

God was not in the recent earthquake in Sicily and Calabria, that destroyed one hundred thousand human lives. I venture to differ with the brilliant theologian and golden-tongued Jewish preacher. Love is not in antagonism to Death. Indeed death is the thing that makes for life, all through nature. The poet Henley beautifully conceives of Death, the lover of Life, pursuing and finally winning her. There would be no life, if there were no death, and in life, though we do not think so usually, there would be no love but for the imminence of death, and throughout all poetry runs the upwelling thought of death in association with love, the tenderest and most passionate.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### CHARLES DARWIN.

Born February 12, 1809.

For The Public.

As strives a mighty tree, with foliage spread  
In broader, higher reach, from year to year,  
Wresting from the ambient atmosphere  
Far-wafted atoms wanderingly sped,  
Yet fit for fittest issue to be wed:—  
As such a tree, when urgent times appear,  
Offers its nutrient fruits' abundant cheer,  
While Autumn aureoles its benignant head;  
So Darwin's wondrous-patient mind strove on,  
Selecting myriad truths from every source,  
To breed life-bearing Truth, destined to stand  
And spread its sturdy branches, whereupon  
Hate-muttering tempests vainly hurl their force,  
But serve to strew its seeds o'er all the land.

FREDERICK LEROY SARGENT.

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#### CHARACTER-MAKING.

Henry W Thurston, Chief Probation Officer of the Chicago Juvenile Court, in Charities and The Commons of January 23.

"Say, Mister, is this the Jubiline Court?" asked a thirteen-year-old boy of me one morning the first week of our occupation of our new Juvenile Court building. "Yes, son, what can I do for you?"

"I want to see my probation officer and have him send an officer to arrest my father to make him stop hitting me."

"But why does he hit you?"

"He says if I take off these pants he'll hit me."

"But why do you want to take off the pants?" I asked. "Aren't they all right?"

"No, they're too short and the boys at school and on the street laugh at me,—and I don't want to wear 'em."

I looked at him. His mother had indeed made a mistake in the adjustment of a pair of men's trousers to a boy and had cut them off so short

that his red socks showed over the tops of his shoes. No wonder he wanted to take them off. I said, "All right, Mr. M. will be here in a few minutes."

The next day I asked the officer what he did about the trousers. He said that at first, nothing would do but to arrest the father, but, as he talked over with the boy the number of children, how much a new pair of trousers meant to them, how hard his father and mother worked, the possibility of soon getting to work himself,—and the bravery that many a poor boy has shown in laughing down and outliving the jeers of thoughtless playmates, he changed his mind and said, "All right, I'll wear 'em. It'll be worse for mother and all the children if I have him arrested. I guess he ain't so mean as I thought he was."

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#### LYMAN TRUMBULL.\*

If I were asked to tell you why this school is named after Lyman Trumbull, I should have to say that I do not know; for I have no power of probing the motives of the members of the Board of Education who gave the order. Yet I could assure you, and I do assure you, of my belief that their motives were worthy—worthy of the Board, worthy of you, worthy of the future citizenship to be fostered within these rising walls, worthy of the eminent man whose name this building is to bear.

If, however, I were asked instead, why this ought to have been done—not why the school

\*Address of Mr. Louis F. Post, member of the Board of Education of the City of Chicago, October 3, 1908, at the laying of the corner stone of the Lyman Trumbull School at Chicago. On the same occasion, Mr. Dwight H. Perkins, official architect of the Board of Education and designer of the building for this school, delivered an address on democratic architecture for public schools, which is of national interest. In the course of his address he said:

"The principle of growth enters into every Chicago condition or problem. The same is true of districts within Chicago. To meet that condition this building is planned to grow from twenty rooms to thirty, and later on from thirty to forty rooms without interrupting school sessions. When more pupils arrive, or when the numbers in classes may be reduced from fifty to forty, necessitating more teachers and classes, these additions may be made.

"No parents need fear to send their children to this building. Because, first, it is absolutely fireproof; second, its ample and numerous stairways lead from the class rooms directly down and out to the ground; third, perfect ventilation is secured by proper machinery; fourth, ample unilateral light is provided at all desks; fifth, all class room windows are either east or west, giving sunlight in each room, both morning and afternoon; sixth, sanitary toilet rooms are provided on each floor; seventh, a large portion of the material is impervious, rendering cleaning easy.

"In addition to this building's flexibility in point of number of class rooms, it is also flexible in the manner and variety of its possible uses. Not one dollar of school money will have been spent for other than school uses, but at the same time the arrangement is such that the fathers and mothers, as well as the children after gradua-

has been named after Lyman Trumbull, but why it should have been so named,—I think I could go beyond an assurance of belief, and explicitly tell you why. I think I could tell you, that is— if indeed you do not already know,—why some public school in Chicago ought to bear the name of Lyman Trumbull; and I think, moreover, that I could tell you of this neighborhood why you ought to be glad that the choice has fallen here.

Perhaps that is what you wish me to tell you. At any rate that is what I am going to try at least to do.

Lyman Trumbull was by adoption a citizen of Illinois. He was one of her intellectual pioneers, whose long life and glorious achievements have added to the richness of her history and enhanced the luster of her name. He was born in Connecticut nearly a hundred years ago—the 12th of October, 1813. He passed from youth into manhood as a Yankee schoolmaster, and from manhood into patriarchal maturity as a Western lawyer. At the age of four score years and three, he died—the 25th of June, 1896. Near the end of the historic century in which while it was yet young he had come into the world in New Eng-

tion, may use the assembly hall for neighborhood gatherings.

"The center entrances on the street-level lead directly to the assembly hall, and one need not go into any other portion of the building in order to use it. In fact, it could be used during school sessions; and a speaker could even be applauded and cheered without disturbing the school children.

"Further, the Public Library Board is planning to cooperate with the Board of Education and to establish branch libraries in the schools. A room arranged for that purpose and placed adjacent to a staircase is provided in this building.

"Should it be desired, the manual training and domestic science rooms can be used in the evenings, giving opportunities for such as did not have these chances in their school days. The playground, with the school toilets and the brick lined play rooms as shelters, provides means for neighborhood recreation on Saturdays and during the summer months without the diversion of school funds intended for minors. Even if the question of use of funds should be brought up, it might be contended that the instruction of adults is educational and legitimate. It is for the citizens to decide whether these facilities shall be so used or not.

"Should the question of the style of architecture of this building come up, it could not be answered by the use of any historical term. It is not for Republicans any more than for Democrats, it is not for the religious devotee any more than for the agnostic. It is not for the classicist nor renaissance any more than for the goth. It is for all of them, and in that sense is democratic. In so far as each is true—in so far as classic is honest and gothic is aspiring—it is hoped that this building will be both classic and gothic and that its proportions may be good. In any analysis it will be found to be straightforward, unassuming and sincere in construction, and honest in the selection and consistent in the use of materials.

"It is hoped that lessons of sincerity and modesty will be unconsciously inculcated. At least it may be asserted that the reverse would be inconsistent in the Lyman Trumbull School building."

land, he passed out of the world in Chicago, and Chicago now raises among you this educational monument to his memory.

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We might honor Lyman Trumbull with such a memorial because he was a distinguished lawyer. We might honor him so, because as a lawyer he was not only distinguished but truly great. We might honor him as a judge. We might honor him as a statesman. There would be ample warrant for it all.

For Lyman Trumbull was famous throughout the republic as a lawyer of extraordinary ability, of lofty character and rare courage. His record upon the Supreme Bench of Illinois gave him a high place in the roll of American judges. As a statesman his career began in the legislature of this commonwealth in his twenty-seventh year; it ended in the Senate of the United States in his sixtieth year.

The service of this statesman of Illinois in the Senate of the United States was in itself an eminent achievement. It embraced those memorable years from 1855 to 1873, those years in which the political problems involved in our Civil War were developed and disposed of. They were the eighteen most trying and most inspiring years of our country's history. It was a period when patriotic statesmen were needed. It was a period when patriotic statesmen came—came into a Senate chamber where other than patriots and less than statesmen have since found seats. Lyman Trumbull was one of the statesmen who rose to leadership among his peers. He was in the foremost rank of statesmen in that puzzling period of slavery and civil war and reconstruction, in that era of Seward and Tombs, of Stephens and Sumner and Chase, of Andrew Johnson and General Grant; in that era also of his most efficient co-worker, Abraham Lincoln—his own friend, from his own State, of his own type.

As chairman of the judiciary committee of the Senate, Lyman Trumbull represented fellow committeemen who were accounted among the ablest Senators in Congress. They were such towering statesmen as Edmunds of Vermont, as Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, as Conkling and Hendricks and Thurman. And their problems were those of an epoch. Among the momentous questions that came before Trumbull and his senatorial compeers was the burning question of chattel slavery, the transcendent problem in statesmanship of his generation.

Out of that problem there evolved the first comprehensive guarantee of liberty our Republic had ever made. It was the Thirteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution.

Until this amendment was passed, our Constitution was no freeman's law. Not only had it

permitted slavery under the shadow of the stars and stripes, but in its name and with the might of its power its officials had hunted men and women and their children through free States, to return them ruthlessly to chattel servitude in slave States. The Thirteenth Amendment put a stop forever to that. It ordained that thereafter "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." The hand that first wrote this constitutional guarantee of freedom was the hand of Lyman Trumbull.

Were I to say no more I should have justified this memorial. Without going further we may see ample reason for naming some Chicago school after this Chicago citizen of national service and national renown. And in my recital thus far we may also find cause enough for your gratification that the chosen school for Trumbull's name is the school of your own neighborhood. But I have not said all that can be said, nor all that ought to be said. There are weightier reasons for this educational tribute.

Lyman Trumbull was indeed a distinguished citizen of Illinois and of Chicago; but have there not been distinguished citizens for whom no American school should be named? He was indeed a great lawyer; but have there not been great lawyers for whom you would hesitate to name your schools? He was an able and honest judge; but do you name a public school for every able and honest judge? He was a famous statesman; but are all famous statesmen worthy of an honor like this? He was a man of spotless private life; but is that quality so distinctive among our people that you can award it special tribute? And if it were, could you be quite sure that the objects of your partiality are not sometimes whited sepulchers? Trumbull did indeed phrase the liberty amendment of our Constitution; but wasn't this at a time when the victory over slavery had been won, and men in public life had begun to find it easier and safer to condemn slavery than to defend it?

Do not misunderstand me. I make no disparagement. Far be it from my purpose to imply that the career I have indicated offers no warrant for the tribute we are paying. It offers warrant enough. So much I have already asserted. But does it offer special cause for rejoicing—special reason for gratification? That is the question I put to you now. Is there anything in Lyman Trumbull's career, so far as I have yet outlined it, which should especially excite high emotion? Is there anything in it to exalt him above the great

mass of public men of distinguished ability? I think not. But in his story as I have yet to tell it, there is that which does especially exalt him. Through his career there runs a thread of purpose that makes him more than great.

Bear with me if you disagree, but to me it seems that there was something in the character of Lyman Trumbull which gave him peculiar distinction as a statesman. It is this which in my view makes his name exceptionally appropriate for one of our schools—exceptionally significant for one of these nurseries of American citizenship.

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Consider the matter, my friends. It is not Lyman Trumbull's purity of private life alone, nor his brilliant public career alone, nor his professional ability alone, nor his official integrity alone; it is not alone the honors his contemporaries conferred upon him, nor his opinions alone, nor his fidelity to them—it is not any of these considerations, nor all of them together, that should especially appeal to you on this occasion. You might dispute his opinions. You might question the wisdom of his contemporaries in honoring him during his lifetime. You might think of his abilities as overrated, or as matched by the abilities of many men less fortunate in opportunity for displaying them. You might consider his fidelity and courage as qualities by no means unusual. And so, while you saw no impropriety in the selection of his name for your school, you might nevertheless fail to see the supreme reason for that sense of gratification which I am asking you to feel. But the considerations regarding this man's life to which I now advance, should appeal to us all with overwhelming force.

Not only is this a fitting memorial to Lyman Trumbull, as it would have been had the selection gone to any other school. It is truly that. But more than that, it is an exceptional honor to your neighborhood and a high incentive to your teachers and your children. And mind you, this does not depend upon the fact that Lyman Trumbull achieved distinction. Had he never risen to fame and yet been the man he was, our identification of his name with this school would still be an honor to you, would still be an inspiration to your teachers, would still be a vigorous incentive to your children.

Eminent as Lyman Trumbull was as a lawyer, able and just as he was as a judge, great as he was as a statesman, patriotic as he was as a citizen, spotless as was his private life, he rose above all that—above even that. For he was besides a man of high ideals, who believed in his ideals, who lived by his ideals, who put all questions to the test of his ideals, and who had the full courage of his ideals. It is his noble ideals and his life-long loyalty to them, in the deserts of despair and abuse

as well as in the oases of success and honor, that raise Lyman Trumbull to a higher plane than even the glorious externals of his career could have raised him to. It is this that singles him out for special honor from many public men as famous, it may be as he,—as able, as patriotic, as pure of private life.

For the dominant ideal of Lyman Trumbull was that of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he worked for it before honors came to either man. It was the ideal of Jefferson, whose philosophy he absorbed and whose principles he exemplified. It was the ideal of the Nazarene Carpenter, whose religion he professed and who named this ideal as one of the two great and equal commandments of God. It was the ideal for which lovers of their kind have suffered from earliest history. It was the ideal which raises mankind higher and higher above the beast as it comes more and more into practical realization in our social life. As phrased by Trumbull himself, his ideal was embodied in this simple form: "Human brotherhood and equality of rights."

That ideal was Lyman Trumbull's pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night throughout the anti-slavery struggle. It led him out of the political party with which he had been affiliated. It beckoned him off the judicial bench he had occupied for four years, and to which he had just been re-elected. It drew him away from the green fields and peaceful pastures of respectability, and into the fire and fury of a bitterly contested fight for the freedom of a lowly race. Honors came to him in consequence, but that was a consequence which he could not have foreseen. Whoever reads the political history of our "furious fifties" must realize that the men who abandoned party and party favors in those years could have been animated by no selfish purpose. They must have done it for the sake of their ideals and not from a low ambition. Public contempt rather than public honor must have seemed at that crisis in their lives as the more probable consequence of the two.

When the anti-slavery struggle was over, most of the men who had fought against slavery were content to rest upon their records. One such experience was enough. They had followed their ideals through that great struggle and lost them there. They had no ideals left for the next one. Not so with Lyman Trumbull. His ideal of brotherhood and equal rights did not fade away with the abolition of chattel slavery. His party had come second to his conscience with him, and not before it, in the early fifties; his party again came second to his conscience with him, and not before it, in the late sixties and early seventies.

He proved this on one memorable occasion in the Senate. When the President of the United States was upon trial under factional impeach-

ment, Trumbull defied his party and voted for acquittal. It was a vote of conscience which ended his senatorial career, and he must have foreseen that it would end that career.

After he returned to private station he proved again and again the sincerity of his attachment to the great ideal of brotherhood and equality for which he had abandoned party and resigned office in earlier life, for which he had abandoned party and forfeited office in later life.

One of his last declarations in behalf of his ideal pointed to social conditions which seemed impossible in this country at that time. But they are as clear in fact to-day and here, as to his prophetic vision they must then have seemed. He foresaw the coming of those swollen fortunes which are now so plain a menace to our country. He predicted the passing of wealth into the hands of the few, not through any industry and thrift of their own, but through the unfairness of laws "framed with a view to the claims of property rather than the rights of man." To others these swollen fortunes were evidence of general prosperity. To Lyman Trumbull they were evidence of new kinds of encroachments upon human liberty by the evil principle of slavery. They were to him the outward expression of inward decay. They told of the coming of the slave driver in a new guise and with a new kind of lash. They told the old story of unearned luxury for a privileged few and underpaid labor for the working many. Lyman Trumbull foresaw in the sixties and seventies and eighties, a revival of the struggle for that unfaded ideal of "human brotherhood and equality of rights" which he and Lincoln had fought for together in the fifties and sixties.

He never shrank from the new ordeal. His heart throbbed for human liberty in his old age as it had in his young manhood. And he knew no preferences. He was no respecter of person or race or class. To him as to the Master, all men were brothers. White or black, rich or poor, of whatever station, of whatever class, he demanded for each by the test of brotherhood equal rights before the law. If he had lived a thousand years, Lyman Trumbull would have found his place in every new struggle by the test of that ideal, so vital was it always to him.

It has been indeed the vitalizing ideal of the centuries. It is a blazing star in the East that some have seen in every age. It is a star that all may see who turn their faces Eastward—if they have the eyes to see. It is a still small voice that all may hear who listen—if they have the ears to hear. It is a star and a voice with a message—for those that have the love to perceive, the sanity to understand, and the courage to do. For this ideal men have suffered aforesaid on cross and gibbet, in curling flames and seething oil. For this ideal men have suffered and men

will suffer yet. But because of the courage of those who have gone before, that star shines brighter and that voice speaks louder and plainer; and because of the courage of those yet to come, the East will grow so light with the blaze of the star and the world be so filled with echoes of the voice, that all will see the truth that Trumbull saw and heed the message that Trumbull delivered.

It is because Lyman Trumbull, having the eyes to see that star in the East, looked and saw; it is because he, having the ears to hear that still small voice, listened and heard; it is because he, having seen and having heard, made the message his own and never faltered in delivering and interpreting it, at whatever risk to himself—it is because of this, and not because of what men call the success of his career, that the naming of this school should excite our special emotion. There is peculiar fitness in naming a public school after a man like this, after a man who was distinctively an exemplar of the truth that Trumbull expressed as "human brotherhood and equality of rights"; of the truth that Jefferson expressed by saying that "all men are created equal"; of the truth that Jesus of Nazareth expressed when he defined love of the neighbor as equivalent to love of God, and gave us for the human test of brotherly love, that we do to others as we would in reason have others do to us. There is peculiar fitness in choosing such a name for such a purpose, because the chief function of the common school is to foster the truth of human brotherhood and equality of rights. If it fails in that it fails in all.

To inculcate this truth should be the highest ambition of the teacher. To apprehend it should be the eager aspiration of the pupil. To have it taught and have it learned should be the fondest hope as it is the noblest desire of the parent. The boy or the girl who has truly learned that lesson, and made this ideal his own, will find all other useful learning easier of acquirement and better in practical application. The school that teaches it will develop children into loving husbands and wives, into responsible fathers and mothers, into capable and generously ambitious working men, into efficient and honest business men, into intelligent and conscientious citizens.

Does not this give to Lyman Trumbull's name peculiar significance as the name for one of our public schools? The teachers and the pupils of any school which is identified in name with a great citizen who has clearly seen and distinctly heard the fundamental truth of human brotherhood and equal rights, and made it the working ideal of his life, cannot but be inspired by the noblest of influences.

Those are among the reasons why it seems to me, as I trust it may seem to you, that some school in this city should bear Lyman Trumbull's

name, and why you of this neighborhood should be glad that the choice has fallen upon your school.

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Written for the Lincoln Centennial Exercises of Wheaton College at Wheaton Ill.

First of our "honored dead"—  
Beyond the golden portals of the past  
He stands in all his strength;  
Sacred shall be his name until the last.

Others may fail; to him  
With confidence we turn, and know that there  
Stainless, unmarred thro' all  
The changing years, we find his record fair.

No acrid prejudice,  
No petty greed, no peevish whim, no hate  
Lived in his soul; to him  
A nation, blinded, bowed—alas, too late.

No vain pretense, no pride,  
No arrogance, no self-conceit were there  
To crush or break the weak  
And helpless ones who, struggling, sought his care.

Croesus with his wealth,  
And Samson with his might, have passed away;  
No tender memory  
Surrounds their lives or touches us today.

Lincoln was poor, and yet  
For what he was and did we love his name.  
He served "the least of these,"  
And rescued Freedom's flag from Slavery's shame.

Gladly he gave to us  
The last full measure of devotion true;  
No fear lurked in his heart,  
His will no cringing weakness knew.

But if he saw today  
The slavery of toll, the greed for gain,  
Would he as freely say:  
"These honored dead shall not have died in vain"?

Be strong, in Freedom's name,  
And push aside the barriers of fear;  
Let not your soul be chained,  
When Liberty with outstretched arms stands near.

HELEN CRIGHTON BOWEN.

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## BOOKS

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### LINCOLN OUR FRIEND.

Abraham Lincoln. By Brand Whitlock. The Beacon Biographies. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 1909. Price, 50 cents, net.

That Brand Whitlock has written a life of Abraham Lincoln for the Beacon Biographies is in the mere statement, full announcement that an exquisite and precious little gift has been offered to the American people. It is true cause for grati-