
PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

By JACOB PRICE, M. D., OF WEST CHESTER, PA.

[Delivered at a meeting of the Chester County Medical Society, January 9th, 1900, at
West Chester, Pa.]

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Mrs Geo. R. Foulke

from her friend D. Price

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF CHESTER
COUNTY :

At a meeting of a number of physicians of Chester county held at the home of Mrs. Ann Mason, in the borough of West Chester, on the 5th of February, 1828, Dr. Isaac Thomas was called to the chair and Dr. Wilmer Worthington appointed secretary. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, Societies from the earliest existence of medicine as a science have been deemed highly salutary in promoting the advancement of medical knowledge and perpetuating that harmony and friendly intercourse which should exist among the members of our profession, and believing that these objects will be best promoted in this county by the formation of a society ; therefore,

Resolved, That this meeting is deeply impressed with the importance of forming a medical society in this county, and invite the physicians of this and the adjoining counties to attend a meeting, to be held at the house of Mrs. Ann Mason, in the borough of West Chester, on the 7th of June next at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing themselves and adopting such other regulations as are requisite to carry this project into effect.

Resolved, That Drs. Wm. Darlington, Geo. A. Fairlamb, Wm. Harris, Samuel McLean, Ezra Michener, Jos. Griffiths and John Kennedy be appointed a committee to prepare a preamble and constitution, and submit the same to the consideration of the meeting to be held at the time and place above mentioned.

The meeting was held on the 7th of June, 1828. It was organized by calling Dr. Geo. A. Fairlamb to the chair and Drs. Thomas Seal and Samuel McLean were appointed secretaries.

The committee appointed at the February meeting submitted a preamble, constitution and by-laws, which were unanimously adopted. The society organized by electing the following officers: President, Dr. William Darlington; first vice-president, Dr. Geo. A. Harris; second vice-president, Dr. William Harris; corresponding secretary, Dr. John Kennedy; recording secretary, Dr. Wilmer Worthington; treasurer, Dr. Thomas Seal; orator, Dr. Samuel McLean.

Besides these the following physicians participated and signed the constitution: Drs. Isaac Thomas, John B. Brinton, C. W. Parrish and Bartholomew Fussell. Drs. Jacob Sharpless, Isaac Z. Kauffman, Isaac Pennington, Geo. A. Fairlamb, Wm. Harris, Joseph Griffith, Ezra Michener, and Stephen A. Harris appear to have participated in the meeting but did not sign the constitution.

The first elected member was Dr. Enoch P. Hoopes, at the meeting of March 4th, 1829. The second was Gideon G. Palmer, elected December 2d, of the same year. In scanning the records during the few years the meetings of the society were kept up, it is evident that the hard-worked doctors of this laborious period of professional work were not always able to carry out their high aspirations, for meeting after meeting the "orator" and those appointed to prepare essays failed to appear.

The meetings of the society were held regularly four times annually, until June 1st, 1831, at which meeting it was "resolved that it is inexpedient to go into an election of officers and that this meeting stand adjourned until another shall be called by the president, or at the request of any three members of the society, and that the dues of the members in the meantime be suspended."

The next meeting occurred on the 8th of June, 1847, in pursuance of a call of the president of the society, Dr. William Darlington. It was attended by Drs. William Darlington, Isaac Thomas, Wilmer Worthington, John B. Brinton, Isaac Pennington, and C. W. Parrish.

The following new members were elected, viz., Isaac R. Walker, Samuel H. Harry, C. R. Parke, John P. Edge, W. W. Reese, E. F. Rivinus, Wm. D. Hartman, R. H. Smith, N. H. Clarke, John Kinsey, S. Harris, J. T. Huddleson, and Elwood Harvey. The last two resided in Delaware county. All were present at the meeting except W. D. Hartman. The meetings of the society have occurred regularly from this date, June 8th, 1847, to the present time.

At the meeting held December 1st, 1847, Dr. Wilmer Worthington offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, No State Medical Society exists in Pennsylvania, and believing that such an institution would greatly contribute to the advancement of medical knowledge within its bounds; therefore,

Resolved, That it is expedient to hold a convention at such time and place as may hereafter be agreed upon, in order to take this subject into consideration and effect such a permanent organization as may be deemed best suited to accomplish the object in view. Drs. Worthington, Parrish, Huddleson, Townsend, and Harry were chosen delegates to represent this society in said convention. The corresponding secretary was directed to forward a copy of these proceedings to the different medical schools and associations in the commonwealth and solicit their early co-operation.

At the meeting of April 25th, 1848, these delegates reported that they attended said convention, which was held in Philadelphia. The exact date is not given in the minutes, but it is a matter of record that at this convention the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania was organized. To the Chester County Medical Society, therefore, belongs the honor of originating the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania.

One of the subjects that claimed the attention of the society soon after its organization was the matter of medical attendance at the "County Home" or "Poor House," as it was

then called. At the meeting of October 30, 1849, on motion of Dr. Wilmer Worthington, it was

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to confer with the Directors of the Poor in regard to the present mode of procuring medical attendance at the Chester County Poor House, and also in relation to compensation for attendance upon those paupers who do not reside in the institution.

Drs. Worthington, Thomas, Harry, Fussel and Hickman were appointed to that duty. This committee reported, at the meeting of the society held April 30th, 1850, a plan for attendance at the Poor House which was directed to be published in the county newspapers, but no copy appears upon the minutes of the society. It appears to have aroused severe opposition and criticism on the part mainly of the physicians then in attendance at the institution, for at the meeting of the society held June 15th, 1850, on motion of Dr. A. K. Gaston, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, The attention of the society has been called to a communication in the "Register and Examiner," signed M. D., purporting to present a series of objections to the plan for medical attendance at the Poor House recommended by this society, therefore

Resolved, That it is due this society and its committee to correct the positive misstatements and disingenuous representations of said communication, and that a committee be appointed to prepare and publish in the newspapers of the county, a true exposé of the spirit and intent of the plan proposed by this society, for medical attendance at the Poor House.

Drs. Worthington, Isaac Thomas and C. W. Parrish were appointed said committee. This committee reported at the meeting of October 29th, 1850, at which time the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz. :

Resolved, That this society continues to regard the proposition for medical reform at the Chester County Poor House, which was submitted by this society to the Directors of the Poor at its meetings in November and December last, as

worthy of the confidence and support of the humane and enlightened citizens of the county, and that we still recommend it to their serious consideration.

Resolved, That with a view to prevent misapprehension we repeat the proposition made by this society to the Directors of the Poor under the following heads :

First. That a resident physician shall be appointed by the directors for one year who shall reside in the house and give such attendance to the sick as they require. For this service he shall receive his board and washing.

Second. The directors shall divide the year into four equal periods and appoint two physicians for each period, one of whom shall visit the house once each week and as much oftener as may be needed for consultation with the resident physician. This service to be rendered without charge.

Third. Post-mortem examinations, if made, to be under the same regulations as exist in private practice, placing the poorest inmate on a perfect equality with the most wealthy citizen.

Resolved, That the attempt to misrepresent the action of this society by interested persons is utterly unworthy of honorable members of our profession.

My membership in this society began at the meeting held in West Chester, October 29th, 1850. At the meeting held April 29th, 1851, I was elected recording secretary, which office I held until April, 1859. My connection with the society, therefore, extends over a period of nearly fifty years. In this period I have noted an almost uniform improvement in the attendance of members and in the scientific character of the papers and discussions.

In May, 1857, the meeting of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania was upon invitation of this society held in West Chester. It was a most successful one and our society was highly complimented by the state society for the liberality and efficiency of the arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of the visiting members. A part of the programme was

a drive in carriages to the battlefield of Brandywine. Our distinguished member, Dr. Wm. Darlington, was the orator of the occasion, and I well remember the interest with which every one present hung upon his words as he described most eloquently that memorable battle and pointed to the various points of interest on the field.

In the fifty years that include my professional life have occurred nearly all the great advances that have marked the history of modern medicine. The discovery of the anæsthetic action of ether and chloroform occurred only two years before I entered as a student in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. They were used in operations a few times during the first winter of my attendance at the clinics, but always reluctantly and with the greatest caution. One of the professors refused to use either of these agents and went so far as to denounce their employment to relieve the pain of parturition as unscriptural and as contravening the fiat of the Almighty. We have lived to see all such narrow objections repudiated, and these priceless gifts to suffering humanity used without stint, not only to remove the pain of operations, but what is almost as important, the mental agony that must ever attach to the major operations upon the human body. I am glad to say, too, that an advancing humanity is giving to animals requiring surgical operations the relief anæsthetics obtain.

The researches in pathology have been so greatly extended that it will be impossible to give more than a passing reference to them here. They have rendered diagnosis in a great majority of diseases a matter of certainty and treatment based upon such diagnosis becomes a matter of corresponding certainty. The careful study of the physiological action of drugs has ruled out a vast amount of groping in treatment that in former times impaired the efficiency of medical practice. The dependence of a great many diseases upon toxic bacteria has been demonstrated and the patient labor of students in this line of research has already discovered toxins that will certainly and safely destroy the vitality of some of these harmful bacteria.

The field of serum therapeutics has proved a most fruitful one and we cannot but look forward with the hope that the vast amount of study that is now being given to it will accomplish results that will enable the well-equipped physician, to approach with confidence and certainty, the treatment of very many diseases that now baffle the highest professional skill.

While we thus have such a bright outlook for the future of the practice of medicine, the brilliancy of surgery is in its past history. In contemplating the advances in this branch of medicine, the mind is overwhelmed. The confidence and certainty with which the accomplished surgeon of to-day approaches the most difficult and extensive operations is a marvel. Whether it is in locating, from the symptoms, a tumor in the brain and cutting deeply, with confidence and perfect accuracy, to remove it, or invading the chest and abdominal cavities and removing pretty much of anything he chooses, the modern surgeon astonishes us by his brilliancy of procedure and success in results. For these he is indebted mainly to anæsthesia and asepsis.

It is not alone in the domain of medicine and surgery that the brilliant advances that mark the period of my professional life, are to be found. In physics they are no less astounding. The first telegraph line in the world, that between Baltimore and Washington, was built by Professor Morse only a few years before. The use of steam and the daguerreotype process came a few years earlier; the sub-marine cable several years later; after it the telephone, by which the human voice is reproduced across the continent; the graphophone, in which the voice and music can be caught and stored, to be ground out as wanted years after; electricity as a successful motor power and as a source of heat and light, and lastly wireless telegraphy. These are some of the wonders that have been accomplished during the period of my adult life. Late as the time may be deferred, I am sure I shall never feel quite ready to die. I shall want to live to see how the discoveries of the new century shall compare with those of the old.

I dare say some of my young friends just starting upon their professional life feel like asking me what is my verdict—whether, if the choice was to be made again, the profession of medicine would be my life work. After careful thought I frankly say that it would. More of fame may attach to other professions, but in no other is there the untold happiness that fills the heart when one becomes the means of relieving physical suffering and of lifting impending sorrow from a loving household. Many such experiences have been mine and very often the recompense has come in such a manner that it can never be effaced from memory. I try to keep my mind upon these and not upon those in which gross ingratitude has been the recompense for the most faithful service.

Then, too, the intellectual charm that attaches to diagnosis in every case of disease is a constant pleasure to every well-trained medical mind. This is a matter of daily recurrence and keeps such a mind from ever becoming weary of professional duties. 'Unfortunately the diagnosis of the most clever is not always confirmed by results. I remember a case in which several who had rated themselves in this class made a positive diagnosis of acute pulmonary tuberculosis. The patient, however, disappointed us all by getting permanently well. Occasionally we fare better. One of you will remember being present at an autopsy of one of my patients in which my diagnosis was more fortunate. I had watched him with great care for several years. He was not a constant sufferer by any means. He finally succumbed to phthisis. There were four or five other physicians at the autopsy. I gave them a history of the case and remarked that while some of the usual symptoms had never been present, I expected to find a mulberry calculus lodged in the pelvis of the right kidney. When this was exposed it appeared so perfectly healthy that I thought my diagnosis utterly at fault. But pressure with the finger indicated a hard body in the pelvis of the kidney and a longitudinal section of the organ disclosed a characteristic mulberry calculus, packed in the pelvis as snugly as a nut in its hull,

without a particle of evidence of inflammation or ulceration around it. This unusual condition explained the absence of pus or blood in the urine (I had never found either). The frequent appearance of crystals of oxalate of lime in the urine and the constant recurrence of the pain in the right kidney, after severe exertion, were the diagnostic points. I had suggested operation to the patient, but his pain was not severe enough to drive him to it. I sent the specimen to the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and for several years Dr. Pepper used it to illustrate to his class the fact that even a mulberry calculus could exist in the pelvis of the kidney without causing serious local trouble.

It may not be out of place to impress upon the minds of our younger members the very great importance, in treatment, of an accurate diagnosis. Perhaps the most grateful letter I have ever received from a patient, was from a young lady who had been a great sufferer from dysmenorrhœa. As she forcibly expressed herself, "she was always either suffering pain or the anticipation of it." She lived some distance from West Chester, and had been the round of physicians of her locality. A careful study of her case led to the conclusion that her trouble was essentially gouty, and treatment based upon this view was completely successful. Besides carefully-regulated diet, a pill of acetic extract of colchicum, blue mass and extract of hyoscyamus was the whole treatment.

After reaching an accurate diagnosis it is important when you can make a favorable prognosis, that you give this, not in a halting, uncertain tone, but in such a firm manner as will carry conviction to the patient, who has probably had far more gloomy forebodings than you have suspected. I have realized this in very many cases, one of which I will relate briefly. A lady about middle-life, had been suffering several months from a suspicious tumor in one of her breasts. She had consulted several physicians about it and while none had decided that it was a cancer, all had left her in doubt. After a careful examination of the tumor itself and a full history of the case, I decided

that it was an inflammatory thickening of the gland originating from a blow, and that the external use of iodine and belladonna with carefully graduated pressure would entirely remove it. Her manner was so quiet and undemonstrative that I did not realize the load of anxiety it had caused her. Fortunately I gave her my conclusions firmly and without a shadow of a doubt in my manner. She was standing near me at the time and had it not been for the supporting arm of her husband and the additional support she received from throwing her arms about my neck she would have fallen to the floor. In about two months the tumor disappeared. She never failed to consider herself my patient, and twenty-five years later I was summoned many miles to see her in her last illness. Let me say, for the encouragement of some of my younger brethren in the profession, such cases will make you rejoice in your life-work. To our younger members I will say another word. If you are faithful and thorough in the discharge of professional duties, you will have many, very many pleasant reminiscences, especially in your work among the poor. The patient and unselfish devotion to duty, especially on the part of the women of this class, is most encouraging. When I have been disposed to be impatient under discouraging surroundings I have felt reproved by calling to mind such experiences.

I do not wish to overrate our noble profession, but it has often seemed to me that its high mission to protect and preserve, places it very near that of the Creator. Emerson claims this for the farmer. He says: "The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor, it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and meat. The food which was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstance which made him delegate it for

a time to other hands. If he have not some skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product for which the farmer will give him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm, as standing nearest to God, the first cause."

With an inherited predilection for farming and a life-time spent in this paradise of farmers, after almost fifty years' devotion to my cherished profession I am somewhat disposed to take issue with this profound thinker. When I realize the power that the science of medicine of to-day gives the physician to relieve suffering and cure disease, I am disposed to place his calling at least side by side with that which Emerson so eloquently claims for the farmer. Already to the youngest of you I dare say have come occasions in which you have realized that your calling has almost God-like attributes. In one instance this was forced upon me so eloquently by a gifted patient that I cannot forbear telling you of it. I was called to see her after midnight on account of a very severe attack of cholera morbus. She was suffering severe pain and was in a condition of collapse almost as profound as in true cholera. She was unable to answer questions and seemed not to notice my presence. There was but one thing to do. Every one of you would have adopted the same course. I gave her a hypodermic of morphia, atropine and strychnine. In about fifteen minutes she opened her eyes, moved a hand towards me and said feebly, "You doctors ought to be very good." I answered, "I am willing to admit that as a general proposition, but why do you make the application just now?" She replied, "A few minutes ago I was so ill that I expected to die and was suffering so intensely, I hoped I would die. You came and put your hand on my arm. I was conscious of nothing more. Now I am well. Such a power as this is very like God's. You ought to be worthy to exercise it." It was a lesson I have never forgotten. With such experiences do you wonder at my verdict?

I thank you very much for your patient attention and for your uniform kindness and courtesy.

The Cry of Naomi

JULY 11, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

DEAR SIR: *I am not by birth a Japanese, but by "man-made law." I am a Japanese citizen, and as with Naomi of old, "thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."*

I am the wife of a Japanese mining engineer and chemist; one of the successful representative men of his race in this country. My position has brought me in contact with Japanese of all classes, from the humble cook to the college professor. Resident Japanese and those sent on tours of investigation I have associated with for the past ten years until their desires, their point of view, and their ambitions are familiar to me.

*"I have eaten your bread and salt;
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye have died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye have led are mine."*

IHAVE read with interest Macfarlane's article and your editorial on the Japanese Question, also the many letters written in commendation of your attitude on this subject.

The main points of the original article seem to be that we were "different"; we were dirty. Social intercourse with us was impossible. The farmer's daughter could not go buggy riding with our young men; we were immoral; and, furthermore, we were not capable of being absorbed by the body politic. As far as I can see, nothing was said of us that could not with more truth be said of a large majority of other immigrants you so joyously welcome to your country.

I acknowledge that our physical make-up differs somewhat from the accepted Apollonian standards of "The Great White Nation." True, we are but little darker than the Italian, plus his stiletto, his pistol, and his stick of dynamite—whom you welcome gladly to your country. We are not walking arsenals. We bring with us no secret societies for the extortion of money by jeopardizing life and property. We are law-abiding, peaceful, industrious.

Eleven murders, committed mainly by white immigrants, in six months' time, is the record of one county in this State. With all our differences California can show no such record made by Japanese immigrants! Our eyes slant. But only a trifle more than the eyes of many a Hungarian whose high cheek bones and little slanting eyes clearly proclaim the presence of oriental blood in his veins.

AS to being dirty: are we any dirtier than the Syrian, the Turk, the Greek, the Italian, or the Hungarian? Yet their lack of cleanliness does not diminish the heartiness of your welcome. I am familiar with the foreign mining settlements of Pennsylvania and the foreign-owned farms of New England and can say that the Japanese settlements of California could not possibly be dirtier, more neglected, or more sordid than many of the homes of these "welcomed" immigrants. It was said of the Huns of old that wherever they trod the grass refused to grow. Judging by the appearance of many mining villages this characteristic is amply shared by their remote descendants.

The original owners of most of the foreign-owned farms of New England would turn in their stark, last sleep could they but see their once thrifty, well-kept homesteads. Most of these homes now are slothful, ill kept, dirty; for what time is there for beauty and cleanliness in lives that are solely devoted to acquiring money and nothing else but money? What time is there for housekeeping when women bear a child each year and work ten or twelve hours a day in the fields? Dumb, driven, patient even as beasts! Birth, death—mere incidents beside the weeding of the onion patch! What have you in common with their ideals? Yet you welcome them. What social intercourse can the American farmer's daughter have with the European peasant whose idea of woman is nothing higher than a submissive drudge? A large majority of these peasants entertain ideals and thoughts in regard to women which are diametrically opposite to the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon. Consequently they are totally unfit for social intercourse with the daughters of their American neighbors. But I have yet to hear the exclusion of

the white peasant immigrant advocated. As to our morals: far be it from me to cast stones at any nation; for in this respect all peoples are dwellers in houses of glass. All have sinned and come short of the glory of perfect manhood. But for a nation with a shore-to-shore traffic in vice, a nation with 250,000 acknowledged prostitutes, a nation that annually procures 25,000 young women and girls to feed its Moloch of Lust, a nation in which there are 50,000 procurers; for such a nation to proclaim itself as "far superior to the Japanese in morals," etc., is to laugh. Such a holier-than-thou attitude is ridiculous. It makes me think of a huge sanctimonious, arrogant ostrich with her head hidden in the sands of her self-conceit. Is it to laugh or to weep when one also remembers that doctors say that 75 to 80 per cent of all the men that walk your streets are tainted with that disease which is death in life, a disease the direct result of immorality? Your army of blind children stand as pathetic witnesses against you. If you will compare the statistics in regard to venereal diseases in the Japanese and American armies you will find that the facts do not discredit Japan. Statistics also say that two races, which furnish a large percentage of your immigrants, direct and control the white-slave trade of this country, yet no one clamors to exclude these races because of their immorality.

WE emphatically deny the assertion that we are not capable of assimilation. Our whole history is a refutation of this assertion. Where on the face of the earth can you find a people more quick to assimilate, more eager to adopt and to learn?

In this State one sees the melancholy spectacle of aliens seeking naturalization. Do they seek this right in order that they may participate in a government by the people and for the people or because they really admire the country and its institutions? Oh, no, they merely aspire to run a licensed saloon with its vicious attributes, which is one of the benefits conferred by citizenship. Compare this motive with the aspirations that move us when we demand naturalization.

One correspondent uses the phrase: "We Americans are far superior to the Japanese in morals, efficiency, and ability." As regards efficiency and ability, I refer the whole world to the condition of the American army during the Cuban war and the record of the Japanese army during the Manchurian war. Which army was letter perfect as to organization down to the minutest detail? The Japanese army. Which army was provided with modern up-to-date equipment? The Japanese army. Was this true of the American army? Which army died of typhoid fever in unsanitary home camps? Which war office blundered, hesitated, fumbled, and showed a surprising lack of "efficiency" and "ability"? It certainly wasn't the Japanese Department of War. We died in Manchuria that our country might have life more abundantly. To-day we are fighting against injustice, race prejudice, and ignorance that our young men and women may inherit the earth together with the young of the white world. We refuse to believe that a just God gives only to the white man the right to aspire, the right to use the whole earth for his own uplift, and the right to equal opportunities and privileges. We are a young race and a young nation full of hope and ambition. We have come a long road in a short time, and though we are not perfect, we bring to you high ideals, fidelity, patriotism, a love of honor and justice, a belief in law and order, and a confidence in ourselves that spells success.

OUR belief in you is pathetic in its greatness, our patience is long, and, race prejudice notwithstanding, we know there is room for us in this "Melting Pot" of nations; we know that we can add strength to your strength, and in the time to be, when enlightenment must bring prejudice under the control of reason, we shall come to our own and a man shall be a man though the mother that bore him was not white.

ANN HACHITA.

MRS. SHOWZO HACHITA,
67 Academy Street,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dragoon, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

Delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

*I like this
keep it for our
scrapbook -*

S. C. Paul's School

Goræ Scholasticæ.

VOL. XLVIII.

JANUARY 30, 1915.

No. 4

THE SEEKERS.

Six men met together to discuss the question of happiness.

"Frankly," said the first, "I believe that happiness can be attained only through the satisfaction of vanity. Now, it is fame, the applause of the world, that best satisfies that vanity. Therefore shall I seek fame."

"On the other hand," said the second, "happiness may be got much more easily by the accumulation of wealth. For true happiness means the satisfying of every want and every desire; and it is money alone that will satisfy those desires. Therefore I go forth to make a fortune."

"The mere satisfying of desire," objected the third, "will not bring perfect happiness. Perfect happiness means perfect pleasure. Therefore shall I seek all manner of entertainment and amusement for my happiness."

"Not so!" cried the fourth, "the road to happiness is a long one, and cannot be traveled at one stride. But that road is neither fame, nor wealth, nor pleasure. It is wisdom. For by wisdom and philosophy the faculties may be so trained that sorrow may be converted into joy, disappointment into hope, and misery into happiness. He who is learned in the things that have been, and the things that are, and the things that shall be, in all philosophy and in all thought—he is truly happy. Therefore shall I pursue wisdom."

"Mistaken mortals!" exclaimed the fifth, "your views are too narrow. For I know for a certainty—and it needs no argument—that the way to happiness is virtue. The time-worn adage that virtue is its own reward shall be my life's motto."

"You cannot get happiness as you would get any tangible thing," said the sixth earnestly. "Only in living life as it comes, without regret and without vain hope, in thoughtfulness for others and in forgetfulness of self, may happiness be found."

But by that time he was speaking to the empty air.

Years later the five met together once more, but the sixth was not of them.

"And now," said the first, "I must make a confession. I sought for fame and I found it. My name is known the world over as a statesman and leader of men, and, though I die, that name shall never die. But what to me now is the applause of the world? I am bound by the ties of convention. My every act is written down for the world to read. I have found no honest friends. At first my vanity was flattered with my new-found power; but there is an end of all things. And now when a day-laborer dies and when I die—where is the difference between us? Unknown during his life, unknown after his death, he is yet infinitely happier than I. Gentlemen, I long to be free; I long to be unknown; I yearn for the happiness I have not found. But it shall never be granted me."

"I, too, have failed," said the second. "I am a rich man, and I have lived a life of luxury. Money has bought me great houses and wide lands; everything in the world worth having is mine. And yet it is all a weariness of the flesh. A weariness, I tell you, and a regret. For never in this wide world can my money buy the real things: friends, love, peace and happiness."

"I put my faith in pleasure," sighed the third, "but pleasure is a short illusion. As soon as I had exhausted one form of pleasure or self-indulgence I took up another; but soon their tale was told, and the reaction set in. What am I fit for now? Nothing under the sun; not even fit to seek again for that happiness which I have lost forever."

"But there is no happiness to lose!" cried the fourth. "There is no such thing as happiness. This is the dismal truth. For wisdom was my hope, and now I am learned in the things that have been, and the things that are, and the things that shall be, in all philosophy and in all thought; but it avails me nothing. The only thing I have really learned is that man is a deluded creature: he searches for happiness to his grave, and never finds it; but he catches glimpses, brief moments of it here and there, which lure him on with vain hope; and he hopes and hopes for that which he can never get save momentarily; and, so hoping, he dies. There is no real, abiding happiness."

"You must be right," said the last, "for have we not tried everything? Even virtue, in which I trusted, has failed. I bought a

small house, and lived in simplicity. I was kind to my neighbors; I was temperate, just, faithful, energetic, sincere. And ever I kept looking for my happiness, and with every good deed I said to myself, 'Virtue is its own reward'; but never did I find that reward. Therefore I have come to the inevitable conclusion that there is no reward."

Even as he ceased speaking there came to them on the wind the sound of a song. It was a small sound, but it seemed to throb with the very joy of being. And because it was joyous, those five men followed it, till presently they came on men pitching hay in a field, for it was summer, and the sun was shining. And one sang merrily as he worked, though the sweat was on his brow.

"This is he who met with us the first time," said the man who had got wisdom. "He, too, must be deluded." So he spoke to the man.

"Friend," said he, "you sing so merrily that you lead us to believe that you are happy."

"I am," said the man.

"And why?" they cried, as with one breath.

"I do not know," said the man.

LLOYD KIRKHAM GARRISON.

HOW AN ORCHESTRA IS CONDUCTED.

People who see a great orchestra at work, such as the New York Symphony or the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, seldom realize just what part the conductor plays in producing the wonderful tonal effects. They see a man standing on a platform over a band of players, waving his arms about and making all sorts of apparently meaningless gestures, and they wonder what is the use of having a gesticulating figure in the center of the stage, distracting their attention from the music.

In a large orchestra, a conductor is absolutely necessary, first, as regards the matter of keeping correct time. A full orchestra is too large for the men to keep in time by listening to each other; there must be one central figure whom

all must follow. The most primitive form of conducting is seen in the leading of the cheers at a football game. In order to have the cheers in unison, a leader is absolutely necessary. If, then, a leader is needed to make a number of people shout the same thing together, how much more necessary is the presence of a conductor in an orchestra consisting of from sixty-five to a hundred performers, playing in twenty or more separate voices, each independent of the rest, yet each a part of a united whole! If the tempo is to be accelerated or retarded, it is the conductor who must set the pace, and keep all the men playing exactly together.

This is merely what he does during the concert. The real work of the conductor comes,