

Brothers in $\Theta \Delta \chi$, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Richard H. Sutphen, Γ^{Δ} '97. No one in the Fraternity is better known than he. Any one who could successfully be prosecuting attorney at Defiance must have a national reputation in his chosen profession. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF RICHARD H. SUTPHEN, Γ^{Δ} '97

I thank you for this redundancy of applause. (Laughter.) Brother Toastmaster and Brothers, I had hoped to spring a very good joke at the outset of my address. After reading the program I discovered that I was to follow an Irishman and I thought it would be a splendid joke upon the brother who has charge of the exterior to say that a Dutchman could hardly be expected to be funny after an honorable Irishman. I was going to say that I felt almost as though I did not know on which side of the street I stood, like a friend of mine who approached me the other evening rather late and said, "Dick, can you tell me where the other side of the street is?" I said, "Right over there." He said, "Stop your kidding, I was just over there and they said it was over here." (Laughter.) But as the opportunity did not present itself to spring that joke I had to eliminate it. (Laughter.) A post-prandial speaker (laughter) is somewhat like a wheel; if well lubricated he will go round and round and cover the same ground a great many times. And, also like a wheel, the greater the length of the spoke the greater the tire. (Laughter.) I always pause at that point. I cast about in mind, when the intelligence came to me that I had been chosen for this signal honor, for a reason, and light did not fall upon me until I read the prospectus of the feast which said that the speakers were chosen from geographical considerations. I thereupon proceeded to get something that might fit in along the geographical line. I might say, brothers, that I come here fully prepared. I came with my guns filled to the hilt—or to the brim—with grape fruit—I mean grapeshot—and have the fruit—the shot—in my pocket. I will read from manuscript a poem. When I learned that speakers were to be chosen from geographical considerations, it occurred to me immediately that no geography could be complete without Ohio.

"The sun never shone on a country more fair
 Than beautiful, peerless Ohio,
 There's life in a kiss of her rarified air,
 Ohio, prolific Ohio.
 Her sons are valiant and noble and bright;
 Her beautiful daughters are just about right;
 And her babies, God bless them, are clear out of sight—
 That crop never fails in Ohio.

"When the burden of life I am called to lay down,
 I hope I may die in Ohio;
 I never could ask a more glorious crown
 Than one of the sod of Ohio.
 And when the last trump wakes the land and the sea
 And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
 You may all go aloft, if you choose, but for me—
 I think I'll just stay in Ohio."

The secret, Mr. Toastmaster, is now out. I am a native of that political hot-bed, Ohio, but I wish at this time to say, firmly but kindly, that I am not now, nor shall I in the future be or become, a candidate for the presidency of these United States, reserving unto myself, however, the preroga-

tive and privilege of hereafter repudiating this statement, casting my hat in the ring, and putting Ohio again on the map, by George!

However, in this connection, out of consideration for, we know not how many, aspirants to this high office, who are with us tonight, I will add that, should my aspirations to the chief justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States be satisfied, I do hereby relinquish, release, waive, and forever quit-claim, all my right, title, interest, claim or lien in, upon, under, through, and over, the said office of the said presidency aforesaid of this home of the free and the land of the trusts.

With this brief introduction I will turn to the more serious consideration of my subject, *The Chain and the Link*.

I was at one time interested in watching a steel crane lift a load of many tons. Through the massive pulley at the end of the arm ran a chain of heavy steel links. The chain was hooked on to the heavy burden and at a signal the donkey engine snorted and puffed, the machine creaked and groaned, and the load swung clear. Up it went, three, four, five feet; and then the arm began to swing around; and just at this point there was a snap like a pistol shot and a rattling of the chains, and the load buried itself in the earth. The chain had parted. The foreman brought me the broken link to examine, and we discovered in it only a small crack or check, not over a half inch long and one-sixteenth deep, but that flaw, small and insignificant as it seemed, was enough to destroy the efficiency of the entire machine and it rendered the chain as useless as if all its links were made of putty. It was the clearest example I have ever seen of the maxim, that the chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

Our Fraternity is a chain, cast in the mold of friendship and welded by the fire of brotherly love. Our Charges are the links in the chain, and each link is made up of the men who make the Charge.

The machinist has various means by which he tests the strength of his machine; and he knows full well that to trust to his eye courts disaster. He will tap the part with his hammer to hear if its ring is clear, he will test its tensile strength, he will try it with heavy weights and apply every device known to science before he trusts it to the duty it is called to perform.

When we come to seek our raw material, and many times it is most raw, we should not trust our eye. The purest, strongest ingot sometimes presents the roughest surface. It is the thing within that counts. You don't expect pig iron and raw steel to shine and sparkle with a high polish. When some home-grown, whole-souled, hand-spanked product of the farm comes up for inspection we can not afford to turn him down, simply because we discover a little alfalfa seed in his back hair or because he shakes hands with you as though he were handling the plow on the back forty. He must be tested and tried. We must see if he rings clear and if he can carry the burden. We must look to the purity of his heart and the strength of his will. We must measure the height of his ambition and test the strength of his fidelity. The worst flaws are those beneath the surface. The surface checks can often be smoothed down and polished off; but when the flaw is in the heart or the break is in the brain they are many times beyond repair.

When I was in college I recall the test that we applied to our candidates; as I look back upon it I marvel at its wisdom. When we were considering a man, we asked ourselves the question, can we take him home with us, live with him, eat and sleep with him, and with honor introduce him to our mother and sisters? If the answer was in the affirmative we usually accepted the man as good, sound material. If the negative, we sensed a flaw in him and turned him down.

And so, in all earnestness I say to you tonight, that the firmness of our