

The University of Chicago

Office of Vice-President and Dean
of Faculties

75 XV

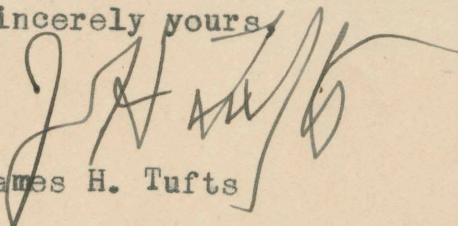
March 23, 1925

Memorandum to the President:

With reference to Mr. H. J. Smith,
I am very fond of him, and believe that he is a great source of strength to us. I should think it quite possible that he might give a course in English or possibly he might begin with a series of lectures on certain aspects of journalism. Or, possibly he would prefer a course on writing with a small group which might contemplate professional writing.

I think that in this particular case it might be better if you would open the question with Professor Manly. Of course, I do not think that we should exert pressure in the matter unless it appeals to him, and I am not sure how fully he became acquainted with Mr. Smith. I note that Manly is offering a course this spring, so it will be possible to take it up with him informally.

Sincerely yours,



James H. Tufts

JHT:H

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March 23, 1935

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Sincerely yours

James H. Telfer

JHT:H

Mr. Tufts: Do you care to consider this suggestion with Mr. Manly? Or would I prefer that I write to him?
Harold H. Swift
Union Stock Yards
Chicago
Of course he will consider on academic grounds only -

March 14, 1925.

President Ernest D. Burton,
The University of Chicago,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Burton:

As you know, Mr. H. J. Smith's arrangement with us was for one year, at the end of which time either side was free to raise questions as to the desirability of continuing. I am greatly in hopes that Mr. Smith will feel like staying on with us, as I think he has done notable and advantageous work. As you know, he has felt badly over some of the happenings in reference to the publicity work in the Campaign of Development and one or two instances have weighed heavily on his mind.

I know that Mr. Smith is much interested in his contacts at the University and it occurs to me that it might be possible to secure still deeper interest if it were feasible for him to teach a course occasionally. Similarly, I should think it would strengthen the Department of English and the Department of Commerce and Administration to have a practical man of his attainments occasionally offer instruction. I am told that talks he made before the Medill School of Journalism were very favorably received, although I recognize an occasional lecture may be quite different from offering a complete course.

I suggest that you or Mr. Tufts consider this matter and if it has possibilities, that you discuss it with Professor Manly. Think it should be approached cautiously as think it would be worse to begin and back up than not to start.

I am sending an extra copy of this letter in case you wish it for Mr. Tufts, and it is to be considered as suggestive only.

Of course, in talking to Mr. Smith about continuing with us, I shall cover it only from the business aspect, and this is conceived in my mind as a method of increasing his interest.

Yours cordially,

HAROLD H. SWIFT

HHS*GB

Harold H. Swift
Union Stock & Bond
Chicago

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I suggest that you or Mr. Tutts consider this matter and if it has possibilities, that you discuss it with Professor Nally. Think it should be approached cautiously as think it would be worse to begin and back up than not to start.

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Yours cordially,

HAROLD H. SWIFT

HH2*GB

Horace Spencer Fiske
Napoleon Room

SKETCH
for a
SONATA

by

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

SKETCH

for

SONNET

1

THE END OF THE WORLD

SKETCH
for a
SONATA

1891
1892
1893

SKETCH *for a* SONATA

by HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

I

Andante Moderato

THE piece should open very quietly, with a succession of soft chords, like echoes of a march. In this prelude speaks the past, and so it is a trifle sad. There is a twilight, filled with partly subdued voices. A concert hall is suggested, with dusty sunbeams struggling through a skylight. Rustling sounds are heard, and these take on a slight crescendo.

Now let us suppose that dark curtains at the rear of the stage open, and with this the main theme of the movement is first sounded. One can hear foot-steps in it; and indeed, presently, the chief figure celebrated in the piece walks down the stage toward the ebony piano. He walks in a path formed by the sunbeams, which, casting long oblique rays from skylight to stage, quiver and pale with the descending dust motes, and concentrate about the artist's bowed head.

It is a portrait well known, the world over. The waves and plumes of blonde hair, sweeping back from a cream-white forehead and curling about the neck, are deemed "picturesque" and "foreign." Deep blue eyes burn under the prominent brows. The figure is supple, graceful, and more than a little haughty.

Express all this, if you can, in terms of a march; but introduce immediately phrases suggesting the welcome of the crowd, which is inspired alike by admiration and by curiosity. This young man is a legend in himself. His portraits travel from state to state, and he is pictured in a dozen postures that have stamped his unique and quasi-tragic profile upon the memory. Fables are told about him; about his estates, his jewels, his private car. . . .

But the portrait you are to draw must have an old-world background, and it must convey a patrician, a poet, one whose mood seems withdrawn from all the gossip and the adulation. He dwells somewhere alone, and from its cloudy heights he sees us only as a blur among the dust-beams.

Ah! Now he sits at the piano, and his fingers, like cool tendrils, move over the keys. Your prelude should merge into rushing sounds, more and more nearly allegro, more intricate, combining in the treble the flight of disembodied beings and, in the bass, muffled bell sounds. The new theme unfolds, moving among gardens and cathedrals, now expressing fountains with rainbow colors, now retiring into shadows. Still newer themes have to come on, with reminiscences of the first. And you must express the artist at the piano managing all this with an ease that is almost dreamy. But at the end, among the writhings of the final passage, his cloud of fair hair falls over his face—

The movement ends suddenly. The wraiths invoked fly back to their coverts. Beethoven and Chopin, Shelley and Goethe, have hovered here but are gone.

The pianist bows before the rainstorm of applause, which should form a loud and confused ending to your rather formless andante movement.

All of it should, if possible, be subdued under a haze, as of the far past. For this memory is thirty years old.

II *Scherzo*

Write this almost *vivace*.

Faster; faster

Here are gilt walls. Lights glance from mirrors. There is an orchestra, with dancing bows. The players' eyes flash.

Molto accelerando. The pianist sets an awful pace. His hair, the same wonderful crest, is electric. His white throat swells. The notes pour from the keys, baffling the slow ear.

Is it ten years that have gone by? Well, anyway, the artist has gained ten years in power and passion. Such hands—never were such hands! Such activity, enveloped in such poise! This is difficult to state in your scherzo. You must have the violinists play frantically. Leader, flutter your wand like a ray of light. The great man at the piano cannot wait.

Faster; faster

In the boxes people sit gripping the carved railings. Their costumes glitter. They gaze over upon the stage, whence come cascades and rainbow streaks of melody.

Whispers: "He is greater than ever." "God, what velocity!"

Suddenly, the end approaches. He strings a pearl necklace the whole length of the key-board. He goes up a long ladder of notes. Faster, for heaven's sake, faster! A lightning-bolt of sound descends the ladder. Clang! Clang! That is the end.

Here is the same mock-deferential obeisance of ten years ago—and he is gone. Tonight, towards midnight, he leaves the city, rolling out over the plains in his silk-curtained private car, over a path bestrewn with gold and flowers.

Bring the frantic wheels into your scherzo, and end it with a coda pianissimo.

III

Mouvement Militaire

Hotel Ritz, Paris.

September of 1919.

The opening and closing sections of this movement are pompous. There is an interlude (*piu lento*) that suggests sorrowful memory.

This room has a crimson carpet; gold-framed mirrors; a gigantic table, royally carved. The table is littered with telegrams and reports. War; war; war. "Denikin has advanced sixty kilometers." "Petlura has declared war on Denikin." Denials; appeals; threats. The table is piled high with trouble. Before it sits a statesman, who once was a pianist.

(Introduce an effect as of cymbals, and score a beat like a bass-drum at the beginning of each measure.)

This is a heavier, sterner figure. His shoulders seem broader, his neck more muscular. Threads of white are seen in the mass of golden hair, in the moustache. The eyes still emit amiable emotional rays, but they are lit with a new delight—the passion of conflict. To save a nation; that is the task. Splendid! Terrible! (Let your march movement reach its climax, with plenty of "brasses.")

He says that this is Life: To live among thunderclaps and hurricanes; to defy an enemy whose bayonets glisten at the frontier, far away there. This is more glorious, he says, than evoking uproars of welcome at Carnegie Hall or The Auditorium. And the suffering people . . . Poland . . . (Make this

very solemn, suggesting, if you like, the opening bars of the Chopin Etude, Opus 25, No. 11.)

He is premier of a nation, and is here among crafty map-makers, who work at tables in gilded salons. He is their match, he thinks

But one notices, idle in his lap, those sinewy hands, so magical, so gifted with a spirituality of their own. Their idleness seems tragic. It is time now for your *piu lento* interlude, with its echoes of triumphal journeys, of those days of pure poetry, which may have ended.

"Shall we never hear from you again the B minor—"

"Never. I play never again."

Shades fall in the gaudy room. Bells ring. One goes out through an ante-room, where sit men with medals; generals clanking their spurs. Now your march returns, rapid and determined. Bring back trumpet calls, as though they blared under the very windows here, at the head of an endless file of bayonets.

Mingle with this the cathedral chimes of Paris, and so close the movement.

IV

Largo

Part the curtains once more, slowly and solemnly. Bring in suggestions of the first movement, but more sad; ah, very much more sad. The young magician of that first movement has come to the verge of old age. The white in his hair is more evident than the gold.

This largo opens wistfully, developing into long, streaming chords, that contain echoes of grandeur and of grief.

The master is sitting again at the piano, to which he has returned after his efforts for his country fell in ruins. His face upturned and staring down long lanes of recollection, is scarred with experience, with toil. Perhaps he retraces tremendous hopes that failed; perhaps ghostly legions, with death hovering over them, march through his mind. It was all futile, then—all the blood and sacrifice?

But then, does he not look back (make a crescendo here and modulate into the major) remembering, too, many a thrilling hour and many an illusion of triumph? Such days

as one in the beautiful French autumn, when he drove along a river valley to an ancient castle, and figured in a ceremony of peace; many, many days, when he seemed at the pinnacle of the earth among figures chosen by destiny. His brain is filled with pictures both stately and tender; for he has walked among palaces and also has rested in lovely valleys . . . But there must ring in his ears, as well, cries of starvation, of pain; howls of mobs . . . Shapes of assassins lurk there.

(Write all this in strict time, with a deep minor chord emphasizing every measure.)

The master has returned, despite his own prophecies. He is still the master. He conquers every intricate passage; his fingers, more trustworthy than his hosts, win the victories. They have the strength of a hundred fingers, and all the cunning ever known. They can strike out passionate bravuras; they can imitate silvery rivulets. In that massive head are stored, too, every note, every modulation of a vast library of compositions, the unnumbered thousands of forms that may spring from a single octave. And his nature has become rich with the impressions gained from far travels among people, from his glimpses of the world's beauty everywhere. How he has lived! What triumphs, what loves—and what defeats!

Into this largo you must pour a multitude of moods, and all the shadings you can muster. For this is the real climax of the sonata; an intermingling of rapture and grief, but with tragedy as its basis.

Write farewell into it.

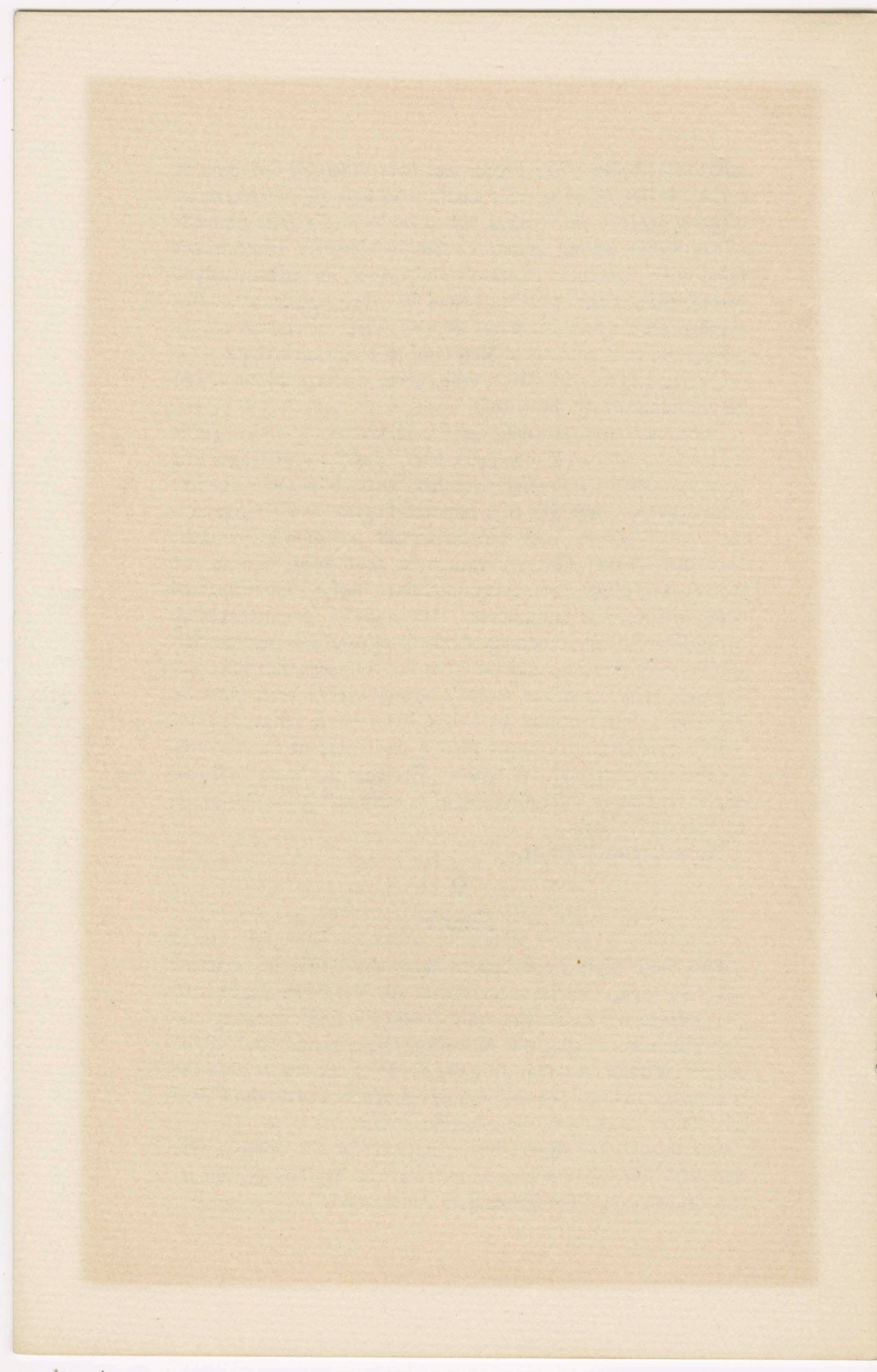
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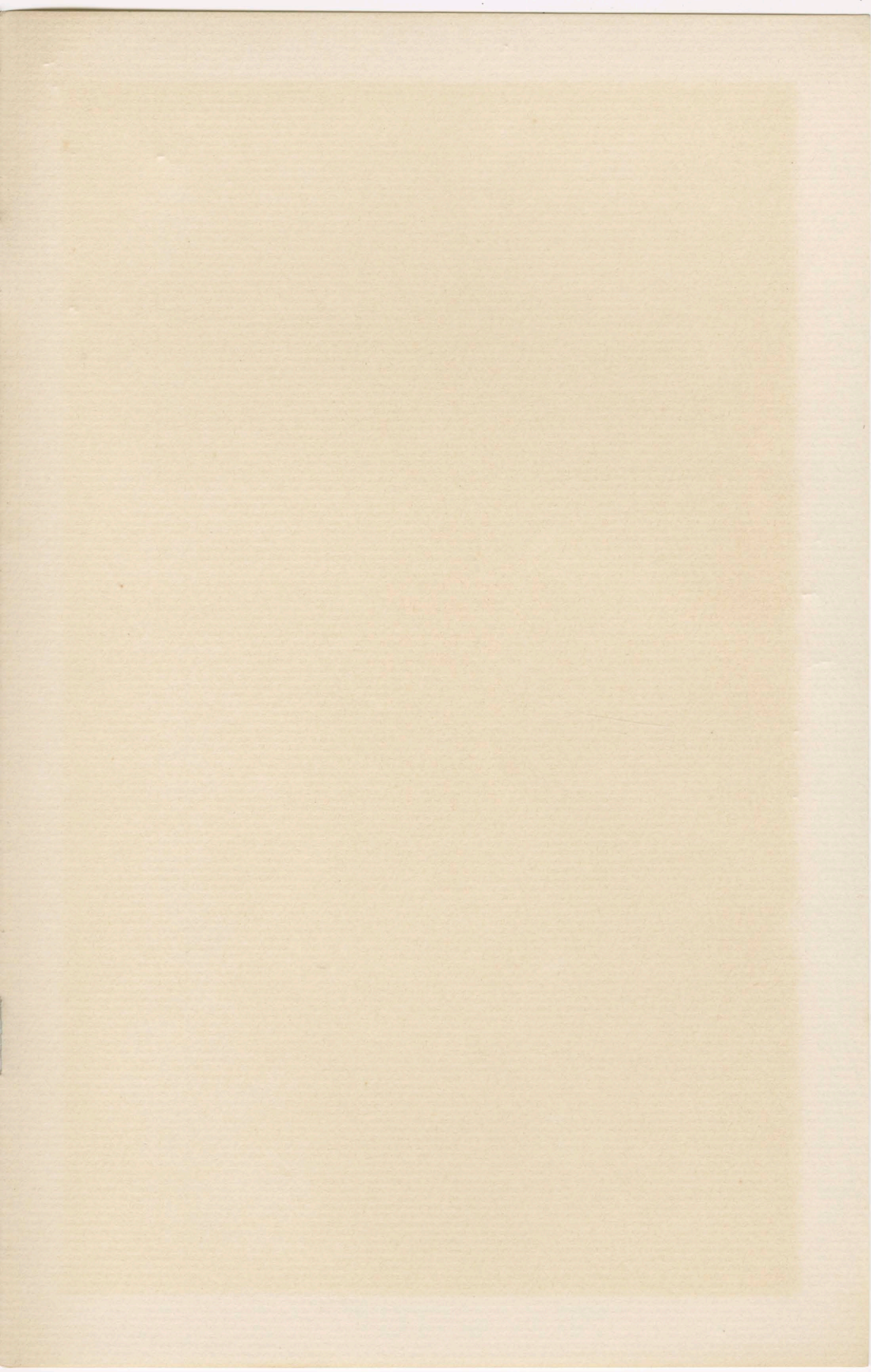
Finale

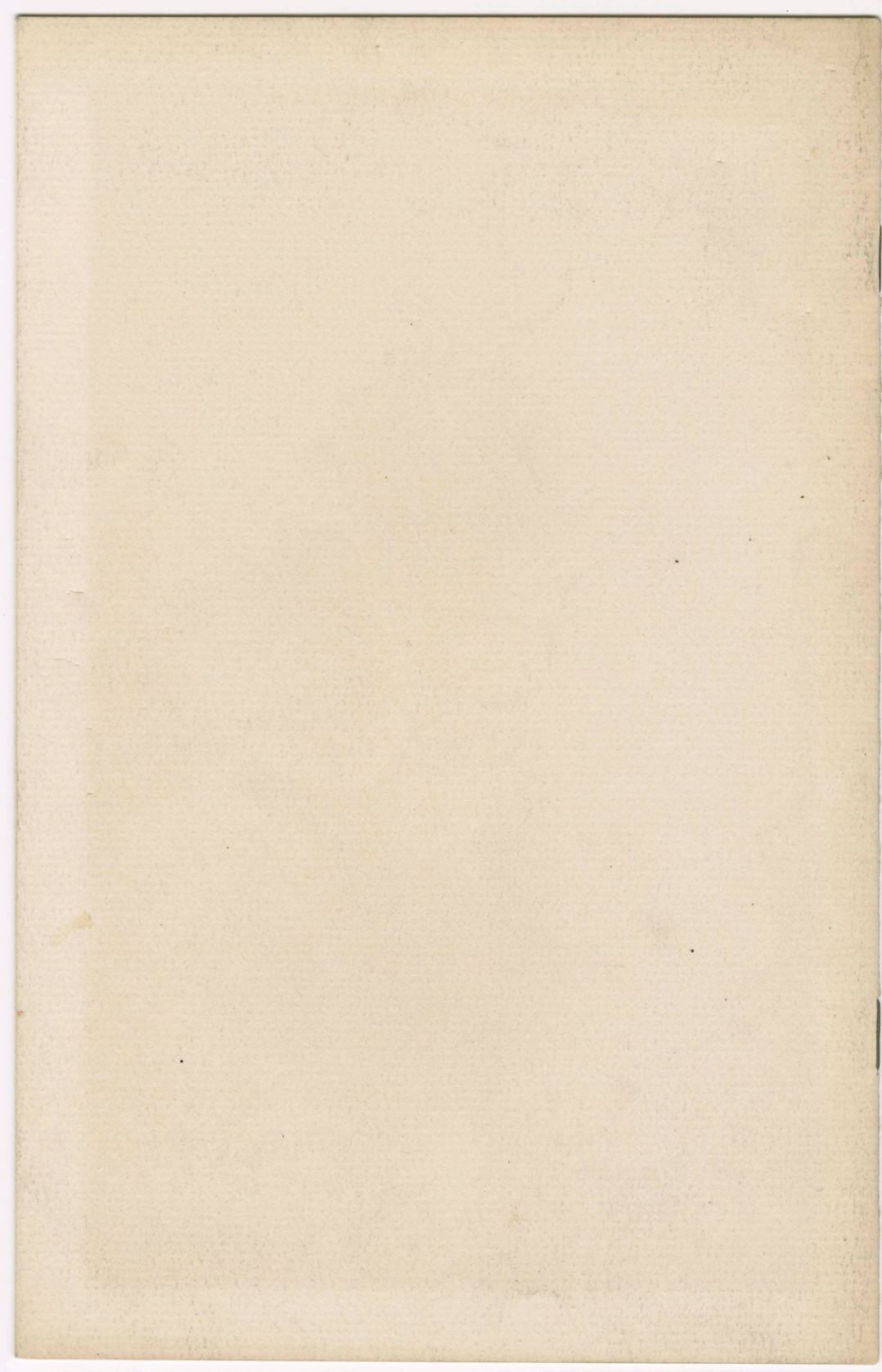
But there must be a finale. How shall this be written?

Perhaps it cannot be conceived at all, just now. Leave it to the years to write. One can only dream a fitting close, expressing somehow, in glorious measures, the expiring soul of the subject. You must put into it the savor of the sea, which the master has so loved; or the mountains, where he has thundered like Thor . . . It will be a heroic finale.

But though the sonata be incomplete for the present, one may add here what was overlooked at the beginning; that is, the dedication: "To Ignace Jan Paderewski."







Mr. Henry Justin Smith, son of the late Dr. Justin A. Smith, who for several years has given most excellent assistance as one of the editorial staff of THE STANDARD, has been chosen as a member of the faculty of Colby College. He will serve as professor of English for the coming college year. Mr. Smith has admirable qualifications for his new duties. His work upon THE STANDARD has always commended itself to his co-workers and proved popular with readers. He inherits much of the literary facility which characterized his father. He is enthusiastic in his love of literature; he has the ability to communicate this enthusiasm to others. He will still continue to contribute to the columns of THE STANDARD. We all wish him the success which he so well deserves and which he will undoubtedly achieve.

training of the Negro can remove. He honors all work that is being done for the uplifting of the Negro, condemns lynching, commends all rational efforts for the softening of the race antagonism; but utterly discourages any hope that the future may bring to the Negro of the South that respect, that comradeship, that sort of social equality which the foreigner of any other race may earn in this country by showing himself sober, industrious, intelligent and sympathetic with our institutions. In other words, all that he hopes for is a *modus vivendi*, a permanent truce, a cessation of active hostility between members of the two races, to be attained by a better understanding of their irreconcilable differences.

It is gratifying to learn that the American exhibit of social economy at Paris next year will be in competent hands. In few departments

Smith

Weymouth

July 9/99

My dear Dr. Harper:— (2)

The enclosed clipping from
the Standard will tell you of
my appointment to a position
in Colby College. Although I
have received no official word from
the trustees, Pres. Britten has
told me that the place is mine.
He wishes, however, to have on record
a letter or two from some
who have known me at the uni-
versity, and it need not be

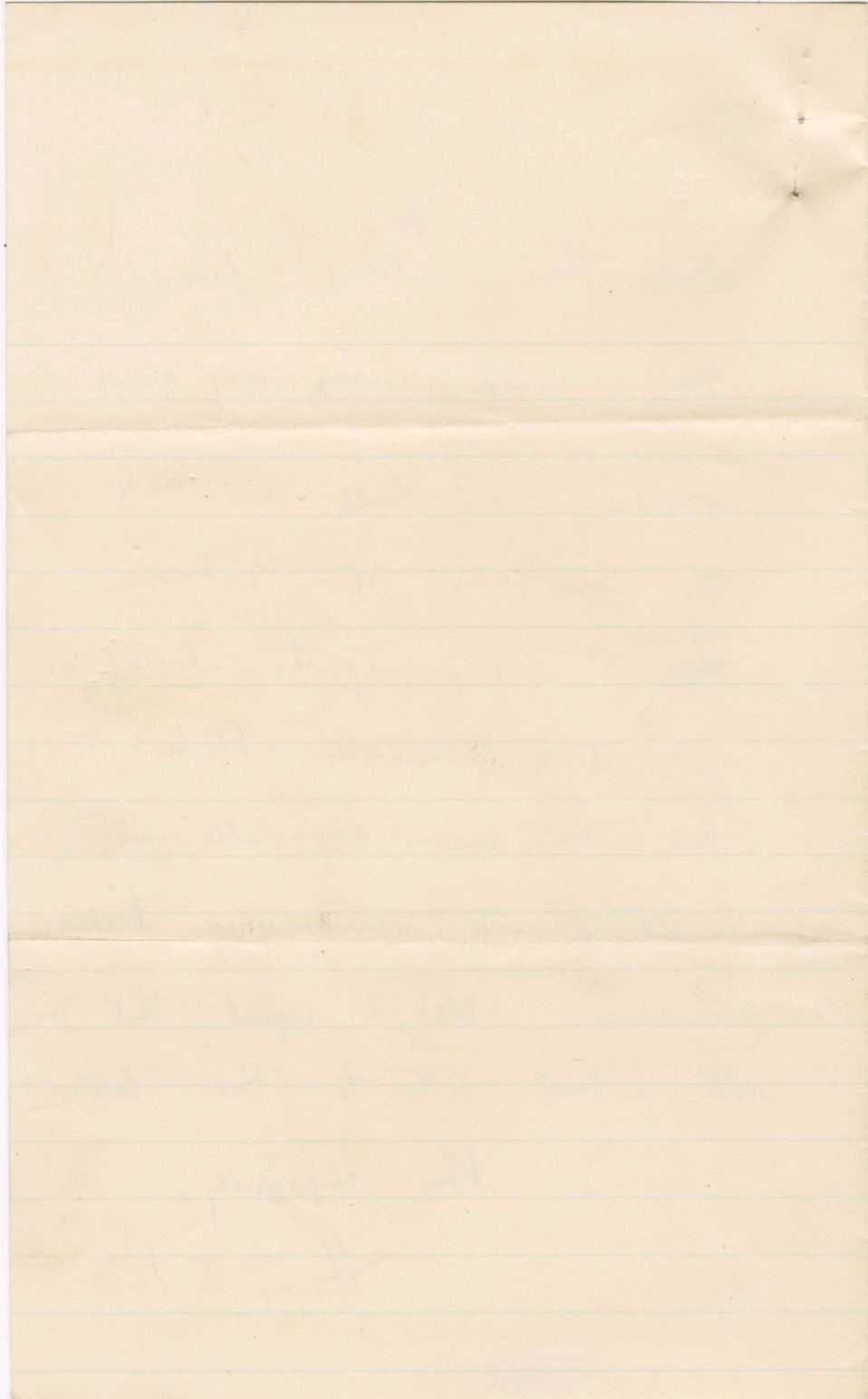
Wagon Road
July 1911
(9)

1

Said that ^{few} a lines from
you would carry very great
weight. I should not ask
this new favor if I had
~~kept~~^{secured} a copy of the letter
you wrote to Chancellor McLean.
But that was not available, and I
am obliged to draw on your kindness
once more. May I request that you
write a brief letter to Pres. Butler?

Very respectfully,

Harry T. Hunt.



EDWARD GOODMAN
PRESIDENT AND TREASURER
EMMA R. DICKERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT
J. S. DICKERSON, - SECRETARY
MANAGING EDITOR

ESTABLISHED 1853

THE STANDARD

(56)

PUBLISHED BY
GOODMAN & DICKERSON COMPANY

A BAPTIST NEWSPAPER

TELEPHONE MAIN-993

69 DEARBORN STREET

CHICAGO, ILL.

Aug 4/98

My dear Dr. Harper:—

Is there likely to be any position such as I
could fill in connection with the "college for
teachers" which is announced to begin work Oct. 1?
I am aware that most of the instruction is to
be done by ^{professors of the} university; yet I thought it possible
that an assistant slip in English literature, or some
such position, would be open. May I trouble you to

EDWARD GOODMAN
PRESIDENT AND TREASURER
EMMA R. DICKERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT
J. S. DICKERSON, - SECRETARY
MANAGING EDITOR

THE STANDARD

PUBLISHED BY
GOODMAN & DICKERSON COMPANY

A BAPTIST NEWSPAPER

22 DEARBORN STREET

CHICAGO, ILL.

Wed 4/94

Back position, would be
that an assistant editor in English Literature, or some
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I am aware that most of the literature is to
teachers" which is connected to help work Oct. 19
will file in connection with the college for
Is there likely to be any position back as I

Handwritten:
The Standard
Chicago, Ill.
Wed 4/94

(56)

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PRESIDENT AND TREASURER

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J. S. DICKERSON, SECRETARY
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A BAPTIST NEWSPAPER

TELEPHONE MAIN-993

69 DEARBORN STREET

CHICAGO, ILL.

let me know about this, or refer me to some one connected
with the administration of the new college?

Very respectfully,

Harry Smith.

THE STANDARD

ESTABLISHED 1863

A BAPTIST NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED BY
GOODMAN & DICKERSON COMPANY

22 DRAVBORN STREET

CHICAGO, ILL.

Let me know what this is for
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Very respectfully,
Hend. Hunt

EDWARD GOODMAN
PRESIDENT AND TREASURER
EMMA R. DICKERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT
J. S. DICKERSON, SECRETARY
MANAGING EDITOR

TELEPHONE MAIL-922

CROSS REFERENCE SHEET

Name or Subject *Smith, Henry Justin*

File No.

Regarding

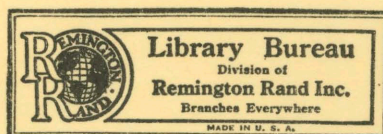
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September 19, 1899

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Name or Subject *Smith, Henry Jackson*

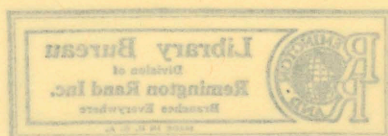
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September 19, 1899



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Name or Subject Smith, Henry Justin

File No.

Regarding

Date

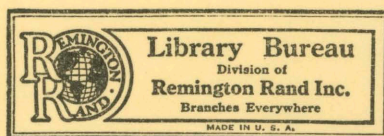
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Name or Subject

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(Several letters of Henry Justin Smith,
written in his youth, were taken from
file and sent to his wife)

File cross reference form under name of subject at top of the sheet and by the latest date of papers. Describe matter for identification purposes. The papers, themselves should be filed under name or subject after "SEE."



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