

Camp Lincoln Springfield Ill.
June 27, 1916.

Howard Mumford Jones
Dear Mr. Lovett:

I am writing formally to ask you to make proper representations to the commanding officer of the First Regiment of Cavalry, 2d. N. C., toward my immediate discharge as a private in Troop M of that command. As you know I am the only son of a widow, who is dependent upon me for support, and I do not believe, at a time when I am able for the first time to support her properly, that the situation is so critical as to require my presence. My mother has been widowed for ten years, during which time she has by her labors put me through the university as far as the master's degree. I have just been appointed head of the department of general literature in the University of Texas as adjunct professor. I am now for the first time able to compensate her for her care, and it seems to me just that I should be released. My present term has to February 22, 1919, to run.

Were the country in actual danger I

Camp Lincoln Springfield Ill.
June 25, 1816

Dear Mr. Bennett:

I am writing personally to ask you to make
proper representations to the commanding officer
of the First Regiment of Cavalry, 2d N. Y. Cavalry
my immediate discharge as a private in Troop M
of that command. As you know I am the only
son of a widow, who is dependent upon me for sup-
port, and I do not believe, at a time when I
am old for the first time to support my family,
that the situation is so critical as to require my
presence. My mother has been weakened for two
years, during which time she has by her labors
put me through the university as far as the
university goes. I have just been appointed
head of the department of general literature in
the University of Texas as assistant professor. I
am now for the first time able to compare
her for her own, and it seems to me just that
I should be released. My present term has
to February 28, 1819 to run.
When the country is actual danger?

would not make this request. But my place
is properly among the volunteers of a second call.
I believe Colonel Foreman will recognize the justice
of the argument, when properly presented to him.
Will you therefore kindly confer with President
Judson and Mr. Francis W. Parker, looking
toward action in my case? I am making this
request at the suggestion of Mr. Parker.

Yours very truly

Howard M. James

P.S. I ought to add that in the event of my death,
my mother would be left helpless.

Howard M. James.

would not make this request. But my father
is perfectly sure the voluntariness of a second call.
I believe Colonel Sherman will recognize the justice
of the argument, when properly presented to him.
Will you therefore kindly confer with President
Johnson and Mr. Sherman W. Parker, looking
toward action in my case? I am writing this
request at the suggestion of Mr. Parker,
Yours very truly

Frederick Douglass

P.S. I ought to add that in the event of my death
my wishes would be left to his
Honorable Mr. Jones

7
June 29, 1916.

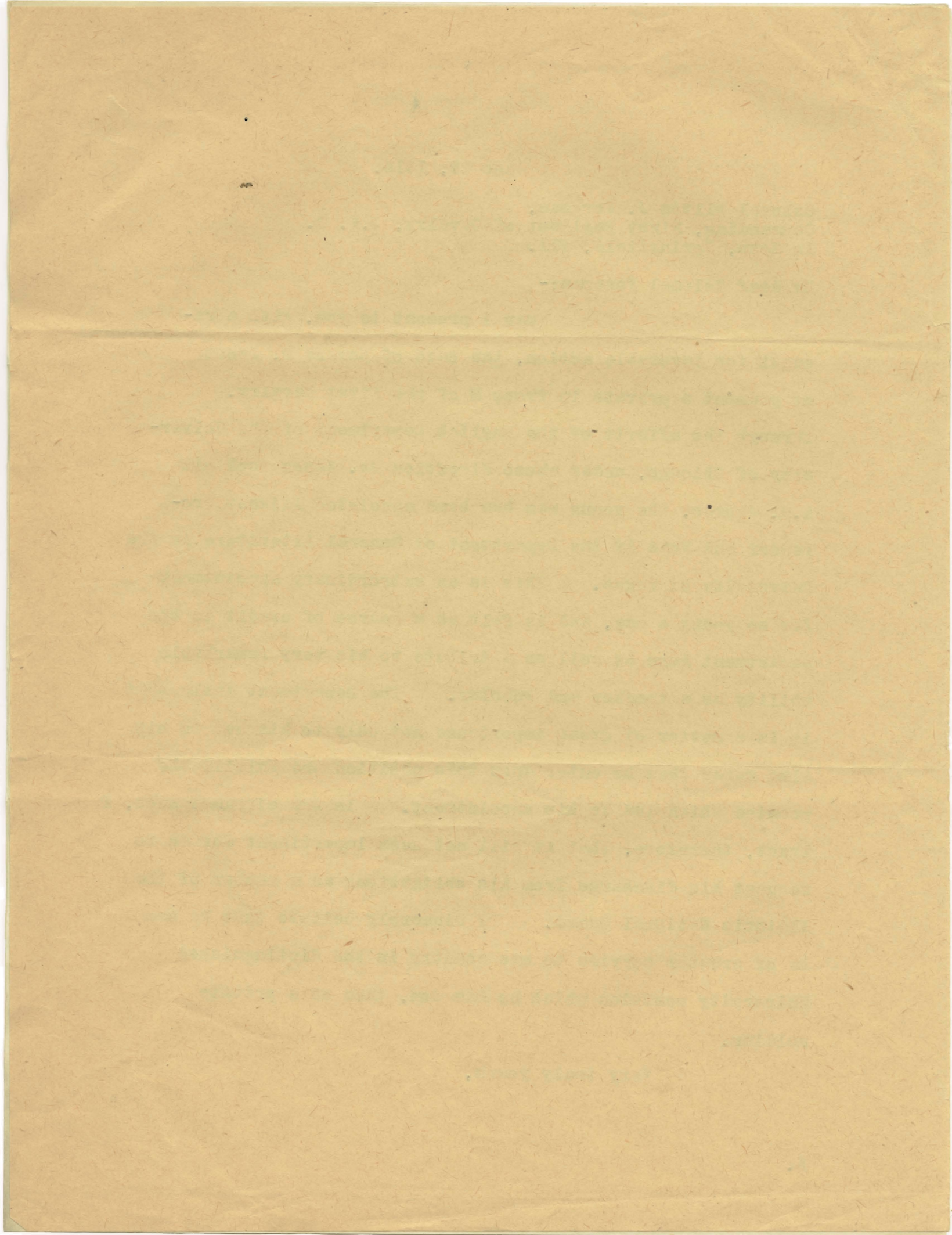
Colonel Milton J. Foreman,
Commanding, First Regiment of Cavalry, I.N. G.
In Camp, Springfield, Ill.

My dear Colonel Foreman:-

May I present to you, with a request for favorable action, the case of Howard M. Jones at present a private in Troop M of the First Cavalry. Through the efforts of the English Department of the University of Chicago, under whose direction Mr. Jones took his A.M. degree, the young man has been appointed Adjunct Professor and Head of the Department of General Literature in the University of Texas. This is an extraordinary appointment for so young a man, and is felt as a source of credit to the Department here as well as a tribute to his very remarkable ability as a teacher and scholar. The Department feels that it is a matter of great importance not only to him but to his Alma Mater that he enter upon this position and fulfill the promise which led to his appointment. In the circumstances, I trust, therefore, that it will not seem impertinent for me to request his discharge from his obligations as a member of the Illinois National Guard. I sincerely believe that he can be of greater service to his country in the distinguished University position which he has won, than as a private soldier.

Very truly yours,

L.



ODE¹

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, A.M. 1915

Recited before the Beta of Illinois Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in
connection with the Celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anni-
versary of the Founding of the University of Chicago

Crescat scientia, vita excolatur

I

This is our festival of learning; this,
The confident, calm triumph of the mind;
Today we leave behind
Our five-and-twenty labors nobly done,
And prayerfully and with a solemn bliss
Of love and praise
Give thanks for the embattled days
Whose conquest is our university,
And for that promise shaped ideally
Whose fairer truth the patient hours have won.

II

Blow, then, your choral trumpets, blow!
And in procession go
Exulting, while the feet of music climb
Tower on tower of majestic praise,
On those high tops to raise
Ensigns of flame and fiery flags of rime!

And while your triumph flows
In slow magnificence and moving files
Into this court past aisles
Of summer sun like broken Paradise,
Mutely a pageant goes
Through archways dim to spiritual halls
In every heart where rise
The vaster buildings of the soul whose walls
Fashion our nobler university.

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That pomp no less I see:
 Reverent ye bend
 In transepts of the spirit rich and wide
 Before an inner shrine
 Whose tapers shine
 In joy and solemn pride.
 Darkly as in a glass
 Rank upon rank of chanting priesthoods pass,
 Thoughts and Ideals and Dreams exultantly!
 Their organ voices blend
 In words I hear and know:
Let knowledge grow,
Let knowledge grow,
That life may richer be!

III

Yet is your pageant incomplete
 Unless another comes—
 A spirit beautiful and sweet,
 With lyric feet
 Brushing like butterflies the shaken grass.

Now small winds pass
 Across the lake
 And into sudden darkness break
 The silver ripples like a shadow-fleet—
 'Tis she! 'Tis she!

Oh, hark! Oh, see!
 The leaping drums
 Of morning beat!
 With golden feet
 The sun's triumphal army scales
 The bridges of the skies;
 Out of their silver chairs that burn,
 Where all night long in counsellor-wise
 They sat against the day's return,
 The serried stars arise!
 The darkness rides before her!

The jeweled day is o'er her!
 Her jonquil feet have kissed the crest
 Of litten waves that leap and shake
 The bosom of the matin lake;
 Rose-petal winds are on her breast,
 The morning winds that bore her!

Behold!
 She cometh where the air is gold!
 She cometh, and the dawn
 That kissed the lawn,
 Leaving a pearl of fire for every kiss,
 Stoops from the skies
 Upon her forehead and her eyes
 To set the lips whose touch made all the world
 Tremble in rosy bliss!

Make way, make way, 'tis meet
 The high muse have her seat
 In this great coronal no less than ye!
 Her path
 Reddens across the curled
 Hyaline furrows of our inland sea!
 Make way! My mistress comes! She stands
 Ready to join your hymnal praise. Oh, be
 Joyous to welcome lest her hyacinth hands
 Crumble your turrets into drifted sands,
 Break down your walls like lath,
 And where time never whirled,
 Cast out your pillared law eternally!

IV

O true and tried and strong,
 Greatly American!
 Scholars whose sagely pondered plan
 Hath built for Truth a fortress and a house!
 Today our mother lifts upon her brows
 The twisted laurel of your deeds, and turns
 Bidding my mistress shape your toil to song!

The many peer and guess,
 Grouping around the hearth where Half-Truth burns,
 In dusty closets where the moth abides
 Happy to find Truth's long abandoned dress.
 Your work is elsewhere!

Ye seek the ampler air
 Of those high valleys where she hides;
 Ye know the deserts and the windy places,
 The shipless oceans hidden to the moon,
 The star-cold peaks whose lifting height no traces
 Yields if another climbed them late or soon.
 Along a track
 Forever scantier, ye clamber back
 Where Birth sits hooded by her ancient streams,
 Or pierce the fabulous dreams
 That make Death horrible.
 And even God ye see and yet escape,
 And with you all is well!

No easy rape
 Is yours, as many fain
 Of summer flowers from a roadside rock:
 The mind hath its own pain
 With sorrow implicate and stark distress,
 Hath its own shock
 Of wintry billows breaking on the sea,
 Its desperate ways and coasts of weariness.

Still, still, O pioneers,
 Your courage grows not cold!
 Your joys are known to me:
 Diviner ends are yours to have
 Than any gain of gold.
 The words of Truth are torches for the years,
 Gracious to bear and powerful to save;
 Her banners have a virtue manifold,
 O captains of the mind, O pioneers!
 And while this hour in all his summer state
 Sits on a rosy throne,

Anew I pledge, anew I consecrate
 Your search eternal, your eternal toil,
 Incessantly construing
 The grandeur in the stone,
 Incessantly pursuing
 The glory in the soil!
 From fragmentary alphabets of earth,
 Old books of the field, elusive gleams
 Where the brown birds have birth,
 Still read immortal things and great,
 Ye pioneers of man's immortal dreams!

V

Alas! Not all are here
 Who, to achieve this end,
 Toiled and endured and sacrificed. I turn,
 Bowing before an urn
 That holds a precious dust to us more dear
 Than any hall we own,
 And sadder strains will blend
 With each more jubilant tone.
 Not all our learning can redeem their loss,
 Nor any science bring them back again;
 The little that we know is wholly vain
 To lift life's terrible cross
 Of time and change and death. Ah, we mistake
 Our ignorance for knowledge! More than we
 Is the last dying billow on the lake,
 The last leaf clinging to the autumn tree.

O God, forgive our pride!
 What profiteth our wisdom to the dead?
 Hide, hide, Oh, hide
 The splendor of thy head!
 Thy terrible glory shines in grass and sky,
 In squirrel and sparrow on the campus walk.
 The green leaves talk
 Whispers whose mighty meaning we put by!
 With peering eyes

We number up the sand, or fix a date
 When shadows moved, less palpable than these,
 Our own few dead, to acts that could not wait,
 And us the morning sky for shadows sees.

Oh, how shall we be wise
 To shape the citizen,
 Forming from human clay
 Fair pillars for the state?
 We cannot stay
 The ticking of Time's clock of doom for men,
 The shutting-to of Death's ironic gate!

VI

Knowledge is nobly great,
 Learning a king's estate,
 But these are ashen bread and bitter meat,
 Save joy with wisdom stand,
 Beauty take learning's hand,
 And reverence the finished work complete!

Let all your wisest grope among their dead,
 Guessing a date from some old lover's ring,
 Computing sagely of the tributes paid
 In mouldered silk to Pharaoh, the king;
 Let learning count the flutes were played
 When Lalage was yet a maid,
 And science peering in its glass
 See life's elusive pageants pass
 In water-drop and yeasty bread—
 Here fails your scheme!
 That even as ye grasp her, wisdom flies—
 We are not brains and eyes,
 But towers of pillared dream,
 Inheritors of some remembered shore
 Beat by no terrene sea!

Put by your lore
 Of name and fact and date—
 Too much we have of peddled fact,

Too little of life's mastery!
 The pedantry that digs and delves
 Put by with half-men—be yourselves!
 He seeks for life and does not live
 Who has no other gift to give
 Than mathematic mind to act!
 Lord God, behold the weight
 Of useless learning that we keep
 Since books are cheap and youth is cheap!
 Oh, break the pedant and his pen,
 Since even as we sow we reap,
 And who sows parchment gains as much!
 Lord, give us wisdom, but give more—
 Fingers to touch,
 A soul to quicken and grow sore,
 A heart to trust!
 Put by the half-men and their dust,
 Lord God, Oh, grant us men!

VII

Now at your gates impatiently, behold,
 Youth's terrible feet
 Beat, beat, incessantly they beat,
 Demanding transports to the age of gold!
 There young men stand most beautiful in pride,
 Dreamers of dreams and emulous for strife,
 And rosy maidens, wise and eager-eyed,
 On tiptoe for the coronals of life!
 And hark! Across that gate
 A rain of laughter—hear it toss and swirl
 In silver bubbles where they wait!

And yesterday a drabbled State Street girl,
 Loitering a while,
 Thrilled to the sunset o'er the ugly town,
 And in her tawdry life laughed joyously!
 What place hath she
 On wisdom's safe and ordered isle?
 How much do sunsets weight, and is her smile
 Compounded in your patient chemistry?

Come down, come down
 Out of the dusty hostels of the dead!
 The past hath mouldy bread
 And desperate wine to offer in her inns;
 There host and guests indifferently are dust—
 Her bins
 Are stuffed with dead men's bones unprofitable,
 Dust and a smell of must
 Rising to say,
 "It is not good to dwell
 As we, so deeply hidden from the day!"

Life looks not back but forward, moving on
 Borne like a banner on the brows of youth;
 Not facts we need but truth
 To live our lives by in tomorrow's dawn!
 O skilled and sage, the crown
 Of many wisdoms is too hard for these!
 I charge you, weigh not down
 Their radiant eyes with any dead man's coin,
 Milled in the mints of Babylon or Rome—
 Truth has her home
 No less with April face and untried loin,
 Than here with Newton and Empedocles!

VIII

Where, then, is wisdom found
 And where hath understanding place?
 Not peering up time's vacant face
 In sunless tunnels underground—
 Not so we crave!
 But deeper life, a fuller sense
 Of beauty and of reverence;
 The whole of being to employ
 Under new dawns the spirit knows;
 To sense a comrade in the rose
 And greet the sun and moon with joy;
 Bravely to live as one in love with life
 That yet with courage hails the dark for friend;
 To love and to renounce, to gain and spend

Greatly at noon what morning won with strife—
 This is that life which knowledge must increase!
 O servants of our common mother, see
 That all your wisdoms be
 As living water and as paths of peace
 For the fair ways and richer food of life!

IX

Of old, men saw the Grail
 Shine through the spray of unadventured seas,
 Or lifted high in old-world sanctuaries,
 A mystic rose in their disastrous gloom;
 And as from contemplation of that bloom
 Of passionate fire, now pale
 With silver light, now alternately red,
 They felt a strange effulgence shed
 Of pride and shame,
 Pride for deeds done a hundred knightly ways,
 And for their pettinesses, blame,
 So I, communing with our dead,
 Have dared to mix my censure with my praise.
 And if presumptuous the weak words seem,
 Then think how frail against the storm of time
 Sounds the thin voice, and frail and thin the rime
 That passes as the shadow of a dream!

Oh, not to me but to the muse eternal,
 To your rich dead give ear;
 We blindly steer,
 But they most surely sail; their lives are vernal
 With buds that flower not in our wintry year.
 They stand beside our mother's lips that speak
 Whispers unknown to us,
 And one with eyelids luminous
 And face more fair than childhood's very own,
 Whose winged feet were lately in our ways,
 Whose singing voice but even now grew weak!
 His is the port our mother bids us seek,
 He knew her deeper word, her hidden tone!

To them and him wisdom gave rarer days,
 Than knowledge knew to give—
 Dear hours fugitive
 Worn as a diadem,
 Noons rich with mystic joys; and nights like wine
 Tasted from cups divine!
 Oh, life to them
 Was greatly to be lived, a trumpet shout
 O'er a rich water, was a galley blown
 By windy capes into a sunrise sea,
 A bird aloft in blue transparency,
 A banner shaken out,
 A song, a crown, triumph and victory!

X

Joy, joy that through the storm of spears
 While nations rise, each from her mighty seat
 To frown above the embattled half of the globe,
 Still with unsullied honor dare we meet
 As in more temperate years,
 And still with calm, eternal light
 Our Alma Mater's face is bright
 As over us she draws her stainless robe!
 Secure she stands
 With quiet hands,
 A light, a goal, a promise, and a boon;
 And not in all time's fluxes shall she change,
 Nor any shadows of the sun and moon!
 Out of gold cups on hall and laboratory
 The dawn spills wine diurnal from the sky
 And every night in white and naked glory
 The lonely stars ascend their porches high;
 Spring flees along the meadows like a sea
 Breaking at sunset in a surf of flowers,
 Then summer rises, mystical and strange,
 With fervid lips impassioning the hours;
 And autumn planets and the winter burn
 Year upon year in slow and sure return—
 Still, still across these courts with star-dust blind

Harper to Ryerson speaks, and all your towers
 Mysteriously answer to the spell:
 "All is well,
 All is well!
 We guard the eternal mind!
 The heart of man retains its ancient powers,
 And with the eternal spirit all is well!"

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

By J. SPENCER DICKERSON, *Secretary*

APPOINTMENTS

In addition to reappointments of officers of instruction and of administration, the following appointments have been made:

Dr. Karl K. Koessler, of the staff of Sprague Memorial Institute, as Assistant Professor of Experimental Medicine, from April 1, 1916.

Dr. Julius Maria Retinger, of the staff of Sprague Memorial Institute, as Associate, from April 1, 1916.

Sidney M. Cadwell, of the staff of Sprague Memorial Institute, as Associate, from April 1, 1916.

Dr. W. B. Sharp to an instructorship in the Department of Hygiene and Bacteriology, from October 1, 1916.

W. E. Cary to an instructorship in the Department of Hygiene and Bacteriology, from October 1, 1916.

Jean Piccard, Professor in the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, to an assistant professorship in the Department of Chemistry, from October 1, 1916.

Charles J. Pieper, of the High School of the University of Minnesota, and formerly of the staff of the University of Chicago High School, as Teacher of Science and Chairman of the Department of Science in the University High School, from October 1, 1916.

Ernest Watson Burgess, Assistant Professor of Sociology in the Ohio State University, to an assistant professorship in the Department of Sociology, from July 1, 1916.

H. M. Buerckholtz as Instructor in the machine shop in the School of Education, from October 1, 1916.

William S. Gray, Instructor in the College of Education, to an assistant deanship in the College of Education, from July 1, 1916.

Professor Samuel W. Williston as Director of Walker Museum.

PROMOTIONS

Associate Professor Anton J. Carlson, of the Department of Physiology, to a professorship, from October 1, 1916.

Instructor Lee Irving Knight, of the Department of Botany, to an assistant professorship, from October 1, 1916.