

# HARRY GARFIELD PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE

## PRESIDENT'S SON SOON TO BE THE HEAD OF HIS FATHER'S AND HIS OWN ALUMNATE

and material nature for the improvement of conditions in the city. In 1886 he succeeded in interesting the most active and public-spirited citizens in the organization of the Municipal Association. The struggle with the notorious McKisson ring, which then controlled all public affairs, was commenced. After a bitter fight lasting four years, McKisson was defeated and his grip on city affairs broken. Garfield served this association as president until 1906, and was also president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce in 1905.

In the capacity of president of the Chamber of Commerce he was active in the effort to improve the consular service of the United States, visiting Washington several times to unite with others in the efforts made before Congress toward the accomplishment of that end. In 1906 he undertook, with others, the organization and construction of the Lake Erie, Alliance & Wheeling railroad, to facilitate transportation between the coal fields of southwestern Ohio and the lake port of Cleveland. He was elected to the syndicate which completed the road and arranged its sale to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad in 1907.

Following the same line the Boston Transcript calls attention to "his acquaintance in public and business affairs." The selection which the Williams trustees have made is the natural one. It has been expected ever since Mr. Garfield abandoned his practice of law four years ago, to become a professor in political science at Princeton. A wide breadth of education, his acquaintance in public and business affairs, and with the prestige of his name, could be reasonably sure in entering the ranks of the great universities, and most appropriately that of the institution with which his family has so long been prominently identified.

Referring to the fact that Professor Garfield will be the first layman to be at the head of Williams, the New York Evening Post says:



HARRY A. GARFIELD, NEW PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE

Professor Garfield's election to the presidency of Williams College, in succession to Dr. Hopkins, whose resignation will take effect next year, has a significance more than personal. He will be the first layman to be at the head of Williams. His clerical predecessors filled chairs of 'Christian ethics' and 'natural theology.' Professor Garfield has been a teacher of law, a lecturer on political science and the whole democratic movement. To make such a man as president of Williams is as violent a break with tradition as was the choice of a professor of economics for the presidency of Yale, or an historian for Princeton. Yet it is precisely the men of the Garfield type to whom college trustees are now looking. When to broad training and wide experience of the world, the breadth of education, his educational methods one unites vigor and genial address and practical capacity, fitness for the presidency of a college does not depend upon the fact of the question whether one is a clergyman. Going back to an institution with which his father's name is indissolubly connected, Professor Garfield will enter upon his duties with the confidence of his alma mater, the Springfield Republican says:

There is every reason to expect that President Garfield will make a success of his new field of labor. Connecticut Valley Williams men have heard him speak at their annual dinner, and were delighted with the matter and the manner of his address. He is tactful, broad-minded, and progressive. His studies in politics have been on a high plane and greatly valued at Princeton. While not a clergyman, after the ancient fashion of college presidents, he is in fullest sympathy with the religious atmosphere which has always clothed the college and made its purpose a serious one. Dr. Hopkins said upon assuming the presidency that he desired to have Williams stand for character and service, and character for service. Such will be no less the purpose of the man who is to follow him, and to go with mother and sister, who have made will be approved by the graduates body. Professor Garfield is 44 years old, and there is every reason to expect that the new administration, which should continue for a quarter of a century until he reaches 70 years, will be marked by a splendid advance all along the line.

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### PROFESSOR AND MRS. GARFIELD AND FAMILY, (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) STANLEY JAMES, LUCRETIA, MASON

THE induction of Harry Augustus Garfield into the office of President of Williams College will occur October 7, 1908, in Williamstown, Mass. Undoubtedly one of the largest crowds ever gathered for an event of that nature will be present in the Berkshire village. The presidents of 79 colleges and universities throughout the United States have accepted invitations. In addition to a large representation of Alumni, a vast number of prominent clergymen, educators and statesmen are expected.

L. H. D. of the University of Chicago; Henry Lafavour, 1883, Ph. D., LL. D., of Simmons College, Boston; Stephen B. Penrose, 1882, D. D., Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.; Alfred T. Perry, 1880, of Marietta College, O., and Norman Plas, 1882, of Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.; Hon. William Rankin, 1821, LL. D., of Newark, N. J., enjoys the distinction of being the oldest living college graduate in America. Such clergymen as the Rev. John Bascom, 1849, D. D., LL. D., of Williams-town, and Rev. Washington Gladden, 1859, D. D., LL. D., of Columbus, O., are graduates of the college. Such lawyers as Francis Lynde Stetson, 1847, of New York, Charles S. Holt, 1874, of Chicago, Ill., and Charles B. Wheeler, 1873, of Buffalo, N. Y., are among the prominent graduates of the college. Such journalists as Hamilton Wright Mable, 1867, L. H. D., LL. D., of the Outlook, and Bliss Perry, 1881, L. H. D., LL. D., LL. D., editor of The Atlantic Monthly, are graduates of the college. Williams College draws her students from practically every state in the Union, and as several foreign countries. The Alumni Associations of the college are to be found in all the large cities throughout the United States.

Harry Augustus Garfield, eldest son of the late President James A. Garfield, was born in Hiram, Ohio, October 11, 1862. After attending the Emerson Institute in Washington, D. C., he acquired his more direct preparation for college at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. With his brother, James Rudolph Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, he was graduated from Williams College in 1885. His father was graduated from the same college in the class of 1856, and was on his way to Williamstown for the twenty-fifth reunion of his class when he was assassinated on July 2, 1881. Two other sons, Irving McDowell and Abram, are graduates of Williams College in the class of 1893. As a student at Williams, Harry Garfield was noted for his industry and loyalty to the regular work of the curriculum, carried a number of outside interests. For two years he was one of the editors of the college paper, serving as editor-in-chief in his senior year. In addition to playing on his class football team, he was a member of the college eleven for two years. After graduation he returned to St. Paul's School as master for one year. Subsequently he studied law for a year in the Columbia Law School and in the office of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & MacVeagh. The following year he continued his law studies at the Inns of Court in London and at Oxford University, devoting much attention to the courses in political science. Upon his return to America in the Spring of 1888 he was admitted to the bar in Ohio. On June 4, 1888, he was married to Miss Belle H. Mason, daughter of Honorable James Mason, for many years a leading lawyer in Cleveland and general counsel for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad. The Masons are descendants of Captain John Mason, the founder of Norwich, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Garfield have four children, James Mason, Lucretia and Stanley.

## Julia Ward Howe at 89

Author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" Tells How It Was Written Nearly Fifty Years Ago.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

WHEN the literary history of the Nation's capital is written one of the chapters will contain the story of Julia Ward Howe's great work, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was written in the old Willard Hotel in the dark days of November, 1862. And looking back to those dreary, seemingly hopeless times, Mrs. Howe now considers this hymn as a direct inspiration and an answer to her prayer to aid her struggling country.

and has increased it many fold by her industry and discretion.

Rejoices in Recollections.

Said Mrs. Howe in a chat with the writer: "A friend of mine wrote me that I had never in all my writing recounted my social triumphs, and I do not know anything which has amused me quite so much. My social triumphs, and search as I may I cannot find that such have entered into my life. And this has led me to diagnose what people mean by social triumphs. As it seems to be understood now it means a climb from obscurity into public notice and an abiding place on the stage of fashionable life. It means at best having fine garments which womankind read of in the papers and envy and having equipages, furniture and entertainments which are heralded throughout the country. I had neither time nor inclination for that sort of notoriety, the things for which I am most thankful in my life are different. I rejoice most of all that the foremost philanthropist of the age chose me for his wife and that I was of some use to him in the grand work which he carried to such a successful issue. I rejoice also that the great minds of the age, in politics, in art and literature, were in my life and that I was admitted most graciously into their fellowship. Then the joy of my children and the delights of the home—these are worth while of the emptiness of mere social striving."

Spot to Be Commemorated.

It was not for some months after that the Atlantic Monthly published the "Battle Cry of Freedom," polished and perfected by its author. The manuscript bearing the heading, "Sanitary Commission, Treasury Building, Washington, D. C., November 13, 1862," and after the text the words Willard Hotel is attached, is the best part of the literary legacy which Mrs. Howe will leave to her eldest daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, herself almost as well known as her mother in the world of books. To the deep regret of those to whom such associations are sacred, the old Willard Hotel, which was the home of Mrs. Samuel G. Howe, was torn down to make room for the magnificent hotelery which now bears the same name. But it is the opinion of those who are conversant with the history of the city that the spot should be erected. It is not unlikely that the same cause which has been commemorated by the writing of this lyric and patriotic masterpiece on this spot should be erected. It is not unlikely that the same cause which has been commemorated by the writing of this lyric and patriotic masterpiece on this spot should be erected. It is not unlikely that the same cause which has been commemorated by the writing of this lyric and patriotic masterpiece on this spot should be erected.

Story of the Great Song.

"I have told so often the story of this song that it would seem trite now to hear it again. But now light seems to come about why the hymn was written. I wrote the hymn for the official paper of the sanitary commission of the Treasury Department of which my reverend husband, Dr. E. G. Howe, was a member. I had come to Washington depressed in spirit and I believe a little discouraged. My husband, who had given his youthful ardor to Greece and had fought her fight for freedom with a stout heart who had aided poor struggling Poland in her efforts to get free from the tyrant's clutches, was past the age to take up the sword for his own unhappy country. My eldest son was a mere stripling and family ties kept me to the duties of home. But I longed to do something, something which would count. I turned to the hymn which would go to the battlefield with a ministering hand. Those thoughts assailed me day and night and one dark November day, when a horseback excursion led us to the heights on the Virginia side of the Potomac, the report came of great disaster to the Federal forces and the rumor that the Southern troops were marching on Washington. We fled back to the capital disheartened and troubled and I had that awful sensation of darkness closing in on me and my country and that nothing left was worth while. Late at night came the news that the report was wrong, that the rebels as we said then, but I am glad to note that we use less harsh language now, had been defeated and that all was well. The reaction excited me tremendously. We were sleeping at the old Willard and my rooms looked down on Pennsylvania avenue. Leaning out I could see the sentinels in the White House grounds and often the gleams of the night lamps which showed of the vigil kept by the one who guided

Mrs. Howe's Daily Life.

Mrs. Howe is one of the few women who has all her life conscientiously kept a diary. Some 30 years ago she published one book of reminiscences. It is good news to many that she has continued to keep her recollections in proper shape and that her long life and its thousands of entertaining episodes will be given to the world from her own brilliant and still active pen. No American woman, perhaps no woman living today has done so conscientiously with her history-making personages of her time. To note the name of her intimates is to learn the literary history of the past century. Her diary is a treasure which has been preserved in the Boston Authors' Club since its inception. In 1899, and she still attends to the active part of the work. She takes an interest in the most important and interesting news of the day when she writes her famous Philippic, "Sex and Education." Mrs. Howe writes fluently on every current subject, though, naturally, the most sought-after contributions are her recollections. She devoted four or five hours daily to her writing, and only recently has she sought the aid of a secretary to keep up her correspondences. She still receives company in her Boston home, and is gracious and hospitable. Lately only her personal friends are received, unless a special engagement is made, but she is hedged around with no ceremonial and her declining days are spent as in her prime. Always the possessor of her wealth she has guarded her fortune well.



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

## The First Day: A Monologue

BY M. L. J.

(Scene—The Norton's pleasant dining room, where the family of six are at breakfast. Mr. Norton is intent upon reading the morning paper, and Mrs. Norton presides at the domestic warfare front.)

DEAR ME, it's quarter after 8. Aren't you children ever going to finish? Isophene, watch the Captain. . . Oh, well, I suppose so. If nothing else will quiet him, I don't see why you always suggest sugar when you know how bad sweets are for him. . . Redge, do you know how many apples you've eaten? Myrtle, you're not going to have a chance to try, even if you think you could. It seems to me as if there must be some sort of a contest on among you young folks this morning. I'm quite certain I never baked so many cakes as I have this week. And oh, zeal! Myrtle, like that. You'll be ill next. . . Myrtle Norton, don't answer me back that way. And I shouldn't excuse you from school, in case your care. You ought to be ashamed!

Well, good-bye, papa! You'll just have time to catch your car, if you hurry. . . Myrtle Norton, don't answer me back that way. And I shouldn't excuse you from school, in case your care. You ought to be ashamed!

To Make Meat Tender.

I wonder how many cooks know that when boiling meat—corned beef, chicken, in fact, meat of any kind—a tablespoonful of a vinegar to a large piece, a smaller spoonful to a smaller piece, placed in the water when first put over the fire will make it deliciously tender. There will be positively no flavor of the vinegar in the meat when cooked.—Harper's Bazar.

Song of the Flowers.

We are the sweet flowers,  
Born of sunny days,  
Think, whenever you see us, what our  
utterance mute and bright  
Of some unknown delight,  
We all are with pleasure, by our simple  
breath;  
We tell you how we  
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto  
Who shall say that flowers  
Who's love, without them, can fancy—  
Who shall ever dare  
To say we sprang not there,  
And cannot tell that Love might bring  
Of heaven's more  
Oh, pray believe that angle  
From those blue dominions  
Brought us in today, when we lay down, 'twixt  
their golden plumes.

New Deep-Rooted Crop.

Wall Street Journal.

The newest pioneer crop is milo. It is a sort of corn which has made itself staple in the drier uplands of New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma. This territory takes a varying annual rainfall of 17 to 25 inches. Last year it was found to mature as early as in Colorado 6000 feet above the sea level, and in South Dakota it had ripened just as the first frost occurred. Its roots penetrate from three to four feet into the soil. In appearance the seeds head out, not like an ear of maize, with a covering of husk, but very much like that of broom corn, with a bunch of loosely grown seeds around the head of the stalk. It can be harvested by machinery, is easily threshed, and yields from 30 to 35 bushels an acre. Its main use is for the feeding of livestock. As such, it adds another mainstay to the strength of farms in regions of small rainfall.

Quint Garden Baskets.

New York Herald.

Garden baskets of most attractive shape are among the popular gifts of the season for girls. While by no means new in England, they have just made their appearance in this country and are useful as well as pretty.

Trays, they might almost be called, shallow are they, and all suggest the old English tray, but they are made of wire mesh and shears in hands, to make a picture when the hero appears.

Willow, in rattan, composes them, and they are in brown and greens as well as natural colors. Some of the baskets are about 16 inches long and ten across, the rim being only about two inches deep. The handle is without exception very high, that it may slip over the arm, allowing the fingers to grip it as they say each of the other hand without the effort of lifting. These trays are both oval and squared at the corners.

Particularly attractive is a suggestive of a big walking stick with a tray stuck through. The cans has a crook sufficiently large to slip over the arm, this being the only handle there is. The other end of the stick is sharp. About 12 inches from the crook is the basket, skewered through as it were. When the basket is in use it may be hung over the arm, leaving both hands free. Should it be inconvenient at the moment the stick is thrust into the ground, owing to its sharp tip, and the basket stands alone waiting its odorous freight.

Girls who have gardens or like to gather flowers are making a collection of these baskets.