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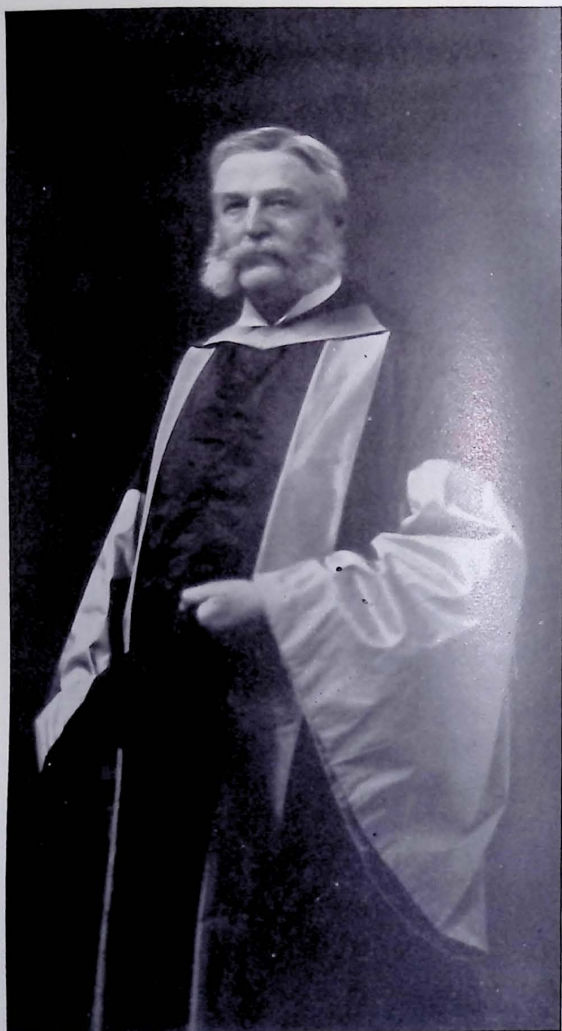
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IN MEMORIAM

ELMER HEWITT CAPEN

KAPPA, 1860

Seldom have we been called upon to mourn the loss of a brother who was more universally and sincerely beloved in Theta Delta Chi than Elmer Hewitt Capen, President of Tufts College and a charter member of the Kappa charge. The news of his death came to most of us out of a clear sky. His strong, energetic personality had made such a vivid impression upon our minds, that it required an effort to think of him as no longer busily engaged in attending methodically and unostentatiously, as was his wont, to the many problems that constantly demanded solution; Brother Capen was such a living force in Theta Delta Chi, we have become so accustomed to associating activity and vitality with his name, that it seems hardly possible to think of him as no longer in the land of the living. Our belief in the Omega charge has assumed a new significance since Brother Capen joined its choir invisible, and more than ever are we prepared to confess that, without the hope of immortality, we would not wish to have a friend. No loyal member of this fraternity will ever erase his memory from mind or heart, and we shall never cease to love him as a typical representative of those tenets which are the pride of our brotherhood. We love him and we cherish his memory, because his capacity for affection was unlimited, and because his career furnishes such an incentive to lead a noble and upright life, to dwell in the spirit engendered alone by a faithful and abiding friendship.

No one in Theta Delta Chi succeeded better than he in removing the conventional barriers of age and rank, and that is why he won the respect of the older generation, the admiration of the younger, and the love of both ; for no matter who or what we were, he found no greater pleasure in life than in sympathizing with all our hopes and fears and longings and aspirations. We realized that here was a man whose big, honest heart beat true, who lived not for himself, but primarily for others, thus placing his approval upon a sentiment which we in Theta Delta Chi have come perhaps to view as a platitude : that selfishness is incompatible with cooperation—and without the latter there can be no brotherhood, ideal or real. A constructive idealist himself, one who recognized that happiness can be attained only by endeavoring to idealize the real, while at the same time unceasingly striving for the truth, he never lent a deaf ear to the demands of the realities of life. He lived in the present, and yet no man planned and labored more for the future than he, not for what it might hold in store for him, but because of the benefits others might derive through his far-sighted humanitarian efforts. His life from day to day furnished ever more constant proof of the truth of Goethe's saying, that

He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.

He did conquer them, but only because he looked upon life as a measure to be filled, not as a cup to be drained ; because faith had a place in his philosophy, faith in the beneficence of Providence, faith in man's destiny, faith in human striving, faith in American educational ideals, faith in Theta Delta Chi. And his faith was responsible for much of what he accomplished : It was that same faith that made him an idealist, that made him an optimist, and it was his idealism and his optimism that furnished such a never-ending source of inspiration to the young. His optimism was of the contagious, buoyant variety that carries the hearts of all by storm and yet rests upon a foundation of calm dignity and repose. He wanted to work while it was day, that was the keynote of his life, and in this particular he never suffered his de-

termination to be shaken, not even within the shadow of death : Like St. Paul he had adopted the motto : I press on.

The shibboleth of modern life is progress, and it is a ruthless progress, that is no respecter of the individual. We are living in an age when the young are all too eager to supersede the old, and yet here was a man who not only kept abreast of the times, but who impressed the stamp of his own powerful individuality upon all with whom he came into contact, and especially the young. Early in life—for honors came to him early—he learned the lesson that rank imposes obligation, and never was he found unfaithful to his trust. And it was in this spirit of a proper conception of the stern responsibilities resting upon his shoulders, that he stands before us as a type of the sensible scholar and educator who seeks and finds his recreation and enjoyment in the refinements, and not in the luxuries of life. May our Fraternity take to heart the example he set in demonstrating that the way to a nobler culture lies through refinement and simplicity, and not through the sybaritic comforts that threaten to lure some of our colleges and fraternities from their democratic foundations.

President Capen was withal a large man, a man who stood head and shoulders above petty trifles ; and vulgar discords found no response in his peaceful soul. Laboring almost feverishly in the consciousness that any hour his Creator's call might come, he seems to have been guided by the aphorism that in the concrete lies the eternal, and here we have another reason for the affectionate regard in which he was held ; it was inspired to a certain extent by his ability to give tangible form and eloquent expression to the abstract entities of life, in other words, by his ability to give living embodiment to the things unseen, that have no beginning and no end. These eternal verities constituted the cornerstone of the religion he not only preached but practiced, and what do they rest upon after all but love, love of home, love of family, love of country, love of *alma mater*, love of fraternity, the all-embracing, all-controlling love of humanity. He remained to the end so devoted to the principles of our brotherhood because he grasped the only defensible mission of an organization

such as ours, the propagation of unselfish friendship to ever widening circles of our fellowmen. He was a

The Amateur veritable amateur, a lover in the real sense of the word, a man in love with his life-work, radiant with enthusiasm for his allotted tasks, unaffected by the allurements of wealth and social distinction. The world is all too full of professionals seeking their own selfish ends, and the crying need of the hour is for amateurs like Brother Capen, who are convinced that "it is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

We love him because he was so thoroughly, so sincerely one of us, and we pray that our love may be hallowed and mellowed by our insistent belief in the immortality of friendship.

Inasmuch as an account of Brother Capen's activities and his connection with the Fraternity appeared only a few years ago (*THE SHIELD*, Vol. XVI, No. 3, September, 1900, p. 273: Elmer Hewitt Capen, by Charles Neal Barney),

Biography it is scarcely necessary for me to give here a detailed biographical sketch of his career, and I shall therefore confine myself to the merest outlines in telling the story of his life. Brother Capen was born at Stoughton, Mass., on the fifth of April, 1838. His secondary education was received at the Green Mountain Liberal Institute in South Woodstock, Vt. He graduated from the Institute and entered Tufts College in 1856, receiving his baccalaureate degree four years later. While still an undergraduate he was elected, in 1859, by his native town to the Massachusetts Legislature. The law had a particular fascination for the young graduate and after leaving his *alma mater*, he entered the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1864. He practiced for a short time at Stoughton, but soon came to feel that he could serve his fellowmen better as a preacher of the Gospel, and so he turned his back upon the profession of his early choice and took up the study of theology. In 1865 he was ordained pastor of the Independent Christian Church of Gloucester, Mass. From Gloucester he went to St. Paul, Minn., and from there to Providence, R. I., where he served from 1870 to 1875.

In the latter year the call came to guide the course of his



1876



alma mater and it was one he could not resist. For thirty years he labored with untiring energy as President of Tufts College, and although more than once tempting offers were held out to him that would have drawn him away from his sphere of usefulness—as when, in the fall of 1889, he was mentioned for nomination as governor of Massachusetts by the Republican party—he adhered steadfastly to the work which, as the years rolled by, had become ‘bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.’ It was a work that has borne precious fruit, as every friend of Tufts is ready and eager to admit. That his labors were appreciated also outside of his own College is shown by the fact that St. Lawrence University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1879, and twenty years later Buchtel College made him a Doctor of Laws. He was intensely interested in every movement that promised to elevate humanity morally or intellectually, and so we find him serving as a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, as a trustee of the General Convention of the Universalist Church, as President of the New England Conference on Admission Examinations, as President of the Massachusetts Law and Order League, and as an officer of many other political and religious organizations. As a public speaker he was frequently in demand and no one who was ever privileged to listen to one of his addresses, into

The Orator which he invariably put his whole heart and soul, will wonder at his popularity in this field.

A volume of “Occasional Addresses” (privately printed, 1902) bears testimony to the sincerity and charm of his utterances. The selection that is of greatest interest to members of the Fraternity is his affectionate tribute to Brother Benjamin Kimball Russ, Kappa, 1860, his classmate and the most intimate friend of his youth, who died on November 6, 1896. The friendship of Brother Capen and Brother Russ was an ideal one in every respect, one that will serve as an example to every brother in Theta Delta Chi. Every brother, too, should read the oration Brother Capen delivered at our Semi-Centennial celebration (Memorial Volume, p. 73) and his address at the Memorial Service held in connection with the Boston Convention of 1903, and derive added inspiration from the sentiments there expressed.

Brother Capen seems to have had some premonitions of his demise, for several years before his death we find him referring occasionally to his end. In his semi-centennial oration, for example, he said: "Some of us have not far to go in company with the brave young band whose hands bear aloft the signal of the stars and daggers. But we will keep our hearts young and march with a firm and joyous step to the end. If the good God will lead us across the threshold of the new century we shall be glad." He was permitted to see the new century, but to the infinite sorrow of everyone connected with Tufts College, he was not allowed to participate in the celebration of the semi-centenary of his *alma mater*. At the Washington Convention Banquet in 1900 he remarked: "But if my time were past, and the end were to come tonight, I should feel that the future of our country, of our fraternity, and of all, is safe, because I see in you young men, not only intelligence, but the sobriety and the sterling virtue that we have ever cultivated." And while I am referring to his banquet speeches—and he delivered many in his day, for seldom was he absent from our gatherings—I wish to quote a passage from one held at the New England Dinner of 1902, as it is so thoroughly characteristic of his largeness of heart, his breadth of view, and his conception of the real fraternity spirit. Speaking of the serious responsibilities with which the future is fraught, he remarked: "The young men who are being educated in the colleges are equal to these new emergencies, and this is due not only to the education they are getting but to the spirit which is being developed in them. And that spirit is not confined altogether to our own fraternity. Let us make no mistake here. A man may not be able to give you the grip nor to work himself into a Charge house, yet he may have the spirit of our fraternity in his heart. It is only our special privilege to cultivate in a special way this spirit and to develop and nourish the ideal in which our friendship has its root." In speech after speech he exhorted us to hold to our ideals and we never grew tired of listening to his urgent appeals, for we were made to feel that they came straight from the heart, and whatever comes from the heart will always reach the heart. No one in the fraternity ever received more enthusiastic receptions than did "Prexy" Capen,

especially at the various Boston gatherings—and let us hope that our expressions of affection cheered him on his busy way. He often confessed that nothing gave him so much inspiration and pleasure as to meet young men and to feel himself young, and we need go no further than this to find an answer to the question why he made such an ideal college president, why he won the profound and lasting esteem of every student of Tufts College.

That he did win their love was eloquently demonstrated at the funeral services held in the College Chapel, in which students and alumni of Tufts joined with a host of friends to pay a fervent tribute to the memory of the deceased. The chancel on that occasion was a mass of flowers and the casket was concealed by thousands of violets. I should like to speak of the details of the beautiful service, but the emotions that steal over one on such an occasion can only be felt, not described. A spirit of solemnity and sanctity enveloped every heart, for all realized to the full that it was a good man who had gone to the bourne from which no traveler returns.

Brother F. W. Hamilton, Kappa, 1880, delivered the principal address of the afternoon, which is herewith given in full :

What a splendid commentary on that text (I. Cor. xv.: 58) the life of Elmer Hewitt Capen wrote for the world to read: "Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." What finer, fitter words could any of us find wherewith to describe the

The Burial Service man we knew and loved?

Dowered with great gifts, great qualities of mind and heart, with energy, with foresight, with insight, with powers which opened before him the road to high distinction in any vocation which he might choose, in his early manhood he turned from the law which opened before him, turned from the attractive path of political preferment upon which he actually entered at an unusually early age, and gave himself to the service of the Lord in the Christian ministry, believing that there was no calling so high, no service so great, no opportunity for usefulness so large as that which opened before a man who gave himself to the service of Christ and his church, and from that day to this this man has abounded in the work of the Lord. His coming to this College was the taking up of a large ministry, a ministry larger than any parish of any denomination.

Devoted to the Christian ministry, loyal always to that denomination

THE SHIELD

to which he gave his life and which absorbed so much of his interest and of his great powers, yet he recognized the larger claims of the church universal. It was the service of God in the largest conception that called him to the service of his fellow-men, and it was not long before men began to see the value of the service which was being rendered.

Never a man to thrust himself forward, never a man to claim even that which was justly his due, he could not remain unknown in any community where worth was honored and service was recognized. It was not very long before the Universalist church called him to her service as a member of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention, a service which was rendered with a faithfulness, a thoroughness, and a devotion which won the respect and admiration of all those who had the privilege of serving with him.

The state called him to her service on her Board of Education, and there his voice and influence were heard and felt in ways that immediately made for the betterment of the education which this state of Massachusetts confers upon her children. Others recognized him.

Calls to service and calls to honor came and were answered, not because he desired place, or fame, or power, but because he desired to be useful to the community in which he lived, because he desired to do what a man could do for God and for the children of God, and so today there comes together this large assembly to do him honor. But those who are here are a very small number in comparison with those whose thoughts are turned to this service, those who have passed under his influence in this institution, those who have known him in the many achievements with which his life was full, those who knew him only to love and honor him as a man. For we who are here today are here not only to mourn the loss to the Commonwealth, and to the community, and to the church, and to education of a man justly honored by his fellows, but we are here because a man we loved has gone out of our lives. We are too near now to see how great this life really was. Years must place this life in its proper perspective and in its proper relation to the history of this community and the development of those movements in which he was interested before we shall be able to reckon its value and render fully the honor which he deserves at our hands.

We know that he was great, we know that he was gentle, and loving, and true, and steadfast, and we know that his labor was not in vain in the Lord. He has left behind him here a monument more enduring than brass. He has left work which will benefit humanity for centuries to come. He has left a memory which is a perpetual monument in the hearts of those of us who knew him, and will be a priceless heritage to his children. For he was not one of those men who impress us far off more than close at hand, who need distance to appear great in the eyes of men. For as some of us were privileged to draw nearer to this man, we saw only more clearly the depth and the beauty and the sweetness of his nature, and no matter how close we came to him, spots did not cloud the brightness of his shining.

Faults did not manifest themselves on close inspection, which would mar the fair impression received from a more distant view.

He was a scholar, he was a minister, he was an administrator, he was an educator, he was a man. A man of deep and warm and tender human sympathies, a man who worked among men, helping them because he loved them, a man always in touch with the young men around him, never growing old, never too old to enter into their fun, and never too old to sympathize with them, never too old to understand them, and never too old to be able to help them.

From sphere to sphere of usefulness he has been called by the community, by the church, by the college, by the state, and now God has called him. We were not ready to have him go. We cannot spare him, but God has need of him, and has taken him to Himself.

After the services alumni and students to the number of many hundreds joined in the funeral procession, accompanying the body to the limits of the town, where, arranged in two long rows, they stood with bared heads while the mortal remains of their beloved president passed by. It was a sad procession that marched back to the campus.

Less elaborate services, inspired, however, by the same fervent esteem and affection, were held in Goddard Chapel on the afternoon of May 26 under the auspices of the Kappa Charge.

The Kappa Memorial Service

The memorial was conducted by Brother Thomas Whittemore, Kappa, 1894, who stood nearer to our late brother than any person outside of the President's immediate family. It had been arranged by Brother Whittemore in perfect taste and there was no note to mar its simplicity. It was a beautiful May afternoon and the scene in the little side chapel with its open windows that let in the sunshine and the fragrance was one that no participant is likely ever to forget. Beneath the portrait of President Capen a spray of sweet peas rested on the old desk from behind which he had addressed many a gathering, but none that loved him more deeply and more fondly than this select band of Theta Delta Chis. Brother Whittemore opened the exercises by saying :

BROTHERS :—We are not the first to assemble in memory of President Capen. Public honors have already been paid him in this place, and in those honors many of us have shared with the College and the state. But today we come apart from the rest, in the sense of being as it were in one

of his own chosen companies, a company in which he himself liked always to be. Not so much, I feel we have it in our hearts to speak here of his reputation to the world, as to humor ourselves with happy recollections of him.

President Capen believed in Fraternity, because in Fraternity he saw the condition of faith. His faith in many a boy gave that boy the faith in himself that he needed to fulfill the promise of his youth. Thus he was a man to be decided in his judgment of boys not by automatic thought alone, but by impressions, voices, visions,—a man whose heart had its reasons. I remember that he said to me once, as we were coming from a faculty meeting in Ballou Hall yonder, "You can uphold the dignity of the College without spoiling a man's life. Don't forget he has his life to live." Brotherly consent was to him almost a sacrament of belief, and with it he brought men to the highest point of light in themselves.

But Brother Capen not only believed in Fraternity, his own Fraternity was in truth one of his life-long sources of power among men. He acknowledged it frankly, and returned to it again and again publicly for recreation. In that perfectly lovely tribute high in America's anthology of friendship which he paid to his class-mate, Brother Russ, he has left us one of the choicest records of Theta Delta Chi.

Brother Whittemore then introduced Brother Gibbs, Kappa, '59, whose speech, we regret, cannot now be recovered. He spoke with great charm of Tufts College in the years of Brother Capen's undergraduate life, and of his rare comradeship and early gifts.

The following was read by Brother Whittemore from Brother Winsor B. French, Kappa, '59 :

As a college boy and schoolmate I knew our dear departed Brother Capen, better probably, than anyone now living. Our acquaintance, indeed intimacy began with his entering college. We were friends from the first, and his joining the Kappa Chapter was, I believe, largely due to my influence. Our intimacy continued all through my college life, and our friendship to the day of his death.

I can scarcely realize, that nearly forty-nine years have elapsed since we met as boys at Tufts. A half century is not much in the grand cycle of passing years; but in a chain of continued friendship, with no link strained or broken, it is a rare blessing and a joy forever. Such his friendship has been to me.

Of our Brother Capen's remarkable success as a pulpit and platform orator; of his great work in making Tufts College an university; of his leadership in the State and nation as an educator—no mention need be made here by me. He was the acknowledged leader of our Fraternity throughout the country, and to his individual efforts and influence very

much is due for its high standing among all the other Greek letter college societies. His death will therefore be greatly lamented, not only by our Kappa Chapter, but by all Theta Deltas, wherever they may be.

It was my good fortune to be associated with him in two national conventions of our society; one in the City of Troy, New York, in the summer of 1859, the year of my graduation, where we represented the Kappa Chapter; the other at Washington, D. C., in 1900. Brother Capen on the latter occasion, stood in the front rank with Hay, and Griggs and Porter and Smith, all famous representatives of our noble order. These conventions were a long time apart; almost a half century between the student and the head of an university. Yet the same kind heart, and young love kept Capen close to his friends and his Fraternity brothers, while he grew great in his life calling. My last meeting with Brother Capen was in Boston, in January, 1904, when he came with Mrs. Capen to meet Mrs. French and myself and to extend to us a "*bon voyage* to foreign lands."

Brother Capen's death to me is most sad, and depressing. I am tempted to write more than would be proper on this occasion when so much can, and will be said by others in his praise, and in his memory. The years of his active life, the everyday associations with him, and the genial warmth, and sympathy of his great nature, are best known to you, who have felt it in your college life and profited by it in after years. His sincere and strenuous life has been and will always be a noble lesson for us all.

To us, our dear brother's death seems most unfortunate, and deplorable. He had climbed the hill of fame, in the way of his hope, and stood looking back with great pleasure, over the field of his labors for nearly fifty years. He had not striven for glory on the field of battle, or fame in the civic walks of life. He was not ambitious for wealth. He did not struggle for self-aggrandizement. His was the noblest work that can fall to the life of man to do; the education of the youth of our country. A lifetime labor for others.

So our dear Brother Capen stood high up on the ladder of fame, when he was called to go up higher.

Brother John W. Hammond, Kappa, '61, who followed, said in part:

While some occasions of this sort are wont to partake of a sombre character, to me there seems no reason for this. While doing it as a memorial for one whom we all respected and loved,—for our brother, it is well to pause and consider for our own good the character and influence of the man himself. I fully agree in every particular with the estimate of Elmer H. Capen as has been stated by Brother Gibbs, and what I say will not be in the nature of a eulogy, but a fair and just estimate.

When he came to college, Capen was slim of physique, and very boyish in appearance, yet he was very popular, of uniform good nature and I never heard him say a word or knew of him doing an act which he might be ashamed of. He was full of fun at times, and he had a classmate named

Porter, who was just his opposite physical type, short and fleshy. I recall a picture of the two engaged in a prize-fight sparring match, during which Capen was called the "Bowery Chicken." He was prominent in debating while in college. The old Mathetican Society was then in existence and Capen was one of the members. He was, on the whole, the most impressive debater in college at that time. One characteristic of his delivery was his great kindness of statement—he never wounded an adversary by word or deed. When he had finished speaking we always wondered that we hadn't thought of the argument before—it was so plain. He was cool and earnest and he never lost his head. As a member of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, he was always prominent and interested.

Capen always had a great leaning towards politics, and I was never more surprised than when I heard that he had entered the ministry. It seemed to me that he always felt that his great calling was politics.

In closing, I say that he among us will indeed be fortunate who, when men come together in his memory, will have as little of criticism and as much of commendation said of him as we have said of Elmer Capen.

Brother Whittemore then read the following letter from Brother James F. Powers, Kappa, '61 :

A crippled body makes it impossible that I should be present at the memorial service to be held by the Kappa Charge in honor of President Capen, one of her oldest and most loyal sons. Though not present in body, I shall be with you in spirit, and I gladly respond to your request for a few words expressive of my respect for and appreciation of our brother who, by the ordering of Him who doeth all things well, has been removed from an active, useful and honored life.

The record of his life and work has been written to the full end, and as we review it in its completeness, it bears our closest scrutiny. Not that it is unmarked by any mistakes or failures, or by any errors of judgment and misdirected efforts; but that from boyhood to the end, it is exceptionally the record of a pure life, of honest purpose, of worthy ambition, of manly striving, and in no small degree, of successful attainment. His was a spirit kindly, generous and just. He easily won friends and he was loyal in his friendships. He could do what many of us cannot: he could render to others the full meed of praise due them, without a twinge of jealousy.

Having my home for the past thirty years in a distant state, my personal relations with President Capen during that time, have been very slight. My intimate association with him centers in our college days and in the years immediately following our graduation, he in 1860, I in 1861.

I recall him in those earlier days as a tall, exceedingly slim, rather angular and somewhat awkward young fellow with a by no means handsome face, but with a twinkle in his eyes and a pleasant smile, which told the story of a genial hearty comradeship. I have said he was somewhat awkward, yet he had a certain dignity of bearing, and a certain grace of manner which were recognized by his college mates, and which in latter

years added greatly to his effectiveness as a public speaker. He was a natural orator. His thoughts and his speech moved in unison. He seemed always to have at command the right word for the clear expression of his ideas, and he had in a large degree the faculty of marshalling them in the most effective order. As a scholar he was not remarkable, many of his classmates in this respect, outranking him: but he had a remarkable aptitude for making the most and the best of what he had, and was ever reaching out for something more than he had.

After his graduation he turned to the law as a profession, but it was not long until his natural gifts and his strong religious instincts, which eminently fitted him for the office, drew him into the ministry. Called to the pastorate of the church at Gloucester, it was my privilege at his ordination to give the "charge" to the newly made minister. In it I remember saying—"Brother Capen, we expect great things of you." Looking back over the intervening years, I am prompted to ask today—Have not those expectations to a very marked degree, been realized?

When he was called to the high and responsible position of President of Tufts College, I with some others, thought a mistake had been made; that he was too young and inexperienced; highly as I esteemed him I doubted his fitness for that particular place,—young men can hardly ever rightly and justly measure the capabilities of their fellows who stand on the same level with themselves:—I feared a failure. The years as they have gone by, have shown that there was no mistake;—that doubt was misplaced; that fear had no ground to rest on. For many years President Capen held his high position with honor: he administered the affairs of the College with marked wisdom, and he won for it a large measure of success. His work is done, and it has been well done.

The members of Kappa Charge of Theta Delta Chi will do well to write the name of Elmer H. Capen large on the walls of their charge house, and keep his memory bright in the coming years, not only as an honored member of the fraternity, but as a true man—a Christian Gentleman.

The next speaker was Brother Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Pi Deuteron, '95, and he was followed by Brother Horace A. Davis, Kappa, '97, in introducing whom Brother Whittemore said:

It would be inappropriate to meet for these memorials elsewhere than on this hill-top. This is his place. The years came and went, and every spring the hill renewed its charm for him. He loved what St. Francis called "My brother, the wind, and my sister, the rain," if it but blew and fell here. Men said sometimes in recent years, "How old the President is growing." He was old in unselfish aims, in wasted projects, in unrequited toils, in a grand and tender resignation, but his heart was young. "If the world but knew the heart he had, though much it loved him, it would love him more." To those of us who knew him best his face, as he stood there day after day in the early morning light of the Chapel, was an ageless face, like the face of all who gaze upon the face of Him, "*qui est per omnia secula*

benedictus." These earlier men have told us of the young Capen. It is the ever-young Capen that the younger of us knew.

Brother Davis :

President Capen was not only the foremost actor in affairs at Tufts, but he was the best beloved man in the College. Especially glad are we of Kappa, to testify to his popularity and the affection in which we held him.

It is often falsely stated, that to succeed one must compromise ideals or character, but our president's success as a man and as a scholar is the refutation of such a cynicism. His success as a man was rooted in his essentially democratic nature ; he loved his fellowman ; it had been his lifework to enlighten, to uplift, to save him. He recognized ties of blood, church and state in one universal acknowledgment of God as the Father of all, and he was ordained to preach his faith to all peoples.

Yet while his great love extended to the many, he cherished a great affection for a certain few. We find today a solace in reflection—for we are of a chosen band of men with whom our elder brother was bound by indissoluble ties. The mystic letters of our order offered him the same glad assurance that they offer us, and it is a blessed privilege to know that the rites and ceremonies, the emblems and symbols, the associations and traditions to which we fondly recur, were shared by him, were a part of his life, and doubtless were his inspiration as they are ours.

I have never ceased to rejoice in my good fortune in being made a Theta Delt. It must have counted much with me, to be invited to join the fraternity of which "Prexy" was a charter member. I was thus privileged to meet my president on the same level and to grasp his hand in a brotherly grip. But I could never think of President Capen as *Brother* Capen. He was rather, like a *father* to us younger men. I love to recall him as *Dear Old Prexy*—and I thank fortune that I was one of his boys. He has left us a rich heritage ; the beautiful memory of a life devoid of selfishness, devoted to furthering the best interests of mankind. It is impossible, having known him, not to render him that tribute of affectionate admiration which is never evoked by ability alone, but by ability born of real worth.

Brother Richard B. Coolidge, Kappa, 1902 :

In the death of President Capen, we younger men of the Fraternity have borne a loss peculiarly our own. We have been glad,—we sons of his college mater,—to hear these reminiscences of his youth, for though our acquaintance with him came forty years later than theirs, we have recognized many of the traits of character which they knew. We are glad, too, because heretofore we have listened to the words of his associates and men of affairs who spoke of the President's public life. But we knew him differently than these. They saw him going about the man's work of counsellor and executive, and judged him from that point of view. We knew him from another. First, he was our President, that beloved man to whom the college world looks up with its rough-spoken affection, and by whose

example in so many ways, it adjusts its attitudes and beliefs. We added to this the relation of Fraternity, and knew him there as perhaps no others could know him. His was a many-sided nature,—a man among men, but a youth among youths. And such in this relation did we know him.

There was, I think, a kinship of spirit between him and youth. No less in his service to the general Fraternity was this manifest, than in his special interest in us of Kappa. He came often to our house, to our functions, our meetings, and initiations,—always with discrimination, lest the suggestion of favoritism be raised, but none the less often. He came, I think, because in spirit he was of us. Many were these occasions. We have seen him in the charge room listening intently while some youthful problem was under discussion. He followed the thought, because he understood and sympathized with the point of view taken. He was there, too, on that festive and solemn evening in October, when we heard his step on the entry-stair and every fellow whispered to his neighbor, "Prex is here." He forgot none of the rites and insignia, trivial, perhaps, to older men, all important to youth. He followed the ceremony of initiation, all as if it were a fresh experience to him, and he were starting life with us. The freshman never forgot that moment, nor the feeling of awe and wonder that the President of the College could come down and meet him on that intimate level. He spoke to us then not as a man looking back, but rather as one of us looking forward with larger realization of the value of friendship and loyalty. Then we knew him, however many were the calls on his time, as one who never missed coming back into the lives of us younger men.

At the same time he discharged what, I think, was to him a duty in coming. As one of the founders of the Charge he took a keen pride in its welfare, and watched its progress carefully. We never suffered a serious lapse in standing. But had that come, his counsel would have been the first to help set us aright. Indeed, his watchfulness was always in standing by ready to aid, never in interference, for he believed in young men and that they would ultimately veer to the right course. It was truly a great source of strength to Kappa, to feel this sturdy friend at hand. This interest in the Charge he extended to its members with some of whom he kept a more intimate acquaintance. He kept close account of the men in College, and was deeply gratified when a Thete took honorable standing among his fellows.

But it was not after all the self-imposed duty that brought him back among us two score years younger than he. The Fraternity he never let slip as a chance attachment of his youth. Its friendship he cherished as he did that of his classmate Russ of whom he has spoken in words that have become an English classic. And who can doubt the Fraternity when in its associations rise such friendships as this!

But the President was not only the friend of the young man of his Fraternity. He was in spirit the friend and intimate of all young men.

He believed in them, that at heart they had proper instincts, and that if left largely to themselves, they would properly regulate their conduct. This conviction he put into practice in the government of the College, notably free among the smaller colleges from rules of discipline. The College did not disappoint him.

He understood the young man's point of view. When called upon he spoke in celebration of a College victory always using the "we" and "our". But when the sense of triumph carried enthusiasm too far, he appealed to the instinct of fair play, and his way prevailed. At one of these times of celebration, the students took a large amount of wood from a good friend of the College. The President did not seek out the wrong doers. He suggested that the loss be made good, left it to our option, and the men whom he trusted responded. But if need be, his indignation of itself compelled obedience.

His sympathy was not merely passive. More than one student has felt his direct aid. One Freshman, I remember, was about to leave College for lack of funds. The President knew only his name in the College catalog, but the man was summoned to his house where an offer of help settled his affairs. That was often his way.

The picture of him comes up in our College life. We remember him at morning chapel, where we listened to the prayer of the strong man eloquent and full of conviction. Rarely do men listen to prayers in public service revealing such fulness of character. We remember him in class,—an instructor of the old school, teaching much without the text-book. There we stood as we recited; one could not do otherwise in that rugged presence whatever may be the custom in the modern class-room. We remember him in the delightful hospitality of his home, cordial though the guests might not be his own. We remember him last at Commencement,—dignified among the throng, typifying the scholar.

We were fortunate to claim him in this relationship of Theta Delta Chi; happy that here we knew him better. While immeasurably beyond us, he was yet of us in spirit and interest. True to the ties of his youth, believing to the last, he stood among us the Prince of Theta Deltas.

Brother Whittemore :

Brother Coolidge is right, Brother Capen was our Prince of men,—the Prince-Consort of our *alma mater* here.

AS REFLECTED IN THE PRESS

The few newspaper comments that follow will no doubt be interesting to the readers of the SHIELD.

[BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, MARCH 22, 1905]

Elmer Hewitt Capen, president of Tufts College, died early this morning at his home on College Hill, aged sixty-seven years.

Dr. Capen was taken ill with pneumonia last week, and during his entire illness the physicians expressed grave anxiety as to the outcome. The critical point as regards the lungs was passed Monday, the inflammation having almost entirely subsided, but the heart was greatly enfeebled. Last night President Capen became steadily weaker, and before midnight it was evident that there was little hope. The end came early today.

A private funeral service will be held at the residence on Saturday, and a public service will be held at two o'clock Saturday afternoon in Goddard Chapel. The officiating clergymen at the public service will be Dean Shipman of the faculty of arts and sciences of the College, Dean Leonard of the Divinity School, and Rev. F. W. Hamilton, D.D., of Boston, chairman of the executive committee of the board of trustees of the college.

President Capen would have completed thirty years as head of Tufts College next June, having been elected on March 13, 1875, and inaugurated on June 3 following. Thus he was the fourth American college president in point of seniority, his length of service being exceeded only by Presidents Angell of Michigan, Eliot of Harvard and Buckham of Vermont. When Dr. A. A. Miner resigned in January, 1875, and the trustees decided that the time was ripe to have a resident president, who should give his whole time to the college, there was a strong impression among the friends of the institution that the college should be in the hands of a Tufts alumnus. A committee of trustees, of which Hon. Richard Frothingham of Charlestown was chairman, canvassed the different candidates. Mr. Frothingham consulted President Eliot, who said very emphatically that the college should have one of its own graduates at its head, and recommended Rev. Mr. Capen. The committee agreed with this view, recommended Mr. Capen to the trustees, and his election followed.

What President Capen did for Tufts is best told by the growth and development of the institution. According to the catalogue of 1874-5 there were 56 students in the college of letters and 27 in the divinity school, a total of 83. Now there are 1004 in the whole college, including about 400 on the hill. There were then 15 in the faculty, there now are 191. The buildings in 1875 were Ballou Hall, East, Middle (now the library), and West Halls. At the present time there are 16 buildings on College Hill, besides the dental and medical school buildings in Boston. From what would now be considered a small academy with a theological seminary attached, Tufts College grew during President Capen's administration into a flourishing university, one of the great educational institutions of the land.

In this up-building of Tufts President Capen was first of all the

administrator. Yet he made time to do much actual class-room work. He taught ethics and political economy for many years; also ancient and international law. To the end Dr. Capen offered an elective course in ancient law. In college administration President Capen was a liberal. Tufts was the first New England College to substitute modern languages for Greek as an admission requirement, and to omit Greek as an essential to the degree of A.B. Likewise Tufts took the lead in granting degrees on the completion of a definite number of term-hours, rather than on the length of time spent in college. Its progress toward the university idea is shown by the provision it has made for graduate work and by the establishment of the medical and dental schools. During Dr. Capen's administration Tufts was the first American college (1882) to offer a course in electrical engineering.

Standing full six feet in height and well proportioned, with hair and beard tinged with gray, ripe in knowledge and experience, and commanding in presence, Dr. Capen was an ideal college president.

Great as were Dr. Capen's accomplishments for the college, measured by the material and intellectual advances of the decades, his work for education was not circumscribed by the boundaries of College Hill. He was president of the New England commission on admission examinations from its establishment. He was a leading member of the State Board of Education from his appointment by Governor Ames in 1889 until his death. As chairman of the board of visitors for the Salem Normal School, about ten years ago, he had charge of the purchase of land and the erection and equipment of the new building, involving an expenditure of nearly \$300,000. He was also chairman of the board of visitors and chairman of the building committee for the Fitchburg Normal School, and the handsome building in that city was erected and equipped under his direction. He was very active in the founding of Dean Academy. In fact, he has been directly interested in every educational development made in New England during the last quarter of a century.

As a writer President Capen added greatly to his reputation. Among his contributions that have attracted general attention are his articles on "Universalism" in Hertzog's Religious Cyclopædia and the Encyclopædia Britannica; his article on the philosophy of Universalism in "The Latest Word of Universalism," and his discussion of the question of "Atonement" in the Universalist section of the Columbian Congress. He published a collection of "Occasional Speeches and Addresses." He also prepared a service book for the Universalist churches, "Gloria Patri, Revised."

Dr. Capen's highest ideal was good citizenship. He was no scholastic recluse, but an active force for good in his municipality

and State. Somerville called him her first citizen. Although he never held local political office, he always took an active interest in political affairs, not disdaining to head his ward delegation in a municipal convention, nor to bolt such a convention when that seemed the duty of the hour. He was president of the local Law and Order League from its beginning. A Republican in politics, he was elected a delegate to the national convention of 1888, but was not able to attend.

Dr. Capen was a Massachusetts product, having been born in Stoughton, April 5, 1838. He was prepared for college at Pierce Academy, Middleborough, and the Green Mountain Institute, Woodstock, Vt. He matriculated at Tufts in the autumn of 1856. When he was a freshman Middle Hall was the only college building on the hill besides the recitation building. Capen had an attic room in Middle Hall. After that a wooden dwelling was erected near where West Hall now stands, and he roomed there for two years. During his last year in college he was back again in Middle Hall. While he was a freshman the Kappa charge of Theta Delta Chi was chartered at Tufts, with Capen as one of its charter members. Today Kappa is the oldest charge of the fraternity, with a continuous record of activity, and for all these years Dr. Capen has taken a lively interest in its work and in the welfare of the fraternity at large. A brilliant student, he was also one of the organization members of the Massachusetts Delta of Phi Beta Kappa, the Tufts chapter of that aristocracy of learning. While an undergraduate he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and was the youngest member of the General Court of 1859. He did not care for politics, kept up his classroom work and was graduated at Tufts in 1860.

He studied law, spent a year at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1863. After a year in practice at Stoughton, he determined to enter the ministry. He took a course in theology under Rev. Dr. Chambre, and was ordained in 1865. His first pastorate was over the Independent Christian Church at Gloucester, the oldest Universalist Church in America, founded by John Murray in 1774. After four and a half years at Gloucester, Dr. Capen went to St. Paul, Minn., and had charge of a church one year. Thence he came East again, to Providence, where he was the successful pastor of the First Universalist Church for five years, or until he was called to the presidency of Tufts. During his pastorate the present fine church at Greene and Washington streets was erected.

President Capen's first wife was Letitia H. Mussey of New London, Conn., who died in 1872. In 1877 he married Mary L. Edwards of Brookline, by whom he had three children. The son, Samuel Paul Capen (Kappa), was graduated from Tufts College

in 1898, and received his degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania in 1902, after a year's residence abroad. He is now assistant professor of modern languages in the collegiate department of Clark University, at Worcester. The elder daughter, Ruth Paul Capen, was graduated from Tufts in 1902, and the younger daughter, Rosamond Edwards Capen, is in her second year in the Somerville Latin School. Their mother also survives Dr. Capen.

[EDITORIAL]

Although it was known that President Capen of Tufts College was suffering from the dreaded disease of our New England climate, the public was not prepared for the fatal termination of the malady, which occurred this morning. His death makes a notable and deeply regrettable break in the circle of distinguished New England educators. He was a large contributor to the progress of his generation, not only on educational, but also on political and sociological lines. Without being a politician in the ordinary sense of the term he was deeply interested in civic betterment and a potential factor in both local and general movements having that end in view.

President Eliot of Harvard has always been a good judge of men, and when thirty years ago his counsel was sought with respect to the selection of a new head for Tufts College he unhesitatingly recommended Elmer H. Capen. The test of experience has justified the choice. The steady and healthy development of the institution whose destinies he has directed through all these years has been the proof of his quality. As an administrator he has shown rare ability, and with respect to educational methods and policies he has evinced far-sightedness and a progressive and liberal spirit. Under his presidency Tufts has grown from a small college to a great one. Few other institutions have developed at such a rapid rate proportionally.

Yet the College alone did not limit the range of his life's activities. He had always time, fruitful as was the service with which he was so closely identified, to lend himself freely and helpfully in the discharge of a citizen's duties. His sympathy with the larger life of which he was a part was warm and strong, and he will be missed not only by the men and women of his profession but by his city and his State, and by public-spirited organizations in many sections. Personally he was a man of dignity and charm. He commanded respect and invited friendship, and the circles where his loss will be felt are many and prominent.

[THE TUFTS WEEKLY, MARCH 23, 1905]

Dr. Elmer Capen, our much beloved President, who has held

the office of President of Tufts College for nearly thirty years, died of pneumonia at his home on Professors row Wednesday morning. The news of his death was a severe blow to the College community, and so deeply were all stirred with a sense of sorrow and bereavement, that college exercises for the day were at once suspended.

During his last illness, with which he was taken last week Wednesday, the College has received frequent bulletins from his bed-side, which, although they made evident the seriousness of his condition, hardly prepared us for the sad event which was announced Wednesday morning in Chapel.

Tufts College has never before in its fifty years of existence suffered such a loss, which is so keenly felt in all departments of the College; by the students who were accustomed to meet him daily in Chapel services; by the faculty, whose efforts he had directed for thirty years, and by the trustees and officers of the corporation, who knew in him an efficient and progressive administrator of the educational affairs of the College. The loss is felt by all, for all found in him a true friend.

President Capen's death is untimely at the present moment, and it was indeed a pity that he could not at least have been spared another year, to have seen the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his College, and to have rounded out his own thirty years in its service. He could, with just pride, look upon his work of a quarter of a century, for during that period of his administration the College has grown from a small institution with limited equipment to its present size and scope. All this has in large measure been the result of his tireless efforts, and he had in truth devoted his life to the welfare of his *alma mater*.

His whole life was one of public service and usefulness in many ways. The administration of President Capen has been one of remarkable growth for Tufts, and it has also been marked by a corresponding improvement in organization and equipment, which does not always accompany rapid growth. His duties in the service of the College have been many, but they have always been borne without complaint. Until within a few years he was head of the economics department, but recently he has given instruction in only one course. Since the Medical and Dental Schools were added to the College, his duties as chief administrator have taken most of his time. He has regularly supplied the College pulpit.

President Capen's influence has not been limited to Tufts College by any means, and he was recognized throughout New England as a leader in educational matters. He held office in many educational societies. He was long a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. He was president of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, and of the recently organized Auxiliary Educational League. He was a

member of the board of Trustees of Dean Academy, and was an active director of the Normal schools at Fitchburg and Salem.

Educational matters alone did not claim his attention as may readily be seen, for he was a member of many of the prominent clubs and societies of Massachusetts. Among these may be mentioned the Twentieth Century Club, the University Club, the Massachusetts Club, the Massachusetts Republican Club, the Boston Club, the Citizens' Law and Order League, of which he was president during the entire period of its existence, and of the Mystic Valley Club, of which he was president for five years.

He has been a prominent member of the Universalist church, and for many years has been a trustee of the general convention. He was a member of the Universalist Club and also of the General Ministers' club, which embraces ministers of all denominations. In addition to the above he was a member of the board of directors of the Brigham Hospital for Incurables.

[EDITORIAL]

In this hour of common bereavement little can be said to adequately express our sense of loss. The blow came so suddenly, with such a short period of preparation, that we have not yet had time to appreciate its full meaning. President Capen had, during his thirty years of service become so identified with Tufts College that it is almost impossible for us to conceive of the College existing without him at its head. It can be truly said, that Tufts College as it exists today is a monument to his memory.

The sympathy of the whole College goes out to the family of the late President. Their grief is the deepest and their burden the heaviest.

[NEW YORK ALUMNI—A Minute in Memory of Elmer Hewitt Capen]

This association desires to put on record its deep sorrow and sense of loss in the death of President Elmer Hewitt Capen. We recognize the noble work he accomplished in the thirty years of his administration, both for the College and for the community, and we give grateful testimony to the qualities which marked the man and the administrator. He found the College weak, and left it strong. He added to its resources, and he increased its constituency. He presided over the councils which enlarged the scope of its curriculum, and placed it in the van of educational progress. He was loyal to its interests, faithful in its service, confident of its great future. He rendered valuable service to the Commonwealth, and was one of her trusted advisers in matters of public education. He strove to impress the finest ethical ideals upon the students in his charge, and to maintain the connection between the religious spirit and intellectual training. He was a true friend and wise

counselor to the young men and women in his charge. He will ever rank among those sons of Tufts who have rendered again what their *alma mater* bestowed upon them. It was the work of his life to serve her.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS,
AUSTIN BARCLAY FLETCHER,
MILTON GERRY STARRETT,
Committee.

Dated, New York City, April 3, 1905.

Medford, March 25.—To the accompaniment of the tolling of the college bell which has so often called him to morning chapel exercises, the funeral services of President Capen of Tufts College took place this afternoon in Goddard chapel. The college, in full sense of its bereavement, paid a final tribute to the one who had served it unselfishly throughout thirty years.

The private services for the family and intimate friends were held this morning at 10 o'clock at the Capen residence on Professors' row. They were conducted by Dean William R. Shipman and Professor Edwin C. Bolles.

The body of the president was then carried to the chapel, where it lay in state from 11:30 until 1 o'clock. Practically all the students of the college and many others from far and near viewed the remains. The casket rested in the chancel, and was completely covered with violets, a contribution of the undergraduates of the college. The chancel itself was decorated with laurel wreaths and garlands. At 1 o'clock the casket was closed and removed to the cloister of the chapel.

The funeral services began at 2 o'clock. Long before that hour all the available space in the chapel which was not reserved was crowded. The academic procession, consisting of trustees, overseers, faculty and representatives of the undergraduate classes and of the college societies, formed at Ballou Hall and numbered about 300. Many of the reserved seats in the chapel were filled by representatives of the various societies with which the president was identified, such as the New England association of colleges and preparatory schools, the auxiliary educational league, trustees of Salem normal school, the Twentieth Century club, the University club, the Massachusetts club, the Massachusetts republican club, the Boston club, the citizens' law and order league, the Mystic Valley club, the Universalist club and the general ministers' club.

At 2 o'clock the body was brought into the chapel again, carried by students, and placed in the chancel, while the processional was played on the organ.

The honorary pallbearers followed the casket. They were Governor William L. Douglas, Attorney General Herbert Parker, Hon. John D. Long, president of the Massachusetts club; George H. Martin, secretary of the state board of education; Hon. Hosea Parker, president of the board of trustees of Tufts college; Dr. Walter P. Beckwith, chairman of the board of overseers, and four deans of the college, Harold Williams of the medical school, Edward W. Branigan of the dental school, Gardner C. Anthony of the engineering department, and J. Sterling Kingsley of the graduate department.

The student bearers were E. B. Armstrong, '05, of Waltham, J. F. Seery, '05, of Waterbury, Conn., S. P. Sweetser, '05, of Philadelphia, H. B. Hanscom, '06, of Leeds Junction, Me., E. P. Wilson, '07, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and D. G. Vogt, '08, of Buffalo, N. Y.

When all were seated the college choir sang the 23d Psalm. Dr. F. W. Hamilton of Roxbury, chairman of the executive committee of the board of trustees, then read from the Scripture. This was followed by an anthem by the choir.

Helpful words were then spoken by Dr. Hamilton and Dr. William R. R. Shipman, dean of the college of letters. Both of these men had been intimately associated with President Capen for many years, and they spoke with a depth of feeling and sincerity which brought tears to many eyes. The choir sang the anthem "There is no Light in Heaven," by F. F. Bullard, which was followed with a prayer by Dr. Charles H. Leonard, the venerable dean of the divinity school.

During the singing of the hymn "Abide With Me," by the choir, the student bearers bore the body from the chapel, pausing at the door to receive the benediction. The honorary pall-bearers followed and then came the academic procession, the congregation leaving last as the Recessional was played.

After the services came one of the most impressive and touching incidents of the day. The undergraduates of the college, medical and dental schools and the college of letters had gathered outside of the chapel and in formation by twos preceded the funeral procession on its way to Mt. Auburn, where the interment was to take place, as far as the limit of the college property. This was to Powder House square. When this point was reached the students lined up on either side of the road with bared heads and allowed the carriages and the hearse to pass through, thus paying a last tribute to their late revered president.

Among the men of distinction who attended the funeral were Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, acting president Henry Walcott of Harvard, President Faunce of Brown, Dr. Harlan J. Amen of Andover, John Tetlow of the New England association of colleges and preparatory schools, President W. E. Huntington of Boston

university, President Henry Lefavor of Simmons College, Gen. Edgar A. Champlin of the Boston club, Dr. Almon Gunnison, president of St. Lawrence university; Dr. Edwin A. Mead and Dr. A. E. Winship of the Twentieth Century club; F. S. Luther, president of Trinity College.

[THE TUFTS COLLEGE GRADUATE, APRIL, 1905]

[EDITORIAL]

The *Tufts Weekly* has given a full report of the funeral services at the death of President Capen. The *Tuftonian* has recently printed in full the chapel addresses on that occasion, and is to have in its next number a personal appreciation by Dr. Bolles, and a portrait of President Capen. In the *Universalist Leader* has appeared, besides the funeral addresses, the fervent prayer offered by Dean Leonard. Various bodies to which Dr. Capen belonged have attested their sense of his manliness and worth by the passage of suitable resolutions. Among those to do this was the Faculty of Tufts College.

Little remains for the *Tufts College Graduate* to say, except to join in the note of sorrow for a loss sustained, and of esteem for a good man gone. President Capen's life was indeed of varied beneficent activities. He set in motion circles of influence which touched unreckoned shores. Father Flanigan spoke earnestly at mass in the Roman Catholic Church at Medford, on the Sunday succeeding President Capen's death, reminding his parishioners that they should honor one who had been the friend of Catholics at a time when they had few friends. From all over this country come like tributes.

As orator, administrator, and man of public spirit, his interests touched many points. Besides the more formal duties that he regularly performed, President Capen will be remembered in particular by many a student to whom he has been a friend in need. It is safe to say that no young man in trouble or perplexity sought aid of him without receiving counsel, encouragement, or practical help. The writer has in mind the specific case—one of many—of a student now in Tufts College who was, by force of adverse circumstances, about to abandon his course, a few weeks before Dr. Capen's death. By relaxing the immediate pressure of the student's pecuniary obligations to the College, President Capen enabled the young man to tide over his period of financial stringency until a better sun began to rise.

As a man, President Capen was affectionate to his friends, magnanimous toward his enemies. It would be easy to cite instances to show that in prosecuting his duties as the head of the College, he did not let adverse criticism of himself stand in the way of befriending any graduate of Tufts to the extent of securing

an appointment to any position in which the College might be honored. Now that he is gone the realization becomes keener that no one else carried the College in and on his heart as did he. It remains for those who are left to do homage to his memory by a renewed devotion to the institution that all love so well.

APPRECIATIONS

Not less outspoken and convincing than the expressions of public grief and loss were the glowing, sincere and sorrow-laden personal tributes of the intimates of the departed President. No finer words have ever been written by man of man than are said by Charles H. Leonard in the April *Tufts College Graduate* under the title "Elmer Hewitt Capen ; Some Memories and Impressions," of his pupil and life-long friend. Dean Leonard testifies in part as follows :

A more real acquaintance with Mr. Capen began after he had entered upon his career as a minister of Christ. It so came about that I knew much of his work as a preacher during his pastorate of four years in Gloucester, Massachusetts. He was unpractised in the work of a clergyman, and naturally turned to one who had gone on a little in the path which he had but just entered. It was delightful to have him at our house again and again during these years of his interesting work in Gloucester, and during the time, also, of his great pastorate in Providence, R. I. Perhaps at that early time I knew as much of his intellectual and religious life as any one. I knew his eager interest in subjects, in methods of literary work, in ways to reach people, to shape and color life, to point feet at the beginning of the right path, and help them forward by helpful discourse and a most earnest personal persuasion. Many friends who read these words will know that my years have been given to young life in its ambitions to know God's truth and how to adapt it to the needs of men, and they will be glad to have me say that I never knew a more eager soul in its hunger for the things of the Spirit : and a normal hunger it was for a complete Gospel, a large message in the terms of the present, and a motive whose splendor was at times almost too dazzling for sight. There seems but one prayer in this young heart : O that I may find God, and the truth and love of God, that in some good way I may reach and help others. This, too, was the petition which, as so many of us know, trembled upon his lips in later life, when, day after day, year after year, he thought upon his knees, and poured out his soul in prayer in the face of the great body of students.

Another tribute which is authenticated by the personal in-

timacy of its author with our departed brother appeared in the May issue of the *Tuftonian*, in an article entitled "President Capen as I Knew Him." The author is Dr. Edwin Cortland Bolles: He writes in part as follows:

The next president of Tufts College will have, as the inheritance of his office, the memory of three names which must excite his reverence and deepen his sense of responsibility,—Ballou, the ripe and gentle scholar, Miner, great in practical organization and wise in discerning opportunities, and Capen, who for more than half of the fifty years of academic life we are about to celebrate pushed the College into vigorous growth, and grew himself in power and usefulness in full measure with its expanding fortunes,—the example and spirit of these men must be the inspiration of their successor.

I knew and honored them all—the last, the best. I knew him when as a young man he took up his difficult task, and till yesterday, when, almost without warning, he laid it down, perhaps only half conscious how splendidly he had won success and fame. What Ballou or Miner might have done, had their administrations carried them into the elaborate development and diversity of education which the last quarter-century has seen, can only be guessed; it is certain that Capen has always been in the foremost ranks of its progress, and in more than one important policy has been the leader of its advance.

In the wealth of affectionate memorials which have been laid upon his grave, men who are themselves authorities and leaders in education have spoken of Dr. Capen from their professional point of view. I only hold myself qualified to add a word, as a friend, concerning the Man behind the Teacher and the College President.

And in this respect the type of his manhood was royal, like his imposing figure and presence. The nearer you came to him, the grander he seemed to be. His most unrestrained confidence with his friend revealed, not hidden weakness, but new features of nobility and strength. He would have reversed the proverb and made himself a hero to his valet. I do not simply mean that, as in the case of many other men who seem to the world reserved and cold in their dignity you found, on better acquaintance, how truly sympathetic and tender he was, but that, also, you discovered an unwavering loyalty to those high ideals of honor, truth and duty which are the crown of a strenuous and militant manliness. His most earnest hatred was for meanness in men's words or acts. He was tolerant of honest opposition, and had an inexhaustible spirit of forgiveness, even toward enemies; he had some trying experiences which would have left vindictiveness and revenge in many

souls, and came out of them with such sweetness and serenity as, in the end, to conquer enmity itself. But he could not endure crooked or intriguing ways. This has been noticed by others in his college administration. A more generous master there could never be toward the excesses or follies of young lives—but a trick or falsehood which showed a grovelling, sneaking disposition provoked his indignation and suggested the severity of discipline. I never knew him to speak with disapproval of any man in his public or private relations, except as that person seemed to him to be tainted by motives which were mean and low.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF TUFTS COLLEGE*

It is hoped that a history of Kappa may be given in THE SHIELD in the coming volume in connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Charge, but a brief historical sketch of the institution which celebrated its semi-centenary this June and which owes so much of its present high standing and prestige to the energy of Brother Capen, is perhaps timely.

The three names most closely associated with the foundation of Tufts College are those of the Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, of New York, the Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Medford, and the Rev. Thomas Whittemore of Cambridgeport, all Universalists. These three men, once determined that the denomination needed a college, set to work with much vigor and arranged an "educational convention," which met in New York on May 18, 1847. It was voted to set about the establishment of a college immediately, and by April, 1857, the needed sum of \$100,000 had been secured from subscriptions made by Universalists throughout the country. Mr. Charles Tufts, the owner of Walnut Hill, offered his property to the church when he learned that they were in need of a site on which to establish their new college, and the offer was accepted by the trustees, greatly to the delight of Mr. Tufts, who increased his gift until the total amount in land reached one hundred acres, most of the property being located in Somerville. Shortly after this an additional plot of twenty acres was given by Timothy Cotting, of Medford. By reason of the generosity of Mr. Tufts, the trustees decided to give the new institution the name of

*Abridged from a "History of Tufts College" in the May *Tuftonian*.

Tufts College. Among other large benefactors Sylvanus Packard, of Boston, must be mentioned, who on his death bequeathed his entire estate of about \$300,000 to the College.

The charter received the signature of the governor on April 21, 1852, and originally granted the right to confer all degrees except those in medicine, but in 1867 this restriction was removed. The Rev. Hosea Ballou, D.D., of Medford, was chosen president, and on July 23, 1853, the cornerstone of Ballou Hall, the first College building, was laid by him with appropriate ceremonies. The first intention was to open the College with the fall term of 1854, but the formal opening was postponed until August 22, 1855, although three students had entered in the previous year. Twenty-one men entered the freshman class, six the sophomore, and three the junior, making a total of thirty students in the first year. The first Commencement exercises were held on July 8, 1857, three students receiving the bachelor's degree. Dr. Ballou's administration extended over a period of six years (1855-1861) and during this time 108 students registered in the regular course, and 47 received the A.B. degree. In these early days of the College, the regulations were rather strict, as they were in most other institutions. Chapel was compulsory, and students were not allowed to leave the town of Medford without the permission of the faculty.

The first student society was the Mathetican, a literary organization, which at the present day is undergoing a revival. Two Greek-letter fraternities entered the College at an early date, the Kappa chapter of Zeta Psi being established in 1855, and the Kappa Chapter of Theta Delta Chi in 1856. A lively, but friendly spirit of rivalry existed between these two fraternities for thirty years, until other fraternities entered the field.

Meanwhile the College was growing so fast, that an increase in accommodation became necessary, and two additional buildings were erected, the present library (in 1856) and East Hall (in 1860). Several bequests were also received, in spite of which, however, the institution would have been in sore financial straits, had it not been for the generosity of the College treasurer. Just before the Civil War the College was in a fairly prosperous condition, and seemed well launched on the road to success, when President Ballou died on May 21, 1861.

The second president of Tufts College was the Rev. Alonzo Ames Miner, D.D., a man of considerable ability, who established the College on a firm financial basis, securing \$300,000 during the first six years of his presidency. When he assumed the presidency, the College had an income of \$1,000 and a debt of \$18,000; when he resigned, he left the College with assets amounting to about \$1,000,000. In 1863 a philosophical course was added to the regular A.B. course, and an engineering department was established two years later, offering the degree of C.E. The philosophical course extended at first over three years, but was afterwards lengthened to four, it being intended for students who wished to enter the College without preparation in the classics. The Divinity School was established in 1869. During Dr. Miner's administration only one building was erected, West Hall (in 1872), at present the favorite dormitory on the Hill.

Student activities developed rapidly as the College grew in numbers. Two boat-clubs were formed in 1865 by the fraternities of the local chapters of Zeta Psi and Theta Delta Chi, and some exciting races were rowed on the Mystic. The College Magazine made its first appearance in 1864, being published jointly by the two fraternities mentioned. The Publishing Association and the original Tufts Athletic Association were established ten years later, and in the same year the Glee Club was placed on a permanent basis. The rules of behavior were at first as strict as those of the early years, but in 1867, all restrictions were removed and the students put on their honor.

Dr. Miner resigned in 1874, desiring to devote his entire time to his parish work. In that year there were 83 students, of which 47 were enrolled in the liberal arts course. The Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., ex-governor of Maine, was chosen as his successor, but declined the offer, and the Rev. Elmer Hewitt Capen, Kappa, 1860, was elected in his place. During President Capen's administration the development of the institution in every direction was very marked. In 1882 a course in electrical engineering was established and in 1894 one in mechanical engineering. The admission requirements were raised in all departments, and the number of elective courses was largely increased. The faculty had grown from eleven members in 1874

to twenty-six in 1895. In 1892 the present system of "term hours" was inaugurated, Tufts being the first College to employ this system, whereby it is possible for a good student to secure his degree in three years, by accomplishing the same amount of work as the average student who spends the full four years in College. Tufts was also the first College to omit Greek from the requirements for the A.B. degree. Coeducation was established in 1892, and a year later the medical school was founded, it being the first institution in New England to confer the M.D. degree upon women.

The material expansion of the College during this administration was no less encouraging. The library was moved to its present home from Ballou Hall, and is soon to be installed in a \$100,000 building, the gift of Andrew Carnegie. In 1882 Goddard Chapel was dedicated, and in the same year the Barnum Museum was completed. The latter was erected at a cost of \$55,000, the gift of P. T. Barnum, who left the College \$40,000 by his will for the erection of two wings. The Gymnasium, like the Chapel, a gift of Mrs. Goddard, was finished in 1884. Two years later, Dean Hall, used as a dormitory, was completed. Miner and Paige Halls were built in 1892 for the use of the Divinity School, and in 1894 the Bromfield-Pearson building was finished. A preparatory school of the same name was also established in 1894, and the Commons and Metcalf Halls, together with the chemical laboratory, were built in the same year.

Student societies have multiplied greatly during the past thirty years. The Tufts chapter of Delta Upsilon was founded in 1886, the Beta Mu chapter of Delta Tau Delta in 1892, and the Gamma Beta chapter of Alpha Tau Omega in 1893. Three secret locals have been organized by the women students. The Evening Party Association has led a prosperous existence since 1894, while the Mathetican Society and Debating Union have been replaced by the Knowlton and Capen Clubs. The first Class Day was held by the class of 1891 and in the following year the custom of wearing caps and gowns was inaugurated.

Brother Capen recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his accession to the presidency. Upon his death in April of

this year, Brother Frederick W. Hamilton, D.D., was made Acting President.

The history of Tufts is characterized by constant progress and rapid development, and the College today occupies an enviable position among American higher institutions of learning—largely through the unselfish and devoted labors of its last president, Brother Elmer Hewitt Capen.

RUDOLF TOMBO, JR.

CAPEN ON RUSS: AN ILLUSTRATION OF ORATORY

A general allusion has hereinbefore been made to Brother Capen's oratorical gift and specifically to its display on the occasion of the death of his classmate, friend and brother in Theta Delta Chi, the Rev. Benjamin Kimball Russ. Brother Russ joined the great Omega November 6th, 1896. For the double purpose of illustrating how Brother Capen's thought was wont to take wings in his public addresses, and of acquainting our brotherhood at large with the worth of the subject of one of its loftiest and most sustained flights we reproduce the address delivered by Brother Capen in tribute to the memory of the Rev. Benjamin Kimball Russ, Kappa, '60, at the Universalist Minister's Meeting on November 16, 1898.

My acquaintance with Benjamin Kimball Russ began in the Spring of 1853, at the Green Mountain Liberal Institute in South Woodstock, Vermont. He had been for some time a member of the school and I had just entered it. We were both in the same class preparing for Tufts College, which we entered in the fall of 1856, just forty years ago. At the fitting school he distinguished himself by his faithfulness as a student and by many brilliant and agreeable qualities. In the winter of 1854 we became room-mates, a relation which we held without interruption throughout our connection with the Academy and until we left college in 1860. In all that long and intimate connection I do not recall a harsh or unpleasant word spoken by either of us. I think this is somewhat remarkable, as we were both very positive and often differed radically in our opinions. He was in many respects a unique character, unlike any other man whom I have ever known, and with many strong qualities which deserve commendation. He was remarkable even in his early youth, and a great future was predicted for him. Undoubtedly he would have achieved this but for certain peculiarities which limited him and held him in check. At the Academy he was regarded by both teachers and students as a person of extraordinary natural endowments. These characteristics became more and more strongly emphasized in his college career.

When we entered college in the fall of 1856 we set up housekeeping in one of the attic chambers of Middle Hall. From the day of our arrival for more than a week a storm of extraordinary violence raged. This storm blew down the mammoth tent that had been set up in the field near the great oak where the station on the Boston and Lowell Railroad now stands, for a festival to mark the opening of the college year. As none of our furniture had arrived we were compelled to sleep on an uncovered mattress on the floor of our room. I remember a laughable incident of our first

year in the attic. Our room was heated by an old fashioned Franklin coal stove, and we were greatly troubled with gas on account of a defect in the chimney. Benjamin was a great wag and loved a practical joke. There was a certain way of putting on the blower to the stove that would cause the gas to pour out into the room in a great blue flame carrying with it a cloud of dust and ashes. One day he sent for President Ballou that he might complain of the draft and explain the discomfort to which we were subjected. As soon as the venerable doctor came in he adjusted the blower, and the gas came out covering the old gentleman with a shower of ashes. The latter turned with a start that was peculiar to him and said, "This will never do, Mr. Russ; you must get out of this room at once."

Augustus E. Scott, of the class of 1858, now residing in Lexington, was at the time of our entrance a member of the junior class, having come to Tufts College from Brown University in the autumn of 1855. While at Brown Mr. Scott had been initiated into the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. Very soon after our advent upon College Hill, he selected Mr. Russ, two others of the Freshman class, myself, and two or three men from the class of 1859 who have since attained high distinction in their professions, to become the charter members of what is now the Kappa chapter of this society. Russ was a faithful member of his fraternity throughout his college course and never lost his interest in it while he lived.

Our relation to each other was more than fraternal. It was one of those high friendships which are seldom realized in this world, like the friendship of David and Jonathan. We had no secrets from each other; even our most private confidences we shared as if our identity was one and the same. For a time after entering college his fidelity as a student seemed to warrant for him the attainment of high rank in his class. But he had an enormously large and active brain and an extremely delicate and frail body. We used to call him the tadpole, because beginning with his head, he seemed to taper gradually to his feet. The close application of a studious life soon began to tell upon his health. By the beginning of his junior year the activity of his brain developed symptoms that were uncomfortable and alarming. He was obliged more and more to relax his studious effort. In the latter part of his senior year, he was unable to take the examinations that would have entitled him to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and he left college without it. One of the highest satisfactions of my official experience was the privilege, at the first commencement over which I presided, in 1875, of conferring upon him *extra ordinem* this degree. This was done at the suggestion and on the motion, in the meeting of the trustees, of the Reverend Lucius R. Paige, D.D., who knew Mr. Russ intimately and appreciated him at his true worth. I believe myself that the degree was richly merited.

Mr. Russ had a personality that was irresistibly attractive. He was accessible to all classes of students, open, generous and free. Every one who was in college with him will agree with me that he was the most

popular man in the institution. He was perfectly democratic, genial and hospitable. Our room was the almost constant resort of the men, in whatever class, who were inclined to sociability, and often in the hours not devoted to study it would be crowded to suffocation, nearly, with visitors. We sometimes found it difficult to get time for our own work and not unfrequently had to turn out the company *vi et armis*. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and was an unequalled story teller, his rare dramatic powers and his imitative qualities enabling him to illustrate a narrative with all the grace of a finished actor. How often have I heard the exclamation burst forth from one and another admiring listener: "Ben, you ought to go on the stage. You would equal Warren!" He was a master of sarcasm and his wit was subtle and inspiring. Like Falstaff, "he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." In argument, also, he was invincible. Most of the discussions of our time were of the theological order. He knew the Bible by heart; in the quotation and marshalling of texts I never knew but two masters in that art who could be put in the same category with him, and these were no lesser personages than Hosea Ballou and Thomas Whittemore.

In the privacy of his own apartments surrounded by congenial friends he had a marvelous fluency of speech, and when his interest in a subject was fully kindled he rose not unfrequently to the loftiest flights of eloquence. Men have said to me again and again, "If Benjamin could only bring his mind to it and let himself out in public as he is wont to do in private with his friends, he would be a foremost orator." Among his other attractions, he had a rich voice and was a good natural singer. He was very fond of religious hymns and songs of the camp-meeting variety. Often the company that gathered around him would render the dormitory untenable to all who did not join with them, by the songs which he would deacon off, interspersed with imitations of the great revivalists of the Burchard and Knapp type. Are there not still some living who can say,

Ah, yes, we can remember those nights;

For we spent them not in toys, nor lusts nor wine;

But search of deep philosophy, wit, eloquence and poesy,

Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine?

Notwithstanding his fondness for mirth and jollity, he never lost his sense of manhood. He kept his proper dignity and never over-stepped the bounds of propriety in anything. The great serious purposes of life dominated him. He may be said to have been predestined to the Christian Ministry. He used to declare that he never could remember the time, even in his earliest childhood, when he did not have that profession as his choice. His entire spiritual nature was cast in the ministerial mould. In spite of his geniality and mirthfulness, he was always serious and high minded; and without the slightest suggestion of cant, he was profoundly religious. I have never known a man to whom the spiritual realm was so much a reality. His consciousness of that seemed to be just as fine and

clear as his consciousness of temporal things. Literally, we may say, he walked with God.

He began preaching immediately upon the completion of his college course. Indeed, I think he had preached somewhat before that. His promise was recognized at once, and he had many flattering invitations. The parish in Somerville being vacant, he accepted a call to become its pastor, a position which he held for twelve years. At the beginning of his ministry there, the congregation worshipped in a wooden building in the easterly section of the town. But after some years this building was destroyed by fire and the existing brick structure on Cross Street was erected. Under his care the society grew in numbers and strength, enjoying a very high degree of prosperity. The congregations were large, filling the church in every part. The Sunday School was almost phenomenal in size and interest, a characteristic which it has retained ever since. The roll of church membership was larger than in most congregations of like magnitude. The people who gathered about and sustained him in his work were among the most influential and respectable in the community.

But notwithstanding this prosperity there came a time when he was conscious of a ripple of discontent, and he was so sensitive in his mental and spiritual organism that he could not work against an adverse current. The parish had a small burden of debt and some complained that he did not raise it. But he was not a debt raiser and he felt himself unequal to the task. Some complained that his methods were stereotyped. I have alluded to his timidity and reserve. In this he was almost abnormal. Although he had, as everyone who knew him can testify, native extemporaneous ability of a rare order, in his public ministration, I think he never allowed himself to utter five consecutive sentences extemporaneously. If he had anything to say, even to his Sunday School, he felt that he must have it written down before him. Therefore, though no one could complain of the ability with which his pulpit work was done, or of his faithfulness and devotion as a pastor, or of the dignified relations which he sustained to the community, there were those who felt that a change might be better. Experience taught them that they were in woeful error.

As soon, however, as Mr. Russ became aware of the feeling he resigned, and no amount of importunity could have induced him to recall his resignation. Still, to one constituted as he was, it is no exaggeration to say that the step was heart-breaking. I know how bitterly he suffered. For many years his dejection and sorrow interfered with his mental activity and prevented him from much useful work. Though his services were in constant request and he preached nearly every Sunday, he could not bring himself to the task of taking on the responsibilities of a new parish. He had struck his roots deeply in Somerville, and he could not contemplate the possibility of life in any other place. Moreover, the home of which he had then become a part, was immeasurably attractive. Immediately on his going to Somerville, the elder Hollanders took him to their

house and made him as one of their sons. Their children regarded him with as much affection as if he had been a brother of their own flesh and blood. This relation continued until the home was broken up by the death of Mrs. Hollander, when he transferred his abode to the family of the oldest son, Mr. Louis P. Hollander. Many people looked upon him with a critical eye. Some said harsh things about him. They called him indolent. They said he was letting great powers run to waste. They charged that he was wanting in devotion to the cause which he had espoused. But all tongues were silenced when that awful paralysis fell upon him like a thunder bolt out of heaven. Men saw then the ghostly shadow that had dogged his footsteps from his youth. They knew that it was this that had put an inexorable limit to his activity and his powers.

Then it was, however, that he nerved himself for a new effort with a heroism that I can rarely think of without tears. As soon as strength returned to him in a slight degree, he took himself at once to Gorham, New Hampshire, where, during many summer vacations he had made friends, and immediately set about the work of gathering and organizing a parish. At first his tongue failed to respond to the efforts of his will and his speech was clouded. He was unable, even, to stand in the pulpit. But he worked on without complaint, and the work prospered in his hands. The young were drawn to him by the charm of his personality; the middle aged and the old learned to love and venerate him for his sincerity and wisdom. Little by little the means were gathered for the erection of one of the most beautiful and commodious churches to be found in a New England country village; and he lived there in the midst of his flock, as truly venerated and beloved as the village pastor immortalized by Goldsmith. He was respected and admired by the entire community. The whole body of the clergy for miles around, Catholic and Protestant alike, held him in esteem as a Christian brother and fellow servant of the living God. In view of the masterly devotion of his latter years let no man say that Benjamin Russ was indolent. He lived like an anchorite, in painstaking and unselfish consecration. He took no stipend save what was freely given in the morning offertory of the church. That, after paying the expenses of heating, lighting and janitor's service, left but a pittance for the simple necessities of his daily life. But he would rather have it so.

Two years ago I spent a week with him in his field of labor. It was a delight to witness the honor and affection in which he is held. I remonstrated with him and tried to induce him to adopt some other method of raising a revenue in his parish that would give him a better and more trustworthy support. But he said: "No, this method is according to my idea, and I do not wish to change it." He had a small suite of rooms in a block over the post-office in the heart of the village. Before I left him, I said: "Ben, you ought not to live in this way. With your infirmities you are liable to a sudden illness, and here you are beyond the reach of help in time of need." He turned to me with a smile and replied: "Elmer, I am

an old bachelor, and I like this way best. Some night I shall go to sleep here and wake up in Heaven. This is the way I want it to be." I grasped his hand and looked into his face. His lip did not quiver, but the tears rolled down his cheeks. As for myself, I was nearly blind as I tried to say farewell.

I have seen him once or twice since. Last winter he came to my house and we spent a day in delightful reminiscence of the days of our youth, and then he went back to his work among the hills. He seemed so much stronger and so much like his old self, that I felt he had yet some years of happiness and work. But when on the sixth day of this month, the sad message was flashed over the country, "The Reverend B. K. Russ this morning was found dead in his bed," I recall the scene in his room and the words, "This is the way I want it to be."

He had an inordinate fondness for attending divine worship. No inveterate theatre-goer, drunk with the passion for seeing plays, ever had such fondness for the dramatic art as he had for attending religious services. During the time that he lived in Somerville, I think he must have attended, at some time or other, for some service or other, nearly every church in Boston. Indeed, the most curious conventicle in the most obscure hall he sought out and could tell you all about it from actual observation. His eyes were so keen, his verbal memory so strong and accurate and his power of imitation so true that he could reproduce the whole before the eye and mind of the listener. The lofty eloquence of the great pulpit orator lived and glowed again and burnt its way into the soul of the hearer from his lips. The strange and often ludicrous eccentricities of the uncultured colored preacher were just as vividly portrayed. He could paint with equal faithfulness the peculiar fervor of the revivalist and the graceful genuflexions of the ritualist. Nor was it a mere idle curiosity that carried him to so many and such varied services. He went to them impelled by a mighty instinct, because he loved himself to worship God and because he desired to know the methods by which other souls found their way into the presence of the Highest. Nay, he worshipped himself with the worshippers of every cult and creed. His spirit went out in communion just as surely as on the wings of the modest prayer uttered in the poorest and meanest earthly tabernacle as on the incense of a pompous ceremonial in the gorgeous cathedral. Since Thomas Wilson, the first minister of the first church in this historic city, no more genuinely pious and devout soul has walked the streets of Boston than Benjamin Kimball Russ.

He was a passionate lover of nature; not only that, but he knew and rejoiced in the message it had to give. Like Hosea Ballou, 2d, and Thomas Starr King he loved the mighty hills among which in these later years his daily life was cast. Every day he looked upon the impressive forms of Adams and Jefferson with increasing interest because they proclaimed with an emphasis that could not be mistaken the majesty and infinity of God. I rode down with him one day through Shelburne,

crossed the river and came up on the other side of the bridge from which the finest view of Mount Washington is to be had, where you see the whole mountain from its roots to the summit set in the everlasting framework of the hills. I suppose he had seen it a hundred times, but he stopped his horse and sat awed and silent before it for several minutes; and then he turned to me and said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." It is something of a satisfaction that one who adored the hills not only for their beauty, but for the exposition they give of eternal verities, should have passed his last days under their shadow and that they should have been the last things his eyes beheld. In his thought they stood as the living gateway of the new Jerusalem.

To the youngest of the present generation of Universalist ministers, he is almost entirely unknown, and even those of ten or fifteen years' standing have had few opportunities to test his quality. But those of us who knew him in the unfolding period of his bright and promising youth, or in the strength and maturity of his powers, without dissent, will affirm that but for limitations which were superficial, but which he could not overcome, he would have been a great leader and teacher among men. To us, therefore, the passing away of so much power is an occasion of ineffable sadness. Our sorrow is enhanced still further by the fact that he possessed qualities of almost matchless loveliness. The charm and grace of his personality were irresistible. He was bound to those he loved with hooks of steel. A friendship once formed was to him sacred and inviolable forever; and those who walked with him as I have done in confidential affection feel as if a very essential part of life had been taken away. After such a loss I feel more than ever as if henceforth my conversation should be in heaven. The best privilege that I can claim is that of laying this tribute of a lifelong love on his new made grave.

Farewell beloved friend, noble and true,—friend of my youth and maturer manhood! Farewell white soul, fit for the society and fellowship of angels! That you have entered into the great company of immortals whom your matchless religious imagination so often enabled you to prefigure, the great company of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb, I do not doubt any more than I doubt my own existence. My devout prayer to almighty God is, that when my time shall come to cross the mysterious boundry into the "land of the hereafter," your clarion voice may be the first to hail me from the other side and your hand the first extended in welcome.

FREDERICK W. HAMILTON

The death of the man whose fame is celebrated elsewhere in these pages, and who had been at the head of Tufts College for thirty years, came at a moment when, because of the approaching semi-centennial of the college, there was especial need of a competent executive officer and a powerful figure to stand for Tufts before the academic world.

The Kappa Charge had the man, ready equipped to take up the work where another Kappa man had left it. It was but following the logical course, for the man who had been for some years chairman of the executive committee of the board of trustees to be selected to carry the burden of the acting-presidency through the trying period of the semi-centennial observations and of the search for a permanent head for the college.

Frederick W. Hamilton was born at Portland, Maine, on the 30th day of March, 1860. His appointment to the acting presidency came to him on the day following his forty-fifth birthday. He prepared for college at the Portland High School and graduated from Tufts in 1880. The Kappa Charge had not been slow to recognize the desirable qualities of the boy from Portland, and he was a valuable and enthusiastic member of the fraternity through his undergraduate days, as he has been since that time. His most recent appearance before the more general fraternity was as the eloquent toastmaster of the Convention dinner in 1899. He has long been a member and officer of the Corporation of Kappa and has recently been elected to the presidency of that organization, to succeed President Capen.

Upon leaving college Mr. Hamilton entered the office of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad as a clerk. He continued his work for the railroad until 1889, but in the meantime he was doing post-graduate work in English and American Constitutional History, and had taken the degree of Master of Arts at Tufts in 1886. He had then followed more strictly professional lines of work under the theological school faculty, and in 1889 he gave up the railroad business for good to take courses at the theological school in preparation for the ministry. In 1890 Mr. Hamil-



REV. FREDERICK W. HAMILTON, Kappa, '80
Acting President of Tufts College

ton was ordained to a Universalist ministry and was settled at a parish in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. There he remained for five years, conducting at the same time the smaller parish at Valley Falls, Rhode Island.

During Mr. Hamilton's Pawtucket pastorate he was identified with many charities and reform interests. He was instrumental in forming a Day Nursery Association, and served as chairman of the Associated Charities. He has been for eight years a Director of the Associated Charities of Boston. He found opportunity for service, too, as a member of the board of visitors of Dean Academy, as a lecturer to the Tufts Theological School, as an officer of the Masonic Order, and as a councillor of the American Institute of Civics. In 1895, Mr. Hamilton was called to the First Universalist parish of Roxbury, the pastorate of which he holds at the present time. Two years after going to Roxbury he became a member of The Tufts Board of Trustees; and in 1899 he received from the college the Degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He was married in 1884 to Miss Florence Q. Mead, daughter of the late George C. Mead of Boston. His son Guy is preparing for Tufts at the Boston Latin School.

Mr. Hamilton has written much and valuably upon the subject of civics. In 1896 he won the prize offered by the American Humane Society for the best essay on a practical plan for settling the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain. He has also published a volume of sermons under the title of "The Church and the Secular Life." For five years he has served as a chairman of the executive committee of the board of trustees of his Alma Mater, and in that position has contributed very largely to the growing strength of the college. President Capen found in him a rare coadjutor.



A THETA DELT AT THE COURT OF BELGIUM

On the list of diplomatic appointments sent in by President Roosevelt to the Senate shortly after his inauguration last March appeared the name of Henry Lane Wilson of the State of Washington to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Belgium. And Envoy Extra-and-so-forth Henry Lane Wilson of the State of Washington is a member of the class of 1879 of the Upsilon Deuteron Charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity. That about gives the length and breadth and thickness of him.

Among the foreign envoys at the American Capital Theta Delta Chi is represented, and well represented, in the person of Gonzalo de Quesada, Pi Deuteron, '88, the Cuban Minister; and him we know and honor and love as a diplomat, a patriot and a brother; but our "E. E. and M. P." on the other side of the water, he of our own flesh and blood and language and nationality, is not so well known to most of us. Long absence from America has kept him quite outside the circle of fraternity association and activity. And so it happens that the name of Brother Wilson, the American Minister at Brussels, is not as familiar to us as the name of Brother Quesada, the Cuban Minister at Washington. In order to remedy matters somewhat the following brief sketch has been prepared:

Brother Wilson is no novice in the diplomatic service; he has already had an honorable career of eight years as Minister to Chili, and his appointment to Belgium comes in the nature of a well earned promotion. He is, in fact, one of the veterans of the service and has had, with one exception, a longer continuous record at one post than any other member of the diplomatic corps as at present constituted. The single person who outranks him in this regard is Ambassador Horace Porter at Paris whose commission was dated March 19th, 1897, Brother Wilson's being dated June 9th of the same year. Seldom do the envoys of any country remain so long at a particular post.

Henry Lane Wilson was born in Indiana in 1857. His father, James Wilson, was for many years a member of Congress and afterwards Minister to Venezuela. Thus Brother Wilson comes by



HENRY L. WILSON, Upsilon Deuteron, '79
Minister of the United States to Belgium



his diplomatic instinct naturally. After a preparatory education in the public schools of Indiana, young Wilson received an appointment to the Annapolis Naval Academy. He, however, did not finish his course there but entered Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana, a Presbyterian institution then presided over by the venerable Dr. Joseph F. Tuttle. This was a small college, having at that time a total enrollment of only seventy-three students; but these were of excellent quality, the course of studies was thorough, and the faculty enjoyed a high reputation.

Shortly after Brother Wilson's arrival at Wabash, he and eleven other students banded themselves together for the purpose of applying for admission to some national fraternity. After careful deliberation Theta Delta Chi was selected and a petition was sent in to the President of the Grand Lodge, Brother Charles C. Kneisly, Delta, '73. The petition was, in due course of time, submitted to the charges, and the enthusiastic spirit then prevalent throughout the Fraternity in favor of Western expansion, quickly secured a unanimous consent. The President, reporting on the matter, said that the Fraternity considered the establishment of a charge at Wabash College "the one thing needed to make ourselves felt in the West." Accordingly an embassy, composed of President Kneisly, Brother Frank P. Harrington, Xi, '73, and Brother John B. Sherwood, Theta, '73, proceeded to Crawfordsville and installed the Western petitioners as the Upsilon Deuteron Charge. This was in June, 1879, and the President of the Grand Lodge was so well pleased with the new initiates and their prospects that he reported to the Convention that Upsilon Deuteron "never crept but stepped into the ranks fully equipped and determined to take the first place as a fraternity in Wabash College."

The Charge did indeed reflect great credit upon the Fraternity as long as it existed, but, as the event proved, it had entered Wabash at a very inauspicious moment. The institution had been suffering a steady decline, and in the year following the establishment of Upsilon Deuteron it reached its ebb. The enrollment was the lowest it had known for fifteen years. In the fall of 1879 few Freshmen entered the college and none of these was adjudged of the proper calibre for Theta Delta Chi. The result

was that the Charge had no initiates and under such conditions it must of necessity die out for lack of sustenance. The founders themselves, however, were, earnest, enthusiastic Theta Deltas and enjoyed the highest social and intellectual standing in the college. But the times were against them and, in spite of their promising start, they were compelled to succumb to the inevitable. Rather than allow their membership to deteriorate they determined to surrender their charter altogether. Upsilon Deuteron was therefore, declared disbanded at the annual convention of the Fraternity held in Boston on October 27th, 1882.

As Brother Holmes says in his Memorial Volume, "The foremost man of Upsilon Deuteron, the Senior of the Charge at the time of founding, and the one generally acknowledged as its leader, was Harry L. Wilson. Upon his graduation in June of '79 the society lost its pillar of strength."

After leaving college, Brother Wilson engaged in journalistic work in Indiana and remained there for seven years, studying law at the same time. In 1886 he married Miss Alice Vajen of Indianapolis and then removed to Spokane Falls, State of Washington, where he began the practice of his profession and also engaged in journalism and banking.

In 1888 President Harrison tendered Brother Wilson an appointment as Minister to Venezuela, the post which his father had formerly occupied, but for business reasons he declined. In 1896, however, President McKinley appointed him Minister to Chili and in June of the following year he began his long term of service at that post. The South American Ministerships are among the most trying in the whole diplomatic service. The turbulent and excitable nature of the people, breaking out in frequent disorder and culminating oftentimes in an open rebellion and even in revolution, makes it especially incumbent upon the American Minister to keep a sharp lookout for the protection of American interests, and to steer a steady course between the warring elements. Irresponsible and hot-headed cabinet officers also make trouble for our representative and often tax his patience almost to the breaking point. Yet through it all the Minister is expected to preserve a cool, unruffled temper, watch every move in the changing political conditions, and be ready at

a moment's notice to assert and enforce the rights of the United States government. At a South American capital it is pretty much all work and no play and a transfer to a European post, no matter how small, is readily accepted.

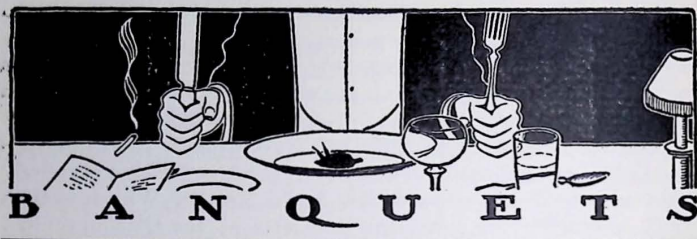
Brother Wilson, however, is built on different lines. He is the kind of man who stays on the spot. There is no back down in him. No matter what the difficulties or annoyances confronting him may be, he will fight his way through till his duty is done. It was that force of character, combined with a peculiarly diplomatic temperament, which made Brother Wilson such a valuable trustee for American interests at the Chilean capital. Many stirring events marked his eight years of service. The Spanish War was an anxious season, with the many added cares and responsibilities placed upon him. And then too, the endless animosities between Chili and the neighboring republic of Peru frequently developed interesting situations; and it is only recently that a sort of truce has been patched up between these two countries by the resumption of diplomatic relations.

In 1902 Brother Wilson was transferred to Portugal by President Roosevelt but declined; and again in 1903 he declined a transfer to Greece, preferring to round out his work at Santiago. Finally in March last President Roosevelt once more offered him a European mission, this time the very desirable Belgian assignment. Brother Wilson accepted and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate.

Brother Wilson is now at Brussels and Theta Delta Chi may confidently expect further achievements in the great field of international politics. Even the Upsilon Deuteton Charge is making history. Verily its short life was not in vain.

HARRY T. DOMER,
Chi Deuteron, 1900.





NEW ENGLAND BANQUET

New England Theta Delt enthusiasm, wit and wisdom was given expression through the regular annual function of the New England Association, its banquet and reunion, on the 25th of April last. Mu Deuteron was host, in accordance with the plan of rotation for some time in vogue; and graduates and undergraduates, approaching one hundred in number, gathered around the board.

It was a typical Theta Delt banquet, marked by one or two special features of present interest to the Fraternity. One was the presence, and his is a presence which most worthily becomes the office to which he has just been chosen—of our new President, Brother Cole. His setting forth of the greatness of our Fraternity made a marked impression upon all, an impression deepened by the strength and the charm of a personality which is destined to prove no less effective, in its own way, than that of any of his predecessors.

Brother H. H. Baker, Mu Deuteron, as toastmaster, was most apt and entertaining, and for a lawyer, not at all bad in the sermonic vein.

For the third time within as many years has the New England Association been called to mourn the loss of one of the greatest of its members. But yesterday Brother Seth Smith and Brother Hosea M. Knowlton, and today another, whose presence with almost unflinching regularity at the annual meeting, was an inspiration and a benediction to us all, Brother Elmer H. Capen.

Those who attended the banquet of 1904, will never forget the burning eloquence, and the rich wisdom of the words which he spoke, his last message, as it proved, to his brethren in Theta Delta Chi. It was with mingled feelings of sadness and thankfulness,—sadness for the loss, and thankfulness for the heritage of such a life,—that the association paid tribute to his memory, by adopting the following resolutions :

IN MEMORY OF BROTHER ELMER H. CAPEN

The members of the New England Association of THETA DELTA CHI desire to place on record the love which they felt for their friend and brother, Elmer H. Capen.

Born in Stoughton, April 5, 1838, he studied at Pierce Academy in Middleborough, and at the Green Mountain Institute at Woodstock, Vermont, entering Tufts College in the autumn of 1856.

"Very soon after our advent upon College Hill," he himself writes of his friend B. K. Russ, "Augustus E. Scott of the class of 1858, who was at the time of our entrance a member of the Junior class, having come to Tufts College from Brown University in the autumn of 1855, and who there had been initiated into the THETA DELTA CHI fraternity, selected Benjamin Russ, two others of the freshman class, and myself, and two or three men from the class of 1859, to become charter members of what is now Kappa Charge. "Russ," he added, "was a faithful member of his fraternity throughout his college course and never lost interest in it while he lived."

What Brother Capen said of Brother Russ we may say of him. While still an undergraduate, Capen was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, where he served, the youngest member of that body, in 1859 and 1860. In 1860 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, at Tufts College, and four years later he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, but never practiced law, for the Christian ministry had called him. He held successive pastorates in Gloucester, Mass., St. Paul, Minn., and Providence, R. I. It was while at Providence, in 1875, that he was elected to the Presidency of Tufts College.

Always every inch a college president, he was yet the "beau ideal," may we not use the word justly of him, "beau ideal" Theta Delt. As he saw in the colleges the ramparts still strong on which the old standards of morality and even religion were builded, he saw not less clearly in the Greek letter fraternities, which his ardent advocacy a quarter of a century ago helped to save, the highest devotion to the fundamental ideal of human friendship and human fidelity.

Of all this he himself, walking the college paths, and honoring our assemblies with his presence, was a powerful example.

The memory of him must always be with us a memory of an able, upright, pure man, whose affection and high loyalty are safe in the archives of our hearts.

The officers elected for the year 1905-6 are as follows :

President, Frederick W. Fosdick, Mu Deuteron '98.

Secretary, Frank W. Kimball, Lambda '94.

Vice-Presidents, Hon. Levi Turner, Eta '86 ; Hon. Augustus Miller, Zeta '71 ; Harry P. Brown, Iota '01 ; Chas. M. Davenport, Iota Deuteron '01 ; Rev. F. W. Hamilton, Kappa '80 ; Prof. C. J. Bullock, Lambda '88 ; Dr. Paul C. Phillips, Mu Deuteron '88 ; Frank W. Wentworth, Omicron Deuteron '03.

Directors, Brothers Shires, Zeta '06, Soule, Eta '06, Fernald, Iota '06, Bassett, Iota Deuteron '06, Dole, Kappa '06, James, Lambda '06, Crawford, Mu Deuteron '06, Burnice, Omicron Deuteron '06.

SIGMA DEUTERON'S BANQUET

Ten years ago on the fifteenth of May, Sigma Deuteron had her beginning. She has lived happily through those ten years and it seemed fitting that we should remember that date with a rally of Theta Delta enthusiasm. It has been customary for us to hold our annual banquet in the halls of a hotel in town, but this year our own dining room seemed more inviting to us, and thus it was that our chapter house was a scene of gayety on the night of Saturday, May 13. We gathered around the festive board at 7:00 o'clock, and from that time until the midnight bells were ringing there was never a lull in the sound of story or laughter, song or toast. Brother "Tug" Wilson, '96, was with us to act as toastmaster and right royally did his wit and wisdom shine forth from the head of the table, like the bald spot on the top of his crown.

We had a short speech from every one of the thirty odd brothers present. The train of thought which permeated the whole gathering, was that we must have a new chapter house. We have hopes that the air castles which were built will be realized, at least in part, for the brothers came loyally to the front with financial aid when the dinner was over.

The banquet came to a close with a silent toast to the Omega, and after singing the "Varsity Toast" and giving a Theta Delt yell the gathering broke up.

EPSILON ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

On the night of April 22nd, at the Charge House in Williamsburg, was held a joint banquet of the Epsilon Charge and the Epsilon Alumni Association, in honor of the first anniversary of the re-establishment of the Epsilon Charge.

The crowd was not large in numbers but was very large in enthusiasm, and the occasion was unanimously voted a success.

The "guest of honor" was Brother Zenus F. Barnum, Chi Deuteron '03, and, as he now puts it, *Epsilon* '05. The presence and talks of Brother Barnum were very encouraging and helpful to those brothers whose fraternity experience has been very much shorter than his, and all of those present can be included in this class.

Brother H. Jackson Davis, '02, being President of the Epsilon Alumni Association, presided as toastmaster and the gathering being so much of a family affair, no one was spared but every brother was given an opportunity to give vent to some of his pent up feelings.

Letters of regret were read from a number of brothers of the Epsilon and other Charges, after which Brother Barnum responded to "Our Guest of Honor"; then followed Brother Maddox, '04, with the very broad subject "Theta Delta Chi"; then came Brother Lawrence, '05, "The Charge"; Brother Mackreth, '04, "The Ladies"; Brother Wright, '04, "The Epsilon Alumni Association"; Brother Standing, '08, "The Goat", and appropriate subjects were handled by each of the other brothers present.

The toast to the Omega was drunk at a late hour, and the meeting dispersed with the singing of the "Parting Song", each one feeling when he left that Theta Delta Chi indeed meant more to him than when he had come there.

In addition to those noted above, there were present of the Epsilon, Brothers Charles I. Carey, '05, J. C. Rawls, '06, Francis

O'Keeffe, '07, E. B. Faison, '07, John W. Abbitt, '07, S. R. Warner, '07, G. E. Fletcher, '08, H. H. Marsden, '08, Q. W. Hodges, '08, Roy W. Carter, '08, and W. Berkley Lawrence, '08.

After the banquet a meeting of the Epsilon Alumni Association was held and in addition to transacting considerable business of importance in regard to the Charge house, the following were elected to hold office for the ensuing year :

President—H. Jackson Davis, '02.

Vice-President—Thomas N. Lawrence, '05.

Secretary-Treasurer—Arthur D. Wright, '04.

ARTHUR D. WRIGHT,

Epsilon, '04.

RHO DEUTERON ANNUAL BANQUET

The annual banquet of the Rho Deuteron Charge, active and graduate, broke the rest of the quiet burghers in the vicinity of the Charge House, 431 West 117th Street, New York City, on the evening of Wednesday, May 17th last. It was a decided innovation for the feast to be served within the walls of the Charge's own home, but the departure evoked no adverse comment. Indeed the committee of arrangements was much complimented on the sound judgment it displayed in making the feast a home affair. The material matters of menu and service were put beyond the reach of honest criticism by the same efficient committee, leaving the Soul to soar unvexed. The Soul became more and more ascendant as the evening advanced and as the Body became satisfied; and the spiritualization of the occasion was complete when Brother Rudolf Tombo, Jr. warmed in invective speech against "monism" and several other "isms" which threaten the Soul, the more abstruse parts being considerably reduced to words of one syllable, out of gracious consideration for the freshmen present.

About forty were in attendance and few but were forced to mount the rostrum.*

*This must be taken figuratively. The speakers simply rose to their feet and addressed their brothers from the level of the floor. This explanation is vouchsafed to avoid any misconception as to the pretense or formality of the occasion. There is no permanent elevated place for forensic use in the Rho Deuteron Charge House nor was one temporarily improvised.

Favorite anthems were rendered repeatedly and with vigor by the company, and that prince of entertainers, Brother Louis Ehret, excited the nerve of risability to an excruciating degree with a few of his unique and mirth-provoking "stunts". Other Charges were represented in some number, notably Mu Deuteron, by Harry A. Bullock, who spoke in a very pleasing vein.

During the evening a meeting of the Rho Deuteron Alumni Association was held and officers for the ensuing year elected as follows :

- President—George Ehret, Jr., '99.
- Vice-President—Charles E. Morrison, 1901.
- Secretary—Ludwig Lindenmeyr, 1900.
- Treasurer—J. Boyce Smith, Jr., 1901.

CHI ALUMNI CELEBRATE

The commencement exercises for 1905 at the University of Rochester, were enlivened by reunions of the Greeks on the evening of June 19th. The Theta Deltas were not dormant on this occasion but on the contrary congregated with great strength of numbers and enthusiasm, for an exchange of grips and college memories.

The Rochester *Herald* described the joyous affair next day as follows :

The Theta Delta Chi College fraternity held its annual commencement banquet last evening at the club house, 96 Park Avenue. About sixty undergraduates and alumni were present, prominent among whom was Hon. Willis S. Paine, president of the Consolidated National Bank of New York City, who presided at the dinner. Mr. Paine is the guest of Former Congressman Henry C. Brewster. He is one of the founders of the local charge of his fraternity. Toasts were responded to as follows : "The Fraternity," Hon. William C. Ramsdale, of Albion ; "The Charge," Charles R. Simpson ; "The Ladies," Dr. William H. Pollard ; "The Rochester Graduate Association," Dr. Irving E. Harris ; "Anything," Hiram S. Schumacher.

J U S T G O S S I P



This is the literary attic of the Fraternity. We will gladly consign to it any bit of comment or criticism, and all relations of fact and narratives of events, which may be of interest to those for whom the magazine is designed. If you control any information or ideas within the broad scope of this announcement please transmit the same to the editor without neglect or delay.

FIFTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

It is a boast of the New York Graduate Club that it never allows the anniversary day of the foundation of the Fraternity to slip into the past without its being signalized by some form of celebration. The commemorative exercise on the 5th of June of this year consisted in a simple smoker participated in by a score of the most devoted, and held in one of the hospitable rooms of Browne's Chop House, under the same roof which shelters the cosy suite maintained by the Club as a centre of cohesion for all particles of Theta Delta Chiism floating in the Metropolitan district. The evening was sultry and gave no encouragement to a rampage of ecstasy; but in a quiet and joyful spirit, in keeping with the temperature, the brethren present passed a pleasant evening under the grateful influence of Theta Delta Chi. In view of the significance of the day a source of diversion beyond the ordinary was introduced in the person of a "Professor" of magic and legerdemain, whose adroit and cunning tricks greatly enlivened the occasion.

Of course the animal man needed to be appeased, and this was compassed by several varieties of that delectable dish popularized by the Earl of Sandwich, and with cooling liquids. There was no attempt to uncork the phials of eloquence, as it was with reason thought that their effervescence would be annihilated by the trying temperature, but the universal favorite, Brother Clifford Wilmurt, as impromptu toastmaster, called upon several of the brothers present for brief responses. Brother "Dan" Dougherty was among those thus singled out and his sonorous voice, fluent thought and elegant diction appeared to be but little affected by mere thermometric conditions. Brother Homer D. Brookins also discoursed

some sound advice on the timely topic of "tainted money" the gist of his exhortation being "Take it! Take all you can get of it!"

This gathering of Theta Delts was mindful of the grave loss the Fraternity has suffered in the death of Brother Elmer H. Capen and paused in its epicurean course to pass proper resolutions of sorrow and sympathy.

Those present were as follows: Chas. H. Brown, Jr., Mu Deuteron, '04; J. A. Rawson, Jr., Mu Deuteron, '95; F. P. Parker, Jr., Iota, '02; C. R. Wood, Jr., Iota; Clifford Wilmurt, Pi Deuteron, '93; W. C. Dooris, Xi, '03; A. J. Gilmour, Epsilon Deuteron, '95; D. S. Dougherty, Pi Deuteron, '82; Geo. M. Schulz, Pi Deuteron, '92; G. C. Goebel, Pi Deuteron, '91; H. D. Brookins, Xi, '80; W. H. Irvine, Pi Deuteron, '04; T. H. Calhoun, Pi Deuteron, '99; Geo. P. Ferguson, Pi Deuteron, '99; J. B. Hamilton, Gamma Deuteron, '96; A. F. Hill, Jr., Eta, '02; Wm. B. Wright, Pi Deuteron, '97; E. R. Underwood, Iota, '01; Frank Dodd, Rho Deuteron, '91, and J. B. Smith, Jr., Rho Deuteron, '01.



THETA DELTS OF EPSILON—CLASS OF 1872

In the Catalogue of 1901, we find the following—"Explanation is sought of the sporadic nature of the 1872 membership", under the head of Epsilon.

From the SHIELD of 1869 we quote the following from the notice of the Convention which met on May 6th and 7th of that year,—“The business transacted being secret, we merely mention that, in answer to the applications, the two charges in Virginia will be re-established under the most favorable circumstances. * * * * *

A portion of the business transacted was the adoption of a resolution authorizing Professor McCandlish and Colonel Montague, of the Epsilon, who presented a memorial from members of the extinct Southern chapters on the subject, to take steps in connection with three of their comrades in the South for the revival of the old charges of that section.”

From the above it would seem that it was left to the discretion of McCandlish and Montague to act when they thought conditions suitable. Certain it is that they took that view of the matter, but it was the middle of session 1870-1871 before they thought it propitious to re-establish the Epsilon. The following is part of the minutes of the first meeting of the revived Epsilon. “At a meeting of the Society, held on the night of the 7th, January, 1871, Messrs. Harwood, Cole, Wharton and Kasey were duly initiated, thus re-establishing the Epsilon Chapter of the Society, this being the first regular meeting since the war.”

Thomas P. McCandlish presided at this meeting and H. S. McCandlish was secretary, while probably Col. Montague and T. S. B. Tucker were also present. The second meeting was held on January 21st, 1871, and after the minutes we find the following—"N. B.—Upon consideration it

was moved and carried that the * * communicate to the Grand Lodge the re-establishment of the Epsilon Chapter of the Fraternity at the College of William and Mary in Virginia."

The above facts would seem to explain anything of a "sporadic" nature in the membership of the five men who compose what is called the class of 1872. In reality, none of these men ever were in the class of 1872, for most of them left college at the end of the session 1870-1871, the majority of them going to the University of Virginia where they later on re-established the Nu Charge. In 1871-1872 all of the officers in the Epsilon Charge were filled by the three resident graduates—H. S. and T. P. McCandlish and T. S. B. Tucker; one name was proposed and elected to membership, but was never initiated. Only two meetings are recorded as having been held during this session, and the attendance at the College having fallen to an extremely low point, the Charge was allowed to die rather than initiate men of inferior ability.

The following are brief sketches of those who compose the so-called "Epsilon—Class of 1872."

VII

Peter Meriwether Boyden was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, on the 16th of May, 1852, being the son of Ebenezer Boyden and his wife, Mary Sheffey.

His elementary training was received at home and at the Greenwood School in Albemarle County; at about the age of seventeen he entered the College of William and Mary, remaining there about two years, but not graduating.

He was not one of the first four chosen by the resident Thetes of Williamsburg to constitute the revived Epsilon, but after their organization he was the first, and in fact the only one chosen by them for membership. Boyden's initiation took place on the 14th of February, 1871, and Epsilon's initiatory service was unused from that time until the 22nd of April, 1904.

In the Charge Boyden held no office and at the end of the session of 1870-1871 he left William and Mary, going to the University of Virginia. There in 1873, with other Epsilon Thetes, he succeeded in re-establishing the dormant Nu Charge and during his two years of residence at the University he took a very prominent part in the affairs of Theta Delta Chi.

After leaving the University Boyden went to the Theological Seminary of Virginia, near Alexandria, from which he graduated in 1877.

Since that time he has followed his calling at various places, filling first the pulpit of a church in Goochland County, Va., from 1877 to June, 1886; next he was located in Boynton, Va., from 1886 to September, 1897; since October 1st, 1897, he has had charge of the Episcopal Church at Brookeville, Montgomery County, Maryland.

Brother Boyden was married on the 20th of August, 1879, to Miss Ella Warren Smith and from this marriage there are a number of children.

Oliver Perry Baldwin, Nu, '73, is a cousin of Brother Boyden.

VIII

Edward Pleasant Cole was a native of Williamsburg, Va., and of one of the oldest families, his father being Robert F. Cole and his mother Miss Elizabeth Labby.

Brother Cole was brought up in a William and Mary atmosphere in every way, his primary education being obtained in the Matthew Whaley School, which is run in connection with the College. This fitted him for entering the College, but at exactly what time is not positively known.

He became a Theta Delt on January 7th, 1871, and during the remainder of the session held a minor office in the Charge. He did not return to college the next session, but went to the University with the other Thetas. There he assisted in the revival of the Nu and at the commencement in 1875 he received his diploma as a Bachelor of Law.

In March of the next year he was married to Miss Florence Custis of Williamsburg, and very soon thereafter he removed to San Francisco where he set up the practice of his profession.

His death occurred in San Francisco on the 1st of October, 1897, he being then a few days under forty-six years of age.

William Edward Harwood, probably the most distinguished of the men of '72, was born in Peterboro, Virginia, September 10th, 1847, being the son of John Dunlop Harwood and Sarah Frances Hatcher, his wife.

McCabe's University School gave him his early training but just at the time when he would have gone to college the war was raging with full fury. This was a time when defence of Virginia's homes robbed the cradle and the grave, so at the early age of 16 young Harwood enlisted as a private in the 4th Battalion, Virginia Reserves. Not long after at the battle of Reeve's Farm, on the 9th of June, 1864, he lost his right arm.

This necessarily ended his fighting and he was a veteran at seventeen.

When the war was over young Harwood again took up the threads of his unfinished education, and the sessions of '69-70 and '70-71 were spent at the College of William and Mary. His Fraternity record is very brief, being initiated on the 7th of January, 1871, and serving his Charge the remainder of the session as treasurer. In June 1871, Brother Harwood left William and Mary and in October of that year entered the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond; from this college he was graduated an M.D., in March, 1873, the course at that time being only two years.

Brother Harwood has been twice married—first in 1885 to Mamie Ege Goddard and the second time, in 1894, to Fanny Mason Cole, the latter being niece of the Mason involved in the famous Mason and Slidell affair.

Brother Harwood has done considerable public service, at different times being a member of the School Board, Chairman of the Confederate Pension Board, and Health Officer of the City of Petersburg.

He was the organizer of the A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, and served two terms as its Commander. More recently he was the

recipient of quite an honor by being elected, at the last Grand Encampment, to the position of Grand Commander of the United Confederate Veterans of Virginia.

He has been, at the same time that he filled these various offices, one of the most successful and popular physicians in Petersburg; and is greatly beloved by all with whom he comes in contact.

IX

McCleod Kasey, son of John G. Kasey and Elvira F. Lumpkin, his wife, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, in the year 1852.

Prepared by local schools of his native county, Kasey entered the College of William and Mary in the fall of 1870, where he remained one session. During this time he was initiated into Theta Delta Chi and was Epsilon's presiding officer for the remainder of the session.

The next two sessions, '71-72 and '72-73, were spent at the University of Virginia, where Brother Kasey received his degree as a Bachelor of Law in June, 1873. Little is known of Brother Kasey's fraternity relations during this time, but the fact is upon record that he was the first of the Thetas who went to the University of Virginia to write back to his parent chapter asking permission to re-establish the dormant Nu.

After graduation he was an attorney-at-law in Bedford City, Va., and served for a while as Clerk of the Circuit Court of Bedford County.

On December 6th, 1876, Brother Kasey was married to Miss Mary W. Otey, and less than six years afterwards he entered the Omega, on April 11th, 1882.

Brother Kasey and Brother C. W. Wharton were life-long friends, their friendship being of the deepest and truest kind and furnishing living examples of our true fraternity.

X

Charles William Wharton, of Bedford City, Virginia, was born in that town on the 1st of June, 1852, being the son of John A. Wharton and Isabella Brown.

Trained for college in the local schools, he entered William and Mary College in the fall of 1869, here he remained for three sessions, in the meanwhile being initiated into the Epsilon Charge on the 7th of January, 1871. He was immediately chosen to fill the position of secretary of the Charge, which he did for the remainder of the session. He returned the next session but did not hold office and the part that he then took in the affairs of the Charge is not on record.

After leaving William and Mary he attended no other college, but for a while held the position of cashier of a bank in Bedford City. He also for a while held the position of Clerk of the County Court of Bedford County. Since then he has been in the employ of the Queen Insurance Co.

Brother Wharton did as most good Thetas do—on the 10th of December, 1879, he was married to Miss Estelle Steptoe, and it was the daughter

of this marriage who wore the first Theta Delta Chi badge that the writer ever saw.

A brother to Brother C. W. Wharton is Dr. Lyman B. Wharton, the present Professor of Latin at William and Mary, and one of the most beloved and respected members of the faculty.

ARTHUR D. WRIGHT,
Epsilon, '04.



UNDERGRADUATE FRATERNITY PHILOSOPHY

Chi Deuteron it would seem has put into operation a system of literary exercises by the members of the Charge. It is not necessary to probe for the advantages of such a system, for they lie on the face of it. It is to be hoped that the system will spread to all Charges where it does not now obtain. Some order of literary exercise is indeed enjoined upon every Charge by resolution of the Convention backed up by a mandate of the Grand Lodge, but the requirement is more honored in the breach than in the observance, perhaps. As an example of the manner in which Chi Deuteron is living up to her full Fraternity duty in this regard and also because of their intrinsic interest, two of the essays are given space in *THE SHIELD*. Do not pass lightly over them or fail to ponder on their substance because they read somewhat sophomoric. Youth is often keener in its perception of Truth than is hoary Age subdued by the tyranny of things.

FRATERNITY SPIRIT AND ITS RESULTS

Upon casual examination, the spirit which characterizes fraternities of the higher order does not seem susceptible of analysis. But if we examine it more closely we will find that it is the direct result of the love of comradeship, that peculiar sense of psychological affinity, which seems to exist in some degree in the minds of all men. It was this instinctive want which, when the world was young, caused savages to flock in tribes, and, now that the world is older and wiser, men to live in communities rather than in isolated districts.

To educated men, however, to such as comprise fraternity membership, this desire has become something more than an instinct. It is in fact a necessity though, unfortunately, a necessity which many men are unable to satisfy as they might desire. Fraternity organizations offer to a limited number the opportunity; and unfortunate indeed is the man who, on joining a fraternity, fails to avail himself of the thousand and one influences for good that lie within its reach. A man entering college, if he be a thinker, carries with him certain ideals, elevated conceptions of what is right and fitting in life, by which high standards he will unconsciously mold his character. As his ideals vary, so will vary the development of his character: and as he will gain or lose faith in his ideals only as they

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are warranted or disproved by his observations of the people with whom he is brought in contact, it is manifest that his classmen must be powerful factors in his life, either for good or evil.

Now college men are likely to be, in some respects, better than other men. More frank, sincere, unselfish. But, after all, these virtues are largely superficial. In spirit college men still retain that mask, woven of dissimulation, false courtesy, and second thought, which the world, for politic reasons, uses to conceal its heart. As soon as a man discovers that to be really sincere is to become, in the opinion of his fellowmen, mildly insane, alas for his ideals! He begins to adjust his character to the conditions in which he is thrown and it is only long years after that, looking back, he discovers the empty hull of his ideal, and begins to realize that in losing it, he has lost the best thing life gave him.

Membership in a fraternity obviates this danger, for fraternities not only encourage but adhere to ideals. Their key-note is friendship,—unselfish, lasting, as far removed from the world's prostituted conception of the term as a divinity from a devil. It is friendship, fit not only for serene days and easy paths but for rough roads and hard fare, a passion that increases by adversity and adds strength and dignity to the most commonplace relations of its participants. It excuses our defects and emphasizes our virtues. When we meet we discard all our petty jealousies, all that web of prejudice which contact with the outer world weaves round us, throw off our intolerance and self love and show ourselves as we really exist, with no fear that our ambitious opinions, ideals, will be treated with other than a tender hand. We seek neither to intrude our personality upon our friend nor to subordinate it to his. We may admire his conceptions as a whole and, seeing much of the desirable in his personality that is lacking in our own, appropriate it to ourselves without subverting our independence of thought by a weak acceptance of opinions that are not in harmony with our ideals. As Emerson says, "better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo." Intercourse, when all is said, is subject to the same tendency of equalization as temperature or water-level. The higher always elevates the lower. We retain the best of our personality and replace its defects with what is greater and better in our friends.

Nor does the application of effect stop here. Our standards of action are regulated almost entirely by our standards of thought; and the man whose opinions are characterized by cleanness and unselfishness will embody this characteristic in his treatment of the more material questions which arise in his everyday life. Throughout his entire life, no matter how long he may have been separated from active participation in fraternity work, the impress of the associations of his college days will be upon him, and give life and vigor to those early acquired characteristics which render him immune to the harsh influence of which the struggle of life is so productive. He will justify his self respect and the respect of his fellow citizens and, after all, this is the most valuable result of a man's life.

WILLIAM J. TURKENTON,
Chi Deuteron, '08.

WHAT THETA DELTA CHI MEANS TO ME

It is hard to express my feelings toward Theta Delta Chi, but I shall endeavor to do my best in the following words.

My membership in the Chi Deuteron charge of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity is the thing from which I have derived and expect to continue to derive, during my connection with the University, the greatest benefit.

In the first place it has and will spur me on to do better in every way if not for my own good at least for the good of the fraternity. It acts as an incentive in my daily work, in my intercourse with the people of this city, to do the best I know how, to be considerate of other people, and above all, to be the gentleman and to do the manly thing always, no matter where or in what company I am.

Then, it has taught me the meaning of true brotherly love which I have never had pressed home to me as in the last six months. To let selfishness take the background, to be thoughtful of the welfare of others, especially of a Theta Delt, to make every brother know that he has friends in need, to defend Theta Delta Chi from all attacks and to keep the standard of the fraternity up to what it has been in the past, seem to be the most salient points in this friendship. The best of feeling reigns toward one another, and there is always a ready sympathy, not only in words but in deeds, for a brother to whom misfortune has come. Frowns and troublesome thoughts make way for laughter when you enter the fraternity house. The hearty grip, behind which is always a good wish, the songs and other things soon dispel cares and hard feelings. It is only with thankful hearts that Theta Deltas look upon their connection with the Fraternity.

It has also brought me into the companionship with and the friendship of the best men of the University, and needless to say of the College; men who are leaders in athletics and scholarship and who hold prominent offices in the various classes and other organizations of the College. They are not only leaders but they are also "jolly good fellows", good as well as jolly.

Finally, I have come to at least partially realize what Theta Delta Chi stands for in daily as well as college life. There is something back of the fun and frivolity known to outsiders. It is a desire and an endeavor to better one's self as well as others. The two arrows ever point upward and so do our ideals. We are never satisfied with what has been done but continually strive to climb the ladder of success and are only contented when we are absolutely sure of a hearty "Well done!"

I have done my best to express my feelings in regard to the Fraternity and what it means to and has done for me. I end by saying from the depths of my heart "God bless Theta Delta Chi."

GEORGE T. BEAN,
Chi Deuteron, '07.



I N M E M O R I A M

JOHN HAY

Zeta, 1858

Omega, July 1, 1905

WHEREAS, it hath pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from our number and from the service of our State to the Halls of the Omega the mortal part of our revered brother, JOHN HAY, therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the Zeta Charge of Theta Delta Chi, do solemnly bear witness to the depth with which we feel the loss that our Charge and the general Fraternity has suffered in the death of this brother so richly endowed for the highest uses of life, and be it further

Resolved, that in this hour of national grief and mourning we record the intense and peculiar grief of the fellow members of the departed in the Zeta Charge and in the whole Fraternity over the passing to the mysterious beyond of so honored and gifted a brother, and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of this expression be communicated to the family of the deceased and that a further copy be forwarded for publication to the SHIELD.

For the Zeta Charge,

PERCY SHIRES, '06,

JOHN HARRISON JOYCE, '06,

FRANK HAMMET CHILDS, '06,

GEORGE FRANKLIN KRAUSE, '06.



E D I T O R I A L S

J. BOYCE SMITH, JR.

EDITOR

299 ALEXANDER AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Lord Brougham is accused of having caused a false report of his own death to be circulated to gratify an unhealthy desire to know what the public estimate of his character and works might be. Whatever the justice of the accusation,

Eulogy the fact is his sudden death was announced so that it was generally believed in, and the public press devoted large allotments of space and quantities of ink lauding the virtues and achievements of the notorious pseudo-departed, notwithstanding he was by no means a universal favorite. With but two insignificant exceptions the journals bestowed naught but praise. When the storm of complimentary obituaries had spent itself, Lord Brougham reappeared, whereupon the public forgot its calamity and proceeded to execrate the crafty nobleman, a turn which reflected very much on the sincerity of its late encomiums. If the statesman was held in such esteem, why not simply rejoice that he was still among the living? The incident illustrates strongly the human instinct to speak reverently of the dead,—by showing it outraged. In the presence of death the traducer becomes mute. We digress in this strain because the present number of the SHIELD is largely devoted to eulogies of our late departed brother, President Elmer Hewitt Capen, of Tufts College, but only to express our conviction that were Brother Capen to resume his walk on earth no word of what has been written of him would be retracted nor would any feel constrained to present another and less pleasing side of his

character, for he was a man of single impulses, and they were holy. Seldom do we meet with such unmistakable tributes to the purity, nobility and quiet strength of a spirit that has been required to answer the final summons as we find in the foregoing pages.

It is but natural and human for this order of ours to canonize its eminent dead and to give to each an exalted place in the memories of the living, where he may dwell as a constant guide and inspiration to high living. It is an established principle that Theta Delta Chi has her saints and believes in them. So while sorrowing over the fact that the majestic person of Brother Capen can never again bless our bodily sight let us dwell on the compensating joy of the prospect of a lifelong communion with him in memory and in spirit.



Here follows a paragraph it is earnestly hoped all readers will peruse, and after perusing, proceed to carry out the suggestion which is meant to be hereby most insistently urged. There

is an institution in the Fraternity known as the **Does this Shield Surplus Trustees.** It is one of the **Touch You?** functions of this body to receive, treasure up and judiciously dispense back numbers and volumes of THE SHIELD. It is highly important that there should exist some Central Agency for the collection and preservation of such back numbers to which brothers desiring to procure or complete files of their Fraternity publication may turn. Now that such an agency exists the next necessity is to gather in from the individual members of the Fraternity all copies of the SHIELD in their possession, of whatever date, with which they may be willing to part. The purpose of the present writing is therefore to urge every reader to ransack the precincts of his abiding place for odd numbers of the SHIELD and forward the fruit of his search to Brother Frank N. Dodd, 150 West 40th Street, New York City, who is Secretary of the Board of Shield Surplus Trustees. Of course the older the copies are the greater the need for them; but the brothers are urged to respond to this broad request to the extent of their ability regardless of the

number or date of the copies they are willing to turn over. Occasional copies in the hands of individuals are of no avail to anybody; in the hands of such a collecting and distributing agency as the Shield Surplus Trustees they are an asset valuable and necessary to the Fraternity. Now may this presentation of the matter spur everyone to action! Brother Dodd is taking considerable pains with this work and deserves prompt and generous cooperation. Copies of the 1903 volume XIX will be especially acceptable. The attention of such as may be desirous of enlarging their collection of SHIELDS by the addition of back numbers is directed to a later page of this number where the Trustees announce what volumes may be obtained and at what prices.

It is a reproach to human nature and Theta Delta Chiism, what little heed is given to printed general appeals which are both reasonable in themselves and consequential in their objects. This indifference is one of the greatest trials of office. Let the considerate reader, therefore, do all in his power to lift this reproach, and eliminate this trial.



Two phases of the contents of THE SHIELD have lately been the subject of adverse and merited internal criticism. They are the Charge Letters and the Graduate Personals. In both of these matters the editor is largely at the mercy of others; and for the advancement of the general good and the particular benefit of whom it may concern and in the further hope that discussion thereon may develop some profitable suggestions, we print the following as a representative communication:

**More for
the Graduates**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SHIELD:

I want to register my first kick, but I am sure in doing so I voice the sentiments of many brothers—What has happened to the Charge Editors?

In the March SHIELD there are several letters of only twelve and fourteen lines of printed matter. The Charge Editors apparently are literally imitating the old style of "I now take my pen in hand to send you these few lines, etc." To the Alumni these Charge Letters are most interesting, or at least they should be made so. With the various Charge alumni graduate associations items of interest to those who have left college

should always appear. "Our Graduates" should be much more complete. In the March SHIELD one alumnus supplied every item among "The Graduates" otherwise one of the best Charges might not have been remembered perhaps at all. It may have been the spring fever caused mental lassitude but a letter which takes but five minutes to write does not reflect much Charge activity or fraternal spirit. Perhaps if stamped envelopes were mailed to certain alumni THE SHIELD might receive more items of interest, personal, etc. It at least would be a reminder.

Yours in $\Theta \Delta X$.

The evil of careless Charge Letters certainly exists. The most effective antidote we know is for the graduates of the particular Charge whose editor is incompetent or faithless to take their Charge to task directly. If the pride of a graduate in his own Charge is injured by its inadequate showing in THE SHIELD the surest cure is for him to bestir himself and start a small indignation-laden cyclone towards the offending Halls. A single protest from graduates, thus specially interested, indicating their dissatisfaction will be more resultful than the constant exhortation of the SHIELD management. But, as prevention is better than criticism, the graduates might think well of a suggestion to admonish the Charge Editor in advance. The alumni of certain progressive Charges even go further and read and revise the Charge Letter before it is sent in. Graduate interest is the cure for many a Charge weakness.

Turning to the matter of Graduate Personal Notes the Editor has himself been long of the persuasion that the interest of the SHIELD could be greatly enhanced by the collection and insertion of more personal items. We have encouraged their contribution and have done our best with the material we were able to gather or that came to us. But force of circumstances has thus far made it impossible to inaugurate a plan of thorough and systematic canvass for personals which we have in mind. When we shall do this, however, may we meet with a prompt and fruitful response from all who are approached. The first step in this plan is to obtain as many volunteers as possible from the graduates who will undertake to be on the watch for the crimes and heroisms of Theta Delts, and to report the same to the Graduate Personal Editor. These volunteers will be expected to give particular attention to their own charge members,

but it is no part of the plan to confine their journalistic field to the membership of their own Charge. They will be expected to gather up and duly transmit all possible items of interest. The SHIELD management can then keep in touch with these graduate editors, supply them with blanks, etc., and soon a steady flow of fresh and interesting personal items will be established to the mutual benefit of the SHIELD and its subscribers. *We here issue a call for volunteers for this work.* Such as may feel inclined to it will please send their names to the Editor at once. Every Charge and locality should produce at least one volunteer. The laborious editor is in frequent receipt of letters containing criticism and suggestions which he faithfully endeavors to turn to profit. He is of opinion that many loyal and interested alumni would lend an *active* helping hand, in addition to sharpening their weapons of criticism on the SHIELD. He submits that this is an opportunity that should commend itself to all who wish to be helpful to the SHIELD, which is an important feature of the Fraternity and worthy of assistance. This is a work in which *every graduate* can participate if he be so minded. He can at the very least furnish an item concerning himself. The poets complain of a "painful dearth" of natures of high impulse. It is not the low-flying souls who respond to altruistic appeals, of which the present is one, in fact. So if the poets are just in their complaint perhaps we shall not receive large returns from this editorial. But the rate of unselfishness ought to be higher in Theta Delta Chi. Let us have a practical demonstration that it is.

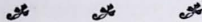


Again, just as our forms are being locked, are we met by solemn news of the death of an eminent alumnus. Brother John Hay of the Zeta has fallen before the dread reaper. A whole nation realizes and mourns its loss. The array of civilized states freely offers its sympathy.

Death of John Hay One of the foremost figures in the highest and broadest spheres of man's activity has been removed by the ruthless Destroyer. And that figure was one of those which wear with pride the emblem of friendship in Theta Delta Chi. Death has this effect,—that it throws into high relief

the life which it brings to a close. And while sorrowing for the death of our brother we cannot but glow with pride and admiration at the recounting of his deeds.

In this issue of THE SHIELD we can do no more than take passing notice of the calamity that has come upon the Fraternity and the Nation, but the September number will be largely given up to a fitting treatment of the career of this man of large and varied refinements.



We note with satisfaction that Eta has formed a graduate organization. It appears to have been organized May 15th, 1901, and is called the Chi Chapter House Corporation.

How about Nu Deuteron, Omicron Deuteron and Psi?





C H A R G E L E T T E R S

BETA—Cornell University

—
INITIATE

1907

Chester Jennings Goodier

All interest at Beta is directed toward the culmination of the spring term and the always most enjoyable "Senior Week" which is to follow. At this time we expect an abundance of the fair sex and will give our annual house dance in addition to the various other interesting features of the week.

Following "Senior Week" is the annual Poughkeepsie regatta that has made Cornell famous and we are hoping to bring back the laurels as we have on many like occasions in the past. Brother Blair as manager of the navy has shown himself to be efficient and careful in business matters.

Brother Culver Adams, '05 and our initiate Brother Chester Goodier are both putting strong oars in the second varsity and will row in a regatta at Pennsylvania, May 27th. Brother Goodier is president of his class and active in class affairs.

Brother Harold Whitehead, '06, was elected assistant manager of the Cornell University interscholastic track association and Brother Arnold, '06, won the interclass cross country race.

Brothers Persons and Howes made the stage for the '86 memorial prize.

With four brothers on the musical clubs, Brother Sayce, '05, on the cricket team, and Brother Adams on the "Senior Ball" committee, we feel that we have our share in college activities.

CHESTER L. ROADHOUSE.

—
GAMMA DEUTERON—University of Michigan

—
INITIATES

Lloyd Boone, Mount Pelier, O.

Winfield Bowman, Kansas City, Mo.

Affairs have been most successful this year for the University of Michigan, she having championship football and baseball teams, and hav-

ing made great strides with the Michigan Union in promoting the club house scheme. On May 5 and 6 under the auspices of the Union a county fair was given in the Gym to raise money for the Club House. About three thousand dollars were realized. Gamma Deuteron had charge of the police court and the policing of the fair. We were most successful in this and took in one hundred and twelve dollars, which was third from the largest amount taken in by any organization.

The charge now numbers nineteen and we lose by graduation Brothers H. S. Crumpacker, F. C. Crumpacker, O. S. Crumpacker, William North, B. H. Montgomery, A. M. Graver and J. C. Scully. Brother Graver however is going to return next year for P. G. work, so we will have twelve brothers back to begin rushing for next year.

On May 13th, we had a re-union of the graduates who live near Ann Arbor. Brothers Butler, Heames, Winchester, Belford, Walker, Briscoe and Gale returned and all reported having a fine time. Brother Ladd, Zeta, '99, is in the university pursuing a course in engineering.

Brothers Foote, Potter, Graves, and Thorp are going to be here for Summer School and will be glad to welcome any Theta Delt who can stop over at Ann Arbor.

J. C. SCULLY.

DELTA DEUTERON—University of California

College has closed and all activities have ceased. With this, of course, Delta Deuteron has disbanded for the summer and the boys having scattered all over the country the news items seem to have flown with them.

We are rather proud of the exceptionally clever work done this year in tennis by our brother, Claude Wayne, '07, who easily won the championship of the University and a little later won his "C", both in singles and doubles, with Stanford, making him champion of both universities. Brother A. C. Keane bears the honor of the authorship of the senior extravaganza which is the grand finale of each outgoing class. Brother E. E. Barker was lately elected president of the Mining Association, one of the most prominent of all college associations. Brother Bryant was re-elected director and treasurer of the "Californian Publishing Company."

Brother Norman Hackett has made his customary visit with us this spring and of course was as welcome as always.

Brother Paine, Chi, '67, together with his wife, paid us a short visit lately and left an eccentric gift in the form of a huge Chinese mask measuring three by four feet in dimensions.

We are glad to state that Brother Simons, ex-president of the Grand Lodge, will be with us more or less next year and represent Theta Delta Chi in the faculty, giving a series of lectures in one of the courses in law.

But two of our men leave us this year by graduating so that our prospects for a full house next year are very good.

O. W. BRYANT.

EPSILON—William and Mary

The close of the session of '04-'05 is upon us and already hand-shakes and the last farewells are being given.

It is with the deepest regret that we part from each other, for the year has been so prosperous, so many of our aims have been realized and there have been such harmony and good-fellowship existing among us all that it seems hard that we must separate to go our various ways.

Even as I write I hear the sound of shifting trunks, the loud commands as to their different location and the hurrying and scurrying of feet as the last "rags and tags" are being thrown together to be packed away.

Most of us, however, will stay during the "finals", and take our departure only when the last morsel is broken on the board.

The year for William and Mary has been most successful. Both in collegiate work and in athletics our students have kept well up to the standard. In football we held second place and in baseball we had the distinction of winning the pennant. Of the Epsilon Charge Brothers H. Marsden and Roy Carter won especial renown in baseball, Marsden at first and Carter at second.

On April 22nd, the Epsilon Alumni Association held its annual banquet. All the members of the original association were present together with the Charge. The occasion was one of the most happy in the history of our existence. The spirit of jollity and good-fellowship reigned supreme, and the event was truly one of "a feast of wit and flow of soul." Toasts were happily responded to by every brother present, no man being untouched by the inspiring sentiment of Theta Delta Chi.

The charge was always well looked after by all of the alumni who went out last year. Numerous visits were made by all, with the addition of visits made by Bishop Randolph, Epsilon, '58, and Zeus Barnum, Chi Deuteron, '03.

I was interrupted in the midst of this letter by the necessity of bidding farewell to several departing brothers. We had a little feast prepared for them and tried to make the occasion one of cheer and happiness. But despite all our efforts the spirit of sorrow lurked in the corners and crannies of our hearts and several times joined expression in lumpy throats and swollen eyes. It was sad for we shall miss each other as is possible only among brothers of Theta Delta Chi.

We are well represented during the final celebration by "Kid" Faison and T. V. Lawrence. "Kid" is trying for the debaters medal and Brother Lawrence for the medal in oratory. Both have achieved excellent reputations, and in the coming contests it is hoped, and with good reason, that they will be crowned with the laurel wreath of victory.

F. O'KEEFE, JR.

ZETA—Brown University

The college year of 1904-'05 is nearly over, and this number of the

SHIELD will find us elsewhere than at the University. Some will return home to recuperate for next year's work ; others will go into business ; but all will carry with them the pure and high ideals of Theta Delta Chi.

The year now so nearly ended for Zeta has been a very satisfactory one. If she has not boomed she has been uniformly prosperous. She is holding an honorable position in the college, and has men of talent and worth, who in the different branches of the activities hold prominent positions. At the Brown *Daily Herald* election, held April 24, '05, Brother Krause, '06, was made the managing editor, while Brother Shires, '06, and Brackett, '07, became associate editors. Brother Shires, will assume the management of the Sock and Buskin Dramatic Society next fall. Brother Joyce, '06, was our representative for Junior week, with Brother Krause on the Junior "Prom" committee. Brothers Welch, '05, and Shires, '06, were the Senior and Junior Zeta representatives on the "Liber Brunensis" board. Brother Krause recently made Phi Beta Kappa. We have been represented on the musical clubs throughout the year by Brothers Joyce, '06, and White, '07. Brother Little, '07 made his Hockey "B" at the conclusion of the team's schedule. Brother Devoll, '07, was Secretary of a most successful Sophomore Ball. Brother Marsten, '08, is playing on the college Symphony Orchestra, which has given several enjoyable concerts during the pleasant evenings of this last term. Brother Welch, '05, won the pool tournament just completed, securing the handsome cup offered by Brother W. H. Hull, '01, while Brother Burnham, '07, gathered in the whist trophy offered by Brother DuBois, '98.

We have indeed been fortunate in receiving so many calls from brothers during the interim since our last letter, having had the pleasure of greeting Brothers Sterns and Grant, of the Dartmouth freshman baseball team, which met the Brown freshman here, while at the dual track meet with Tufts, the opening attraction of our Junior Week, we gave the grip to nine brothers, who came down from Medford, the majority being members of the team. In the evening these brothers attended the opening of "Rhodes-on-the-Pawtuxet," Rhode Island's famous pleasure resort for canoeing, bowling, dancing, etc.

Brother Morrison, Beta '01, has been a visitor several times at our domicile on the hill, and has made himself assured of the heartiest kind of a welcome, whenever he has any time to spend with us.

Brothers Macomber, ex-'04, S. A. Lowe, ex-'05, L. W. Jutton, '04, and A. W. Milliken, '04, have dropped in on us occasionally, for jolly little informal smoke-talks.

The support of the local alumni has been as usual, excellent throughout the year, hardly a meeting going by but that several brothers were with us. In the fall prizes were offered by Brothers W. H. Hull, '01, and H. D. C. Dubois, '98, for a pool and whist tournament which aroused great interest among the brothers of the charge.

Owing to Junior Week festivities going on at Brown, but few of the brothers got to Boston for the annual New England Banquet, but with

Convention in all probability being held there next year, we expect to present a full delegation and to mingle there, on that occasion, with the brothers, as well as at the later New England Alumni Association banquet.

The last college event of importance is Class Day, and before this letter shall have reached its readers all of the happenings of the 1905 Class Day will have become history. Zeta was fortunate enough to secure the Lyman Gymnasium at the annual drawings, as a Class Day location, this being the first time we have secured the prize for eleven years. Brother Childs is the chairman of the committee on arrangements for the active charge, while our graduates whose financial support alone made the dance feasible are represented by Brothers R. S. Emerson, '97, W. H. Hull, '01, and M. W. Kern, '92. The plans at present seem to point to the jolliest kind of a Theta Delt social re-union, at which the old black, white and blue flag of Theta Delta Chi, always seen at Conventions, will float over our heads, as the supreme decoration.

A. H. LAKE.

ZETA DEUTERON—McGill University

INITIATES

1908

Charles Edward Richardson, St. Marys, Ontario

Kenneth Watson Allen, St. Johns, New Brunswick

Zeta Deuteron has successfully negotiated the sessional examinations in Arts, Science and Law, only the poor medicals at the time of this writing being still hard at work.

In spite of forebodings, no one has been clean plucked, though several have been winged more or less severely. In consequence Zeta Deuteron will start rushing next month with her full quota of men. Brother Sutherland took high honors and the prize in thermodynamics and has been offered a demonstratorship in science. Brother Sutherland always has been a hot subject of debate to his fellows. Brother Parkins is the law representative on the business board of the '07 Annual. The basket ball team, of which Brother Higgins, '06, is captain, captured second place in the city league besides winning the return match with Malone by a handsome margin. Brother Higgins captained the varsity basket ball team which played a series of games in some of the New England States this year. In the persons of Brothers Cotton, Sutherland, Briggs and Waterman, four Theta Delt graduates this year from Old McGill. The two first named have already received their degrees, while in a fortnight's time Brothers Briggs and Waterman will be let loose upon a confiding public as full fledged M.D.'s.

Taking a retrospect of the year in athletics, one finds that McGill has easily made good her claim to be the leading university of Canada. It was only by the merest chance that she failed to win the championship at foot

ball, while as if to compensate herself for her disappointment in this respect she proceeded to annex everything in sight at hockey and on the track. In this year as in former ones Zeta Deuteron has borne her full share in gathering the laurels for McGill. At present cricket is in full swing and Brother Penny is trying for a position on the second team. The form of exercise most affected by the other brothers consists in striving to keep up with their nine o'clock lectures varied with occasional expeditions to the ball grounds where the Montreal team is guaranteed to lose with a consistency that becomes at times monotonous. On such occasions we are beguiled with lectures on the science and art of base ball by Brother Baldwin, '08, once a star performer on the Holy Cross team.

In short the past-examination stagnation is not yet gone from us, though the dull grey monotony of our existence in the midst of examinations has been greatly brightened by visits from Brothers Blakeman, '02, Munroe, '03, and Chambers, '04.

Zeta Deuteron is flourishing and is looking forward to a fat year ahead of her. We have several good men pledged who are only waiting for the first meeting in September to enter our ranks.

In conclusion Zeta Deuteron begs all Theta Delts to take notice that she has purchased unto herself a fine new guest book and that the virgin purity of the pages of the said book are as yet unsullied by any trace of ink. Surely the conclusion must be obvious even to the meanest intellect.

WILL GORDON PETERSON.

ETA—Bowdoin College

The college year which is just drawing to its close has been a most prosperous and profitable one for Eta. The Charge has been comfortably settled in its new house since last December, and has received its full quota of honors both in the scholastic and athletic activities of college life. The only blur on our fraternal horizon is the losing of our senior delegation who graduate this month.

Brother Weld, '05, the assistant in economics, expects, however, to return next year to the scene of his undergraduate trials and triumphs for a post-graduate course, and Brother Stone, '05, who is taking the medical course, will also return to Brunswick. Of the remaining seniors, Brother Harvey, who has won such a brilliant reputation as a debater and an all 'round literary man—to say nothing of his embryonic possibilities in amateur dramatics, anticipates entering congenial work in journalism, while Brother Shorey expects to take up teaching as a profession. Brother Williams intends to give points to the instructors up to Harvard Law, and Brother Emery, whose poems have long been one of the most interesting features of the Bowdoin *Quill*, will teach German, probably at the University of Maine. No ones knows what we'll do next year without Brother Emery and his big black pipe, but I suppose we'll get along somehow.

In our Junior delegation, Brother Loule represents us on the *Quill* Board, and is also the Business Manager of the Bowdoin *Orient*, just to take up his spare time. Brother Tobey is Captain of the tennis team, and Brother Chapman is Captain of next year's football team. Brother Chapman was also the recipient of the coveted "wooden spoon" at the Ivy Day exercises lately. The "wooden spoon" is given to the popular man of the class. Brother Voohees, '07, is Assistant Business Manager of the *Orient*, and our representative on next year's *Bugle* Board. Brothers Baldwin and Dorris, '08, and Smith, '06, were lately initiated into the mysteries of the Deutschen Verein, and Brothers Kinney and Packard, '08, have shown up well in baseball.

In conclusion, Eta cordially invites all Thetes who may feel neighborly inclined to drop into Brunswick for a few days and taste the old-fashioned hospitality of our new house. There is room and a hearty welcome for everybody.

T. C. SIMPSON, JR.

ETA DEUTERON—Leland Stanford Jr. University

At the time for the writing of the last letter of the term our minds are probably more occupied with what lies before us for the next year than with the record of last year's proceedings. We have especial occasion to look forward to next year, for, having secured a house on the campus, we feel that we have progressed just one step farther. As our new location will greatly facilitate rushing, entertaining, etc., we feel that we will be able next year to accomplish more than we have in any year past.

Our graduate and other active brothers have devised a method whereby a fund will be accumulated for the erection of a permanent charge house of our own. Stock will be sold for that purpose, and the stockholders will be paid a nominal per cent interest for the use of their money until the Charge is able to cancel the stock certificates by paying back the money invested to the stockholders. The scheme in detail is quite practical, and will doubtless be successful. As the work towards carrying out this plan has barely begun there is no progress to report other than that all the brothers in the Charge, as well as some of our outside brethren, have subscribed money for that purpose.

We extend our best wishes to all sister Charges, and hope that no brother who visits this coast will fail to "drop in upon us."

The week of commencement was clouded by the death of the surviving founder of the University, Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, in Honolulu, near the first of the semester, losing for the students and professors a kind and generous friend.

The University closed on May twenty-third. This year is the tenth anniversary of the pioneer class of '95. This brought back hundreds of alumni who had not seen the university in years and could hardly recognize the place, so great have been the building and improvements lately. On

alumni night the Quad was gorgeously decorated and lighted and all concerned were able to dream and harken back a few years to the time when the Quad was but half its present proportions, and the chapel and arch were but mere conjectures in the far distant future. So ended the year of 1905.

Next year will see us in our new house within a couple of minutes' walk of the University. We invite all brothers to call in on us who wander in this direction.

DALLAS E. WOOD

IOTA—Harvard University

INITIATES

1907

A. Russell Ellis, Cambridge, Mass.

1908

L. Winthrop Barta, Winchester, Mass.

Oliver Aldrich Wyman, Somerville, Mass.

Edward Becker, New York City.

John Bigelow Marsh, Cambridge, Mass.

Dwight Bradford Hill, Worcester, Mass.

Superstition has little hold with us here at Iota, for this, the thirteenth year of our existence under the present charter, has never been equalled in activity and practice. With more than the usual losses in membership during the course of the year we close the term with a roll of forty while fraternity spirit and enthusiasm have grown apace with numbers. Losing some ten by graduation, the opening of next year will bring with it even greater promises of success.

Social and athletic events with some necessary attention to college duties have filled perhaps more completely than usual our calendar. In April, Sophomores and Freshmen gave a dance to Juniors and Seniors at the Charge House, thus reinstating an old custom with such marked success that it is certain never to be again laid aside. Following this at a later date came the annual Class Day dance given by the Juniors in honor of the graduating Seniors.

With Convention in the West at Chicago, Iota made good any smallness of representation there by sending the largest delegation present to the Twenty-first Annual Banquet of the New England Association at the American House, Boston, April 25. With the Alpha Epsilon Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology we have enjoyed an exchange of courtesies at various times during the term.

We had hoped to chronicle our annual base ball game with Kappa, but rain and other insurmountable obstacles seem to have conspired against any such trial of skill this year. We have, however, received that ever cordial welcome from Medford (a number of Iota brothers attending the memorial service in honor of the late Brother Capen) and have counted it one of our privileges to greet our Kappa brothers here in Cambridge.

Individually Iota men have been far from idle. With Brother Sawyer, '06, leader of the University Glee Club, as well as a member of the Varsity Banjo and Mandolin Clubs we have a strong representation in the University musical interests. Brother von Schrader, '06, has been elected secretary of the Varsity Banjo Club. These together with Brother Wardner, '06, Sill, '08, and Wyman, '08, also upon the university musical clubs, Brother Ellis on the Varsity Glee and Brothers Edgar, Harrah and Dana on the Freshman Clubs, gives us the material for a Charge orchestra of noble proportions and no mean ability.

Brother Fernald, '07, this year assistant manager of the Swimming Team, will have full responsibility next year,

Brother Haskell, '05, graduates this year Phi Beta Kappa, and submitted the designs which were accepted for the Class Day Tickets. We shall retain our representation upon the *Lampoon* board with the election of Brother Leland, '07, to a business editorship.

Brother Hurd, '04, won his numerals in the class track meet and Brother Parson, '05, was a member of the Senior Baseball team which won the class championship.

And so on with a list of successful ones and many who have aspirations which bear promise of early fulfillment.

To mention all the brothers who have visited us this term it would be necessary to have much more space and printers ink than we are here allowed. It sufficeth to say that you may find them inscribed upon our register and we only hope that you will find the opportunity to add yours to the list if it is not there, and if it is once written to return and do it again.

FREDERICK A. CARRICK, '06

IOTA DEUTERON—Williams College

With the close of the college year, Iota Deuteron loses five of her men by graduation and one through illness. Brother McLellan, '07, was compelled to resign from college on account of illness.

At a meeting of the Dramatic Association Brother Hill, '07, was elected Assistant Manager. Brother Hill is also on the track team. Brother Redick, '07, has played on his class baseball team this spring. Brother Hite, '08, was chosen a member of the class supper committee and also class speaker. Brother Watson, '05, has gone back to his old position on the varsity baseball team.

The charge was recently visited by a number of brothers from Mu Deuteron and Omicron Deuteron, the occasions being the Amherst-Williams baseball game, and the Dartmouth-Williams track meet. Brother Tombo also paid us a short visit.

Williams expects to have the largest commencement she ever had and we expect to hold an alumni smoker.

The wedding of Brother Frederick C. Ferry, Dean of the College, and Miss Anna Chamberlain of New Britain, Conn., will take place in July.

THE SHIELD

Announcement is also made of the engagement of Brother Harry L. Everett, '05, and Miss Olive Whale of Watervliete, N. Y.

Iota Deuteron extends to all the charges of Theta Delta Chi best wishes for a pleasant summer.

R. CARLETON HODGKINSON.

KAPPA—Tufts College

INITIATE

1908

Conant Wentworth Ruth, Houlton, Me.

The death of Brother Elmer Hewitt Capen, '60, for more than thirty years the president of Tufts College, which came so suddenly to us on March twenty-second last, has cast something more than a passing gloom over the charge. He was very near to us all, and there is not one of us who does not feel that he has lost a true Theta Delt brother. Memorial services in his memory were held in Goddard Chapel, Tufts College, on Friday, May twenty-sixth. Brother Thomas Whittemore, Kappa '94, presided and tributes were made by Brothers W. E. Gibbs, '59, J. W. Hammond, '61. H. A. Davis, '97, R. B. Coolidge, '02, all of Kappa and by Brother Rudolf Tombo, Jr., of Columbia University; and Brothers J. F. Powers, '61, and Winsor B. French, '59, replied by letter. All of the addresses of the afternoon were in a reminiscent vein, viewing him as a college man, a college president and a brother, and all bore unanimous testimony to the worth of the Capen who was in all his life, and is now, ever a prince among men, and a prince among Theta Delt.

Brothers Powers, '05, Graves, '06, Chapin, '06, and Savage, '07, spent a most enjoyable ten days on the twelve hundred mile trip of the Musical Clubs this spring. Brother Graves, who was assistant manager of the clubs last year has been elected manager for the season of 1905-6.

Brothers Hunter, '08, and Green, '08, have both won their T's in track work this spring, and have made a most creditable showing for the college.

Kappa loses six men by graduation, Brothers Wise, Calderwood, Powers, Sweetser, Temple and Wilson. Of these Brother Wise is chairman of the Class Day Committee, Brother Temple, historian, Brother Powers, chorister and Brother Lovejoy, who left college at Midyears, but who will take his degree with 1905, is Chapel Orator. As may be seen from that enumeration, Kappa has her share of the Commencement plumbs. Brother Wise is captain of the tennis team, as well.

The second annual game of the present series with Iota will be played on June second. Last year, we were unfortunate enough to be roundly "trimmed" by that charge, but this year we are hoping to turn the tables.

HOWARD J. SAVAGE.

LAMBDA—Boston University

Lambda can once more report a long line of successes which have been added to her credit during the last three months of the college year.

In the festivities of Junior Week, Lambda men played an important part. The financial success—and Junior Week this year was a financial success—is largely due to the work of Brother Maxson as chairman of the finance committee. The social success of Junior Week is also largely due to one of our boys, Brother White, who was chairman of the Promenade Committee, and who had played his part in the Junior Dramatics with great success.

Boston University gave her first "show" this year and Lambda can claim the credit of its success. Brother Paul B. Jones, recently elected editor-in-chief of the college paper, wrote the play "A Pan-Hellenic Freshman." Brother Baker who played the part of the freshman, made a decided hit, and Brother Edwards had a leading part as Jack All Around, leader of the fraternity men. The music for the show was written by Brothers Schafer, Look and Maxson.

But all has not been pleasure. On April 27 the Charge lost one of our best men in the death of Brother Clifton B. Herrick. Brother Herrick was carrying two years' work in one and was attacked with brain fever to which he succumbed within three days after the first attack. Too much cannot be said about Brother Herrick. To say that he was a loyal Theta Delt would be putting it mildly. He was a strong and earnest worker with all the interests of Theta Delta Chi at heart. He was beloved by all who knew him.

I regret that I cannot offer you the hospitality of our house if you are in Boston during the summer. We are going into new, and we hope better, quarters and in the fall we shall be glad then to welcome all who come.

In closing, let me wish all the brothers a pleasant summer and an invitation to visit us next fall when we hope to be able to give a royal welcome to all who come.

JOHN L. TUDBURY

MU DEUTERON—Amherst College

Since our last letter Mu Deuteron has won many honors, both in scholarship and athletics.

Brother Williams, '06, will be the manager of the *Student* next year.

Brother Newell, '07, is one of the regular varsity pitchers and is doing fine work this season.

Brother "Eph" Orrell helped to win the Worcester meet by winning the 440 and getting a place in the 220.

Brothers Palmer, Whitney, Stone, '05, and Brother Rand, '06, were elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Mu Deuteron has had a fraternity ball team this spring and has won several games from other fraternity teams at Amherst.

We have welcomed several visiting brothers during the spring term among them, Brothers Davenport, Watson, Nesbitt, Iota Deuteron, '05, Brother Webster, Iota Deuteron, '06, Brother Brown, Mu Deuteron, '04, and Brother Stevens, Mu Deuteron, '03, and Brother Taggart, Chi, '07.

A most enjoyable house party was held at the charge house during the Junior Prom, which was a huge success.

Now, all the brothers are looking forward to the twentieth anniversary of the charge, which comes this June and at which time, a large body of alumni brothers are expected to be present.

We wish all the brothers a pleasant summer and a most successful fall rushing.

HAROLD S. BROWN.

NU DEUTERON—Lehigh University

The spring months have been full of interest and enjoyment to the Nu Deuteron Charge. Brother Johnston has made a most commendable record for himself on the lacrosse team, Brother Draper has been elected assistant manager of the football team, while Brother Senior has ascended to the presidency of the junior class. The added social interests, due to the increase in the number of brothers living in the house, have made the recent months doubly pleasant.

Within the last few weeks we have enjoyed visits from Alumni Brothers Sholly, Stull, Glancy and Banfield. At the annual spiel to be given by the brothers from Phi, we expect to have Brothers Underwood and McClure with us.

A house party is planned for the days following the final exams. After a year of work, this will be a most enjoyable event. With the closing of the college year Nu Deuteron Charge affairs are in a highly satisfactory condition. We sincerely regret that Brother John E. Ballinger has left the University where, in a short time, he had made an admirable record. All of the remaining ten brothers will be on hand at the beginning of next term to make every effort to maintain the condition of prosperity now existing.

RALPH F. MCELFRESH

XI—Hobart College

Xi charge can report progress, and finds itself now at the close of the college year in a flourishing condition. Although we have been somewhat handicapped here in our quarters in the dormitory, yet we feel confident that this year of hope and waiting will prove fruitful, for the prospects for a new house are brighter than ever before.

Nevertheless, we have succeeded in sharing our part of Hobart's activities in having Brothers Andrews, Stevenson, Partridge, and Hooper to represent us in the Glee Club; Brothers Bradford, Partridge and McCray on the lacrosse team; Brother Bradford is editor-in-chief of the *Echo* and manager of the *Herald*; Brother Partridge chairman of the Junior Prom; Brother McCray manager of the *Herald* for the coming year; and Brother Spoor President of the freshman class.

We expect to have a goodly number back next fall to start off another year of enjoyable and profitable college life. Brothers Bradford, Partridge, McCray, Spoor, Hooper, Keeler, Andrews and Stevenson promise to return to our happy board.

During the past few months we have been favored with visits from Brothers Wait, Partridge, France, Griffith, Dorris, Bullock and Nellis.

The commencement this year will be a very remarkable one in the history of the college. At that time President Stewardson will lay before the alumni of the college the plans for the new gymnasium, which will be built this coming year. At the same time the graduate committee, which has in charge the question of a new house, will report upon its progress. Brother Bullock of New York has made a careful investigation of the situation, and the result will be forthcoming at commencement time. Brother Griffith of Buffalo has also devoted much time and thought to the subject, with the result that he has found what seems to be a reasonable solution. There will be no doubt as to the future of Hobart with a new gymnasium for the college and a new house for Theta Delta Chi.

Xi wishes all the brothers a happy vacation, and again reminds them that her latch-string is always out.

S. G. SPOOR.

OMICRON DEUTERON—Dartmouth College

With the nearing close of the college term Omicron Deuteron wishes the sister Charges a pleasant vacation and the brightest prospects for the coming year.

The baseball season has brought us somewhat in contact with a few of the nearer charges. Brothers O'Brien, '06, and McDevitt, '07, who are playing on the varsity, have brought back interesting tales of their hearty "brotherly" welcome which they received along the line. Brother players from Mu Deuteron, Iota Deuteron, Nu Deuteron and Chi we were glad to have with us. On the freshman team we are not lacking, having Brothers Stearns, Grant and Badger, Brother Stearns being captain.

During the last month "Junior Prom" week brought the annual Fraternity dance, which under the direction of Brother Chamberlain, '05, proved to be a great success.

At the recent spring meet Brother Jordan, '07, has brought credit to both himself and the college. A sure first or second in the 100 yard and 220 yard dashes, he has been a point winner.

By graduation this month Omicron Deuteron loses a number of her strong men—Brothers Vaughn, Day, Chamberlain and Watson. We shall miss them as hearty workers and true Theta Delts. Brother Vaughn held the distinguished office of class marshal while Brother Day is to have one of the class day parts.

As recent visitors we were glad to welcome Brothers Murphy, '94, and

Pollard, '95. Would that more of the older brothers might come back to see us.

C. HENRY HATHAWAY.

PI DEUTERON—College of the City of New York

The college has been considerably agitated of late by an attempt to change the colors from lavender and black to old gold and red—supposedly symbolical of the successive occupation of old Manhattan by the Dutch and the British. One of the points broached in favor of the latter combination of hues was that no other college sports them. To our personal knowledge, there are no less than seven institutions in this country that have the exceedingly bad taste to do so. It is a consummation most devoutly to be avoided.

One of our brothers recently went down to defeat with the Varsity Lacrosse Team at the hands of the Lehigh Team, but all regrets were drowned (not literally, we hope) by the royal entertainment he received at the hands of the Nu Deuteron "Bunch". The next day a party was made up to visit the Phi boys at Easton, where a few fleeting hours were most pleasantly spent.

In the Intercollegiate Championships at Philadelphia, Brother Wallace did good work with the shot, but failed to qualify. It is expected that he will captain the track team next season.

Pi Deuteron graduates no men this June, and as all expect to return in the Fall, we see no reason why opportunity should not rise up with the opening of the long-awaited new college buildings as suddenly and with as much vigor as the sprinter at the crack of the pistol. At least this is our belief. As for the rest, it is up to us—and God grant that we may not be found wanting.

Pi Deuteron wishes all the brothers a joyous vacation.

GEORGE GALE DIXON.

RHO DEUTERON—Columbia University

INITIATE

1906

George G. Moore, Jr., New York City.

The latest addition to our ranks is Brother Moore, 1906, College, whom we introduce to the other Charges with the conviction that he will make a loyal active Theta Delt. Our baby is a lusty specimen, having played on the championship varsity basketball team with Brothers Fisher and Trubebach; he is also a member of the varsity tennis team.

Since our last letter we have enjoyed to the full two social events, a joint dance with Pi Deuteron, held at the St. Andrew on May 8, and the twenty-second annual Rho Deuteron dinner, given at the Charge house on

May 17. As an account of both of these functions is given on another page, I shall not describe them here, except to say that we had a delightful time at the dance and a rousing time at the dinner. The dance was so successful that we contemplate giving two next year, provided we don't branch off into amateur theatricals. We also gave an enjoyable smoker to Brother Tom Thorp, captain of the football team.

We lose three brothers by graduation this year, all from the schools of applied science, Brothers Lawrie, Rogers and Trubenbach. We shall miss them very much, especially as they will probably all leave the city. On the other hand we hope that Brother Eldredge will return next year to complete his course.

Out-door sports are at present engrossing our attention. The baseball team is one of the best that has represented Columbia in several years. We are not represented on the varsity, but Brothers Hastings and Thorp play on the second team and Brother Billingsley is catcher of the freshman team. The track team recently lost to Pennsylvania and to Princeton in dual meets, Brother Fulton earning second in the mile run in both competitions. In the annual spring games he won the mile, Brother Bassett getting third in the 440 and in the broad jump. The lacrosse team, on which we are represented by Brothers Adams and Stewart, has been fairly successful. Brother Burns plays on the second team. An association football team was organized for the first time and was defeated by Harvard 2-1, at Cambridge; Brother Lund played on the team and served as assistant manager. Brother Burns is secretary and treasurer of the tennis club, and was runner-up in the recent university tournament. Brother Egan has been appointed manager of the 1909 football team. Brother Fisher was recently chosen graduate basket ball director and Brother Benjamin graduate lacrosse director. For one of the minor sport championships won by Columbia since our last letter Rho Deuteron was largely, and for another partly responsible. In the annual intercollegiate gymnastic championship held at Princeton, Brother Stewart took second place in club swinging, and in the intercollegiate swimming contest held at Philadelphia, Brother Trubenbach won both the 100 foot and the 100 yard races, the relay going to Pennsylvania, with Columbia second and Yale third. The water-polo team, captained by Brother Trubenbach, won the intercollegiate championship, defeating Pennsylvania 3-0, Brother Trubenbach scoring two of the goals, and in the water-polo game against Yale, 1-0, he made Columbia's single goal. In the individual A. A. U. championship races held at the N. Y. A. C., he took second place in the 250 yards. The race was won by Brother Spencer, 1902, who thus becomes district-champion for 1905. Both Brothers Spencer and Trubenbach were elected graduate directors of the Swimming Association for the coming year. In the series of handicap races held during the season Brother Trubenbach scored 25 points, thereby obtaining first place. For his work in the intercollegiate championships he received his "C" and a loving cup was presented to him by the Swimming Associa-

tion. Brother Trubenbach is undoubtedly the best collegiate swimmer in this section of the country and his loss will be keenly felt by the two water teams. Brother Bassett swam on the 1908 relay team. We are not represented on the Varsity or Freshman crew, but look forward to an exciting race at Poughkeepsie.

In non-athletic affairs we have not been quite as active, but can report the election of Brother Albertson to the office of assistant business manager of the 1907 Columbian Board, of Brother Carl Tombo to Sigma Xi, and of Brother Burns to an office in the Philolexian literary society. At the Schiller celebration held on May 9, Brother R. Tombo, Jr., served as chief marshal, Brother G. Ehret, Jr., as alumni marshal, and Brothers L. Ehret and McElwee as student marshals. Brother Crampton has been appointed by the President chief marshal for Commencement, and Brother Morrison has received an honorary fellowship in civil engineering for next year. Brother Burns was re-elected vice-president of the Philharmonic Society.

Thanks to the alumni and a coterie of girl friends we have added a number of pieces of mission furniture to our collection, and the house is beginning to look as it should. A handsome hall clock is the latest token of the interest of our girl friends in our welfare.

We have had pleasant visits from a number of brothers since our March letter was written, among them Brothers Cook and Simpson of Beta, Brother Joyce of Zeta, Brother Crossman of Eta Deuteron, Brothers Wadsworth and Haskell of Iota, Brothers Chapen and Town of Kappa, Brother McElfresh of Nu Deuteron, Brother Diehl of Mu Deuteron and a number of others. If brothers from other charges could only manage to stay a little longer we should enjoy their visits even more. We expect to have Brothers Davis of Epsilon, and Edgell of Mu Deuteron with us during the Summer Session; should any other brother plan to attend the session, we shall appreciate it if he will send us word. We shall also be glad to learn of any desirable men who will enter Columbia in the fall; we have pledged three strong men for next year and are on the lookout for more good material.

We rejoice with all friends of Columbia in the gift of \$500,000 by an anonymous donor for a building, Hamilton Hall, to be used exclusively for the College. Ground for the building has been broken and it will be ready for occupancy in the fall of 1906. The completion of the two dormitories (Hartley and Livingston Halls, accommodating 300 men each) and the erection of Hamilton Hall will no doubt tend to build up Columbia's academic department, which has been growing rapidly since the removal of the University to Morningside Heights eight years ago.

Rho Deuteron sends to all her sisters best wishes for an enjoyable vacation. Don't forget to stop at 431 West 117 Street when you pass through New York on your way from or to college.

EDWARD SIGERSON

SIGMA DEUTERON—University of Wisconsin

Madison is having her first real summer weather and the Sigma Deuteron boys are rejoicing in the fact that in two weeks the final examinations will be over. Yet it will be with a feeling of regret we will leave the shores of Mendota for the summer, for the year has been a pleasant one. Brother Boichert will be our only graduate. We will miss him, for, throughout the year his continued enthusiasm has helped us to put forth our best efforts.

Our chapter house was a scene of gayety and cordiality on the night of the annual banquet, May 13. We were a little short on numbers but there was no lack of Theta Delt brotherliness and jollity. The enthusiasm reached its height the next morning when Brother Kadish, '06, received the welcome news that he had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Brother George Hannan, '06, has been elected to the joint debate and Brother William Hannan, '08, has made the semi public debating team.

The results of the final matches in the fraternity bowling league tournament were not altogether to our liking, but we finished a strong third and gave them all a good rub.

The fraternity baseball league is now in full swing. By winning four consecutive games we have finished at the top of our division, as yet an undefeated team. The final games will be played soon and we have good reason to believe that we will be more successful in these matches than we were in those at the end of the bowling season.

Saturday, May 27, sent Madison in a whirl. The prep school people had control of the town. We entertained a dozen or more sub-freshmen for the interscholastic stunts, and succeeded in putting pledge buttons on two of the best men.

To finish the year in the right way, from a social standpoint, we will give an informal dancing party on the night of June 3. From present indications it will be the best we have had this year, though some of them will be hard to beat.

We have been very fortunate during the last month to have with us for a day or more a large number of our graduates. Among them were, Brothers Wilson, '96, Tillotson, '97, Ford, '01, Gardner, '02, Ferris, '00, Johnston, '00, McNeel, '00, and Hulberg, '03.

The Sigma Deuteron boys will lodge at 703 State St. for another year, after that time we hope to be able to invite the brothers to visit us in a new home.

JAMES B. ROBERTSON.

TAU DEUTERON—University of Minnesota

INITIATE

Richard G. Gardner, '09

Tau Deuteron has just closed a most successful year, and with prospects bright for an equally successful one to follow. We lose by graduation this year but three, namely Brother Bronton who graduates from the medical school, Brother Helon Leach, who completes his course in the college of Science, Literature and Arts, and Brother Borrows who graduates from the college of Law. This leaves us with a nucleus for a good start next year. We have already pledged three good men who will be with us next year, Wren Williams and Frank Morse, of Minneapolis and Walter Lenthold of Spring Valley.

We have spent a very enjoyable year in the house our alumni have so kindly given us. It has been especially enjoyable this spring, on account of its location, which is generally admitted to be the best at Minnesota. It is on the Riverside Boulevard, which runs along the bank of the Mississippi and during the spring has been a most delightful place.

Minnesota did not have a baseball team this year but baseball has not been dead by any means. Tau Deuteron feels proud of the fact that it won in the inter-fraternity league. We get a handsome cup as a prize. In the final game for the championship, Theta Delta Chi was matched against Alpha Kappa Kappa, each team having won all of its previous games. Both presented a strong line up but Brother Hugh Leach who was in the box let the "doctors" down without a hit and it was an easy victory, 11-0.

Besides, we have had men on most of the teams of the department league. Brother Varco played with the champion medics, Brother Helon Leach with the academies, and Brothers Hugh Leach and Tyler with the Law team.

Tau Deuteron will have two likely candidates for the team next fall. Brother James Infield, star half-back on the nineteen hundred and four team has been in college all year and will be eligible and Brother McErvin a husky freshman will be in the game.

In closing Tau Deuteron wishes each and every brother a most enjoyable summer and many of them.

GEO H. TYLER.

PHI—Lafayette College

INITIATE

C. R. Anderson, '07, Bloomsbury, N. Y.

The college year is almost at an end and Phi has added one more brother to her roll.

Our new house is well under way and we are looking forward with much interest to the new college year when we will move in.

Our baseball team has been playing very good ball this year having defeated Cornell and Pennsylvania. Phi is well represented on the track team with Brothers Doud, '07, and Cooper, '08, taking care of the weights and Shaeffer the dashes. Brothers Kinney, '07, Anderson, '07, and

Sherrer, '07, are playing on their class baseball team, Brother Luccock, '05, and Brother Grey, '05, are also doing good work on the scrub team.

Phi has been very fortunate in having a number of her old brothers back for a visit, among whom were Brothers S. P. Pardee, '74, F. N. Day, '74, John Markle, '80, Reuf, '05, and J. W. Smith, '05.

W. F. EVANS.

CHI—University of Rochester

Exams and summer vacation seem to be the chief topics of conversation at Chi. The track season concluded May 30, at Rochester, with Rochester landing third place in the inter-collegiate with Colgate and Hamilton. Brother O'Connor, '08, represented us in the broad and high jumps. Brother Taggart has been making things hum at short-stop throughout the baseball season. The class baseball game still remains to be played and Brother Fulton as captain expects to lead the freshmen to victory. At the soph banquet held in Buffalo, Brother Palmer presided as toastmaster while Brother Taggart did the "orating." Brother Gilbert, '07, is our very faithful representative on the university athletic council.

Our visiting list lately includes Brothers McKim, Theta, '94, Nellis, Psi, '05, Andrews, Xi, '08. Brother McKim gave us a very interesting talk on old Theta.

The boys have been very gloomy ever since it was announced that Brother J. W. H. Pollard, Omicron Deuteron, '95, will resign his position as physical director and coach here at Rochester and take up post-graduate work in medicine at Johns Hopkins in the fall. It will be mighty hard work to fill "Doc's" place.

Since five men have already been pledged and we lose no men by graduation this spring, our prospects for next fall are exceptionally bright.

The June banquet is set down for the 19th and a merry old reunion we expect.

A very enjoyable card party and dance was held at the charge house early in the term.

The "Soph Joll" was a decided success as was evidenced by the bursts of applause which greeted the witty sallies and pointed songs of the end men. Brothers Palmer and Lewis presided at each end of the circle and threw "gags" at each other. In the olio they also tickled the audience with a delightful little Spanish dance. Brother Stewart acted on the business staff.

Here's hoping a pleasant summer to all the brothers.

F. RAYMOND LEWIS.

CHI DEUTERON—George Washington University

After the most successful year that has ever come to George Washing-

ton University we say good-bye for the summer confidently feeling that Chi Deuteron has shared in all the blessings that have come to our University and is in a stronger and better condition to uphold the honor and dignity of Theta Delta Chi than ever heretofore.

We started the year with only seven brothers but these were equal to the occasion and built up a strong Charge of nineteen good men, landing the best in College. All the brothers are expected to return next year with one or two exceptions and nothing can be seen or anticipated which will prevent us from making 1906 the banner year.

Brother Albert graduates with a degree of B.S. in Mechanical Engineering. Brother Gregory graduates with a degree of B.S. in Electrical Engineering. Among the honors which have come to the members of the Charge since the last letter are the following: Brother Albert was Historian of his class and also had a leading part in the class play. He was chairman of the floor committee at the Graduation Reception, May 32. In addition he was vice-president of the Mechanical Engineering Society. Brother Tompkins was secretary of the Civil Engineering Society and also a member of the Glee Club. Brother Delos Smith was president of the Architectural Society, and performed his work as editor on the *Mail* for the senior class with credit. Brother Gregory was secretary-treasurer of the Electrical Engineering Society.

Brother Jack Sterrett, the athlete, won the championship of five states and the District of Columbia by taking first place in the pole vault at the South Atlantic Athletic Association Championship Meet at Baltimore and also tied for first place breaking the indoor record for Maryland by four inches at the Johns Hopkins Meet. In addition he won first place in the George Washington University interclass meet. Brother Turkenton successfully managed the track team this year and we expect him to hold the same position next. In April he promoted and managed the first inter-departmental class meet of the University.

Brother Frank West is baseball manager for the next year. Brother Magruder is treasurer of the Tennis Club of which Albert, King and Turkenton are also members.

Mention is made briefly of the comings and goings of our brothers: Brother Van Vliet has gone to Oklahoma for the summer to work on the Land Office Survey. Brother Weaver went to Denver, Colorado, for his health. Brother Will West has returned from Panama owing to the sad and untimely death of his father. Brother French has returned from Alabama.

About the middle of May we defeated Sigma Chi in a baseball game well-played (on our part) by the score of 16-3. Holland, the varsity pitcher, officiated in the box for the Sigs,—this fact making our victory all the more creditable.

Brother Green, Iota, '00, is living in the fraternity house. Brothers Playter, Pyne and Dent, all charter members of Chi Deuteron, have given

us the pleasure of a visit during the last two months. Several brothers of other charges were here during the spring vacation and we welcomed all who came.

On the 25th of March we celebrated in great style the anniversary of the founding of our Charge, at the fraternity house. Many graduate and active brothers were present and enjoyed the speechmaking and the feast. We observed Memorial Day as is our custom by decorating and holding short services over the graves of our deceased Brothers Lindsay, '00, and Ashford, '01.

Several of the brothers under the leadership of Brother Albert are going to William and Mary College the first part of June to visit Epsilon and are confidently expecting a royal good time.

The brothers all had a fine time at Brother Lee's home on the 2nd of June with tennis and euchre, and expect to spend an equally pleasant evening at Brother Magruder's dance on the 9th.

All the fellows managed to get through the finals in good shape. Chi Deuteron wishes all the brothers the same luck and hopes that they will have a very pleasant vacation.

GEORGE T. BEAN.

PSI—Hamilton College

Once more June rolls around, and four brothers have donned cap and gown in anticipation of Commencement, which does not occur this year until the last Thursday of June. The departure of Brothers Dean, Eysaman, MacIntyre and Rogers will be deeply felt by the charge, whose best interests they have indefatigably upheld.

In the meantime, Psi has been reaping college honors in abundance. Brother MacIntyre, '05, manager of last season's basket-ball team, Brother Nellis, '06, manager of this season's baseball team, and Brother Benedict, '06, manager of next season's football team is a record of which the charge may justly be proud. Brother Nellis, '06, is one of the five men in his class to be elected to the Pentagoa, the senior honorary society, Brother Kinney, '06, is editor-in-chief of the *Lit*, the official student publication, while Brother Miller, '07, is on the board. At varsity baseball Brother Brown, '07, holds down first base, and Brother Goodier, '08, is one of the reporters on the college weekly. In short, Psi is going through a period of prosperity never before equalled in her history.

On the evening of the 6th the charge gave a very successful informal dance. Brothers Ehret and McGoffin, both of last year's class, were present and it was also the pleasure of the charge to have as guest Brother Partridge, Xi, '06.

In closing, Psi sends to all the brothers her best wishes for an enjoyable vacation, and hopes that next fall many of them will brave coming out to Clinton and climbing College Hill to pay her a visit. The house is never locked.

SELDEN T. KINNEY.



READ THIS !

This department is by no means what it ought to be, and could be, if the inclination on the part of the graduates themselves to cooperate in collecting and forwarding items, were more widespread. The formal request which it has been the custom to print in this space has had very little effect, and some grand old Charges have not a single personal item in the columns of this number. We direct our readers attention to our editorial on this subject in this number, and trust they will hereafter show more willingness to supply data for insertion under the above heading. Contributions should be mailed to J. BOYCE SMITH, JR., 299 Alexander Ave., New York City.

BETA

Seward A. Simons, '97, who moved to Los Angeles, Calif., last year from Buffalo, has met with remarkable success during the brief time he has been on the coast, having already built up a large and lucrative law practice, and won recognition and distinction among the leading attorneys of Los Angeles. He was recently honored by Pres. Wheeler of the University of California, in being asked to deliver a course of lectures before the law students of the university next year, which Brother Simons has accepted. This will place his name in the law faculty, though his duties will not interfere with his private practice at Los Angeles, or necessitate his residing at Berkeley.

Brother Simons has purchased a beautiful home in Pasadena, being a neighbor of Brother Jas. McLachlan.

The Hon. William B. Hoyt, '81, formerly a trustee of Cornell University, who has been taking a prominent part as counsel for Judge Hooker in Albany before the legislative commission, was formerly assistant district attorney for the western district of New York but does not at present occupy this position.

Prof. Ernest W. Huffcut, '84, has crossed the broad Atlantic for a summer in the other hemisphere.

Percy W. Simpson, '98, is arranging a history of Cornell Athletics to be published in a short time.

Oliver R. Beckwith, '98, has changed his position and is with the Traveler's Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. He is engaged to be married to Miss Goodrich of that city.

Joseph W. Cook, '02, is now with the National Surety Company of New York and is located in St. Louis, Mo., 925 Century Building. He has been advanced to the position of agent of the Buffalo office of which he will take charge in the fall.

Arthur Sidney Whitbeck, '03, Chi, '02, is engaged in the survey of the new ship canal for the State of New York with headquarters at Medina.

Alan Emerson Ashcraft, '03, was married during the winter and resides in Beloit, Wis.

Chas. P. Brady, '04, has changed his position and is now clerk in the Iroquois Hotel, Buffalo.

Warren Atherton Lamson, '04, was married to Miss Marguerite Pratt of Chicago in April, and is residing in Chicago where Brother Lamson is on the Board of Trade.

Brother Holden, ex-'05, is in the Chicago office of the Forbes Lithograph Company of Boston.

Brother Prussing, who is in the employ of H. M. Byllesby Company of Chicago, has charge of one of their light and power stations in Oklahoma.

GAMMA DEUTERON

Frank Briscoe, '95. The *Detroit Free Press* of June 18th, 1905, as one of a series of personal sketches of Detroit Captains of Industry published the following outline of the career of the President and General Manager of the Briscoe Manufacturing Co., together with his portrait.

Frank Briscoe, who has been general manager of the Briscoe Manufacturing Co. for about a year, joined the firm as secretary in May, 1901, shortly before the time when the business was organized under its present title.

The business had a modest beginning in 1888 when it was founded by Benjamin Briscoe, brother of Frank Briscoe, with a capital of less than \$500, in a room on the second floor of 75 Woodbridge street west. After a consolidation with a tinning and galvanizing plant, the business assumed the name of Detroit Galvanizing and Sheet Metal Works, and moved first to new quarters on River street. Later, another move was made to the corner of Cass and Michigan.

The Spanish war brought government contracts, to take care of which the concern occupied a portion of the plant of the defunct Detroit Electrical works at Woodward and the railroad. In 1903 this whole building was purchased, followed by the acquisition of the entire square.

Continued growth resulted in the establishment of a plant in Newark, N. J. Mr. Briscoe is general manager of both plants. The capital from \$432 in 1888 has been increased to \$310,000.

One of the chief factors in the success of the company was the sudden rise of the automobile business. This opened up a large field in the manufacture of accessories, which has been seized and maintained, so that the

company is now producing probably 75 per cent of the automobile radiators used in this country, besides other parts, such as hoods, fenders, tanks, etc.

Mr. Brisco's success, while due primarily to the training received under his brother during the stress of strenuous necessity, may also be somewhat paradoxically attributed to his first lack of knowledge of the business. He is a college man, graduated from the University of Michigan in 1895 with a B.A. degree, and being unhampered by business or mechanical traditions was often able to take the direct short cut to the result, where the older hand would have known only the established way. He has also succeeded in holding the confidence of the eastern men who have furnished capital when required for the extension of the enterprises of himself and his brother.

The firm now employs about 500 men in Detroit and about 100 at Newark, where it is planned to increase the force to 350 in the near future.

DELTA DEUTERON

Howell C. Brown, '04, has accepted a position with a surveying party in Mexico. He is at present on the Yagin River near Tonichi. In a recent letter he has the following to say regarding the crudeness of the country and the thrilling experience he is having :

"We are directly in the Yagin Indian country and never go anywhere without a guard of twenty soldiers. Every once in a while the Indians burn a house or slaughter some cattle near us but so far they have not molested us. Personally I don't care how long they leave us alone. As for the country, I am afraid if I wrote exactly what I think of it, it would require asbestos paper, besides the United States would never allow the letter to pass through the mails."

Lee C. Hawley, '04, is meeting with rapid advancement in the employ of the Cleveland Transfer Company, and is doing fine work for the new Theta Delta Chi Alumni Association as its secretary and treasurer.

Fred Gundrum, '04, who went to Johns Hopkins last year for a medical course, is spending his summer at Cleveland in the employ of the American Express Company at that city. He and Brother Hawley are living together.

EPSILON

Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, '55. At the state funeral given to the late General Fitzhugh Lee in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Brother Randolph was called upon to officiate, he having been a life-long friend of the deceased.

H. Jackson Davis, '02. At a meeting held early in May the Virginia State Board of Education elected Brother Davis to the position of County Superintendent of Schools for Henrico County, one of the largest and most important counties in the state. The honor conferred and the confidence shown are all the greater when it is taken into consideration that the

present superintendent has held the position for many years and was backed for re-election by the strongest political influences in the county; also that Brother Davis is only in his twenty-third year. Brother Davis will qualify on July 1st for the term of four years, and will then go to Columbia for the summer session, where he will live in the Rho Deuteron Charge-House.

A. R. W. Mackreth, '04, has closed his school in West Norfolk, Va., and is again on the staff of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

EPSILON DEUTERON

Raymond G. Clapp, '99, M.D., who is remembered as the holder of the world's record as a pole vaulter for a number of years, is Director of Athletics at the University of Nebraska. This summer he is engaged as instructor in physiology, athletics and gymnastics at the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, New York.

James Hess, '98, has given up the private practice of law in New York to accept a responsible position in the legal department of the Metropolitan Street Railway Co., of that city.

ZETA

George P. Upton, '54, has recently edited a Musical Autobiography of Theodore Thomas, in two volumes, with portraits and views, published at Chicago, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Rev. L. C. Manchester, D.D., '58, has been secretary of the convention of the diocese of Massachusetts since 1900.

Lucien J. Chaffee, '67, is secretary of the People's Symphony Concerts of New York, and president of the auxiliary club.

Judge Arthur L. Brown, '76, of the United States Circuit Court for this district, arrived in Providence in April from an extended European trip. On the 5th of May he was one of the three judges for the Yale-Harvard debate at Cambridge.

Frank J. Sexton, '93. The *Brown Alumni Monthly* has this to say of Brother Sexton.

"Very much of this year's creditable showing is due to Dr. Frank J. Sexton, the coach, who has a great faculty for the developing of new baseball material. He has been in charge of the team two years, and we sincerely hope he will continue in charge next season. He knows the men thoroughly, is intensely interested in them, and has the advantage of being a former Brown player himself. Dr. Sexton was a member of the class of '93 at Brown, and in 1895 was graduated from the University Pennsylvania Medical School. He is now a practicing physician in North Easton, Massachusetts."

Charles A. Selden, '93, is now connected with the *New York Evening Post* as a member of the editorial staff.

Frederick E. Thompson, '95, is a member of the firm of Hamlin, Thompson & Sheldon, members Boston Stock Exchange, 60 State street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Charles H. Gilmore, '01, is practicing law at 101 Milk street, Boston, Massachusetts.

ZETA DEUTERON

Sarsfield Nagle, '04, of football fame, is practicing medicine in Ottawa. Last season Brother Nagle played his old position of outside wing and materially helped the Ottawa College team to win the championship of the Quebec Rugby Union.

W. G. Cumming, '03, is local medicine-man at Calgary, Northwest Territory.

Wilfrid Bovey, '03, who is studying law at Cambridge, rowed in the Trinity Hall boat which won the four oared championship of Cambridge University. Incidentally Brother Bovey is maintaining the high reputation for scholarship which he acquired at McGill.

Thomas F. Cotton, '05, intends to enter the Faculty of Medicine at McGill in the fall.

Charles Sutherland, '05, will accept a position as demonstrator at McGill.

M. B. Atkinson, '04, who has been taking a post-graduate course at McGill, is now a paterfamilias.

E. R. Parkins, '03, has returned to college to study law.

ETA

John R. Clark, '89, is now located at 1220 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., where he is practicing medicine. Mr. Clark taught one year at Kennebunk after graduation, then went to Kansas City, Mo., as assistant cashier of a bank, remaining there about one and one-half years. He next entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, graduating in 1895. He secured a hospital appointment which he filled till he was appointed contract surgeon at Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., by the government during the Spanish-American War. He was later transferred to the U. S. General Hospital at the Presidio, San Francisco. There he remained two years, at the end of which time he resigned to enter upon private practice. In February, 1902, he was married to Miss Maud Mullens of San Francisco.

George B. Chandler, '90, formerly with the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, has recently engaged with the American Book Company. Mr. Chandler, though a former Democrat, took a prominent part in the last presidential campaign, supporting President Roosevelt. He is a forceful and eloquent speaker, and his services were in good demand during the campaign. He will be remembered by associates as the winner of many prizes when in college.

Rev. Edward Henry Newbegin, '91, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church of Bangor, Me., and Philip Dana, '96, superintendent of the Warp Mills, Westbrooke, Me., are among the nominees to fill two vacancies in the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College, which vacancies will be filled by a vote of the alumni on a select list of names submitted to them.

Richard S. Cleaves, '99, holds a responsible position in the Newark Insurance Exchange which he is filling with entire satisfaction. He is living happily at 47 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J., where "Mother" Parkhurst and the "Commodore" make all comfortable and homelike for him and several other Bowdoin men as well, including the business manager and assistant business manager of THE SHIELD. The business management rejoices in the cooperation of "Sister" Coley, one of the inmates of 47 Elm, who with her husband takes an interest in the "boys" and their doings.

ETA DEUTERON

R. H. Gaither, is in New York City in the employ of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., 10 Bridge Street, and mingling with metropolitan Theta Deltas.

THETA

Rev. William R. McKim, '94, who for several years has been the "popular Dean" of Christ Cathedral, Salina, Kansas, has left that place for a pastorate at Oneida, New York. Prior to his departure the inhabitants of Salina tendered him a farewell reception which was one of the largest and most enthusiastic social events in the history of the place, and a most eloquent tribute to the manner he has of succeeding in his field of work. Towards the close of the evening the leading citizen rapped for silence and after a few words in a pleasing and commendatory vein begged leave to present the Dean with a substantial purse which his well-wishers had raised for a token that their good-will would pursue him and his bride to their new home.

IOTA

J. T. Harrington, '99, enrolled as a third year medical student at the Columbia University P. S., was student demonstrator in anatomy of his class and found time to play on the varsity hockey team.

Ernst M. Parsons, '03, announces the formation of a partnership for the practice of architecture with John E. Somes, Jr., under the firm name of Somes & Parsons, with offices at 1002 Paddock Building, 101 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

They will be glad to discuss any new work, alterations, additions, or architectural superintendence.

IOTA DEUTERON

Edward N. Chase, '04, is engaged in managing the Walkover Shoe Company's store in North Adams, Mass.

Albert C. Bacon, '04, is studying at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Clinton Mason, ex-'04, is with the L. L. Frost Co. at Norwood, N. Y.

The following Iota Deuteron brothers together with Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Pi Deuteron, and J. B. Smith, Jr., Rho Deuteron, held a private convocation at Asbury Park on Sunday, July 2d. The Iota Deuteron brothers were in that place in official capacities relative to the Educational Convention in progress at that place: J. A. DeCamp, '00, G. H. Huntington, '00, E. I. Shepard, '00, D. R. Little, '00, Leigh Langford, '00, R. E. Webster, '05, and Geo. Davenport, '05.

KAPPA

Charles E. Fay, '63, Professor of romance languages at Tuft's College, was elected president of the Modern Language Association, at the meeting of that body held on May 27th. Dr. S. P. Capen, '98, professor in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., is also a member of the Association.

Dr. Frederick W. Hamilton, '80, has been recently appointed acting president of Tufts College, to succeed the late Brother Elmer H. Capen, '60.

Charles Neal Barney, '95, recently delivered an address before the Universalist Club at the Hotel Westminster, Boston.

George R. Kempton, '00, has changed his position from the Supervision Architect's Office, Treasury Department, to that of Electrical Engineer, Reclamation Service, U. S. Geological Survey under the Department of the Interior, with headquarters in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Denver, Col.

Arthur Rowe, '01, is playing with the Francis Wilson Company in "Cousin Billy."

Charles F. Berry, '04, has returned West after a month's visit in the East.

LAMBDA

Prof. Charles J. Bullock, '89, had an article in the April *Atlantic* on the Cost of War.

MU DEUTERON

Rev. Edw. A. Tuck, '85, is now located at No. 5 South Spring Street, Concord, N. H., where he is engaged in the discharge of his duties as General State Missionary.

R. S. Woodworth, '91, who was recently advanced to an adjunct professorship of psychology at Columbia, was awarded a special commemoration gold medal as director of the anthropometric and psychometric laboratory, for which Columbia received a grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition.

Thomas C. Trask, '93, (Yale, A.B., A.M., 1902), attended the Summer Session of Columbia University, and lived at the Rho Deuteron House all summer.

XI

Rev. Francis Branch Blodgett, '99. The *Oakfield Reporter* of June 15th, has this to say of the success of this native of Oakfield, N. Y.

The Rev. Francis Branch Blodgett, Canon of the Cathedral of All Saints, Albany, N. Y., has recently accepted an election to the Faculty of the General Theological Seminary in New York City. It is now 10 years since Canon Blodgett was graduated from Cary Seminary and left Oakfield. During this time he has taken the degrees of Bachelor of Arts at Hobart College, of Divinity at the Episcopal Theological school in Cambridge, and of Sacred Theology at Harvard University.

In 1903 he became Rector of the Church of Our Redeemer in Lexington, Mass., and last year he was made Canon of the Cathedral at Albany, from which position he goes in September of this year, to take a place at the General Seminary. Canon Blodgett has been appointed to the Eigenbrant Fellowship which provides for his studies either in this country or abroad under the direction of the Dean and faculty of the Seminary.

He is intending to enroll himself for graduate work this coming academic year at Columbia University in New York, in addition to his teaching at the Theological Seminary.

Glenn Marston, '03, has accepted a situation as manager of the Proposal Department of the Engineering News, 220 Broadway, N. Y. City. His house address is 61 Washington Square, N. Y. City.

OMICRON

Webster R. Walkley, '60, member of the Board of Alderman of the City of New York from the 55th District, is in much demand to furnish the inspiration of eloquence and poetry at conventions, banquets and similar assemblies. He is a pleasing orator and is master of a vein of graceful poetry which he is willing to exploit for the general good. At a recent convocation of the National Hardware Association at Atlantic City, Brother Walkley delivered an address in verse, both appropriate to the occasion and rich in soaring thought. We give the closing lines:

Weaver at the loom of life,
 Let broken threads ne'er pass thy watchful eye;
 See the shutters backward, forward flying,
 Living best is best prepared for dying.

Brother Walkley spent the Fourth of July at the Coleman House, Asbury Park and was encountered on the board walk of that noted seaside resort by Brother Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Ex-president, and by the now Editor of the *SHIELD*, who enjoyed the privilege of an hour or so of this talented brother's conversation.

OMICRON DEUTERON

Charles R. Miller, '72, editor-in-chief of the *New York Times* was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the Dartmouth Commencement (1905). The same degree was also conferred at the same time upon President Wheeler of the University of California ($A \Delta \Phi$), who addressed the open session of the 1904 Convention.

PI

Rev. Henry Christopher McCook, '59, D.D., L.L.D., is author of an article which appeared in the May *Harper's* entitled *The Hunter's Wasps*.

Alvaro F. Gibbens, '60, of Parkersburg, West Va., an historian of local fame, and a fraternity poet, was prominent in the recent organization at Marietta of an Ohio Valley Historical Society. He is a member of the committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, and delivered an address before the first meeting subsequent to organization, in Andrew Hall, Twin City.

PI DEUTERON

Walter W. Lee, '93, who for some time has been the trusty assistant secretary of the City Trust Company of New York at No. 36 Wall Street, has nominally changed his employer, but is still greeting patrons from behind the same desk and in the same winning manner. On May 8th, 1905, the City Trust Company merged with the North American Trust Company to form The Trust Company of America. So now Brother Lee, who survived the merger, is assistant secretary of the Wall Street Branch of this banking venture of greatest magnitude.

Rudolf Tombo, Jr., '95, Rho Deuteron, '98, is the author of an article on Results from College Training which was given a conspicuous place in the Sunday edition of *The New York Herald* of June 4, 1905, being accompanied by half tones of various graduating classes of this season and being announced on an unusually pleasing and artistic title page by Warde Traver representing "The Barnard Bachelor of Arts," sweet, pretty and intellectual, and beset with blushing roses. Brother Tombo is, indeed, quite a prolific writer on educational and statistical topics, his positions of Registrar of Columbia University and Secretary of the Columbia University *Quarterly* furnishing frequent occasion for the exercise of his trained faculties on this sort of subject. In the Columbia University *Quarterly* for March, Brother Tombo wrote on "The Recent Growth of Columbia College". At the recent Schiller celebration at Williams College he delivered the formal oration, and he contributed a note on Ph. D. Statistics to the June number of *Science*.

Carl Tombo, '97, is located at Salem, Indiana, where he is engaged as assistant locating engineer on the survey of a railroad in southern Indiana,

which is to be about one hundred and five miles long. The country is rough and sparsely settled and Brother Tombo and party are tenting it most of the time.

Nelson P. Mead, '99, is an Associate Editor of the recently founded "City College Quarterly." In the second issue (March, 1905) he has an article on "The First *Written* Constitution."

George Purdy Ferguson, '99, who graduated from the New York University Law School in 1900, is in the office of Charles A. Hess, 50 Pine Street, New York.

Harry A. Fisher, '02, far-famed as the clever athlete and athletic manager, is joint author with R. Terry and L. Arnold of an article on "Molasses as Fuel" which appeared in the April number of the School of Mines Quarterly.

RHO DEUTERON

George Ehret, Jr., '99. The *Tammany Times* for May, 1905, displayed on its front page an excellent likeness of this local and popular Rho Deuteron brother to which the following sketch was an accompaniment:

Younger Democracy in greater New York has no finer representative than George Ehret, Jr., whose protrait may be seen on our front page. In fact, among the leading scholars and business men of this metropolis Mr. Ehret may by right of his position and accomplishments, claim recognition with the best.

Born in New York in 1875, he grew up with the city's latest and its best development, and learned life's greatest lessons as he kept step with the progress of the time.

He first attended public school, then graduated from the higher grammar schools, and later went to Europe, where, as a student in the Berlin University, he spent four active years. Returning to his native city in 1895, he at once entered Columbia College, from which he graduated in the year 1899.

After his college days were over he returned to Europe, where he traveled for a time only to return again to New York to take a course in Packard's Business College, as well as in the United Brewers' Academy, where he graduated as Brew Master later on. Then, to further his knowledge in a practical way, he accepted positions in the various great breweries of the world until he knew the business with a thoroughness that few would equal.

Not satisfied with this, he entered his father's brewery as an ordinary working man and worked his way by sure degrees until to-day he is the father's trusted representative and chief lieutenant in the Ehret brewery, one of the largest and finest in the world.

While discharging his exacting duties in his business calling, Mr. Ehret has also led the way to popularity and great prestige in social life. Being young, enthusiastic, fond of active sports, his college training in

which he was an acknowledged leader in the athletic class, has developed him into the largest type of muscular development and made him an authority in field and yachting pastimes.

As a consequence he is an active member of many first-class organizations, among which are the following :

The New York Athletic Club, the Democratic Club, Columbia University Club, Huckleberry Indians, Red Bank Yacht Club, Wa-Wa-Yanda Fishing Club, the Arion Society and of many leading charitable associations.

He is one of the Governors of the Dramatic Club, trustee of the Beer Brewers' Board of Trade, trustee of the Associated Brewers of New York, and one of the Governors of the Arion Society.

Young, earnest and aggressive, his Democracy is of the helpful and enthusiastic kind, which sees a future for all men who do their duty by a daily effort for the betterment of the great party of the people, and who uphold their country's honor and the interests of the city which they call their home.

By virtue of such principles and by his manly way of carrying his good purposes into assured effect, George Ehret, Jr., has well earned his present popularity and is certain of a future full of honors and respect.

L. Lindenmeyr, '00, apprises the Editor he may chronicle the arrival of a young Theta Delt on Thursday morning, June first, and the general rejoicing thereat in the Lindenmeyr home.

Edward Van Winkle, '00, M.E., P.P., (Proud Parent). Miss Sama Gertrude Van Winkle, whose absorbing career has been followed in these columns from its beginning about a year ago, recently entertained Brothers A. B. DeYoung, Rho Deuteron, '98 and J. B. Smith, Jr., Rho Deuteron, '01. We note also a late call by the fascinating Brother Norman Hackett, Gamma Deuteron, '98. The gossips do not agree as to who stands highest in the coy maiden's favor.

SIGMA DEUTERON

E. C. Tillotson, '97, is practicing law at Marinette, Wisconsin.

G. N. Ferris, '00, is acting as private secretary to Judge Cassody with headquarters at Madison, Wis.

E. H. Falconer, ex-'07, is now with Brother A. B. Carter, '04, in the lumber business at Yreka, California.

CHI

F. S. Holbrook, '03, passed the New York State bar examination in January. He is practicing law in New York City.

CHI DEUTERON

Rev. Hatch Sterrett, '98, of St. George's Church, New York, officiated at the wedding of Miss Marian Robbins and Mr. Lawrence Jenney on June 1st, at Stoneleigh Court, Washington, D. C.

Gilbert Kelly, '00, graduated from the law department of George Washington University.

Rev. Paul Sperry, '02, has accepted a call to a parish in Bath, Maine.

Dr. R. R. Norris, '03, has been reappointed resident physician at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., for an additional six months.

Zenus F. Barnum, '03, is temporarily located at 1005 Wertland Street, Charlottesville, Va.

Ernest Barber, '04, is at his home in Washington awaiting orders to the Pettebone Gentry Construction Co., at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he is to be their assistant superintendent.

Van Potter, '04, has returned to Washington from Muskogee, Indian Territory.

Enoch Chase, graduated from the Law Department of George Washington University.

Shepard Strong, '05, has gone to his home in Manchester, Vt., to spend the summer.

Cullan H. Ferrel, ex-'06, graduated at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., as A.B. and has accepted a position as private secretary to Congressman P. T. Chapman, of Illinois.

PSI

F. H. Cunningham, '99, has been admitted to the practice of the law in New York State and received the L.L.B. degree from the New York Law School, at its last Commencement, on June 15th.

Louis Ehret, Psi, '04, who was a first year student in the faculty of applied science of Columbia University during the academic year, 1904-1905, will enter the Columbia Law School in the fall.

John Clark Dean, '05, is attending the Summer Session of Columbia University and living at the Rho Deuteron Charge House.

Marriages

ETA DEUTERON

Sanford Lord Bacon, '04, was married to Miss Lila Irene Ripley on May third, 1905, at San Jose, California.

IOTA DEUTERON

Geo. C. Forrey, Jr., '03, and Miss Ellehura Jeffris were married on March 23d, 1905, at Wilmington, Pa.

KAPPA

John Putnam Clark, '00, was married to Miss Edna Hazel Sloane on

Friday, June 16th, at St. Paul's Universalist Church in Meriden, Conn. The ushers were I. R. Kent, '99; H. J. Savage, '07; F. W. Clark, '08; E. B. Hilliard, Iota, '00. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Clark will spend the summer at the Isles of Shoals, and returning in the fall will take up their residence at Lynn, where Mr. Clark is one of the masters of the Classical High School.

OMICRON DEUTERON

Robert Browning Clark, '02, celebrated his marriage with Miss Frances Swan on June 28, at Woodstock, Vt. Their home after September first, will be at the Bellingham, Washington.

CHI

W. Harry Talmon, '02, was married on May 10th, to Miss Florence Seeley of Rochester, N. Y.

CHI DEUTERON

George Wadsworth Gordon, '99, was married on April 25th, at Greenwich, Conn., to Janet Somerville Sheldon. The bride and groom will make their home at No. 110 Hazel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Necrology

EPSILON

W. Talbot Walke, '58, died at his residence in Norfolk, Virginia, on the 9th of March, having been in very feeble health for some time. A sketch of Brother Walke's life will be given in the next installment of "Theta Delts of Epsilon."

ZETA

John Hay, '58. As the nation knows, Brother John Hay, Secretary of State, died suddenly on July 1st, 1905. Adequate treatment of the career of Brother Hay will be given in the September SHIELD.

ETA

Charles Hagan Potter, '00. Most sad indeed comes the news of the death, on March 1, of Brother Charles H. Potter. Brother Potter was a young man in the very midst of all the activities of life and having the most brilliant prospects before him. He was just fairly entering upon his life's work, and his being taken away at this time seems particularly sorrowful. Charles Potter was born in Bath and graduated from the Bath High School in 1896. After receiving his degree from Bowdoin in 1900 he

commenced teaching in his native city and became principal of the Ninth Grade. In November, 1902, he was elected cashier of the First National Bank, and the confidence and high esteem in which he was held is shown by the fact that he was chosen without even having applied for the position. He was one of the youngest men in the state to hold so responsible a position. He immediately took up the new work and by his diligent application and cheery disposition and perseverance had won the explicit confidence of the directors of that institution. Just a week before his death he had been nominated by both parties as candidate for alderman. In college he was a popular member of his class, taking part in athletics and being particularly prominent in musical affairs.

IOTA

Charles Churchill Carmalt, died at New York, N. Y., on Jan. 8, 1905, of pneumonia. Carmalt was one of the most prominent of the younger physicians of New York, an organizer of the Hudson Street Hospital, and its first house surgeon. He was on the House Staff of the New York Hospital, demonstrator of anatomy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, attending surgeon at the Lying-in Hospital, and assistant attending surgeon at the Women's Hospital. Carmalt had been suffering for some time with an attack of epidemic influenza. This he had neglected, continuing his work in spite of the fact that he was severely ill. On the night of January 5 and 6 he was taken with acute uremia and congestion of the kidneys and was found in an unconscious condition in the morning. During that day and Saturday he improved somewhat and regained partial consciousness, but on Saturday afternoon his lungs became involved with a rapid, suffocating pneumonia, involving almost the entire structure of both lungs. In spite of every effort to relieve him, he grew rapidly worse and died on Sunday afternoon, January 8.

Edwin Manton Grover, '94, died of pneumonia at Needham, Feb. 28. He was born in 1871, and was the son of Judge Emery Grover of the District Court of Northern Norfolk. He prepared for College at Phillips Exeter Academy. After leaving Harvard he was employed for one year in a broker's office in Boston, and then entered the Boston University Law School, where he was graduated in 1899. From 1901 to 1904 he served as assistant clerk of the Northern Norfolk District Court, and in January last year was appointed assistant registrar of the Probate Court. He belonged to several organizations, including the Norfolk Bar Association, Newton Chapter of Masons, and the First Corps Cadets. He was married, Sept. 29, 1904, to Miss Elizabeth Beekman of Needham, who survives him.

CHI DEUTERON

John Henry Altsehu, '00, was drowned in the Merremac River, near St. Louis, July 8, 1905, while out canoeing.

THE SHIELD

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY AND IN THE INTERESTS OF THE THETA DELTA CHI FRATERNITY AT ITHACA, NEW YORK
FOUNDED 1869 REVIVED 1884



For while the eternal stars night's purple robe
Begem; while swings in space the pendent globe
Friendship must live! Ah may its impulse high
Still guide and guard the Theta Delta Chi.

VOLUME XXI NUMBER 3



GRAND LODGE—1905-1906

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PSI—Hamilton College—1868

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Secretaries are requested to examine the lists of officers in each issue, and kindly report to the editor any corrections that may be necessary.

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The Charges are requested kindly to report to the editor, the date of formation and the officers of any alumni associations now in existence which do not appear below, or which may be organized in the future.

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Kindly submit list of officers.

KAPPA GRADUATE ASSOCIATION—1892

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Vice-President: F. W. Hamilton, '80.
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THE SHIELD

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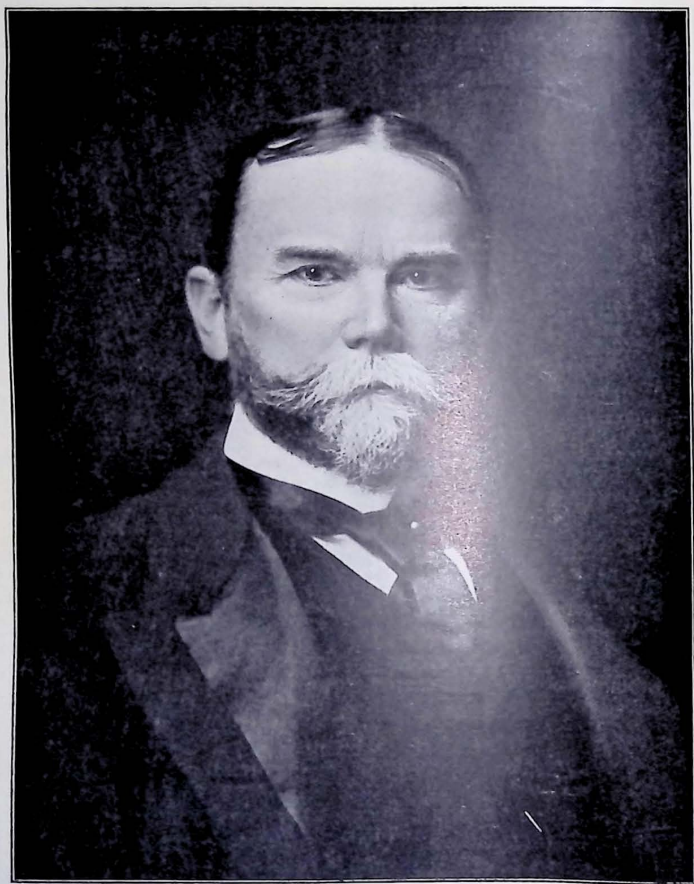
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Portrait by Hollinger

Yours faithfully

John Hay

THE SHIELD

Vol. XXI SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 3

JOHN HAY

A MEMORIAL HISTORY*

BY HARRY TENNYSON DOMER

"Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen."

—Zechariah XI, 2.

"When the smaller growths of the forest topple, there is but little excitement in the wood. The stork does not so much as flutter a wing, nor does the hart lift its mouth dripping from the water-brooks. But when a cedar that has been standing for ages, the glory of the forest, touched with decay, or under the swoop of the hurricane, begins to weigh its anchorage of root, and falls, the crash startles the eagle from its aerie, and sends the stag in wild plunge from the rock, and shakes the very foundation of the mountains.

"A few hours ago a black and swarthy axeman went into the forests of men. He had hewn down many a tall and gigantic growth; he has been swinging his axe for six thousand years, and he knows how to cut. He aimed the sharp and fatal edge at one whom we all knew—stroke after stroke, stroke after stroke, until the cedar which had stood the blasts of trouble and trial, and abuse and toil, drops into the dust, two hemispheres re-sounding with the fall. 'Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen!'"

* Copywright, 1905, by Harry T. Domer.

Thus spoke Talmage of Greeley. During the thirty odd years since that time the swarthy axeman has not forgotten his art ; his arm has lost none of its cunning, nor his axe its keen edge. Day after day the lesser growths of the forest fall on all sides of us, attracting hardly more than passing comment. But ever and anon the axeman rolls up his sleeve for a sturdier stroke, and, to our horror and dismay, the kings of the forest come crashing down, shaking the foundations of the mountains.

McKinley and Hobart, Reed, Hanna and Hoar, Platt, Payne, Quay and Lamont have passed away ; and recently, also, a splendid oak with the shield of Theta Delta Chi blazed upon its breast, Elmer H. Capen, President of Tufts.

And now JOHN HAY is dead. His fall resounds through two hemispheres, startling the nations ; and with the voice of Zechariah we call out to the forests, "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen !"

For over a year past John Hay had not been in the best of health. Overwork, together with a constitutional trouble, had undermined his strength. By the orders of his physicians he remained at the State Department only in the morning, returning home about two o'clock for luncheon, and spending the afternoon either quietly in his study or out in the open air walking or driving. As much as possible he avoided all social engagements, except certain functions of state where his presence was absolutely necessary. But in spite of this extreme care his condition grew steadily worse until his physician finally commanded an absolute rest from all cares of state and advised an extended sea voyage. Accordingly, after the inauguration ceremonies of last March were over, Secretary Hay made his arrangements for a long trip abroad. He left Washington on the 17th of the same month and sailed from New York on the "Cretic" the next day.

The country knew him to be in ill health, but not until his collapse in boarding the boat did it realize the gravity of his condition. While walking out on the pier he was suddenly seized with an attack of weakness and would have fallen had not friends caught him and led him to a truck near by. He insisted, however, on undertaking the voyage. He was assisted up the steps to the deck, though with the greatest difficulty, and was com-

pletely exhausted when he reached the top. Medical officers attended him aboard ship and he rallied considerably before the vessel sailed. Later reports showed his condition to be much improved. The greater part of his time abroad was spent at Bad Nauheim where he took the baths and underwent special treatment for his ailment. When he left there the doctors considered him practically a well man.

Secretary Hay then continued his journey through Europe but refused to permit any official demonstration in his honor. Much melancholy interest centers about this last pilgrimage. It seems to complete the cycle of his diplomatic career as he now, in the plenitude of his powers and of his fame, revisits the old scenes where, forty years before, he had taken his first lessons in the art of which he was to become a master.

Secretary Hay returned to the United States in June, having been absent about three months. His health was much better and he hoped soon to be able to resume his duties at the State Department; but he was urged to use the utmost caution and to spend the summer in rest and quiet. Before going North, however, he ran down to Washington for a few days to look after business of an official nature which required his attention. He had several interviews with the President on important pending questions, and waded through the great mass of correspondence which had accumulated during his absence. In all he spent about a week at the Department.

On Thursday, June 22d, Secretary Hay held what was destined to be his last diplomatic reception. He was greatly touched by the tribute paid him that day. Fifteen ambassadors, ministers and *chargés* called, and from the time the Secretary entered the reception room to receive his first caller, the British Ambassador, he was kept busy until lunch time receiving the congratulations, many of them presented officially as well as personally, upon his return and supposed recovery.

"I have not had such a reception since the early winter," he remarked as he returned to his private office, "and it has been so pleasant to greet my friends again."

On June 24th Mr. Hay, accompanied by his son, left Washington for his summer home, "The Fells", on Lake Sunapee, New

Hampshire. He was not optimistic about his health, though he believed that his European trip had done him much good. The journey to New Hampshire fatigued the Secretary, and furthermore he contracted a slight cold ; but the trip was made in safety and Mr. Hay reached "The Fells" the same evening. On the afternoon of the next day, however, he broke down and his condition became so alarming that specialists were summoned from Boston. By Monday the doctors were able to announce that Mr. Hay's condition was not serious and that with a few days' rest he would be able to get out into the open air again. His condition continued to be satisfactory through the week, but at midnight on Friday, without a moment's warning, there was a sudden change for the worse. Heroic remedies were applied without result and the physicians then saw that the end was near. Mrs. Hay was summoned and was soon at her husband's bedside, but the moment of dissolution arrived so quickly that the son and daughter had not time to reach the room.

John Hay died at 12:25 Saturday morning, July 1st. The immediate cause of death was pulmonary embolism. The news came as a great shock to the President and to the American people. President Roosevelt paid the following tribute to the memory of his late Premier :

"My sense of deep personal loss, great though it is, is lost in my sense of bereavement to the whole country in Mr. Hay's death. I was inexpressively shocked, as every one was ; for all of us, including Mr. Hay's immediate family, had supposed that all immediate danger was over, and I had been hoping that the rest during the summer would put him again in good health by the fall. The American people have never had a greater Secretary of State than John Hay, and his loss is a national calamity."

The remains were taken to Cleveland, Ohio, Secretary Hay's old home, and there with simple services, mourned by the President, Vice-President, and his associates of the present and former Cabinets, who had journeyed to Cleveland to pay their last tribute, all that was mortal of John Hay was laid to rest in the beautiful Lake View Cemetery.

By order of the President, memorial services were held in

Washington at the hour of interment in Cleveland. The arrangements were in charge of the State Department and partook of the character of a state function. The services were held at eleven o'clock at the Church of the Covenant where Secretary Hay was a worshiper and a member of the Board of Trustees. The entire diplomatic corps in full uniform was present, as were also the officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. It was an imposing spectacle. In the first of the central pews of the church were seated the ambassadors, and back of them the ministers, *chargés d' affaires*, and the secretaries of legation. Back of the diplomats were the members of the general staff of the Army. To the right of the center aisle were ranged the Assistant Secretaries, bureau chiefs, and government officials. Back of them sat the officers of the Navy and Marine Corps.

Theta Delta Chi also paid tribute at these services to the memory of its departed brother. A delegation representing the Grand Lodge attended and was seated directly in rear of the army officers, in a pew reserved for them by the State Department. This embassy was composed as follows; Rev. James Macbride Sterrett, Chi, '67, Chairman; Rev. James W. Wightman, Pi, '60; Dr. LeGrand Powers, Kappa, '72; Rev. W. Hart Dexter, Chi, '78; and Harry T. Domer, Chi Deuteron, 1900. Brother Carlos C. Arosemena, Delta, '92, acting as *chargés d' affaires* of Panama, sat with the diplomatic corps, but Brother Gonzalo de Quesada, the Cuban Minister, was prevented from being present on account of absence in Europe.

The memorial services were of the simplest character. A quartet sang two hymns which were favorites of Brother Hay, "For All the Saints who from their Labors Rest" and "Lead, Kindly Light"; there was a prayer, a reading of selected passages from the Scriptures, and a brief eulogy by the Pastor of the church, Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D. The entire service did not last over one hour.

Memorial services were held elsewhere in the United States and also in Europe, notably in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, where a full choral service was rendered, the choir numbering one hundred voices. Dispatches of condolence, eulogies, tributes, came from sovereigns, governments, associations, individ-

uals, in all quarters of the globe. The world seemed to give spontaneous testimony to its grief with a fervor that has been aroused by probably no other deaths of recent years except those of Queen Victoria and President McKinley alone. After the assassination of Abraham Lincoln the expressions of grief and condolence that were sent to the government at Washington from national, provincial and municipal bodies all over the globe, were published by the State Department in a quarto volume of nearly a thousand pages, entitled "The Tribute of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln". In like manner the messages received upon the death of John Hay might be appropriately collected under the title of "The Tribute of the Nations to John Hay".

John Hay was born in Salem, Indiana, October 8th, 1838. He was the third son of Dr. Charles and Helen (Leonard) Hay, his father being a physician of influence and ability, courteous, high-minded, old-fashioned, who later removed to Warsaw, Illinois, where he spent the remainder of his long and useful life. Brother Hay's ancestors on his father's side were Scotch. His great-great-grandfather, also named John Hay, was the son of a Scottish soldier who had left his native land at the beginning of the eighteenth century to take service in the army of the Elector Palatine. This John Hay, with his family of four sons, later emigrated to America, settling in Virginia in the year 1750. Two of these boys served with distinction in the Revolutionary War, one of them, Adam Hay, having had the good fortune to win the friendship of General Washington. After American independence had been won, Adam Hay left Virginia with his family and settled in Kentucky. One of his sons, John, the second of that name, married and lived for many years in that state. He was a man of large build; and although of a quiet and peaceable disposition, had inherited his father's determination and love of liberty. This showed itself when, at the age of fifty-five, he made up his mind that Kentucky with its slave institutions was no place in which to bring up a large family; so he removed to Sangamon County, Illinois, since made famous as the early home of Lincoln, another Kentucky immigrant. John Hay's eldest son, Charles Hay, the father of Secretary Hay, studied medicine and, on receiving his degree, located in Salem,

Indiana. In 1831 he married a daughter of Rev. David A. Leonard, a Rhode Island man of English ancestry, well known among his contemporaries as a preacher of learning and eloquence, a graduate of Brown University in 1793, and, like his grandson sixty-five years later, poet of his class.

In a speech a few years ago John Hay made the following humorous reference to his ancestry and career:—

“A distinguished American some time ago leaped into unmerited fame by saying: ‘Some men are born great—others are born in Ohio’. This is mere pleonasm, for a man who is born in Ohio is born great. I can say this as the rest of you cannot—without the reproach of egotism, for I have suffered all my life under the handicap of not having been born in that fortunate Commonwealth. Indeed, when I look back upon the shifting scenes of my life, if I am not that altogether deplorable creature, a man without a country, I am, when it comes to pull and prestige, almost equally bereft, as I am a man without a State.

I was born in Indiana, I grew up in Illinois, I was educated in Rhode Island, and it is no blame to that scholarly community that I know so little. I learned my law in Springfield and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia. When I look to the springs from which my blood descends, the first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman, who was half English, and a German woman, who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors my mother was from New England and my father was from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons, and confess that I am nothing but an American.”

John Hay's boyhood days were spent at Warsaw, Illinois, at that time a struggling pioneer village with all the elements of hardy Western life. Surrounded by such conditions as these, incident to the conquering of a new territory and to the organization and upbuilding of a steadily growing frontier community, boys matured much more rapidly than they do in older communities. Every man and boy had his work to do, his problems to solve, his responsibilities to meet. This threw the boy on his own resources, it brought him into close companionship with men; it made him thoughtful, self-reliant, sturdy, aggressive: it gave him a serious view of life; it made him able, in some degree, to appreciate men and measures. This also gave rise to frank intimacies between men and boys, like that between

Lincoln and Hay, and like that between Washington and Hamilton at an earlier period of our history.

Young Hay received the rudiments of his education in such schools as the district afforded, from private tutoring at home, and from a preparatory academy at Springfield, Illinois. From the outset he evinced a decided taste for literature, and this was encouraged by his parents. By the time he was sixteen he was so well grounded in preliminary studies that arrangements were made for sending him to college. Providence, Rhode Island, had been the early home of his mother, and Brown University the Alma Mater of his grand-father, so that it was natural that young Hay should be sent there for his college training. The thoroughness of his preparatory work was shown in the fact that he was able to enter the Sophomore Class. There this "comely young man with peach-bloom face" achieved success from the start. Quiet and reserved, with a thoughtful temperament, yet frank, manly, open-hearted, and a most delightful companion, he soon gained a place in the affections and esteem of his fellows. He seems at this early date to have been animated by the principle which characterized him to such a remarkable degree in later years. He himself has aptly expressed it in one of his "Dis-tichs" thus :

"Make all good men your well wishers ;
And then, in the years' steady sifting,
Some of them grow into friends.
Friends are the sunshine of life."

Naturally such a man as this became much sought after by the ever watchful, rival fraternities ; and it is to the everlasting glory of Theta Delta Chi that he pledged his devotion to the Black, White and Blue, and that throughout all his later years, throughout all his varied activities and signal achievements the old love suffered no diminution and the old enthusiasm no chill.

John Hay graduated in June, 1858, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and at the commencement exercises delivered the class poem. This was a really notable effort and was subsequently published by the class. The closing lines are particularly beautiful :

“Where'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
 'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,
Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
 Wreathed by the spirits of these vanished days.
Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion.
 Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves ;
As in the shell the memories of ocean
 Murmur forever of the sounding waves.”

After leaving college John Hay took up the study of law in the office of his uncle, Milton Hay, at Springfield, Illinois, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. However, he was destined never to practice his profession. Already an element had entered into his life which was to influence his whole future. Milton Hay, while a young man employed at the Court House in Springfield, had made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, at that time a lawyer of indifferent legal ability but already, though only thirty years of age, a man of considerable local influence. Hay was attracted to Lincoln and suggested that he would like to study law under him. Lincoln agreed and gave up many of his evenings to instructing his young friend. The latter made great progress and in the course of time became one of the leading lawyers of the state. For many years Milton Hay occupied an office room adjoining that of the firm of Lincoln and Logan, and he still occupied this office when his nephew, John Hay, came to study law with him. Thus the latter was thrown into daily contact with his uncle's neighbors, and with Lincoln particularly he early established very cordial relations. Lincoln spent many hours in Hay's office and took a great liking to the young student. As time went on this attachment grew and the man and the youth soon became firm friends. Hay venerated Lincoln and supported him ardently in the great controversy at this time stirring the nation and in which Lincoln was playing an ever more prominent part. At last in the summer of 1860 came Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency, and immediately John Hay, though but a stripling of twenty-two, threw himself heart and soul into the campaign both as a writer and speaker. The most momentous electoral struggle in our national history resulted in the victory of the Republican candidates. The voice of the people called Lincoln to the post of infinite danger and responsibility

at the helm of the laboring ship of state. In organizing his political household the new President chose John G. Nicolay of Springfield as his private secretary and John Hay as his assistant.

At last the time came for the journey to Washington. Early on Monday morning, February 11th, 1861, the citizens of Springfield gathered in the dingy little railroad station to bid their old friend and fellow townsman a fond good bye, and to wish him Godspeed in the tremendous task which confronted him. John Hay in his life of Lincoln has described with great pathos that touching scene. Assembled in the little waiting-room, the people crowded about the President-elect and then formed a single line to pass by and give him a parting shake of the hand. But before this ceremony could be completed the whistle of the engine was heard and the presidential party moved out onto the platform. When the train drew up, Lincoln entered the last car and the people gathered around it expecting a few words of farewell. There was a pause, the conductor was about to pull the rope when Lincoln's tall form appeared on the rear platform. Instinctively, as though impressed with the great solemnity of the occasion, the men bared their heads to the falling snowflakes. Lincoln was filled with emotion; for a moment he could not speak; then, in a few pathetic words, that were later to be fraught with such a world of meaning, he addressed his neighbors thus:

"My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The people stood in silence, many with tears streaming down their cheeks, as the train slowly started on its long journey. They were destined never to hear that voice again.

John Hay accompanied Lincoln to Washington ; and thus began that long intimacy between the great President and the youthful secretary which forms such a pleasant episode amid the dark days of the Civil War. Their relations were most charming. Lincoln treated Hay with all the affection of a father but with more than a father's freedom, and the latter reciprocated with a devotion and a veneration more than filial. Hay lived at the White House, and it is said that if the President happened to wake up in the night he often roused his young secretary and they would sit and read together. Their tastes were similar. Especially did Hay appreciate Lincoln's peculiar humor and enjoy his favorite humorous writings, a circumstance which pleased Lincoln the more as so many men, like Stanton, were quite unable to understand why Lincoln, in the midst of some great crisis, would indulge in jokes or funny stories. Hay's quick sympathy was, therefore, a boon to the overburdened President, who often found in the cheerful, sunny disposition of his secretary a welcome relief from the strain of official cares. On pleasant afternoons the two went driving together ; on Sundays they attended services together at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church ; and on summer evenings they were in the habit of dining at the Soldiers' Home just outside the city where Lincoln occupied a cottage during the warm months.

Thus John Hay came to know the President as no other man of his time, young or old, knew him. He became indispensable to him and gained his absolute trust and confidence not only in affairs of a private nature but in public matters as well. This was shown by the many delicate missions with which Hay was charged. During the war Lincoln frequently did not care to trust to letters. He would then send John Hay with a verbal message to generals in the field. Hay always bore himself with tact and firmness and never committed an indiscretion. Sometimes also Lincoln used him upon most responsible civil missions, as we shall see in connection with the Canada peace negotiations ; and it was a source of much concern to some of the President's critics that such important matters should be entrusted to the hands of a mere boy. But Lincoln's judgment of men was unerring and he never had cause to regret the con-

fidence which he placed in the good sense and fidelity of his young secretary.

An incident which occurred at this time is of special interest to Theta Delta Chi. John Hay's fraternity brother and college classmate, Clarence S. Bate, was a Kentuckian by birth and breeding, and after graduation returned to his native state and became a very prominent citizen. At the outbreak of the war he threw in his sympathies with the Confederate cause, but took no active part until Bragg's invasion of the state in 1862. The fate of this border common wealth being thus apparently settled in favor of the South, Brother Bate, swept along by the tide of Southern enthusiasm, organized a company of young men in his neighborhood and started out to offer his services to the Confederate general. However, he never reached his goal. On October 8th, Bragg was defeated by Buell at Perryville and was driven from the state. Bate, therefore, returned home and surrendered himself to the Union general in command of his district. He was tried, convicted, and about to be sentenced, when influential friends came to his assistance and secured a stay of judgment until the President could be appealed to for pardon. Bate's uncle, Mr. J. H. Locke, fortified with a petition and with strong letters from leading Union men of the city, set out for Washington. A letter from Mr. Locke, published in the SHIELD for June, 1898, gives the following account of what happened there :

"But that (the petition) was not all that I carried ; in my pocket was a talisman in the form of a letter from Bate to his classmate John Hay. I well recall the amused expression on Hay's face when he heard my story and said, "So Bate is in more trouble ; well, we must help him out," and without delay he took me to Mr. Lincoln to present my papers and make my appeal.

"The benevolent expression, the sad and searching eyes ; the seeming confidence in me of that noble character, dispelled embarrassment. I forgot that I stood in the presence of the President of the United States. He seemed to sympathize with Bate as much as I did. He took my paper and told me to call at five o'clock and Mr. Hay would give me his decision. Needless to say, I was on time, and Mr. Hay welcomed me by saying, "The President has endorsed the petition." This was on Saturday at five o'clock. I immediately telegraphed to the judge, and Bate slept at home that night, the authorities having released him on my statement. On Monday afternoon I started for Louisville with the pardon in my pocket. This was in war times, when every department of the government was

overwhelmed with work. The explanation is simple and due entirely to the loyalty of Mr. Hay to his college comrade. He said, "Come to me early Monday morning and I will assist you in getting your papers through, otherwise Bate's pardon may get into a pigeon hole and he be kept on prison fare for six months." Mr. Hay's personal influence with the President was quite sufficient to secure the pardon; and Bate was always grateful for his prompt response to his appeal, and glad he owed his liberty to him. He had tested the bond that binds classmates and he rejoiced in its enduring strength."

Hay had long felt a yearning for active service in the field but during the early years of the war, when so many Union generals were tried and found wanting, the overburdened President could not spare him from his side. At last General Grant was placed at the head of the army and assumed not only the full direction of affairs but their entire responsibility. The President's cares were considerably lightened and now for the first time the opportunity was given to young Hay to gratify his taste for active service. He had had a brief experience of this sort as a volunteer on the staff of General David Hunter; but he was without military rank, and his chief duty was to act more as the President's "eyes and ears" in the field than anything else. In December, 1863, when it became known in Washington that General Q. A. Gillmore was planning an expedition into the interior, Hay, who had many friends in Gillmore's department, asked leave to accompany him. This was granted and, at Stanton's suggestion, Lincoln appointed him Assistant Adjutant General with the rank of Major. He received his commission on January 12, 1864.

He was, however, charged with a special errand in addition to his regular staff duties. It had been represented to the President that a considerable number of the citizens of Florida were ready to give up the struggle and renew their allegiance to the United States. In the hope of bringing about a reconciliation with these elements and of reconstructing a loyal state government for Florida, President Lincoln issued a proclamation granting them full pardon upon condition of their signing a parole and taking the oath of allegiance. Hay was entrusted with the papers in the case and was given particular instructions for opening negotiations wherever he might find the people willing to conform

to the terms of the amnesty proclamation. Accordingly the young Adjutant General was ordered to proceed to Fernandina and other convenient points and carry out as far as possible the objects of his mission. However, the situation had been very much misrepresented at Washington. Resistance was still strong in Florida and there were few loyal citizens to enroll. The move to reconstruct a new state government necessarily failed for lack of material. Hay, therefore, after the ill success of his mission, confined himself strictly to the ordinary duties of a staff officer. He was later given the brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel "for faithful and meritorious services during the war." After about six months service with General Gillmore, Hay was recalled to Washington as Aide-de-Camp to the President, and once more took up his residence at the White House.

Shortly after this, in July, 1864, occurred the incident of the Greeley peace negotiations above referred to. Horace Greeley, though a great editor, was a poor politician. Yet he persisted in regarding himself as a past master in the art, and dabbled in political affairs at every opportunity. During the spring and summer of 1864 his paper, the *New York Tribune*, hopeless of a successful outcome of the war, and unimpressed, evidently, by Grant's hammering tactics or by his grim determination to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," vigorously advocated a speedy cessation of hostilities and peace at any price. Grant's repulse at Cold Harbor, and Early's raid up the Shenandoah Valley and attack upon the defences of Washington, increased this panicky feeling. Greeley, therefore, as a last resort, undertook to open negotiations on his own account. He began a correspondence with three Southern gentlemen who had landed in Canada and deluded himself into the belief that they were accredited envoys of the Confederate government. Greeley pestered the President with urgent demands for a conference, until the latter, though seeing clearly Greeley's mistake but unwilling to incur his enmity by a refusal, finally consented that a parley should take place. However, as a safeguard, he sent John Hay along with Greeley with private instructions on the subject. The two arrived at Niagara on July 20th, 1864, and a conference was had with the Southerners at a place called Clifton, on the

Canada side of the border. Here Mr. Greeley's blunder became evident. It was seen at once that the envoys were not what Greeley supposed them to be, that they had no power whatever to negotiate, and furthermore that they were animated by a decidedly discourteous and undiplomatic spirit. Greeley then for the first time realized the unfortunate position in which he had placed himself, and, deeply mortified, threw up the negotiations and returned to New York, leaving John Hay to deal with the emissaries as he saw fit. The Southerners thereupon published a harsh criticism of President Lincoln; and, without more ado, Hay summarily terminated the conference and left for Washington.

In the meantime Abraham Lincoln had been unanimously renominated for President by the Republican Party. The ensuing campaign, to use an expression of the Democratic candidate, General McClellan, was "short, sharp and decisive." Mr. Lincoln was overwhelmingly re-elected and his war policy vigorously sustained.

The inauguration ceremonies were held at the east front of the Capitol on March 4th, 1865, and will remain ever memorable as the occasion of that sublime address, that "sacred poem", as it has been called, which closed with these immortal words:—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

During the delivery of this address John Hay stood at the right of the President, holding the manuscript in his hand. When President Lincoln had finished with one sheet, John Hay handed him another and received the former one back again. Thus the entire inaugural was delivered. A circumstance little known, however, is the fact that President Lincoln had laboriously prepared the manuscript for the occasion. His original,

hand-written copy had been set up in type but the lines were so close together that the President experienced some difficulty in reading them. In this emergency he went to the trouble to cut up the printed address, line by line, and paste it upon large sheets of foolscap. It was this copy, thus prepared, which was used at the inauguration ceremonies. A few days later, as a compliment to John Hay, Mr. Lincoln presented him with this manuscript together with the original hand-written copy. These sheets Mr. Hay had bound in a handsome volume which became to him a most precious treasure. He always kept it in a fire-proof safe and produced it for the inspection of only his most favored guests.

During Hay's term of service as private secretary he was, of course, thrown into close personal contact with members of the Cabinet. But with Seward in particular was he on terms of the most cordial friendship. He had won the Secretary's regard not only by his frank, cheerful manner but also by his solid worth. Seward found him discreet, trustworthy, quick in comprehension, and exact in execution; and was glad to do his young friend a favor when the opportunity presented itself. Lincoln's second administration was hardly a month old, when one day Secretary Seward sent for Hay and asked him if he would not like to see something of the world. The secretaryship of legation at Paris was vacant and, if Hay desired it, he would appoint him to the post. Hay was delighted and accepted at once. Seward thereupon sent the nomination to the President, much to the latter's astonishment. Lincoln, however, heartily approved the appointment and promptly signed the commission.

With high expectations Hay began making his arrangements for departure. All seemed bright and joyous about him. Richmond had fallen; Lee was hard pressed, and his surrender was only a question of hours. Lincoln had already outlined a liberal scheme for Southern reconstruction; and the complete restoration of the Union seemed at hand. The nation had emerged from the dark night of trial and civil strife, and stood bathed in the gladdening rays of a glorious sunrise—a sunrise of peace, of hope, of reconciliation. Lee's surrender at Appomattox put the final touch to the universal joy and thanksgiving—but

suddenly, out of the clear dawn there came a stroke of terrible swiftness which plunged the nation into the deepest gloom.

On Good Friday evening, April 14th, 1865, John Hay was sitting in an upper room at the White House talking with Captain Robert T. Lincoln, the President's eldest son, who had just returned from the front. All at once they were startled by cries through the house and, rushing to the door, were told that the President had been assassinated. Instantly they ran downstairs to the entrance where a large crowd was already gathering. Jumping into a carriage waiting there, they were driven rapidly towards Tenth Street where Ford's Theatre was located. They were loath to believe that the dreadful news could be true, but as they drew near the spot their worst fears seemed to be realized. The streets for blocks around were packed with solid masses of humanity, pushing and surging towards a common centre, but held back by a long cordon of cavalry which was already on the scene. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the carriage was able to cut its way through, but with the aid of the police they finally reached the house into which Lincoln had been carried. They entered and were led up to the little back room where the President lay in his agony. Dr. Stone, the Surgeon General of the Army, met them at the door and with grave tenderness told them there was no hope. The President lingered in an unconscious condition throughout the night. His low moaning could be heard through the house, but towards morning he rested more easily. A little company of grief-stricken friends had gathered in the room to watch by the bedside of the dying man. Dr. Stone sat by the pillow, holding the President's head between his hands. John Hay stood near him. Others were grouped about the room. As dawn broke, an unspeakable peace came over the sufferer's worn features. Life was ebbing fast. The breathing became slower and more labored—a flutter at the heart—and then all was still. A sign from the physician told that the gentle spirit had winged its flight. The little group of watchers stood for a moment in silence, and then Stanton, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said in a low tone, "Now he belongs to the ages." President Lincoln died at twenty-two minutes after seven, Saturday morning, April 15th, 1865.

The remains were carried back to Springfield over the same route which the presidential train had followed after that pathetic leavetaking of his neighbors four years before. All that was mortal of the great, good President was laid to rest on the Fourth of May in Oak Ridge Cemetery; and that second inaugural which but two months before Lincoln had pronounced from the portico of the Capitol, was now with ineffable pathos, read over his grave.

At this point one is struck by the sharp contrasts in the picture, the lights and shadows, the deep gloom of Washington where John Hay was making his mournful preparations for departure, and the light gaiety of the French capital which was to be his new field of activity. He was not loth to go. The old familiar scenes in Washington were fraught with tender memories of that great-hearted man who, for four long, momentous years, had been almost a father to him. Paris offered a change of scene, a change of occupation, a change of atmosphere, and he welcomed it. Doubtless Secretary Seward had other reasons than mere friendship for sending young Hay to this post. At the close of the war Paris became to America the most important capital in Europe, not even excepting London. The "inscrutable emperor", Louis Napoleon, was on the throne. He had been all but openly hostile to the Union cause. He had been leader among European nations in the movement to recognize the Southern Confederacy. He had complacently deluded himself into the belief that the United States was going to pieces and that her sway over North America was at an end. With utter disregard, therefore, of the protests of the American government, he had interfered in the affairs of Mexico and, when all the energies of the United States were employed in the struggle with rebellion, had seized the opportunity for forcing upon the Mexican people an imperial despotism, maintained by French troops, and with an emperor of his own choosing, the Archduke Maximilian at its head. This was, of course, a flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine; but the United States, engaged as she was, contented herself with protestations through diplomatic channels, and put the question by for more careful consideration at a later and more propitious season. At length the time came. America

emerged from the war more powerful than ever before, with an army and a navy second to none in the entire world. With rebellion crushed, she now found her hands free to deal with the "little nephew of the great Napoleon". Without a moment's delay General Sheridan, flushed with his recent victories, was sent with a column of fifty thousand, trained veterans towards the Mexican frontier. Simultaneously a note was dispatched to the French government stating that it would be "gravely inconvenient to the United States if the French troops were not withdrawn from Mexico. Louis Napoleon, brought face to face with the issue, tried negotiation to get around it, but the American government stood firm. There was, then, no choice left for him but to withdraw. Withdraw he must; and withdraw he did, with what grace he could. Just two months and one week after the last of the French troops had embarked, Maximilian was captured by the Mexican Liberals, tried by court martial and shot. The imperial government fell like a house of cards. Thus vanished Louis Napoleon's silly dream of a "Latin Empire in the West".

It was at the commencement of these important negotiations that Mr. Seward sent John Hay as Secretary to the Paris Legation. There Hay conducted himself with his accustomed tact and ability and soon won the regard of Mr. Bigelow, the American Minister. The latter expressed his satisfaction to the Secretary of State and in reply Mr. Seward wrote as follows: "I am glad you are pleased with Mr. Hay. He is a noble as well as a gifted young man, perfectly true and manly."

Mr. Hay's leisure hours in Paris were not wasted. Having already set himself the rule of seizing every opportunity for personal betterment and growth, he applied himself diligently to a study of the French language, which he mastered, of French history, literature, institutions and customs. In this way he laid the foundations for that splendid knowledge of European thought and diplomacy which so distinguished him in later years. So also, be it noticed, his first experience in diplomatic affairs was in defence of the Monroe Doctrine, a doctrine which he was to place upon a still firmer footing during his incumbency of the State Department.

From the autumn of 1866 till February, 1867, the French troops by degrees evacuated Mexico; whereupon, the chief task of the legation having been thus successfully accomplished, John Hay on March 28th following resigned his position and returned to the United States. Mr. Seward, nevertheless, was still anxious to keep him in the diplomatic service, and, wishing to reward him for his faithful labors at Paris, nominated him as minister to Sweden. President Johnson, however, a traitor to his party and a new ally of the Democrats, desired this important post for party purposes and refused to endorse Hay's appointment. Thereupon Seward sent Hay to Vienna as Secretary of Legation. The latter returned forthwith to his new post of duty and remained there two years, for a long time acting as *Chargé d'Affaires* in the absence of Minister Motley.

In June 1869 Hay was transferred to Madrid as Secretary of Legation under Minister Sickles. He found peculiar delight in this new field. Spain was an inspiration to him. Her past glories appealed to his poetic temperament, and he lived in a veritable fairyland of enchantment. He threw himself heart and soul into the history, the romance, the poetry, the beauty of Spain, and his spontaneous enthusiasm found utterance in those charming pictures of Spanish life which he published first in the "Atlantic Monthly" and later in book form under the name of "Castilian Days". A few of the chapter heads will show the character of the work. "Madrid al Fresco", "Spanish Living and Dying" "Influence of Tradition in Spanish Life", "Red Letter Days", "An Hour with the Painters", "A Castle in the Air", "The City of the Visigoths" "A Miracle Play", "The Cradle and the Grave of Cervantes".

Hay did not, however, devote himself exclusively to poetry and romance. The practical side of his nature was always strongly marked. He had already had experience of statecraft and government at home; he had stood by the stout-hearted captain as he directed the ship of state through the storms of civil war; and now he turned with intense interest to the study of the systems of government and the political problems presented in the Old World. An ardent American and a sincere Republican al-

ways, his foreign experiences and observations made him still prouder of his native land, and a firmer believer in her liberal institutions.

Among other public men whom Hay met in Madrid was Emilio Castelar, the great liberal leader, whom he much admired, and whose well known work, "The Republican movement in Europe", Mr. Hay translated into English.

After two years' residence in Spain, John Hay began to turn his thoughts towards home. He was in his thirty-second year and he still had his life work to do. True, he might have remained in the diplomatic service and have made diplomacy his career, but it was an uncertain vocation at the best and a sudden change of administration might throw him out altogether. He had no means of his own and was dependant upon his salary for support. He considered, therefore, that the wisest thing for him to do was to leave the diplomatic service and seek his fortune in the States. He accordingly resigned in 1871 and returned to America, intending to practice law in Illinois. But fate had other things in store for him. When he landed in New York he was met at the pier by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, an old friend whom he had known as a war correspondent in Washington. From the boat they went to the Union League Club for dinner and afterwards strolled down to the office of the New York Tribune. Here Reid, who had lately become managing editor, found an important dispatch lying on his desk. The foreign editor was away, so, turning to Hay, Reid handed him the dispatch and said, "Sit down and write a leader for tomorrow". Half in jest Hay complied. The article proved good, and the writer was asked to remain permanently as foreign editor. This was the more remarkable as Mr. Hay had had no newspaper experience whatever and the New York Tribune was at that time probably the most influential newspaper in the United States. As luck would have it, Hay was now thrown into close relations with his fellow peace commissioner of former years, Horace Greeley, editor-in-chief of the Tribune, who, ever since the Niagara affair, had entertained strong prejudices against him. However, Hay went his own way, attended strictly to business, and let the quality of his work speak for itself. Soon Greeley saw the injustice of

his prejudice and began to appreciate the solid character and brilliant gifts of his new associate. Hay continued to gain in favor until Greeley was finally outspoken in his admiration. One day the latter, with an enthusiasm rare to him declared that Hay's editorial that morning on "Photographs Plain and Colored" was about the best that he had ever read.

To this period also (1871) belong Hay's first collected publications, "Pike County Ballads" and "Castilian Days". In these may be seen the great versatility of the man; the first "celebrating in Western dialect the heroism of drinking pilots, swearing engineers, and godless settlers"; and the second painting in the purest, stateliest prose the romance of high-born dames and courtly gentlemen, of castellated heights and Moorish halls. Yet both were true to life.

On February 4th, 1874, Mr. Hay was married to Miss Clara Louise Stone of Cleveland, Ohio. She was a daughter of Amasa Stone to whom young Hay had been introduced by President Lincoln during war times. This marriage made a great change in Mr. Hay's material well being. Amasa Stone had built up a large fortune in the West by railroad construction and other enterprises, and now showed his approval of the match by presenting the bride and groom with a handsome residence on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, and by settling upon them a sufficient amount for maintaining the establishment in proper style.

This change of circumstances, however, made no change in the man himself. Hay continued his sturdy, active life, improving every opportunity, entirely untainted by any allurements to an existence of indolent ease or luxurious self-complacency. He remained on the Tribune for a while longer and then in 1875 removed to Cleveland and engaged in business, devoting much of his spare time to literature. He also kept up an active interest in politics and became associated in the party organization with such national leaders as Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Sherman, Hanna, and others.

During the exciting presidential campaign of 1876, John Hay took part in behalf of Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate. He made a number of addresses, some of which were printed and distributed broadcast by the party managers. The

result of the election was so close that both sides claimed the victory ; and it was only after an electoral commission had been appointed that Hayes was declared elected by a majority of one electoral vote. Hayes was inaugurated on March 4th, 1877, and in making up his Cabinet chose William M. Evarts for Secretary of State. Evarts was not as great a statesman as he was a politician. Careless, easy-going, he at times seemed even disinclined to take his duties at the State Department seriously. Once when upbraided at a Cabinet meeting for not having any measures to present, he replied, "In my experience I have found very few matters which would not settle themselves if left alone *long enough*." This doctrine of *laissez faire* might have dangerous consequences when applied to diplomacy, and it became necessary to secure for the Secretary assistants possessing those qualities which he himself lacked. Frederick Seward served as First Assistant Secretary for two years and then resigned. Being consulted by Evarts as to his successor, Seward suggested John Hay ; but the latter, when offered the position, declined. Evarts persevered and requested a private interview at Reid's house. The meeting took place and Hay was finally prevailed upon to accept. He began his duties in 1879 and served throughout the remainder of Hayes' administration. Among other things which came up for consideration by the State Department during Hay's incumbency of the assistant secretaryship were two treaties with China, one in relation to commerce and the other granting to the United States government the regulation of Chinese immigration. This is an interesting fact in view of John Hay's later negotiations and wonderful successes in the same field.

James A. Garfield succeeded Hayes as President of the United States, and he was earnestly desirous of retaining John Hay in some capacity in his administration. He proposed to Hay that he should serve him at the White House as confidential adviser, taking the position of private secretary but leaving all the clerical and routine business of the office in charge of an assistant. Hay saw the folly of the plan and refused. James G. Blaine, the new Secretary of State, also invited Hay to remain as First Assistant Secretary in his department but Hay once more

declined and expressed his firm determination to retire to private life and devote himself to a labor which he had outlined for himself years before, the preparation of an authentic history of the life and times of Abraham Lincoln. Before retiring altogether from public office, however, he represented the United States at the International Sanitary Congress which met in Washington in May, 1881, and was chosen President thereof. He then went into a retirement which was to last for sixteen years and was not to be terminated until he entered upon that splendid series of diplomatic triumphs which began with his appointment as Ambassador to London and ended only with his death.

In the meantime Hay had made arrangements to take up his permanent residence in Washington. He erected an imposing mansion on the fine site at the northwest corner of Sixteenth and "H" streets, overlooking Lafayette Square and the White House grounds beyond ; and this henceforth was "home" as long as Colonel Hay lived. Before settling down in good earnest to work on his life of Lincoln, Mr. Hay was asked by his friend, Whitelaw Reid, to take charge of the New York Tribune during the latter's absence in Europe on his honeymoon. In the spring of 1881, therefore, Mr. Hay moved over to New York temporarily and became Editor-in-Chief of that paper. It was expected that the summer months following the recent inauguration of a new president would be a period of calm repose, but quite the contrary proved to be the case. Mr. Hay had no sooner gotten installed in his office than the country was disturbed by the resignations of Senators Conkling and Platt and by the fierce controversy which at once broke out in the ranks of the Republican Party. Following close upon this, came the startling intelligence that President Garfield had been shot. Then ensued the long period of suspense as the President lay hovering between life and death ; and then came his final surrender to the dread reaper on September 19th, 1881, and the induction into office of Vice-President Arthur.

During that trying time John Hay directed the policies of the great New York daily, and did it with splendid judgment and ability. It has been said that Hay's management of the Tribune was an event in journalism. It was also an all-absorb-



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HAY, SALEM, INDIANA.



LATE RESIDENCE OF JOHN HAY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ing event to himself, as the following incident would indicate. Two friends dropped in one day to see how the acting editor-in-chief looked in the midst of it. They found him anything but joyous. He took his duties very seriously. "He seemed as if he had a ball and chain about his leg, or as though he were looking through the bars and yearning for the jungle." The same writer says (J. R. Young in Munsey 1898); "The Tribune was never so fierce even in Greeley's days. The rule of the paper under Reid was that of whips, with Hay it was that of scorpions." After an absence of seven months Reid returned and unlocked the cage. The emancipated editor laid down his pen and with a sigh of relief returned once more to the freer air of Washington to start again his oft-deferred labors on the life of Lincoln. In this work he was joined by John G. Nicolay, his friend of those early days at Springfield, and his associate as private secretary to Lincoln. These two had formed their plan while yet in the midst of their White House duties. They broached the subject to Lincoln and it met with his entire approval. Thus they were enabled at that early date to begin collecting data for the work, and when the time came for putting their plan into execution they were well equipped not only by reason of their personal experience and recollections but also by reason of the most accurate and most complete documentary evidence which they possessed bearing upon the subjects under discussion. Their work, therefore, could not but become the highest authority on the period treated. So indeed it did become, and so it will probably always remain. It is really a history of the United States from 1830 to 1865. Literary effect was not sought after, the main object of the authors being to give a clear, concise, impartial view of men and events during this crucial period, and especially of the great leader himself about whom all the rest revolved. Yet the work is not without its touches of pathos and powerful inspiration. Unconsciously the writer at times gives way to personal emotion, and John Hay is credited with having drawn the truest and most vivid pen picture of Lincoln ever produced.

For six years, from 1881 to 1887, Hay and Nicolay labored together over their great work and in the latter year the history was near enough completion to warrant them in placing it in the

hands of publishers. The Century Magazine secured it and ran it as a serial for over two years, at the end of which time it was brought out in book form and published in ten large volumes (1890). After this, Hay and Nicolay collected the writings of Abranam Lincoln and published them in two volumes (1894). This was the last literary work of any magnitude undertaken by Mr. Hay. Henceforth his activity in the field of letters was confined to occasional verse and to public speeches and addresses on various subjects. His whole life from now on was to be devoted to the service of his country.

During his retirement John Hay was yet a power in politics, He was closely acquainted with all the great leaders of his party and in its councils exerted great influence. He appeared on the stump from time to time but was never conspicuous in conventions, in hotel lobbies, in the corridors of the Capitol, or in the ante-rooms of the departments. Always dignified and reserved, such political wire-pulling was entirely foreign to his nature. Above all, he never sought office. It is singular that with his great prominence in public affairs he never held an elective office in his life. Such positions as he occupied were those to which he had been appointed, and he entered them only upon his own terms.

Hay's friendship with McKinley was of long standing. In Ohio politics and in national politics they had worked side by side. Hay held McKinley in the highest admiration, and had, in fact, marked him out long before as a future President of the United States. Preceding the Republican convention of June, 1896, Hay exerted himself to the utmost in behalf of Mr. McKinley's candidacy. When, therefore, the St. Louis delegates by an overwhelming majority chose the Ohio Governor as the standard bearer of the Republican Party, Hay prepared to give him vigorous support. No need to recount here the events of that aggressive campaign, nor William McKinley's sweeping victory at the November elections; but it is of deep import to the student of Secretary Hay's life to reflect that had the Republican Party not then come into power, John Hay, consummate statesman and renowned diplomat, would have lived and died, known to fame only as a polished gentleman, an eminent scholar,

a pleasing poet, the biographer and friend of Lincoln. As the corner-stone of his career was laid in those early days under the benign influence of the great war-president, so now the keystone, as well as the capstone, were raised in these latter years in the service of that other war-president, that other martyr, William McKinley.

After his election President McKinley had to pay his political debts. Accordingly, in making up his Cabinet, he chose the aged Senator John Sherman for Secretary of State. John Hay, though said to be McKinley's personal preference for head of the State Department, was given the next highest diplomatic post, the Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James. Much better, however, that it was so, for he was thus afforded that experience of foreign affairs, that great, comprehensive world view, which could not have been gained in any other way and which made him all-powerful and all-conquering when he was finally called to the Cabinet.

On the eve of John Hay's departure for England, which was set for April 14th, 1897, his brothers of Theta Delia Chi from New York and elsewhere arranged a farewell reception and banquet in his honor. The reception was held in the rooms of the Graduate Club of New York City on the afternoon of April 13th, and was followed by the banquet at the Holland House the same evening. Both functions were largely attended and were most enjoyable. The banquet in particular will be long remembered. Brother Hay's brief words of farewell on that occasion are worth repeating :

"I think that our presiding officer has clearly shirked his duties and his responsibilities. I should have been delighted to listen to a speech of an hour or two in praise of my own loveliness, if he had only indulged us that far, but as he has given me notice to be brief, and follow his example, I shall have to do it.

"I came here from another imperative engagement, because I was anxious to see you all, if only for a moment, and to reinvigorate my somewhat wasted energies by this bath of perpetual youth that one finds in Theta Delta Chi. I am very sorry, indeed, that I cannot spend the remainder of the evening with you, as I should gladly do. I can only say 'Hail!' and 'Farewell!'

"It is always the greatest pleasure for me to be with the brethren under any circumstances. I shall be glad to remember in the coming

years, perhaps, that some of the last few moments which I passed in my own country were spent in the company of my brothers.

"I had a delightful hour with you this afternoon, and I am glad once more to look into your faces, and to bid you farewell, health, happiness, and prosperity from the bottom of my heart."

Some notable addresses were delivered that evening, but the most unique feature of the occasion was an "Ode to John Hay," composed and read by Brother Webster R. Walkley, Omicron, '60. This was partly in the nature of a burlesque on John Hay's poems. "Jim Bludso" is the best and the second verse has been frequently quoted :

"JIM BLUDSO."

"Wall, no ! We can't tell whar he lives,
Because we don't know, you see—
Sometimes here and sometimes there ;

He never tells you or me.

Whar will you be for the next four year ?

We've been hearin' some folks tell

How Colonel Hay on the morrow day

Will sail on the 'Ocean Belle.'

They ain't no saints—them 'Bassadors

Is all pretty much alike,

With eyes askance they watch their chance,

Then boldly out they strike.

A modost man in his ta k is Hay,

And a careful man with his pen,

But he never writes and he never speaks

Till he has thunk his thought again."

John Hay was warmly welcomed in London. His quiet, reticent, dignified bearing, his polish of manner and unvarying courtesy, impressed all with whom he came in contact. Also, his speeches were of the right sort—firm, virile, free from all sentimental gush, yet graceful, pleasing, full of tact and common sense, they breathed a spirit of broad sympathy without fulsome flattery, and of fraternal good-will without sacrificing the American ideal. But, as an English statesman said at the time, "That is not all. Hay knows exactly when to be silent, and his fine silence tells." He not only spoke well, but he spoke "not too often." Yet, he missed no fair opportunity for promoting friendly Anglo-American relations; and there can be no doubt that

these timely and tactful utterances were powerful factors in securing the good will of the English people when that good will was of prime importance to the United States.

Thus Ambassador Hay was most emphatically *persona grata* to the British government. He formed close friendships with members of the Queen's Cabinet and through these confidential relations was able to gain from the English foreign office a sort of "benevolent neutrality" towards the United States at the outbreak of the war with Spain. Continental Europe was pretty generally against the United States and this hostility showed itself in attempts to form a coalition for the purpose of intervening in the struggle and bringing the war to a close. Serious complications might have arisen had not the British government interfered and warned the powers to keep hands off.

During Mr. Hay's seventeen months residence in London he was busy taking observations of world politics. From his vantage ground at a foreign court, outside of the smoke of battle in which his countrymen were enveloped, he saw clearly the trend of events and the rearrangement of forces. He saw what all Europe saw, but which few Americans at the time could see, that the United States had at one stroke cast off the bonds which confined her to the Western Hemisphere and to the old Jeffersonian policy of western seclusion, and was thenceforth a power to be reckoned within the councils of the nations.

Possessing, then, this great world-view and the true perspective which the United States must inevitably assume in it, John Hay was called home to direct the foreign affairs of his government. On September 16th, 1898, Secretary of State Day resigned to accept the presidency of the American peace commission, and on September 30 John Hay was sworn in as his successor, entering the Cabinet at the same age (60) at which Seward entered the Cabinet of Lincoln.

At the outset Hay made an agreement with the President by which he was to have nothing whatever to do with the offices but should devote himself entirely to diplomacy. He wished to keep his hands free and to escape the annoyance of politicians and wire-pullers seeking to land their friends and favorites in positions at the gift of the department. All this patronage was to

be dispensed by the President. A moment's thought will show how well matched were these two men. McKinley was, above all things, a skillful politician, a great party manager, with a faculty for comprehending the drift of public opinion that amounted almost to instinct. He was, however, not a great reader, and his experience of foreign affairs was small. Hay, on the other hand, read omnivorously, was a deep thinker, and had a larger acquaintance of foreign affairs than any other American of his time, or than any other Secretary of State before him, except John Quincy Adams. He possessed, therefore, just those qualities and that knowledge which the President lacked. The latter, in consequence, allowed him great latitude in foreign affairs and took upon himself the management of relations with Congress and with the American people. The plan worked admirably.

Secretary Hay took office just as America was about to assume her new role in the diplomacy of the world. It was upon the eve of peace negotiations at Paris. Instructions had, of course, already been given the American envoys, but, just fresh from his observations at a foreign court, and possessing as he did a clear understanding of world conditions, the new Secretary was able to give much valuable assistance to the commissioners during the course of the negotiations. It was his first important official act to attach his signature to the treaty of peace. This established a new republic at our southern gates, transferred to the American government the island of Porto Rico, and made the United States an Asiatic power by extending her sovereignty over the Philippine Archipelago six thousand miles distant in the China Sea. The trend of future events was now becoming plainly visible. Though the constitution might not follow the flag, yet diplomacy *must*. For good or for ill the United States had overstepped her ancient natural boundaries and now found herself with new interests and new responsibilities far away on the other side of the world.

In his treatment of the questions arising out of the war with Spain, and in his management of the international complications incident to the proposed Nicaragua canal, and to the South African war between Great Britain and the Boers, Secretary Hay

"met each question as it arose, and while preserving the cherished traditions of the Republic, he paved the way for a broader comprehension of the duties of America, now first called upon to deal with questions of a larger nationality." At home he firmly upheld the Monroe Doctrine. His earliest diplomatic experience, it will be recalled, had been in connection with the only serious breach of this doctrine in the history of our international relations. That experience has taught him to see the vital bearing of this policy upon the peace and prosperity of the Western Hemisphere, and made him a staunch supporter of it as the foundation of the American system of diplomacy. Abroad he observed Washington's injunction against foreign entanglements, but when foreign assistance might be of service in ameliorating the condition of down-trodden peoples or in promoting the welfare of humanity in general, he hesitated not to avail himself of it.

Space will not permit a detailed description of the work of the State Department under the direction of Secretary Hay, but a brief catalogue of the most important achievements will give an idea of its scope and brilliancy.

During the Boer War in 1899 he persuaded England to accept a more liberal construction regarding foodstuffs as contraband of war.

Gained the "open door" in China; that is, a ruling from the Chinese government that their ports should be open on equal terms to the commerce of all nations.

Preserved single-handed the integrity of China at the time of the Boxer troubles in 1900.

Negotiated a series of extradition treaties.

Furthered the cause of international arbitration, first at The Hague Congress and then before The Hague Tribunal. One of the cases submitted for arbitration was the famous "Pious Fund" dispute and resulted in a decision favorable to the United States.

Secured a satisfactory settlement of the Samoan question, so long a bone of contention between England, Germany and the United States. By this agreement we gained the island of Tutuila and its fine harbor without sacrificing our commercial rights in the other islands. Germany took the remainder of the group. England withdrew altogether.

Arranged a *modus vivendi* with Great Britain in regard to the disputed boundary line between Canada and Alaska; and later negotiated a treaty for settling this dispute by a joint commission.

Negotiated reciprocity treaties with France, Cuba, Argentina, Newfoundland and the British West Indies.

Sent a note to the powers concerning the persecutions of the Jews in Roumania and obtained for the latter the rights guaranteed to them by the treaty of Berlin.

In 1901 secured the settlement of long-standing claims against Turkey for outrages committed upon American missionaries.

Induced the powers coercing Venezuela to submit their claims to The Hague Court of Arbitration; and secured from Germany and other European powers a more emphatic recognition of the Monroe Doctrine than had theretofore been possible.

Secured the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and negotiated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty which gave to the United States a free hand in building and operating the isthmian canal.

Negotiated a canal treaty with Colombia which, however, failed of ratification by the Colombian Congress.

Recognized the independence of the new Republic of Panama and negotiated a canal treaty with that government by which the entire control of the canal strip was secured to the United States.

Sent note to the Czar upon the condition of the Jews in Russia.

At the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan he renewed his efforts to maintain the integrity of China, and by his note of February, 1904, secured from the belligerents a pledge to confine their operations to Manchuria.

In December, 1904, he addressed a note to the powers calling for another conference at The Hague looking to an extension of arbitration treaties.

Many of these questions were without precedent in our history. The ship of state was sailing upon unknown seas. The old channels and the old landmarks had been forever left behind. Only the stars above remained to guide—those bright stars of justice, of humanity, of fair dealing and of good will, which

never change. And no matter what the magnitude or the nature of the emergency, by these fixed stars the pilot ever firmly held his course.

But the Secretary's greatest achievement, his master-stroke of diplomacy, and his surest claim to fame, was his preservation of the integrity of China at the time of the Boxer outbreak. No study of the life of John Hay can be complete without an understanding of this great international crisis and John Hay's brilliant solution of it.

The causes were both recondite and slow of growth. During the commercial depression preceding the presidential election of 1896 the balance of trade had gone against the United States. Gold shipments were being made to Europe, and President Cleveland was compelled to issue bonds to maintain the treasury gold reserve required by law. But in March, 1897, during the first month of McKinley's administration, a remarkable reaction set in. Before the end of the month America was underselling Europe in steel, the current of exchanges was reversed, and almost in a night the commercial center of the world had shifted from London to New York and the latter had become the international clearing house. Europe was alarmed at the impending industrial revolution and sought in every way to protect herself. Industrial power depends primarily upon the country's deposits of coal and iron. In this respect America is almost without a rival; England also is strong; but Continental Europe is weak. France, Germany and Russia were, therefore, the most concerned over this threatening condition of affairs. The one remedy lay in territorial expansion wherever possible. The richest deposits of coal and iron now available are to be found in Manchuria and the northern provinces of China, particularly Shan-si, Ho-nan, and Chi-li. These lie near the coast and are easy of exploitation. Continental Europe turned her eyes longingly in this direction and only awaited a favorable opportunity for interfering in the affairs of China, with a view to effecting a partition, if possible, and securing these provinces for development. Were this once accomplished, nothing could hinder her from perfecting a plant which would undersell all rivals.

With this object in view the leading European nations had

for some years been gradually establishing "zones of influence" through China in which each nation was becoming practically supreme. When Secretary Hay assumed control of the State Department he began an attack upon this system and finally got the powers to give their reluctant recognition to our treaty rights and to accede to the policy of the "open door" by which China was to grant equal commercial privileges to all nations alike. In this matter the United States, England and Japan stood pretty much together as opposed to Russia, Germany and France. The powers offered their verbal consent but Secretary Hay wanted written assurances, and, after considerable difficulty, got them.

However, the situation was only partly relieved. The powers remained as steadfast in their schemes of partition as ever before. Russia and Germany were particularly aggressive and by a long series of encroachments had placed themselves in a position from which it was but a step to complete sovereignty. These aggressions were bitterly resented by the Chinese people and filled them with the deepest hatred and distrust not only of the Germans and Russians but of all foreigners no matter of what nationality. This anti-foreign sentiment was fomented by local agitators and at last broke out into armed resistance. Crowds of infuriated fanatics paraded the streets. On June 20th, 1900, Baron Von Ketteler, the German Minister, was murdered in Peking, and all the foreign legations were attacked. War seemed inevitable and in that event dismemberment of China was only a question of time. Then would come industrial development and the conflict with American industries. The only minister in the whole world who grasped the situation was John Hay. His conception and execution of an entirely new policy under untried conditions amounted to positive genius. An immediate decision must be made, and, once made, it would be final and irrevocable. "In the crisis of his life Mr. Hay was ready, and on his promptitude and efficiency at that moment must rest his highest claim to statesmanship, just as Sheridan's most famous exploit will always remain his ride from Winchester." Hay saw clearly that if Europe declared war against China the United States would lose control of the situation. Therefore, peace, or at least nominal peace, must be maintained at any price. Hay made up his mind

at once, presented his plans to McKinley, and the latter promptly approved them. On July 3d, 1900, the Secretary issued his famous note to the powers in which he laid down the principle that the disorders in China had produced a condition of "virtual anarchy, whereby power and responsibility were practically devolved upon the local provincial authorities." These local viceroys should be assisted in restoring order and so long as they themselves did not rebel, the United States, and indeed all the world, must remain at peace with China. This declaration came like a thunderclap to bewildered Europe but its logic was too forceful to be denied.

The policy of our government, thus outlined, was at once put into effect. While Europe faltered, irresolute, the United States went straight ahead. A compact, well trained fighting force was landed on the coast and, under command of the intrepid General Adna R. Chaffee, was ordered to move at once against Peking. The object of our government was threefold: first and foremost, we must at all hazards rescue our imperiled legation with its little garrison of American citizens; second, we must get control of the situation before the European powers had time to intervene and before the German army under Waldersee could arrive; and third, we could in this way best lend our support and encouragement to the loyal viceroys who were now the only barriers against complete disruption and anarchy. The move was a bold one and required not only the coolest judgment but the most consummate courage and daring. This, too, in the face of the fact that an English Admiral had already been repulsed and that the foreign officers on the spot, except the Japanese, thought that a large force would be necessary for a successful invasion. However, Secretary Hay never flinched. He was determined to advance even if we had to go alone. His instructions were followed out to the letter and after a brisk campaign General Chaffee entered Peking amid the acclamations and benedictions of the world. The struggling legations were rescued, the interrupted communications were once more restored, and the whole force of public opinion at home and abroad rallied to the support of the triumphant American Secretary in his spirited yet humane measures for the pacification and preservation of China.

Thus fortified, Secretary Hay was able to devote all his energies to breaking up the concert of the powers. First one nation and then another was detached from the coalition until only England and Germany remained. England was practically helpless and was without a head. Germany soon saw that there was slim prospect of collecting a heavy indemnity and none whatever of permanent occupation. She therefore succumbed to the inevitable and reluctantly withdrew. The dream of European industrial expansion had vanished. American diplomacy reigned supreme.

Mr. Hay's foreign policy is well exemplified by the foregoing incident. Forceful, direct, fearless and aggressive, it was at the same time inspired by lofty ideals and imbued with a broad humanity, a deep sympathy, a candid fairness and a remarkable forbearance. Secretary Hay himself has jestingly described his diplomacy as a combination of the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. The illustration is apt. It gives in a nutshell his intense Americanism and his practical Christianity; the first a heritage from his patron saint, Abraham Lincoln, and the second an outgrowth of a soul as pure, as trustful, as sincere as a child's. Like his great prototype Gladstone in England, he ever strove, so far as practicable, to apply ethical principles to questions of state. Yet he was no visionary optimist, no poetic dreamer. Eminently practical in his mind and methods, he sought not the ideal best but the best attainable. He appreciated the limitations of a question and wasted no time nor energy in vain attempts to go beyond. He was as ready to recognize the rights of another nation as he was to insist upon the rights of our own. This spirit of frankness and fairness caused him to be trusted and respected in Europe and Asia as well as in America. Without guile and without deceit, it was absolutely impossible for him to father a policy that was anything else but true, straightforward, frank and open. His diplomacy has been called the "diplomacy of truth". That is true as far as it goes, but it must not be supposed that John Hay was distinguished above all his predecessors in this respect. A mere reference to the names of John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, and William H. Seward will show that the "diplomacy of truth" must have existed long before. But

what did characterize John Hay to a most extraordinary degree was his constructive genius and sagacious foresight. He was able to take in the present and the future in his unerring glance. He had the *coup d'oeil* which made Napoleon the lord of battles, Nelson the conqueror of the sea, Newton the master of science, Luther the invincible reformer, Goethe the dean of letters, and Cervantes the soul of wit. Coming to the Department of State when America was first called upon to take her stand in the world-councils of the nations, he was given full play for these remarkable talents ; and his own success, added to that of a victorious republic, gave him a preeminence of position and renown which has never before been equaled in the diplomatic history of our own country, and rarely in the history of the world. Such is the acclaim which greets him today. Whether posterity, with its truer view of the perspective, will grant him the same high place, time alone and the remorseless leveling of the years can tell ; but, like Lincoln, taken in the plentitude of his powers and fame, it is not too much to hope that the spontaneous and universal judgment of the present will settle into the calm, fixed judgment of the future.

On September 6th, 1901, for the third time in our history, a President of the United States was cut down by the hand of an assassin. While holding a public reception at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, William McKinley was shot by an infamous wretch who pretended to be in the act of grasping his hand. For a week the President hovered between life and death, but on September 14th, at two o'clock in the morning, that pure, noble life went out. This sad event was a great blow to John Hay. Thirty-five years before, the friend of his youth had been assassinated. Twenty years before, the friend of his middle age, Garfield, fell. And now the intimate friend of his later years suffered the same fate.

Congress ordered that state services in memory of McKinley should be held at the Capitol and invited Mr. Hay to deliver the eulogy. February 27th, 1902, was the day appointed, and in the presence of President Roosevelt, Prince Henry of Prussia, who was visiting this country at the time, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the Senate and House of Representatives, the Diplo-

matic Corps, high officers of the army and navy, and other officials, Secretary Hay delivered a notable address upon the life and character of the lamented President. It was an address particularly suited to the occasion—it was sane, it was just, it showed the man in his broadest proportions, in his noblest aspirations, it praised his high achievements without offence to political opponents, it extolled his virtues without undue laudation, and through it all there breathed a fine patriotism and a deep religious sentiment that was at once chastening and inspiring. In it Mr. Hay has pictured some events with which he himself was closely connected. Speaking of foreign relations, for instance, he says:

"In dealing with foreign powers he (McKinley) will take rank with the greatest of our diplomatists. It was a world of which he had little special knowledge before coming to the Presidency. But his marvellous adaptability was in nothing more remarkable than in the firm grasp he immediately displayed in international relations. . . . When a sudden emergency declared itself, as in China, in a state of things of which our history furnished no precedent, and international law no safe and certain precept, he hesitated not a moment to take the course marked out for him by considerations of humanity and the national interests. Even while the legations were fighting for their lives against bands of infuriated fanatics, he decided that we were at peace with China; and while that conclusion did not hinder him from taking the most energetic measures to rescue our imperilled citizens, it enabled him to maintain close and friendly relations with the wise and heroic viceroys of the south, whose resolute stand saved that ancient Empire from anarchy and spoliation. He disposed of every question as it arose with a promptness and clarity of vision that astonished his advisers, and he never had occasion to review a judgment or reverse a decision.

"By patience, by firmness, by sheer reasonableness, he improved our understanding with all the great powers of the world and rightly gained the blessing which belongs to the peacemakers."

Speaking of the new responsibilities which confronted America at the close of the Spanish war, he says :

"Every young and growing people has to meet, at moments, the problems of its destiny. Whether the question comes, as in Thebes, from a sphinx, symbol of the hostile forces of omnipotent nature, who punishes with instant death our failure to understand her meaning; or whether it comes, as in Jerusalem, from the Lord of Hosts, who commands the building of His temple, it comes always with the warning that the past is past,

and experience vain. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" The fathers are dead; the prophets are silent; the questions are new, and have no answer but in time.

"When the horny outside case which protects the infancy of a chrysalis nation suddenly bursts, and, in a single abrupt shock, it finds itself floating on wings which have not existed before, whose strength it has never tested, among dangers it cannot foresee and is without experience to measure, every motion is a problem, and every hesitation may be an error. The past gives no clue to the future. The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever? We are ourselves the fathers! We are ourselves the prophets! The questions that are put to us we must answer without delay, without help—for the sphinx allows no one to pass."

The address reaches its climax in a glow of purest patriotism, presenting in transfiguration the forms of our national trinity, the Father, the Savior, and the Augmenter of the Republic:

"The moral value to a nation of a renown such as Washington's and Lincoln's and McKinley's is beyond all computation. No loftier ideal can be held up to the emulation of ingenuous youth. With such examples we cannot be wholly ignoble. Grateful as we may be for what they did, let us be still more grateful for what they were. While our daily being, our public policies, still feel the influence of their work, let us pray that in our spirits their lives may be voluble, calling us upward and onward.

"There is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginnings; no one but vows it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers how McKinley loved, revered, and served it, showed in his life how a citizen should live, and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die."

Thus ended what was, perhaps, Hay's greatest speech; and in reading it one cannot resist the thought that, no less than Lincoln, no less than McKinley, here also was one whose life was offered up as a sacrifice upon the altar of patriotic service and unflinching devotion to duty. Feeling that his country had need of him, he banished all considerations of personal ease or comfort; though far from well, he resisted all entreaties of his friends to leave his post; though in failing strength, he dedicated himself none the less to his task, and might have spoken with the words which the London "Spectator" puts into his mouth, "*Ave, Columbia imperatrix! Moriturus te saluto!*" "Hail, imperial Columbia! Dying I salute thee!" And then overtaxed nature

could bear no more ; her energies had been stretched to the limit of endurance ; there came a snap, and suddenly the gravity of his condition flashed upon him. Mr. Hay sought relief in foreign travel. But it came too late ; a momentary gleam of hope, and then the dread summons ; before his family could say good by his soul passed on to its Maker.

John Hay was a Theta Delt. That is said with honest pride, but it is said with no spirit of boasting. Yet if there be honor in the life-long devotion of such a man as this, surely Theta Delta Chi can claim such honor. During his college days no one of that notably active and enthusiastic Zeta Charge was more active or more enthusiastic than he ; and the significance of this statement will be the more appreciated when we remember that the old Zeta of John Hay's time numbered such princely Theta Deltas as Burdge, Stone, Bate, Simons, Noyes, Ledwith, Carman and Pond. Hay found in the fraternity something worth serving, something worth cherishing, something worth perpetuating. He gave to it his full devotion, the best offerings of his mind and and heart, and it is a source of no little satisfaction to know that the pen which became famous in "Castilian Days," in Abraham Lincoln, A History," and in its delineations of "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," first courted the poetic muse in praise of Theta Delta Chi. His two songs, "The Hand's Warm Grasp," and "'Tis Theta Delta Chi," are still sung with old time fervor about the fraternal hearth-fires.

He himself has acknowledged the debt of gratitude he owed to Theta Delta Chi. In an address delivered at the installation banquet of the old Chi Deuteron Charge at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, March 26th, 1896, he gave the heartiest expression to the value and reality of the fraternity in college and in after life, spoke of meeting with worthy brothers in all parts of the world and always finding them fine fellows, upright, earnest, sincere ; and then went on with a sort of biographical sketch of the various epochs of his own life, and after each one proclaimed that he owed it all to Theta Delta Chi.

His later devotion is shown by the lively interest which he always took in fraternal affairs. Though unable, in most cases, to attend the gatherings in person, there were yet few conven-

tions or banquets of importance to which he did not send some word of greeting. What will, however, stand out as one of the brightest and most memorable pages in our fraternity history was the Fifty-second Annual Convention held in Washington in February, 1900. At that time William McKinley was President of the United States and in his Cabinet were two Theta Delts. John Hay, Secretary of State, and John W. Griggs, Attorney General. This fact led the President to give a private reception to the members of the fraternity. The reception was held at the White House on the morning of February 23d and no brother who was fortunate enough to be present will ever forget it. A long line was formed, and one by one the brothers were introduced to the President, receiving from him a warm grasp of the hand and perhaps a word of greeting, and then passed on for a hearty grip from the Secretary of State and the Attorney General who stood at the President's left. It was a particularly pleasant affair and the President himself seemed to derive much satisfaction from it. During the banquet in the evening Mr. Griggs told the brothers that after the reception was over, President McKinley turned to him with the remark, "Griggs, there's material enough in that body of men to make a dozen cabinets like mine." The remark aroused great enthusiasm at the banquet, but it had a better effect than that, for deep down in his heart every brother felt enobled by it; and through the years of our fraternity it should be handed on from class to class and from charge to charge as the tribute of the martyred President to Theta Delta Chi.

Times change, leaders change. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" McKinley is gone, Hay is gone; new prophets have come, and new issues. But there is one thing which lasts on and on, one thing which never changes, and that is the old-time *manhood*. The manhood of Washington was the manhood of Lincoln, and the manhood of Lincoln was the manhood of McKinley, the manhood of McKinley was the manhood of Hay, and to the farthest generations it will be the same manhood which shall rule our Republic, the same manhood which shall inspire and shape our policies, the same manhood which shall carry us through the crises of our

history and lead us on to fulfillment of the divine destiny which Almighty Providence has allotted us.

Blessed are we to have had one of these prophets in our own brotherhood, heart of our hearts, flesh of our flesh. He has now passed on to the great Omega Charge, "but being dead he yet speaketh." He has left a memory which shall ever inspire us, and an example which shall ever encourage us, if not, perhaps, to emulate what he *did*, yet to emulate what he *was*. Our fraternity, too, should be dearer to us because he loved it, because he believed in it, and through the coming years we should the more earnestly strive to keep our bonds of friendship ever firm, to keep our ideals high and pure, and to realize the lines which John Hay, true friend, loyal brother, left us in benediction and farewell :—

"Holy link that binds together, friends from every distant land,
May we to keep thee pure, unsevered, ever lend a helping hand.
And tho' the storm of life may rage, and present friends may die,
Oh! ever cherish with fond love our Theta Delta Chi.





JOHN HAY IN COLLEGE.

Taken while a student at Brown University.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN HAY

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

"When time with moss
Shall overgrow his monumental stone,
And crumble the pale marble into dust,
His memory shall live; his name shall shine
On history's page."

About the middle of the last century, John Hay, the son of a Scottish soldier who had taken service in the army of the Elector Palatine, emigrated with his four sons from the Rhenish Palatinate to America. Adam, one of these sons, had received a military training in Europe, and served with distinction in the War of Independence. He was a friend and associate of Washington; and one of the earliest recollections of his son, the late John Hay, of Springfield, Ill., was of meeting the Commander-in-Chief on a country road; of hearing him greet Adam Hay as an old comrade, and of receiving from the Father of his Country a friendly pat on the head. This John Hay was a man of large build; and although of a quiet and peaceable disposition, manifested, on occasions, great strength of will and force of character. In illustration, becoming convinced, at the age of fifty-five, that a slave state was no place in which to establish a large family, he moved from Kentucky to Sangamon county, Ill., all of his sons and daughters accompanying him except his eldest son, Charles. The latter studied medicine, and on receiving his degree removed to Salem, Ind. In 1831 he married a daughter of Rev. David A. Leonard, of Rhode Island, a man well known among his contemporaries for learning and eloquence, a graduate of Brown University in 1793, and the poet of his class. Ten years after his marriage, Dr. Hay removed to Warsaw, Ill., and here he passed the rest of his long, useful and honored life.

John Hay, the fourth son of Dr. Charles Hay, and the late Secretary of State, was born in Salem, Ind., Oct. 8th, 1838. His boyhood, as related on an earlier page, was passed in the West during that inchoate period "when the thin picket-line

of pioneer villages was followed by the organization of great towns, and when all the initial steps of local self-government were of foremost interest." When the time came for the selection of a college, it is not strange that Hay—influenced, undoubtedly, by the fact that Providence, R. I., had been the early home of his mother and Brown University the *Alma Mater* of his maternal grandfather—made choice of that college. He, therefore, entered "Brown," and at once took high rank as a writer. This was evident, not only from his essays in the departments of rhetoric and the various sciences—in short, in all those studies in which good writing subjoined to a thorough knowledge of the subject is required—but from the fact that whenever anything above the ordinary was needed in the way of composition, his services were at once drawn upon. This, too, was the more noticeable when it is recalled that the class of which he was a member was made up of an unusual number of brilliant men, excelling especially in composition, and many of whom have since become eminent in different walks of life, particularly that of journalism. His class poem delivered in 1858, before an audience composed chiefly of highly cultivated and beautiful women—Hay was always a great favorite with the ladies—is a model of its kind. The closing lines of this poem (to my mind the quintessence of healthy sentiment), is such an exquisite gem that the readers of the SHIELD will thank me for reproducing them in this connection :

"Our words may not float down the surging ages,
As Hindoo lamps adown the sacred stream ;
We may not stand sublime on history's pages,
The bright ideals of the future's dream ;
Yet we may all strive for the goal assigned us,
Glad if we win, and happy if we fail ;
Work calmly on, nor care to leave behind us,
The lurid glaring of the meteor's trail.
As we go forth, the smiling world before us
Shouts to our youth the old inspiring tune ;
The same blue sky is bending o'er us,
The green earth sparkles in the joy of June,
Where'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,

Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
 Wreathed by the spirits of these vanished days.
 Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion,
 Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves;
 As in the shell the memories of ocean
 Murmur forever of the sounding waves."*

Brother Hay, during his college career, was, like his favorite poet, Shelly, of a singularly modest and retiring disposition; but withal, of so winning a manner that no one could be in his presence, even for a few moments, without falling under the spell which his conversation and companionship invariably cast upon all who came within its influence. He was, indeed, to his little circle of intimates, a young Dr. Johnson without his boorishness, or a Dr. Goldsmith without his frivolity.

Upon his first entering the University, the intellectual bullies of his class, mistaking these traits for weakness, were disposed to look down upon the newly entered collegian from Illinois. It was but a little while, however, when his sterling worth gave them pause; nor had he been long matriculated before Brothers Burdge and Simons, looking deeper into character, saw in him the future development of a strong nature. Accordingly, they made it their study to place before Hay the great advantages over all other societies which were to be found under the protecting ægis of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity! Their arguments proved so convincing that, Hay having given his consent, an evening was set for his initiation. Nor was it a slight compliment, on Hay's part, to throw in his lot with us; for by this time the other Greek-letter societies had seen their mistake and had made most extraordinary efforts to capture him. But it was of no avail. Hay had pledged himself to us! A victory, however, so glorious, must, forsooth, be celebrated with more than usual ceremony. Accordingly, Tufts, being the nearest college—Harvard had just broken up all secret societies—was written to for a delegation to aid in this august initiation. Our appeal was immediately and most enthusiastically responded to; and Brothers Winsor B. French and Vernon O. Taylor came

*When it is remembered that the writer of these lines was at this time scarcely twenty years of age, the maturity of thought, as well as the felicity of expression—illustrated especially in the exquisite and original imagery of the last two lines—is simply remarkable!

over, as did also Alexander L. Holley (who had already become famous), from New York, to grace the occasion by his presence. Burdge was the Grand Inquisitor; and Pond, Bate, Ledwith—since Governor of Florida—Carman, the late McWalter B. Noyes and Reading Wood, Carr, Merriam, Lyman, Spooner, Manchester and myself were among the *Familiars*. The Initiation went off well, and was supplemented by a right royal *Theta Delta* supper at the "What-Cheer"; in the course of which Pond and French made their happiest after-dinner speeches ("Our own Chauncey" never equalled them!); and Hay, now "Brother Hay," responded in such a manner as to make the temperature regarding our neophyte—already high—rise many degrees higher! The next morning imagine the *horror* (yes, that word exactly expresses it), of the members of the rival fraternities when they saw Hay come into chapel, escorted by Burdge and myself, wearing the SHIELD with the emblematical letters $\Theta \Delta X$ emblazoned upon its sable field! Notwithstanding the awful presence of President Wayland and the august Professors, an universal and audible howl went up from the opposition, which evoked a corresponding cheer from our side. The triumph was complete; and Dr. Wayland, pushing his spectacles up from his nose onto his brow, was constrained to stand some moments until the commotion had subsided, before offering up his interrupted orisons. Whether he afterward enquired of the Faculty who that youngster was who had raised such a remarkable "row," I know not. The probability, however, is that his question was answered to his fullest satisfaction! Unfortunately, Dr. Wayland soon after resigning, Brother Hay was deprived of his masterly teachings; but had he been under him, the instructor would have found that the pupil was none the less faithful in the performance of his scholastic duties for his initiation into a college secret society!

The result fully justified the judgment of Brothers Burdge and Simons. During his entire college life the stand in scholarship taken by Brother Hay among his classmates was, as before hinted, of a high order. Nor did his industry (although his ability rendered that habit of less value to him than to others), prevent his giving friendly aid to members of his class not so

gifted. Brother Hay was for some ten months my chum and bed-fellow ; and often, after returning from a party late at night, when it was "odds with morning which was which," I have found him sitting up writing out a Latin or a French exercise for some class-mate whose intellectual furnishment was not of the highest order.

While in college, Brother Hay was an enthusiastic Theta Delt. He soon became universally beloved by the members of his chapter, who elected him presiding officer in the beginning of his Senior Year. He also composed several songs for the Fraternity, one of which closes with those lines sung with so much effect at every Reunion, but especially at the memorable one of 1870 :

"And if, perchance, one sadder line
May mingle with the strain,
For those, the lost, whose loving voice
We ne'er shall hear again ;
Let this rejoice the heavy heart,
And light the dimming eye ;
The Gates of Eden are not closed
To Theta Delta Chi !"

Neither was this enthusiasm laid aside with the Commencement gown. Although college halls have long ceased to echo his foot-steps, his memories of Theta Delta Chi are still green. Thus, on two occasions, while private secretary to the President, he was the means of rescuing members of the Fraternity from ignominious deaths. The first of these instances was told by Brother Gilbert in his admirable "Reminiscences" in the *SHIELD* for September, 1889. The second was his well known agency in the case of another Confederate brother, who, by a misunderstanding, was supposed to have broken his parole. He was taken, among others of Morgan's guerillas, and would have been executed, had not the findings of the court-martial, forwarded to President Lincoln for his approval, passed through Hay's hands. Seeing who it was that was in such a predicament, he at once went to the President and obtained the brother's pardon. Hay's attachment to the Fraternity is further illustrated by the fact of his securing, while Assistant Secretary of State, the appointment of Rev. McWalter B. Noyes to a consulship at

Venice. Moreover, in Hay's case, *coelum non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt*. While he was Secretary of Legation at Madrid, amid the cares of office and beset by the many diversions incident to the gaieties of that brilliant capital, he found time to write me the following cordial letter in response to my invitation to send over a poem to be read at the great Convention Dinner of 1870, at the Astor House. New York City :

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, }
MADRID, JAN. 31, 1870.

My Dear Old Boy :

* * * I am sorry about the poem. I am sure you would laugh if you knew how often I have tried, without making a rime. I have treated the Muse so shabbily that she stopped visiting me years ago, and I never expect to meet her again.†

I wish your reunion abundant and merited success. Tell the boys I shall be with them in spirit.

Yours fraternally and affectionately,

JOHN HAY."

Brother Hay has, likewise, shown his loyalty to Theta Delta Chi on other occasions. While editor-in-chief of the *New York Tribune*, Theta Deltas, rudely jostled in life's struggle, found in him a steadfast friend. He not only, when it was possible, gave them employment, but if this were not practicable on account of unfitness, he by his purse, aided them until they found some situation better suited to their abilities.

Brother Hay, though generally reticent to the outside world, was always glad to receive a call from a Theta Delt. An instance in point came under my observation some time ago. A gentleman called upon him and sent up his card. He has very little spare time ; and he had accordingly said to the servant, "I cannot see him," when chancing to glance at the card and observing the mystical letters appended to the end of the visitor's name, he recalled the servant and said, "Show the gentleman in." The visitor afterward told me that in all his life he had never had such a delightful call. I am aware that it has been said that Hay was not easy of access to the members of the Fraternity ; but, believe me, when they say this, they either tell

†Hay, however, afterward wooed the Spirit of Poesy with more success, as witness his "*Pike County Ballads*," published in 1871 !

an untruth or have *rudely* presumed upon his privacy. Brother Hay was, for many years before his death, *not a well man*; and often he was forced to deny himself to his most intimate friends; but I reiterate, that any Theta Delt, who called under proper circumstances, was, if Hay was well, always cordially received.

It remains only to speak of Colonel Hay's literary labors. Addison and Irving are justly considered the sweetest and best writers of English prose. But, speaking for myself, I should add to those two the name of Hay. In his writings he is not only the equal of the former for purity of style (and even that fastidious critic, Bishop Hurd, Addison's commentator, were he living, would fain admit this), but in Doric simplicity, and beauty and felicity of expression, I consider him the superior of the latter. Take, for instance, his "Castilian Days," devoted to studies of Spanish life and character. Nowhere shall one find this work excelled in all that goes to the making of English "pure and undefiled." His papers in that volume, especially those entitled, "An Hour with the Painters," "Proverbial Philosophy," "The Cradle and Grave of Cervantes," "Spanish Living and Dying," "An Evening with Ghosts," and "A Field Night in the Cortes," are models; and might with advantage be introduced, as a text-book, in our colleges, as an example of perspicuous, nervous and manly English. In the chapters, "Spanish Living and Dying" and "An Hour with the Painters," his trenchant criticism, like a keen Toledo blade, taken, perchance, from one of those old Moorish castles that he visited, cuts, "clean through," even as Saladin's Damascus scimitar divided the silk handkerchief thrown into the air by Richard of England; and all the follies and licentiousness of the nobility and the clergy, as well as the simplicity and charming characteristics of the peasantry and the middle classes, stand out clearly under the focussed light of his mental camera. The truth of the above remarks will, however, be better appreciated by one or two extracts from the work itself.

When, for example, the author would show the systematic moral poisoning of the minds of the Spanish women by the priests, in the essay on "Spanish Living and Dying," he says:

"The piety of the Spanish women does not prevent them from seeing some things clearly enough with their bright eyes. One of the most bigoted women in Spain recently said: 'I hesitate to let my child go to confession. The priests ask young girls such infamous questions, that my cheeks burn when I think of them after all these years.' I stood one Christmas eve in the cold midnight wind, waiting for the church doors to open for the night mass, the famous *misa del gallo*. On the steps beside me sat a decent old woman with her two daughters. At last, she rose and said: 'Girls, it is no use waiting any longer. The priests won't leave their housekeepers this cold night to save anybody's soul.' In these two cases, taken from the two extremes of the Catholic society, there was no disrespect for the church or for religion. Both these women believed with a blind faith. But they could not help seeing how unclean were the hands that dispensed the bread of life."

Again, in "The Cradle and Grave of Cervantes," what a clear glimpse is given of Spanish politics, when, after a chance encounter with a Spanish Republican in the streets of Alcala, he soliloquizes as follows:

"Go your ways, radical brother. You are not so courteous nor so learned as the rector. But this peninsula has need of men like you. The ages of belief have done their work for good and ill. Let us have some years of the spirit that denies, and asks for proofs. The power of the monk is broken, but the work is not yet done. The convents have been turned into barracks, which is no improvement. The ringing of spurs in the streets of Alcala is no better than the rustling of the sandalled friars. If this Republican party of yours cannot do something to save Spain from the triple curse of crown, crozier and sabre, then Spain is in doleful case. They are at least divided, and the first two have been sorely weakened in detail. The last should be the easiest work."

And once more: In "An Evening with Ghosts," by a few masterly strokes, he lays bare the grossness of Spanish superstition at the Court of Madrid at the present day. Here is the passage:

"Never, in all the darkest periods of Spanish history, was the reign of superstition so absolute and tyrannical as in the Alcazar of Madrid during the later years of Isabel of Bourbon. Her most trusted spiritual guides and counsellors were the Padre Claret and Sor Patrocinio de las Llagas—the 'Bleeding Nun.' This worthy lady used to bring the most astonishing stories of her nights' adventures to the breakfast table. It was a common occurrence for his Satanic Highness to come swooping down to her cell and to give her an airing, on his bat-like wings, above the house-tops of the capital. She had miraculous fountains continually

open in her legs (if the word be lawful),* which bled without pain or disease. Her principal duty in the Palace was to sanctify by a day's wearing the intimate linen destined to the use of her pious mistress and friend. Thus consecrated, the garments became a mystic panoply, which would keep away all infirmity and sin, if anything could!"

One of the best descriptions in the book is "A Field Night in the Cortes," which is fully equal to, if, indeed, it does not surpass, "A Field Night in the House of Commons," written, some years since, for the *Atlantic Monthly*, by the late Professor Francis Wayland, a son of the late President of "Brown."

Upon first entering this august body, the President of the Council is seen seated at the head of the Ministerial Board—a slight, dark man, with a grave, thin whiskered face, and wearing serious black clothes. He holds in his dark gloved hands a little black-and-silver cane, and looks, for all the world, as the author says, "like a pious and sympathizing undertaker." This little, insignificant "undertaker," however, is no less a personage than Don Juan Prim—otherwise known as Count of Reus and the Marquis of Castillejos—the Minister of War and the Captain-General of the Armies of Spain!

To have the proceedings of this particular night fully understood, it becomes necessary for the relator to tell all that is required to be known of contemporary public events; while, as to the chief actors in the debates, the writer must give such a detail of their daily habits and pursuits, and such a view of moral, intellectual and military peculiarities as to bring them before the reader as they thought, reasoned and acted. Of what stuff were the members made? What were their individual idiosyncrasies, and the modes of their manifestation? In answering these questions, the difficulty lies in preserving throughout such a subordination of incident to character as to prevent the reader from los-

*When Hay wrote the above he probably had in his mind the following anecdote: When the young Queen of Philip IV. of Spain was on her way to Madrid to meet a husband, whom she had married without ever having seen him, she passed through a little town in Spain famous for its manufactures of gloves and stockings. The magistrates of the place thought they could not better express their joy on the arrival of their new Queen than by presenting her with a sample of those manufactures for which their town was so celebrated. The Major Domo, who escorted the Princess, received the *gloves* very graciously; but when the *stockings* were presented, he flung them away with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrates for having been guilty of the egregious indecorum and indecency of offering such a present. "Know," said he, "that a Queen of Spain has no legs!"

ing sight of the men in the events with which they were connected. For this to be properly done, a union of the distinctive characteristics of annals, biography and history was required ; and the failure to do this has been the rock upon which so many writers have been wrecked. Colonel Hay has happily escaped this calamity ; and in the picture which he has drawn of the brilliant array of debaters, all public and private incidents are successfully blended in one harmonious whole.

Indeed, as all these *genre* pen-pictures pass before us, we fancy ourselves, for the nonce, in very truth Spaniards. Not as strangers, but to the manor born, we wander dreamily through Moorish Halls and Moslem Temples ; we meet in every street the red bonnet and sandalled feet of the Catalan, and admire the flexible figures and graceful bearing of the high born dames of Castile ; we partake of the peasants' *podrida* at the noon-tide meal beneath the shade of the olives ; we become Spanish gallants, serenading with our guitar, under the pale moonlight, dark-eyed *Senoritas* ; we instinctively recoil from the atrocious cruelty of the bedizened matadors, and wish that, as in old Roman days, we could, for the bulls' and the horses' sakes, turn our thumbs down ; we fight duels wondering why we fight them ; we count our beads and invoke our patron saints believing it to be our duty—in short, we live Spaniards : we die Spaniards !

This power of reproducing past scenes vividly before a reader's eye, is considered one of the tests of good writing ; and as he is accounted a fine painter upon whose canvas the spectator fancies he sees depicted a veritable natural landscape, so, in word-painting, the effect produced should be of a similar nature.

We part with this work with but one regret, namely : that the author should have made scarcely any mention of the inquisition and of its baleful effects upon Spanish character. There is no historical scholar who is not aware that the Holy Office kept the Spanish mind in the cold, black darkness of *Mediævalism* long after the glorious light of the *Renaissance* had illumined the other nations of Europe—that, in fact, to that dread Tribunal is to be attributed the rapid decay, or rather, the complete arrest, of Spanish civilization. Hence, for him, the subject is one of absorbing interest. The reason for this omission, we suppose, is

that the theme was thought too hackneyed. Still, it were to be wished that a chapter, at least, had been devoted to it; for no topic handled by Hay could, by any possibility, be "hackneyed"; and had he adopted the same method of treatment regarding the Inquisition that he has followed when referring to other features of Spanish life, the reader would have been presented with a picture to hang in his mental gallery, equal in its sharp lines and richness of coloring to those the author has drawn of a Bull-Fight, The Bourbon Duel, and the Spanish School of Painting. Finally: In these sketches, which show wonderful keenness of observation, there is nothing savoring of "padding." Many of the incidents not only are entirely new, but serve to illustrate, pointedly, some trait in the character of the people of whom they are narrated.

Colonel Hay's "History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln," to which I have before alluded, written, in connection with his friend, Nicolay, is destined to take its place as *the* life of one who was next to Washington—if, indeed, not his equal. It will, I think, rank among the first of American biographies, taking the same place in the public estimation as that of Chief Justice Marshall's life of the first President. A portion of it is written in Hay's inimitable style—perspicuous, graphic and truthful—and it must ever remain a monument, not only of historical value, but of a loving tribute to a truly great man.

Regarding Hay as a poet: his "Pike County Ballads," depicting a peculiar phase of Western civilization, and published some years since, gave promise of its author eventually attaining a high rank in that department of letters; and to his friends, it has always been a source of much disappointment that he did not woo the Muse more zealously. Hay's faculty of rapid composition was simply marvellous, and would scarcely be believed, even by myself, had I not repeatedly witnessed it. I recall an instance in point. One evening, shortly before the close of the term which was to conclude Hay's college life, I had gone to bed, but was not asleep, when Hay entered our room. To my remark, "Hay, we have not now long to be together, and I wish you would write something for me to keep," he drew toward him a sheet of paper, lying on the table, and without any hesitation,

rapidly wrote off four stanzas which I consider—even now that I have come to mature age and judgment—one of the most charming odes I have ever read. It was entitled “My Dream;” and in the rhythm of its numbers and the beauty of its diction it more than equalled the verse of some of our more pretentious poets. For many years I prized it as a most precious memento, and I should have sent it to the SHIELD long since, had not its author—thinking it crude—earnestly requested me to give it back. In this estimate I differed entirely from him; but, of course, I respected his feelings in the matter, and complied with his wishes.

There were, however, some stanzas, written in college, which I preserved, out of an unpublished play of Hay’s entitled “Tecumseh, a Tragedy in Five Acts.” As Hay did not *interdict* me from publishing them, I now incorporate them in the present tribute. Perhaps my fondness for my friend biases my opinion; but, it does seem to me that these verses are the very quintessence of *genuine* poetry, and, as I have before remarked in regard to other contributions from his Muse, I send these to show to all my and his brothers of the Zeta how amazing was his poetical genius! These verses are supposed to be an appeal by an Indian lover to his betrothed.

I

“Come forth and go with me, my love,
 Through the starlit hours of night,
 While the still, sad moon from the vault above,
 Sheds down her mellowed light.
 Not a sound on the sleeping earth is heard,
 But ever the soothing breeze
 Rocks to repose the wearied bird
 In the top of the rustling trees.

II

“I know where the crimson prairie-cup springs,
 And the blue-bell hangs its head;
 Where the breeze to the queenly tulip sings,
 And the modest violets spread;
 Where purpling rich through the vine leaves green,
 The full grape clusters shine;
 And, brightening the grass with its coral sheen
 Runs the wild strawberry vine.

III

"My arrow shall probe the thicket's shade
 To gain the choicest food ;
 The deer shall bleed in the open glade,
 The panther in the wood.
 The eagle's plume will my right arm gain
 Thy raven hair to deck.
 From the ring-dove's nest will I weave a chain,
 To bind around thy neck.

IV

"And when the moon sheds her amber light,
 I shall take my light canoe.
 While the cold calm stars keep their vigils bright
 We'll glide ore the lakelet blue.
 But, a roseate streak of light appears
 At the orient gates of Day.
 So banish, my love, all idle fears
 And haste to my bower away."

Another gem, which will subdue every reader, is his sweet and sombre "Stirrup-Cup," running as follows :

My short and happy day is done,
 The long and lonely night comes on,
 And at my door the pale horse stands
 To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
 Sound dreadful as a gathering storm
 And I must leave this sheltering roof
 And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
 Good friends, the faithful and the true ;
 My rosy children and my wife,
 So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.—

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view ;
 The night comes on, the lights burn blue ;
 And at my door the pale horse stands
 To bear me forth to unknown lands.

Regarding his after career—his Embassy to England—representing the United States at the Court of St. James, and his office of Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt—as well as his matchless diplomacy during the Boxer troubles, and his successful demand for the "open door," there

is no need to speak as these events are of so recent a date as to be in the minds of all ; but, I think it will be admitted by all, irrespective of political opinion that our brother, John Hay, has been the greatest Secretary of State that our Country ever had—not even excepting Adams, Clay, Webster, Marcy and Seward ! Nor, need I speak at length of his many eloquent addresses—thus, for instance, as the one on his dear personal friend, McKinley, the one at the St. Louis Exposition, and those on several other recent occasions—all of which are, also, too fresh in the public memory not to be at once recalled.

It is my impression also, that the beginning of our dear brother's physical ailments which eventually terminated in his death when scarcely past his prime, was, unquestionably, the sad and sudden death of his son, Adelbert, in July, 1901, (to which I have already alluded) in whose diplomatic career—just beginning—he took such pride. At least, I should so judge, by the following letter to me, written in reply to my letter of sympathy, and a portion of which is here given :

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1901.

Dear Stone :

I received your letter and your postal card. * * * I thank you for your kind words. I cannot talk about my boy.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY.

Again, I think that, even a few months before his death he had a premonition that his stay with us was short. I am inclined to believe this not only by reading between the lines of our correspondence for the last two years, but from the following letter which, under a sense of humor, which John ever had, shows, clearly, how his mind ran. Here is the letter :

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 3, 1904.

My dear Stone :

On account of my being confined to my room with a slight cold, the speeches went off without my name ; but I send you some as you request. * * * Do not talk about anything so ridiculous as my being a candidate for the Presidency. I shall never hold any office after this ; and I expect to be comfortably dead by 1908.

Sincerely yours.

JOHN HAY.

Col. Wm. L. Stone, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

A further missive, that well illustrates our sanctified brother's grace of modesty, and also serves to indicate his feeling for and interest in Theta Delta Chi in after life, is the letter in which he acknowledges to the present author, the receipt of Volume VII, No. 4 of the SHIELD, containing a prior personal biography by his correspondent. It runs as follows :

WASHINGTON, December 20, 1890.

My dear Stone :

I have received your etter and the SHIELD, and have been too much employed at blushing at the praise of my own loveliness to answer. I certainly cannot remember that I was ever so fine a fellow as you make me out ; and now, in my sere and yellow leaf it will be hard to recognize the fresh youth you paint. But no sitter ever seriously complains that his artist has made him too prepossessing, and so I can only thank you most heartily if your affectionate good will has warped your usually sound judgment in this matter. * * * I was particularly interested in your oration in the same number, and touched as well as pleased with your allusion to Noyes. (Rev. McWalter B., Zeta, '58, died in Italy in 1886.) His was a spirit of rare purity and charm.

I always wonder how, in your busy life, you are able to know and remember so much about the men of our little Brotherhood. But a warm heart, like yours, is a great stimulant to an active brain.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY.

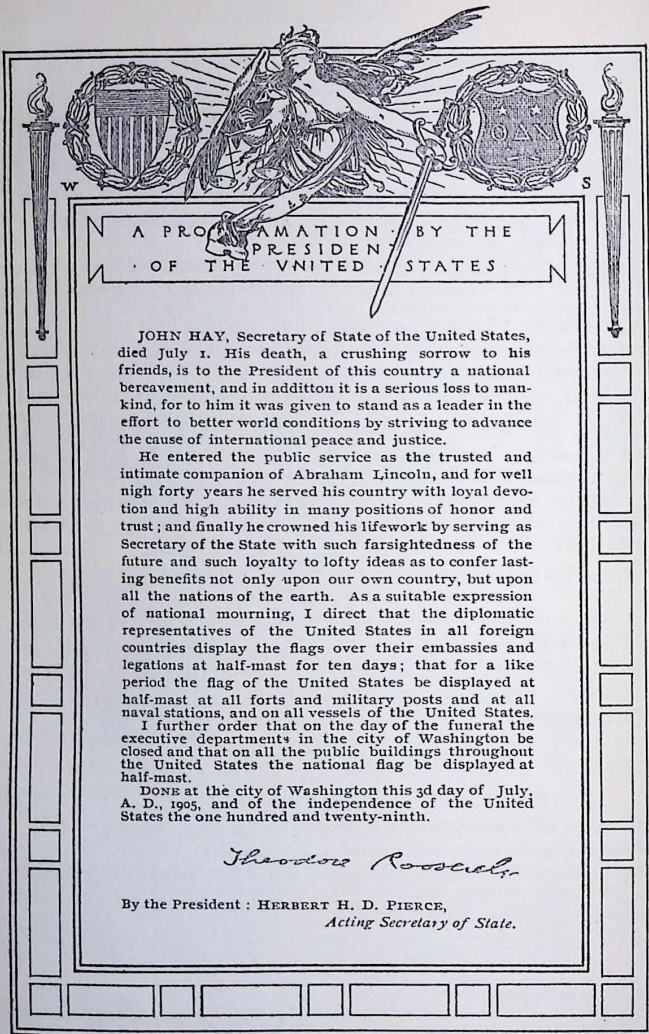
In conclusion : As a dear friend and brother, as his chum and bed-fellow in college, with all the intimacy those terms imply, and having had exceptional opportunities of knowing his life since he left college, I may say of him as Horace wrote of his friend, Fuscus :

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu."

Or, as Lord Lytton has gracefully rendered it :

"He whose life hath no flaw, pure from guile, need not borrow
Or the bow or the darts of the Moor, O my Fuscus ;
He relies for defence on no quiver that teems with poison steeped arrows."





A PROCLAMATION BY THE
PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State of the United States, died July 1. His death, a crushing sorrow to his friends, is to the President of this country a national bereavement, and in addition it is a serious loss to mankind, for to him it was given to stand as a leader in the effort to better world conditions by striving to advance the cause of international peace and justice.

He entered the public service as the trusted and intimate companion of Abraham Lincoln, and for well nigh forty years he served his country with loyal devotion and high ability in many positions of honor and trust; and finally he crowned his lifework by serving as Secretary of State with such farsightedness of the future and such loyalty to lofty ideas as to confer lasting benefits not only upon our own country, but upon all the nations of the earth. As a suitable expression of national mourning, I direct that the diplomatic representatives of the United States in all foreign countries display the flags over their embassies and legations at half-mast for ten days; that for a like period the flag of the United States be displayed at half-mast at all forts and military posts and at all naval stations, and on all vessels of the United States.

I further order that on the day of the funeral the executive departments in the city of Washington be closed and that on all the public buildings throughout the United States the national flag be displayed at half-mast.

DONE at the city of Washington this 3d day of July, A. D., 1905, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-ninth.

Theodore Roosevelt

By the President : HERBERT H. D. PIERCE,
Acting Secretary of State.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE NATIONS TO JOHN HAY

The high esteem in which Secretary Hay was universally held at home and abroad, was manifested by the messages which were received by the government and by Mrs. Hay at the time of his death. They came from sovereigns, from foreign offices, from officials in the diplomatic service, and from men in public and private life throughout this country. A great majority of the telegrams from the last named were addressed direct to Mrs. Hay, but those of the former class were sent through diplomatic channels to the State Department. Some of these are given herewith.

The first cablegram of condolence received by President Roosevelt from a foreign ruler regarding Mr. Hay's death came from King Edward, as follows :

"LONDON, JULY 1.

"TO THE PRESIDENT :

"I beg to offer the expressions of my deepest sympathy on the occasion of the death of your distinguished Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, whom I had the pleasure of seeing very recently. His loss to the great country over which you preside will be a national one.

(Signed)

"EDWARD R."

To this message the President responded as follows :

"OYSTER BAY, N. Y., JULY 1, 1905.

"TO HIS MAJESTY, KING EDWARD VII, LONDON, ENGLAND :

"Pray accept my hearty thanks for the expression of your sympathy in what is a national bereavement.

(Signed)

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The Emperor of Japan sent the following cablegram to the President :

I learned with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. Hay, Secretary of State. His eminent services in the interest of peace and good relations between nations renders his death a great loss not only to his own country, but to the world at large. I tender to you and Mrs. Hay my sincere condolence.

The Emperor instructed the minister for foreign affairs to transmit a personal message from the Emperor to Mrs. Hay.

Minister Takahira also received instructions to send a wreath, in the name of the Japanese government, to Cleveland on the occasion of Mr. Hay's funeral. The wreath was presented by Mr. Hioki, the first secretary.

FROM SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS

Among other messages addressed to the President are the following :

From President Estrada Palma, of Cuba :

Will your excellency receive sincere sympathy in view of the death of the illustrious statesman, Hon. John Hay, whose memory will always be preserved by Cubans as that of a good friend?

From President Pardo, of Peru :

My government unites with the United States in deploring the death of the illustrious Secretary.

From President Amador, of Panama :

The government of Panama unites with the United States in mourning the death of your eminent Secretary of State.

From President Zelaya of Nicaragua :

I feel sadly the death of the eminent Secretary of State.

From President Morales, of Santo Domingo :

Accept sympathy for death of Secretary Hay.

FROM THE AMBASSADORS

Many additional messages of condolence were received at the State Department. Among these was one from Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador and Dean of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington conveying the condolence of his government and expressing his own deep regret. His message follows :

I have had the honor to receive the note by which you were so good as to communicate to me the news of the demise of Mr. Secretary of State Hay, which suddenly occurred last night, and hasten to beg you to accept the expression of my most profound condolence on the occasion of this sad event.

Pray believe that I take a sincere part in the mourning caused by the grievous loss of the eminent statesman whose name will ever hold in the diplomatic annals of the United States the splendor guaranteed to him by his rare qualities and the services rendered his country.

I am just now in receipt of a cablegram from Count Lamsdorff instructing me to transmit the expression of the sincere condolences of the imperial government on the occasion of the demise of the Secretary of State.

In discharging this mission I beg you, sir, to receive the assurances of my very distinguished consideration.

COUNT CASSINI.

Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German Ambassador, telegraphed President Roosevelt on behalf of his government and for himself messages of condolence and expressions of sympathy. The Ambassador forwarded to President Roosevelt the following expressions from the German government :

MR. PRESIDENT :

The German Emperor has directed me to convey to you the expression of his sincere condolence on the demise of the Secretary of State, John Hay. The Emperor deeply sympathizes with you in the loss of your old and personal friend, and fully appreciates the bereavement of the American people through the death of this true patriot and statesman of purest character and extraordinary endowment.

STERNBURG.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OYSTER BAY :

Prince Buelow has requested me to convey to you, Mr. President, and to the American people the expression of his deep sympathy on the demise of the Secretary of State, John Hay. The chancellor profoundly appreciates the great loss which America has sustained through the death of this most distinguished statesman and diplomatist and eminent poet and writer.

STERNBURG.

The Ambassador also telegraphed the President the following message :

To you, Mr. President, and to the American people I send the expression of my heartfelt sympathy on the demise of the Secretary of State, John Hay.

STERNBURG.

TRIBUTE BY VON STERNBURG

Baron Speck von Sternburg said :

"I had the honor to know Secretary of State John Hay for twenty years, and for the past five years I had been in close official contact with him. This to me was a special privilege in my diplomatic capacity. During this time I had occasion to become acquainted with his magnificent talents as a statesman, diplomatist, and man of letters. His influence during his brilliant official career has been most highly beneficial to the peace and progress of the world."

Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, telegraphed the State Department from his summer home at Lenox, Mass., expressions of profound regret and deep sympathy on behalf of his government, and a personal expression from Lord Lansdowne. The Ambassador's first dispatch follows :

Lord Lansdowne telegraphs to me that his majesty's government has heard with profound regret of the death of the Hon. John Hay, who was held in universal respect by the people of Great Britain. His majesty's government recognizes the great service rendered by Mr. Hay in promoting the friendly relations which so happily unite the two countries. They ask that an expression of their deep sympathy be conveyed to the President in the loss which he has sustained. Lord Lansdowne desires me to express his great personal regret of the news.

DURAND.

The personal message read :

I have received with the deepest regret your telegram announcing the death of the Hon. John Hay. I know that my regret will be shared by the government.

DURAND.

The following cablegram was received at the British Embassy from the governor of New Zealand :

The premier desires on behalf of New Zealand to tender the United States the warmest sympathy and condolence at the loss of their greatest statesman, Col. Hay, whose labors have profited the world, and done much to promote good feeling between our empire, its colonies, and America.

The following was received at the State Department from the Brazilian Ambassador, Joaquin Nabuco :

I just received your sad communication, and thanking you for your courtesy, ask you kindly to convey to the President my deepest sense of the great loss the country and himself has suffered to the person of Mr. Hay. Please accept my condolence for yourself and the Department of State.

JOAQUIN NABUCO.

SYMPATHY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, in a telegram to Acting Secretary Peirce, from Boston, expressed the deep sorrow felt by the French Government over the death of Secretary Hay. The message says :

I deeply regretted not to meet you at the Department of State when I called July 1 to express the sorrow felt by my government for the great