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The university's tribute to her men of the service and the dedication of Lincoln terrace ... Alumni day, June 24, 1919. 1919

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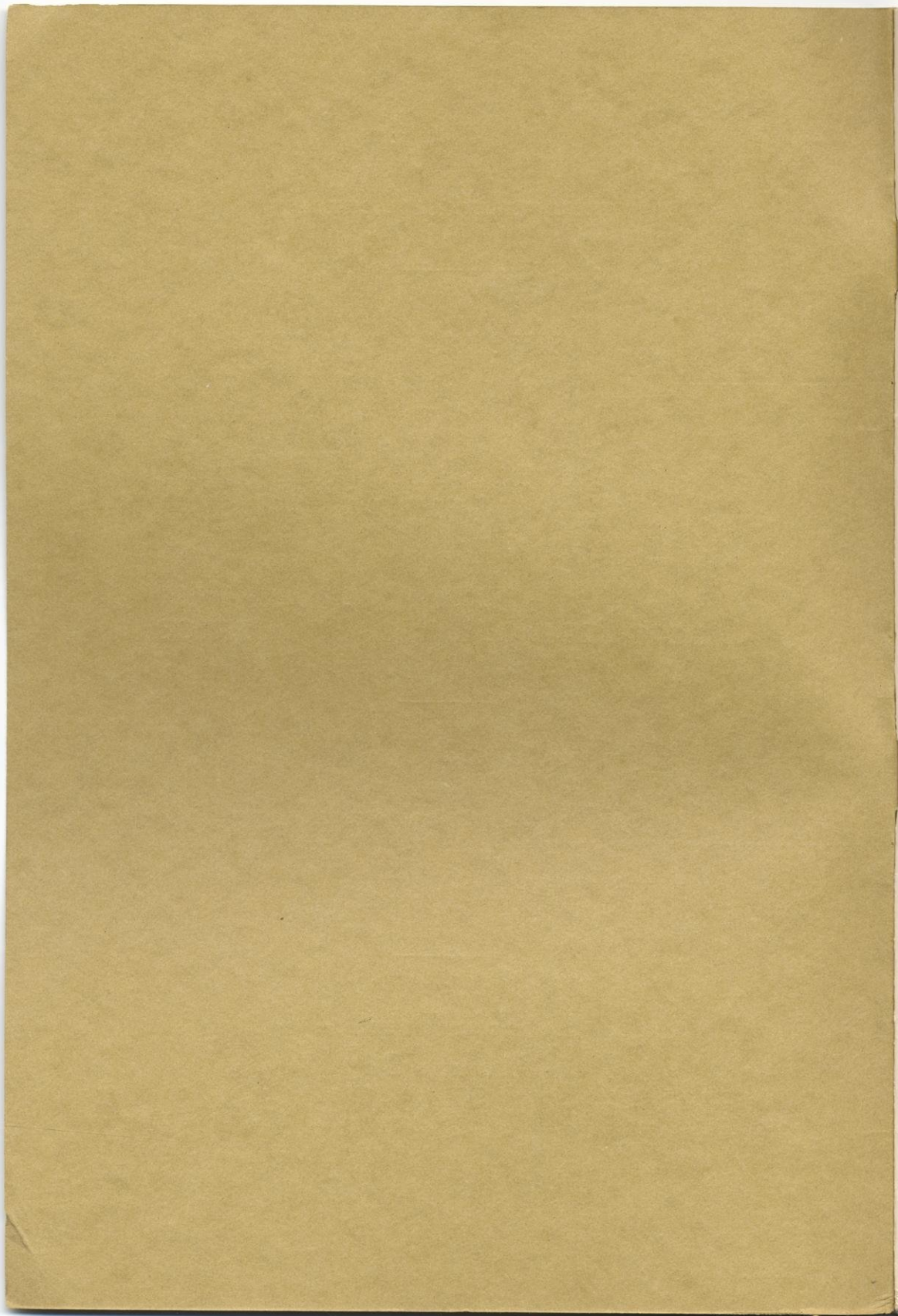
THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

The University's Tribute
to her
Men of the Service
and the
Dedication of Lincoln Terrace

By

The Regents and Faculty
The Alumni Association
The Senior Class

Lincoln Terrace
Alumni Day
June 24, at 4:30 o'clock
1919





“Believe ye that Happiness lies in Liberty, and Liberty in Courage.”

These words, which issued from the lips of Pericles at the burial of the fallen warriors of Athens in 430 B. C., enunciate one of the eternal truths that every new age gives a deeper content,—a greater reach.

This truth has shown its vitality throughout the centuries. In the greatest moments of individuals as of nations it has determined their fate. These moments are the ones when it is necessary, with firm and conscious effort, to guide the Ship of Fate—moments which, if neglected, never return.

Whenever a nation through determined achievement has shown its right to live, then there has burned in the hearts of its leaders a flame of conviction that no Happiness is to be found without Liberty, and no Liberty is won except through Courage.

—*Ellen Key, 1914*

The Peacemaker

BY JOYCE KILMER

Upon his will he binds a radiant chain;
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war, he must a warrior be.
He dwells in Night, eternal dawn to see,
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.

. . . .

What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,
And has for captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

Sergeant Kilmer was killed in action on the Ourcq battle-field, in France, July 30, 1918. Before the war he was the editor of Current Poetry in The Literary Digest.

Kilmer was the first American man of letters killed under the American flag in the Great War for Civilization. With the English poet, Rupert Brooke, who met his end at Gallipoli, and that other American poet, Alan Seeger, who, like Kilmer, gave up his life on the soil of France, Kilmer's memory will remain an inspiration in the consecration of talent to the highest service, no matter what sacrifice may be involved.

The Spirit of America

*As voiced by Lieutenant Guy Black, '17, who was killed in action near Fismes, in France, September 14, 1918.**

Soldiering is my present profession, not so much for the love of the game as for a combination of circumstances. Possession of a college education makes it possible for me to become (fortunately or unfortunately, and I often think the latter) an officer instead of an "honest-to-goodness" soldier. I do not like to boast of any incipient abilities in this occupation—there are too many standing ready to call me, if I did. All my ambitions now are compressed into one desire—to be in the first wave of that mighty host which will ultimately go over the top, carrying with it the slogan "True world democracy," that is to become the guiding spirit of the progress of the next centuries. The satisfaction of this in years to come would be immeasurable; to be trampled down in the fight that is to lead to such a victory is a sufficient accomplishment for any one poor mortal.

*Extract from a letter written in November, 1917, at Camp Mills, N. Y.

Program

PRESIDENT EDWARD A. BIRGE, Presiding

Preliminary Number---Semper Fidelis

By the University Band, Led by Captain Wm. E. Yates

The Bugle Sounds Assembly for the Men of the Service

The Procession Starts, Halting before the Columns of Honor

The Band Plays: The Stars and Stripes Forever

March through the Columns of Honor to the Lincoln Monument

The Band Plays: On, Wisconsin

Guardians of the Columns: Amy Jobse and Ragnhild Skaar, of the Junior Class

Wreath Bearers for the Gold Star Men

Escort: The Women of the Senior Class in Cap and Gown

Patrol: Women of the Junior and Sophomore Classes

Guard of Honor: The Wisconsin State Guard

The National Anthem---The Star-Spangled Banner

By the Assemblage, Led by Dr. Charles H. Mills

Invocation

By Bishop Samuel Fallows, '59

Salutation to the President---The Varsity Toast

By the Assemblage

The University's Welcome to her Alumni, Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines

By the President of the University

The State's Welcome

By Emanuel L. Philipp, Governor of the State

Our Men in Action Overseas

By Colonel Gilbert E. Seaman, Regent of the University

The Alumni Tribute to our Men of the Service

By George I. Haight, '99

Response

By Captain Paul S. Taylor, '17, who fought at Belleau Wood

The Awarding of Honor Medals

By President Frederick H. Clausen, '97, of the Alumni Association

The Gold Star Roll and the Unfurling of the Service Flag*

Announcement and Ceremony by Dean George C. Sellery, of the College of Letters and Science

The Battle-Hymn of the Republic

By the Assemblage

Dedication of Lincoln Terrace

By Dr. Charles H. Vilas, '65, President of the Regents

Address---The Memory of Lincoln

By Richard Lloyd Jones

Announcements

By Professor Julius E. Olson, Master of Ceremonies

The National Hymn---America

By the Assemblage

* This Service Flag was dedicated on Memorial Day, 1918.

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

—*Samuel F. Smith, 1832*

President Van Hise's Last Greeting to
Wisconsin Men

★ TO OUR MEN IN THE SERVICE ★

DEAR **S**ons of **W**isconsin! If this is a **MERRY CHRISTMAS**, you have helped make it so; if **P**ease & **G**ood **W**ill have returned to the earth, your sacrifice and toil have helped bring them back. If to-day, because of the triumph of **R**ight & **J**ustice, a new light has broken across the world, it is to you and our heroic dead that we owe our right to hail its beams.

YOUR **U**niversity is proud to reckon more than **T**hree **T**housand of her sons in the service, two thousand of you having gone as undergraduates. Another three thousand men, wearing the uniform of our country, have drilled on the campus this fall. Through the years to come we shall proudly recall that it was from our doors you went out to battle; your **G**allantry will inspire the men and women who come after you, and will give a new radiance to the **S**pirit of **W**isconsin.

IN the **N**ew **Y**ear which is dawning for mankind we renew our pledge of devotion to the **C**ommonwealth and the **N**ation. We wish you **G**ood **L**uck and a safe return. "On **W**isconsin!"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**

The Gold Star Roll

*“They gave their lives to make the whole world free.
They reeked not to what flag they were assigned—
The Starry Banner, the Cross or fleur-de-lis;
Their sacrifice was made for all mankind.”*

MORGAN MACDONALD ANDERSON, 1918, Milwaukee, Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action on October 5, 1918, while participating in the American offensive southeast of Chateau Thierry. Was a senior law student, having entered the university from Beloit College.

HERBERT LAFLIN AVERY, 1918, Shreveport, La., Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F. Died of Spanish Influenza on November 12, 1918, aboard the U. S. S. Hubbard, en route to France with troops. Buried at Arlington Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, in accordance with a wish he expressed shortly before his death. Made ensign in December 1917, and later made assistant navigation officer on the “Sudberry.” Shortly before his death, was commissioned Lieutenant and transferred to the U. S. S. Hubbard.

CHARLES WALKER BALDWIN, 1920, West Allis, Second Class Seaman, U. S. N. R. F. Died of heart trouble on August 1, 1918, while training at Municipal Pier, Chicago. The first gold star on the monster service flag at the Pier was placed there in his memory.

EDEN J. BALDWIN, 1918, Milwaukee, Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed in train wreck overseas on December 5, 1918. Enlisted first in Heavy Field Artillery. Transferred to aviation and was an aerial observer of the 90th Aero Squadron, zone of advance. Buried at Bois, France.

MAURICE E. BARNETT, 1920, Neenah, Lieutenant, Marines. Killed in action in November, 1918. At Chateau Thierry, was one of the twenty men of his company—the 96th Company, 6th Regiment, Marines—who captured Bouresches on June 6th. On June 7th, he won a citation for “displaying qualities of leadership and coolness under fire in leading patrols to posts through heavy machine gun fire.” Was gassed on June 14th, returning to service in August. Promoted to Lieutenant. Took part in the St. Mihiel drive and the Blanc Mont Ridge battle. Was recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre for “extraordinary heroism in action.” Went into the Meuse-Argonne offensive, reported wounded in action, later reported killed in action on November 1, 1918. Promoted to First Lieutenant in November.

WILLIAM GUY BARTLETT, 1916, New Glarus, Private, Medical Corps. Died of spinal meningitis on January 25, 1918, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. There was great need of nurses so he volunteered to nurse, and contracted spinal meningitis. A graduate of the Pharmacy Course.

FRANK L. BEAN, 1900, Barnard, S. Dak. Killed in action in France on October 21, 1918.

AUGUSTUS FOSS BELL, 1918, Chicago, Ill., First Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed on October 3, 1918, in trial flight, after finishing a course in aviation school. Was one of the twenty American men to receive the French brevet. Was also awarded a medal from the French Aeronautical League for the successful work of his students at the front. Buried at Issoudun, France.

MERRILL MANNING BENSON, 1919, Sterling, Ill., Red Cross Ambulance Service. Killed in action. Was with Reserve Mallet and had been over most of the Western front.

CARL HERMAN BERGER, 1917, Mayville, Second Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action in the battle of Kadish, Russia, on December 31, 1918. Buried in Archangel in the Duria Sector.

GUY BLACK, 1917, Fort Atkinson, Lieutenant, Infantry, 77th Division. Killed in action on September 14, 1918, while advancing toward enemy lines near Fismes. Was standing, oblivious to personal danger, calling his men by name and directing the advance upon an entrenched German position, when killed. Was commended for heroism by the major of his company.

EMMONS BLAINE JR., 1918, Lake Mills, Government Shipbuilder. Died of illness on October 9, 1918, at Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.

RAYMOND FRANCIS BLOECHER, 1916, Wittenberg, Lieutenant, Machine Gun Company. Killed on July 18, 1918, in the American drive at Soissons, by a bursting shell. A few hours before his death, had taken command of his company, following the death of the regular commanding officer earlier in the day.

GEORGE EARL BRAINERD, 1915, Lone Rock, Sergeant, Artillery. Died of pneumonia on October 6, 1918, at Camp Taylor. Enlisted on August 1, 1918, in Heavy Artillery.

STEPHEN BRIGHAM, 1913, Madison, First Lieutenant, Infantry. Died on August 4, 1918, of wounds received the day before in the second battle of the Marne.

FERN WATSON BRISTOL, 1920, Oakfield, Private, Infantry, 32d Division. Died of pneumonia at the Naval Base Hospital, Brest, France, on March 9, 1918. Was the third Wisconsin man to die in service.

JOHN WILLIAM BUCKLEY, 1920, Grand Rapids, First Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed on November 8, 1918, on a photographic observing mission in an aviation school in France, while acting as an instructor. One of the first Wisconsin men to enter service. Prior to his death, had seen several months of service flying on the Flanders front. Air conditions on the fatal day were unfavorable, the plane made a tailspin, and in attempting to right it the horizontal stabilizer crumpled. The machine made a 2000 foot nose dive, crushing Lieutenant Buckley and his observer to death.

ALEXANDER BRADLEY BURNS, 1920, Downer's Grove, Ill., Corporal, Field Artillery, 42d Division. Died in the Chaufontaine Hospital, near Luneville, France, on March 10, 1918, as the result of twenty-four shrapnel wounds received two day earlier while repairing the battery telephone line under bombardment. Had been cited for bravery in American and French dispatches dated March 7. As the result of his efforts, communication between neighboring French and American field artillery was restored after having been broken by enemy action for more than six hours. Was recommended for the Croix de Guerre, awarded on March 8, being the first man of his regiment to win a decoration.

WILLIAM BATEMAN CAIRNS, 1919, Madison, Sergeant, Infantry, 32d Division. Killed in action on July 30, 1918, during the drive toward Fismes. Had been in the very midst of desperate fighting for two weeks before his death.

JOHN GERALD CARADINE, 1920, Monroe, Corporal, Infantry, 32d Division. Died at an American base hospital on August 12, 1918, as a result of wounds received six days earlier from a bursting high explosive shell during the battle of Chateau Thierry. Enlisted in the Wisconsin National Guard in June, 1914, and served on the Mexican border for thirty months. Wounded just after the capture of Fismes.

GEORGE ALBERT CARY, 1915, Richmond, Virginia, Lieutenant, Aviation. Died on November 19, 1918, of injuries received in a fall at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. Entered Princeton Ground School in September, 1917, remaining until December, when he transferred to Kelly Field. Made instructor in charge of formation flying, and final tester on the Headquarters Flight Board.

MARCUS THOMAS CASEY, 1918, New Richmond, Lieutenant, Infantry. Died of pneumonia on the Archangel front, September 16, 1918, just as his ambition to see active service was about to be realized. Had been in Russia but five days at the time of his death. Was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year.

BRUCE WALBRATH CLARKE, 1914, Augusta, First Lieutenant, Infantry, 32d Division. Killed in action at Fismes, August 6, 1918, during the first great American advance at Chateau Thierry. His company was cited for distinguished service during the initial American offensive.

EDWIN CLAUSING, 1917, Grafton, Private, Infantry. Died May 24, 1918, when the "Maldaria" was sunk in the English Channel by a German submarine.

EDMUND R. COLLINS, 1912, Racine, Lieutenant, Infantry. Died of wounds received in action, on March 24, 1919, in Archangel, Russia.

JOHN MARK CONNOLLY, 1918, Milwaukee, Warrant Machinist, U. S. N. R. F. Died of pneumonia at the Brooklyn Naval Hospital, December 16, 1918. Had sailed for France in October, and was in Bordeaux when the armistice was signed. Returned to New York in December. Had been recommended for promotion as ensign. While at the university, was an instructor in telegraphy.

CHARLES F. COOLEY, 1920, Madison, Private, Infantry, 28th Division. Died in France on March 12, 1919, of spinal meningitis. Entered Camp Grant in July, 1918, went overseas with the Rainbow Division. Saw active service for sometime before his death. Buried in an American cemetery, Baribey-au-Claim, Mearche-et-Momelle, France.

HARRY WORTHINGTON CRAIG, 1919, Cleveland, Ohio. First Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed near Soissons on October 20, 1918, while making an observation flight over German trenches. Had been in France for several months before his death, and had piloted gunning, bombing, and observation planes. For bravery at Fismes, where he secured important photographs of enemy-held territory, was awarded the Croix de Guerre, the first Wisconsin man to receive this decoration. Ten days before his death, had successfully conducted a bombing expedition, destroying large quantities of German stores. For this, was decorated with the Croix de Guerre with the Palm just before his death. Originally, had been sent to France as an ambulance driver.

MARION CHARLES CRANFIELD, 1918, Madison, Lieutenant, Infantry, 32d Division. Killed in action on July 30, 1918, at Chateau Thierry. A member of Company G, to which Lieutenant Cranfield was attached, states that although badly wounded in a charge, Lieutenant Cranfield crept along, urging his men forward, until he was struck in the head by a bullet. "He fell with his face toward the enemy."

GEORGE DANIEL CROWE, 1908, Antigo, Sergeant, Medical Corps. Died of influenza at Camp Mills, New York.

PAUL MONSER CURRIE, 1918, Minneapolis, Minn., Lieutenant, Aviation. Died in an aerial collision with a second plane at Kelly Field, South Antonio, Texas, on May 27, 1918, just before completing his flying course. Recommended to be a pilot.

FREDERICK JOHN CURTIN, 1911, Dalton, Mass. Died of pneumonia in London, England.

FRANK ALOYSIUS DALEY, 1912, Madison, Sergeant, Field Hospital, 32d Division. Died of pneumonia on November 20, 1918, at the now famous Field Hospital 127. Served under Major Lorenz of Madison, and was in the thick of the fight at Chateau Thierry and at Fismes, going out upon the battle field to give first aid to the wounded. During the decisive struggle of the first week of August, was obliged to remain in No Man's Land for three days and nights, under two fires, unable to return to the American lines.

HARRY DILLON, 1913, Mondovi, Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in the battle of Argonne Forest on October 2, 1918, by a shrapnel shell. Had been fighting for three months around Chateau Thierry, among other things, leading his men over the top on four consecutive days and taking all objectives assigned to him. Cited for conspicuous bravery in the vicinity of Soissons, and won the Croix de Guerre. Recommended for promotion as the result of gallantry at Chateau Thierry.

CLARENCE OLIVER DOCKEN, 1917, Mount Horeb, Sergeant, Quartermaster Corps, 32d Division. Died of spinal meningitis in the American military hospital at Liverpool, England, in February, 1918. Taken ill before arriving in England. Buried in Kirkdale Cemetery, Liverpool. While at the university, had assisted in the Physical Education Department.

JOSEPH CONWAY DODD, 1918, Louisville, Ky., Corporal, Engineers. Died of shrapnel wounds received while moving towards enemy lines near Lillars, France, on April 8, 1918. With seven others, went to repair the road for an advance. Word of the proposed movement reached enemy ears, and heavy barrage followed. The repair detail had to seek safety in a shell hole, where Corporal Dodd was gassed and received more than a score of wounds.

JOHN ANDREW DOHERTY, 1917, Dorchester, Mass., Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in the battle of Chateau Thierry on July 20, 1918, by a high explosive shell. Had been in the fighting around Cantigny. While at the university, was an instructor in the Physical Education Department.

LLOYD THOMAS DOLAN, 1921, Rhinelander, Private Quartermaster Corps. Died of Spanish influenza at Camp Green, North Carolina, on October 17, 1918, just before his unit left for overseas.

TRUEWORTHY ORIN DAVID DURGIN, 1918, Racine, Ensign, Navy Engineer. Died of Spanish influenza at Great Lakes, Illinois, on October 1, 1918. Was serving as an instructor at Municipal Pier.

LELAND RAYMOND DUXBURY, 1915, Hixton, Landsman, Radio Division, U. S. N. R. F. Died of Spanish influenza at Great Lakes, Illinois, on September 28, 1918.

STARR SEDGEWICK EATON, 1917, Madison, Captain, Infantry, 2d Division. Killed in action at Thiacourt, France, between Verdun and Metz, on September 14, 1918. Won the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action" at Vaux. Captured large numbers of prisoners and much ammunition.

EMERY EATOUGH, 1915, Sturgeon Bay, First Class Sergeant, Infantry, 32d Division. Died of pneumonia at U. S. Base Hospital No. 7, France, on September 16, 1918, as the result of being gassed at Chateau Thierry. Fought in the Somme district around Cantigny.

WILMER HUGES EICKE, Graduate, Narragansett Pier, R. I., Private, Field Artillery. Shot by a German sniper while shelling an enemy ammunition train near the Belgian border.

CLARENCE FERDINAND ELLEFSON, 1907, Madison, Wis. First Lieutenant, Cavalry. Regular Army Instructor in First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., in 1917. Died at the United States Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, on June 17, 1917. Was on duty when he became fatally ill.

JAMES N. ELLIOTT, 1917, Waco, Texas Corporal, Artillery, Headquarters Company. Died January 16, 1919, in Luxemburg. Had been a Lieutenant in Cavalry. Was discharged because of a broken leg, but later re-enlisted.

FRANK JOSEPH ENTROP, 1918, Cleveland, Ohio, Ensign, Radio Corps, U. S. N. R. F. Died September 30, 1918, at the Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass., of Spanish influenza.

HARRY FENELON, 1918, Rhinelander, Lieutenant, Infantry. Died on August 8, 1918, of wounds received at Fismes, August 4, 1918, while fifty yards ahead of his company, cheering his men on. Wounded three times. The first man to be promoted to First Lieutenant on French soil.

WILLIAM HENRY FOWLER, Graduate, San Antonio, Tex., Army Y. M. C. A. Died in service.

JOHN LYMAN GALVIN, 1920, Cottage Grove, Corporal, Field Artillery, 32d Division. Killed near Fismes, in the battle of Chateau Thierry, on August 11, 1918, by shrapnel. Was rescuing horses picketed in woods being shelled by the enemy. Had been cited for valor in several dispatches, his grave being marked with a special cross for bravery.

EDWARD GRANT GARNSEY, 1919, Grand Haven, Mich., Lieutenant, Aviation, Pursuit Squadron. Killed in action on October 20, 1918, by anti-aircraft guns firing at enemy raiders whom he was pursuing some miles back of the German lines. Was a comrade of Eddie Rickenbacker, America's Ace of Aces.

CHARLES PAUL GIESSING, Graduate, Brooklyn, N. Y. Died on October 3, 1918, at Camp Dix.

ALBERT FRANK GILMORE, 1919, Elizabeth, N. J., Lieutenant, Aviation. Died of pneumonia in the American Aviation Hospital near Issoudun, France, on October 3, 1918. Before entering aviation service, had served for nine months with the American Red Cross Ambulance Unit of the French Army. Was cited for services rendered near Verdun.

WILLIAM HUGO GLOGER, 1917, Watertown. Mineral Resources Division of Geological Branch of Survey. Died of pneumonia on October 2, 1918, at the George Washington University Hospital, Washington.

WILLIAM HENRY GRAHAM, 1918, Whitewater, Corporal, Infantry. Killed during the American advance at Chateau Thierry. Had been sent back for ammunition; on the return, a bursting high explosive shell killed or wounded all his squad. Had served in the National Guard for five years, and on the Mexican Border for two years.

CLYDE I. GRIFFITHS, Graduate, Ames, Iowa. Lieutenant, Aviation. Died on January 18, 1919, of Spanish influenza, while home on a furlough. Was teaching acrobatics at Houston, Texas.

ARLY L. HEDRICK, 1918, Kansas City, Mo. Captain, Engineers. Died at Brest, France, of spinal meningitis.

THOMAS EDWARD MALEY HEFFERAN, 1918, Chicago, Ill. Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed by machine gun fire at Chateau Thierry on August 1, 1918, while leading his platoon against an enemy machine gun nest. Enlisted in February 1917, in French Ambulance service. Served in the Verdun sector until October 1917, returning to the United States for officers' training. Saw service in Alsace-Lorraine and in Belgium. When killed, was wearing a Wisconsin arm band. Buried at Chaumery, near the grave of Quentin Roosevelt.

HAROLD HERMAN HOLLING, 1918, Plymouth, Observer, Balloon Aviation Service. Died of pneumonia at Columbus Flying School on April 4, 1918, following the contraction of a severe cold while doing practice observation work in a storm.

HARMON PORTER HOOK, 1920, Oak Park, Ill. Flying Cadet, Aviation. Died at home while on a furlough on December 15, 1918, of Spanish influenza. Previously, had been with the Chicago Ambulance Unit, but was transferred to aviation service at his own request.

LEON BECK HOOK, 1916, Wauwatosa. Flying Cadet, Naval Aviation. C. G. M. A. Died October 14, 1918, of Spanish influenza at Seattle, Washington.

THEODORE ROBERT HOYER, 1912, Syracuse, N. Y., Lieutenant, Infantry, 32d Division. Killed by enemy machine gun fire on July 18, 1918, at Chateau Thierry. Was a member of a party of volunteers to carry wounded. Saw several months of active fighting on the Alsatian and Belgian fronts.

JAMES ALBERT JENSEN, 1915, Clinton. Private, Infantry, 86th Division. Died October 1, 1918, of pneumonia in the American Hospital at Winchester, England.

EUGENE BLANCHARD JONES, 1917, Wilmet, Ill. Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed in combat behind the German lines on September 13, 1918, in the St. Mihiel offensive. Had crossed over the Hun lines to bomb a road over which enemy troops were moving to the front. His squadron of four planes was attacked by eight German planes. In the struggle, his plane and four Hun planes were brought down in flames.

JULIUS LEO JORDAN, 1916, Antigo, Private, Development Division, Chemical Warfare Service. Died of Spanish influenza on October 15, 1918, at Cleveland, Ohio. At the time of his death, was in a gas mask factory as inspector.

ASHER ESAIS KELTY, 1917, Rice Lake. Lieutenant, Aero Squadron. Killed by a direct shot while flying over enemy trenches near Bar Le Duc, France, on September 26, 1918. As flight commander, had led many observation tours and bombing raids during six months of active service. Recommended for captaincy. Awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

HENRY HALLECK KERR, 1911, Eau Claire, Wis. Died Nov. 11, 1918 on way to Camp Taylor.

HAROLD EVERETT KINNE, 1918, Orofino, Idaho, Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action near Soissons, France, July 19, 1918 the second day of the big American defensive. It was while heading off an enemy counter attack that he was struck in the head by a machine gun bullet. Went to the first training camp at Fort Sheridan, and was one of five men to be sent to France at once.

ALFRED CARL KOSS, 1920, Madison, Private, Infantry. Died Oct. 13, 1918 at Camp Grant, Illinois, of influenza.

ALFRED KRISTOPHERSON, 1916, Seattle, Wash., Sergeant, Infantry. Killed in action October 15, 1918 at Romange, Argonne, France. Went overseas with the 161st Infantry, Co. L first in construction, then training new troops. Later transferred to 126th Infantry in order that he might go to the front.

JAMES BLAINE LAMPERT, 1909, Oshkosh, Lieutenant Colonel, Engineers. Died Jan. 6, 1919 of bronchial pneumonia, at Toul, France. Had been in France for seventeen months. At time of his death was serving on the staff of General Hubert Deakyne, Chief Engineer of the Second Army. Graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1910.

STEVENSON PAUL LEWIS, 1917 Cleveland, Ohio, Lieutenant, Field Artillery. Killed in action near Verdun October 31, 1918. Enlisted in American Ambulance Service, sailed March 12, 1917 for France. His unit cited for work near Verdun. His Field Artillery Brigade cited four times. Discharged from Ambulance Field Service Sept. 12, 1917. Employed in U. S. Army Transport Service two months with Headquarters in Paris. Commissioned in France.

EDWARD MACH, 1914, Kewaunee, Private, Field Hospital Corps. Died of pneumonia at the Base Hospital, Camp Custer, Michigan, on March 4, 1918. Was engaged in army Y. M. C. A. work at the time of enlistment. Was Chief Recorder at the Base Hospital. Acted also as instructor in French and Public Speaking at various Y. M. C. A. camps.

GEORGE GAYLORD MACNISH, 1916, Stevens Point. Lieutenant, Infantry. Died at the American Base Hospital, Chateaux, France, of cerebral hemorrhage following a bayonet lesson in which he was acting as instructor. Pronounced by his superior officers as "one of the best bayonet instructors in the army." Went overseas in December, 1917. Had applied for a transfer to the front just before his death.

ROLAND HENRY MAHRE, 1916, Amery. Private, U. S. Navy, Medical Corps. Died September 21, 1918, of bronchial pneumonia, at Great Lakes, Ill.

KENNETH L. McHUGH, 1920, Milwaukee. Corporal, Field Artillery, 32d Division. Killed in action October 5, 1918, at Monfaucon, France, about twelve miles from Verdun, the result of a bursting shell. Had taken part in the fighting at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne.

GEORGE C. MERRELL, 1910, Ripon, Canadian Engineers. Reported died of wounds.

JOHN FRANKLIN MERRILL, 1917, Neshanic Station, N. J., First Lieutenant, Aviation. Disappeared in a fight with a "Taube" on the morning of October 4, 1918. While his death has never been officially confirmed, it was reported that his body was found in No Man's Land and buried by a detail of field hospital workers. His name has never appeared on prisoner lists. Was acting as a flight commander at the time he disappeared.

JOHN GORDAN MITCHELL, 1920, Milwaukee, First Lieutenant, Infantry. Died January 4, 1919, of pneumonia, in France.

JOHN LENDRUM MITCHELL, 1917, Milwaukee, First Lieutenant, A. S. S. C. Killed in a fall from his plane at Toul, France, on May 27, 1918. Enlisting in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, was trained at the Aviation Ground School at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the American Flying School at Paris, where he was commissioned in September. He had charge of the construction of two fields up to the time of his death.

ROGER EMMETT MOORE, 1915, Madison, Instructor, First Officers Training School. Died of pneumonia at Camp Zachary Taylor on October 2, 1918, following an attack of Spanish influenza. Was instructor in the mathematics department of the University.

BENJAMIN HARRISON MUELLER, 1911, Alma, Lieutenant, Infantry. Died at an American Field Hospital at Beauvard, France on July 27, 1918, of wounds received the day before while leading an attack against an enemy machine gun nest. Had seen fine months of front line service and was recommended for promotion to a captaincy at the time of his death. Buried in an American Cemetery, at Bezu le Guery, Aisne, France.

HENRY RICHARD MURPHY, 1915, Beaver Dam, Under call, unassigned. Died of typhoid pneumonia at Trinity Hospital, Milwaukee on April 3, 1918. He was to have entrained for Camp Stevens, Oregon, on the day of his death.

WALTER HENRY MURPHY, 1913, Elkhorn, Lieutenant, Infantry. Died October 13, 1918, of Spanish influenza, at Vitry-le-Francois. Had been in France in active service for over a year, and has seen very hard fighting.

H. G. NELSON, 1919, Carrollton, Ill., Private, Infantry. Died March 22, 1918 in Stermes, France, of pneumonia and diphtheria. Had previously been with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces at Dibgale Camp, Shower Cliff, Kent, England.

JOHN BASTIAN NELSON, 1914, Eau Claire, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry, 32d Div. Killed in action on October 8, 1918 in battle of Argonne Forest, France, while leading his troops against the Kriemhilde line. Served in the Alsace-Lorraine sector, then saw four months of constant fighting at Chateau-Thierry and along the Belgian front before his death.

GEORGE B. NOBLE, Graduate, Roanoke, Va., 1st Lieutenant, Infantry. Died of wounds received July 28, 1918 in American advance near the Ourcq River northeast of Chateau-Thierry. Although he had been wounded in action, he refused to be evacuated until late in the afternoon when he was ordered by a superior officer to leave the field. Awarded a Distinguished Service cross before his death.

ALBERT H. OSTRANDER, 1921, Columbus, Private, Infantry. Died July 19, 1918 of wounds received in action the day before while fighting around Chateau-Thierry. Wounded by an enemy barrage set up preceding a noon-attack which was not repulsed until evening. Saw first active service in the Cantigny sector, going over the top for the first time in the battle of Catigny, May 1, 1918. In the drive of Soissons, he was severely wounded.

HELENE PARKINSON PECK, 1913, Darlington, 1st Class Yeoman, U. S. N. R. F. Died of pneumonia at Washington, D. C., on November 13, 1918, following an attack of influenza. She was teaching in a North Dakota high school when the government's urgent call for women workers came. Enlisted in the Naval Reserve Forces, and was assigned to an office of the Bureau of Navigation where she acted as senior clerk.

RALPH HANEY PERRY, 1916, Algoma, Captain, Infantry, 32d Division. Died on November 22, 1918, of wounds received in the Battle of Argonne Forest.

WELLBORN SAXON PRIDDY, 1917, Chicago, Ill., 1st Lieutenant, Infantry. Died on May 22, 1918, of gas poisoning. Was at the front from January, 1918, until his death. Was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "displaying courage, judgment, and devotion to duty, in heroically defending his position against a large force of the enemy, and continuing to perform his duty after having been badly gassed."

FLOYD ALLEN RAMSEY, 1920, Beloit, Sergeant, Infantry, 32d Division. Died of influenza near Nevers, France, August 21, 1918. Served with the Wisconsin National Guard on the Mexican border in 1916. Had served in the Alsace-Lorraine sector and along the Belgian border, and had gone through the battle of Chateau Thierry before his death.

EDWARD RAND RICHTER, 1907, Milwaukee, Aviation, S. R. C. Died at Issoudun, October 11, 1918.

EUGENE ROARK, Faculty and Graduate, Richmond, Ky., Cadet, Naval Aviation. Died of pneumonia, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on October 14, 1918. Before his enlistment was an instructor of Pathology in the University of Wisconsin.

JOHN BASIL ROBERTS, 1918, Madison, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry, 32d Division. Died in an American field hospital near Dreveigny, from wounds received the day before. Served as a private, corporal, and sergeant on the Mexican border, and re-enlisted in 1917. Saw service in the Alsace-Lorraine sector and along the Belgian border. Later went through the battle of Chateau Thierry. Cited for bravery in drive of Chateau Thierry.

WYATT RUSHTON, Graduate, Montgomery, Ala., Corporal, 41st Division, Headquarters Co., Intelligence Department. Died at sea on his way home from France, February 6, 1919. While in France acted under confidential instructions from the general of his division.

DONALD McCORMACK SAGE, 1919, Delavan, Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed in an airplane accident at Issoudun, on August 11, 1918. His plane was at an altitude of 3,000 feet when it fell. He was to have been transferred to the front for observation work in another ten days.

HAROLD SARGENT, 1917, Antigo, Lieutenant, Infantry, 30th Division. Killed in action while leading his men against the enemy at Fontaine-en-Dormoise, on September 28th, 1918. He received the Croix de Guerre of the order of his division with silver star from French government. The citation reads: "He conducted his section bravely. Mortally wounded while trying to encircle a machine gun."

CARL C. SEARLE, 1915, Topeka, Kansas, Private, Medical Reserve Corps. Died in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, October 9, 1918. At the time of his death, was a student in the Johns Hopkins Medical School, and expected to be called for immediate service at any time. Engaged in experimental work on war gasses during summer of 1917.

GLENN SIMONSON, 1914, Wautoma, Private, Infantry, 32d Division. Killed on October 4, 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Had served in the fighting at Cantigny and St. Mihiel.

EARL EUGENE SMITH, 1917, Oshkosh, Sergeant, Infantry. Died at Camp Taylor, October 12, 1918. Enlisted in 1918 in aviation section of army. Later transferred to Camp Taylor.

WALTON KIMBALL SMITH, 1918, Cudahy, Wis., Cadet, Aviation. Killed July 16, 1918, by fall of plane near Kent, England. Was observer at Observer's School of Aerial Gunnery, Royal Air Force, New Pomery, Kent, England.

ROY BOGCESS STAVELAND, 1904, Chicago, Ill., Captain, Field Artillery. Died at point of embarkation, on the eve of receiving commission as major, July 31, 1918.

FREDERICK STEAR, 1913, Ft. Atkinson. Died of pneumonia on October 31, 1918, in England. Enlisted with Canadian Cavalry Brigade, B. E. F., France. He was in the front line trenches when he was taken ill, and from there was sent to a hospital in England.

STANLEY STORY STEVENS, 1914, Oak Park, Ill. With the Illinois National Guard. Died in France, 1917.

GERALD STIVERS, 1918, Ripon, Lieutenant, Aviation. Killed when his plane was shot down behind enemy lines, October 1, 1918. He was officially credited with two enemy planes and two balloons, and unofficially with three other planes. At first reported missing, but later reported dead. Received Distinguished Service Cross posthumously.

WILLIS D. STORER, 1916, Chicago, Ill., Lieutenant, Field Artillery. Killed in the Battle of Argonne Forest, October 2, 1918. He had been commissioned at Camp Taylor, and was immediately sent overseas as an "honor man." He also completed his training at Fontambleau with honors.

FRANK AUSTIN STURTEVANT, 1915, Oak Park, Ill., Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action on October 2, 1918. After going overseas he was made a Battalion Scout Officer, in charge of forty men.

HAROLD M. SWIFT, 1918, Markesan. Died on October 12, 1918, Base Hospital, Camp Taylor, Ky. Was truck driver for Headquarters Company, F. A. R. D.

EARL ALLISON THOMAS, 1913 Williamsburg, Va. Private, Quartermaster's Coops. Killed by aerial bomb on Belgian border, on June 28, 1918.

CARL THOMPSON, 1913, Curtiss, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action near the Marne River, on August 31, 1918. Was wounded at Chateau-Thierry.

HYMAN TISHLER, 1921, Milwaukee, Private, Engineers. Died of wounds received in the St. Mihiel offensive, September 6, 1918. Was wounded while repairing a bridge which had been destroyed by enemy bombers earlier in the day.

CHARLES HENRY ULMER, 1920, Pottsville, Pa., Lieutenant, U. S. Marines. Died of wounds received in the battle of Belleau Wood after almost a year of service overseas. Cited in several dispatches for bravery in the fighting about Verdun.

JOHN VANCE LAANEN, 1917, Green Bay. Died in Base Hospital No. 52, LeMaus, France. Was severely gassed twice which caused his death. Was in service with English unit, from October 28, to November 12.

JOHN CROWELL VAN RIPER, 1913, South Bend, Ind., Lieutenant, Chemical Warfare Service. Died of pneumonia in Tours, France, on December 17, 1918. Enlisted in July, 1918, and was commissioned in August, 1918; sailed for France on September first. In France was assigned to the Chemical Warfare Service.

KARL WAGNER, 1921, Madison, Private, Engineers. Died April 18, 1918, at Brest, France, of pneumonia.

HILBERT C. WALLABER, 1908, Milwaukee, Captain, Field, 32d Division. Killed in action, August 21, 1918, near Fismes. Served on the Mexican border for three months in 1916. In the battle of Chateau-Thierry, was struck by a fragment of a shell and died instantly. Buried in Courville.

WILLIAM WALLRICH, 1917, Shawano, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action on July 23, 1918, near Jaulgonne, northeast of Chateau-Thierry. While in France, was appointed Regimental gas officer, and had been in charge of several gas attacks at the time of his death. He was a member of Wisconsin's famous first contingent to Fort Sheridan, and was commissioned there. He received his university diploma while in camp.

LYMAN CASE WARD, 1916, St. Louis, Mo., Major, Infantry. Killed in action on November 9, 1918, in the Verdun Sector. A member of the first unit of American men to be placed in the front line trenches. His grave at Haudromont bears the inscription, "Killed while gallantly leading his battalion in action."

LUCIAN PORTER WETHERBY, 1912, Minneapolis, Minn. Killed in action on February 15, 1917. Enlisted with the Australian Imperial Forces, and was for nine months in the Verdun Sector.

DONALD WILLIAM WHITE, 1918, Manitowoc, Lieutenant, Infantry. Killed in action on November 1, 1918, while repelling an enemy attack northeast of Chateau-Thierry. Awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism under fire.

FRANKLIN CHARLES WILLIAMS, 1917, Milwaukee, Sergeant, Field Artillery, 32d Division. Taken ill on transport and died at the Mossley Hill Red Cross Hospital, Liverpool, England, on April 3, 1918.

OTTO WINTER, 1911, River Falls, Lieutenant, Medical Corps. Enlisted in May, 1917. Had charge of orthopedic work at Fort Snelling, Home on a four-day furlough at the time of his death.

ELMER WILLIAM WITTHUHN, 1917, Appleton, Private, Infantry. Died of pneumonia at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. on October 17, 1918.

GUSTAVE DE NEVEN WRIGHT, 1917, Oak Park, Ill., Lieutenant, Infantry, 81st Division. Killed in action on October 8, 1918, near Vaux Prete, on the Hindenburg line.

ALEXANDER FRANK ZACHE, 1916, Milwaukee, 2d Class Electrician, Navy. Died at the U. S. Marine Hospital in Philadelphia on December 4, 1918. Ten days before his death, was assigned to the U. S. S. Minnesota at Philadelphia

In Flanders' Fields
By Colonel John D. McCrea

[The Call]

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,
In Flanders' fields.

The Promise
By Charles R. Galbreath

In Flanders' fields the cannon boom,
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders' fields.

Sleep on, ye brave, the shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle-hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well;
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning hearts and oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe, or sleep with you,
In Flanders' fields.

The Fulfilment

By James A. Williams

In Flanders' fields, the poppies bloom
Above your lowly, hallowed tomb,
That your brave deeds may never die.
The torch of freedom, lifted high,
Shall shine forever where you lie.
No more in Flanders' fields will grow
The crosses, endless, row on row;
For crushed and conquered lies the foe.
We kept the faith, we've seen it through,
Our myriad brave lie dead with you
In Flanders' fields.

Sweet be your rest! Our task is done.
The tramp of armies, boom of gun,
And furious cry of savage Hun
Are silent now. The victory's won!
Peace to your souls! The victory's won,
In Flanders' fields.

Abraham Lincoln---An Ode

By William Ellery Leonard

Read by the author at the unveiling of the Lincoln Statue,
Alumni Day, 1909.

I

There runs a simple argument
That, with the power to give a great man birth,
The insight and the exaltation
To judge him at his splendid worth
Best proves the vigor of a continent,—
The blood that pulses in a nation.

We call ourselves the militant and wise
Heirs of dominion, lords of enterprise;
And 'tis no craven faith whose works we name:
The prairie sown, the factories aflame,
The mountain mines, the battle-fleets that came
Victorious home from islands of sunrise,
The cities towering to the windy skies—
A new-world faith that is a world's new fame!

Yet we are wiser than we think we are,
Nor walk we by that iron faith alone:
God and the west wind and the morning star
And manhood still are more than steel or stone!—
And among the proofs of what we do inherit
In the dominion of the spirit,
Through that material uproar, toil, and strife
Of our vast people's life,
There is a story, eloquent and low,
Waiting the consecrated scroll and pen,
More lovely, more momentous than we dream:
How, year by year, behind the blare and show,
Lincoln has prospered in the hearts of men;
And a great love compelleth to the theme.

II

I stood among the watchers by the bed,
And caught the solemn cry of Stanton, when,
A statesman gifted with a prophet's ken,
Stanton looked up to God and said,
On the first moment the gaunt form lay dead,
"Now he belongs unto the ages!"—then,
Transfigured to a little child again,
Bowed in his hands that grim, defiant head.

III

I marked a people, hearing what had come,
Whisper, as if Death housed in every street,
And look in each others' faces and grow dumb;
While, with the Stars and Stripes for winding-sheet,
And roses and lilies at his head and feet,
He crossed the valleys to the muffled drum.

And still the white-haired mothers tell
How knell of bell and tolling bell,
Onward and overland,
On from the ocean strand,
Over the misty ridges,
Over the towns and bridges,
Over the river ports,
Over the farms and forts,
Mingled their aery music, far and high,
With April sunset and the evening sky.

IV

Grief mellowed into love at Time's eclipse,
Our loftiest love from out our loftiest grief:
From him we have named the mountains and the ships,
We have named our children from the martyred chief;
And, whilst we write his works and words of state
For the proud archives of the Country's great,
How often it seems we like to linger best

Around the little things he did or said,
The quaint and kindly shift, the homespun jest,
Dear random memories of a father dead;
His image is in the cottage and the hall,
A tattered print perhaps, a bronze relief,
One calm and holy influence over all,
A household god that guards an old Belief;
And in a mood divine,
Elder than Christian psalm or pagan rite,
We have made his birthplace now the Nation's shrine,
Fencing the hut that bore him in the night,
As 'twere the mausoleum of a Line,
With granite colonnades and walls forever white.

V

And poets, walking in the open places,
By marsh, or meadow, or Atlantic seas,
Twined him with Nature in their harmonies —
Folk-hero of the last among the races,
As elemental as the rocks and trees;
One of the world's old legendary faces,
Moving amid Earth's unknown destinies.
To Lowell he became like Plutarch's men,
Yet worked in sweetest clay from out the breast
Of the unexhausted West;
In Whitman's nocturne at the twilight hush
He seems a spirit come to dwell again
With odor of lilac and star and hermit thrush;
And, though the goodly hills of song grow dim
Beyond the smoke and traffic of today,
The poets somehow found the ancient way
And reached the summits when they sang of him.

VI

The sculptors dropped their measuring rods,
Their cunning chisels from the gods,
From woman in her marble nakedness,
From what they carved of flowing veil or dress,

Perceiving something they might not contemn,
A majesty of unsolved loveliness,
Standing between the eternal sun and them.
And, in his gnarléd face,
With shaggy brow and bearded base,
The corded hand, the length and reach of limb,
Their generous handicraft
Has proved how well they saw
No antic Nature's curious sport or whim
Who made him as she laughed,
But strict adjustment after subtlest law —
To finer sense a firm and ordered whole,
An output of a soul,
A frame, a visage for delight and awe,
Even were it not also witness unto Time
Of deeds sublime.
Thus, true of eye and hand,
The sculptors gave his statues to the land.

VII

One stands in Boston's crowded square,
Stern to rebuke and pitiful to save,
One moment of his labors it stands there,
And from its feet is rising up the slave;
One by Chicago's noisy highway stands,
As if pronouncing on a civic fate,
Seeming to view a people's outstretched hands,
Seeming to feel the armies at the gate.

And now,— and here,—
In the young summer of the hundredth year,
So beautiful and still,
The scholar (he who learns to wait
For meanings than the rest more clear)
Unveileth on the everlasting hill,
With everlasting sky around its head,
Between the woodland inland waters,
Fronting a domèd city spread
In yonder distance like a garden bed,

This mighty Presence for our sons and daughters,
That shows him not in what he wrought,
But in the lonely grandeur of that trust
Which made him patient, strong and just—
Yet seated, forever out of reach of aught
Of olden battles and the dread debate,
Whatever thunder comes or tempest blows;
Watching some planet off the shores of thought,
Not parted from but still above the state,
In long supremacy of high repose.

A Great Book on Lincoln

*Extracts from the Editor's Preface**

Statesmen—even the greatest—have rarely won the same unquestioning recognition that falls to the great warriors, or those supreme in science, art or literature . . . A warrior, a man of science, an artist, or a poet, are judged in the main by definite achievements, by the victories they have won over foreign enemies, or over ignorance and prejudice; by the joy and enlightenment they have brought to the consciousness of their own and succeeding generations. For the statesman there is no such exact measure of greatness. . . . He has to do all his work in a society of which a large part cannot see his object, and another large part, as far as they do see it, oppose it. . . .

Lincoln, one of the few supreme statesmen of the last three centuries, was no exception to this rule. He was misunderstood and underrated in his lifetime, and even yet has hardly come to his own. For his place is among the great men of the earth. To them he belongs by right of his immense power of hard work, his unfaltering pursuit of what seemed to him right, and above all by that childlike directness and simplicity of vision which none but the greatest carry beyond their earliest years. It is fit that the first considered attempt by an Englishman to give a picture of Lincoln, the great hero of America's struggle for the noblest cause, should come at a time when we in England are passing through as fiery a trial for a cause we feel to be as noble. It is a time when we may learn much from Lincoln's failures and success, from his patience, his modesty, his serene optimism and his eloquence, so simple and so magnificent.

***ABRAHAM LINCOLN**, by Lord Charnwood. Published, in the United States, by Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1917, in *Makers of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Basil Williams. Price: \$2.

Lord Charnwood on Lincoln

From an Address delivered at the University of Wisconsin, December 6, 1918

We cannot think of Lincoln's life and death without thinking of our dead who fought on French soil—thinking of them not with emotion merely, but reverently, making this pledge: We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that an association of nations of the world, under God, shall have new birth, and that a democracy of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

When England first plunged into the Great War, our people turned to the words and life of Lincoln, who had led in the last great struggle for liberty. Lincoln is more often quoted than any other man of the English-speaking race; and his hold upon the affections of his own people and countless numbers outside the United States is deeper than that of any other statesman.

We see in Lincoln's life the real answer to the problem that vexes us in the meaning of equality and democracy. He alone, among statesmen, conceived and understood in what sense the principle of equality could be applied to the African.

Lincoln was a great American patriot, and an example of the truth that the greatest patriot is aware of something bigger than his own country. He suffered to maintain the Union; but one price he would not have paid: he would not have preserved the Union by the slightest sacrifice of those principles which to his mind made the Union sacred.

We are now beginning the fulfillment of Lincoln's words by lifting the burden from all men. No single victory, no single treaty of peace, will establish the liberties of men. A great step, taking up the work nobly advanced by Lincoln, has been made by those who have given up their lives in the war just ended.

Lincoln's Gifts and Achievements

*By John G. Nicolay**

Turned his defeat for the Senate into a success for the Presidency.

Took into his Cabinet his rivals, and made them his ministers and servants.

Conquered the Rebellion. Liberated the slaves.

Outwitted all the intrigues against him in Cabinet and Camp.

Gave his implacable rival the Chief Justiceship.

Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

Held the people to their great task.

Made the strongest argument for peace and the best defense of war.

Gave in his Springfield Prayer, his Gettysburg Address, and his Second Inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterance of his time.

Forcible in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables, and new proverbs.

Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race, and his government.

Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

Lived like a peasant, by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch, by right of representative instinct, native intellect, the wisdom of humility, and love of his fellowmen.

Died a martyr, and was wept by the civilized world.

*The above summary was found among the notes of the man who had been private secretary to President Lincoln during the Civil War.

Lincoln's Greatness

*By James Bryce**

What is a great man? Common speech, which after all must be our guide to the sense of the terms which the world uses, gives this name to many sorts of men. How far greatness lies in the power and range of the intellect, how far in the strength of the will, how far in elevation of view and aim and purpose—this is a question too large to be debated here. But of Abraham Lincoln it may be truly said that in his greatness all three elements were present. He had not the brilliance, either in thought or word or act, that dazzles, nor the restless activity that occasionally pushes to the front even persons with gifts not of the first order. He was a patient, thoughtful, melancholy man, whose intelligence, working sometimes slowly but always steadily and surely, was capacious enough to embrace and vigorous enough to master the incomparably difficult facts and problems he was called to deal with. His executive talent showed itself not in sudden and startling strokes, but in the calm serenity with which he formed his judgments and laid his plans, in the undismayed firmness with which he adhered to them in the face of popular clamor, of conflicting counsels from his advisers, sometimes, even, of what others deemed all but hopeless failure. These were the qualities needed in one who had to pilot the Republic through the heaviest storm that had ever broken upon it. But the mainspring of his power, and the truest evidence of his greatness, lay in the nobility of his aims, in the fervor of his conviction, in the stainless rectitude which guided his action and won for him the confidence of the people. Without these things neither the vigor of his intellect nor the firmness of his will would have availed.

*From the Introduction to the Everyman's edition of Lincoln's Speeches and Addresses, February, 1907.

History of the Monument

The Lincoln statue, whose dedication is completed here today, is a by-product of the Lincoln Farm Association which built the Memorial at Lincoln's Birthplace near Hodgenville, Kentucky.

On the 24th of August, 1905, the Court House Square at Hodgenville, Kentucky, was crowded with people whose interest was divided between a horse-sale on one side of the square and an auction on the Court House steps on the other side. The farm that was being auctioned was described by Mark Twain as "The little farm that raised a man." It was the farm once owned by Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln; it was the farm on which the martyred President was born.

Richard Lloyd Jones, a former student of this university, was present on this occasion and "bid in" the farm. He immediately organized the Lincoln Farm Association, a patriotic society which enrolled some 400,000 members, and which raised through membership fees nearly \$400,000, membership being given to all who contributed twenty-five cents or more to the funds of the Association. With this money the Association restored the cabin, in which Lincoln was born, to the ground on which it originally stood and there built over and about it a noble granite memorial temple, the only marker of its kind given by a grateful people to commemorate the beginning, rather than the end, of a noble life. On the centennial of Lincoln's birth President Roosevelt laid its cornerstone; two years later President Taft dedicated the completed Memorial. More recently this patriotic society has liquidated, turning the property over to the government of the United States, for whom President Wilson accepted it in 1916, making a memorable address.

Up to the time the Lincoln Farm Association was started, Kentucky had never done anything to honor her greatest son. Realizing the time had come when she should in some official way recognize the man who had got beyond her own claims,—who was not only a national hero, but humanity's hero,—a bill was passed by the legislature at Frankfort providing for an appropriation of \$2,500 for a tablet to be placed in the Court House square at Hodgenville on which should be inscribed the seal of Kentucky and the legend "Two and one-half miles south of this city Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th day of February, 1809." Governor Beckham appointed Mr. Jones as commissioner to spend this money as provided. Additional funds were raised by aid of Congress and through private subscription. For the simple tablet an heroic statue was substituted and prominent sculptors were willing to execute it for a sum which could in no possible way bring them one penny of profit, merely because of their patriotic devotion to the labor and to the national significance of the setting.

Mr. Adolph A. Weinman, of New York City, was commissioned to model the statue. In a little over a year the statue was declared completed; approved by critics, it was accepted. While it was waiting to be cast Mr. Weinman called Mr. Jones to the studio and informed him that, notwithstanding the fact that it had been accepted, he could not let it go. He admitted that photographically it was a good delineation, but in some way it did not to him picture the spirit of Lincoln. And mounting the scaffold with an ax he shattered that which represented more than a year of painstaking labor. At a heavy financial loss he entered into the work a second time; and in fourteen months, before the image was out of the clay, the art publications of America had carried photographs of the creation, and had made such favorable comment upon it that requests for replicas came from Providence, R. I., Philadelphia, the University of Illinois, St. Louis, the University of Washington at Seattle; and the state legislature of Nebraska had appropriated \$25,000 for the purchase of a replica.

Then it was that Mr. Jones realized that here was not only a great delineation of Lincoln, but a great work of art. The fact that two great universities wanted it, and those universities had friends who were glad to purchase a replica to place upon the campus of their favorite college, prompted Mr. Jones to make every effort to place that replica on the Campus of the University of Wisconsin. He brought photographs of it to President Van Hise who was enthusiastic over the idea. Mr. T. E. Brittingham of Madison very generously said that he would pay the cost of bringing the statue to Madison, if the state would provide for its adequate setting. To do this on these terms meant no financial reward to the sculptor, who had already lost heavily in his devotion to the patriotism of art. The large appropriation which Nebraska made went into the creation of another very noble statue of Lincoln by another sculptor. The University of Wisconsin owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Adolph A. Weinman whose personal sacrifice and noble generosity in bringing this statue to this Campus has never hitherto been adequately recognized.

After the sculptor's consent was gained, the consent of the State of Kentucky was necessary. Under the law it was Kentucky's statue. After some weeks of visiting influential members of the legislature,—the legislature was not then in session,—Mr. Jones secured the consent of the state to grant the casting of one, and only one, replica of this statue, to be disposed of only at the will of the sculptor. And as stated, Mr. Weinman was prevailed upon to give it, for cost of casting, to the University of Wisconsin.

On Decoration Day of 1909, the original of this statue was unveiled in the Court House square of Hodgenville, Kentucky, Colonel Henry Watterson delivering the unveiling address. Three weeks later, on Alumni Day, June 22, this replica was unveiled on the Campus of the University of Wisconsin. Today the Univer-

sity of Wisconsin completes its agreement with the sculptor, and dedicates, in its permanent setting, the only replica of the Weinman statue of Abraham Lincoln.

It is the hope that in the near future a bronze plate may be attached to the base of this memorial, stating in suitable language the facts that through the generosity of Adolph Weinman, who designed it, of Congress and the State of Tennessee who enabled its execution, and of distinguished friends of this University who brought it to the Campus, Wisconsin is honored by the possession of a noble work of patriotic and lofty art.

Lincoln in Wisconsin

Wisconsin was honored three times by the presence of Lincoln—once while still a part of Michigan, once during the territorial period, and lastly after becoming a young and prosperous state. He came, moreover, in three guises: as soldier, as lawyer, and as statesman.

In after years Lincoln was inclined to make light of his soldier-experience in the Black Hawk War of 1832; but at the time it was grim business. The old chief Black Hawk, after raiding the exposed settlements of northern Illinois, massacring men, women and children, and carrying off two young girls, fled for protection into southern Wisconsin. Regular troops and Illinois militia were summoned to pursue him and his warrior band. Among the militia was a young captain by the name of Abraham Lincoln. With these troops he crossed the state line near the site of Beloit on June 30,—eighty-seven years ago. Somewhere north of them lay the Indians. For ten days the troops pressed northward up the Rock River, finding many traces of the savages, but encountering no warriors. On July 10 the militia was mustered out, at a point beyond Fort Atkinson, when Lincoln and his comrades returned home, before the battles of Wisconsin Heights and Bad Axe brought the Black Hawk War to an end.

Black Hawk's War was Wisconsin's introduction to the American people. The returning soldiers praised the beauty of its woods and waters, and a great rush of immigration began during which the lakeshore region was quickly settled. Lincoln, a young and briefless lawyer, thought seriously of joining this stream of immigrants, and making for himself a home in the new territory, which promised greater professional openings than he foresaw in Illinois. During the later thirties he made an exploratory tour of Wisconsin, visited Milwaukee, and thence, since this was before the days of railways, and he was too poor to hire a team, walked north along the lake as far as Sheboygan, especially examining Port Washington, then called Wisconsin City, where he had thought of settling. Why he did not do so is told in the following

interview, which appeared in the Milwaukee Daily News during the year of the Lincoln Centenary, when so many incidents of Lincoln's career came to light:

How Abraham Lincoln Escaped Locating in Wisconsin

Milwaukee Daily News, 1909

"Did you ever hear the story of how President Abraham Lincoln escaped oblivion?" asked Harry Bolens, formerly mayor of Port Washington, as he sat among a bunch of friends over in the Plankinton house recently. "No. Well, then I will tell you a story that is well authenticated, but which has never appeared in print except in a history of Washington and Ozaukee counties that was published nearly forty years ago for private circulation, very few copies of which are still in existence.

"Way back in 1835 Gen. Harrison—I do not know his initials, and his full name is not given in the book—laid out the city of Port Washington, then known as Wisconsin City, and built the first house on the site of the present city. Some time between 1835 and 1840, the exact year is not known,* Abraham Lincoln, then a struggling lawyer, came to Wisconsin, stopped for a short time in Milwaukee, and then came to Port Washington or rather Wisconsin City. It was the conviction of the inhabitants of the place, reinforced by all vessel men from Buffalo to Chicago that Wisconsin City was destined to become the metropolis of Wisconsin if not of the great Northwest.

"Mr. Lincoln, however, was on a tour of inspection, seeking a place to hang out his shingle and practice his profession as a lawyer. He visited Sheboygan, but included that place had no future before it. He returned to Port Washington and stopped there for two days, during which he arranged with Gen. Harrison for the rent of quarters for his law office. This was in the fall of the year, and the arrangement was that Mr. Lincoln should return in the spring and take possession of his quarters. In the spring, however, the floods put a quietus on all travel—the West was fairly afloat in the freshet, and the heavy rain storms kept up until late in the summer. Under these conditions Mr. Lincoln decided to locate elsewhere and later sent his regrets to Gen. Harrison.

"Now suppose the freshet had not prevented Mr. Lincoln from locating in Port Washington, do you suppose he would ever have been elected President of the United States? Why sir the unterrified Democracy have never allowed anything from a pathmaster

*Mr. Erick Miller, of the U. S. Weather Bureau reports that the year 1836 was a year of abnormally heavy rainfall, the record at Green Bay being, in the spring and summer, as follows; March, 3.20 inches; April, 6.37; May 5.20; June, 3.50; July, 5.06. This means that Lincoln visited the Port Washington region in 1835.

up to be elected outside of the Democratic party. Eugene Turner defeated Leland Stanford for district attorney, which so disgusted Stanford that he went to California, became a millionaire and a national character, while Turner is here still struggling along as postmaster of the city.

"The late Capt. Beger, who organized the Port Washington company during the war of the rebellion, and whose nephew, Richard Beger, is still the superintendent of the Ozaukee county

schools, was stationed for a long time with his company near Washington, D. C. President Lincoln made frequent calls in the regimental camps, and meeting Capt. Beger one day, he inquired:

"Where are you boys from?"

"Wisconsin" replied the captain.

"Wisconsin! What part of Wisconsin?" inquired President Lincoln.

"Port Washington."

"Port Washington, the place that was formerly known as Wisconsin City?"

"I believe so."

"Well, well," replied President Lincoln, "I had made up my mind at one time to locate there. I rented an office and was to have moved there in the spring, but was prevented from doing so by the floods."

"Had President Lincoln located in Port Washington, with about 400 Republican voters in Ozaukee county and more than 3,000 Democrats to offset them, the prospects are that he never would have been heard of outside of his county, and his chances for becoming president of the United States would have ended right then and there. History hangs on a slender thread, when you come to think it of."

About twenty years later, namely in 1859, the year after the great debates with Stephen A. Douglas, which brought Lincoln fame, he visited Wisconsin to make an address at the State Fair held in Milwaukee, September 30, upon the invitation, in Lincoln's own words, "of the Agricultural Society of the young, prosperous, and soon to be great State of Wisconsin." On this occasion he made a very remarkable address on agriculture, which in recent years, due to the increasing interest in scientific agriculture, has attracted much attention; for in this address Lincoln flashed forth a vision of agricultural progress that only recently has been realized at our great American agricultural experiment stations.

On this same trip Lincoln spoke at both Beloit and Janesville, some account of which appears in the following article:

A Civil War Veteran's Reminiscence

By Lathrop E. Smith

Abraham Lincoln gave an address at the State fair in Milwaukee on Friday, Sept. 30, 1859. He came to Beloit, Wis., the next day, Oct. 1st, and made a speech in the afternoon in Hanchett's hall. I was then a student in Beloit college and an assistant in the Beloit Journal office, where I had learned the printer's trade. A son of Judge David Davis of Illinois was also attending the college. As Judge Davis was one of Mr. Lincoln's most intimate friends, the son, who was well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, invited a few of his student friends to go with him to the Bushnell House to call on him. I was one of the fortunate number, and I remember well how kindly and delightfully Mr. Lincoln received and entertained us college boys in his room.

Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance was so radically different from the ordinary type that it made a distinct impression on my young, impressionable mind. He was lean, angular and tall, of dark, sallow complexion, heavy black hair, voice thin but clear and penetrating, large nose, deep-set gray eyes, and broad, projecting forehead. A homely man one might say from the physical point of view. But something indefinable about him so impressed me with his gentleness, kindness and nobility, that I regarded him then as the greatest and most singular man I had ever seen, and really handsome, because a great and beautiful soul shone through the homely body—an impression that time has confirmed. And he is now idealized in my mind as the embodiment of qualities so good and noble that the physical plainness counts for naught.

In his address at Beloit, a good report of which was published in the Journal, Mr. Lincoln said that the fundamental principle of the Republican party which he represented was hatred of the institution of slavery. The party, he said, was not formed to interfere with slavery already existing in the Southern states; yet it was unalterably opposed to its extension to free territory. He denounced Douglas' doctrine of "popular sovereignty," a doctrine, he said, that would permit the voting of slavery up or down in territory consecrated to freedom by the ordinance of '87, and prohibited by the Missouri compromise in the free states formed out of the Louisiana purchase, and in California which came into the Union as free soil under the Missouri Compromise. He said that Douglas assumed that slavery is not a moral wrong and did not care whether it was voted up or down. Seward had said that there was an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery, a statement that Douglas sneered at. Lincoln said that slavery was wrong morally, socially and politically, and that the ordinance of '87 and the compromises prohibiting its extension were of binding force.

It was a great address delivered in an easy yet earnest manner. He touched the hearts and carried conviction to the judgment of

the deeply interested listeners by his force and clearness. He was repeatedly applauded, and as he closed the sympathetic audience gave three rousing cheers for Abraham Lincoln.

A boyhood friend of mine, Charles F. Rau, who was then a bellboy in the hotel, and is now one of Beloit's foremost citizens, delights to tell of his recollections of Lincoln's visit to Beloit. He says that after the address a number of the faithful brought Lincoln to the hotel. The cook was instructed to get up an "extra," so he prepared a meal on short notice, and Lincoln was ushered into the dining room and seated at a table—all alone! A pretty German waitress served the meal. My young friend, now an old man with tender memories of the pretty girl, says that he was in the dining room during this time and that he will never forget how silent and lonesome Lincoln appeared with not one friend to keep him company at the table while he ate his lunch.

The meal ended, Lincoln was hurried from the hotel and taken by team to Janesville by John B. Cassody, a young lawyer who was afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

The Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois in 1858, which were a series of forensic battles over the slavery question between Abraham Lincoln, representing the new Republican party in Illinois, and U. S. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" of the Democratic party, made all of the Republicans of his state and a considerable number in other states look upon Lincoln as a statesman of presidential stature. So he came to Wisconsin with a reputation that made the people, who were wrought up intensely on the slavery issue, curious and anxious to see him.

Mr. Lincoln's State Fair address was published in the Milwaukee Sentinel and every compositor kept his "take" of the manuscript copy. One of the Sentinel printers, George Bleyer, who came to Beloit soon afterward to work in the Journal office, brought with him several pages of the address. He gave me a page, which I have preserved as a precious souvenir.

With a number of other Beloit college students I attended as a spectator the National Republican Convention in Chicago, in May, 1860, that nominated Lincoln for President. We slept on paper shavings in the bookbindery of an uncle of one of the students. Carl Schurz, the great German orator, was one of the delegates from Wisconsin, all of whom were instructed to vote for William H. Seward of New York, and we boys hurrahed for Seward. Boy-like, we crowded close up to the rope that fenced off the delegates' platform from the spectators in the big wigwam. We were in the wigwam when the cannon on its roof boomed for the victory of the Lincoln men on the third ballot. I saw strong, distinguished men, U. S. senators, governors and other dignitaries and the common people among the delegates and spectators alike shed tears over the defeat of Seward, and heard the thundering cheers of the Illinois delegates and other champions of the Illinois "rail splitter."

Many, very many, deeply regretted the defeat of Seward, who was the popular idol of the anti-slavery people. But subsequent events revealed to them that Lincoln had been chosen by Providence to be the leader for the momentous crisis which threatened the dissolution of the Union. So, likewise, many devoutly believe that the good and great Washington was divinely ordained to lead the people to independence. The glorious names of Washington and Lincoln are indissolubly connected and equally endeared in the hearts of the people, not only of our own country but of every civilized country in the world.

Lincoln was so patient that many, mistaking that good quality for a strain of weakness, tried to awe and thwart him. But not a few statesmen and generals learned to their regret and mortification, and often to their undoing, that the long-suffering President was their superior and master in vigor and wisdom. Even Stanton, Lincoln's great secretary of war, who often opposed and even reviled the President, learned his lesson. While looking upon the body of his assassinated chief Stanton said, "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

As illustrative of Lincoln's wonderful patience and his happy faculty of telling apt stories that had lessons in them and that would carry conviction where plain arguments would go unheeded, I will select a characteristic story from our scrapbook. As it is vouched for by a former Vice-President and a United States senator it must be a true story

Several months before Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation to free the slaves a senator came to the White House and found the President in a mood of deepest depression. Lincoln had already decided to issue such a proclamation, but he had considered it best to wait until the state of the war and public sentiment were ready for so drastic a measure. The President said to the senator that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves. "Sumner and Wilson and Stevens haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, "with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Just as he said this he walked to the window and stood there in silence, his face expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly he began to smile.

"The only schooling I ever had," he remarked, "was in a log schoolhouse where reading books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred for the first time in the chapter the names

of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach, and went all to pieces on Abednego. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into sniffles and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunder clap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail that even alarmed the master, who, with rather unusual gentleness, inquired:

"What is the matter, now?"

Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few minutes later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer:

"Look there, master, there comes them same three fellers agin!"

Then Lincoln's face lighted with such a smile as only he could give, and he beckoned the senator to his side, silently pointing his long bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson and Stevens.

Just one more story. A delegation of clergymen called on Lincoln urging him to adopt certain policies and expressing the hope that the Lord is on our side. "I am not at all concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

Madison, Wis., Dec. 19, 1916.

Letter of Presentation from the Honorable Thomas E. Brittingham

TO THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN:

The government and the state of Kentucky created a commission under whose direction a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln was erected at Hodgenville, Kentucky, his birthplace.

Due to the considerateness of this commission, due to the courtesy of the sculptor, Adolph Alexander Weinman, and due to the assistance of your Board, I have been permitted to have erected upon the Campus of our University the one replica of the Hodgenville Lincoln statue.

Let us hope that this monument, erected to one of the world's greatest benefactors, placed where it will be seen by countless thousands of young men and women at a most impressionable age, may be a constant inspiration to them.

And it is my especial hope that this heroic figure of the nation's sublimest character may impress upon the minds of those who view it the essence of his philosophy, expressed in these words:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.

I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have."

This quotation is constantly ascribed to Lincoln. Doubt, however, exists as to its accuracy. If these words can be proven, by competent authority, to be Lincoln's, I shall ask to have them inscribed on the monument. But whether or not they were ever uttered in this form by Lincoln, there can be no doubt that they give pithy emphasis to a phase of his character that I deem especially worthy of emulation.

I hereby make formal presentation of the statue to the University of Wisconsin.

Respectfully,

(Signed) T. E. BRITTINGHAM.

Madison, Wisconsin,

June 21, 1909.

Abraham Lincoln

This is the remarkable poem in which, on May 6, 1865, London Punch confessed its error, after having for four years lampooned Lincoln with pencil and with pen.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point a paragraph,
Of Chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet.
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting might—

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-fortune, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers—

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the laborer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The editor of *London Punch* at this time was Tom Taylor.

Abraham Lincoln

By Woodrow Wilson

*Address delivered on the occasion of the acceptance by the War
Department of the gift to the Nation of the Lincoln Birth
Place Farm at Hodgenville, Kentucky,
September 4, 1916.*

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life and adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of,—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood

the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born,—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man,—I would rather say of a spirit,—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world,—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their

genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome,—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

A Page From Charnwood's Book

If at the distance at which we contemplate Lincoln, and at which from the moment of his death all America contemplated him, certain grand traits emerge, it is not for a moment to be supposed that in his life he stood out in front of the people as a great leader, or indeed as a leader at all, in the manner, say, of Chatham or even Palmerston. Lincoln came to Washington doubtless with some deep thoughts which other men had not thought, doubtless also with some important knowledge, for instance of the border States, which many statesmen lacked, but he came there a man inexperienced in affairs. It was a part of his strength that he knew this very well, that he meant to learn, thought he could learn, did not mean to be hurried where he had not the knowledge to decide, entirely appreciated superior knowledge in others, and was entirely unawed by it. But Senators and Members of Congress and journalists of high standing, as a rule, perceived the inexperience and not the strength. . . .

Thus Lincoln was very far from inspiring general confidence in anything beyond his good intentions. He is remembered as a personality with a "something" about him—the vague phrase is John Bright's—which widely endeared him, but his was by no means that "magnetic" personality which we might be led to believe was indispensable in America. Indeed, it is remarkable that to some really good judges he remained always unimpressive. Charles Francis Adams, who during the Civil War served his country as well as Minister in London as his grandfather had done after the War of Independence, lamented to the end that Seward, his immediate chief, had to serve under an inferior man; and a more sympathetic man, Lord Lyons, our representative at Washington, refers to Lincoln with nothing more than an amused kindliness. No detail of his policy has escaped fierce criticism, and the man himself while he lived was the subject of so

much depreciation and condescending approval, that we are forced to ask who discovered his greatness till his death inclined them to idealize him. The answer is that precisely those Americans of trained intellect whose title to this description is clearest outside America were the first who began to see beneath his strange exterior. Lowell, watching the course of public events with ceaseless scrutiny; Walt Whitman, sauntering in Washington in the intervals among the wounded by which he broke down his robust strength, and seeing things as they passed with the sure observation of a poet; Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, studying affairs in the thick of them at the outset of the war, and not less closely by correspondence when he went as Minister to Vienna—such men when they praised Lincoln after his death, expressed a judgment which they began to form from the first; a judgment which started with the recognition of his honesty, traced the evidence of his wisdom as it appeared, gradually and not by repentant impulse learned his greatness. And it is a judgment large enough to explain the lower estimate of Lincoln which certainly had wide currency. Not to multiply witnesses, Motley in June, 1861, having seen him for the second time, writes: "I went and had an hour's talk with Mr. Lincoln. I am very glad of it, for, had I not done so, I should have left Washington with a very inaccurate impression of the President. I am now satisfied that he is a man of very considerable native sagacity; and that he has an ingenuous, unsophisticated, frank and noble character. I believe him to be as true as steel, and as courageous as true."

Songs for the Program

The Star-Spangled Banner

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there.

Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

. . . .

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—*Francis Scott Key, 1814*

The Battle-Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword:

His truth is marching on!

CHORUS—

Glory! glory! halleluia!
Glory! glory! halleluia!
Glory! glory! halleluia!
His truth is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on!

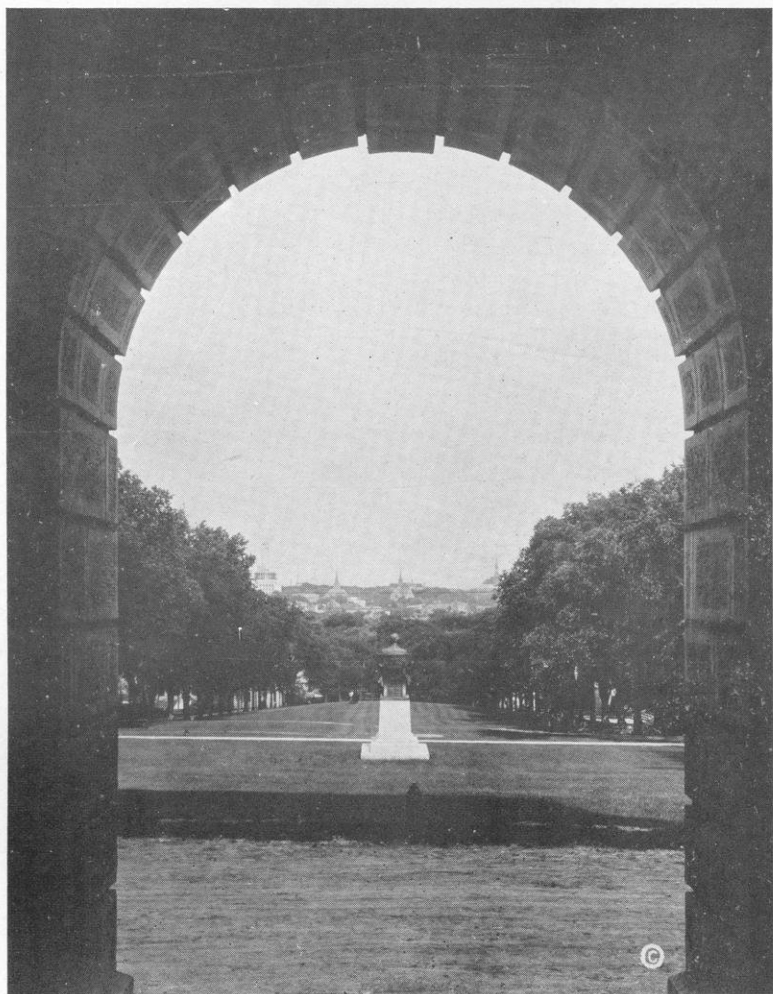
CHORUS—

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on!

CHORUS—

—*Julia Ward Howe, 1861*



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