence was felt by all he knew
And by all who knew some other whom he knew,
And will reach down time's tide through many years,
And bless the lives of thousands yet unborn."

And such a man is he of whom I write.
A man whose mighty heart has ceased to beat.
And though he died when life was at its height,
And when it seemed that he was needed most,
He lived illimitable years in deeds and worth
And by these things, a man is truly great.

And while we mourn his loss we can but feel
That heaven was kind in lending us a little while
One of the noblest. And could we see beyond,
We might behold him in some fairer clime,
A grander work pursuing, while he waits
For those he loved and helped to follow on.

H. C. H., '06.

ALBERT SHAW

In The North American Review of Reviews.

Charles Duncan McIver, who died suddenly last month, was one of the most useful and important men of his generation in America. If the country did not know him well, it was because he was too busy serving its highest interests to impress himself, as he might easily have done, upon the entire nation. Dr. McIver was the president of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, an institution for young women at Greensboro. That would have been a worthy and honorable post for any man to fill, but Dr. McIver was much more than the administrative head of a school for girls. He was a great educational statesman at a time and in a section where the education of the children ought in truth to be the foremost task of the real leader of a State.

Dr. McIver was not quite forty-six years old; but his influence was already great, and his achievement was of the sort that saves imperiled civilizations and transforms communities. He recognized the fact that the South was backward in its educational work, and from the very day that he graduated at the University of North Carolina he became an apostle of the movement to improve the schools. He became an organizer of public school systems in the cities of his State, and a leader in the work of creating rural schools under conditions of lack and need such as can hardly be understood in the North. He organized and conducted teachers' institutes in all the counties, and became the great propagandist of progress in school affairs throughout North Carolina.

He soon came to realize the fact that a good school system could not be possible without a better trained corps of teachers, and he determined to provide an institution that would receive a great number of promsing girls from all parts of the State, give them an education at small cost, and train them to be teachers of exactly the type needed in the schools, particu-

larly of the rural districts. He appealed to the Legislature with ultimate success, secured his appropriation in 1891, and opened his school some fourteen years ago. The State has dealt with him generously, for Dr. McIver's enthusiasm has never failed to carry the Legislature in the direction of his desires. Other very important educational posts from time to time were open to him but he felt that his work could best center in the direction and development of the wonderful institution he created at Greensboro. It is one of the finest schools for the culture of women in the whole world and it will stand as a monument to McIver's energy and splendid talent, both as an organizer and as a trainer of teachers.

In due time Dr. McIver became the leader of a remarkable movement in his State for the adoption of a plan of adequate local taxation to supplement State funds in the carrying on of schools. The transforming results of this campaign ought to be widely known for their inspirational value elsewhere. His personal influence as an educational leader could not be confined to the bounds of his own State and he became influential throughout the South as one of the half dozen foremost men in a movement for improving school legislation and bettering practical educational conditions.

He was a man of remarkable eloquence, and of great readiness and power on all occasions in public speech. He was famous for his wit, and for his unlimited store of amusing incidents and anecdotes.

When the Southern Education Board was formed some years ago he became one of its members, and as chairman of its campaign committee, his labors were incessant and of priceless service to the cause. He was president of the Southern Educational Association last year, and was always one of the most prominent men in the National Association, counting among his close personal friends the foremost educators in the United States throughout the North as well as the South. If he had chosen to turn his energies into political channels he would have been Governor of his State and then United States Senator.

His efficiency and his gifts of leadership would have made him a marked man, and a rare success in any profession or calling. But he gloried in the work he had chosen, and believed that the right training of women, for the sake of the home and the common school, was the most fundamentally important thing with which he could possibly concern himself; and so it was that he gave his strength and his life to that work. He can be ill spared, but he had builded so broadly and staunchly that what he has done will remain. Furthermore, he had a fine gift for working with other men and for bringing forward young associates and colleagues imbued with his ideas and spirit, and trained to promote educational progress along the lines he had laid down. Thus, his work will remain; his memory will long be honored in North Carolina; and in the loss of their noble educational leader many of the citizens of his State will be the more firmly resolved to devote themselves to the great cause of which he was chief apostle.

WALTER H. PAGE

In the South Atlantic Quarterly.

While we go on in our routine in life, we judge men by many standards—whether they are successful and are doing their tasks well, or are of service to their fellows and to society; or are interesting and helpful companions; or are courageous. Almost every rule that we have is more or less modified by the personality of the man to whom it is applied. We even suspend judgment on one another—waiting to see how each of us continues to do his task or to live his life.

But, when death startles us and cuts a career short and we must measure the dead man once for all we find ourselves asking first of all the one question, how true and helpful he was

to his friends, to his community and to human kind; for that is the highest test after all.

Apply that test to Dr. Charles D. McIver and he measures so large—he reaches the full proportions of a great nature.

I suppose that he was regarded as a close personal friend by more men and women, and he had the intimate confidence of more men and women, than any other man in North Carolina. Whoever knew him came close to him. The man who was most engrossed and the slow fellow who had merely dull and intermittent impulses to be of some use in the world—each alike counted him a friend. He was a brother to every human creature. When you or I say, then, that we have lost one of our best friends, we are but two of a great host of men and women who are saying the same thing. Now this genius for helpfulness is a quality of only very great natures.

Think, too, of the cheerfulness and of the hopefulness of the man! That also is a mark of his great nature. His beaming, buoyant personality was a form of courage that never flagged; it was a constant inspiration to everybody whom it reached, and it reached far.

At Greensboro, on the day when he was buried, there were men prominent in educational work from Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and New York, who, through their tears, fell to telling humorous anecdotes that illustrated his unbounded cheerfulness and kindliness. Not one could have recalled, if he had tried, a single bitter thing that he had said or a single unworthy act that he had done. They called him affectionately, "Charles" or "Mac"—these leaders in educational work. What tribute to a man that his friends should laugh and weep at once as they mourned his loss—what a touching evidence that he touched the fundamental emotions!

His own heavy burdens, which he carried as only the bravest men can carry burdens, were never visible, and that also was a mark of a big character. I doubt if any man can recall Charles McIver's uttering a single complaining word.

But these qualities of companionship and kindliness and

cheerfulness and bravery are not all that come to mind in the grateful and affectionate memory that we who loved him shall ever have of him. He had another quality that only large men have—he was a builder of things. He did not work aimlessly. We have had no man among us who carried a truer singleness of purpose or who had a more definite aim in life than he—call it an inspiration, or a vision, or a businesss, as you like—it was all these. He moulded out of the public opinion of North Carolina a great institution, which embodied a clear cut idea and was founded on a definite philosophy of human progress. It is a noble idea, too, for the State Normal and Industrial College for women was literally made by him out of the opinion of the State as the bricks in its buildings were made out of clay by their moulders. Everybody who knew him had heard him expound his doctrine of the right training of women—heard his arraignment of modern life—not in North Carolina only nor in particular, but of modern society in general—for its neglect of women. About this he had the zeal of a crusader. Think how few other men in North Carolina or in other States, have ever built outright a great institution and you have a measure of the man. He built it once and forever, too, for he planted it deep in the affections of the people and especially the women.

Twice he had a chance possibly to become president of the State University, but he considered his work in building a college for women, of greater importance. He might at any time during the last six or eight years, have received an income that would have relieved him of all financial care and provided luxuriousiy for his family if he had given his time to business undertakings. He was even advised by some of his closest friends to accept such an offer. But the building and the development of a great college for the training of women (and by the training of women, the lifting up of the whole people) was dearer to him than all other aims in life; and he never hesitated.

That, too, was the work of a great nature—that he took his pleasure in building a worthy institution and not in his per-

sonal comfort nor in the advancement of any personal ambition or wish for future honor.

May I say frankly here that the State must learn to pay men, who fill positions like this, much higher salaries than it now pays. Else it will not always get the services of the best men. Dr. McIver was a pitifully underpaid public servant. The State has passed the place where it need be niggardly or can afford to be niggardly, to its great public servants.

And he had the quality not only of a builder, but another high quality still—the quality of a popular leader. There is no way of accurately measuring his influence in developing public sentiment—in North Carolina in particular, but in other States as well—to public educational activity and to a higher life for all the people. Outside the State, he was, I think, everywhere regarded as the most influential leader of the people for popular education that this generation of men has known.

A rare genius for friendship, a cheerful and uplifting personality, a high and absorbing purpose which admitted of no selfishness, the great faculty of a builder of institutions and the great faculty of leading public opinion for the higher aims —Charles McIver had all these; and any man who had such an aggregation of high qualities is a great man. His going leaves us poorer (a great multitude of us who had his friendship,) and it leaves the State and the nation poorer. Yet State and individuals are very much richer for his life and work.

I should like to write it here (and many men could make the same confession) that I owe him an incalculable debt, which can be paid only by an affectionate remembrance — for his cheerfulness, his humor, his inspiration and helpfulness of spirit, the example of his unswerving devotion to one high task, his balanced and happy view of life, his noble and intimate service of brotherhood. To us all and for us all, he was, brother, builder, leader, a great force in our lives and in the life of his time. The people of the commonwealth—all the people of the commonwealth—had in him as true a friend and servant as was ever born in the whole long list of our

patriots and heroes. None ever loved the people more truly than he. He was of us; he stood for us; he worked for us; he believed in us; and he had no ambition but ambition for our development. That is the measure of his greatness of nature and it should be the measure of our affectionate gratitude.

His intellectual grasp of the fundamental problems of a democracy was strong; and it was not an intellectual grasp only, but a moral grasp also. He had as clear and well reasoned a philosophy of social improvement as Jefferson had, and he had worked it out from life—he had not merely got it from books. And he had a humor and a faith in the mass of men as genuine as Lincoln's. He was a fundamental, elemental man—not a mere product of education and environment; and this is the reason that he was of close kinship to us all. Nobody knew him who did not have much in common with him.

A worthy statue of him, for which we have the privilege of subscribing will do us credit; for it will show those who come after us what kind of man we set high value on—the man who nobly builds for the people and serves the people unselfishly. That is the kind of man to honor, for that kind of man is the highest product and vindication of our democracy.

PRESIDENT HOBBS

Of Guilford College.

We recognize in the death of our friend, Dr. Charles D. McIver, the removal from amongst us of the greatest champion of popular education that the State has produced; a man of great energy, tireless perseverance, and undaunted courage.

His keen sense of discernment, his almost unequaled power of argumentation, and his popular and even captivating method of oratory, along with his devotion, amounting to a consecration of his entire being, to the cause of education,

combined to make Dr. McIver a great man; and have won for him a name not only in North Carolina and throughout the South, but in the entire nation.

He saw twenty-five years ago what was the vital need of North Carolina and worked for a definite end day and night; and produced results that have seldom, if ever, been equaled in any part of our country. He was called of God, I believe to champion the cause of education at a time when no one could have succeeded but a born reformer. He possessed the qualities specially fitted to arouse communities and the entire State to the absolute necessity of education to preserve the life of the commonwealth through the training of young people for service.

Dr. McIver accomplished a work for women that will perpetuate his name forever in the history of North Carolina; and the State Normal College stands as a monument to his genius and to his splendid power of achievement.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

In the News and Observer.

The people of North Carolina will preserve in a bronze statue the form and lineaments of Charles Duncan McIver, and his figure will stand for all time as the best type of the North Carolina educational statesman and will serve to incite ambitious youth to unselfish public service. The State Normal and Industrial College, born in his brain years before legislative action gave him permission to build, will be enlarged from year to year and live forever as the chief institution for the education of women in the South. Whether it bears his name or continues its work of usefulness under its present name, future generations, as the present, will know it as "McIver's College for Women." It was born of the faith and enthusiasm of Dr.

McIver and his noble wife who saw its present glory as clearly in their dreams twenty years ago as the public now sees its imposing buildings and its large equipment and beautiful campus, and feels its influence in every school district in the Commonwealth. For it is as truly "The McIver College for Women" as any child is the son of father and mother. The State, through his efforts and enthusiasm, voted a small sum to establish the institution after having, when first presented, refused to vote the necessary small appropriation. His faith was so contagious and Greensboro was so dominated by it that its people voted a bond issue to secure the location. The State and Greensboro therefore gave to Charles McIver the clay—because his enthusiasm compelled them—but it was his hand that fashioned it into the institution that in a few years came to be the wonder and pride of all North Carolina. How did he do it? The answer is that the vision he had seen so controlled him that he poured his life-blood into it, and fortunately for this and future generations he had an endowment of warm, rich blood that made him capable of achieving the largest results. He was the rare combination of the dreamer and the practical man of affairs. He saw the "heavenly vision" of duty and opportunity that comes to every great soul, "and he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." All men of large capacity see the noble structure they can rear to bless their fellows, but the love of ease and the pursuit of wealth cause most of them to turn aside and be disobedient to the high call. They like their bread "well buttered," and the "fine purpose" they once had dissolves in chasing the things that perish. Some one has said that "a man must consult his wife to be rich." It were truer to say that if a man wishes to serve humanity rather than to get rich he must mate with a kindred soul. How many men have sacrificed their worthy ambitions because they lacked the inspiration to altruism around the hearthstone! Fortunate was Charles McIver that he found in his wife an inspiration and a co-worker, and fortunate was the State of North Carolina that the noble man it mourns was cheered and supported in the great work he accomplished by

the brave woman who shared his ambition and his labors. McIver felt this blessing in his life and he held with Ruskin that "no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her devotion." When he began the agitation for a better chance for women and better public schools for all the children, going from county to county in the Teachers' Institutes, his good wife often went with him and her enthusiasm touched the hearts of the mothers of the country, and when these evangels of a Better Chance left a county they had kindled a flame that has burned since with a steadily increasing light, and much of the educational renaissance in many of our counties can be traced to those seemingly small gatherings in the various county seats. I shall never forget the spirit of this patriotic couple as I saw it manifested in a little mountain town less than a score of years ago. I had heard they were holding a Teachers' Institute and had driven over just to spend a day with these friends, for I was on a short vacation. I walked into the dingy little court house, where there were gathered perhaps three socre teachers, none of whom had ever seen inside of a high school and none of whom had ever received more than thirty or forty dollars a month for a four or five months' session, but, poorly prepared as they were and more wretchedly paid, they were the main hope of uplift for children in that county. As I walked in unobserved, Professor McIver (not then "doctor") was thrilling the teachers on how to teach arithmetic. Nothing was ever so dry to me as mathematics or so uninteresting, but he spoke with clearness, enthusiasm and power, and invested the dry bones with life. It was not that he was wishing so much to pour the science of numbers into their heads, but that he was trying to give them enthusiasm in the work of teaching so that they would pour their lives into the lives of the scholars, and awake in them a desire for learning that would call forth the best that was in them. And as he talked with as much earnestness and vim as if the fate of the nation depended upon arousing those country teachers to see the greatness of their work and measure up to it, that

dingy looking court house seemed illumined and those careworn and hitherto ambitionless faces shone with a new light. He had burned into their hearts the ambition and glory that animated his own soul, and the place had been transformed into holy ground, and the little company that entered the court house from a sense of duty went forth with a new resolve in their hearts and with a fresh baptism and new consecration to service. Since then I have heard McIver evoke the applause of legislatures that were carried by the resistless power of his logic and high appeal; I have seen him in gatherings where the titled and the world's great gave him applause and primacy; I have seen him in almost every high place where men were to be inspired to public service and love of country—for he was a man deeply concerned in whatever looked to the uplift of his fellows—but he never was so great to me as when he poured out his soul in bringing out the latent greatness of those mountain teachers who had before them the task of making brick without straw. He put himself in their places. He made them see that, just as surely as the sculptor saw an angel in the rock, he saw nobility and power in them, and sent them home with a faith that they could lead the little folks in humble homes into the highest places of usefulness. And they, and like men and women all over the State, impelled by the high ambition implanted in them by McIver, have done more for the true progress of the State than all the captains of industry within its borders, for under the spell of McIver's faith and enthusiasm they have kindled the ambition of thousands of youths who have given a new impulse to every department of industry and progress. And the influences he brought into being will live and grow with every passing year.

There are few men who saw McIver's great influence in later years but who saw that the foundations of his power had been laid deeply by the service he rendered in those days of arduous labor, travelling from county to county, leaving the pleasures of home and access to books, literally being "in the saddle" month after month, and receiving only enough compensation to support his family. Every educator would glory to have

won McIver's proud place. Few would have paid the price And McIver was able to win the first place, not because he felt he was making sacrifice in arduous labor, but because he entered upon the hard work with his whole heart and found compensation in the touch of elbow to elbow with the struggling men and women whom he was able to help to a higher plane and to whom it was given him to impart a clearer vision so that they could walk with the immortals. Leadership that endures only comes through loving service.

In 1886, Mr. McIver came to Raleigh to teach in Peace Institute—then as now, a leading college for the education of women. I had only a few months previously moved to Raleigh and was editing a weekly newspaper. He had no duties at the Institute except in the class room and my work was not heavy, and we both had time to dream dreams and to see much of each other in the few years from 1886 until 1891 when he went to Greensboro as President of the State Normal and Industrial College, particularly before he entered upon the work, jointly with Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, as conductor of Teachers' Institutes. The walks and talks we had in those halcyon days when we planned the great things we hoped to do and rejoiced in youth and strength to overcome obstacles! I count them as among the happiest of my life, for it was then that our souls were knit together and there came a comradeship and intimacy that had no interruption in the years that followed, though our work denied the blessing of daily companionship and communion. He was as much interested in my newspaper dream that he helped me to realize as I was wrapped up in his dream of the great college for women that he lived to see become the crown of all colleges for women in the South. His faith and his enthusiasm were so great and his vision so clear that it was magnetic and irresistible.

His connection with a leading woman's college served to cause him to study the problems of woman's education. He found that while the State, the church and private philanthropy provided for the higher education of men, Indian and negro women, the young white woman in North Carolina had

to pay every dollar that her education cost. The result was that only a few hundred women were yearly educated in our colleges, and then many were denied the chance of obtaining an education. Moreover he learned, too, that in those institutions where women were educated the instruction was largely in art, in music, and in the ornamental branches, and that too little stress was laid upon the thorough and rounded education that made the woman able to take the place in the home and the world that he thought she ought to occupy. He realized that there would always be a place for the select woman's college where the daughters of men of means would be taught, but as he saw the daughters of the poor and men of small means neglected and no place provided for their training, his heart burned within him to unlock the Door of Opportunity to them. The conviction that the State was unjust to its daughters grew upon him day by day until the resolve to find or make a way for them took possession of him. I have long believed that no man does work that lives unless he hears the call of God to that work and heeds the call. I believe that Charles McIver was called of God to the work that made his life glorious, and enables him, though dead yet to speak, as surely as ever man was called to minister at sacred altars. The desire to be instrumental in the broader education of women took possession of him and became the master passion of his life. Nor was it because he merely wished to see women educated for their own elevation, but because he had the statesmanship to see that North Carolina would never come into its own until a generation of educated mothers reared its sons and daughters. The need was summed up in this expression to which he gave utterance in one form or another a thousand times:

"When a man is educated it is simply one more taken from the lists of ignorance, but in the education of a woman the whole family is taught, for she will pass on what she has learned to her children. The education of one woman is far more important for the world's advancement than that of one man."

We had become so accustomed to see the son favored and so many people had denied the higher education of woman, that twenty years ago that declaration challenged attention and provoked discussion. There were not wanting those who declared that the women made better wives and mothers with the acquaintance of a little music and drawing than with a broad education, and there was strong and hostile opposition to the proposition to establish the new Normal College for women that Dr. McIver championed, for that was the day when serious and organized opposition to what was erroneously called "State Aid" was at high-water mark, and when many good men were in antagonism to what has become the fixed policy of the State—a policy, too, that now has no opposition and that has demonstrated its wisdom. How much McIver did to check the growth of the hostility to "State Aid" will never be known, but it was second to that of no other man and was prompted by nothing except the largest conception of the need of education.

The first bill introduced in the Legislature for establishing the College failed, and Dr. McIver saw that if his dream was to be realized he must "go to the country." The leaders, in education and in politics, were divided, and unless the people in their homes saw the need of the institution, Dr. McIver felt that "the powers that be" would be content to let the discrimination against white women go on for years unless he could reach the people whose daughters were neglected. But how could he reach them? In college he had not been a speaker and he thought he had little talent for public speaking. He had never thought that he would accomplish much in life on the platform, in fact he had made up his mind that he would never make a public speech, and, until he saw the vision that changed his life and lifted it to the heights, he thought that his public speaking would be confined to the school-room. If he had not been possessed by an idea, he would never have developed as a speaker, for he had no natural gift for public speaking as we understand the gift of oratory. He never did learn to speak unless his heart was in his subject. He became

eloquent because he had a message that impelled him to carry it to his fellows.

When opponents to the establishment of "the Normal" won the first victory a man of less faith and resources would have abandoned the fight. But he could no more give up the fight than Martin Luther could recant. "I can do no other" was upon him, and he had the stern Scotch stuff of the Covenanters from whom he was descended. Some of the educators vigorously opposed the establishment of the college because they thought it would injure the denominational and private schools for women and they argued earnestly that the State had no right to enter into competition with them. How potent that argument was then and how many good men accepted it! In the light of experience all the State has come to see that it was an untenable position based upon a groundless fear, for the establishment of McIver's institution (I love to call it by the name of the man who breathed into it the breath of life) has given new prosperity and enlargement to every woman's college in the State and his zeal for woman's education has called into being other colleges that are doing a great work in the State.

How could McIver "go to the country" when defeated in the Legislature of 1889? He had no money, he had no pull, he was compelled to teach in the school-room every day to get bread for his family and pay the debt he had incurred to get a college education, and the doors seemed locked. He had nothing but a Great Idea and no equipment except Faith and Enthusiasm. What a trinity they are to any young man of brains! They are worth more than the millions of a Rockefeller or the political power of an Aldrich. He knew that he must and would "go to the country," but how? Many men would have been tempted to go into politics, but McIver, though knowing that success must come through legislation, saw that he must win through an appeal to all the people and that he must not make the Great Idea the football of politics. Moreover he had the vision to see that it were better to agitate for the cause itself than to seek success through making it a

political issue. He saw also that he must reach the fathers and mothers before the school could accomplish its mission, and while waiting for the opportunity he lost no chance to make sentiment for the Idea that now dominated his life. I shall always remember with proud pleasure that the first editorial argument for the State Normal and Industrial College appeared in my paper, though I deserve no credit for seeing in advance of other editors, being actuated chiefly if not solely by McIver's zeal and impelling arguments.

He had not long to wait for the ideal chance to "go to the country." The Legislature that failed to make the appropriation for the College did what, in the light of subsequent events, was better. They authorized the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to engage two Conductors of Teachers' Institutes who should meet and teach the teachers in every county in the State. The wise Major Finger selected McIver and Alderman, and for several years they conducted a campaign for public education all over North Carolina that sowed the seed for the harvest of educational progress that has marked the recent history of North Carolina. The eloquence and whole-hearted service rendered by these two splendidly-endowed young men was a revelation to the people. After a time, the attendance upon these institutes upon Friday—"Public School Day" as they called it—was greater than flocked to hear Ransom or Vance discuss politics. The people were charmed with the power of their eloquence, waked up by the vigorous arraignment of the State's failure to do its duty by its children, and charged with a determination to lift the public schools out of the ruts and to give the girls an equal chance with the boys. There was genuine comradeship and perfect accord between McIver and Alderman in the work upon which they were engaged and they were ideal yoke-fellows. They enlisted the pulpit and the press and the politicians; they carried hope and cheer and resolve into many an humble home: they fired with ambition hundreds and thousands of youths who had never thought higher education was within their reach; and when the Legislature met, composed mainly

of farmers and generally known as "the Farmers' Legislature," containing also progressive and far-sighted men of other callings, the College was established by a large majority vote, and as McIver and Alderman walked down Fayetteville street in Raleigh they were ten thousand times happier than if they had each fallen heir to a million dollars apiece. And they were richer, too!

In "The Autobiography of a Southerner," by Nicholas Worth, now running in the Atlantic Monthly and popularly credited to Mr. Walter H. Page, one of the characters, "Professor Billy," is Dr. McIver. The story there given of the establishment of the College makes it certain that "Professor Billy" is Dr. McIver and the following extract gives a graphic and fairly accurate story of his leadership:

"One incident of the legislative session gave an interesting glimpse of the popular mood. Professor Billy, who never yet put his hand to a plough and turned back, again came bravely forward with his plan to establish a free State College for women. The committee expected to pigeonhole the bill, as they had done before. But the forces in favor of the plan had received noteworthy reinforcement. A public hearing was so loudly demanded of the committee that a day was set when the committeemen would hear discussion of it. The committee room was overcrowded before the hour. More and more people came, women as well as men. The majority of the members of the Legislature were there.

"The committee was obliged to conduct its hearing in the House of Representatives. First a Colonel spoke against the measure. Then a leader of the new Farmers' party spoke in favor of it. Next came a woman, a country school teacher, whose earnestness made a profound impression. 'The lonely and neglected women of our remote counties,' she said—'what does the State do for them? What has it ever done for them?'

"I heard her speech. It was a strange sight to see a woman speak there at all; but for that reason it was more impressive. And I have never heard a more pathetic appeal. It stirred many men to tears.

"Professor Billy's ruddy, manly, huge cheeks were damp when he arose. With a thunder of indignation he turned on the suave lawyer who had declared that any girl who wished to be educated could now go to some of the 'female seminaries;' and he had the eloquence of a prophet.

"'Here is the proof of your error—your hindering and cruel error, your stifling and deadly mistake—proof of the suffocating lie that the young women of the Commonwealth have a fair chance.' He read figures of the illiteracy of women in the counties where he had traveled. 'Are we sunk so low that we deny the very beginnings of civilization to our women—we, who boast of our chivalry? Consider these country girls of whom I have told you. Are they not comely? Are they not capable? Yet we leave every one of them to become the mother of ignorant children, who in turn will have ignorant children.

"'I appeal to the State, to every man and woman in it, in their behalf; and, when every man and woman hears their appeal, the horrid lie that we have cherished can no longer prevail. Too poor to educate these young women? We are too poor to neglect them. Neglect of them has made us poor; and it is a measure and a badge of the poverty of our thought, of our sympathy, of human brotherhood, of our civilization.'

"The school was won.

* * *

"Professor Billy's college for women, in one hastily constructed, hideous brick building opened its doors to a still larger attendance. Never was there a less attractive place to train young women, as it appeared in the newly-broken, almost treeless ground outside the village of Centralia. It had been built there for two reasons—the town had given the site and a few thousand dollars, and it was near the centre of the State. There were five members of the faculty. In their enthusiasm for their work—they were fired with an apostolic zeal—the repulsive barren newness of the house, of the rooms, of the flimsy furniture, was forgotten.

"Two hundred young women appeared. There was no possible way to keep more than one hundred of them. But there

was no difference between 'possible' and 'impossible' in Professor Billy's mind. The little bedrooms had been meant each to accommodate two girls. Professor Billy at once bought fifty more beds and put four girls in every room."

The story of how the College has grown from its "hastily constructed, hideous brick building" into an institution with propery worth nearly half a million dollars is the brightest chapter of North Carolina's history of this decade. Every progressive step was first born in McIver's brain. When he had felt the pressing need of improvement, he set to work to convince the public of the need so that the money should be forthcoming. But no forward movement was made that did not draw greater drafts upon his energy and abundant vitality than upon the treasury of the State and the purses of generous friends. The institution, under his leadership, has been established on broad foundations, and this session opened the day after his funeral with over six hundred students. It will grow under the fostering care of the State and the people, for he has given it such an impetus that it will do the work for which it was established. And it will be a perpetual monument to his broad statesmanship and patriotism.

But the establishment and enlargement of that institution, while a monument to his genius and faith, was not the sole object of his educational zeal. The neglect of the higher education of women caused him to throw his heart into the work of giving her a chance, but he could not be content with building up one mighty institution. His real purpose was to see the blessings of an education brought within the reach of every child in the State. And so he gave himself freely to every movement for education, going into the most remote district as well as into the biggest city. He grew to be the acknowledged educational leader of the State, and helped greatly to bring about the present Era of Good Feeling in North Carolina where the State, church, and private school teachers have no rivalry except to do the most for the educa-

tion of all the children of the State. But his educational statesmanship was not confined to State lines. He had been called to speak in half of the States of the Republic and was ranked among the foremost leaders in the National Educational Convention, and would have been chosen its president at the next session. He had already served as president of the Southern Educational Convention. He was the leading spirit in the Southern Education Board and had the direction of its work in this and other States. He enjoyed, not only the confidence of his associates in the North and the South, but their personal friendship as well. A Southerner to the core, loving its traditions and its best ideals, he had no sectional narrowness, and sought to bring the large-minded men of the North and South into closer relations, and his catholicity and patriotism had done much to promote the mutual co-operation which he believed would be helpful to education and to politics, and would enlist the interest of the philanthropists, who had been giving where their money was only adding to millions so that they would in the future endow institutions in the South which lack the equipment they need for largest usefulness. In his position on the Southern Education Board, Dr. McIver came in close touch with many of the first minds of the Republic—such as Carl Schurz and Andrew Carnegie—and his ability and tact won for him their respect and their esteem. If he had lived, there is no doubt that his influence would have secured hundreds of thousands of dollars for the endowment and devlopment of North Carolina institutions of learning.

The profession that he adopted made Dr. McIver an educational statesman, but he was more than that. He was a patriot and a statesman in the broad sense. There was nothing of the aloofness of the student in him. He was a man and whatever concerned men interested him. He clasped hands with men of all callings who were working for the public welfare, whether it related to voting a tax for schools, holding fairs or reunions or civic celebrations, electing Governors or Presidents, or ex-

hibiting North Carolina's resources in a great exposition. He had civic virtue highly developed, and nobody in North Carolina ever sought his help in vain to advance any good cause, and when he gave his hand to an undertaking he went into it with all his heart and made himself felt. He was the soul of the notable Reunion of North Carolinians at Greensboro which brought together hundreds of native born North Carolinians living in other States. Two years ago when it looked like an appropriation for the Jamestown Exposition would fail he came to Raleigh and was its most zealous advocate. It would be difficult to name any movement—educational, industrial, religious or political—that was making for the betterment of the State that did not feel the helpful touch of Charles D. McIver. He was an optimist of the best type, and went about making others have faith in themselves and inspiring them with patriotism and civic virtue and public spirit. Other men will be found who will carry on the College and direct the public educational work, but his spirit of faith and hope and cheer will be missed in an hundred ways and it was the thing that made him easily the most useful man in North Carolina and the best loved private citizen. It is not so much whether a man does this or that thing well that counts, but whether his presence and his life inspire others to follow his leadership of service to their fellows.

Dr. McIver had the faculty of uniting men of widely differing views and bringing them together to serve the public interest. He was a Democrat of the Bryan and Aycock type and yet his partisanship was not of the sort that denied him warm friendship among strong partisans of the other parties, and his association with men of all creeds nearly always resulted in making them better and more useful citizens, ready to do some public service. He saw the faculty for usefulness in promoting good schools, good roads, or other progress in every man of force, and he brought such men together for the betterment of the community and the State. Not a few men seem-

ingly with nothing in common, were made friends and co-workers by McIver's genius in making oil and water mix.

In politics he was a Democrat and believed in its fundamental principles. He believed in the people and had the same views as to their capacity and education that dominated Jefferson. He was concerned more about the fundamentals than about the party divisions upon fiscal policies, and he had more faith in the man than in the platform, though he never thought he could advance good government by mugwump voting. At the same time, as the head of a great public institution, he never took such active part in political warfare as would deny to the institution the good-will and support of all parties, and he measured party leaders largely by their spirit toward public education. But you always knew where to find him on election day and his political views were an open book. If he had chosen the political career, it is doubtful if any man since Vance would have held to a greater degree the affection and confidence of the people. He had a larger fund of anecdotes and more humor than any public man of his generation and could use a joke or a story to clinch an argument as effectively as Vance. He was not unlike Bryan in many things. I never heard him speak that I did not recall the Nebraskan. Their resemblance probably was chiefly in their faith in the people and their desire to see that they get a fair chance and in their transparent sincerity and honesty. He was quick to discern greatness in the men who came in the public eye in State or Federal politics. In 1894, before Bryan had become the leader of his party, Dr. McIver saw the greatness in him that the whole world now acknowledges, and invited him to visit Greensboro and address the College girls. Bryan was too busy to come if he had to prepare a commencement address. "Come," said McIver, "and speak on the silver question," and he did so to the delight of the great audience that has since followed the Nebraskan without questioning. The friendship thus begun between these two men who had much in common ripened into an affection that terminated only with the death of the

North Carolina leader while he was welcoming the Nebraskan to the State. The eulogy of his dead friend pronounced by Bryan was a fitting funeral oration and will be read by generations yet unborn and inspire them to emulate McIver's life of service.

No life can be as noble as McIver's unless it is God-directed. As a boy he gave his heart to the Great Teacher and always sat at His feet as an humble learner. His religion had about it the sunshine of gladness and was touched by no skepticism or bigotry.

I had never associated McIver with death. He was so robust and vigorous and so abounding in vitality that it never occurred to me that he would be the first to go. Only three weeks ago we were much together two days in New York City, and he never seemed so the picture of perfect health and was never more buoyant nor more ready to achieve great things. In Raleigh, as we boarded the Bryan special train, a friend said: "How are you Doctor?" He replied that he was all right, and I said to the gentleman: "Don't ask McIver how he is. He and I have too much to do to have time to get sick," and with a smile on his face we boarded the train, he going into the forward car and I in the rear, with the agreement to have a talk before we reached Greensboro. Though the loss of a personal friend to me is great and to the State beyond computation, I can but feel that if one must die it is a blessing that the summons should come in the full tide of usefulness, without the wasting by disease. I know that he was ready—and when "the clear call" came to him he was prepared "to meet his pilot face to face."

Not many months ago there came to Dr. McIver a great temptation — the supreme temptation of his life. He had passed the forty-fifth year of his life and his twenty-fifth year in the teaching profession and poured himself into his work so completely that he had not had thought of making money,

and sometimes he was oppressed by the thought that if his health should fail he would have nothing to take care of himself and his family. He was wont to say to his friends that as a teacher grew older and needed larger income, he could look forward to no increase in salary, but to an old age of privation. And that outlook was one that sometimes weighed upon his spirits. I shall never forget a long conference in Raleigh between McIver, Joyner and myself that went far past midnight less than a year ago when McIver put aside a temptation to make money that he might continue the great work to which he had consecrated his life. An offer had come to him, an inviting offer, from a commercial enterprise of standing to accept an important position at a salary of $7,500 a year. Before that, he had declined several flattering offers to go to other States in the work of his profession. But, when an offer at a salary of three times what the State paid him, was urged upon him by a broad-minded business man who saw that McIver's ability and energy would be a valuable asset, the duty of caring for his family and providing for old age caused him to give the proposition serious consideration. I knew he would never yield to the temptation just as I knew that most other men would have accepted the offer without a moment's hesitation, and yet he was troubled because he felt that his duty to his family and to himself could not be easily put aside to serve the State which paid him only enough for a comfortable living. He said he wished Joyner and myself, whom he esteemed as brothers, to advise him what course he ought to pursue. He thought he was holding the matter under advisement but way down in his heart there was a devotion to the higher duty that would have prevented his acceptance of the business proposition if it had carried a salary of twice seventy-five hundred dollars. He argued that, having given twenty years to the public, the time had come when he owed something to his family. Both Joyner and myself argued that he would be happy in no other work and the enlargement and growth of the College was a greater service to his family than if he could give them a million dollars. I shall never forget

the reply he made to our argument: "It is very well, boys, for you both to tell me that I ought to stay and devote my life to the work. You are serving the public also, but Joyner owns property and faces no old age of poverty, and every lick that Daniels strikes he is adding value to his property that will give him an income if his health fails and care for his wife and children if he dies. I have not even a roof to my head that belongs to me and not a brick of all that I have builded is mine or could help my family if I should die." I was ashamed then that I had dared to put myself in the same class with him or to presume that my service to the public weal was comparable to his sacrifice. A silence fell upon us—the sort of silence that only comes between men who understand one another and love each other. He broke the silence. He had gone through his temptation and his trial. The advice he sought really had little to do with his victory, for if every friend had advised him to leave the work to which he had put his hand, he could not have done it. He loved it better than anything except his own flesh and blood. He thought he was considering the offer but there never was a moment when he could have accepted it, though remaining at the post of duty seemed to sacrifice his material interests and prevented any provision for old age. And as I looked Wednesday upon the splendid buildings he had erected at the College, his words came back to me that not one brick he had placed upon another belonged to him or would help to support his family or care for him in his old age. And yet, with that knowledge, he put aside the natural desire of the husband and father and threw himself into the work for humanity with fresh zeal. The incident was closed. His consecration, new and complete, to his work gave him joy and happiness. When he had met and conquered the temptation to put making money in an honorable way and for the highest purpose above the vision he had seen and the duty he had accepted, there came to him a peace and a purpose that gave him larger vision and a higher ambition than he had hitherto known, and when he died he was planning greater things than his associates had dreamed he

entertained. There never was a time when the temptation to leave his life-work could have moved him, but I have thought how much richer his good wife and children are because of his noble public service than if he had turned aside to make money for them. They have in the high purpose of his life the heritage of a love so great as to find alone in perfect sacrifice to a great and humane idea its best and final expression.

Said Mr. Bryan in his Greensboro eulogy:

"We have a great man—Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, and if I had to choose between leaving the record of Dr. McIver and leaving the record of Rockefeller, I would a thousand times rather leave McIver's record to posterity!"

There is something after all higher and better than the inheritance of yellow gold!

R. D. DOUGLAS

In the Industrial News.

"Charles D. McIver is dead"—as a pall this sentence fell upon Greensboro Monday afternoon. And not to Greensboro alone, but to the entire State is the loss—not alone to the State but to the entire educational world. For Doctor McIver had made for himself a place in his chosen field of work that cannot be filled. To the education of the South, especially the women of the South, he had devoted his life.

Coming from the University, he taught in the public schools, coming from the schools to the State Normal and Industrial College while that Institution was yet an unrealized thought. He was its godfather. Over its infancy he watched with tenderest care. Through its childhood he planned and labored for its upbuilding with all the power of his commanding ability and tireless energy. All those whom he had gathered around him in the work, he imbued with his own enthusiasm, and largely as the result of the labor and the love of this one man has arisen the wonderful institution of today.

But though the Normal was the dearest child of his endeavor, he did not confine himself to it alone. Every public measure promising good appealed to him and received his hearty support.

The campaign for better rural schools found in Doctor McIver a champion second to none in loyal love or effective assistance.

In the movement inaugurated by the Southern Education Board he was the commanding figure.

His was the brain from which sprang the idea of the Reunion of former North Carolinians. His was the hand that guided it to a successful conclusion.

In everything he undertook, many and varied though they were, success crowned his efforts, for his heart was in his work.

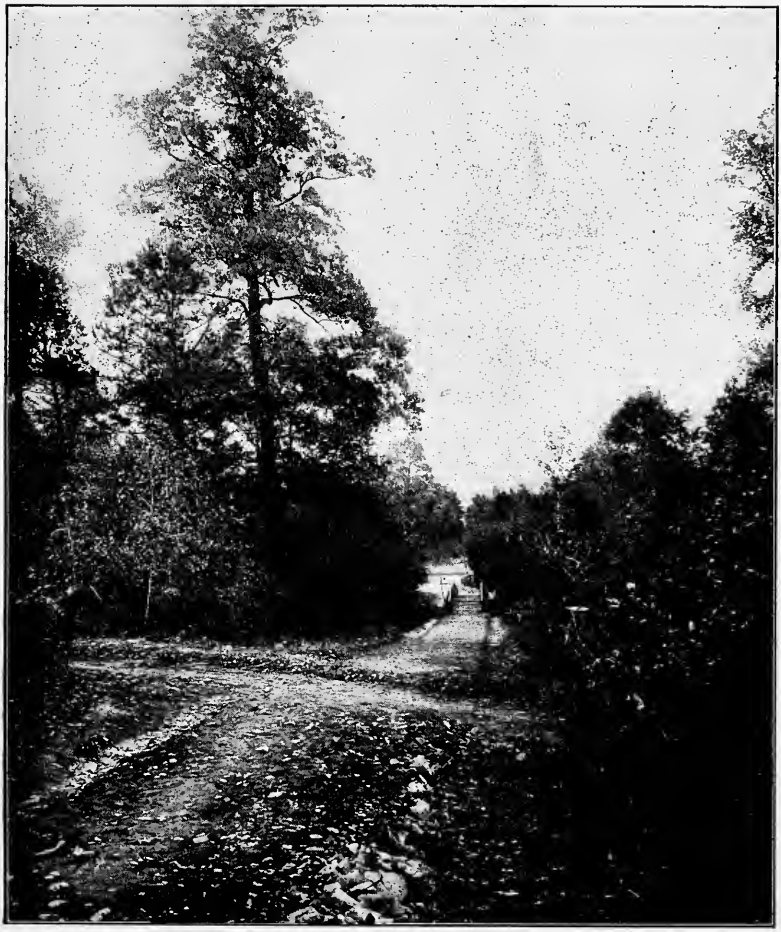
Through his work will he live in the history of North Carolina, but even aside from his work, he will not be forgotten by the multitude who called him friend.

He is gone with much already accomplished, and yet with apparently much still before him. In the prime of manhood he was suddenly stricken and taken from the field of useful endeavor—dead but not forgotten.

Of him might well be said what Scott so beautifully wrote of one who bore the same blood as he, and with but the change of a name we repeat the lines:

"He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
  When our need was the sorest.
The font reaffirming,
  From the rain drops shall borrow,
But to us come no cheering,
  To McIver, no morrow.

"The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper,
  Wails manhood in glory.



VIEW IN THE PARK

The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

"Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in number
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber.
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
  He is gone and forever."

Yes, gone in the body and gone from the sight of mortal eyes and yet not wholly gone, for never will his memory fade from the minds and hearts of those who love humanity and love those who loved humanity, and of such in the fullest measure was Charles Duncan McIver.

MRS. L. A. WINSTON

In the Deaf Carolinian.

The death of no one within the borders of the Old North State has so wrung the hearts of our people or caused more universal grief than that of Dr. Charles Duncan McIver.

A chord of sorrow and sympathy has been touched which will vibrate so long as the monuments of character which he has erected in the lives of the young women of our State shall remain. "His works do follow him," and the influence of them will go on forever.

Not only the inner circle of his friends and the college he founded—into which he breathed his mighty spirit, mourn for him, but there is an outer circle who know him only by reputation: other colleges and schools grieve and feel their loss most keenly.

How gratefully and pleasantly we recall the influence of his two or three visits to our School and his interest in us! Especially do we recall his presence here a year ago, when he left New York City, where he was giving a series of lectures, that he might speak to the National Convention of Instructors of the Deaf then holding its sessions in our Institution. Such an influence did his speech make upon this great Convention that it called forth from all over the Union the most pronounced encomiums.

Taken away with full armor on, he must feel wondrously at home today with his Lord.

The Magazine would be too bulky a volume were we to publish all the tributes which an appreciative people has paid to our beloved President. Some which are of a high order came to the knowledge of the editors after a selection had been sent to press. Telegrams were sent to the family and to the College from every section of our country and from every walk in life. Each message was one of heart-break for the absence of him who was to every man and woman a friend and brother.

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER.

WILLIAM C. SMITH.

(Adapted from a sketch appearing in the Biographical History of North Carolina, with the kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Charles L. Van Noppen.)

At times more or less critical in the history of our State, it has now and then fallen to our lot to pause in the toilsome journey of progress while we awaited the coming of a master spirit who should guide us safely and surely in the direction of some wished for goal. Nor have we at such times long waited in vain, for, North Carolina, whatever else she may have lacked, has not been wanting in men able and willing to dedicate themselves to the service of that State whose glories are her sacrifices and whose spirit finds truthful expression in her motto, "To be rather than to seem." Thus, whether the call came in war or peace it mattered not. It was sufficient to know that there was service to be rendered, and it followed that what men could do was done.

Among those who have thus faithfully and efficiently served the Mother State in time of need is to be included the name of Charles Duncan McIver. Born September 27, 1860, on a farm near Sanford, in Moore County, North Carolina, he was ushered into the world in the midst of the most exciting Presidential campaign in the history of our country. But all unnoticed by him passed the partisan and political strife then absorbing the attention of State and nation; nor was his child-mind old enough to comprehend the momentous significance of the years which followed, when fratricidal war wrought havoc in the land and left in its desolating wake ravages scarce repaired by a long thirty years of matchless striving. The aftermath of war it was given him to know and feel, not through a morbid recounting of its incurable evils, nor through the handing down of a heritage of hate, but by means of the saner teachings of economy, self-denial and

bodily toil, lessons hard in the learning, but mighty in the making of men.

The region around what is now the town of Sanford was peopled largely by settlers whose ancestors came from the Highlands of Scotland. Evander McIver, when eight years old, bade farewell to his rugged birthplace, the Isle of Skye, and with his father made his new home in the pleasant sand hills of North Carolina. In his son, Matthew Henry, the father of Charles D. McIver, were exemplified the many sterling traits that history shows to be characteristic of the Highland Scotch. Among these traits may be mentioned earnest piety, devotion to liberty, respect for law and order, and love for education. A successful farmer, a respected elder in the Presbyterian church, a useful and influential citizen, he was an admirable type of that class upon which in greatest measure rests the stability of State and society. A similar description applies to the maternal ancestors of Charles D. McIver, who were of Scotch and English descent. To his mother, whose maiden name was Harrington, and who on her maternal side is descended from the McNeills of Scotland, the son ascribed the formative and directive influences of his early years. No small measure of the fruit of his useful life was of seed of her careful sowing. Leal and true—these Scotch and English ancestors, decided in their convictions on questions of church and State, yet tolerant and charitable; patriotically responding to the call of the South in her hour of need, and bravely giving themselves to the rebuilding of waste places in the dark years that followed, fearers of God, and supporters of schools and churches, it is worth something to be born in a community of which such men are citizens, and to reckon them among one's neighbors and personal friends.

Amid the thrifty and orderly influences of this Christian home and community, in attendance upon the excellent private schools of the neighborhood, and in the daily performance of all the various labors that fall to the lot of the healthy farmer boy, the subject of this sketch spent the first seventeen years of his life. Here were laid the foundations of that vigorous

health that enabled him to stand so well the mental and physical strain of later years, and here were implanted that love for man and nature, and that intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the needs of our rural commonwealth which proved valuable forces in fitting him to become an able champion of the great cause of universal education.

The Fall of 1877 found our farmer lad enrolled as a student of the University of North Carolina. Here he spent four profitable years, graduating in 1881 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In scholarship he took high rank, leading his class in Greek and French, and sharing with three others the honors in Latin.

Undecided as yet upon his life work, he turned to the profession of teaching, and in the Fall of 1881 became assistant in a private school in Durham, North Carolina. His ability won quick recognition, and in the spring of the same scholastic year he was made principal of the school. In May, 1882, he cast his first vote, this being in favor of a local tax for the support of the Durham public school system. The fact is worthy of record in that as a private school man he voted for a measure which, though for the public good, seemed decidedly against his own personal interests. He assisted in the establishment of the Durham graded schools, and, after serving them as principal for one and one-half years, resigned to accept a similar position and to perform a similar work in the schools of Winston. Here he remained from February, 1884, until September, 1886, at which time he accepted a call to Peace Institute, Raleigh, North Carolina, where as principal of the literary department, he remained until June, 1889.

In the meantime he had fully decided upon his lifework, and rejecting attractive offers of partnerships in business and law strove to make himself master of his chosen profession—teaching. He put himself in touch with the quickening forces of the time, and sought to add to the strength of the old, the inspiration of the new era. Visits of inspection were made to schools of promise, and conferences sought with able educa-

tional leaders. The ideas thus obtained were accepted, modified or rejected, as the actual work of the schoolroom proved them valuable and practical or the reverse. He early associated himself with the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly as one of its active members and supporters. The vacation periods of every year were devoted to work in county institutes and in State Summer Schools. In addition to his labors as teacher and lecturer, he served as principal of the State Summer Normal School at Sparta. While thus availing himself of the means at hand to promote the interests of public education, he was quick to realize the inadequacy of the work as then conducted. "The majority of teachers," he reports in 1887, "cannot go a great distance to attend normal schools. Small salaries and short school terms render it in many cases impossible. Efficient county institutes should be brought within the reach of every teacher in the State."

Here we have presented in few words the lines of future educational reform. Institutes within the reach of every teacher —will he do aught to accomplish this? Larger salaries for teachers, a longer school term, with the increased appropriations which these imply and the higher professional equipment and better service which they in turn demand—will he do more than call the attention of the State Superintendent to these needs? But we must not anticipate.

To the urgent need of better qualified teachers those interested in education now began to give earnest attention. Through the agency of the Teachers' Assembly, petitions for the establishment of a normal training school were several times presented to the Legislature—but without effect. Feeling that more active steps should be taken, Charles D. McIver, in 1889, made a stirring speech before his fellow educators at their annual meeting, which resulted in the appointment of a committee, of which he was made chairman, to appear before the Legislature at its next session and personally present and

Biennial reports of State Superintendent of Public Instruction 1887-88, page 40.

urge the adoption of a bill for the establishment of a training school for teachers.

On a day agreed upon the members of the committee appeared before the General Assembly, presented the bill and advocated its passage. The Chairman, being at the time a resident of Raleigh, was in a position to labor continuously in behalf of this measure of which henceforth he was the recognized champion. He met with little encouragement and with much opposition, but so convincingly did he press home his arguments in personal conferences with members of the Legislature, that, to the surprise of all, the bill passed the Senate by a large majority and failed in the House by only a few votes.

Although the General Assembly did not at this time provide for the establishment of a State Normal College, it wisely tranferred the appropriation hitherto devoted to the eight Summer Normal Schools to the maintenance of a system of county institutes. Thus provision was made for carrying into effect the recommendation urged by our Sparta normal school superintendent of bringing institutes within reach of every teacher in the State. Charles D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman, then superintendent of the Goldsboro schools, were induced to take charge of this work, and were therefore appointed State institute conductors.

Now began one of the most important campaigns ever conducted in the State, and perhaps one of the most interesting in the history of public education. For three years, from September 1889, to September 1892, Winter and Summer, these men preached a crusade in behalf of universal education. In every county and in every important city and town in the State, by lectures, by teaching, by public addresses, by conferences with teachers and school committeemen, by talks with farmers, editors, county officials and politicians, by every approved method, in short, known to advocate and reformer the work was diligently and vigorously prosecuted. The good results of their labors are with us today, and will continue to bless the commonwealth when we, our children, and our chil-

dren's children have finished life's appointed lessons and put the books away.

"My work," declares the man whose career we are following, "is conducted with a view to stimulating and encouraging the teachers, and to making friends to the cause of public education among the people. . . .

"My institutes last five days. The first four days are devoted mainly to the professional work of the teacher. Lectures are delivered on the different branches taught in the public schools; on school organization, discipline, methods of teaching, and methods of studying; on school law, and on the proper use of the books on the State list. Friday, the fifth day, is, in a special sense, 'People's Day.' The school committeemen and people generally are urged to attend, and the exercises are arranged with a view to interesting and instructing them in the work of public education. Besides various other exercises, a special address is made on that day, showing the necessity for education by taxation, and answering objections to it commonly heard among the people."

Amid the arduous duties of his campaign work the necessity of a training school for teachers was not forgotten. In truth, this may be reckoned one of the means on which more and more he came to rely as promising most surely to secure the great end he had in view—universal education. Another problem now presented itself, namely, where should volunteers for this needful service be found in largest numbers, who, when trained, would make the best and most smypathetic instructors of the State's children? Wider and more varied experience and a deeper insight into the real sources of the mental and moral progress of human race convinced him that his syllogism, which before had been—Education a State necessity, the teacher the chief means of education, therefore, the teacher a primary object of State concern; might be carried logically further and made to read: Universal education a necessity, woman the universal character; therefore, the education of woman the foundation of human progress.

This advocacy of the more liberal education of woman is shown not only in his public addresses of that period, but in

his written reports and recommendations to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. His report of June 30, 1890, contains this significant utterance relating to the establishment of a State Normal College:

"To those who are still skeptical as to the wisdom of the training-school movement, I would add one more reason why the school should be established and be liberally supported by the State. Under our present system of higher and collegiate education, a white girl, unless her father is comparatively wealthy, cannot, as a rule, get the scholarship necessary to make her a first-rate teacher. Her brother can get it at the University and Colleges of the State, because in those institutions about three-fourths of his tuition is paid by the State and the churches. Up to the present time the State and our leading churches have adopted the suicidal policy of refusing to help educate white girls, except in the public schools. . . . The girls who would, if prepared, make the best teachers for the State's children, cannot even get the scholarship necessary to become teachers. One of the results of this is that two-thirds of our public school teachers are men, whereas two-thirds, at least, ought to be women. The State appropriates nothing for the training of white women, except the $4,000 for the Institutes. It appropriates $8,000 to the training of colored teachers and uses it in helping both sexes. In this way the State appropriates as much to train one negro woman as it does to train four white women, for there are about twice as many white as negro women in the State. By the help of the State, the churches and the philanthropists, a fair opportunity of getting an education is given to every white boy, negro boy and negro girl in North Carolina. Neither of the three has to pay more than one-fifth of the expenses of tuition; but the white girl must pay for every cent of hers. If the training school shall be established for white girls, it will make education possible to thousands of girls who, under present conditions, must grow up in a state of ignorance and dependence worse than almost any other form of slavery. In addition, North Carolina will secure teachers better than she has ever had and who will bless her because she has blessed them."

His report thus emphasizes the justice and the wisdom of State provision for the higher education of white women. An objection urged against the former bill for the establishment of a teachers' training school was its co-educational feature. In 1891 Mr McIver and his friend and associate, Mr. Alder-

man, were again before the Legislature with a bill for the establishment of the much-needed institution, but this time, with the co-educational feature omitted. The bill passed almost without opposition, and thus, more than one hundred years after the University was chartered, the State established its College for women. Of this College the Board of Directors, consisting of one member from each Congressional district, elected Charles Duncan McIver President.

Now it was that this people's servant sought to build a people's college, not a thing of brick and stone, but an institution both worthy of and representative of the State that gave it birth. It should be an open door of opportunity to every worthy white girl, however poor, however rich, within the borders of the commonwealth—a means of fitting her for good and useful citizenship. A woman's college for North Carolina women it should be, characterized by sound learning, liberal culture, earnest living and high thinking, but not by narrow specialization on the one hand, nor by a profitless striving for showy accomplishments on the other. The best that a State could give should be theirs; the best that educated woman could give should be the State's. In this spirit was the institution conceived, and in this spirit has the State Normal and Industrial College lived, and grown and labored, presided over, inspired, guided and led, by one who has not spared to give to it all that man may give.

It is doubtful if any other public institution was ever in so true a sense the product of the unselfish love and labor of one man. As to him in largest measure are owing its conception and creation, so to him are due its internal and external workings, the policy which characterizes it, and the success which it has achieved. And this is true not merely in the larger matters pertaining to its general management, but in all the details relating to its work and administration. The College plant and its equipment, the departments of instruction, the courses of study, the various organizations, the ideas for which the Institution stands, the spirit it exemplifies, the work it seeks to accomplish, its relation to the public and the

relation of the public to the College—all these, in a very true sense, find in him their source and sustenance, and this, not in a spirit of formal oversight and official dictation, but through the living spirit of creative work and fellow service.

And to what extent have these ideas been realized and what fruit have these labors borne? Let him answer who can estimate the value to State and nation of 3,000 women, who, in the short space of fourteen years, have availed themselves of the advantages here provided, and, with increased power of usefulness and enlightened zeal for service, have passed on teaching lessons of right thinking and right living to more than 200,000 North Carolina children. Let him consider that the students have come from every county in the State, that they represent every respectable calling, profession and industry, and every form of honest labor in which the people of North Carolina are engaged; that there is not a county in the State in which representatives of the College are not to be found actively engaged in public service; and finally, that two-thirds of all the students enrolled, and more than nine-tenths of those who graduate become teachers in North Carolina. A veritable fulfilling of his prophecy this—education made possible to thousands, and the State blessed in her teachers because she has blessed them!

We would willingly dwell at length upon this phase of Doctor McIver's work, on the intimate relations he sustained to the State's College for Women, and on the influences which through it he exerted upon public education. What this virile man has done in supplying strength where of old existed finishing-school superficiality, how he inculcated ideas of service, how he made vital the conception of woman as a citizen, how he diffused abroad a spirit of wholesome democracy—and all this through constructive labors, preserving, strengthening and multiplying the influences that make for culture and true womanliness—this, did space permit, we would willingly emphasize. But the mere suggestion must suffice, for things unsaid press upon us and on details we may not linger.

Important as are these services, they constitute but a part

of the faithful labors which have won for him State and National recognition as an educational leader and statesman. State appreciation may be said to find expression in an editorial appearing in one of our leading North Carolina daily newspapers which under date of January 24, 1904, asserts that he "has been a leading force in every movement looking for progress, educational or otherwise, in North Carolina" . . . and concludes by saying, "When the history of this decade is written, the story of the public service rendered his State by Charles Duncan McIver will be one of the brightest pages in that splendid volume of patriotic achievement. There is not a man in the State who has made himself felt so powerfully and so helpfully for progress."

The national point of view may be taken as indicated in an article on Public School Leaders appearing in the July, 1905, magazine number of the *Outlook*. Relative to the topic under consideration, it says:

"In the Southern States there is no man better entitled to be called a champion of the public schools, and of the whole idea of popular education, than Charles Duncan McIver, of North Carolina. . . He is a man of intense earnestness, energy, insight and common sense. For the past twelve years his voice has been raised in behalf of popular education, not only in every county of his own State, but throughout the South and in great national assemblies. There is no abler speaker on this subject than Doctor McIver. He has been the soul of the forward movement in his region, and he is now chairman of the Campaign Committee inaugurated by the Southern Education Board for the promotion of universal education."

The wide variety of this public service is indicated by the positions of honor and influence held by Doctor McIver in the course of his busy life. In addition to the fourteen years of his college Presidency and the work already referred to as conductor of State and County Institutes, Superintendent of Summer Normal Schools, and Chairman of the Committee that secured the establishment of the Normal and Industrial Col-

lege, he was a participant in all the important work of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly and its President in 1892; a worker in the Southern Educational Association and its President in 1905, and an active member of the National Educational Association, serving at various times as Chairman of its Committee on Resolutions, member of its Committee on Education and Taxation, President of its Normal School Department, and member of its National Council. During the administration of Governor Elias Carr he served as Proxy to represent the State stock in the North Carolina Railroad Company. He was one of the organizers of the Southern Education Board, the efficient Chairman of its Campaign Committee and a leader in the movement for local taxation for public schools throughout North Carolina. To him is owing the organization of the Woman's Association for the Betterment of Publis Schools. He was a member of the State Literary and Historical Association and Vice-President of the State Library Association. A loyal son of his Alma Mater, the University of North Carolina, he served it officially as trustee and member of its Executive Committee, and liberally and heartily supported every movement for the promotion of its influence and welfare. In recognition of his public service the University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters and Doctor of Laws. In presenting him for the latter degree, Doctor Charles Alphonso Smith, dean of the graduate department, said:

"I have the honor to present . . . for the degree of Doctor of Laws . . . Charles Duncan McIver, President of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College for Women. As State Institute Conductor from 1889 to 1892, he first showed himself peculiarly fitted to be a moulder of educational thought. A firm believer in the education of all the people, he has devoted his rare powers of organization and appeal more especially to the education of women. 'No State,' he declares, 'which will educate its mothers need have any fear about future illiteracy.' That this sentiment has at last found recognition not only in the educational creed, but also

in the educational policy of North Carolina, is due more to Doctor McIver than to any other one man."

To add to this already long lits the various local organizations, city and county, to which he belonged, such, for example, as the Young Men's Business Association, the Industrial and Immigration Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the Guilford County Board of School Improvement, and the North Carolina Reunion Association—to mention all such organizations and to specify the committees on which he served would be to convert the latter part of this sketch largely into a catalogue of society and committee names. Interpreted aright there is a profound significance in this long array of social, industrial, educational, business, literary and historical associations, since it indicates not only a healthful interest in national, State and local affairs, but a wide and intimate familiarity with the agencies of progress and a whole-souled enlistment of his energies in all movements that promised to promote the public good.

It is as a public speaker and orator that Doctor McIver was most widely known to the general public both in his own State and beyond its borders. The demands thus made upon him were frequent and at times almost continuous. It was his custom to carry with him a pocket calendar on which were noted the dates of promised addresses. When a new appointment was sought, he consulted his calendar, named the nearest unfilled date, and thus, by an unending process, added to what he called his "incidental and vacation work." Appointments were often made several months in advance and it was not unusual for him to have every available date filled for six weeks in succession. The acceptance of these invitations was determined by the opportunity for service afforded by the particular town, city or community from which came the call. If any doubt arose the chances were nearly always in favor of the smaller and weaker community, and the message was carried to the few hundreds that gathered at the cross-roads store or country church rather than to the larger number who assembled in opera house or city hall. The message, too, had

reference to the needs and special conditions of time and place, and thus constituted a sowing of good seed in suitable soil, for it is safe to say that Charles D. McIver never addressed an audience without having a distinct end in view and that end the provoking to good works. There are few places in North Carolina where his voice has not been raised in behalf of some public measure. Large audiences, too, in great cities far removed from his native State, have greeted this educational leader, and from his lips heard wholesome truths relative to our educational progress. Thus he had been invited to make educational addresses in more than one-half of the States in the Union.

His favorite topics were, of course, those that related to education, but as this is among the most comprehensive of subjects, his addresses may be said to have included a wide range of themes. He was not a man to deal in generalities, but with a particular purpose in view, selected a timely theme, appropriate to a given audience, and sought by a clear and forceful presentation of facts to accomplish a definite result. He would, for example, address a body of lawmakers on the duty of the State to make liberal provision for the education of its citizens—the citizens themselves on the advantages of local taxation for public schools. Or, the "Teacher as a Citizen" might perhaps be the subject of a talk to teachers and when urged to repeat it before a general audience, he would respond with an address on the Citizen as a Teacher. Although an interested student of our past history, he seldom drew upon its storehouse for the material of his public discourses, but preferred to live in the present and in it to find the chief objects of public concern. With him the past was our heritage, the present our opportunity, and the future, a result of the labors of today. To the work at hand he therefore addressed himself, and though he sometimes saw visions, he never dreamed dreams. All his speeches, whether intended primarily for men or women, and whether addressed to students, teachers, civic organizations or the general public, had this one thing in com-

mon—they all, without exception, emphasized the duty of public and community service.

While relying chiefly upon the power of the spoken word as an agency in conveying his message to mankind, he was not unmindful of the influence of the pen. Amid the duties of official life and the numerous outside calls made upon him, he found time to write much that is of more than passing value. His newspaper and magazine articles, his educational campaign documents and official reports, and his speeches, revised and prepared for publication, these, if gathered together, would doubtless comprise several goodly volumes, and would constitute a valuable addition to the literature relating to educational and civic ideals. His writings, like his speeches, are clear and forceful discussions of topics pertaining to education and public service.

The life here sketched would seem to leave little opportunity for the enjoyment of the quieter pleasures of home, and the leisure and happiness which home suggests. But the life here sketched is but the outer and visible workings of an inner life which found its center in the home and family. In Miss Lula V. Martin, of Winston, North Carolina, Charles D. McIver found a life companion whose Christian graces of character and powers of intellectual sympathy rendered her the truest encourager of his efforts and the wisest judge and rewarder of his success. Four children, a son and three daughters, added happiness to their union. A simple home was his, blessed by generous affection and pervaded by an atmosphere of hospitality and genial courtesy—a home where culture and quiet refinement were justly esteemed and where trust in God and faith in humanity remained unquestioned and sincere. His religious faith was that of the Scotch Covenanters, adhered to in its simplicity, but lived in the spirit of Christian rather than of sect. He amassed no wealth, yet none could call him poor, for love and confidence were his in fullest measure and he left to his family and to the people whom he loved and served a priceless legacy of good works, a heritage to all that survive him and to thousands yet unborn.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since, diploma in hand, Charles D. McIver passed from college halls into the larger school of life. And life itself grew richer with his coming, and so remains and will remain though he that led us has entered into rest. He accomplished much and in the doing of it taught us to demand of him and of ourselves and of all men—more. This, we suspect, is as he would have it, for his message to his fellow man rings clear and true: Live more abundantly through more abundant service, striving hopefully for the larger things of life.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

PROGRAM.

Hymn—Rock of Ages.

Invocation—Rev. Henry W. Battle, D. D.

Duet—O Spirit! So Strong and Pure.

Address—Dr. E. A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia.

Address—Dr. Wallace Buttrick, New York, Secretary of the General Education Board.

Male Quartet—One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Address—Dr. George T. Winston, President of North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

Address—Dr. F. P. Venable, President of the University of North Carolina.

Address—Dr. James E. Brooks, Greensboro, N. C.

College Chorus—Work Done, Come Home Today.

Address—Representing former Students of the College, Mary K. Applewhite, of the Baptist University for Women.

Address—Hon.J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Hymn—Nearer My God to Thee.

Benediction—Dr. Dickerman.

PRAYER BY REV. HENRY W. BATTLE, D. D.

Oh, God, whom we would devoutly worship, life is Thy gift. The benignant bonds which unite society are ordered of Thee; the faculties and aspirations which work out useful and eminent careers are of Thy bestowment. All powers within and all circumstances without obey Thy pleasure, and Thou alone art great! Lift our thoughts to Thee, as we enter upon the exercises of this solemn and impressive hour, and fill our hearts with profound gratitude for all Thy blessings. We thank Thee for men—strong, resourceful, God-fearing men!—men of great brains, sympathetic hearts, indomitable energies and noble purposes and for all they have achieved on life's ever deepening, broadening and advancing tide. We thank Thee for him whose memory we honor today. Thou didst take him to Thyself "at the bright meridian of historic life," but not until he had attained the goal of his fondest desires and bequeathed a heritage of priceless possessions to the rising generation. We shed our tears above his bier, but, touched with the light of the Sun of Righteousness, they are transmuted into a rainbow of glory! "Though dead he yet speaketh;" though the manly form be mouldering in the dust, his conquering spirit beckons us on!

Give to us, we implore Thee, oh God, grace to discern and appropriate the lessons inculcated by his life and death, and the tokens of a people's loving appreciation. In the tender light of this sacred hour enable us to see life and death and eternity as they are.

Command Thy blessing, we beg Thee, upon those interests so supremely dear in life to the heart of our teacher, patriot, and philanthropist. Hasten the time when the ample page of knowledge shall lie open to every yearning heart and searching eye throughout North Carolina and all our beloved Southland.

Bless all teachers, whether distinguished or obscure, whether wearing titled honors and ministering in splendid University, or performing offices of humble service in regions too con-

cealed for the world's recognition and too remote for its applause. Oh, Thou, who, whilst on earth, didst love to be called Teacher, bless them! and may they teach, as he taught, joyfully for Truth, our Country, and our God!

Vouchsafe Thy continued favor in richest measure to this great Institution—the child of his genius and his love. Like a mighty ship she has breasted the waves, and now rides peacefully and majestically upon a quiet sea. The strong hand of the pilot has dropped from the wheel, but Thy hand is there! and when to that other human hand shall be committed this beauteous and majestic Queen of the Southern Seas, with her precious cargo of immortal destinies, may the choice be Thy choice, oh, God!

Hear Thou now the prayer of tender and reverential love which goes up to Thee from each heart in this vast audience; Holy Spirit, Blessed Comforter, go with Thy sweet ministry where our feet may not enter, and to the sorrowing hearts of these bereaved ones, now draped in weeds of mourning, whisper, "Peace be still."

And this we humbly beg for Jesus sake, Amen.

A great audience filled the Assembly Hall of the Students' Building at 11 a. m. of Tuesday, November 20, 1906. Professor Foust arose and announced that the Board of Directors and Faculty of the College, feeling deep grief as they do over the death of their great leader, Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, had decided to set aside a day to pay tribute to his memory, and that it was appropriate that the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. James Y. Joyner, who by virtue of his office is President ex-officio of the Board of Directors, should preside over this service. He then presented Superintendent Joyner, who in a few words introduced, or rather presented, Dr. McIver's college mate, good friend and co-laborer, President Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia.

DR. EDWIN A. ALDERMAN'S ADDRESS.

At Lake George last summer in the home of a dear common friend, looking out over a scene of peace and quiet, Charles McIver and I were talking of life and its meaning and the flight of time that had carried us so swiftly past boyhood to middle life. Our moods alternated between the kind of boyish, unrestrained merriment possible only to men who have grown up together and a certain strain of premonition and sadness. I recall saying, "Charles, you will outlive me and you will probably have to write some resolutions or say something about me when I am gone. Make it short. Just say that we had a good time together, pounding away at real things." He answered quickly, "Ed. Alderman, though I look stronger than you, you may outlive me after all, and I give you the same counsel." We were talking like children in the dark, as all of us poor mortals must talk, but I realize today how impossible it would be for me to speak in any form of stately eulogy of this strong and faithful friend, whom I knew so well and loved, and with whom I worked so intimately in the service of society. My very nearness to him and the elemental and vital character of his personality, make it most difficult for me to set down even this brief personal appreciation of him in formal sentences.

All of us who were close to him have the impulse to say simply, "Here was a great, strong, hopeful, buoyant, friendly soul, who loved his fellows and builded enduringly for their welfare, and should be forever honored by them." Further words seem vain. Certainly, I shall not seek to recount the details of his career today, nor to enumerate the positions he held or could have held; nor in any fashion, to use this memorial hour in a formal biography of him.

Charles Duncan McIver was born in a rural Scotch home, in the simplest part of the simplest democracy in America. This Scotch home was full of cleanness and reverence and faith in the dignity of humanity and in the power of knowledge, and all of its ideals were ideals of self-respect and manly ambition.

In the existence of a multitude of such homes lies the antidote for the dangers of our over-nourished civilization and the safeguard of our republican ideals.

I saw him for the first time in the autumn of 1878 at Chapel Hill, whither he had preceded me by one year. There was no mistaking the quality of this great big country boy; eager, restless, purposeful, hopeful, with a face and an eye wherein humor and sympathy and shrewd discernment struggled for the mastery. He had already become a leader among his fellows. There was no better place, I think, for the making of leaders in the world, than Chapel Hill in the late seventies. The note of life was simple, rugged—almost primitive. Our young hearts, aflame with the impulses of youth, were quietly conscious of the vicissitudes and sufferings through which our fathers had just passed. "The Conquered Banner" and the mournful threnodies of Father Ryan were yielding place to songs of hope. A heroic tradition pervaded the place, while hope and struggle, rather than despair or repining, shone in the purpose of the resolute men who were rebuilding the famous old school.

All of us were poor boys. Those who came from the towns looked, perhaps, a trifle more modish to the inexperienced eye, but they were just as poor as their country fellows, and had come out of just such simple homes of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The unconscious discipline and tutelage of defeat and fortitude and self-restraint had cradled us all. We had all seen in the faces of our patient mothers and grim fathers, something that we knew, if we could not express, was not despair, and somehow, life seemed very grand and duty easy and opportunity precious.

Reflect upon just a few of the names of the boys that were there then and perhaps you will agree with me: Aycock, McIver, the Winstons, Doughton, Strange, Peele, Phillips, Murphy, Daniels, Gattis, Noble, Joyner, Thomas, Pell, Battle, Dancy, Worth, McAllister, and many others high in industrial and commercial life. Student ambitions in that day tended almost entirely to law, or politics, or scholarship. The great

industrial awakening, which has since beckoned, and now beckons, to so many of our young men, to take a hand in transforming our civilization from an agricultural into an industrial democracy, had not begun to make its appeal.

After four happy years of steady growth in scholarship and character, McIver passed from the University to the school room in 1881. I followed him into the school room in 1882, and our intimacy as fellow workers began in 1886, lasting unbroken and curiously interwoven until that quiet hour at Lake George, and in a deep spiritual sense, forever. He did his duty as an under-graduate, respecting his body and his spirit. He even won Greek medals, but his thought was on men and student issues and college policies.

The story of his life from 1882 to 1906 is a clear, high story of human idealism and human achievement, which every boy in North Carolina should know and ponder, and, which should cause the older men and women who listen to the strident voices of unrest and pessimism, to know that the heart of this Republic is true and sound, and that a heroic and noble simplicity lies at the root of our life. It is not an eventful story. It is not a story of thrilling vicissitude or startling change of circumstance. It is a story of earnestness and insight, of faith and purpose. His marriage to a noble woman, who sustained and strengthened him every day of his life; his clear sight of a great institution for the education of women in North Carolina; his brief and resistless battle for the attainment of that vision; a widening of that great conception into a passionate and whole-hearted dedication of himself to the education of all the people; the expansion of his nature under the spur of these high ideals; a splendid, joyous growth of his powers as they faced and overcame the difficulties that blocked his pathway; a serene and noble satisfaction in beholding his youthful dreams embodied here in forms of dignity and beauty and human training; the recognition of his worth, and the deep national value of his service by the whole republic; and a sort of unconscious apotheosis of him as the most useful citizen of his native State; the leader in all of its good causes. Is there

not essential grandeur in the unbroken unity of this upward-striving story?

There are some scenes in our common experiences between 1886 and 1890 that my heart recalls, and that I shall mention even at the risk of bringing myself into a picture, which I would fain fill with his own glory and his own worth. The original idea of the establishment of the State Normal and Industrial College in North Carolina was undoubtedly born in the brain of Charles McIver. He did not borrow the idea from Massachusetts or New York. The whole scheme forced itself upon him out of the dust of injustice and negligence right under his eyes. I recall the day at Black Mountain in 1886, when he spoke of it to me in his compelling way and won my quick sympathy and interest in the idea. His busy brain and unwearying energy rapidly drew friends to the movement, for no one who met him failed to hear of it. Together we drew up the first memorial to the Legislature in its behalf, and I remember the day in 1886 that he as chairman, and George T. Winston, Edward P. Moses and myself presented this matter to the Committee on Education. We knew that it was doomed, but we came away elated and somewhat excited over our first contact with legislative responsibility and greatness. We might not have been so elated, if we could have foreseen how much contact we would have in the years to come, though, if he were here, I believe he would agree with me in saying that the contact did us good, and surely he gave back more than he received.

I recall commencement night at Chapel Hill in the year 1889. We were to start out in a few days on a new and untried experiment in North Carolina or the South, a deliberate effort by unique campaign methods to create and mould public opinion on the question of popular education, involving taxation for the benefit of others. Men like Wiley and Murphy and Caldwell and Scarborough had fought this fight, but not just in this way. We were in the twenties and there were young wives and children at home, and the work we were undertaking was a temporary creation, due to the suggestion of the

State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the good impulses of the Legislature, which could not quite make up its mind to have done with us once and for all. There was no precedent for what we were trying to do, except Horace Mann, and he seemed so far off and so great that each one of us would have laughed at the other for mentioning the comparison. I remember that we talked about our plans and purposes and difficulties until the cocks began to crow. I told him to let me say one more word and then let us both go to sleep., He replied in his hearty, wholesome way, that he did not propose to be put to sleep and let me have the last word at the same time. We then decided to make a night of it, and talked on until the sun arose. I am inclined to think it about the best night I have ever spent for an intelligent and unselfish idea held our youth under its spell, and bound us for life to a service, which was not the service of self. As I think of it today, the grim old room in the Inn at Chapel Hill, and the silent watches of that night are lit with the light that never was on land or sea.

For three years, in every county of this State, we sought to mould public sentiment and direct public opinion towards the development of an adequate system of popular education and toward the establishment of a school for the training of teachers. Some day I shall hope to tell in detail the story of this crusade, for such it was in spirit and purpose. It had its discouragements and its comedies and its mistakes, but it was a time of full-blooded enthusiasm, exaltation and faith in the people, and the experience taught McIver and it taught me the essential lovableness and justice and dignity of character and open mindedness of the average North Carolinian in a way we could never have otherwise learned. And some good seed were sown, I think, which have increased some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. McIver was doubtful at first of his ability as a public speaker, but forgetting self in his purpose, he achieved in an amazing way, the very thing that he did not think himself equal to, and quickly became the most effective speaker for public education that I have known in America. It was a dull and senseless audience that did not respond

to his earnestness, the breathless onrush of his appeal, heated red hot in the glow of his personality, and lighted with a homely humour and power of illustration and a shrewd adaptation of story and anecdote, unequaled in North Carolina since young Zeb Vance won his triumphant way. His task was to plead with an individualistic and conservative community, hating overmuch by reason of robbery and suffering the very word "tax," for a Democratic and cummunal institution costing large sums of money and a world of patience. His weapons were persuasion and charm and earnestness and humor and pleading and sympathy. They seem feeble weapons as compared with the money of the plutocrat or the force of the despot, but they found the heart of this just and reasonable democracy, and seem to prove that the solution of our peculiar difficulties must come not by might or force but by the spirit of love, justice, humanity, and progress.

Many of his striking phrases will long live in the annals of educational growth: "The savage alone is exempt from taxation." "The generations of men are but relays in civilization's march on its journey from savagery to the millennium."

"Education is simply civilization's effort to propagate and perpetuate its life and its progress."

"The teacher is the seed corn of civilization, and none but the best is good enough to use."

"Ideas are worth more than acres, and the possessor of ideas will always hold in financial bondage those whose chief possession is acres of land."

"It is plain, therefore, that the State and society, for the sake of their future educational interest, ought to decree that for every dollar spent by the government, State or Federal, and by philanthropists in the training of men, at least another dollar shall be invested in the work of educating womankind."

"If it were practicable, an educational qualification for matrimony would be worth more to our citizenship than an educational qualification for suffrage."

"Finally men began to seek education not that they might become leaders in the State and in the church, but first of all,

that they might be strong men; so that today seeing a man at college is no indication that he expects to be a preacher or a politician."

In company with Major Sidney M. Finger we wrote the law upon the Statute books, creating the Institution, and selected the location for this building, and I should be false to justice and generosity, if I did not here pay tribute to the earnestness and enthusiasm and faithful support given to us during these days by Sidney M. Finger.

An interesting characteristic of the inspiring career of Charles McIver was its large unity and freedom from complexity. In studying either the man or his work, one does not meet with subtleties or whimsicalities or irritating contradiction, but one beholds rather a large movement of beneficent purpose, struggling onward to perfectly clear ends, and a big hearty nature ever "greeting the unseen with a cheer." In a true sense, his earthly career began with his sight of this school, and it ended where it began, but behold the all-embracing character of such spacious singlemindedness. As a consequence of this stimulating vision, came increased interest for popular education; as a result of his philosophic grasp of the meaning of popular education to a democracy, came a whole great theory of civic service and community helpfulness, and common-sense patriotism that tied him in closest sympathy to everything helpful, from hanging pictures on the walls of dreary country school-houses, to large sentimental schemes of relighting the fires of love for the homeland in the hearts of those who had strayed away. A clear vision, therefore, and a clean consecration of himself, in the generous ardor of youth, to the pursuit of that vision, wrought and moulded him into a kind of perfection as an American citizen, exhibiting all the moral persistence of the Puritan in a setting of sunshine and sympathy.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break.
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep, to wake."

The personality of Charles McIver interested and attracted men more than any sum of his attainments. His scholarship was not the scholarship of the schools, but rather a genius for sympathy with scholarship. Life was his thesis and men were his books and love his method. The Scotch passion for metaphysics had passed him by, leaving in its stead, a certain large understanding and a hearty insight that revealed any matter to him whole and entire. He gave the physical impression of being in a hurry, but he was never in a hurry mentally. He was a wilful man in a good sense, and loved to have his own way, but I have known no man with fewer blind prejudices to obscure his vision. He was not the sort of man who wanted everything, but the few fundamental things he sought, he kept a searchlight upon, and his hurrying figure could be seen moving toward them with resolute purpose. The freedom from hindering prejudices, and this singlemindedness, gave him a fine genius for co-operation and made him a beautiful man to work with, for you knew that his pride was not sticking out to get wounded, or his feelings to get hurt, or his toes to be trod upon. You were dealing with sanity and good will that knew when to compromise, when to surrender and when to fight. Men called him a good politician and so he was, if you will let me define a good politician as one who knows how to compel men to do deeds of public service that they would not have otherwise thought of.

He was a royal good fighter, too, if you will let me define a fighter as a man who is clear as to his purpose, who will not be gainsaid, who will not be set aside, who will not be cajoled, and who will come to his point. Besides, he was a Scotchman and had to fight something, and ignorance was his natural foe. Men of strong character are sometimes good haters. McIver was a very poor hater. He could not hate men and always exhibited a sort of pained surprise, unaccompanied with any ill will or malignancy when men despitefully used him. He

simply could not waste his moral strength in that most immoral of all passions, hatred. If I were to ask what was the greatest thing about Charles McIver, I should say that it was his interest and sympathy and love for men and women; not attractive men and women alone or good men and women, or great men and women,—but men and women. To him had come perhaps dimly the feeling that in rights and opportunities the final manhood of earth will be "classless and tribeless and nationless." A crowd always interested him and stirred his powers no matter how weary he was, and he moved about the crowd with a vast human interest shining in his face. I have seen him stop and speak to a young boy, half-formed and immature, with an interest infusing his countenance, like that which shines in the face of a collector, who has just found a new object for his collection. The story of the rise of men is full of men like Thomas Jefferson, who loved humanity, and were willing to die for it, but often they were shy of the units in the mass of men. McIver loved men and women , as he found them and they returned his love. The thing of deepest interest in the world to him was to see people rise. He was happy when they succeeded and sorry when they failed. Few men have worked through so busy a life, with so much sympathy and appreciation. He simply got what he gave.

Men who build or develop institutions, men who strengthen or preserve social forces of their times, do so through the exercise of faith and enthusiasm, and patience, and courage and energy, and these words might form a brief biography of Charles McIver. As our revolutionary age demanded the prophet of human freedom and the civil war period demanded steadfast courage, and the industrial period, the man of imagination and daring, so the decades between 1880 and 1906 in Southern history demanded men with faith in education as a great agency for moulding social and economic forces, and with power of personality and of brain to influence the most majestic of all human agencies—public opinion. Our institutions needed to be democratized; our thought to be nationalized; our life to be industrialized, and the whole process was

one of education. The school was the heart of the South's problem and McIver saw that truth and he will live forever in the history of this State as a great leader in this movement of transformation. It was besides his unique distinction to build outright a great institution. The State Normal and Industrial College, planted in the love and in the hearts of the people, will grow fairer in outward form, and richer in inward power, and as it grows the great traditions of his devotion will grow with it. In Emerson's fine phrase, this institution will be for all time the lengthened shadow of one man's life.

It is the purpose of those who love him to erect a statue to his memory. In so doing they will honor themselves and teach objectively a great ethical lesson which should not be denied our youth, but this school is his real monument. An institution of learning is the best earthly type of immortality. It is the only thing under the heavens that grows younger and stronger with the years. It is a creature of deathless function, of endless needs, of immortal youth. Great grand-daughters will journey to it as to a pilgrimage, while young children will be playing about its knees, and the influence of all influences that will guide its life will be the influence of Charles Duncan McIver.

As for me, his death struck close at the foundations of my life. It was a thing my mind had never contemplated, for a certain unconquerable boyishness in him precluded the very thought of silence and the grave. I could not think of death in connection with this happy starred, full-blooded man, in love with life and work. His passing closes for me a cycle in my life, a companionship of dreaming and work, of hope, and accomplishment, associated with the morning of life. Such work as he did must always go on and I would fain be in it and of it, but his absence somehow gives to it a kind of loneliness and quite another hue and qualtity. After I left North Carolina, by the strange coincidence to which he often alluded, we drew closer to each other in actual intimacy than ever before. Benign fortune set us to doing over an area extending from the Gulf to the Potomac, what we had once tried to do

over the hills and valleys of North Carolina. We met often each year, sleeping in the same rooms and talking in the night. I saved my stories for him, and he saved his for me, and his were always better than mine. He incarnated North Carolina to me, suggesting its wholesomeness, telling me its incidents, its ambitions, its progress, and bringing me news of our old friends—those that had died and those that had married and those that were fighting the battles of ambition and life. Each meeting with him was a bath of youth and good feeling and courage, that left me cleaner and stronger and fresher for my own tasks. I shall miss him sorely in this breathing world, though he is not dead either to my sight or spirit. Not only is he alive in the vague spiritual sense of the choir invisible, moulding the ideals and purposes of men, but he is alive and vital somewhere upon some mount of faith, and busy at work upon some good cause.

"O, strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely has not been left vain.
Somewhere surely, afar,
In the sounding laborhouse vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm."

DR. BUTTRICK ABSENT.

When Dr. Alderman had concluded, a male quartette sung and then State Superintendent Joyner read a letter from Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Secretary of the General Education Board, regretting that illness detained him in New York and pre-

vented his delivering the address he had hoped to make on his friend, Dr. McIver.

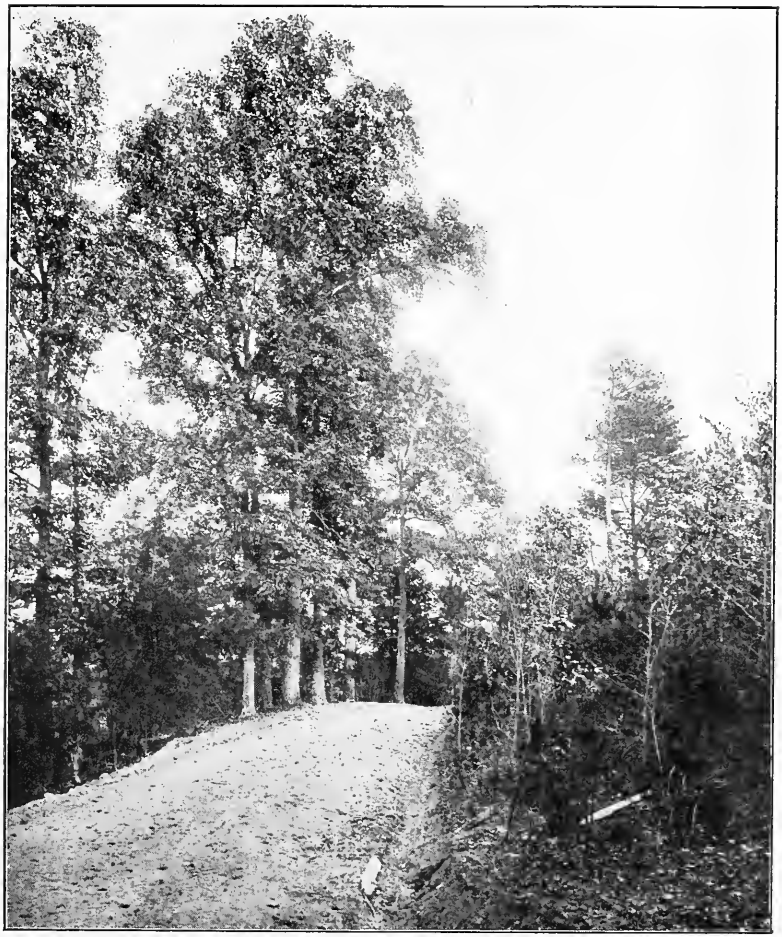
In introducing President George T. Winston, the next speaker, Prof. Joyner said that Dr. Winston was one of two teachers to whom Dr. McIver often said he owed most. During all their life there was warm friendship between Dr. Winston and Dr. McIver, and they fought together battles that will bless North Carolina for an hundred years.

DR. GEORGE T. WINSTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE.

"There is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his work." So spoke the preacher thousands of years ago. If he were here today, he would see it verified in the life of him whose memory we cherish. McIver's epitaph should be, "He rejoiceth in his work."

Though cut off in the very flower of manhood, his life was long, if measured by work performed. At the early age of twenty he found his mission in life. Not a day passed from that time until the very instant of his death that all his faculties and energies were not employed in public service and for the public good. He lived a quarter of a century as teacher, school organizer, public speaker, philanthropist, patriot, promoter of education in every form and of every movement for the public good. The public services of this man in twenty-five years repaid North Carolina her expenditures for over a century in establishing and maintaining the State University. He was the real Father of the Public Schools. His life work was complete. He worked so lovingly, so zealously and so efficiently, that others now may easily bring to completion that work



VIEW IN THE PARK

whose foundation and lines of development he so wisely planned. He was the greatest worker of his generation.

How we cherish the memory of his sunny face, his buoyant manner, his lively action! We shall seek to preserve in marble and in brass the lineaments of his face and figure, to remain for centuries a memorial of his life. May we not also transmit to posterity a nobler and more enduring memorial by imitating in our own lives the imperishable lineaments of his immortal spirit and transmitting them for perpetual imitation to the youth of the State. He had wisdom without guile; charity without sentimentality; prudence without timidity; strength without rudeness; gentleness, without weakness; humor without selfishness; and everlasting confidence in the triumph of truth and justice!

In presenting Dr. F. P. Venable, president of the University at which Dr. McIver graduated, Mr. Joyner spoke of the deep devotion of Dr. McIver to his alma mater. "He did have an affection for it that was deeper and stronger than that possessed by any man I have known for his alma mater—a devotion that was as abiding and pure as a boy's love for his mother."

DR. F. P. VENABLE,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

I have come, not to make a speech, but to mingle my sorrow with yours over the friend whom we all have lost. And yet the busy brain, the great, loyal, loving heart is stilled, and the brave spirit with its matchless energy is at rest.

How unstinted he gave of his wisdom and strength to his friends is known to you and the supreme sacrifice of his life was given to the work which he loved, for he wore himself out in the service of his people. The life which he might have lived

was only two-thirds lived out, but how full were the years, how splendid the results achieved.

Others may tell you of the work that he did, of the enduring monument which he built in this institution, I have come to mourn him as my friend.

Years ago, when his life work was opening out before him and the splendid opportunity for service was filling him with enthusiasm he came to me, a young teacher absorbed in my science, and by his forceful plea touched my soul also with something of his burning desire for the education and uplift of all the people of our State. It has been a great work and in it he has had no peer. I am glad that he has been my friend. I am proud that he was trained and nurtured by the University, the great school of the people, and that he drew his inspiration there.

Year by year I have followed his work with pride and sympathy. I have watched the development of his powers, his growth as an effective public speaker, as an organizer, as a controller of men, his abounding energy and his multiform usefulness, I have feared the effect upon his health of his self-sacrificing labors and the constant round of toil for others and now the end has come and the sacrifice has been made.

When the great responsibility of my present work was laid upon me he came to my aid as few others have done. With a loyal and most helpful friendship he stood by my side. The University has many loyal sons, but there was no one who loved her more unselfishly or served her more devotedly in all time of need than that high, brave soul whom we mourn today.

The University, beloved by him, mourns for her noble son, and in a common grief clasps hands with her younger sister, his hope, his pride, his splendid monument through all years to come.

O noble soul, beloved teacher, loyal friend, well done!

The next speaker, Dr. James E. Brooks, who spoke for

Greensboro, was Dr. McIver's devoted friend who had been closely associated with him in many things that made for Greensboro's upbuilding.

DR. JAMES E. BROOKS,

REPRESENTING THE GUILFORD COUNTY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

This is the age of wealth. The dominant ambition of the man of today is the accumulation of great riches. There is no longer a learned profession whose chief members are not a prey to the attractive business of piling up silver and gold. These men appear to count their lives well spent when this is accomplished. More prominence and wider discussion are given to the rich man and his affairs than to any other personage in our civilization. He occupies first rank in the esteem of public opinion. Deference and awe are lavishly paid him by all classes of society. There is more current literature on a dozen kings of finance than there is on a hundred of the most eminent scholars and scientists living.

During the past twenty-five years the art of money getting has eclipsed all others. Enlisted in its cause have been a majority of the most powerful minds of the world, and especially is this true in our own country. The most resourceful and ingenious intellects from all professions have put aside their chosen work and engaged in its employ. The ambitious man of high attainments will quit the pulpit, the bar, the bench, the chair of philosophy, or even the alluring charm of political preferment to become a Captain of Industry. The glamor of wealth entices the heart away from careers where men are required to fight, suffer and be misunderstood.

With the history of the world before us with which to compare and interpret our own time, we are compelled to call this age the Age of Avarice. Nor is this what posterity has said of us; it is the verdict we render against ourselves.

Doctor Charles Duncan McIver was not of this type. He was made of better stuff. He cared nothing for wealth, though he thought the teacher and professional man in general too poorly paid. He had no desire for luxury or display, and yet he longed for the day when the worn-out professional man should have substance laid away to soften his declining years. Great wealth could not tempt him. He was too intense, too much concerned about his work to put his heart into the cheap things money could buy. When he reached man's estate the vision of a great mission came to him and never for an hour from the time he went from our beloved University till that September afternoon when his great spirit took its flight from time into eternity did he lose sight of that vision.

Great enterprise does not stagger great minds—it inspires them. It brings them forth. The neglected woman was as great an inspiration to Charles D. McIver as the neglected individual was to Thomas Jefferson. Her neglect brought him forth. When he came upon the scene, our State had a splendid and time-honored University for the education of its men, but it had shamefully neglected to provide for the education of its women. Prospective students for college training were sought for in homes of college-bred mothers and among the well-to-do. This man went into the highways and hedges over our entire State and everywhere preached the doctrine that the State owed as much to its daughters as it did to its sons, and he lived to see his doctrine triumph.

Napoleon said of himself that he could not be reproduced; that it was not necessary that his like should come again. So with Dr. McIver. He cannot be reproduced—the times will not call for his like again. He completed his era. The man who follows him will have a new work to do—a new task awaits him. Dr. McIver completed his own work.

The Man of Destiny cannot be swerved from his purpose. The pretender falls a victim to the enemies along the way. Nothing but God can change the plans of the man of destiny. The splendid scholar may fill the University chair and even enlarge its influence; his attainments may be of the highest

order, but he is only filling a place made by someone else. The Man of Destiny creates his own sphere. Dr. McIver was a man of destiny; he created his own sphere, and no power save the hand of Providence could have thwarted him in his enterprise. He was the greatest force and personality our State has produced in our day. He stands alone in the uniqueness of his character.

It is my sincere conviction that no greater man than he was ever born on North Carolina soil. We have produced great men, but we have not said much about them. We have been content to read the glorified deeds of gifted men of other sections of our country, written by admiring historians of their respective States, while our own great actors have been neglected.

The history of this man's life will be written. Some man, inspired by the heroic endeavor of this great Carolinian, who gave himself for his fellow man, will tell the true story of his life. It will be an inspiration to every child in the land.

Mighty in Spirit, Mighty in Deed, he fought a good fight, he kept the faith, he finished his course.

At the close of Dr. Brooks' address, Mr. Joyner said:

Dr. McIver touched life in North Carolina at every point, but he did more for the education of woman than he did for any others. This college is the outward expression of his resolve to do all in his power to put education in the reach of the womanhood of the State. No man has lived among us who did so much for woman. No man has lived to earn so large a measure of appreciation from the women to whom he opened a new door of Hope and Opportunity. The three thousand young women who have been educated here feel the debt they owe to Dr. McIver. They are represented today by Miss Mary K. Applewhite, now a member of the faculty of the Baptist University for Women.

MISS MARY K. APPLEWHITE,

REPRESENTING FORMER STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

Mr. Chairman, Students of the State Normal and Industrial College, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my pleasure and privilege to speak for the four thousand students of the State Normal College and to pay their tribute of love and appreciation to the man who was to them more than the efficient President of this college, who was their inspiration, their counsellor and their friend.

From a student's first correspondence regarding entrance into the college, Dr. McIver's swaying influence was perceived. On entering the college his strong personality was felt by every individual student. In a short time she felt herself the possessor of a true friend. Narrow opinions were changed to broader views and the horizon of girl life soon enlarged while, even more than that, it was deemed a privilege to enter largely into the activities of college life as a preparation for that broader sphere of activity that lay beyond graduation.

As the years drew nigh graduation, his influence became more keenly felt and he impressed upon each class the fact that their graduation meant only the beginning of work as a citizen and as a student.

To each one he seemed to give a solemn charge: Serve thy State; and he inspired each individual with a passion for human progress. His high ideals of citizenship were reflected in the life of every student who, as the higher type of woman, the citizen woman, is seeking to help on the spirit of uplift in her own State.

As counsellor and friend in college, Dr. McIver was more than even that to the Normal girl when standing alone, as it were, she had begun her life work. No matter what phase of life—were it the home, the teaching profession, the business

world, he was ever ready to help by his sincere interest, his faith in her, and his tolerant and loving sympathy with all the little trials that came to her.

And now that his life among us "has of a sudden been stopped" we wonder how our work can go on. Who will give us the friendly advice, the wise counsel? Whence will come the inspiration that his words and presence always imparted? Almost could we be bowed with our grief and loss, and yet, remembering the spirit of him whom we loved, we cannot. What Dr. McIver has been to the students of the college can never be taken from them. His influence is immortal. His was not the spirit of useless repining, his was the spirit of facing bravely each situation, turning his face to the light and laboring with all his strength.

Do you remember one of his favorite quotations from Owen Meredith?

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

His influence upon all students illustrates the force of those oft-quoted lines. His life was pure, his purpose strong, therefore our lives are purer and stronger for his spirit among us.

For all that he would have us stand for in North Carolina or elsewhere that will we endeavor to be. This institution, the fruit of his thought and love and labor, shall stand as his work only begun and by his loving influence it shall continue to grow. We stand as we have always stood, ready to uphold it with our loyalty.

As a tribute to his memory we bring ourselves all girded, ready to face the problems and to carry on the work which he, looking down the coming years with the vision of a seer, saw would be ours to face and do.

Following Miss Applewhite was the loving tribute of Hon. **J. Y. Joyner, Dr. McIver's closest friend and most intimate**

coworker. Perhaps nothing said of our dead leader will get so close into the hearts of our MAGAZINE readers—the Normal students as the words of "Our Mr. Joyner." He was at the University with Dr. McIver and the friendship formed then was cemented in the close association of manhood. When Dr. Alderman withdrew from the faculty of The State Normal and Industrial College to go to the chair of pedagogy in our University, Dr. McIver urged the selection of Mr. Joyner as his successor, and until Mr. Joyner became State Superintendent of Public Schools they worked as brothers in this college, and the whole State has been benefitted by their joint labor for public education, as well as in the upbuilding of our college, which has not only educated thousands of young women here, but has also given an impetus to the education of women that has filled all the schools for women in the State.

CHARLES D. M'IVER AS I KNEW HIM.

ADDRESS OF J. Y. JOYNER AT THE McIVER MEMORIAL MEETING AT THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE, NOV. 20, 1906.

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Could I obey the dictates of my heart, I should pay the tribute of a sacred silence to my dead friend today amid these scenes hallowed by a thousand memories of him. My love and admiration are too great to find expression in matter-moulded forms of speech, but use and wont must have their due and I, too, must try to speak.

He was the truest friend, the warmest-hearted, the most generous, the most actively helpful, the most self-forgetful. He loved his friends and they knew and the whole world knew that he loved them. He sought their counsel, loved their com-

panionship, and found their approval sweet. He was ever on the alert for opportunities to help them and to enable them to help themselves. He often saw such opportunities and seized them for his friends before they saw them for themselves. I have known him unasked to lay down his work and travel across the State at his own expense without reward or the hope of reward to do a friend a kindness. He never allowed anyone to speak evil of his friends in his presence or to misrepresent or misunderstand them unrebuked and uncorrected.

And he was the friend of all mankind. All who knew him were his friends. He had the genius of friendliness. He made friends with strangers more easily than any man I ever knew. There was in him that touch of nature that dwells in every elemental man "that makes the whole world kin" and made him at home and at ease with the learned and the unlearned; with the high and with the humble. It was this that gave to his friendliness that personal touch that made so many his personal friends and filled so many with a sense of personal loss in his death.

He loved his State and his people. He was consecrated to their interests and jealous of their honor and reputation. Love of North Carolina and her people became a positive force in the life of every student that ever came within the circle of his influence.

He was full of hope and good cheer; of sunshine and of sympathy. He scattered these wherever he went. His presence was a joy and a benediction. In it, selfishness was shamed, the tongue of slander was silenced, littleness, narrowness and prejudice slunk away.

"The weak and the gentle,
The ribald and rude,
He took as he found them
And did them all good."

He was full of enthusiasm and his enthusiasm was contagious. He was full of courage and his courage too was con-

tagious. He was full of strength and the weak grew strong and the strong grew stronger under his influence.

He was full of energy, tireless, persistent energy. He was full of honesty, moral and intellectual; private and public, old-fashioned, rugged honesty. It beamed from every feature of his face; it shone in every act of his life; it rang in every tone of his voice. There was nothing hidden about him because there was nothing to hide.

He was full of faith in God and man and faith in the final triumph of the right. Therefore, he never gave up a fight for right and was never cast down by defeat. The blood of the Scotch Covenanter flowed in his veins and devotion to duty and consecration to conviction were ruling passions with him. He was ever impatient with the lack of these in others. He was a hard fighter for what he believed in but he always fought a clean fight; he always hit above the belt; he always respected a generous foe; he bore no malice when the fight was over.

He had "a hand as open as day to melting charity." He could never turn a deaf ear to any cry of need or to any call for any worthy object. How much he gave away will never be known until the great record is opened at the great white throne. Money to him was "so much trash as may be grasped thus" save as it could be made to serve him and to serve others.

He had large capacity for enjoying the good things of this life and believed in enjoying them in all proper ways. Often have I heard him quote with heartiest approval the words of the old show-man in Dickens, "The people muth be amused." In his philosophy of life, pessimism, puritanism, pharisaism, asceticism had no place; religion pure and undefiled had large place.

He was a man of great intellectual power and of rare versatility—a masterful man. Power dwelt in him and went out from him.

There was in him much of saving commonsense; much of creative and constructive power; much of that gift of vision vouchsafed only unto greatness. He was a fine judge of men.

He took their measure with almost unerring judgment. He saw their faults, their weakness, was patient with them and pitied them. He saw their virtues, their strength, admired them and used them. He never allowed the one to blind him to the other. He had the rarest power that I have ever known of finding the best in men and getting the best out of men. He was a great leader of men.

Without any of the arts of the orator, he was the most convincing, the most irresistible speaker that I have ever heard. He was too intense, too earnest to employ paltry decorations of speech. He spoke directly and simply as one having authority. He had a message and felt, woe is me if I do not deliver it. He forgot himself in his message. Men heard him gladly, though not of the manner of the man or of the forms of his speech, but never forgot the message that fell from his lips, the fire of earnestness and enthusiasm that was struck from his soul as he spoke, and kindled kindred fires in theirs as they listened.

He would have been successful in almost any calling—what a great lawyer he could have been; what a supurb leader in politics and public life; what a splendid captain of industry in any line; what a prince of promoters in any great commercial enterprise! He could have been almost anything he chose to be.

All his splendid powers he joyously laid upon the altar of public service. I believe that God anointed him and set him apart as a servant to his people. He heard the call to service and followed it as singly and as devotedly as ever noble knight in Arthurian legend followed the Holy Grail. He had a high ideal of public service and to it he subordinated every tempting offer of private gain or personal aggrandizement. Public education was his chosen field of service. With the clearsightedness of greatness, he saw that universal education was the only hope of universal emancipation and the only safe foundation for the broadest democracy. He saw too that the surest, shortest road to universal education was the education of wo-

man, the mother and teacher, and, through her, the education of all the children of men. To this special field, therefore, he devoted his chief attention but there was no department of education which did not receive his helpful touch. His conception of public service, however, was not narrowed to the one field of public education. He was active in every field that offered opportunity for public service in social, political, commercial circles, in his town, in his State and in the nation.

This was the man, Charles D. McIver, as I knew him—great in mind, great in heart, great in service to his fellow men—how great, men did not fully understand while he walked beside them, but know now by the lengthened and ever lengthening shadow of his life that death has thrown across the State, across the South, across the nation. He is gone! To those of us who knew him best and loved him most, life can never be the same again, there can be no other friend like him.

"He is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life."
" 'Tis Death is dead, not he."

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER.

A KNIGHT OF YESTERDAY.

List well to me and I to thee
  Will sing a wondrous lay,
Of a good fight made by a knight—
  A knight of yesterday.

No glittering armor did he wear,
  No shining blade he bore:
But just as valiently he fought
  As those good knights of yore,
Who in the days of chivalry,
  Had nobly gone before.

His foe was not of humankind,
  His fight was not with man,
But 'gainst the power of Ignorance
  He boldly raised his hand,
And right and left did smite amain,
  And fearlessly did stand.

He strove that every little child,
  Whate'er its lot might be,
Should not in mental darkness dwell,
  But look abroad and see
The beauteous light that knowledge gives,
  And giving, makes man free.

And, God be praised, the yielding foe
  He ever backward drove,
Nor turned aside nor e'er forgot
  The end for which he strove,
Strong in the strength that always comes
  From an abiding love.

His life is done, his race is run,
  No more for him the fray:
But in his sleep I pray God keep
  This knight of yesterday.

—R. D. DOUGLAS.

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