A MAN
OF LEARNING
NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

ARTHUR PATRICK REDFIELD, Ph.D., LL.D.
From the portrait by John Clark Tidden
A MAN OF LEARNING

A Half Century of Educational Service as Exemplified by
Arthur Patrick Redfield, Ph.D., LL.D.

BY

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD
FOREWORD

When I first projected a biography of Arthur Patrick Redfield, the distinguished educator, I encountered the objection that it has been the usual practice to prepare biographies only of men who have been transported by the Creator from their earthly field of labor to houses—and, I trust I may modernize without irreverence, universities—not made with hands. It was pointed out to me that the incomparable life of Doctor Johnson was not published by Boswell till the lexicographer had been seven years in his grave, and that, to take other notable and more recent examples, there is no adequate biography of the late President Harding, while definitive lives of James K. Polk and of William McKinley have appeared only within the last dozen years.

Doctor Redfield himself, despite his long friendship with me, deprecated my writing his biography, because of his natural modesty. “What I have accomplished,” he said to me, “does not deserve an encomium, which I am afraid is what you would insist on bestowing upon me. I have done it all merely as part of my duty to this great Nation, to the divinity which youth represents, and to the noble cause of education. I have done it in the spirit of Service, not Self. In the words of that great order of red-blooded men which is carrying out, as no other society is doing, the principles and practices of Christ Jesus, ‘He profits most who serves best.’ If anything is to be said about my work, let it be said with the floral tributes that this society and others may care to lay upon my bier. Don’t write a book about me—any other Rotarian deserves it as much as I.”

The innate modesty of Doctor Redfield, however, as his friends all know, never interferes with his exemplification of true helpfulness. Before I left, he put his hand on my shoulder, and said earnestly:

“My boy, I don’t want you to write this book. But I wouldn’t be true to my ideals if I interfered with what you make up your mind to do. You make your living and your reputation by writing. It is a noble calling. I have watched you with a lot of interest, and I want you to succeed always. If you decide to write a book about me, I shall subordinate my wishes and give you all the information I have. You may have access to my manuscripts, my letters, and whatever will assist you. I want to see you prepare a book that you can be proud of, and, while I had as soon my name were never mentioned within the covers of a volume, I am anxious that the principles of Service be adequately presented in these selfish times.”

While I was considering the objections that had been raised to my plan, there appeared a life of James Joyce, the notorious Irish novelist, whose work is a stench in the nostrils of every good American. Subsequently Sherwood Anderson, whom unfortunately we must own as an American, and Alfred Kreymborg, importer into the United States of free verse, the literary handmaiden of free thought and free love, published their autobiographies. A biography of H. L. Mencken, intentional destroyer of confidence in the idealism of our civilization, has been issued, and has been widely read and even praised. These are all living men. Not content with spreading their debasing views through fiction, verse, and criticism, they, or their friends, have insisted on laying before the public the details of their lives. By these the young men and women of our Nation, our future leaders, are being widely influenced; I have heard their careers and their anti-Christian philosophy discussed even by the eighteen-year-old daughter of a Methodist bishop. So long as we have no effective censorship upon the dissemination of such views, it seemed to me my duty to counteract their effect, as best I could, by presenting to the public the life of Doctor Arthur Patrick Redfield as
an example of stalwart Americanism, high but practical morality, and sound, statesmanlike educational leadership. Here the leader will find an antidote to the poison of Bolshevism, the cancer of evil literature, and the lethargy of agnosticism. Doctor Redfield's career is not ended—he will make further and, I am convinced, greater contributions to America—but it is imperative at this critical time that the youth of the country have before them not only his speeches, his writings, and the wholesome influence of his teachings, but a vivid picture of his life.

In spite, therefore, of my natural reluctance to depart from the tried and true standards of biographical composition, I have felt constrained to prepare a biography of Doctor Redfield up to the present time, knowing that so much will be safely set down for the benefit of posterity and trusting that the rest of his life will in the future receive the treatment that it deserves. My biography is authentic, based on my own acquaintance with him, or what others have told me, and on the papers which he so generously placed at my disposal. It will not overlook his imperfections, slight though they are in the light of his character and achievements as a whole. In him we have no anaemic saint, but a distinguished scholar and great idealist, a red-blooded citizen of the United States, an example for the youth of the Nation.
Chapter I

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH

"There is none of us but should thank God daily for the example of noble, God-fearing parents. Each of us knows in his heart that his parents were the salt of the earth."

—Doctor Redfield before the American Federation of Young People’s Societies, Roanoke, Virginia, January 21, 1919

Arthur Patrick Redfield was born in Decorah, Indiana, on July 4, 1876. To us who believe in Divine Providence, there is significance in the fact that this man, destined to be a leader in the patriotic cause of education, should have come into the world precisely one hundred years after the master-minds of the 18th century affixed their signatures to the greatest document—always, of course, excepting the Constitution of the United States—the world has yet known.

Unfortunately I am unable to trace in detail the Redfield ancestry. I say “unfortunately” not because of any un-American pride in mere family, but because I realize and rejoice that here in the United States one man is as good as another and anybody may rise to the highest office in the gift of the Nation. I regret my lack of detailed knowledge of the ancestry of Doctor Redfield only because I am confident that among the forbears of so great and good a man there must have been numerous examples of ability, public spirit, and heroism such as would stimulate the youth of today to new efforts.

Doctor Redfield’s parents were of that middle class which is the backbone of the American Nation. His father, Samuel Redfield, was a storekeeper. Born in Pennsylvania, he went to Indiana in 1859, and there began clerking in a general store. The proprietor, an ardent abolitionist, was commissioned in the Union Army within three months of the outbreak of the war. Mr. Redfield, though a man of but little formal education, had read widely both in the Bible and in secular history. In this way he had become convinced that slavery was not, in any event, immoral—he frequently quoted the text, “Servants, be subject to your masters in all things,” and others of like purport—and that the Constitution did not make the Union of such paramount importance as to justify a war to preserve it. When pressed by his fellow townsmen to enlist, he steadfastly refused, expressing his views quietly but none the less firmly.

He was not narrow-minded in the matter, however. When his employer determined to enter the army and leave the store in his charge, he offered no objection and, indeed, extended his best wishes and promised his most fervent prayers. He ran the store with great diligence, and, further, built up quietly a trade with members of the Confederacy. The money from this he kept separate from the store account out of consideration for the views of the owner.

In 1863 the draft began, and Mr. Redfield’s name was drawn. For a time he considered going into the army. His views had been gradually modified by the sentiment of the town, and he had even presided at a patriotic meeting. The local trade of the store, however, had grown as a result, and Mr. Redfield was at a loss to know in whose charge it might
be left. Feeling a deep sense of responsibility to his employer, he was unwilling to abandon the business to any chance comer. Finally, after much thought and prayer, he determined to employ a substitute in the army. For two hundred dollars he procured the services of Hank Kenyon, a farm hand without dependents. Hank subsequently was killed at the battle of Lookout Mountain. In the cemetery just outside the town of Decorah a marble tombstone, erected by Mr. Redfield to the memory of this friendless youth, bears the words, Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Mr. Redfield often told me before his death of the pain that the death of Hank Kenyon caused him. "I am a Christian," he declared with pardonable pride. "I have no fear of death. I should be willing to sacrifice my life at any time. The one thing that has consoled me about the death of that dear boy is my own family. Had I gone to war and been killed, my children would have been unborn."

Mr. Redfield's employer, the owner of the store, returned from the war a brigadier general. He had lost his liking for the humdrum life of trade, and soon he decided to enter upon contracting as an occupation. Mr. Redfield gave him a strict account of the business, excluding, of course, his private trade with the Confederacy. The account showed some nine thousand dollars in the bank, eight thousand of which was drawing interest, and an increase in the inventory value of the store from $12,450 to $19,711. The storekeeper generously gave Mr. Redfield half of the sum in the bank. When Mr. Redfield hesitated to accept it, the old warrior shouted at him:

"By God, it's yours—didn't you make it?"

The profanity, Mr. Redfield explained later, was the one thing that caused him to take the money.

"I was afraid," he said, "that he would go on to worse and worse oaths and destroy the soul that God gave him. I felt it was my duty to accept his offer, although I didn't feel that the money belonged to me at all. The Scripture says, you know, 'We are all unprofitable servants.' Besides, I had enough money to buy and sell the general."

Mr. Redfield of course referred to the money he had made in trading with the South. The general soon offered the store for sale at the inventory value, with a discount of fifteen per cent for cash, and Mr. Redfield purchased it, with not only the formal but the active good will of the former owner. His subsequent success in building the store up to the point where it was recognized as the leading business institution of Decorah, every one familiar with southern Indiana knows. The fascinating story of its growth is told in the biographical sketch of the elder Mr. Redfield in the "History of Page County, Indiana."*

Mr. Redfield's marriage took place in November, 1868. Although for more than a year he had been keeping company with the daughter of the banker, he suddenly married Ella Carter, whose father owned a little blacksmith shop. The marriage for a time aroused much comment in the town, but Mr. Redfield took no notice of this. After a little while, it was accepted as his public testimony to the principles of absolute democracy, and his explanation is recorded on page 282 of the volume heretofore mentioned, where it is further pointed out, however, that the Carters were descendants of the ancient Scottish nobility.

Of the accuracy of this statement I have no doubt. Doctor Redfield himself has displayed in numberless instances the qualities outstanding in European nobility. I have, nevertheless, found it impossible actually to trace his mother's ancestry to any specific figure. I note that there

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*Jennings, Arthur, "History of Page County, Indiana, in Four Volumes, Sumptuously Illustrated with Steel Engravings of Her Distinguished Citizens," Vol. II, pp. 280-287. The sketch of Mr. Redfield, entitled "Samuel Redfield, A Merchant Prince of Modern Days," is the most extended in the history, notwithstanding the fact that one governor and three congressmen are represented among the biographies.
was a Carter who served under Robert Bruce with great valor. He was, not improbably, knighted for his services. Subsequently appear in 
Scottish history the names of Sir Thomas Carter (1430-1483), Sir Arthur 
Carter (1480-1500), and Sir Robert Carter (1481-1545), presumably the 
descendants of the brave follower of Bruce. Also, it is recorded, the 
King’s carter, name not given, assisted James I of Scotland materially 
in his composition of “The Kingis Quain.” After a career of so great 
distinction, it would be natural for the man’s position in the King’s 
establishment to be taken as a surname by his descendants.

From either of these two lines the Carters in Doctor Redfield’s an-
cesty may have come. I should be inclined to consider the latter the 
more plausible in view of the literary attainments manifested by its 
founder and the distinctive literary quality which has been so often 
remarked in Doctor Redfield’s speeches and writings.

When I broached the matter to Doctor Redfield, he modestly and 
laughingly declined to express an opinion.

“I am of course aware of the tradition in my family and I have 
often been asked to adopt the Carter crest,” he commented. “It is in 
my mother’s line, however, and, in any event, I have no ambition for 
foreign titles. I am, and I pray God I always will be, a hundred per cent 
American. I am a Knight Templar, an Elk, and a Rotarian. Those are 
good enough titles for me.”

As I have heretofore intimated, I had no greater success in tracing 
the ancestry of Doctor Redfield on his father’s side. Samuel Redfield’s 
father and grandfather had both lived in Pennsylvania. The grand-
father was in America during the Revolution, and it is supposed he 
served in the Continental Armies, though the formal record is lacking. 
Doubtless, like so many state papers of that troublous time, it was lost.

The Redfields unquestionably original in England, where the name 
has been for centuries a distinguished one. James Jermy Redfield, the 
early scientist and physician; Roderick Redfield, colonel under Crom-
well; and Gordon Redfield, whose literary work is unfortunately not 
so well known as its high moral tone deserves, are but a few of many 
figures among the Redfields who contributed to England’s greatness.

Arthur Patrick Redfield was the fifth of twelve children. In these 
degenerate days of ours, the size of the family may suggest its God-
fearing character. Four of the children died in infancy. The remaining 
eight have all performed service to the world, though none of the others 
has attained the distinction reached by Arthur Patrick Redfield. Will-
liam, the eldest, is a chemist, and, although primarily a scholar, has 
shown sufficient practical ability to make large profits from the use of 
German dye patents for patriotic American purposes. Ella, named for 
herself, is principal of the Decorah High School. Her twin, Martha, 
is the wife of William Stemmons Barker, the well-known stock-broker. 
James, for many years considered the least promising of the family, 
engaged in the coastwise shipping trade in 1920 and attained such re-
markable success as to arouse the envy of his competitors, who persuaded 
the Coast Guard to raid two of his vessels for alleged violation of the 
prohibitory laws. The raids, needless to say, yielded nothing. Helen mar-
rried Arthur Dickson, a Chicago lawyer, and their son, nicknamed “Hurry-
up Harry,” is the renowned all-American tackle. Leslie and Robert, the 
two youngest boys, run the old Redfield store in Decorah. Leslie served 
with distinction in the World War. Sacrificing his natural desire for 
combatant service to his readiness to put his business training at the 
call of his country, he accepted a captain’s commission in the quarter-
master corps. He contemplates, so I am reliably informed, becoming a 
candidate for Congress. Robert is vice-president of the State Chamber of 
Commerce and a member of the executive committee of the Indiana 
Grocers’ Association, in the annual picnic of which society he is the 
moving spirit.

When Arthur was born, his father and mother spent many hours 
discussing what he should be named. Mrs. Redfield admired Chauncey,
Percival, and similar names familiar to her from her reading. Mr. and Mrs. Redfield had agreed, however, that the father should, after discussion, give the final decision as to the names of the male children. He at first hesitated between Rutherford Hayes and Samuel Tilden. While he himself was a supporter of Tilden, the community as a whole was overwhelmingly for Hayes. On the one hand, he felt that the name of a child was strictly a personal affair; on the other he argued to Mrs. Redfield, a community has some rights and might, indeed, be somewhat offensive to one who publicly defied its cherished views. Ultimately he concluded that both names must be given up.

Mr. Redfield, nevertheless, wanted a name which as he admirably expressed it, "meant something." There had recently been organized in Decorah a branch of the American Proctective Association, popularly known as the A. P. A. There were only three Roman Catholic families in the town, and they went to church at Wellsville, a larger place nine miles away. The heads of these three households occasionally drove to Wellsville on week nights, and it was supposed in Decorah that they were drilling in preparation for the time when the Pope would seize the government of the United States.

Mr. Redfield joined the A.P.A. and gave it his enthusiastic support. Here was an issue on which he thoroughly agreed with his fellow townsmen. A.P.A.—the initials came to him as an inspiration. He hastened to his wife's room.

"Ella," he announced triumphantly, "we're going to name the boy A. P. A."

"But they don't spell anything, do they?" she ventured tentatively.

"Of course not," agreed Mr. Redfield, "but they stand for something.

We've got to get boys' names to fit them."

There came into Mrs. Redfield's mind the dapper hero of the latest novel that she had read.

"Algeron begins with A," she smiled.

Mr. Redfield snorted.

"I don't want no book names," he shouted, reverting to the grammar of his early days.

"'Any,' you mean," corrected his wife, who had gone through two years of high school.

"Well, none or any, let's get a regular name," he replied, somewhat abashed by Mrs. Redfield's correction. "Arthur, say, or Albert."

"Arthur is a nice name," agreed Mrs. Redfield, "and so is Amory. They both begin with A." She had remembered, just in time, Arthur Amory, who had won the hand of the Duke's daughter by his refined manners.

"Well, I guess those are all right," assented her husband, somewhat grudgingly. "I don't know as I ever heard of Amory, but it sounds like a middle name. Now let me go and think up something that begins with P."

Alone in the sitting room, he set himself to his task. He has told the story a dozen times. One by one, he considered the names he could think of.

"Paul, not long enough. Percival, sissy. Peter—no, I used to know a man named Peter and he was drunk all the time. Philip—yes, that's not bad. Or Phillips; it doesn't have to be a regular first name, there in the middle."

The more he thought about it, the more thoroughly he was convinced that Phillips was the most appropriate name. Naming the boy Phillips, he knew, would be regarded by his neighbors as a tribute to the great abolitionist. To those few who still suspected him of none too great loyalty to the Union, it would be taken as proof of his patriotism, and, while he would have scorned any act designed merely to please the public, he recognized the vision of diplomacy. Moreover, he reflected, Phillips was a crusader for reform, and he himself in turn was engaged in a great crusade against treasonable conspiracy.
Mr. Redfield returned to his wife’s room.
“I have it,” he exclaimed. “Arthur Phillips Amory Redfield.”
“What’s the Phillips for?” she inquired.
“For Wendell Phillips, the great abolitionist,” he replied with an air of finality.
“But I didn’t know you believed in abolition,” objected Mrs. Redfield.
“Wendell Phillips was a great patriot engaged in a cause he thought was right,” proclaimed her husband. “We who belong to the A.P.A. are fighting for a great cause. I want my son always to remember that.”

So the Methodist minister, who likewise was secretary of the local branch of the A.P.A., was called, and the child was baptized Arthur Phillips Amory. The minister’s sermon on the following Sunday, truly prophetic, was based on the text, “His name shall be great among the Gentiles.” The A.P.A. attended in a body, and Mr. Redfield contributed ten dollars to the collection.

The name Arthur Patrick Redfield, which the distinguished educator now bears, was subsequently adopted by himself under circumstances which, as will be pointed out, gave him an early opportunity to display the qualities destined to make him a great American leader.

Chapter II

EARLY YEARS

“Leadership is a typical characteristic of the well-rounded American.”

—Doctor Redfield before the State Convention, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Indianapolis, Indiana, August 17, 1912

Arthur Redfield was brought up like most boys in those small towns which are responsible for so many of our great leaders. He learned naturally, so it seemed, the lessons of true democracy. Even before he started to school, he was the acknowledged leader of the children of the neighborhood—but always with their entire consent. He sought the advice and suggestions of every one of his playmates on what games they should play, who should be “it,” in whose yard they should play. Finding frequently wide difference of opinion, he had to follow his own judgment. If his judgment was challenged, he never fought, as a less discerning boy would have done. He let the challenger take over leadership, which commonly resulted in a free-for-all fight. Arthur wisely declined to take sides, and when the struggle was over he again became leader by tacit consent.

Arthur early manifested a keen honesty rare among boys of his age, and thus exerted a distinct moral influence through his leadership. Taught by his father and mother never to tell a lie, he resolutely carried out their instruction.

For example, it had long been the custom of the boys of the town to swim in Deep Creek, a somewhat treacherous stream just across the railroad tracks. The fathers and mothers of the boys disapproved of the custom.

“If you ever go swimming in that creek, you’ll get a good thrashing when you get home,” Mr. Redfield had warned Arthur.

Like the rest of the boys, Arthur learned to swim in the creek.

“I always believed in obeying my parents,” Doctor Redfield told me years later. “If dear old father had told me not to go into that creek, I suppose I never would have learned to swim. Fortunately, he only threatened to whip me if I did go in.

“For a long time, father never made any inquiry as to where I had been after school. One day, at supper, he noticed that my hair was wet.
"Where have you been?" he asked. I could not lie to my father, so I replied, 'At the creek.' My father was a man of his word, and I got the promised whipping.

It was immediately after this, apparently, that young Arthur exemplified in his leadership the same sturdy honesty that he had shown in the incident with his father. With characteristic modesty, Doctor Redfield refrained from telling me any more than I have related. From his old playmates, however, I was fortunate enough to get the whole story.

It was a sunny afternoon in early September. The boys had just left school and were looking forward to an hour and a half in the creek before supper. Arthur was in the lead, as usual. As he reached the corner, two blocks from the schoolhouse, where the road ran south directly to the swimming hole, he turned north.

"Where you goin', Art?" shouted the astonished boys.

"Over to Reverend Jacobs", Arthur answered, with apparent unconcern.

"Reverend Jacobs?" "On a week day?" "What for?" The questions came from all sides of the little group.

"Well, Reverend Jacobs said in church last Sunday he wished some boys would come and see him week days and maybe run an errand for him after school," Arthur explained.

"We don't want to run no errands—we want to go—" began "Skinny" Braley, the fattest boy in the crowd.

Arthur interrupted him—apparently with the same incisiveness that marks his speech to-day.

"Father's begun asking me where I've been afternoons, and I guess your fathers ask you the same question." There were vigorous nods.

"Well, if we go to Reverend Jacobs', we can tell them we've been there and I guess it will be all right, won't it?"

"But we can tell 'em that anyway, can't we? We don't need to go," objected one of the company.

"Would you lie to your father?" asked Arthur in astonishment.

Arthur looked straight into the eyes of the objector, who stared defiantly at the leader for a moment, then dropped his eyes. The other boys shifted uneasily.

Arthur started on in the direction of the minister's home. He was confident that the crowd would follow, and it did. So surprised and delighted was Mr. Jacobs that he talked with the boys, rather formally and awkwardly, for a few minutes, then bethtought himself that he must work on his sermon.

"We'll come in every day or two," Arthur assured him. "We heard what you said about errands and doing the Lord's work and we want to help."

Leaving the minister's home, the boys ran for the swimming hole. That very evening, Mr. Redfield again asked Arthur at the supper table,

"Where have you been this afternoon, Arthur?"

"Over to Reverend Jacobs," was the prompt and truthful reply.

"Us boys heard him tell last Sunday about wishing we'd come in and we decided we'd do it."

Characteristically, Arthur took to himself no credit for the decision.

Several days later, however, Mr. Jacobs met Mr. Redfield in the store.

"That boy of yours is going to make his mark in the world," predicted the preacher. "He's got a crowd of boys together, and they've been coming in nearly every afternoon to see if they can't run errands for me or do something else to help me in my work of bringing souls to Jesus. I shouldn't be surprised if Arthur has the call to the ministry. If he decides to be a preacher, you may look to have a bishop in your family."

Arthur's scholastic record in the grades was uniformly good, though he did not attain scholarship honors. Records, still preserved in the office of the superintendent of the Decorah schools, show that in no
subject did he ever receive a grade lower than eighty-five percent, while only in drawing did his grade fall below ninety. His best work was in grammar and arithmetic. In two successive terms he received a grade of one hundred per cent in the latter subject.

His old teachers, several of whom I have found it possible to consult, remember him with genuine affection, which has approached reverence since he attained eminence.

"It was a joy to have him in class," Miss Elsie Schoenberger, who was his teacher in the fifth grade, told me recently. "He was always polite. One or two of the rougher boys used to try to joke him about that, but he would just smile and say, 'It pays to be polite.' He was just as much of a real boy as any of them, always ready for a good time. But he seemed to know what he wanted. I don't think he studied any harder than any one else, but he could always recite well. He seemed to know exactly what to say in reply to my questions. He could talk better on his feet than any other pupil I ever had."

Mrs. Charles S. Dennison, who as Miss Charlotte Whitford taught the seventh grade in Decorah when he was a pupil, writes in response to my inquiry:

"I am honored to be able to say that I was a teacher of Arthur Redfield. I feel proud to think that I may have had some little part in preparing him for his great career. I went up to the platform one time after he had lectured in Chicago, and he recognized me at once. 'My dear friend,' he said to me, 'I can never repay you for the help and inspiration I received when you were my teacher.' That was just the way he was in school—kind and thoughtful, and grateful for anything that was done for him. In those days we did not have special marks for the human qualities, as they do now in many schools, and so I used to just add a little to his grade in the regular subjects. I doubt now if I ever added enough."

From Mrs. Edwin L. Andrews, formerly Miss Esther Marks, who was Doctor Redfield's teacher in the fourth grade, comes the following statement:

"Your letter has been received, and I am pleased to tell you what I remember about Doctor Redfield.

"He was in the fourth grade of the Decorah (Indiana) schools when I taught there, and was easily the most popular and best all-round scholar I had. He usually knew the answer to any question I asked, and when he didn't he could always say something useful and interesting. He is the same way to-day. I had a long visit with him recently, and when he was leaving he took my hand in both of his and said to me with the utmost sincerity in his whole tone and bearing, 'My dear, dear friend, I can never repay you for the help and inspiration I received when I went to school to you in Decorah.' I cannot think of Doctor Redfield, or even of Decorah, where he grew up, without thanking God for such a man."

Chapter III

HIGH SCHOOL

"Diplomacy paves the way for constructive achievements."

—Doctor Redfield before the North American Association of Importers of Spanish Green Olives, New York City, April 8, 1916

When Arthur Redfield was graduated from the Decorah grammar school in 1889, the high school of the town gave only a two-year course. To even a greater extent than in the case of his brother William, who
was then in college, it was apparent to Mr. Redfield that the work in the local high school was inadequate for a boy of the evident abilities of Arthur.

Mrs. Redfield, who was a firm believer in education, agreed. "I think if he goes to high school and then college he'll write some lovely books," she commented.

So the following fall Arthur was taken by his father to Indianapolis and started in the high school of that city.

Within a week of his enrollment there occurred an incident which revealed that ability to analyze a situation and instantly to reach an accurate decision which has won him such signal success as an educational administrator.

When he signed his enrollment blank, he wrote his name Arthur P. A. Redfield, and thus his name was read off when the roll was called daily in the study hall. A keen observer, he noted that Michael, Patrick, Teresa, and Mary were the most common first names, while Finnegan, Mulligan, Joyce, Riley, and O'Hanlon occurred among the surnames. Manifestly, the freshman class was predominantly Irish.

With his pleasant manner and capacity for making friends, he soon found numerous acquaintances among the boys. Francis Mulligan, the wit of the school, christened him "Alfey" Redfield from the unusual number of letters preceding his surname, and the boys began calling him "Alfy."

One afternoon, as a group were walking home, Michael Joyce, ostensibly merely to make talk, inquired, "Alfy, what do those two letters P. A. stand for in your name?"

Arthur hesitated an instant, then replied firmly, "Patrick Aloysius."

The boys walked on in silence for a few moments, then Ed Riley spoke up:

"The sodality of Sacred Heart Church is giving a party Thursday night, and I wonder if you don't want to go. It's quite a ways from where you live, but you'll have a good time. Most of us fellows go to church there. You know we didn't know about you. Those initials, A.P.A., sounded kind of funny and Mike here said he'd ask you. I felt sure you were all right. I said a fellow like you must come from a good Catholic family. But it was kind of funny about those initials."

"My father doesn't go to church very much," explained Arthur with that tact—and likewise truthfulness—which all his friends now know. "But I'll be glad to go to the sodality party."

Doctor Redfield informs me that he has reaped benefit, in the form of opportunity for Service, many times from his tact and discretion on this one occasion. He retained the three initials of his given name only while in high school, and never, even there, used the name Aloysius except when asked directly the signification of the second A. He never dropped the Patrick, however. Ordinarily he signs his name, Arthur P. Redfield. On occasions when it seems evident that his public usefulness will be augmented by a Celtic suggestion, he is A. Patrick Redfield.

Arthur Redfield's entire career in the Indianapolis High School, where he was a student from 1889 to 1893, was marked by steady growth in diplomacy, popularity, and readiness to be useful to his fellow students and to the school. The discussion method of conducting recitations was just then coming into vogue among more "advanced" educators, and was being tried in Indianapolis. Instead of immediately taking the lead in discussions, as a pupil of his ability might easily have done, he always allowed others to have their way. Usually he avoided participation until even the most backward students had expressed themselves and the teacher had given some slight indication of his views. Arthur then tactfully presented his arguments, always giving due weight to both sides and expressing his conclusions tentatively rather than with the pompous air of authority common to "bright boys." Time after time his teachers expressed astonishment at the identity of the conclusions of this mere youth with their own judgments, reached after mature study and deliberation.
Arthur gave close attention to such elocutionary instruction as the school afforded. As early as the opening of his sophomore year, the school gave an entertainment to raise money for the purchase of a piano. The feature of the entertainment proved to be Arthur's declamation of the chariot race from "Ben Hur," which indeed was so popular that the program was repeated the next week, bringing in enough money not only for the piano but for a beautiful scarf as well. In recognition of Arthur's part in the result, the girls on the committee embroidered his name on the scarf, which is now preserved under glass as one of the school's most precious relics.

The interest in General Lew Wallace which the declamation engendered in Arthur was the stimulus to his next achievement, the winning of the school oratorical contest in his junior year. Never before had the contest been won by any one but a senior. Arthur had not expected to win. As in everything that he undertook, however, he determined to do his best. His oration was so original in thought, so full of wholesome pride in his native State, and so effectively delivered that the judges unanimously marked it first. The oration, entitled "The New Triumvirate," presented the claim of Indiana for primacy in both statesmanship and literature, pointing to Benjamin Harrison as America's greatest statesman, General Wallace as her greatest novelist, and James Whitcomb Riley as her greatest poet.

The oration was printed in full in a number of papers in the State and aroused such widespread interest that the Republican State Central Committee reprinted the paragraph beginning, "What American heart does not thrill at the magic name of Benjamin Harrison, far-seeing statesman, divinely inspired leader, peerless citizen of a peerless Nation?" The leaflet, a copy of which I am fortunate enough to have in my possession, bears at the top a picture of that great but modest President, and beneath it Arthur's tribute, with the heading, "Unspoiled Indiana Boy Recognizes True Greatness." A small portrait of Arthur is inset in the upper left-hand corner of the paragraph from his oration.✉

Arthur's success in every school enterprise which he had undertaken put him before his fellow students as the one man for president of the senior class. He was elected by unanimous vote. His presidency was marked by the settlement of an acrimonious dispute that at one time threatened to divide not only the class but the city. It had been the custom for the senior class to go to one of the city churches for the baccalaureate sermon. Although each class voted on the church, it was generally understood that the honor would be passed around in regular rotation. In Arthur's senior year, the Baptists were entitled to selection on the rotation plan. It happened, however, that the Roman Catholics had a majority, or near majority, of the class, and were anxious that their church be selected. In particular, they objected to the Baptist church and its preacher, who they declared had insulted their faith.

Arthur, being president of the class, naturally took no part in the dispute, but was deeply concerned over the difficulty. He consulted with the principal of the high school and the superintendent of schools, whom he found as anxious as he to avoid trouble. In this conference a plan was evolved whereby it would be pointed out to the class that a famous Jewish rabbi in Chicago could, because of his friendship for the superintendent, be secured to preach the baccalaureate sermon and that it could be given in the school auditorium. Arthur talked the plan over with a number of his classmates. Most of them had never seen a rabbi, and a sermon by him was as vaguely alluring and wicked to them as a skirt dance. When the issue came to a vote, the class adopted the proposal with alacrity.

The public generally was pleased. The Baptist minister, however, delivered a sour sermon on "Apostasy in the Public Schools," which was

✉The complete text of the oration, too long to be reprinted here, may be found in Burley and Lewis, "Prize-Winning School Orations," pp. 207-211 (Patriotic Educational Series, published by Shuler and Lothrop).
reprinted in one of the denominational journals and led to the conferring of the D.D. degree upon him by his theological seminary that very spring. This event mollified him, and he even sat on the platform when the rabbi preached.

As in the grades, Arthur's scholarship in high school was high, but not the highest. He was easily the leading member of his class, however, in popularity, all-round activity, and usefulness to the school. To him might have been appropriately applied the significant words of the poet:

"The child is father of the man."

Chapter IV

COLLEGE DAYS

"It is in college that the qualities of unselfishness, loyalty, and industry rise to the surface to form a rich cream of social altruism."

—Doctor Redfield before the National Congress of Parents, New York City, November 19, 1915

In the fall of 1893, when Arthur Patrick Redfield went up to the University, the institution had little of the fine business efficiency which it manifests today. Cinder paths wound among the ivy-covered brick buildings and converged into a broad cinder road down which the president rode in state in his surrey to meet distinguished guests at the railroad station, and the students tramped to the barber shop, the book-store, the post-office, and the three saloons. The professors were, for the most part, tall, bespectacled men, not a few of them former clergymen, and wore Prince Albert coats and black ties. Three or four of the younger faculty members affected the more fashionable cutaway coat, but this was considered by the older men as an undue concession to the world. Professor Barnes, head of the newly established department of education, who appeared in a light grey sack suit and a lavender tie, was criticized for his undignified attire.

There were only three general courses, leading respectively to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, and Bachelor of Science. Arthur examined the catalogue carefully the summer before entering the institution. He immediately ruled out the Bachelor of Arts course. It required Greek and advanced mathematics, both of which, he rightly reasoned, would be time-consuming and of probably little value to him in his future career, whatever that might be. In the Science course he had no particular interest. Moreover—he reflected from his study of chemistry in the high school—laboratory work, while not difficult, took time, and he wanted to devote much attention to perfecting himself in public speaking and also to participation in student affairs.

Elimination of the Arts and Science courses left only the one leading to the Philosophy degree. This, Arthur found to his satisfaction, contained much work in English, sociology, political science, and other subjects which even as a youth he recognized as "broadening." It also offered a large number of electives—a practice which was just then coming into vogue.

Arthur met an equal if not greater problem in choosing a fraternity. He met it with equal skill. His brother William was a Chi Rho, and that fraternity naturally extended an invitation to Arthur. Three other fraternities did likewise. Arthur was perplexed. He admired his brother, but he was determined not to let sentimental considerations

* William Wordsworth.
enter into his choice in this or any other matter. In his perplexity, he remembered Professor Barnes, who had assisted him in registering and who had admonished him, "Now, if you ever have any trouble or want to talk anything over, you just come to me. I pride myself on knowing men even more than books, and the one reason I continue to teach is because I want to be of help."

It should be pointed out, in justice to Professor Barnes, that the splendid word "Service," which one would have expected from his lips, had not yet come into common use.

With natural unwillingness to interrupt a scholar at his labors, Arthur hesitated about calling upon Professor Barnes. He remembered the latter's encouraging words, however, and determined to take them at their face value.

When Arthur knocked, somewhat timidly, at the office door, Professor Barnes opened it, thrust out his hand, and exclaimed:

"Well, if it isn't Arthur Patrick Redfield! I've been wondering if you weren't coming to see me. Come in and sit down, old man."

Arthur was surprised that Professor Barnes remembered his name. He decided immediately that he would make a memory for names an accomplishment of his own.

Seated in a cushioned chair and looking into Professor Barnes' confident eyes, he explained his perplexity.

"You can solve that yourself," commented the professor briskly. "You just need a little more information, which I think I can supply. I don't belong to any of these fraternities—my fraternity has no chapter here—but I know them all. The Chi Rho is, your brother's fraternity, are good scholars. They always have a man or two who makes Phi Beta Kappa. And they're fine fellows too. So are the Alpha Phi. They have a lot of athletes. The Chi Delta are the men who hold the university offices. They don't shine as scholars, though there are two or three who are going on to graduate work in education with me. I predict the Chi Delta will make their mark in public affairs after they leave college. Nationally, they are a wealthy organization and that helps. The wheels have to be greased, you know," he concluded with a smile.

Arthur had made up his mind while Professor Barnes was finishing his last sentence. "I am going to join the Chi Delta," he said simply. "Thank you for telling me about them."

"I congratulate you," Professor Barnes exclaimed. "Nobody admires scholarship more than I do, and I'm a great believer in athletics, but a man in the university ought to consider his Alma Mater. There isn't any doubt about who is the most useful to her. It's the man who builds up a personality here that he can use out in the world to bring credit to the University."

To this conversation with Professor Barnes Doctor Redfield dates the beginning of his brilliant college career, which in turn formed in large measure the basis for his eminence as an educator. On the one hand he joined a fraternity which enabled him to make the most of his talents, while on the other he commenced a friendship with one of the advance guard of the New Education, in which he himself became the most widely known American leader.

Arthur's freshman year in the University might have seemed to some uneventful and undistinguished. He made a good record in his classes, winning special praise in the English class for the extent of his vocabulary and the smoothness of his style. "Read more of Addison," old Doctor Bentwood advised him, "and I shall look for real contributions to American literature from your pen."

Arthur devoted much time to his fraternity, performing loyalty and without complaint all the irksome tasks that are assigned to freshmen. He volunteered for other duties. He spent long hours putting up decorations for the parties, to which he escorted the unattractive sister of the president of the chapter. Subsequently, with commendable loyalty, he told several of the president's intimate friends that he considered her a most beautiful girl, "with the same fine ideals as her brother."
He kept up his acquaintance with Professor Barnes, obtaining the latter's advice as to influential students whom it would be worth while to know, professors who would be "helpful," and organizations that he should join. It was at Professor Barnes' suggestion that he joined the Y.M.C.A., although only half a dozen fraternity men belonged, and also that he declined nomination for president of the freshman class.

"You can't afford to be freshman president," the professor admonished him. "A freshman president is always ridiculed, and he always makes enemies. Usually, he never gets a chance to show what he can do later on in his course."

Arthur finished his freshman year with a wide acquaintance among the leaders of the student body and with the esteem of many members of the faculty. He had not made an enemy, and he had a host of influential friends.

That summer he returned to Decorah, where his democratic manner and modesty of demeanor did much to dispel a local prejudice against college education. He sang in the Methodist choir, drank beer at the less fashionable of the two saloons with the barbers, printers, and plumbers, and spent Saturday nights on pleasant excursions with the boys whom he had known in high school. Now and then he passed a quiet evening with a girl—whether the daughter of the principal lawyer or a waitress in the hotel was immaterial to his democratic taste. He has told me many times how they drove into the country or walked through the village cemetery, he reciting bits of Tennyson or telling modestly of his college experiences while she listened eagerly. With a sense of the fitness of things, he entertained his masculine auditors on Saturday nights with rollicking songs that he had learned in his fraternity.

The days he spent clerking in his father's store, where he made a record for courtesy and efficiency. So diplomatically did he deal with customers that after the first month his father referred to him all dissatisfied customers. In accordance with his faculty for efficiency, Arthur made a record of each complaint and the manner in which he dealt with it. He kept this up not only through the summer of his freshman year but during the two following vacations in which he worked in the store. The book containing the records is still preserved in the store at Decorah and is shown to many interested visitors. Entry after entry shows both his tact in dealing with difficulties and his meticulous accuracy in recording the transactions.* Following are two items selected at random from the book:

"Aug. 20, 1894. 4 yds. worsted returned by Mrs. White. Said it was cotton but represented as wool. Explained to her that part cotton was better for wear and looks; showed her many samples. She kept worsted. Satisfied."

"July 18, 1896. Carpet sweeper returned by Mrs. Johnston. Said would not take up dirt. Explained to her that those sweepers were not supposed to be sold to people with fine carpets. Took it back and sold her better sweeper for $1.75 more. Satisfied."

The magic word "Satisfied," which concludes practically every item, reveals the substantial success of Arthur's adjustments.

At the end of each summer in the store he tabulated the results of his labors in adjusting mercantile difficulties. These tabulations are of interest to the student of his personality and career:

"1894: Goods returned, 111; customers persuaded to keep goods, 74; higher-priced goods bought, 21; goods exchanged, 12; money refunded, 4."

"1895: Goods returned, 104; customers persuaded to keep goods, 61;"

*My recent investigations in Decorah have disclosed the fact that many customers retained unsatisfactory purchases for months until Arthur should return in the summer and make the adjustments for which he had attained so justified a reputation.
higher-priced goods bought, 30; goods exchanged, 11; money refund-
ed, 2.

"1896: Goods returned, 106; customers persuaded to keep goods, 49; higher-priced goods bought, 46; goods exchanged, 8; money refund-
ed, 3."

This record, manifestly, bears witness not only to the youth's busi-
ness sagacity, but to his sterling honesty as well. In a day when Caveat
emiotor was the rule, he quietly, unostentatiously adopted the policy,
"A pleased customer is the best advertisement," and carried it out even
to the extent of refunding money in the few cases in which it seemed
necessary. The elder Mr. Redfield objected to this shortly after the first
refund was made. "I've never refunded a cent to anybody," he declared,
"and I don't see why I should start." Arthur's record of achievement
up to that time, however, caused him to give a somewhat grudging
assent to his son's policy. Later he became an enthusiastic convert. In
the biographical sketch to which reference has previously been made,
Mr. Redfield is quoted thus: "What success I have made in business, I
attribute to plain, common honesty and to my constant desire to serve
my customers. Never in my business career did I let a customer go away
from my store dissatisfied if I could help it. I would lose all the profit in
dozens transactions rather than have a customer feel he had been
trapped unfairly in one deal."

Arthur's business experience stood him in good stead in the Uni-
versity. The constructive ideals that had proved so profitable in his
father's store he found of equal value in his college affairs. In every
enterprise he sought the best interests of the organization concerned,
and thus, without self-seeking, attained for himself a justified posi-
tion of eminence.

In the Y.M.C.A. meetings, for example, he asked earnestly, with
reference to any question that came up, "What would Jesus do in this
case?" Indeed, one of the most illuminating portraits of him shows
him grasping the hands of the Methodist minister** and the president
of the First National Bank.*** Under the picture, which now adorns
the vestibule of the University Methodist Church, is an inscription, in
the clergymen's handwriting:

    The Y. M. C. A. is for manly men.
    To its cabinet we belong.
    We always ask our Jesus what to do.
    And to Him we raise a song.

While the authorship of these devout lines is not stated, I am of
the conviction, reached from study of his other writings, that the credit
belongs to Doctor Willis himself.

Naturally, Arthur's service activities were not confined to the
Y.M.C.A. His increasing prominence in the student body gave him an
opportunity for usefulness in practically every college organization.
The list of his distinctions printed in the Junior Annual of his class—
which list, I am informed, was incomplete due to his modest desire not
to appear to outshine his fellow students—shows the variety of his work:
Member Chi Delta; Member Philomathian Literary Society; Member
University Writers' Club; President, Athletic Association; Manager,
Men's Glee Club; Chairman, Sophomore Cotillion Committee; Chair-
man, Junior Prom Committee; Intercollegiate Debating Team; Winner,


** The Reverend George K. Willis, later Bishop Willis, now deceased, widely
known for his reference to President Wilson as "God's Archangel, sent from Heaven
to destroy the forces of darkness."

*** James T. Sampson, who later, due to the machinations of gamblers, saloon
keepers, and other enemies he had made in his work for God, was committed to the
penitentiary for embezzlement. Bishop Willis referred to his persecution as "fur-
ther evidence, if such be needed, that the enforcement of the law must be
placed in the hands of men who respect the servants of God."
Sophomore Oratorical Contest; Secretary, Scientific Club; Chairman, Student Committee on Beautification of the Campus; Editor, The University Clarion; Associate Editor, The Voice (University Annual); Chairman, Interfraternity Committee on Scholarship; Member, Y.M.C.A. Cabinet; President, The Ivy Vine.

Chapter V

A SERVANT OF GOD

"It pays to be righteous."

—The Reverend Sam Jones.

In a biography so brief and selective as this, it would manifestly be impossible to discuss, or even to mention, the useful work that Arthur Redfield performed as leader in the various organizations to which he belonged. There is space to refer to only one or two outstanding examples of his devotion to Good Movements.

It was due to his efforts that for the first time in the history of the University liquor was barred from the Sophomore Cotillion and the Junior Prom. Previously, the punch served at these functions had always contained a dash of spirits. This, the reverend clergy of the town had often pointed out, gave not a few young men and women their first taste of alcohol, and started some of them on the path to drunkard's graves, not to mention the harm done to the University's reputation. Arthur's proposal to bar liquor from the Sophomore Cotillion was greeted with guffaws from the rest of the committee. He argued for a time, but without avail. Thereupon, with the true spirit of democracy, he acquiesced in the decision of the majority, and indeed for the last hour of the cotillion presided at the punch bowl. Here he entered into the spirit of the occasion, even to the extent of putting on his head the rose-trimmed toque of his young woman companion and singing:

I am a jolly cowboy,
From Texas now I hail.

His acceptance of majority rule on this occasion made it easier for him to win his point in the Junior Prom Committee. Moreover, he fortified his position, just before the Prom Committee met to settle the matter, by obtaining the support of his own fraternity and publishing the story in the University Clarion under the head:

CHI DELTS FIGHT WHISKEY

__Fraternity Votes Unanimously Against Alcohol at Junior Prom__

When he came before the committee, he had not only the Chi Delts' indorsement but the arguments that he had used in obtaining it. "I don't care what you men think about the use of liquor," he declared. "I take an occasional glass of beer myself, and most of you probably do."

"Hell, yes," interrupted Ben Barrett, a member of the committee, somewhat thickly.

Arthur went on, disregarding the interruption:

"But it's a different thing when we have our sisters and sweet-hearts at a party. We are all proud of the purity of our womanhood. We would resent with our last drop of blood, if necessary, the slightest insult leveled against it. There is nothing under God's heaven so
beautiful, so noble, as a pure, lovely woman. Her modesty, her refinement, her innocence, it is our duty—and, I may say, our privilege—to protect."

Barrett leaned over the table and sniffed. The rest of the committee looked serious.

"Do we want the woman that we bring to a University function defiled by the odor of liquor?" Arthur continued. "Are we to be vulgar rounders or chivalrous protectors of American womanhood?"

Barrett looked up from the table. "Yes, yes," he replied earnestly. "Besides," said Arthur, "think of what it means to the University. The papers of the State are calling us beer-swiggers and lecherous drunkards. We can by one step transform this opposition to the warmest friendship."

The committee voted, five to two, to bar liquor from the prom. From that day to this liquor has never been served at a University party. The Ministerial Union of the town passed a resolution of praise for the students of the University, pointing out that they had, "under the leadership of that virile young Christian, Arthur Patrick Redfield, whom we are proud to call Brother Redfield, banished the foul specter of John Barleycorn to the outer darkness, where, as the Scripture tells us, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

A further reward of Arthur's policy came the following fall, when several youths from rich, conservative families reported that their parents, after reading the newspaper accounts of the controversy, had decided they could join no fraternity but the Chi Delts, which had taken the lead in this campaign for righteousness.

Arthur's personal satisfaction over his victory in the committee was somewhat lessened by captious criticism from certain sources. There was some slight drinking, before and after the prom, in fraternity quarters and it was alleged that several young women had become intoxicated. Charles Swinton, one of the two committee members who had voted against the dry plan, also reported having seen Arthur and a woman, both in dishabille, dancing barefooted on the lawn of the Chi Delt house at three o'clock in the morning following the prom. Arthur was stoutly defended, however, by members of his chapter. They stated that he was merely putting out of the house a fille de joie who had been smuggled in by a sophomore. The explanation was generally accepted, and the incident would not be dignified with mention here were it not for its value as evidence of the persecution to which leaders in moral causes are regularly subjected.

The incident, moreover, led indirectly to Arthur Redfield's greatest triumph, his election as president of the Senior Class. The usual practice had been for the fraternities to nominate a ticket and for the non-fraternity members to do likewise. The only issue involved was membership or non-membership in the societies.

Arthur had expected to be the fraternity candidate. No opposition had been expressed openly. The caucus at which nominations were to be made by the fraternity group was sparsely attended. In accordance with custom, an informal ballot was taken. The result showed, to the surprise of Arthur and his friends, nine votes for Redfield, fourteen for Charles Swinton. A motion to make the ballot formal was promptly made and carried. Swinton was the fraternity nominee. He had quietly assembled at the caucus all the fraternity men who were opposed to Arthur's stand on the liquor question.

As soon as the nomination of Swinton was announced, Arthur rose. "Mr. Chairman," he announced, "I refuse to stay in a caucus dominated by alcohol, debauchery, and slander. I speak not in my own interest, but in that of the University and its students and of the womanhood of the State. I care not who is the candidate, save only he be representative of the ideals that I am confident the student body of this great institution holds. Come, my friends, let us depart."

*I obtained this quotation from Arthur Redfield's notes, made immediately*
The fraternities generally felt bound by the action of the caucus. Arthur, however, was able to detach his own fraternity and one other, while he was confident that scattering votes from the other chapters could be mustered against Swinton in the election. He went directly to the leader of the "barb" forces, who was president of the Y.M.C.A. He explained the situation frankly.

"It's an open-and-shut fight between booze and Jesus Christ," he pointed out. "I don't care a rap about the election personally. I'm interested in the principle of the thing. I'd be glad to see you run for president of the class, if you will."

"No," the Y.M.C.A. leader replied, "I haven't time. I've got to devote all I have to the Y. I'm for you. I know you're a fraternity man and I'm not, but we want a class president with ideals, and you are the man."

It was finally arranged that a ticket should be placed in the field, with Arthur Redfield for president and the other nominees non-fraternity men, with an understanding that desirable committee posts should be given to members of the two fraternities supporting Arthur.

The campaign was vigorous and bitter. Arthur and his friends put the matter on a moral basis, and forced the issue in spite of the obvious reluctance of Swinton to take a definite stand. The steps of the main building were painted with signs, flanked with skull and crossbones, "Will you swing with Swinton?" Blackboards bore the words in red chalk, "Booze or God?" The night before the election, the Y.M.C.A. held a three-hour prayer meeting, at which God's guidance was sought and the voting list carefully gone over.

Arthur was elected by a vote of forty-five to twenty-eight. Never before had a moral issue been clearly presented at an election in the University, and the result of this first battle was heartening to lovers of righteousness both within and outside the University.

Arthur's presidency was notable not only as a triumph of the forces of good but for its constructive achievements in behalf of the University. For the first time in the history of the institution, the seniors, under his guidance, gave definite assistance to the University administration. Arthur formed a committee, with himself as chairman, with the purpose of increasing the enrollment of the institution. Through the cooperation of the local Commercial Club fifteen of the leading high-school athletes were persuaded to attend the University. The total increase in enrollment for the following year was fourteen per cent, as compared with an average increase of eight and one half per cent, for the preceding five years.

As to scholarship, Arthur Redfield made in college a record of the same substantial sort as in high school. He obtained good grades in all subjects that he pursued, while in certain studies, notably those requiring original thought or fluent expression, he headed his classes. In his junior and senior years, he pursued as many courses in education, under Professor Barnes, as the University rules permitted.

Arthur found these courses both pleasant and inspiring. The lectures were interesting and fluent. There were no daily recitations. Considerable writing was required, consisting chiefly of abstracts of articles assigned for reading. Professor Barnes himself recognized a flaw in this practice and pointed it out to Arthur.

"This writing isn't purposeful," he explained. "It is handed in by the students merely because it is required. It never will be published anywhere—it never could be."

"That's true," Arthur agreed. "I can always write better for the University Clarion, or when I'm preparing an oration than when I'm just doing class work."

"Of course you can." Professor Barnes spoke with emphasis. "That's

after the incident and still preserved by him. It is necessary to note the authority here, because of common report, slanderously circulated by Swinton and his friends, that Arthur had merely said: "Well, I'll be damned. Let's get out of here, fellows, and show these dirty crooks we can steal the eye teeth from 'em."
precisely what I was coming to. What I'd like to see you do, instead of this routine stuff in my class, is to write some articles on the work of the department of education for the Clarion. You'll get much more out of the course by studying my department from all angles, and you'll be calling attention to modern educational ideals."

Arthur saw at once the soundness of Professor Barnes' idea. Not only did he make sure that in every issue of the student newspaper there was reference to the department of education, but in his senior year he entered the try-outs for the intercollegiate oratorical contest with an oration, "The New Education." In this he pointed out forcefully on the one hand that the educational principles which he advocated made use of all the resources of modern science, and on the other that they conserved every virtue stressed by Socrates, Cato, St. Thomas Aquinas, Erasmus, and Rousseau. The peroration of the address is doubtless familiar to many of my readers, as it was widely quoted in educational journals for several years after its delivery. It is impossible to calculate how many individuals have been inspired by that stirring paragraph, beginning:

"The new education is old as well as new. It keeps a firm grasp on the ancient verities, it is responsive to every demand of the present, it looks forward with confidence to a glorious future. As there is no contradiction between science and religion, between good business and good ethics, so is there no contradiction between the old and the new, if we will but view them both aright."

Arthur attained the honor of representing the University in the intercollegiate contest. Here he won the prize—the first contestant from his University to do so in seven years.

It was after this that Professor Barnes urged Arthur to undertake education as his life work, and as a preliminary, to return to the University for graduate work.

"The educational field needs you," he insisted. "With your personality and tact and speaking ability, you are the sort of man that is going to be in demand for great things within the next few years."

"I want to talk the matter over with my parents," Arthur replied, with that filial reverence which was becoming rare even in the days of his youth. "I believe I would like to go into education. I admire the way you do things."

"You embarrass me," laughed Professor Barnes. "But I must admit I'm no squirrel in a cage, like some men I might name."

Chapter VI

BECOMING A SCHOLAR

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick."

—St. Matthew 5:15.

The next fall, Arthur was back at the University for his first year of graduate work. Without difficulty he had persuaded his parents of the desirability of further education. His mother, naturally, favored it from the start.

"I often think," she said, "how wonderful it must be to read the words of Christ, as a scholar like you can, Arthur, in the very language that He used."

Arthur rightly felt he would be gratuitously inflicting pain to point out his unfamiliarity with Aramaic.

Mr. Redfield, less concerned with the words of the Bible, though
quite as full of its zeal for righteousness, was more strongly impressed
by his son’s success in dealing with customers in the summer that he had
spent in the store. The old man, however, felt that he must not be
behind his wife in referring to the Scriptures.

“You’ve proved you can be all things to all men, my boy,” he re-
marked proudly. “The preachers tell me Paul was an educated man. I
often think what a storekeeper he’d have made. ‘All things to all men,’
and following the very words of the Bible all the time. It just takes edu-
cation and a good head, and you can make a million dollars and do just
what the Bible tells you every day. I thought four years in college would
be enough, but I suppose you can always learn more.”

Arthur found his work in the graduate school even more pleasant
than his undergraduate years. The University was in those days com-
paratively small, and graduate students were few. Hence they associated
more closely with the members of the faculty than is the case in most
educational institutions today. Arthur naturally prized highly his op-
opportunity to move in the atmosphere of scholarship.

Mature beyond his years, he made his social as well as intellectual
contacts chiefly among professors rather than students. He found
special enjoyment in his visits with Professor and Mrs. Barnes, and
before the end of the year, indeed, took a room in their home, where
he could be of greater assistance to Professor Barnes. Mrs. Barnes, a
pretty brunette only a few years older than Arthur, was a witty and
intelligent but not too serious conversationalist. She and Arthur, nat-
urally congenial spirits, had long talks together. Arthur found her both
charming and stimulating and promptly told Professor Barnes so, add-
ing:

“I wish one of my sisters were like her.”

To his association with her and Professor Barnes as much as to his
studies, Arthur attributed the scholarly but practical idealism which
he felt developing within him.

There were only four graduate students in education, himself and
three young women, and for the most part Professor Barnes conducted
the work by means of individual conferences. Arthur found a special
niche for himself in assisting Professor Barnes with his writing. The
latter had many addresses to deliver, and also prepared numerous arti-
ables for the educational magazines. For nearly all of these Arthur gath-
ered the data, and some of them he wrote. A book, “American Ideals in
Education,” published in 1898 under Professor Barnes’ authorship, con-
tains in the preface an acknowledgment of Arthur’s “invaluable assist-
ance” and is, further, dedicated to “Arthur Patrick Redfield, My Student,
Assistant, and Friend, a Future American Idealist in the Limitless Field
of Education.”

Arthur also kept up his plan, begun while an undergraduate, of
interpreting to the public the work of the department of education. He
no longer confined his writing to the University Clarion, but sent news
and feature articles to the newspapers of the State, and even to those
of metropolitan centers outside. He extended his activities to the de-
partment of psychology, where he was also registered. His first story
from the psychology department he sent out without previously men-
tioning it to the professor in charge. When it appeared in the principal
daily of the State, under the head, “Savant Ranks Baby’s Mind with
Monkey’s,” Professor Barnes, who immediately recognized Arthur’s
handiwork, warned him to lie low.

“Old Doctor Jenkins won’t stand for any publicity like that, I’m
afraid,” commented the young professor. “I’ve never seen him do any-
thing more daring than wear a striped shirt, and your story will make
him sore as a boil. He’ll think the ethics of the teaching profession
have been violated.”

In class the next day, however, Doctor Jenkins, with manifest em-
barrassment, pulled from his pocket a much worn clipping.

“I want to read this to you young people,” he explained, “to show
you that the newspapers are taking a gratifying interest in science.
There are one or two minor errors in the article, which I shall point out, and of course I regret that my name is connected with it—it would be more dignified if the article were strictly anonymous, or mentioned, let us say, a well-known professor of psychology or a prominent scientist. But I am, nevertheless, glad to see this newspaper's wholesome attitude toward science."

Whereupon he read Arthur's article.

When Arthur recounted the incident to Professor Barnes, the latter was not slow to inform Doctor Jenkins of the authorship of the article.

"I tell you, Doctor Jenkins," he concluded, "you and I ought to get closer together. Our work is allied, and the two of us, with a little publicity—sound, conservative, ethical—can do a lot to give the public here in the college and outside of it, a conception of psychology and education that will do them a world of good."

"Well," Doctor Jenkins replied, "I never have made any effort to obtain publicity for my work. In fact, personal publicity, which seems to accompany it, is distasteful to me."

"Certainly," interrupted Professor Barnes. "I feel just as you do about it. But we have to subordinate our personal feelings for the good of the great educational cause in which we are working. I have always done so. I have been criticized for it. But everybody gets criticized if he attempts to accomplish anything."

"I must admit," commented the older professor, "that I have at times felt a little critical of the publicity that has been given to you and your work. But, as you say, I suppose we have to submit to publicity if our work is really to be remembered."

"This young Redfield, by the way, seems a capable chap. There are some things in my department that perhaps he might write up in the right sort of way—you understand, with the scientific spirit."

"Certainly I do," Professor Barnes spoke with assurance. "Just leave the matter to me. I know Arthur very well, and I know he admires you greatly."

As a consequence of this conversation, psychology became, as Professor Barnes aptly expressed it, "a household word in the State." The cooperation between Professor Barnes and Doctor Jenkins also resulted in the establishment of a school of education in the University. Professor Barnes was made dean of the school, and Doctor Jenkins director of the psychological laboratory, not as yet established.

Toward the end of Arthur's first graduate year, war was declared against Spain. Immediately on receipt of the news at the University, the president called a special assembly, at which patriotic hymns were sung, two local pastors appropriately besought God to bring cruel, idolatrous, papist Spain to the dust of repentance, and addresses were delivered by representatives of the board of trustees, the faculty, and the student body.

Arthur represented the students. In a brilliant address he showed the brutality and lust for power that had characterized Spain throughout her history, culminating in the destruction of the battleship Maine. This event he referred to appropriately as "a wanton outrage, made worse by the lying denials of its perpetrators." He closed with a peroration calling attention to the purity of America's every war aim throughout her history and recalling "the patriotic service of the ancestors of all of us, never deaf to the Nation's summons in her hour of need."

Steps were taken, immediately after the chapel exercises, to form a University company of volunteers. Arthur was prominently mentioned for captain. This talk he at once discouraged.

"I had rather go as a private," he said, with true democratic spirit. After careful consideration, however, he decided not to enlist, much as he wanted to do so. His father had been for several weeks in poor health, and Arthur feared he might be called home to assist in running the business. He also admitted to himself that he disliked to leave the inspiring company of Professor and Mrs. Barnes, though this, of course, to a man of his patriotic instincts, was not a determining factor.
“I want to go,” he explained to a group of young men. “I’d like nothing better than to do my part in this war for humanity. But I must consider my father.

“If any provide not for his own,” he continued, “he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.”

Although debarred from serving his country in the field, Arthur, ready as always to assist a righteous cause, took charge of the publicity for the newly organized University company. Before it left for the front, no fewer than 311 news stories had appeared in newspapers of the State concerning its activities.

Likewise, after the company left and was in camp at Chickamauga, Arthur continued to keep it before the eyes of the people of the State. The effectiveness of his work was shown upon the return of the company in the late summer, when the University faculty voted to give full credit to each member for the semester in which the company had departed, and in addition ten semester hours for military service. The action was at first opposed, with deplorable lack of patriotism, by some of the more conservative professors. When several of the leading newspapers, however, asked pointedly if the University was or was not “loyal to the country in its time of peril,” the opposition crumbled away.

In the meantime Arthur’s father had, apparently, wholly recovered. Arthur had received the degree of Master of Arts, *cum laude*, had spent another summer in his father’s store, and had returned to the University for a second year of graduate work.

Chapter VII

A CALL TO LEADERSHIP

“Education, without the development of the spiritual faculties, is sterile, serving neither God nor man.”

—Doctor Redfield in the Western Christian Herald, Vol. XVII, p. 190

Before Arthur had completed his first semester, there came to him a distinguished opportunity for usefulness in the practical field of education. The professor of pedagogy in Central College, a small Methodist institution sixty miles from the University, suddenly resigned and it was necessary to fill his place promptly.

Naturally Professor Barnes, recognized as the leading educator of the State, was asked to make a recommendation. He recommended Arthur.

“You need a man who will grow with your college and give it increasing prestige, rather than a man who has already made his life achievements,” Professor Barnes wrote. “Arthur Redfield, with his scholarship, character, and ambition, is destined for great things. His youth will only make his brilliancy more striking.”

The position was offered to Arthur, who after deep consideration and several conferences with Professor Barnes, accepted it.

“You know,” he said to Professor Barnes, “I hate to give up my graduate work. I had my heart set on a doctor’s degree in your department. But after all, as you say, here is an opportunity for genuine usefulness in education itself. I hope I can carry out the principles that I have learned from you.”

Realizing the importance of conserving the religious standards upheld at Central College, Professor Redfield at once laid emphasis on the application of education to Christianity. He was not content merely with introducing quotations from the Scriptures into his class lectures.
and recitations, though he did this with powerful effect on the minds of his students.

A month after undertaking his duties, he went to see President Fuller, a retired clergyman, concerning the religious condition of the institution.

"These young people," he pointed out, "do not really know the Bible, not to speak of the doctrines of the Methodist Church. One of them in my class the other day said something about the prophet Hekaniah. I was shocked. Naturally, I spent the rest of the class period teaching the students the names and work of the prophets. I can't permit any one to go out to teach without knowing thoroughly the Book which is the basis of all education. I realize what that Book has meant to me from the days when my saintly old father used to lead in family worship down through my school and college years. The boys and girls here at Central come from the best homes in the State, but somehow their religious training isn't what it ought to be. Can't we do something about it?"

The old president was touched.

"My boy," he said, "you're a joy to my heart. I don't often hear such sentiments expressed outside the ministry. I know the problem of the religious life of the student, but I never have been able to solve it. A consecrated young man like you may be inspired with wisdom which has been hidden from older eyes. Do you have a plan in mind?" he asked eagerly.

Even at this early stage in his career, Professor Redfield had adopted the policy of never entering upon a conference without a definite plan to propose. He outlined his suggestions—comment by the president on the daily Scripture lesson in chapel; devotion of one chapel period a week to drill on Biblical topics; a class, which he himself generously volunteered to teach, in education as applied to Sunday-school teaching.

The suggestions were gratefully accepted. The various professors alternated in the Biblical drill. Professor Redfield's drills, however, were so full of interest and spontaneous but always reverent humor* as to draw a large enrollment to his class in Sunday-school teaching. Eventually the results, in deeper religious interest, became so evident that at the president's earnest request Professor Redfield consented that the course be required of all students. This necessitated the employment of an additional instructor. Incidentally, it brought the enrollment in Professor Redfield's department to a point higher than that reached by any similar department in the State, although many of the other institutions of learning were much larger. The credit for the origin of the present widespread interest in modern religious education is attributed by many to Professor Redfield's pioneer work at Central College, ** though he himself, with characteristic modesty, calls attention to several other leaders who began their activity in the field only a little later than he.

In contrast with many of his colleagues, Professor Redfield resolutely refrained from controversy. This was particularly noticeable when the "tainted money" question was raised. The argument over the matter did not directly affect Central College, inasmuch as all its endowments came from devout Christians, chiefly from the Hon. Isaiah Beckman, a godly judge. Despite this fact, a number of members of the faculty wrote impassioned letters to the denominational press and gave out vehement interviews, some taking one side, others the opposite.

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* For example, discussing the account of the creation, he would playfully scratch his head and remark: "Do you know the shortest poem in the English language? This is it:

"Adam
Had 'em."


25
The only comment by Professor Redfield, given by him to the local correspondent of the Chicago Daily News after urgent solicitation, was a masterpiece of tact and Christian kindliness.

"Doubtless," his statement ran, "there is much to be said on both sides. I cannot, however, take sides in a matter that divides Christians. We are all striving to do the Lord's work. So far as Central College or any other institution in this State is concerned, they are supported by men of whose integrity of life and high religious purpose there can be no doubt. Let us be thankful for our blessings and avoid profitless bickering over theoretical issues."

This dignified statement drew forth a letter of appreciation from Judge Beckman, which Professor Redfield, with the disingenuousness of youth, gave to the college paper.

The third year of his professorship was saddened by the sudden death of his father, who, coming home late one night from a lodge meeting, collapsed on the porch in front of the door and was found dead there the next morning. Professor Redfield determined to spend a year in study abroad and thus, if possible, forget his grief.

He studied in several European universities, but spent much of the year in London, where he could form close personal association with distinguished educators and other eminent thinkers. Upon his return, however, he was too modest to detail his experiences preferring on most occasions to say merely that he had received "a larger view of life and a deeper appreciation of the blessing of having been born an American."

Among Doctor Redfield's papers, which he kindly opened to me for the purposes of this biography, there are few which date to this period. His notebooks, naturally, have got worn out through usage in connection with his lectures and writing, and, as he pointed out to me, scholarly pursuits so occupied his time in Europe that he was unable to carry on an extensive correspondence.

The most interesting relic of the year that I was able to find was a photograph of a beautiful young woman, autographed, "To my dear Arthur—Sadie of Soho."

Thinking that behind this might lurk some hidden but inspiring romance, I showed the picture to Doctor Redfield. He paused for some moments, apparently in an endeavor to remember, then replied:

"She's a girl I used to study with—I'd almost forgotten her. Even back in those days, when the English didn't think much of higher education for women, I believed in it firmly and I proved my faith by my works."

Subsequently, when I visited London with the Kiwanians I planned to make a pilgrimage to Soho and gaze upon the literary and educational shrines that must cluster about it. Our time was limited, however, and when I mentioned my desire to our guide, he dissuaded me, saying:

"Go down in Old Bond Street some night when we've got through our regular sight-seeing. You'll find what you're looking for, and a lot better than in Soho. Take my advice, Governor."

I followed his suggestion, but, probably because of my unfamiliarity with the city, I failed to find the scholastic haunts to which he referred, and I never visited Soho. Hence my biography of Professor Redfield must be to that extent incomplete.
Chapter VIII

DOMESTIC FELICITY

"Marriages are made in Heaven."

—Alfred Lord Tennyson

Upon his return to the United States, Professor Redfield’s thoughts turned in the direction of marriage. He had observed already that in academic life a wife is an asset, the highest positions in the academic hierarchy being seldom filled by bachelors.

Professor Redfield, as always, considered the welfare of society rather than any selfish interests of his own. Though he might choose to remain single, his opportunities in the educational field would inevitably be lessened, and he regarded it as his duty to be of the greatest possible public usefulness in his chosen profession. In short, he owed it to education to marry.

Whenever he thought of marriage, however, his thoughts turned in the direction of Mrs. Barnes as an ideal. He had unconsciously, he found, formed the habit of judging other women by her. He admired the grace of her body, and he remembered her wholesome, democratic humor with constant delight. He recalled particularly one evening when she playfully poured a libation of her own homemade cider* on his head and then laughingly resisted, till he had to hold her tightly, his efforts to make her wipe off the excess liquid. To a man of his serious, scholarly interests, such girlish playfulness had an appealing charm. Somewhere, he mused now and then in those dreams of romance common to the great, he might find her equal.

With his customary realism, he lost little time in regrets. He had, in the interest of society, determined upon his course, and he would follow it. He soon had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Charlotte Beckman, daughter of the judge who had so generously endowed Central College. Miss Beckman was a plump brunette with a deep respect for scholarship. In appearance she resembled Mrs. Barnes slightly. Although she had left college at the end of her freshman year and taken up the study of stenography, she showed marked interest in Professor Redfield’s conversation about his plans for improving American education. He, naturally, was pleased. It would be a great help to an educator to have a wife vitally interested in his work.

On June 21, 1903, not quite a year after their first meeting, Professor Redfield and Miss Beckman were married. The judge gave them a wedding present of fifty thousand dollars in bonds, much to the surprise of Professor Redfield, who, though he knew the size of the judge’s estate, had expected to be remembered substantially only in the will.**

The marriage was blessed within a year by the birth of a daughter, whom Mr. and Mrs. Redfield named Elizabeth in memory of the deceased daughter of the president of the college. The child had died in infancy, long before Mr. and Mrs. Redfield had known the Reverend Doctor Fuller, but Professor Redfield, in particular, felt that the use of the name would be a delicate and well-justified recognition of the high

* Doctor Redfield properly asks me to point out that this was sweet cider.

** The gift was fortunate for the welfare of American education, as Judge Beckman, the year before his death, lost practically his entire estate through suits against an oil company of which he was president.
educational and other ideals of the president. Elizabeth was baptized, or, as Professor Redfield preferred to put it, dedicated to God, by Doctor Fuller in the college chapel.

The Redfields' home life, as might be expected, was an inspiration to the entire community. Time and again Professor Redfield referred in his classes and public addresses to the influence of faithful, devoted wives not only upon the careers of important men but upon the development of great educational systems. "A good, loyal woman," he would say, "is the noblest work of God." Only from a beautiful home life, it was recognized, could such sentiments come.

Those who had the privilege of being entertained in the Redfield home—as had the president and principal members of the faculty and all of the board of trustees—were able to verify the conclusion by personal observation.

Grace was invariably said at meals when guests were present. If a clergyman was present, he was asked to invoke the divine blessing. Otherwise Professor Redfield himself offered a brief prayer, never failing to include in it a petition for special blessings upon the guests.

Likewise, Professor Redfield with his wife planned in advance the conversation to be carried on with each group of important guests. With his typical thoroughness, he not infrequently made an outline of topics to be talked about, which he went over with Mrs. Redfield until she had committed it to memory. He even taught her snippets of verse to quote at appropriate places, though he often found it necessary, when she began a quotation in the conversation, to complete it for her. Not having been trained so thoroughly in literature as her husband, she occasionally began a quotation inappropriately recollected from another outlined conversation, as when she spoke the line, "After the ball was over," in the presence of Doctor Fuller.

Professor Redfield promptly broke in. "I think it's worth while, Doctor Fuller," he explained, "now and then to turn our thoughts to the baser things of life, in order that we may appreciate our blessings. We may contrast the bitterness and remorse after sensual pleasure with the pure joy that we experience after communion with our Maker."

On such occasions Professor Redfield was careful never to embarrass his wife by critical comment in the presence of guests, but contented himself with a careful explanation to her after the visitors had departed.

Notwithstanding his onerous academic duties, Professor Redfield generously assumed responsibility for the details of his home life as well. He often suggested special dishes for meals, not only when guests were to be present but when the family was to be alone.

The Redfields kept one servant, and while he left her selection to Mrs. Redfield, he pointed out that attractive appearance, such as would impress guests, should be considered along with household ability. A college girl earning her way was occasionally employed for extra work. On one occasion Professor Redfield showed his Christian charity by suggesting to his wife that she employ a girl whose reputation in the community had suffered somewhat.

"The talk about her may be just talk," he explained. "Rumors get started easily. If it's true, though, we'll be doing a Christian act by taking her into our home."

While this view was criticized by some, it was warmly commended by President Fuller and other leaders in college religious life. The soundness of Professor Redfield's attitude was manifested when she lived for a year in his home with every evidence of modesty. Professor Redfield himself helped her with her studies, which she found rather difficult, and her gratitude was such that at the end of the year she asked him for his photograph, doubtless as an inspiration for her life in the future."

* It would be interesting to trace her career in the light of the stimulating influence of the great educator upon her. A letter sent to her at last available
Although Professor Redfield necessarily was the head of his household, it must not be supposed that the influence of his wife was unimportant in the building of his career. In a public interview he declared with conviction:

"I owe more than I can express to my wife. Her loyalty, confidence, and womanly intuition have meant strength in adversity, joy in triumph, comfort in the loneliness that is certain to envelop a man of affairs at an hour of achievement. I know from experience that a man's accomplishments are dependent directly on two noble women, his mother and his wife."  

Professor Redfield carried out his views even to the extent of practicing his more important public addresses in the presence of his wife and urging her to give him the benefit of her criticism. Like others who heard them, she was unable to find in them flaws of logic or rhetoric, but her comment, "Arthur, it's just wonderful to have a husband who can speak like you do," was a source of satisfaction and joy to him. Thus, inspired by the confidence of his wife and stimulated by his own studies, Professor Redfield grew steadily in achievement and reputation. It was no surprise to his friends when in 1906, though barely thirty years old, he was unanimously elected president of the State Teachers' Association—the first representative of a denominational college to be chosen to this responsible position. Nor was it unexpected when through his influence the State Association of Commercial Clubs appropriated six thousand dollars for speakers for the convention. The list, selected by Professor Redfield, had as headliners Doctor Frank Crane, Bishop William A. Quayle, and Doctor Henry Van Dyke. This program, including his own keynote address, "Education and the American People," placed Professor Redfield clearly in the forefront of young American educators.

Within three months he was offered the manag ership of the Western Correspondence Schools, which he declined because of his devotion to college work. The college authorities, however, raised his salary to the figure offered. He likewise was offered the general editorship of a new series of books, "Problems in Modern Education." This he accepted, as he could carry on the work in connection with his academic duties. The series, still continued and now numbering thirty-three volumes, occupies a high place in the minds of all progressive educators.

Chapter IX

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY

"Great things come to the man who is prepared for them."

—Doctor Redfield in commencement address delivered before thirty-three high schools, 1910

One night in May, 1907, a telegram brought to Professor Redfield the news of the sudden death of his friend, Professor Barnes. Professor Redfield promptly returned to the University. Bravely repressing his sorrow over his friend's untimely death, he gave what comfort he could

address, a club on South Dearborn Street, Chicago, was, however, returned with the notation, "Club closed. Party left no address."

* Reported in the St. Louis Republic, July 7, 1914, as the opening paragraph of a story dealing with the Middle Western Congress of Mothers.

** Professor Redfield's keenness of perception was especially evident in his recognition of Doctor Crane—then only a Congregational pastor with one book, "The Religion of To-morrow," to his credit—as a future national figure.
to Mrs. Barnes, whom he found as beautiful in grief as under every other circumstance.

Professor Redfield acted as one of the pallbearers at the funeral. At the memorial service in the University chapel, he delivered the principal address, in which he expounded the educational principles advanced by Professor Barnes and gratefully attributed to them such success as he and other modern educators had attained.

"We who are endeavoring to carry onward the torch of educational progress," he declared, "have lighted it from the flame of Professor Barnes' scholarship, sense, and enthusiasm. In the larger sense, our accomplishments are his accomplishments, as our principles are his principles."

Though he could not but be aware of the favorable impression produced by his address—President Thomas of the University characterized it as "magnificent" and Mrs. Barnes as "so sweet, just as I expected"—Professor Redfield was unprepared for the invitation, a few days later, to succeed Professor Barnes as dean of the School of Education.

Reluctant though he was to leave Central College and its special opportunities for Christian usefulness, he was aware that the University would offer even larger possibilities for the improvement of education. Moreover, he felt a deep sense of attachment for his Alma Mater. When he brought these considerations to the attention of Doctor Fuller, the latter agreed with him, reluctantly, that his duty lay in the new position.

"I hate to lose a man of your Christian influence," the old college president said, "but you doubtless are needed at the University. You can inspire it with idealism."

"I hope I can," Professor Redfield replied modestly. "If there is any one thing I have always tried to uphold, it is high ideals."

To the astonishment of Professor Redfield, who had only casually mentioned to Doctor Fuller his regret that he was not entering the University faculty with a doctor's degree, Central College conferred upon him, before his departure, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causa*. As he hung the blue-bordered hood over the candidate's shoulders, President Fuller, with prophetic vision, pronounced him "the example of educational idealism for the generation now growing up among us."

Likewise, the chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at the University elected him to membership in recognition of his distinguished achievements since his graduation.

To his work as dean of education, Doctor Redfield brought the same ability and character that had served him in every capacity from childhood up. His first step was to enlarge the number of courses offered. While he realized that not all these could actually be taught with the limited number of instructors available, he knew that announcing them would create a demand among the students and that this would necessitate an increase in the size of his faculty, to the great benefit of education.

His greatest achievement in this field was his establishment of a short course in education. In his studies of modern educational practice, he had observed that short courses in such subjects as vegetable gardening and cheese making were offered by agricultural colleges, with the effect of vastly increasing the total enrollment of the institutions and supplying a sound reason, patent to the most ignorant legislator, for adequate appropriations, while at the same time the great principles of democracy were splendidly exemplified. In his own State, unfortunately, the Agricultural College was separate from the University, and so the latter was not in a position to offer these popular courses. Education, however, he reflected, was at least as important as agriculture.

Doctor Redfield worked out his plan with his usual thoroughness, then went to President Thomas.

"I have often thought," he pointed out, "how unfortunate it is that most of our country school-teachers have only a high-school edu-
cation. They go out to teach without knowing anything about the teaching process. They ought to have a good, intensive course in educational principles and practice, the kind of course that a great university like this can give them."

"Undoubtedly they need a course of this kind," agreed President Thomas, "but would they take it?"

"I have that worked out," said Doctor Redfield with confidence. "I find there is a State law, passed in 1854, providing that any person holding a diploma from the State University may teach in the common schools without examination. It doesn't say degree; it merely says diploma. We can give these young people a diploma showing that they have completed our short course in education. They can go right out and teach without being bothered with any examination. You know how afraid they are of examinations. All of them will come here and take our course in preference."

President Thomas hesitated. A man of somewhat old-fashioned views of education, he was not wholly convinced of the desirability of this radical departure.

"What about the schools?" he asked. "I wonder if teachers who haven't passed the examinations are fitted to teach the boys and girls."

"Oh, it isn't as if they couldn't pass the examinations," Doctor Redfield hastened to explain. "The trouble isn't lack of ability—it's just fear. This innovation will benefit the schools. Think of the inspiration these young people will get from our fine campus life, from our splendid faculty—inspiration that they'll take everywhere in the State. Why, just the other day I heard a boy say he was inspired to new effort every time he heard you speak in chapel or even saw you walk across the campus. This short course in education will fill every school in the State with ambition and optimism. And, another thing, these teachers will think of themselves as alumni of the University. They'll be back of it all the time, ready to send students here and to insist on adequate appropriations from the legislature."

Ultimately, President Thomas was convinced. The short course, six weeks in length, was started. It was offered twice a year, in the summer just after the high schools closed, and in midwinter, just after the results of the midyear examinations for teachers' certificates were announced. The soundness of Doctor Redfield's plan was manifest when the first session added to the University enrollment 670 students, more than double the number in the short courses offered by the agricultural college.

The course not only gave the students a grasp of the principles of education, but also implanted in them the public spirit of community interest so useful in the rural school. Such practical matters as stock-judging contests, and hot lunches for pupils, were emphasized, often with the aid of verse, which Doctor Redfield found both an aid to the memory of his students and a stimulus to the communities where they would teach. This simple stanza, dashed off by him in the midst of his countless responsibilities, was one of many that proved potent influences for good in the State:

Pa warms the milk for the little calf,  
Ma heats the food for the chicks.  
They eat a hot dinner at noon-tide, too;  
But my lunch is as cold as bricks.
Chapter X

A MISSIONARY FOR EDUCATION

“Education is an adventure in practical idealism.”
—Doctor Redfield in an interview in the Omaha World-Herald,

October 6, 1913

Dean Redfield’s quiet, effective work in behalf of his beloved University led naturally to his selection by President Thomas to take the principal part, next to that of the executive himself, in presenting to the legislature the needs of the institution. Here he applied both his constructive genius and his experience in educational research. His charts, graphs, and diagrams were stared at in open-mouthed astonishment by the rural legislators, while his manifest idealism, in which he expressed confidence that they shared, filled their souls with pride in the University.

George Otto, chairman of the ways and means committee of the lower house, expressed the sentiments of all his colleagues in remarking to a group of friends:

“When I was in school, we had a principal that could diagram the longest sentence in Reed and Kellogg’s Grammar. It filled the whole blackboard in the schoolroom and it took him half an hour to analyze and parse it. I’ve never forgot that fellow—he sure was some scholar—but this Doc Redfield has got him beat. I’ll bet he’s got charts that the president of Harvard couldn’t understand without Doc Redfield explained ‘em.”

Largely as a result of Dean Redfield’s skillful efforts, the appropriations for the University, in 1909, showed an increase of 31.4 percent over those awarded by the preceding session of the legislature. Similar work by Dean Redfield in the legislative sessions of 1910 and 1911 brought like favorable action, so that for the academic year 1911-1912 the total was 187.9 percent of the amount appropriated for 1908-1909.

No less outstanding than his record before the legislature was Doctor Redfield’s success in placing the graduates of the University in positions suited to their talents. He inherited from Dean Barnes a small teachers’ placement bureau, opened only a year and a half before, and regarded by the less progressive members of the faculty as a dangerous innovation. Two years after taking charge of the bureau, Doctor Redfield announced in his annual report to the president that he had placed every graduate who wanted a teaching post, and at an average $208 higher than the average paid to college graduates entering upon teaching. The success of his methods pleased the University administration so much that, upon his suggestion of willingness to be of “further usefulness,” President Thomas put into his hands the placing of all graduates, whether in teaching, engineering, pharmacy, finance, or what not.

Here his success was quite as brilliant as in the strictly educational field. Through the contacts that he formed with bankers, real-estate operators, and other leading figures in the State, he not only placed the University graduates in positions where they would be well rewarded and could also exert strategic influence in behalf of their Alma Mater, but he at the same time found numerous opportunities for safe, honest investments. Indeed, the Secretary of the State Manufacturers’ Association ranked Doctor Redfield next to himself for assiduity in this direction.

“A poor professor must lay aside something for his old age,” Dean Redfield explained. “He owes it to himself and his family. ‘If any provide not for his own, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.’”

32
Chapter XI

SERVICE BEFORE SELF

"Every little red schoolhouse is a service station on the broad concrete highway of American idealism."

Doctor Redfield before the Nebraska Educational Council, Lincoln, Nebraska, December 10, 1915

So far as the people of the State as a whole were concerned, Doctor Redfield’s public addresses constituted the most significant part of his career as dean of education. Beginning with but twenty-four addresses in 1907, he had by 1911 become so popular that the total number of his speeches in that year reached 119, while he declined at least an equal number of invitations. There was hardly a state convention, from the Retail Grocers’ Association to the Modern Education Society, that did not clamor for his presence and inspiration.

It was Doctor Redfield who, I am convinced after careful research, first applied the magic word “Service” to education. The word occurs in the peroration of his address before the American Society of Education in New York City on October 11, 1909.*

“In this twentieth century of the Christian era, this twentieth century of the principles of true education,” concluded Doctor Redfield in this masterly address, “we have searched our own hearts and spirits for a great ideal which shall symbolize and sum up the end of all our endeavors.

“That ideal you and I, educators living in a Christian civilization, have found. We are educating the body. We are educating the mind. But we are also educating the human heart. Mind, body, and spirit—but it is in the human spirit that we find justification for all our endeavors. We are training the youth of this generation not to use their education for their own selfish purposes, but for the betterment of humanity, to leave this old world a little better than they found it. The ideal which we are upholding is the ideal of unselfish Service to all humanity. Service, my friend—let us write the word on every blackboard in this great country of ours, but let us first write it in our hearts. Let it be the mainspring of our every thought and action. Let us hold it as a beacon before our students, that, when we have passed on, they may snatch it from our hands and carry it to peoples yet unborn. Here is the justification of all our struggles—Service. Repeat with me these words:


Those who were present on this significant occasion have told me that the audience repeated these noble words with a reverence seldom manifested even in the most solemn prayers. For fully three minutes afterward there was utter silence, then a burst of applause.

The far-reaching influence of Dean Redfield’s presentation of the ideal of Service in American education is shown in a survey of 109 addresses made by college and university presidents and deans in 1926. Of these 104 used the word “Service” at least once, while in each of fifty-one addresses it was employed ten or more times. To such universality of idealism may the example of one modest, albeit brilliant, man lead.

It was only natural that Dean Redfield, with his devotion to the idea of Service, should turn with interest to that organization which has been the chief inspiration to the transformation of American business from selfish profit-seeking to altruistic devotion to the common good. In 1910, through his influence, Rotary International was instituted in his town the first club established in any predominantly educational center.

Unfortunately for the reading public of today, no copy of Doctor Redfield's address on the occasion of the presentation of the charter of the club exists.

"It was an occasion too full of inspiration for me to prepare a speech in advance," Doctor Redfield explained to me when I asked if his manuscript was preserved in his files. "I gave that body of upstanding men the thoughts that came to me at the moment. The idealism of the meeting thrilled me through and through, and I spoke right from the heart."

There is preserved, however, the Rotary yell which he composed for the occasion. With his sense of the fitness of things and his unceasing concern with education, he felt that a club chartered in an educational center should have about it the atmosphere of a great university. A yell, modeled on college yells, occurred to him as an appropriate means for blending the academic spirit and the idealism of modern business. First given on the occasion of the presentation of the charter, the composition has been used at every meeting of the club since the momentous date:

Row, Row, Rotary,
All our days.
Serve, Serve, Service
Always pays,
Merchants, teachers,
 Plumbers, preachers,
All idealists,
Rah, rah, rah!

Both Doctor Redfield and President Thomas were elected to the Board of Directors of the new club. When the election of a president was taken up by the Board, Doctor Redfield promptly nominated President Thomas, who, as he pointed out, had "throughout his long and useful career ever exemplified the principle of Service Before Self."

Doctor Thomas rose and pushed back his gray hair from his forehead.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I feel like the colored gentleman who was asked to change a twenty-dollar bill. 'Ah ain't got the change,' he says, 'but Ah 'preciates the compliment jes' the same.' I appreciate the honor my good friend and colleague has conferred upon me by nominating me for this high office, but I do not feel qualified to serve. I have neither the time nor the ability. I suggest that he withdraw his nomination and permit me to nominate him. He is the man who brought the club here, and I know he would make an excellent president. Thou art the man," he concluded dramatically, shaking his finger at Doctor Redfield.

"No, no," exclaimed the Dean, "let me serve in the ranks. I want merely to be a humble private in the great army of Service. Doctor Thomas is a born general. I renew my nomination of this distinguished educator for president of the club."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," protested Doctor Thomas earnestly, "I know Doctor Redfield's qualifications. I know what he has done in Service to the University. He is the man for the place."

"What little I did, I did under Doctor Thomas' direction," Dean Redfield explained modestly. "He is the greater leader, I merely a humble follower. I have—"

"Boys, cut out the Alphonse-Gaston stuff," The raucous voice of John Ewall, grocer and worthy president of the Eagles, broke in. "Didn't you fellows hear the district governor say you was to call each other by your first names? And here you go, Doctor This and President That. How do you know we want either of you for president?"

34
He paused a moment, then continued:

"I've got an idea. I guess, as a matter of fact, we'd be glad to have either one of these profs for president. But they can't agree, so let me deal 'em two poker hands"—he drew a greasy deck of cards from his pocket—"and the fellow that gets the high hand is president.

"Here, Jim," beckoning across the room to the Reverend James Bright, the Methodist minister, "you come and judge this thing."

The minister got up, somewhat embarrassed.

"You know I don't approve of gambling," he explained, "but this is in a good cause."

Ewall dealt the two hands to President Thomas and Dean Redfield. The two men laid down their hands, face up.

"Well, what about it, Reverend—I mean Jim?" asked Ewall.

The minister scrutinized the hands.

"I think," he pronounced slowly, "this looks like the better one."

He pointed to a King and a Queen in President Thomas' hand.

Ewall sniffed disgustedly.

"You're an honest-to-God preacher, all right," he declared. "There ain't a thing in that hand. These three sevens in Art Redfield's hand beat all that Prexy's got. Art is the president of this club. Won it honest, by good poker. Those in favor say 'Aye.' All together, boys, Aye."

The shout of "Aye!" that followed, whole-hearted as it was, was but a slight augury of Doctor Redfield's record in the presidency of the club. The organization of a junior baseball league for the boys of the town, a series of addresses by members of the club on the ethics of their respective occupations, the purchase of red-and-white uniforms for the town band, a banquet for the school-teachers with addresses on the sacredness of the teaching profession, the publication and distribution throughout the State of seventy-five thousand illustrated booklets boosting the University and the town, the organization of a Rotary chorus to sing at public gatherings—these were only a few of the outstanding achievements of the club during Doctor Redfield's term of office.

What most endeared him to the membership and most thoroughly convinced them of his leadership in devotion to the ideals of Rotary, however, was a personal incident, of the type that marks the man of simple greatness.

On November 16, 1910, a son, their second child, was born to Doctor and Mrs. Redfield. So strong was Doctor Redfield's belief in Rotary principles that he determined to have the child publicly dedicated to the great cause of Service.

The monthly "Ladies' Night," when the wives of members of the club attended the dinner, was chosen for the ceremony. The hymn, "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling," was first sung by the Rotary chorus. Following this the Reverend James Bright baptized the child, giving him the name Arthur Patrick, Junior. Then came the most impressive part of the ceremony. Looking into the baby's eyes, the minister pronounced solemnly:

"Arthur Patrick Redfield, Junior, I now dedicate thee to the principle of Service, first taught by our divine Master, best exemplified in this world by Rotary International. May you realize always, following the example of noble souls, that 'He profits most who serves best.' God has given you a heritage of high ideals; may you always follow them!"

There was silence, broken only by an audible sniffle from Mrs. Redfield, who was overcome for the moment by the beauty of the ceremony. Then, with apparent spontaneity, the members of the club and their wives broke into the song:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Redfields will shine to-night,} \\
\text{Redfields will shine,} \\
\text{When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,} \\
\text{Redfields will shine.}
\end{align*}
\]

The Rotary yell, composed by Doctor Redfield, concluded the service.

As the strains of the yell were dying away, John Ewall leaned across the table and addressed Doctor and Mrs. Redfield.

35
"Inspiring, I call it," he exclaimed with feeling. Doctor Redfield was not content to rest upon his record of efficiency, constructiveness, and loyalty in the Rotary Club. The principles upheld by the organization, he rightly reasoned, should be exemplified also among University students, the leaders of the future. With this thought in mind, he interested a group of prominent students in founding the University Service Club. He suggested its splendid motto, "The University Is Always Right," he laid out its program of work, and he was made, and remains still, its only honorary member. The achievements of this organization in bringing notable students* to the institution, in securing larger appropriations for University support, and in placing its members in positions of Service in student organizations, are a striking testimonial to the vision of its founder.

Chapter XII

A GREAT TEACHER

"Be constructive, my young friends, be constructive."

Doctor Redfield at the Thompson Walker University convocation, February 12, 1916

It is the practice of deans in large American educational institutions to give up teaching and research and devote their attention to the larger problems of supervision, organization of curricula, and constructive Service to the general public.

Occupied as he was with these latter matters, Doctor Redfield, however, with his unbounded energy and his fixed devotion to the advancement of the sacred cause of education, slackened in no respect his pursuit of truth through scientific investigation or his endeavors to enlighten and inspire the students who came to the University.


Naturally, with his manifold other duties, it was impossible for the dean to carry on all his research personally. The investigations were made chiefly by young graduate students, who valued the training

*In the fifteen years since it was founded, eighty-one members of the varsity football squad, thirty-six members of the basketball squad, nineteen track men, fourteen class presidents, eight leaders of the Junior prom, and one member of Phi Beta Kappa were induced to enroll in the University chiefly through the efforts of the Service Club, according to verified records.
thus received in productive scholarship under a man of Doctor Redfield's ability and reputation. The inspiration for the studies was given invariably by the Dean, who also suggested methods. When the work was completed, he went over the finished report, to insure that the language represented an appropriate blending of erudition and popular appeal, and then affixed his signature.

His formula for accomplishing these ends has been freely utilized by modern educators, who have found it a road to recognition in their profession and reputation among the general public.

"You'll get your publicity from the newspapers," he used to tell his young graduate students. "The editor isn't going to read more than the first few paragraphs. Make them snappy. Put in something he can't help printing.

"I know what you'll say,—that that won't sit well with educators and research workers. But they'll read your whole monograph. Make the middle of it just as technical as you can. Put in graphs, the more complicated the better. If you can't draw them, get some one who's working in higher mathematics to do it. And use unfamiliar words. Make your work profound. Profound. They'll forget all about your first two paragraphs when they've studied your graphs and then have to go to the library to consult a ten-volume dictionary. End up always with a paragraph acknowledging your indebtedness to other workers in the unparalleled field of education and pointing out that research is the most important activity in the world. We'll send a few of these different monographs, with the last paragraph marked, to legislators when they get to arguing about appropriations for research."

Through his research Doctor Redfield accomplished a threefold purpose. He made important contributions to human knowledge, he added prestige to the school of education and to the University, and he gave his young helpers, whose assistance he always gratefully acknowledged in his research monographs, invaluable opportunities to learn the duties of the head of a department of education. How they profited is suggested by the fact that no fewer than seventeen of them became professors of education, from which six have advanced to deanships, two to college presidencies, and one to the directorship of public relations for one of America's largest corporations.

Dean Redfield naturally was unable to teach a full schedule of classes, but he made it a fixed rule to offer at least one course every semester and to lecture once in the semester to each class in his department. So thorough a master of the teaching process was he that no student ever failed. Indeed, for the year 1910-1911, when the University adopted the system of indicating passing grades by letters ranging from A down to E, 311 of Doctor Redfield's 342 students attained a rating of A, 30 of B, and 1 of C. *

The value of Doctor Redfield's courses to the students was demonstrated by the fact that in the years 1910-1912 more than fifty-five percent of those eligible—the work was open only to juniors and seniors—elected classes taught by him.

When President Thomas several times suggested to Doctor Redfield that he abandon his teaching, lest his health be impaired by excessive labor, he would not accede to the suggestion.

"These young people have a God-given right to the results of my investigations and to what stimulation I can give them," he insisted. "I could not think of giving up my teaching. It is the noblest profession known to man."

* This grade of C affords a striking illustration of Doctor Redfield's zeal—seeming at times to some of his colleagues excessive—to be fair. It developed subsequently that the students who received the grade of C had been registered for the course by mistake and had never attended it. Doctor Redfield, although he had noticed that the student appeared to be deficient in handing in required papers, had felt, in making up the grades, that some error might have been made in his own records, and with his scrupulous sense of justice gave the young man the benefit of the doubt.
"Of course I will guard my health. I'll try to take a little more time for golf. I can think out my research problems and my lectures right on the green."

Chapter XIII

DESERVED ADVANCEMENT

"There is no opportunity equal to that of leading a great body of young men and women to the mountain heights of scholarship and idealism."

—Doctor Redfield before the conclave of Chi Delta, Los Angeles, California, June 21, 1919

In the spring of 1912 the presidency of Thompson Walker University became vacant. This institution had had a long and brilliant history and occupied a high place among Middle Western colleges. Founded in 1847 as the American Christian College, it changed its name in 1864 to Thompson Walker University in gratitude to the great rifle manufacturer who then endowed it. It continued its strong religious character, however, and in deference to Mr. Walker's wishes, Bible texts and verses of hymns of his selection were inscribed on the chapel walls. Here they still remain and serve not only as memorials of this distinguished American leader, but as constant inspiration, especially in times of national peril. Among the inscriptions are these:

I came not to bring peace but a sword.  
—Jesus Christ

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war.  
—S. Barin-Gould

The Lord is a man of war.  
—Moses

Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He has gained the victory.  
—Christopher Wordsworth

Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears.  
—Joel

There was war in heaven.  
—St. John

In 1871 the State determined to establish an agricultural college under the terms of the Morrill Act. Thompson Walker University invited the legislature to place the new institution upon its campus. Subsequently, by gradual steps, Thompson Walker University became exclusively a State institution though retaining its name and endowment.

Its list of presidents was a distinguished one, including Charles Atwood Kent, the noted Latinist; Ellery Watson, the agronomist and inventor of the lister which bears his name; and Edward Stover Kenyon, author of "Have Faith in God and Education" and "Thompson Walker, Great American." From 1899 until his death in 1912, the presidency was held by Raymond Keever, who in addition to distinction as a Biblical and literary scholar, taught the largest Sunday School class in the State and was a past grand master of the Masonic Order.

Doctor Keever's death, the result of pneumonia developing from exposure at an Epworth League picnic on a rainy day, plunged the University community, and indeed the entire State, into gloom. He was only fifty-four years old, and the public had looked forward to many more years of leadership on his part.

38
As soon as the period of mourning for the deceased president was over, the Board of Regents set about the difficult task of finding a successor. George F. Moore, president of the Board, sent a letter to many educators, in which he outlined the qualifications that were desired and requested recommendations to fill the vacancy.

"We seek a man of scholarship, executive ability, oratorical power, effectiveness in dealing with legislators, and tact in handling faculty members and students," the letter read. "He must be a Christian man, and preferably belong to the strong fraternal organizations and civic clubs. A good personality is essential, such as will inspire the public and make them feel that here is an educator full of red-blooded Christian manhood."

Naturally many recommendations were received in response to this letter, although one college president was pessimistic enough to suggest that the courts of heaven were the appropriate place to apply for a man of such varied qualifications, while another, with contemptuous disregard of the principles of Americanism, scrawled across the bottom of Mr. Moore's letter:

"Sound scholars are interested in the truth alone. They are not concerned with where it leads."

Other members of the Board of Regents made less detailed investigations on their own part. An executive session of the Board was held, at which comments were exchanged on the men under consideration.

"I don't want no damned grammar shark sitting in front of me," protested Frank Sharkey, who with true American energy had risen from ditch digging to the eminence of the largest contractor in the State. His remark was made when the name of a well-known professor of rhetoric was brought up.

Upon mention of a prominent sociologist, several members protested. Dudley Dean, the lawyer, explained in a dignified way the basis of the objection.

"The professor is a Socialist," he stated. "I heard him say in a speech that the Constitution of the United States ought to be rewritten every twenty-five years. He even claimed that Thomas Jefferson said so. Think of trying to hang Socialism like that on Jefferson. I've been a Democrat all my life and run for office on the Democratic ticket, and I guess I know Simon-pure Jeffersonian doctrine as well as the next man."

"Well, I'm a Republican, as you all know," commented the chairman, "but we don't want to consider politics in picking a high-class educator. I agree, though, with Mr. Dean, that we don't want a Socialist. They've all got negative ideas—they want to pull things down. What we want is a man with positive, constructive convictions. A man that believes with all his heart and soul in the American Constitution, the American home, and who knows every boy and girl has got an equal chance to be a millionaire or the President or whatever he wants to be. We want a man who'll build. Build. Build."

"How about a chap with a little originality?" inquired George Litchfield, the only professional writer on the Board. "I've always found originality rather entertaining if not useful, and I'd like to have an entertaining university president."

"Say, I suppose you'd put a novelist on the job," chuckled Mr. Moore. "I'd like to see him run it. This University's grown to be a business enterprise, and it has to have somebody with business ability at the head of it. We'll let you tend to the book end of the school; it's too much for me."

Ultimately the field of choice narrowed down to three men. Charles K. Warren, professor of economic entomology in the Oklahoma Agricultural College, had, it was asserted, saved the farmers $39,000,000 in the previous year through his advocacy of poisoning grasshoppers by means of arsenic and orange juice. In addition, he had promoted methods of control of the chinch bug, the Hessian fly, the corn ear worm, and other

*To this remark Mr. Moore made a masterly reply, under the title, "The True American Educator," in the Commercial Club Quarterly, Vol. VII, p. 82.
insect pests, with a resultant saving to agriculture, during his eleven years of service, of slightly more than $2,000,000,000. Such a man, it was argued, would bring vast sums into the pockets of the rural constituents of Thompson Walker University, and they would be willing to return, in appropriations to the institution, a small percent, which in the aggregate would constitute a large amount.

Another candidate looked upon with favor was Dewitt Beach, professor of literature at Thompson Walker. The contractor member of the Board of Regents looked askance at his possible grammatical connections, but was forced to admit the educational importance of a man whose father had been governor and whose wife had inherited a million dollars.

Doctor Beach was widely known in the academic world for his studies of feminine line endings in 15th-century poetry and for other intellectual achievements.

His devotion to productive scholarship was never more clearly shown than in his rejection of Kirby Deniston, later well known as a novelist, for a fellowship in English.

"Why, all Deniston can do is write," Professor Beach pronounced with finality.

The third man favorably considered was Doctor Redfield, whose reputation had spread from his own campus across the two States that separated it from Thompson Walker. Although he had been urged to take some steps toward securing the position when it first became vacant, he steadfastly refused to do so. "The ethics of the teaching profession, like those of the Christian ministry, are uniformly opposed to self-seeking," he rightly insisted.

Naturally, however, with the record which he had made as an educator, he was certain to be considered for any important college presidency in the region. Indeed, in examining the files of the Board of Regents, which were kindly thrown open to me, I found no fewer than forty-nine letters recommending Doctor Redfield to the Board. These are exclusive of endorsements furnished after it became well known that he was being favorably considered.

Among the writers of these letters were:
John Austin Thompson, Ph.D., LL.D., D.C.L., president of Rogers University.
The Right Rev. John O'Reilly, rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception and Domestic Prelate by appointment of the Pope.
Charles R. Merritt, Exalted Potentate of the Fraternal Order of Eagles.
Dwight Sylvester Morris, LL.D., author of "Topsy's Christmas," "The Violet's Heart," and other notable novels.
R. K. Dwight, secretary of the State Manufacturers' Association.
L. W. Thomas, president of the State Federation of Labor.
Mrs. Mary T. Johnston, president of the Mothers' League and secretary of the Clean Books Society.
James Orr Wilbridge, D.Sc., professor of butter-making in the College of Agriculture, Thompson Walker University.
Robert Ward, M.S., LL.B., extension lecturer on dramatic literature.
Langdon Todd Barton, Ph.D., professor of paleontology.

I mention the last three names to refute the common belief that members of a university faculty either are not interested in the selection of a president or fear to make their choice known to the Board of Regents.

Doctor Barton's letter was characteristic of the man and his splendid scholarship. In it he said:
“Mr. * Redfield, who is being talked of much among my colleagues, appears to have every qualification for the presidency except profound and detailed scholarship, and I am sure that men of your modern interests will not let this minor matter stand in the way of his appointment. Mr. Redfield, I understand, is a Rotarian, an Elk, and a Knight of Pythias. He is a popular public speaker before every sort of organization from the Boy Scouts to the German-American Alliance. He has shown the dollars-and-cents value of education to the most dubious. He believes, I am sure, that a university is a great business enterprise, turning out an up-to-date, well-standardized product. If these talents and views are not qualifications for a great university president, I am mistaken in my estimate of the trend of contemporary education.”

When the letter was read to the Board, Dennis Riley, the tobacco wholesaler, brought his fist down on the table.

“There’s an up-and-coming professor,” he declared. “I don’t know exactly what paleontology is, but he certainly must be a great professor of it. If we should have to take a man from the University, I’m in favor of taking this man, just from that letter. He knows what is needed. And, anyway, we ought at least to elect him a dean. He’ll be a fine fellow to make contacts with the students and tell them how to prepare for life.”

It soon became common knowledge in Doctor Redfield’s own State that he was being seriously considered for the presidency of Thompson Walker University. Even then, however, he urged his friends to make no effort in his behalf.

He even deprecated the action of the Rotary Club in ordering two telegrams dispatched, one to the chairman of the Board of Regents of Thompson Walker University urging his appointment, the other to the president of his own university, urging that he be retained “at whatever salary may be necessary.”

The message to Thompson Walker University is of interest to the student of Doctor Redfield’s career as indicating the place which he has invariably made for himself among forward-looking business men:

“The Rotary Club today meeting with attendance record of ninety-seven and seventy-three hundredths percent unanimously commends Doctor Arthur Patrick Redfield for the presidency of Thompson Walker University stop Doctor Redfield is recognized by every man of vision in the State as one of America’s leading educators stop He is a genius in education and a live wire in Service stop We should dislike to lose this great educator and Rotarian but our loss would be your gain and we know we cannot hold him always stop Our best wishes to your University in red-blooded Service to the nation and the world.”

The only part which Doctor Redfield took in connection with the presidency of Thompson Walker was in the formulation of a reply to a letter from Chairman Moore asking his views on Industry, Religion, Armament, and the Constitution.

This reply, obviously, was only a courtesy and in no sense suggested a candidacy for the position. With his usual thoroughness, however, Doctor Redfield went into the matters with the utmost care, considering not only his personal predilections, but also the needs at the time and the views of the individual members of the Board of Regents.

“It has been my policy always,” he told me in discussing the matter, “never to give needless offense. One can ordinarily express his views so that every one will be satisfied.”

When Doctor Redfield finally prepared his reply, his reference to every subject was succinct but complete. He wrote:

“Industry: We are rapidly changing from an agricultural to an industrial nation. This change must be accompanied by due regard, on the one hand, for the needs of expanding capital and on the other hand for

* Doctor Barton apparently was unaware of Doctor Redfield’s degree of Doctor of Philosophy, awarded, as heretofore stated, honoris causa, in recognition of his distinguished achievements.
the welfare of necessary labor. In industry, as in all else, we must seek
the paths of profit, sanity, and general welfare.
"Religion: Man is inherently religious. Every man wants to worship
God. While each of us may have his own preference, we should recog-
nize in all the various creeds elements of value and significance, which
go to make up the whole of our great American religion. We are all
essentially one, all loving God and America.
"Armament: Our nation has never been militaristic. We have fought
only when we have been compelled to fight, and, armed with a righteous
cause, we have invariably been victorious. Our spirit of patriotism and
justice is our greatest safeguard for the future. At the same time, it is
obvious that we need such armament as will protect our interests.
"The Constitution: The Constitution is the greatest document formu-
lated by mortal man. We must cherish it carefully and reverence it
wisely. That it may need occasional amendment is doubtless true. The
Constitution itself, by its method of adopting amendments, makes the
process necessarily a slow one. This is wise. Every amendment to that
historic document should be carefully scrutinized. At the same time, I
am sure the founding fathers would not have us refrain from adopting
any amendment that is indubitably necessary to the public welfare."
It was these replies that made certain Doctor Redfield's election to
the presidency of Thompson Walker University. Answers were received
likewise from one of the other men who were being prominently
considered for the position, but there was in the minds of the members
of the Board no shadow of doubt as to the superior quality of Doctor
Redfield's statements.
"There is no question in my mind that Doctor Redfield is a high-
class man," Chairman Moore proclaimed emphatically. "He has real
American convictions and he stands up for them in a two-fisted Ameri-
can way."
"Yes," responded Attorney Dean. "I don't want to appear senti-
mental, but those statements of Doctor Redfield's are inspiring. That's
the only word for them. If we appoint him as president, we are going
to have a great thinker, a great man."
"I like them words he uses," commented Contractor Sharkey. "I hate
grammar but I like a fellow who can sling the language."
Doctor Redfield was elected president of Thompson Walker Uni-
versity, and at the same meeting Doctor Langdon Todd Barton, the
professor of paleontology, was chosen dean of the College of Arts and
Sciences, which position had recently become vacant.
The meeting of the Board continued for three days, various uni-
versity matters being up for consideration. Before it adjourned Doctor
Barton declined the deanship, stating that he feared it would interfere
with his research. Whereupon he was continued in his professorship,
with a salary increase of five hundred dollars.
"I don't see why he'd rather do research than be dean," remarked
Mr. Moore. "Why, I've known deans to make double their salaries
through tips they get mixing with big men in the State. But we can't
take a chance on losing Barton. With the ideas he has, I know he'll
be one of Doctor Redfield's right-hand men."
Doctor Redfield himself decorously considered the offer of the presi-
dency of Thompson Walker University for three weeks, then accepted it
in a letter full of the spirit of educational idealism. "I shall spend the
rest of the summer," he concluded, "in study for the arduous responsi-
bilities of the presidency of Thompson Walker University."
He did not, however, devote his time, as a lesser man might have
done, to the perusal of theoretical books on university administration.
Instead, confident, as he stated, that "education must come closer to the
heart of humanity," he interviewed great leaders. His diary for the sum-
mer records visits to two cabinet officers, four governors of States,
eleven presidents of corporations, fourteen bank presidents, nine secre-
taries of chambers of commerce, eighteen counselors in publicity, six
presidents of farm organizations, five newspaper owners, eight executives of fraternal organizations, five bishops and other principal clergy, six college presidents, two deans of education, one professor of business administration, and three professors of scientific salesmanship.

Chapter XIV

PRESIDENT OF THOMPSON WALKER

"A noble environment is a potent stimulus to noble behavior."
—Doctor Redfield before the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Springfield, Illinois, October 7, 1913

His assumption of the presidency of Thompson Walker University enabled Doctor Redfield to introduce into his executive work those seemingly trivial but really significant details which have since attracted so much notice among men of vision in both education and business. Previously they had been familiar chiefly with the old type of university professor, who had for his office a desk in one corner of his classroom, or, at best, a little cubbyhole opening off his lecture hall. In this cubbyhole there was a bust of Shakespeare, of Newton, or of Pestalozzi, depending on the subject matter the professor taught. There was a dusty roll-top desk, with pigeonholes full of letters still in their envelopes. The professor kept an office hour three or four times a week. At other times one must seek him at home, in his "study."

Doctor Raymond Keever, Doctor Redfield's predecessor, it should be pointed out, was not altogether of the old type. He was in his office regularly from ten to twelve every morning, except when absent from the city on educational, religious, or fraternal business, and gave careful attention to the business of the institution.

Upon Doctor Redfield's advent, however, a wholly new system of office management went into effect. He had insisted to the Board of Regents that he be given a free hand in this important phase of university administration, and during the summer preceding his arrival workmen were constantly busy about the executive offices.

Doctor Redfield himself attended to employing the necessary clerical force, made up exclusively of women. They were most competent for this type of work, President Redfield pointed out, and at the same time their employment gave the University prestige among those influential women in the State who were concerned as to the opportunities open to their sex. Like Mr. Ziegfeld today, President Redfield never employed a woman without a personal interview, for the stated reason that beautiful women in an office, far from being a distracting influence, are a tranquilizing force, particularly on the minds of business men who call, but also of professors, whose wives are seldom as lovely as they are intelligent. Indeed, while still a dean of education, Doctor Redfield worked this out on the basis of psychological investigation and prepared a chart covered with circles and parabolas to illustrate the conclusions. The results, however, he was never able to put fully into effect until he attained a university presidency.

At Thompson Walker University, one approached Doctor Redfield through an outer office filled with mahogany furniture. There were letter files; his rule was that every letter must be answered and filed on the day of its receipt. If he was away, his secretary answered the letter, saying that the president was absent on important business for the State and would reply personally immediately on his return, or else giving the inquirer the desired information and signing the president's name.
In the president’s outer office, likewise, were three stenographers’ desks, with an unusually pretty girl behind each of them, in accordance with Doctor Redfield’s constant habit of putting sound theory into practice wherever possible.

When one entered the office, one of the lovely stenographers would immediately rise and bow.

“President Redfield? Ah, the president is busy at the moment in an important conference which the governor asked him to look after, but I am sure he will be happy to see you just as soon as he is at liberty.” And she would lead the visitor through a side door into another office, in which was somewhat more elaborate mahogany furniture, including a series of sectional bookcases and a flat-topped desk. Behind this sat another young woman, a trifle older and more intellectual-looking, but still undeniably pretty.

One’s guide would introduce one—this was a refinement devised by President Redfield and subsequently adopted by a great number of leading business men. Time and again I have heard him tell chambers of commerce and Kiwanis clubs how much business would be improved if only there were more of the atmosphere of home about offices. “You know what a good woman has meant in your homes; I am sure that men of your vision, your ideals of Service, and your practical hard business sense will see what she can mean in the workaday world of commerce.”

The president’s secretary would engage the visitor in conversation. If she could tactfully ascertain the nature of your business and give you what you were seeking, she would do so. There were two exceptions to this practice. Doctor Redfield put into effect a rule that all business men and all newspaper or magazine writers who called must be seen by him personally.

If one waited for the president, the secretary would give one a newspaper or a magazine or a book, carefully choosing it to suit one’s apparent predilection. There were always on the desk copies of the New York Times, the Literary Digest, System, the Atlantic Monthly, the Revue des Deux Mondes, and the Educational Review. In case of any doubt, the secretary, in accordance with President Redfield’s instructions, always handed a visitor the Revue des Deux Mondes.

“Most of them can’t read it,” Doctor Redfield used to say, “but they will appreciate the compliment and feel that here is a place of scholarship where kindred spirits are recognized.”

In the event a visitor were obviously a radical or a liberal, especially a wealthy one, the secretary would be so bold as to extract from the bottom drawer of her desk a copy of the London Nation or the Appeal to Reason. A copy of Munsey’s Magazine invariably lay on top of the wastebasket, from which a sufficiently self-confident lowbrow might rescue it. The books in the office, which were personally selected by Doctor Redfield, ranged from Harold MacGrath to Nicholas Murray Butler.

Eventually, but not too soon, the secretary permitted the visitor to enter the private office of the president. He maintained a rule that no visitor should be admitted without a wait of at least fifteen minutes.

Even after the furnishings of the outer offices, the president’s own sanctum was a marvel. The floor was carpeted with an enormous blue Chinese rug. The walls were hung with portraits of great educators, including the presidents of the nationally known universities and all those in the region of Thompson Walker University. Beneath these were appropriate mottoes, legible across the room, such as “True education consists in contact with great men,” and “Sacrifice for ideals invariably brings reward.” Within the frame of a group picture of the Board of Regents of Thompson Walker were the words, “Back of every great enterprise are silent, noble souls,” autographed by Arthur Patrick Redfield.

There were in the room half a dozen mahogany armchairs, upholstered in green leather. In the midst of this semicircle was an immense flat-topped mahogany desk, covered with plate glass, under which
was the chart of ideal university organization prepared by Doctor Redfield in his days as dean. On top of it were the type of file known to business men as a “tickler,” an open Greek Testament—in silent compliment to the reverend clergy who might call—and copies of the president’s two latest books. I still remember the impression of reverent scholarship, coupled with modern efficiency, which I gained at the first of my many meetings with the distinguished educator, although I had known his father well in my youth.

When I entered the room, a muscular man in Irish tweeds was seated back of the big desk, apparently absorbed in a newspaper. As I advanced toward him, he suddenly looked up, with a startled but cordial smile. He rose, tall and straight, and came around the corner of the desk, extending his hand. I noticed in his buttonhole the familiar Rotary wheel, and on his vest a Phi Beta Kappa key and an elk’s tooth, suspended together from his watch chain.

“Redfield is my name,” he said, grasping my hand, “and this is Mr.—?”

“Crawford,” I supplied. “Crawford,” he repeated. “Mr. Crawford. I didn’t quite get it when my secretary told me you were here. I am so busy helping out on this little public health conference for the governor that I fear I get something abstracted. It really is unpardonable.”

Doctor Redfield knitted his forehead and stood silent for a moment. “You are not the Mr. Crawford who wrote that splendid article in the Gazette on the work of the State Board of Agriculture?” he asked. “I have just been reading it. A brilliant analysis of a situation that affects every one of us, whether we are engaged in farming or teaching or blacksmithing or what not.”

“Yes,” I answered, with some embarrassment. “That’s my story.” “Let me shake hands with you again, this time in congratulation,” said President Redfield, clasping my hand in both of his. “I began that article before the conference, and I went back to it as soon as the meeting was over. I was just finishing it when you came in. It is absorbing.”

“Thank you,” I said. “Which part of the article did you like best?” “It is all good,” he said, with that decision which I later recognized as one of his characteristics. “Every word of it. But I believe I admire the first paragraph most.” He amazed me by quoting verbatim the first sentence of the article, which he must have read an hour or more before. “You know how to write a lead.”

I was pleased, as any newspaper man would be, at his use of the technical term “lead,” though I subsequently found that he used accurately the words characteristic of a score of professions, so vast was his fund of knowledge.

“But please be seated.” Doctor Redfield went on, with a slight but deferential bow. He took from his pocket a fat black cigar, handed it to me, lighted it for me, then returned to his chair behind the desk. “I can’t tell you how much I appreciate your calling.” There was no mistaking the sincerity of his tone. “Had you not come, I should have written you about your story. But I am glad you called in person. I had some little experience in journalism in college. It is the noblest profession known to man. Had I thought myself fully fitted for it, I should have entered it. But don’t let me do all the talking. Tell me about yourself and your work.”

“I’m just doing feature work on the Gazette.” I knew I had nothing to tell an educator of Doctor Redfield’s eminence. “I wondered if we couldn’t have a series of stories on the preparation the University gives a boy or girl for his life work. You know some people, especially some business men, have doubts about whether education pays or not.”

“I can prove to them that it pays,” pronounced Doctor Redfield decisively. “I have figures that show an individual’s chances of achieving eminence are increased 53 times by high-school training, and 223
times by college training. These figures are from a study of the lives of great Americans. The average annual income in this State is $763. The average income of a graduate of Thompson Walker University is $2,980. The latter figure, I admit, is not strictly accurate. I, personally, am convinced that it is too low. The data had to be hastily gathered. I was certain that they would be needed, and I had them looked up during the summer, before I actually came to the University. But I am sure you will be interested in other educational studies that have been made.” He rang for his secretary.

“Please bring me Chart Series 311B.”

“You know,” he continued while she was away, “I worked in my former position on a problem closely related to the one which you presented to me, and I venture to say I reached some rather remarkable and useful conclusions.

“That institution, like this one, is an institution of Service. We were hampered, however, by lack of funds in putting our conclusions into practical use. The benefactors of educational institutions, bless their hearts, tend to be old-fashioned and lay too much emphasis on teaching, which is really the least important of our duties. So do the legislatures of the various States. What the public needs to understand is that universities are great business institutions, run upon a business—but here are the charts.”

The secretary placed the charts on an easel at the side of the great desk. I was diverted for a moment by the trimness of her figure, then the incisive voice of President Redfield broke in upon my imaginings.

“This graph we worked out as a result of our study of the relative vocational efficiency of five groups of students, who excelled in mathematics, woodworking, chemistry, English, and commercial geography respectively. You will see”—pointing to an array of squares, circles, and lines of various colors—“that the success of a student in these subjects correlates to a remarkable degree with subsequent success in certain indicated fields. . . .

“But it requires the aid of the following charts to show the intricate but accurate relationships that we worked out whereby we can tell you, from a young man’s or young woman’s record in college—not in the classroom only, I trust I may be pardoned for recalling that old but none the less fine proverb about the effect of all work upon Jack—we can tell you within an allowance of 2.361 points for error, what his chance of success will be in practically any given employment.”

And he turned over the graphs on the easel, explaining each in detail while I took notes.

“These, of course,” Doctor Redfield added, “are things that I did at the other institution. But the data are applicable anywhere. You don’t need to quote me regarding them,” he concluded with fine generosity: “just say that they are the basis of practical work that we are going to carry out with the students of Thompson Walker University. You know what to say.”

Chapter XV

ENCOURAGING SCHOLARSHIP

“Research is the basis of education.”

—Doctor Redfield in the Journal of the Midwest Academy of Science, Vol. XXVI, p. 140

It was in the private office that I have described—a spot which will always be sacred to every devotee of American education—that Doctor Redfield worked out the plans which transformed Thompson Walker
University and made it an exemplar for at least a score of institutions.

Doctor Redfield first made a careful study of the University. In this he enlisted the assistance of the members of the faculty, whom he found ready to cooperate, though lacking to a considerable degree his own progressive view of education. He was particularly disappointed in Doctor Barton, who members of the Board of Regents had told him would be his "right-hand man."

Doctor Barton was unresponsive to the ideals of public service which President Redfield so powerfully presented.

"Doubtless I am old-fashioned," Doctor Barton admitted, "but I see a university as a community of learned men concerned primarily with the search for truth. The truth is always worth while. It does not have to be justified by so-called practical results. If we seek the truth ourselves and give a genuine education to a selected group of young men and women, we are doing work that must be significant to the intellectual life of the race. I don't know that the sort of education I mean will help a man to make a living more easily, but I am sure that it will give him a richer life."

President Redfield made a masterly reply.

"This is a democracy," he pointed out eloquently. "There is the seed of greatness in the humblest citizen. The Elk distributing Christmas baskets to the widows and orphans typifies as rich a life as the scholar in his cloister. I do not despise scholarship—no one has encouraged research more than I—but I believe in putting it to the service of mankind. Why should not every Rotarian in the State get the inspiration that will come from a little knowledge of paleontology?"

But Doctor Barton remained unconvincing.

"I'm afraid I haven't the instincts of the modern educator. In fact," he concluded with a somewhat wry smile, "I am an old fogey, and proud of it."

President Redfield's own energy and ability were such, however, that he was able to survey the work of the University effectively in spite of receiving less efficient help from the faculty than he had hoped. As a result he prepared an elaborate chart, entitled "The Ideal Thompson Walker University," which was drawn in four colors and hung on the wall of his private office as a stimulus to his own efforts and an inspiration to callers.

He early realized that personal contact with individual members of the faculty would be one of the most potent means of promoting the welfare of Thompson Walker University and American education in general. Consequently, he held frequent conferences with each department head and with each of the other men as he felt might be of special usefulness to the University or might be deserving of particular encouragement.

One result of these conferences was a list of faculty members, with useful data regarding each. President Redfield kindly gave me access to his notebook, and a portion of the list follows, fictitious names for obvious reasons being substituted for the real ones:

Armstrong, Lew. Son-in-law of chairman, Democratic State Central Committee. Former deputy to General Convention, Episcopal Church, Bridge and billiard player. Known also as research scholar.


James, Robt. Young, good-looking, businesslike. Can train him to address audiences of business men on Service by University. Greek scholar—will make them take notice.

Ewald, E. T. As good as James, but teaches advertising.

White, Allison Thomas. Great scholar, but keep him away from public. No ideals of Service.


Gardner, R. T. Detail worker. Good on schedules, etc.

Aspinwall, W. L. Knows University history. Influence with all old professors and ex-regents.

Carter, L. A. Knows farmers and talks like them. Member State Board of Agriculture.


The value of such a list to the president for a forward-looking institution is evident.

President Redfield made no attempt to reorganize the academic work of the institution. Recognizing at once that the teaching was being well done—"We have the best body of teachers in the Middle West if not in the United States," he asserted on numerous occasions before the faculty and before audiences of parents—he further realized that this field of work was a secondary factor in a modern institution of learning.

"We have but thirty-five hundred students," he said in one of his notable addresses. "I wish we had five times that number. I shall not be content—no educational idealist can be content—until every boy and girl of college age is attending college.

"Nevertheless, until we attain that ideal, and indeed, even after we do, we must not disregard the fact that this State has a population of over two million. Thompson Walker University is supported, for the most part, by public taxation. Every member of the public, every man, woman, and child in the State, is entitled to all that the University can furnish. I want every school-teacher, every farmer, every clerk, every business man, every professional man, every laborer, to feel that Thompson Walker University is his university. Do not, my dear friends, think of Thompson Walker University as situated on a campus down in Carrollville. The State is the campus of the University. We are no mere educational institution, in the traditional sense of the term. We are a great business enterprise, but organized not for profit—save for such profit as accrues to this great State—but for Service."

On this idealistic basis Doctor Redfield studied the research work of the University, and put into effect plans of far-reaching significance. He found the investigators eager, but poorly paid. In his first year one of them, a young physicist of proved ability, came to him to offer his resignation.

"I have got to go into commercial work," the young man explained. "I like college life, but I can get double my salary here from a corporation. They want me to work on inventions for them."

"Have you made any inventions here at the University?" asked Doctor Redfield.

"Yes, three or four," was the modest reply.

"What became of them?"

"Gave them to the State."

"What did the State do with them?"

"Oh, the State didn't do anything with them itself. I just dedicated them to the public, so that anybody could use them. That telephone receiver on your desk, I invented."

Doctor Redfield leaned over and examined the receiver.

"Ah, made in New York City, I see. Are any telephone receivers made in this State?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," replied the inventor.

"Then you didn't give your invention to the State. You gave it to a corporation in New York City, and the very corporation that a man told me in this office this morning was fleecing the people of this State out of four million dollars a year."

"Let me make a suggestion," President Redfield went on. "You stay
right here at Thompson Walker University. I'll find on the outside the money to equal the salary that corporation wants to pay you. Any invention you make that is of direct benefit to this State—I mean to the fine common people of the State—you dedicate to the State. If you want me to, I'm willing to take the responsibility of judging on each invention. Any other invention, you assign to a corporation of public-spirited men, provided they pay you a fair royalty."

"But would that be fair?" asked the young physicist shyly. "You see I'm using the University laboratories, and I'm on the University faculty."

"Of course it would be fair," exclaimed President Redfield warmly. "I can see by your looks that you're tired out. I'll wager you've been working twelve or fourteen hours a day. The labor unions will be getting after you," he laughed. "You can have a private laboratory in your house, can't you? Just a small one, in case some jealous rat raises a row. But, understand, you're welcome to use the University laboratories. I'm the trustee for them under the University statutes, and I'll say to you right now, I'm proud to have you here, and the people of this State are going to be proud to have a man like you connected with the University."

President Redfield's argument was irrefutable. The young physicist remained at the University, and indeed is still there. Today he has investments worth half a million dollars.

So scrupulous is Doctor Redfield in his business conduct, however, that not until his resignation from the presidency of Thompson Walker University did his young professor friend discover that Doctor Redfield himself and his brother were the owners of the corporation that paid him his additional salary and his royalties, or that Doctor Redfield had, in founding the company, sacrificed a gilt-edged seven percent investment on the chance of insuring the prestige of the University in the physical sciences.

Similarly, Doctor Redfield quietly assisted several other promising research specialists. "I felt," he told me much later, "that anything I had should be at the command of the University. I did what I could myself, and I got the help of others."

Some men rejected President Redfield's assistance in cases where it involved possible royalties.

"I've dedicated my life to the truth," Doctor Arthur Chandler, the chemist, told him with some heat. "If people make money from what I produce, they'll make it without me. I believe that if there is a God he is truth, and you cannot serve God and mammon."

"It seems to me the same book from which you are quoting calls the laborer worthy of his hire." Doctor Redfield reminded him.

"Quite true," responded the chemist. "But hire is a different thing from royalties and dividends and the rest of the paraphernalia of trade. The man who seeks truth seeks only fair subsistence. He does not want to be diverted from his search or from his readiness to give truth freely to all who come."

"I admired his spirit," commented Doctor Redfield in telling me the incident, "though of course he was mistaken in trying to transfer the ideals of a primitive society to a complex civilization. Besides, I had to wait a year before I could get the money out of the Board of Regents to increase his salary. He's a great chemist, but he might as well be worth a million dollars and go on and search for the truth in comfort."
Chapter XVI

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

"He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it."

—Edgar A. Guest

President Redfield was not content simply with encouraging research. He was scrupulous to see that the people of the State received freely the results of all investigations of which they could make use. At the same time, as has been suggested before, he did not confuse the public by offering it a mass of information which could be effectually employed only by a few individuals in strategic situations.

In presenting the results of research to the public, Doctor Redfield showed his progressive spirit by refusing to confine the efforts of the University to traditional practices. Previously, the results of investigations had been published in scientific journals, in formal agricultural and engineering bulletins, and in a series of monographs called Thompson Walker University Studies. All the publications that had been regularly issued by the institution were continued by Doctor Redfield, but with improvements in typography, illustrations, and other details.

In addition, he started in 1913 a weekly publication entitled Thompson Walker Builds, full of popular stories of the research results obtained at the University.

"You can show people the practical value of anything," he remarked to John R. Merritt, publicity director for the University, whom he appointed editor of the new sheet. "You've never had a chance to prove what publicity can do. You're going to get it with me. Just keep one thing in mind: Will this story do good to the University and to the State that we are trying to serve?"

"Publicity for good things is God's work," he added.

The concrete result of this sound policy was shown when Ezra Blacklock, a saintly retired real-estate dealer and president of the Evangelical Alliance, offered to erect a new hall of physics because of a series of articles showing how the University's researches in the electronic theory proved the existence of God.

Charles Ralston, the head of the physics department, was for refusing the gift.

"It was obtained under false pretenses," he maintained. "Those researches prove nothing of the kind. I'll say frankly, I don't believe in God."

"You believe in the truth," replied Doctor Redfield. "Where does that lead if not to God? Anyhow, whether you believe in God or not, a man of your abilities needs a new building for his department."

When the building was erected, two inscriptions were placed over the door:

"The firmament showeth His handiwork."—The Psalms.

"The law of organic progress is the law of all progress."—Herbert Spencer.

For this juxtaposition of great truths, the University had frequent occasion to be grateful to Doctor Redfield, when rural clergy and their disciples visited the institution and found religion and science thus joined in enduring stone. When they saw the cornerstone inscribed, "To the Glory of God and in Thanksgiving to Ezra Blacklock, Christian," they marveled further.
"When I see all them things, I just can’t help thinking of the Ten Commandments, the way they was handed down on stone to Moses;" I once overheard a little woman say reverently to a group of members of the W.C.T.U.

Thompson Walker Builds enforced the sound lessons of its articles by means of a weekly message from Doctor Redfield himself on such subjects as "Faith," "The Way to Success," "Health," and "What Is Sound Education?" His message on "The Master's Pearl" has been so widely quoted and has been productive of such widespread inspiration as to demand its reproduction in full*:

THE MASTER'S PEARL

BY ARTHUR P. REDFIELD, PH.D.

President of Thompson Walker University

When I take down my well-thumbed Bible for a season of communion with my Maker before retiring for the night, I most often turn to the parable of the Pearl of Great Price. That pearl, you will recall, was so lustrous, so radiant with the many colors poured into it by God, so desirable above all else, that a man sold all his possessions that he might buy that goodly object.

For years, the question came to me with ever-increasing force: What did Jesus Christ mean by the Pearl of Great Price? It could be no mere jewel in the literal sense of the word; it must represent some precious quality that the Master wished to emphasize as worth far more than all others.

I sought for this quality. Many ideas came to my mind. Was the Pearl of Great Price Charity? Was it Truth? Was it Wisdom? Or Success? Or Patriotism? Or Godliness? Or Service? For a long time I pondered, evening after evening, on the idea of Service. I thought of that great body of idealistic men who have placed on the rotary wheel of industry the motto, "Service Before Self." To this, it seemed to me, Jesus must have been pointing. Yet I was not fully satisfied.

Then one night I seemed to see before me in letters of gold a new word, come, I felt instinctively, from Almighty God. That word was OPTIMISM.

Here, I saw at once, was the Pearl of Great Price. It was the basis of every other good quality. Even Service itself would never have been undertaken had there not been Optimism in the hearts of great and good men. Charity, Truth, Wisdom, Success, Patriotism, Godliness—all these are but the by-products of Optimism.

What caused the Pilgrims to seek the distant shores of New England and there found the greatest Nation the world has yet seen or ever shall see? Optimism.

What caused the revered George Washington to struggle through eight years of warfare to victory over the hated oppressor? Optimism.

What enabled John D. Rockefeller to undertake the refining of oil and perform a unique industrial service to the Nation? Optimism.

Today the business man struggling against competition but counting on success, the man of God preaching the Word to what often in his holy eyes may seem a sinful generation, the newspaper editor fighting the battle of sane righteousness against those who would tear down our government, the laborer looking forward to a comfortable old age and a far greater reward in Heaven, the farmer confident of recurring harvests, the Rotarian, the Kiwanian, acting out the Gospel of Constructiveness, Service, and Vision—what inspires all these noble souls but Optimism?

* According to figures, necessarily incomplete, collected by Mr. Merritt, this message was reprinted in 217 dailies, 599 weeklies, 78 church bulletins, 109 chamber of commerce publications, and 230 bulletins of Service clubs. It was read in full by 716 pastors to their congregations, and used 1,718 times as a recitation in schools. It is estimated that it has reached a total of 4,362,591 souls.
Optimism is the builder of business, the sustainer of nations, the antidote to socialism, the conqueror of adversity, the preserver of democracy, the inspirer of Service, the hope of religion. He who has it possesses the Master's Pearl of Great Price.

Doctor Redfield also encouraged Mr. Merritt to utilize the newspapers of the State and indeed the entire Middle West for the publication of feature articles dealing with the research of the University and its application to what Doctor Redfield invariably called "the workaday work of the world." In cases where the experimenters held narrow views as to publicity, newspaper writers were invited to get and prepare the stories for themselves, thus avoiding any friction in "the University Family." *

On a number of occasions I was honored in this way. In fact, I am indebted to President Redfield for the best newspaper story I ever wrote, an account of the way in which gophers might be killed by carbon monoxide gas, illustrated with a photograph of Doctor Redfield in overalls, holding a pocket gopher in one hand while with the other he applied to its face a hose attached to the exhaust pipe of a Ford. Scores of other photographs taken during his presidency of Thompson Walker University show him in similarly democratic attitudes.

Neither he nor Mr. Merritt—once the latter was aroused by the vision of his chief—was willing to confine the education of the people of the State through the press to mere protraction, in however graphic form, of the research and other achievements of the University.

"We must dramatize for the public," Doctor Redfield observed. "We must make things happen."

A brilliant example of this policy was the famous Drink More Milk Banquet, held on the roof of the Kendall Hotel, on November 18, 1914. The dairymen of the State, it was pointed out to President Redfield by his College of Agriculture, were seriously embarrassed financially. One reason was a low per capita consumption of milk, the other the failure of dairy farmers to keep cows that produced sufficiently well to yield a profit. **

Neither bulletins nor news stories were achieving the desired results. It was freely asserted that conditions could not be altered. Undaunted, however, Doctor Redfield cast about for some means of dramatizing the situation. The result of his cogitations was the banquet, for which he obtained the cooperation of the Dairymen's League, the Grange, the State Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, the State Teachers' Association, and other organizations. Until the banquet was held, the program was kept a profound secret. Doctor Redfield enlisted support for the enterprise solely on the altruistic basis of assisting a harassed industry.

On the memorable night six hundred of the leading men of the State were gathered in the roof garden of the Kendall Hotel. Cream linen, instead of white, covered the tables. At every plate was a small milk bottle containing a sprig of fragrant alfalfa, with a ribbon bearing the words, "Feed Alfalfa for More Milk." A miniature milk pail, filled with rich, creamy milk, stood on the floor beside each chair. Festoons of hay hung from the chandeliers. At vantage points throughout the room were small silos. Hung about were placards bearing such inscriptions as "Milk Makes Brains—Drink It," "Cream Every Day Keeps the Doctor Away," and—

"She loved whisky and I loved gin,
And that is how the quarrels'd begin;
Now she loves buttermilk, I love cheese,
And that is how we live at ease."

*This happy expression was coined by President Redfield himself and first used in Thompson Walker Builds for April 19, 1913.

**Statistics showed that 78,263 dairy cows in the State were being kept at a loss. (Agricultural Bulletin 211, Thompson Walker University.)
At the front of the room was an inclosure built of bales of hay on three sides, with a curtain across the front. As soon as the banqueters were seated, their attention was attracted by bass voices from behind the curtain singing lustily:

"The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple fart."

The curtains were suddenly parted, and the startled audience saw two cows, one a pure-bred Jersey, with back straight as a die, the other an ill-kempt, scrawny scrub that looked as if it might have some of the blood of every breed, from Guernsey to Galloway. Beside each stood a bearded farmer, dressed in a white milking suit, and holding a pail in his hand.

"By heck, I'll bet a quarter I can beat you a-milkin'," exclaimed the man with the pure-bred cow.

"So you think you're some milker, consarn ye," replied the other. "By heck, I'll just show you. I'll bet thirty-five cents."

"Well, I ain't no skinflint. I'll bet you the thirty-five cents, all right, an' I don't give a gosh damn if I lose."

The two men threw down the coins between the two cows and leapt to the milking stools. The banqueters could hear the streams of milk strike the pails. Led by Mr. Merritt, they hummed in imitation of the sound.

Suddenly the milker of the scrub cow jumped to his feet.

"Gosh ding it," he shouted, "There ain't no milk in this here cow. She's plumb dry. This ain't fair."

The other milked steadily on, unimpressed.

"What did I tell you about scrub cows?" he asked. "You ain't never made no money outen 'em, and you never will. They're just star borders, that's what they are. You ought to sell 'em off to the butcher and get some pure-breds, or some grades, anyways."

"By crickey, I will," exclaimed the other. "Hey, butcher."

From the side came a red-faced man in a long white coat, bearing a cleaver in his hand. He led off the scrub cow.

The milker of the other cow continued his work. Finally he finished, picked the coins off the floor, and held out a pail full of creamy milk. The two farmers bowed low to the audience, then gave their whiskers a tweak. The beards came off, and there were revealed John Sewell, master of the State Grange, and Doctor Redfield. The crowd went wild with enthusiasm, and as the two men walked modestly to their seats at the table, broke spontaneously into the words:

"For they are jolly good fellows,
As nobody can deny."

But more was yet to come. Doctor Redfield, presiding as toastmaster, announced that the banquet was in honor of Clarissa Belle II, the champion butterfat producer of the State. He walked back to the enclosure, fed her with his own hands, crowned her with a wreath, then proposed a toast, to be drunk in milk.

"To Clarissa Belle II, noblest daughter of a noble line, who feeds the hungry, who gives drink to the thirsty, who enriches the honest tiller of the soil. Her hair is soft as the down on the body of a new-born babe. Her breath is fragrant with the fragrance of the grasses of God. Her eyes are full of the gentleness that comes from noble birth. Her voice is full of the caressing softness—"

A deep moo-o-o-oo from Clarissa Belle II drowned out the rest of the sentence. Doctor Redfield, unperturbed, went on:

"Drink with me, my fellow farmers, my fellow business men, my fellow teachers—drink with me to true nobility."

Doctor Redfield, with characteristic informality, picked up the pail of milk from the floor, held it to his lips, and drank deep, while the
audience drained their glasses, then gave nine rahas, in typical college style, for Clarissa Belle II, and nine for President Redfield.

The banquet was the talk of the State for weeks. Pictures of it were published in New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans newspapers as well as in the press of the Middle West. Even a London illustrated weekly used a half-tone, with the appropriate legend, "American Educator in Democratic Surroundings."

So much attention was directed to conditions in the State that the dairy industry was saved, as shown in Doctor Redfield’s report. * The per capita consumption of milk increased twenty-three percent in a year, while in two years there was a seventeen percent increase in the number of pure-bred dairy cattle and a forty-four percent increase in the number of grades, with corresponding diminution in scrub animals.

Moreover, the banquet placed Thompson Walker University and its president unmistakably in the van of educational progress. From that night on, doubt was never expressed as to the ideals of Service held by the institution or as to the wholesome manliness of the great educator at its head. "There's a professor that's a real he-man," was the comment of more than one Kiwanian inspired to pay the ultimate tribute.

Chapter XVII

A LEADER OF YOUTH

"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

—Proverbs

It was in Doctor Redfield's scheme of life that no part of any enterprise for which he was responsible should be neglected. Consequently, notwithstanding the pressure of research and public Service questions, he devoted much of his best thought to the welfare of the students of the University.

One of his initial steps was the appointment of William ("Billie") Barry as vocational counselor. In view of the financial condition of the University, it was necessary temporarily to dispense with two instructors in English literature and Latin respectively in order to pay Mr. Barry's salary, but with his customary decision the president did not hesitate, and his course was abundantly justified by the results. Mr. Barry, who had been graduated from Thompson Walker University fifteen years previously after a brilliant career on the football field, had served successively as an athletic coach, a teacher, a salesman, and secretary of the State Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Barry not only was able to give the students sound advice as to the fields of work for which they were best fitted, but also had an acquaintance which enabled him to place many of them in promising positions. Indeed, after five years of work on his part, the average income of a graduate of two years' standing was forty-eight percent in advance of the figures before Mr. Barry's arrival. No insignificant part of this was due to his stimulation among the students of appreciation of the opportunities offered by that truly American profession, salesmanship. His most remarkable achievement in this field was the sending of fifty-nine percent of the male graduates of the year 1915 into

* "From Yesterday to To-morrow; A Record of Service," Report of the President of Thompson Walker University, No. XXII, pp. 21-22.
positions involving selling ability. The most distinguished alumnus of
the institution, George A. Sumner, president of the Gem Medical Com-
pany, whose income at the age of thirty-five is approximately $200,000
a year, attributes his success to Mr. Barry’s advice, as do countless other
graduates.

“When I entered the University,” wrote Mr. Sumner in a recent
article on “The Man Who Influenced Me Most”: “I intended to become
a professor of biology. In those days I was a visionary youth. I saw my-
self as a great scientist of the future, honored by institutions of learning
and by governments.

“Billie Barry brought me down to cold facts. He was brutally frank.
One day he said to me in his office: ‘George, do you think you’d ever
make a great scientist? Look at Doctor Redfield—do you think you’ve
got the brains he has? You go into biology, and you’ll just spend your
life drudging along for three or four thousand dollars a year.’

“He let that sink in, and then when I felt pretty discouraged, he
showed me the possibilities of salesmanship. He painted a great picture,
not merely of monetary reward, but of the good a public-spirited man
could do with money, and of the Service the salesman performed by
bringing conveniences, comforts, opportunities for larger life, to people
who otherwise would never obtain them.

“I did not decide at once. Biology still had claims upon me. When
finally I did determine, however, to follow the course that Mr. Barry
had mapped out, it was characteristic of the man that he had for me a
position that enabled me to utilize, with a few adaptations, all that I
had learned in my college work in the biological sciences. He offered me
the opportunity to become a traveling salesman for the Keene Remedy
Company. It was the beginning which enabled me eventually to become
president of the largest proprietary medicine company in the world. To
Billie Barry I owe my career.”

The appointment of Mr. Barry as vocational counselor is regarded
by many as President Redfield’s chief contribution to the student life of
Thompson Walker University. Numerous other accomplishments must
nevertheless be recorded in presenting an adequate survey of the trans-
formation wrought in the academic community of which he was chief.
Convinced that the daily chapel service offered an unexcelled means
for contact with the student body, President Redfield set himself to the
task of making it a vital factor in the life of the University. His
predecessor had devoted the chapel period to the reading of Scripture,
a long prayer, and the singing of “Throw Out the Life-Line,” “Shall We
Gather at the River?” and other appropriate hymns. The program
was altered only on the occasions when the clergy of the town, chosen
in rotation, preached to the students. During the chapel period the more
serious-minded of the students prepared their lessons; while the rest
conversed, held hands, or played cards with miniature cards.

Doctor Redfield cut the Scripture reading to two verses, followed
by the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer. For the hymns he substituted
practice on the University hymn, “Good Old Thompson Walker,” and
such familiar college songs as “Solomon Levi” and “A Bold Bad Man
and a Desperado.” The rest of the time he occupied with a heart-to-
heart talk to the student body, full of good stories and wholesome stim-
ulation of college spirit and high ideals of sportsmanship. So popular
did the president’s stories become that they came to be affectionately
referred to as “Doc’s Daily Dozen.”

On important occasions, Doctor Redfield did not hesitate to alter the
program completely. For instance, before the football game with Carter
University in the first autumn of his presidency. Doctor Redfield turned
the chapel services into a “pep meeting” in preparation for the game.
There were talks by him, by the coach, and by several members of the
faculty, exhorting the students to stand behind the team. Then came
practice in the college yells.

The cheer-leader, unaccustomed to the platform of the chapel, was embarrassed and ineffectual, and the yelling of the student body was perfunctory. Doctor Redfield jumped from his seat, threw his cap, gown, and hood to the floor, raised his hand above his head, and shouted:

"Ready. Let's go."

The response from the startled students was faint. He tried again. It was better, but still weak.

"Boys and girls," exclaimed President Redfield, "we're not going up against Carter with yelling like that. We'll be beaten before we start. This is no ladies' seminary. You're red-blooded boys and girls; let's hear you prove it. There will be no more classes this morning. You're going to stay here till you show me you've got the stuff to lick the daylight out of Carter University."

There was a murmur of applause at the suggestion of dismissed classes.

"Don't think you're getting out of work," shouted President Redfield. "You're going to work harder here than you've ever worked in your lives, and for a better cause. The honor of your Alma Mater is at stake."

The next day, the yelling of the Thompson Walker students seemed about to split the bleachers. President Redfield himself, his walking stick covered with the crimson and old gold of Thompson Walker, led the first cheers and then turned the program over to the official cheerleader, Thompson Walker won the game, 8 to 6. In the evening, President Redfield led the student snake-dance, achieving a streamer head in the student newspaper immediately below that announcing the result of the game and being photographed for the screen by a movie firm which ran his picture with the engaging title:

A PROFESSOR WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN BOOKS ALONE

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says Doctor Arthur Patrick Redfield, famous educator, as he leads rejoicing over football victory of Thompson Walker University, of which he is head.

The president's democratic attitude aroused a certain degree of resentment among the most conservative members of his faculty. This was illustrated by the remark of one of them to his wife that the president ought at least to chew a clove before mingling with the students "with a breath like that." The comment was dismissed by all intelligent observers, however, as a mere indication of envy of Doctor Redfield's ability as a mixer.

There was no doubt as to the effect of President Redfield's loyalty to the University upon the students. They insisted unanimously that he start the cheer-leading at every game and that after victory in a big contest he lead the triumphal dance. This practice was continued throughout his connection with the institution, although he subsequently turned over many of his duties to subordinates.

"It is a very little thing to do," he said modestly to the student committee that waited upon him, "for the sake of the University that we all love."

One of the most important problems faced by President Redfield was that of increasing the enrollment of the institution. Time and again he repeated to gatherings of alumni: "Every boy or girl of college age is a prospect for Thompson Walker." With true democratic spirit, he stood firm against efforts promoted by Doctor Barton and other reactionary professors to establish entrance examinations as a substitute for certificates of graduation from accredited high schools. Not only would such a practice, he pointed out, bar from the University many worthy youth, but it would cast unjust aspersions, certain to be resented, upon the fine high schools of the State.

He realized, nevertheless, that the courses offered by the University did not fully meet the needs of all students of college age. When he went to the institution, only one short course was offered—an agricultural course lasting three months. Within two years short courses were estab-
lished in blacksmithing, butter-making, cheese-making, home economics, shop mechanics, advertising, linotype operation, salesmanship, drawing, rural leadership, carpentry, foundry work, market gardening, publicity, education, and bee-keeping. Doctor Redfield, further, threw out this inspiring challenge:

"If any twenty young citizens of this State want to prepare themselves for a field in which Thompson Walker does not offer a course, we will see that such a course is offered."

What was perhaps, however, President Redfield's most distinctive contribution to the academic life of the University, never received publicity and today remains unknown to all but a few. He noticed, early in his presidency, deplorably sensational items concerning the University in the *State Times*, the *Tribune-Leader*, and several other out-of-town newspapers of large circulation. Through quiet inquiry he discovered that Charlie Swaine, a junior in the College of Arts and Sciences, who had come to college after five years of experience on newspapers of somewhat unsavory reputation, was the local correspondent for all these publications.

Doctor Redfield turned the matter over in his mind. A lesser man would have expelled the offending student or else would have put into effect a rule requiring all student correspondents to submit their stories for his O.K. before sending them out. These alternatives President Redfield instantly rejected as dangerous to the standing of the University among journalists. He determined to await an opportunity to show the young man concretely the baselessness of most sensational writing.

The opportunity soon came. One Sunday Doctor Redfield heard a rumor that two couples, University students, had gone up the river Friday evening in canoes, and that Sunday morning a fisherman, peeping into the window of an abandoned cabin, had seen them there. President Redfield made a brief investigation, then called young Swaine on the telephone and invited him to come to the president's residence.

"Charlie," he said, "I've been watching your work for some time. You know I used to do newspaper work when I was in college, and it always interests me. I have often said to my wife, 'I wish I had had Charlie Swain's ability in the use of the English language—I'd have made my newspaper correspondence count more than it did.'"

"Thank you, Mr. President," was the reply. "That's mighty kind of you."

"I've just been wondering if you couldn't make your gift of still more use to the University," the President went on. "Merritt is overworked, and, besides, he hasn't quite the student viewpoint. Frankly, we need your help. We can pay you a little sum, perhaps forty dollars a month, and you can still keep your correspondence. In fact, you ought to keep it. I just want you to see that the University's viewpoint is presented to the press. Don't want you to assume any responsibility for it. State both sides of every question, when there are two sides, but just see that the University's side gets stated. How about it?"

"That's surely good of you, Mr. President," Swaine answered. "Of course I'm glad to do what I can for the University."

"Put her there, my boy," exclaimed Doctor Redfield, grasping Swaine's hand. "We'll call that a deal, and we'll certainly make a team for this old University. Have a cigar?"

The two men smoked for a few minutes as they talked over the basketball prospects. Then Swaine rose to go. They were in the hall when the President remarked:

"By the way, Swaine, I certainly heard a funny story today. It's a fine illustration of the way scandal gets started. Some old fisherman looked into a cabin up the river and thought he saw two Thompson Walker couples in bed and he came to town and told all about it. You can imagine how it shocked me. I got hold of the Dean of Women, and we looked up the records and found a party had gone up, but Professor and Mrs. Fish and Doctor and Mrs. Arthur had chaperoned them. The
boys slept outdoors, and the girls slept in the loft of the cabin. The two professors and their wives occupied the two rooms downstairs, and they were the people the fisherman saw asleep. I guess I'll have to tell them they can't be chaperons any more if they don't get to looking older." And Doctor Redfield laughed heartily.

"Well, come again, brother in the Lord's cause," exclaimed President Redfield as Swaine went out of the door. "There are lots of things I'll want your advice on as a newspaper man."

Never again did sensationalism trouble the University in President Redfield's incumbency. When Swaine was graduated and became publicity director for the Western Oil Company, Doctor Redfield made a similar arrangement with his successor. The entire State was benefited through the presentation to the public of the high standards and ideals of the institution. Few knew how this was accomplished, but all realized that somehow, back of it all, were the master intellect and the idealistic soul of Doctor Redfield.

Chapter XVIII

SELLING EDUCATION TO THE PUBLIC

"I tell you, every profession needs high-class, consecrated salesmanship."

—Doctor Redfield in conversation with the writer, date unrecorded

To a man of Doctor Redfield's high ideals and keen sensitivities, there must always be something distasteful in appealing to a state legislature—or, as the vulgar word is, "lobbying"—for funds for even so important an enterprise as education. Yet Doctor Redfield accepted the responsibility philosophically and planned his first campaign for appropriations for "a Bigger and Better Thompson Walker" on a broad, constructive basis. Although the legislature was not to meet until February, 1914, almost two years after his election to the presidency of the University, he initiated in the winter of 1912-1913 a quiet program that should find its culmination in the legislative session. Notwithstanding the pressure of duties at the institution, he accepted speaking engagements at strategic points in every part of the State.

"This is a busy time of year," he used to say in his letters of acceptance. "We at Thompson Walker University take very seriously our responsibilities for the young people whom you have intrusted to our fostering care. At the same time I realize my trusteeship to the citizens of this great State, who have put their greatest institution in my humble hands. They have a right to get personally acquainted with their servant in the noble cause of education. I want to meet them face to face. I want them to tell me their aims and ambitions for Thompson Walker University and for the youth of the State, and I want to add what little I can to the store of knowledge of what the great masters of all time have proclaimed as the ideals of education.

"I have been particularly anxious since I came to the State to make the acquaintance of the members of your organization, of which I have heard so much. In spite of my multifarious duties at the University, I have therefore determined that I must accept your most kind invitation, and for the time being shall leave the institution in charge of that splendid, self-sacrificing faculty built up under your direction by my lamented predecessor. As a matter of fact, I am sure they will handle the work of the University better than I, while I shall have the privilege of addressing your powerful organization."
President Redfield's modest but illuminating letters effectively paved the way for his appearance on programs. Rarely was there a vacant seat in the hall when he entered it. Never did an auditor leave until he had finished his address. Luncheon and Service clubs, chambers of commerce, women's clubs, the Manufacturers' Association, the Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Union, the Epworth League, the Knights of Columbus, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Child Welfare Association, the Elks, the Masons, the Woodmen, the Tall Cedars of Lebanon, the Moose—with his amazing versatility he pleased them all. From his opening Scandinavian story—it was an Irish story if he was before a Swedish or Norwegian audience—to his peroration in praise of America—"the land where you and I, my friends, are forever equals and forever comrades in Service to the world"—there was never a phrase, never a word even, at which any member of the audience was not ready to shout "Amen."

When he finally wiped his brow, bowed low to the audience, and seated himself, the gathering invariably felt that it had been enlightened, stimulated, and inspired. Sighs of "Gosh" and "Gosh Almighty" were heard all over the room in that moment of rapt quietude before the storm of applause broke, while on more than one occasion some saint of God exclaimed fervently, "God bless you, Doctor Redfield."

Under every circumstance President Redfield was at home on the platform. When he was introduced to address the district convention of Rotary, the song-leader, knowing him to be a loyal Rotarian, jumped to his feet and shouted:

"All together boys, let's sing—
I'm going to get well,
I'm going to get well,
If Doc can live with a face like that,
I'm going to get well."

Some of the members declined to join in the song, feeling that it was an inappropriate welcome to an eminent educator, fellow Rotarian though he was.

Not so President Redfield. He smiled broadly during the singing, saluted the song-leader when the music was over, then stepped to the edge of the platform.

"Fellow Rotarians, partners in Service," he began—

"For beauty I am not a star.
There are others more handsome by far.
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar."

The laughter and applause that followed this masterly response lasted, by actual count, for four minutes and thirty-four seconds. As the noise seemed about to stop, it would begin again, more tumultuous than before. When the applause finally ceased, there were shouts to the song-leader, "Now will you be good, Harry?" "Oh, Harry, ain't you smart?" In spite of the uplifted hand of the chairman, some one started singing, and the crowd joined in, while three husky Rotarians dragged the protesting song-leader back to the platform:

"Old Harry Busenbark, he ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be.
Old Harry Busenbark, he ain't what he used to be,
Twenty years ago."

But Busenbark was game. He shook hands with Doctor Redfield. "You're a great Rotarian," he said in simple, sublime tribute. Then he turned to the audience.

"Nine rabs for Doctor Redfield, America's model Rotarian," he shouted fervently. "And make 'em snappy."

* Record kept by John R. Merritt, heretofore referred to.
The cheers were given, and then President Redfield was permitted to continue his address, a brilliant presentation of the fulfillment by the universities of the Rotary motto, "He profits most who serves best." Thus did Doctor Redfield establish himself in the hearts of the Men of Vision.

Naturally, once the character of his message became known, President Redfield was unable to fill more than a small proportion of the speaking engagements that were offered to him. In this dilemma he turned to his list of faculty members and selected those whose qualifications seemed to fit them respectively to address the various groups before which he himself was unable to appear. He would then arrange for them to be placed on the programs.

Ordinarily he chose young men and women, as being more responsive to suggestions as well as more completely in touch with the modern expression of the spirit of Service. He gave preference to workers in the more recondite branches of learning, realizing that whereas a professor of butter-making or finance might be expected to expound the principles of Service, a plant ecologist or a Sanskrit scholar, speaking the language of Kiwanis would cause the leaders of business thought to gape in astonishment. He then worked with his proteges in the preparation of their speeches.

Sometimes, as in the case of the Dean of Women, whose motherly appearance and refined table manners appealed strongly to certain audiences, he naturally found it necessary to write the speeches himself. Even in such instances, however, he was conscientious in endeavoring to preserve the individual's point of view, preparing, for example, a paragraph wherein the dean explained how she conducted a class in etiquette for the boys of the University, teaching them such subtleties as the eating of ice cream with a fork. He ended the paragraph with the clinching sentence, "Culture is shown in the little things," taken directly from the dean's everyday conversation. Doctor Redfield's recipe for preparing a speech, in which he instructed these young men, was so simple as to cause surprise at its not being used more extensively in college classes in the art of public speaking.

"Start with a funny story," he used to say, "Then compliment your audience. Tell them some things they will all admit, and then some things that they can't understand. It is a fine thing for a speaker to get an audience so that it takes some of his statements on faith. Emphasize the spirit of Service. End with a patriotic reference to our Nation and what your audience is doing to sustain and strengthen it."

In none of the speeches by President Redfield or his assistants was reference made to the needs of the University. Great leader that he was, Doctor Redfield realized that men act not so much on the basis of convictions as of high ideals. Consequently, he endeavored to create educational ideals in the hearts of the people of the State and at the same time to give them a favorable impression of Thompson Walker University through the personality of its representatives.

"Money will come," he explained to his co-workers, "once the public catches our vision and realizes that it can trust us to transmute that vision into reality. The greatest fact in human history is the power over mankind of a great ideal."
Chapter XIX

A TRIUMPH FOR EDUCATION

"Self-trust is the first secret of success."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Despite his conviction as to the influence of ideals upon the human race, President Redfield did not forget a homelier but none the less serviceable viewpoint, expressed in a motto which he often quoted: "Don't put all your eggs into one basket."

Direct as well as indirect influence, he realized, must be exerted in behalf of the sacred cause of education. He wisely determined to prepare the key document himself. Strange as it may seem to those familiar with academic summaries, this was the biennial report of the President of Thompson Walker University.

Such reports had been prepared since the establishment of the University. Bound in brown paper covers, with the inscription, "Report of the President of Thompson Walker University to the Governor and the Board of Regents, for the Biennium—", and containing statistics as to number of professors, number of students, accessions to the library, and similar data, most of the reports found their way promptly into waste baskets.

What was the surprise of every one in December, 1914, to take from its envelope a handsome pamphlet, twelve by fifteen inches in size, bearing in the upper left-hand corner the picture of a beautiful college girl in a gym suit. Across the middle of the cover, in bright red script, were the words:

"From Yesterday to Tomorrow: A Record of Service."

On the first inside page was a portrait of Doctor Redfield, as if addressing an audience, while beside it was this stirring message:

"From the distant days of its great and good founder, Thompson Walker University has heard and been attentive to the clarion call of Service. It was established for Service, it exists for Service, and, please God, it shall bear witness in the future for Service—Service to the citizens of America's greatest State. In this publication Thompson Walker University gives a necessarily brief accounting of its stewardship for the past two years, recording a few of its acts of Service in the cause of a greater State and a higher concept of education for democracy. Thus does this institution present its biennial report to the Governor and the Board of Regents."

Within the book was graphically portrayed the work of the University. The victories of the football, basketball, baseball, debating, corn-judging, and musical teams were summarized, with appropriate illustrations. The steps taken to democratize the institution by offering courses "to meet the needs of every young citizen of the State" were discussed. There were two pages entitled, "How Thompson Walker Builds for Morality and Religion," accompanied by pictures of the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, the Dean of Women, and the local clergy.

The feature of the book, however, bore the heading, "An Investment That Pays 273 Percent."

"The State," the article began, "has, since 1871, appropriated $9,324,000 for the support of Thompson Walker University." Following this was a detailed list of the appropriations to verify the total.

Then came a subhead, reading, "What Thompson Walker Has Contributed to the State in the Last Two Years." The statistical summary is so illuminating as to deserve reprinting for the inspiration of educators who may not have seen it:
Oil surveys made by the University's mineralogists, resulting in oil wells yielding returns for the biennium of .................. $6,477,915.40

Destruction of chinch bugs through following methods advocated by the University, making resultant saving in grain crops ...... 2,118,633.00

Destruction, under advice from the University, of 43,418 gophers, moles, and woodchucks, paying average bounty of 15 cents, or $6,512.70 and saving nine dollars' worth of crops per animal, or $380,762, a total of .................. 397,274.70

Saving Dairy Industry of State, through "Drink More Milk", "Pure-bred Sires" campaigns .......................... 3,150,000.00

Engineering advice to industry resulting in reduction of operating expenses in various industries in the State .......................... 1,290,000.00

Reduction in crime through sociological surveys of principal cities, estimated at* .................................. 2,500,000.00

Following the statistical summary were these significant paragraphs in red boldface type:

Manifestly it is impossible to estimate all the Service rendered by a modern institution of higher education to the people of a great State. The fore-going figures present a conservative view of some of the major fields in which Thompson Walker University has performed Service in the biennium 1912-1914.

It will be noted that the Service performed by the University represents a value of no less than $34,356,639.10 for the biennium, or $17,183,319.55 per year. Compare this with the total capital investment made by the State in Thompson Walker University since 1871,—a total of $5,324,000,—and you will note that the State is receiving on its investment an annual return of 27.29 per cent.

Where, Fellow Citizen, can you find a better paying investment?

The support of Thompson Walker for the next two years will, if the program proposed by the University is adopted, cost the citizens of the State $2.11 per capita. A small price to pay,—is it not?—for the idealistic Service of this great institution as well as for the satisfaction of being a partner with Almighty God in carrying forward the advancement of the human race.

In addition to the booklet, President Redfield had a large poster prepared for each county in the State. On that poster he listed the services performed by Thompson Walker University in that county, from the number of acres of wheat saved from the chinch bug to the number of citizens reached through addresses delivered by members of the faculty. At the top of the poster were the words, "Your County—Part of the Greater Thompson Walker Campus." At the bottom appeared two drawings, one of a professor in academic costume, the other of a brisk, business-like young man with a traveling bag in one hand and a book ** in the other. Beneath the drawings was the legend:

*A professor at Thompson Walker is no old fogey lecturing on out-

*Doctor Redfield's rugged intellectual honesty is observable in his unwillingness to present an estimate, however accurate, as a proved fact.

Graduating 614 young men and women, adding to the capital wealth of the State, at $8,500 each .................. 5,219,000.00

Fruits and vegetables home-canned under direction of University's home economics leaders .................. 473,516.00

Tests of building materials in University laboratories, resulting in saving to citizens of the State .................. 140,000.00

Averting threatened epidemic of typhoid fever, through bacteriological tests of milk and water, resulting in estimated saving, based on loss of life and productive time in past epidemics in the State .................. 4,970,000.00

Ideals presented by President and faculty members to total audiences of 763,000, with estimated benefit of $10 each through inspiration to greater Service in everyday life .................. 7,630,000.00

Total .................. $34,356,639.10

**Doctor Redfield informs me that he sought in vain at that time for another symbol than a book, which, despite his own literary inclinations, he feared would seem academic to the public. For later editions of the poster, which became a biennial feature at Thompson Walker, he conceived the idea of replacing the book with a bank balance sheet.

62
worn theories. He is a high-class, consecrated traveling salesman, selling a product in universal demand—Service."

The effect of these pertinent presentations of the work of the University was to clinch the favorable impression produced by the speeches of President Redfield and his subordinates.

Naturally, the legislature reflected this sentiment. The appropriations committees of the two houses held formal hearings, at which President Redfield presented a scholarly array of statistics and graphs. If the members had not been convinced before, they would have been by this material. An agreement was reached to appropriate $1,670,000 for maintenance of the University and $300,000 for new buildings. This represented a cut of 9.6 percent from Doctor Redfield's original recommendations, the reduction being due, as several of the members apologetically explained, to the influence of the governor, who had been elected on a platform of tax reduction. The total was, however, 84 percent above the appropriations made by any previous legislature to the University. Appropriation bills were the last item on the legislative calendar, and immediately after their passage the legislature adjourned. It was assumed that the battle, such as it had been, was over, and President Redfield issued a statement congratulating the legislature on its far-sighted vision.

The Friday after adjournment, the distressing rumor became current that the governor, as was his prerogative under the law, planned heavy reductions in the university appropriations before signing the bill. President Redfield assembled the secretary of the alumni association, the presidents of the Rotary and City clubs, the secretary of the chamber of commerce, a number of prominent business men, and several of the brilliant young members of the faculty. He laid the situation before them.

"We don't want to exert any influence that is not strictly ethical," he reminded them. "Education is a great moral enterprise, and it must only make progress by moral means. We all know that there are many doubtful avenues of approach that might be used to reach the governor. His campaign expenditures, his drinking, his relations with—"

There was at this moment a knock at the door. Doctor Redfield opened it. Charlie Swaine stood there.

"Sorry to interrupt, Doctor," he explained, "but I want to see you for just a moment. Can't you step outside?"

The two men went into the corridor and engaged in a whispered conversation.

"No," pronounced President Redfield finally, in a tone that all in the room could hear, "I can't approve of anything of that kind. I wouldn't presume to tell any man what he can or cannot do—man is a free agent—but I hope you will stick to sound ethical practice."

While the conference continued to work out constructive plans under Doctor Redfield's leadership, Charlie Swaine, despite the president's warning, took a train for the capital. He went immediately to the governor's office.

"I hear you're going to cut the Thompson Walker appropriations, Governor," he remarked abruptly.

"Yes, my boy," the governor answered, "I'm afraid I'll have to. You see, I've got to redeem my pledges to the voters. I told them I'd reduce their taxes, and I've got to do it. Redfield's a great man, but he'll have to carry on with a little less money than he wants for the next two years. He can do it; they tell me he's a great executive."

"He is, all right," said Swaine with conviction, "and that's why I hate to see him hampered by lack of money."

"But that's none of my business. I just dropped in to ask if you had any statement you wanted to make about your party last week at French Lick Springs."

"Party," shouted the governor. "What are you talking about? I've never been in French Lick Springs in my life."
“That’s kind of funny,” said Swaine slowly. “I’ve got a friend down there who sent me a snapshot of a couple of girls and a fellow that looked the image of you. You had on the cutest Merry Widow hat—or the fellow that looked like you, I mean. Of course, when I publish it, though, I’ll put in your denial that you were ever down at the Springs at all. That ought to square it with your friends, and people will sure like to see a picture of the governor’s double.”

“Have you got the negative?” asked the Governor curtly.

“Yes, I thought I’d syndicate the story,” was the reply.

“How much do you want for the negative and all the prints you’ve made from it?”

“Don’t talk to me about money—do you think I’m a crook?” asked Swaine hotly. “I’ve a good mind to write a story on how you tried to bribe me. If you’d acted decent, I’d have given you the damned picture. Now I’m going to print it.”

“Well, Mr. Swaine,” the governor began apologetically, “I didn’t intend to insult you. I was just a little upset. I apologize.”

“That’s all right, Governor,” said the other. “It’ll come out in the wash.”

“By the way, Swaine,” the governor went on, “are you specially interested in this Thompson Walker appropriation bill? I suppose I could save money somewhere else for the citizens of the State.”

“I should think you could,” Swaine replied. “If you’d do the decent thing by Doctor Redfield, everybody’d be decent to you. Why, hell, I’d even give you the picture.”

“Is that a bargain?” asked the executive, with a sigh.

“It is if you sign this bill and then keep your mouth shut.” Swaine smiled as the governor reached for his pen.

Swaine went to the railway station to take the train back to the University. There, to his surprise, he met President Redfield and a committee selected by the conference to appeal to the governor to sign the appropriation bill.

“You’re too late, Doctor,” Swaine exclaimed.

“Has the governor cut the appropriations already?” asked President Redfield in momentary alarm.

“Hell, no,” replied the reporter, “he’s signed the bill, just as it passed the legislature. Didn’t change a figure.”

“Signed it!” shouted Doctor Redfield. “Don’t joke with me.”

“No joke,” Swaine assured him. “You just got hold of a rumor that he wasn’t going to sign it. I went in there and he signed it right in front of me. I doubt if you’d better go and see him right now, though. He gets a little annoyed about rumors—seems to think they reflect on him personally.”

“Swaine,” said President Redfield solemnly, “I hope you haven’t done anything unethical.”

“No, no,” Swaine quickly explained. “I just talked with him a few minutes. He seemed quite ready to sign the bill, and—”

“I accept your assurance,” Doctor Redfield hastened to interrupt. “You don’t need to tell me any more. I appreciate your interest and help.”

Doctor Redfield’s fine pragmatism is nowhere better exemplified than in these words, from a letter which he wrote to a friend that very evening:

More and more I am convinced that all things work together for good to them that believe in constructive Service. Acts of which you or I may know nothing—acts which perhaps we might not approve for ourselves did we know of them—have results in good that no one could foresee. How any practical man can fail to believe in Divine beneficence, I shall never be able to see.
Chapter XX

STEADY PROGRESS

"Service is the supreme commitment of life."

—The Honorable Will Hays

The two years following the struggle over appropriations were full of characteristically quiet, solid achievement on President Redfield's part. The enrollment of Thompson Walker University rose from 3,457 to 4,280. The salaries of the members of the faculty were increased, on an average, 15 percent, the major increases properly going to the men and women who, Doctor Redfield was convinced, had made constructive contributions to the University's usefulness.

In his decisions, however, he followed no narrow rule of thumb. For example, he declined to promote several professors in the departments of commerce and advertising, feeling that, although they were making undoubted contributions to the industrial life of the State, this was due to their subject matter rather than to any vision on their part. On the other hand, he recommended an increase of a thousand dollars a year for the assistant professor of Greek, who, while giving instruction in a subject of slight immediate value, nevertheless presented broad, practical principles in numerous addresses throughout the State. In cases where he felt doubt, President Redfield followed the sound business practice of awarding salary increases when it was necessary to keep the men from going to other institutions or into commercial life.

President Redfield gave close attention to the erection of new buildings, for which $800,000 had been appropriated by the legislature and $450,000 secured by him from private benefactors. These sums provided the Hall of Sciences, heretofore mentioned, a new gymnasium, a Hall of Commerce, an addition to the Hall of Liberal Arts, and a stock-judging pavilion.

The contracts for the buildings, naturally, were awarded to Frank Sharkey, the contractor member of the Board of Regents. On several occasions during their erection, President Redfield, at the risk of his popularity with the Board, intervened to insist on the use of materials required by the specifications. In each case the contractor made the same defense:

"We're puttin' in stuff that's just as good. Anyhow, you're the first president that's ever interfered. All the rest of them left books to professors, and buildin' to builders. Every man to his last, I says."

Time and again Doctor Redfield reminded the man of his obligation as a fellow Rotarian, and was gratified at last to hear him say: "Well, I guess maybe that's right. Someway, I never thought you could apply that stuff to contractin'. You've got so many crooks to deal with. But I guess you can, after all. I believe you could cheat hell out of 'em, just by bein' honest with 'em. Anyhow, I'm sure goin' to try it."

Nevertheless, when the gymnasium was completed and there was a heavy rain, the roof leaked in a score of places. Doctor Redfield promptly called Mr. Sharkey on the telephone.

"We don't often have rains like this," the latter explained. "There ain't been one like this for a long time."

"No, not for forty-one days," President Redfield answered. He

* This was named Clarissa Belle II Pavilion, in honor of Clarissa Belle II, the champion Jersey previously referred to, who died of colic while the building was under construction.
had looked up the weather reports before calling the contractor. “Forty-one days ago there was a rain of 4.4 inches. The rain yesterday amounted to 4.24 inches.”

“I guess you’ve got me, Doc,” laughed the contractor. “I’ll sure fix that roof.” And he did.

Many months later, in a meeting of the Rotary Club, the contractor publicly expressed his gratitude to President Redfield for converting him to practical idealism in business.

“I belonged to Rotary a long time, but I never really knew what it meant till our friend Doc here showed me,” he said with evident feeling. “I’ve made more money than I ever made before, and it’s a lot of satisfaction to think you’re doin’ the same thing Doc Redfield would do in your place.”

Thus Doctor Redfield exerted a quiet personal influence for good upon the leading business men of the State, while at the same time he constantly guarded the best interests of Thompson Walker University.

President Redfield also carried on his self-imposed duty of enlightening various bodies of citizens in the State by means of public addresses. In the two years 1914-1915 he emphasized the importance of education—a term which he used in the broadest possible sense. * With amazing versatility and appreciation of the various elements that go to make up our great democracy, he pointed out to the luncheon clubs that education is the finest possible preparation for Service and to the women’s organizations that it makes young men reverent toward womanhood and fits young women to be not only intelligent mothers but influential factors "in the cultural life of the American that is to be." He told the reverend clergy how education better enables one "to understand the actual words of our Lord," the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, and other fraternal orders how "it makes for universal brotherhood," the laboring men how it permits them "to rise to the highest offices in the gift of the Republic." He gave the manufacturers’ association and other gatherings of upstanding business leaders thrilling examples of destruction of competitors through the application of education to the problems of salesmanship. He showed teachers themselves, many of whom he found lukewarm in upholding the sacredness of their profession, the spiritual rewards of the educator in the consciousness of contributing to the forward march of civilization. He even told radical leaders—quietly, of course, out of consideration for the ideals of the University—that in education lay the hope of a new social order. **

It was a source of quiet gratification to Doctor Redfield that in the election of 1915 Governor Morton, who had come so near to reducing the appropriations for the University, was defeated.

Holding that an educator should keep himself free from political entanglements, Doctor Redfield took no personal part in the campaign. On the contrary, he urged numerous alumni and friends of the University, who were opposing the governor for re-election not to circulate the scandalous stories that were afloat concerning Mr. Morton. On several occasions he went into these stories in detail, pointing out that although some of them were doubtless true, others might not be, and that the supporters of the University should act with scrupulous fairness under all circumstances.

Many of those to whom Doctor Redfield spoke, however, failed to follow his advice in the heat of the campaign, and the stories, reaching every part of the State, had powerful effect on the electorate. Doctor Redfield, pleased though he was at Governor Morton’s defeat, found infinitely deeper happiness in the fact that his own conscience was clear.

* Including, for example, the education in human welfare offered by the Elks through the distribution of Christmas baskets to the poor.

** This cannot but be baffling to an admirer of Doctor Redfield, and I have been unable to obtain, in spite of my close acquaintance with him, an adequate explanation of it. Presumably it was one of those vagaries which are found in even the greatest of men. Happily, as will be seen he adopted a different course.
The new governor, Henry B. Ansdell, was a former regent of the University and one of its most vigorous supporters. So effectively did he back Doctor Redfield's progressive plans that the 1916 legislature reduced by only 2.3 percent the budget submitted by the University, although it represented an increase of 27 percent over the preceding appropriation. The governor signed the bill within an hour after it was presented to him and mailed to President Redfield the pen which he had used, together with a note of congratulation upon Thompson Walker University's record of achievement.

Doctor Redfield's usefulness was not confined to the people of the State which he so faithfully served. In frequent demand as a speaker on important occasions in every part of the country, he left in innumerable places the impress of his profound thinking and forward-looking ideals of education.

Chapter XXI

DEMONCRATIC SIMPLICITY

"I am a plain man of the plain people."

—Doctor Redfield before the Minnesota Federation of Labor,
August 8, 1914

Doctor Redfield's energy was never so absorbed by the calls upon him for Service as to keep him from the joys and satisfaction of his home. Here, as he has told me many times, he found his deepest pleasure.

In spite of his high position, he maintained the same old-fashioned atmosphere of simplicity that had characterized his household from the beginning. Indeed, this atmosphere was, if anything, intensified. "I live, and my family lives, the simple life," he declared in many an address, and no one entering his home could fail to perceive the truth of his assertion.

Although the Redfields kept several servants, he insisted on their being as inconspicuous as possible. He instructed his daughter Elizabeth always to answer the doorbell. If she were out, he or Mrs. Redfield went to the door.

"I don't believe I'd take my apron off to go to the door," he admonished Mrs. Redfield many times, but unfortunately without noticeable result. "You know, Mother, I often answer the bell in my shirt sleeves. In fact, I'd rather do it that way. We've got a responsibility for holding up democratic ideals before Elizabeth and Arthur and before our callers too."

Mrs. Redfield would make no answer. She realized that she was no match for her husband in an argument. Moreover, she perhaps recognized, unconsciously, that he was right. At the same time, she had a prepossession in favor of behavior which she regarded as "lady-like," and going to a door in an apron was barred by this code.

She did yield, however, to her husband's desire that servants be kept out of the dining room on occasions when he felt that the example of a simple home life would be helpful in extending democratic ideals. Among such occasions were informal dinners for prominent farmers, labor leaders, and the chairmen of the appropriations committees of the two houses of the legislature. At these dinners Mrs. Redfield and Elizabeth attended the removal of the plates and other details of serving.

"Mother and Elizabeth just naturally take to homemaking," Doctor Redfield would comment to the guests. "You can't keep either of them
out of the kitchen. I tell you, it makes a man proud to have a family like that in these days."

At one such time Elizabeth, who in spite of her father’s counsel hated housework and performed a modicum of it only through threats of punishment from her mother, overturned a cup of hot coffee on Doctor Redfield’s gesticulating hand just as he completed his remarks.

Then she apologized elaborately.

"I am so very sorry, Papa," she exclaimed. "Accidents will happen."

"Of course, my child," Doctor Redfield replied, with characteristic restraint. "There’s no harm done.

"A child makes progress only through mistakes," he continued, addressing the guests. "It’s the true process of education."

When the guests had departed, however, he warned Elizabeth solemnly:

"The next time anything like that happens, your mother will give you a good switching. One of the things a child must learn is proper respect for parents."

The Redfields’ son, Arthur Patrick, Junior, took more readily to his father’s ideals from the beginning. When he was barely four years old, his father, taking him for a walk, stopped at the drugstore owned by Rotarian Jerry Sullivan. Doctor Redfield set the boy on the prescription counter while he chatted with the proprietor of the store.

"So this is young Arthur," said Mr. Sullivan, turning to the lad.

"Why, he’s getting almost big enough to be a Rotarian."

"Yes, Jerry," Doctor Redfield replied, "and I hope he’s got the stuff to get into the club one of these days."

"Arthur," inquired the druggist, turning to the boy, "is your father a good man?"

"Yes, sir," answered Arthur, politely.

"What makes you think so?" continued Mr. Sullivan.

What was Doctor Redfield’s delight to see the boy straighten up, raise his head, and look straight into his interrogator’s eyes as he exclaimed proudly, with an evident effort at his father’s manner:

"He profits most who serves best."

"By God, he’s a chip of the old block, Doc," and Mr. Sullivan slapped Doctor Redfield on the shoulder.

The news of the colloquy spread over the town, and Doctor Redfield was compelled to bring Arthur to the next meeting of the Rotary Club, there to repeat the splendid motto which he had so appropriately applied to his father. He was, it is stated, the youngest person who has ever addressed any of the civic clubs in the United States.

Arthur again pleased his father to a remarkable degree when plans were being made for a party on his fifth birthday, November 16, 1915. Mrs. Redfield had prepared a guest list of children of deans, professors, and prominent business men.

"Mamma," Arthur interposed, "I want to have Jimmy at my party."

"Jimmy? Jimmy who?" asked Mrs. Redfield.

"Jimmy Reed—his papa washes buggies and automobiles down in the alley. He’s awful nice."

"Ah, that’s the boy!" exclaimed Doctor Redfield heartily. "No false pride about you. Of course you shall have Jimmy Reed at your party.

"And it seems to me we ought to have Bill Hahn’s girl. Bill’s president of the carpenters and joiners’ union. And maybe Art Smith’s twins. You know, Mother, Art’s the Democratic boss of this town. There’s more politics hatched in his saloon than in all of Center Street. And of course that means we’ve got to have John Otto the Republican boss’s children if he’s got any about Arthur’s age—I’ll have to find out."

"Arthur Redfield, do you want your boy associating with Tom, Dick, and Harry?" asked Mrs. Redfield, horrified.

"I certainly do," Doctor Redfield answered. "Tom, Dick, and Harry do the talking and the voting, don’t they? It’s our duty to uphold the great ideals of democracy."

The democratic character of the party was the subject of widespread
favorable comment. As an indirect result, the Republican and Demo-
cratic county central committees and the Carrollville labor council
passed resolutions praising Doctor Redfield and pledging their support
to Thompson Walker University.

Even wider recognition of Doctor Redfield’s democracy and genu-
ine humanness came from an incident in which he himself took the
principal part.

In January, 1916, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was to give a
concert at Thompson Walker University. President Redfield, of course,
planned to be present.

Within twenty minutes of the hour when the concert was to open,
there appeared a glow in the eastern sky. It grew rapidly brighter. The
fire whistle in Carrollville blew.

Doctor Redfield was standing on his porch looking to the east when
Jerry Sullivan drove up in his car. He pulled up to the curb.

"Let’s go to the fire, Doc," he shouted. "A lot of strawstacks
burning. It’ll be a great sight, Doc."

Doctor Redfield hesitated, remembering the concert. His wife and
daughter, however, he reflected, could represent the family there. A
fire would certainly be more thrilling to a red-blooded man.

He called to his wife:

"Mother, I can’t go to the concert. I’m called away on business. The
tickets are lying on the desk in my study."

Then he drove away with Jerry Sullivan.

The fire did relatively little damage, being brought under control by
the Carrollville firemen before it could spread from the fields. Doctor
Redfield’s selection of it instead of the concert as a means of entertain-
ment, however, established him more firmly than ever in the harts of
everyday folk. While there was some criticism on the part of professors
in the music department and other devotees of so-called cultural sub-
jects, the practical-minded men and women who made up the vast
majority of the people of Carrollville and of the State were a unit in
praising Doctor Redfield.

As John Brisbane, district president of the Kiwanis Club, expressed
it, “Doctor Redfield was where he always is—where red-blooded men
are assembled together to do the work of this old world of ours. There
might have been lives to save. If there had been, Doctor Redfield
would have saved them.”

Chapter XXII

INTO THE GREAT WAR

“The supreme desire of the intelligent man is to be on the right side
of every question.”


By the autumn of 1916, the attention of Carrollville, as of every other
American community, was centered on the World War. There was in-
creasing anticipation that the United States might inevitably be drawn
into the struggle, although the community, and indeed the State as a
whole, had clung resolutely to President Wilson’s policy of neutrality.

For this patriotic loyalty to our great President, Doctor Redfield was
in large measure responsible. This involved a considerable sacrifice on
his part, in view of his distinguished British ancestry, which naturally
would incline him to the side of the Allies.

Recognizing the scholarship, wisdom, and integrity of President
Wilson, however, he courageously set himself to the duty of seeing the side of the Central Powers as well. He reflected on German efficiency, particularly in the field of education, and on the beauty of German music and literature. It also occurred to him that many of the leading citizens of the State, including five who had been active in securing adequate appropriations for Thompson Walker University, were of German ancestry. Here, obviously, was a heritage of public spirit and devotion to ideals that could not be overlooked. Moreover, a number of other men prominent in commercial and political life in the State were of Irish parentage, and likewise opposed to the English side in the war. Manifestly, there was much to be said on behalf of the Central Powers.

Furthermore, Doctor Redfield, as will have been noted by the reader, was naturally a man of peace. "More tact, more of the spirit of give and take," he had often observed, "is needed in this old world of ours. The great leaders were great compromisers. Never would I advocate giving up a principle, but so many things that we call principles are mere personal preferences. When we get down to real principles, it is easy enough to agree."

Never willing to assume a merely passive role in any undertaking to which he was called, President Redfield, in each of the 319 addresses which he delivered from the fall of 1914 to the spring of 1917, took occasion to urge his hearers to "uphold the hands of our beloved President in the difficult course that he has so wisely determined to follow." Regardless of the subject of his speech, he invariably devoted several paragraphs to this topic.

"We must act as neutrals, we must speak as neutrals, we must think as neutrals," he declared. "Since the dawn of history, there is no record of a more superb point of view than that of our beloved President. We of the New World, thanks to the favor of God, can hold our heads above the clamor, the shouting, and the strife. We are too proud of our ideals of peace and good will to descend, not merely to war, but even to argument and bickering over the problems of the war. We stand, as it were, on Mount Olympus, looking down with sublime pity and paternal understanding upon a continent gone mad."

In the election of 1916, the State gave an overwhelming majority to President Wilson in recognition of his statesmanship in keeping the country out of war. In the campaign itself, Doctor Redfield took no part, feeling rightly that his position as head of a great educational institution demanded a broad, non-partisan point of view.

The election over, Doctor Redfield continued to preach the ideals of peace, though he grew somewhat concerned over the rising tide of sentiment in the East in favor of the entrance of the United States into the conflict. He could not but think of what war would mean to American educational institutions—diminished enrollments, lack of interest, a possible weakening of the high ideals which he had sought so vigorously to maintain. At the same time, he realized that the great educator and statesman in the White House would think of all these things, that with his vast knowledge of international affairs and with his inspired vision he would necessarily make the right decision, whatever that might be. "His will, not ours, be done," Doctor Redfield found himself piously murmuring many times in those difficult days.

Nevertheless, the news of the Congressional declaration that "a state of war exists" came to Doctor Redfield with a shock. He had been for ten days on a speaking tour in the more remote districts of his State, and had had little access to the daily press. Hence the rapidly increasing tension of the international situation had not come to his attention, and he had continued to hope that in some way peace might be preserved.

He was eating luncheon in the Midland Hotel at Compton when the clerk came to the door, his eyeglasses fluttering on the end of his nose, his mouth open as if he were panting.

"Gents," the clerk pronounced breathlessly, "we're in the war. A telegram's just come to the depot, and the agent phoned it up."
Doctor Redfield, shocked though he was, hesitated not a moment.
"God bless the United States of America," he proclaimed fervently.
There was applause from a group of traveling salesmen at an adjacent table.

Doctor Redfield consulted his menu, then beckoned to the waitress.
"Sister," he said sternly, "I ordered frankfurters and sauerkraut, and German fried potatoes on the side. Please bring me, instead, roast beef, Boston baked beans, and boiled potatoes."

"The boiled potatoes are out, Professor," the waitress explained.
"All we got now is German fried."

"Then I will eat no potatoes," Professor Redfield concluded, the light of heroic determination shining from his eyes.

Touched by Doctor Redfield's instant patriotic response, the waitress, ignorant though she was, straightened herself proudly and said in a low tone:
"I got a boy friend I think I'll go to war."
"Happy child!" Doctor Redfield smiled paternally as he clasped the waitress' hand in both of his. "It is a glorious privilege to take part in the saving of one's country."

"Yes, yes," the waitress assented. "And I'm going to be like you—I ain't going to eat no dishes them bloodthirsty Germans invented."

"God bless you," exclaimed President Redfield, releasing her hand after a final congratulatory pressure.

"Although she was only a pretty little waitress," Doctor Redfield told me later, "I felt a genuine thrill in the touch of one who stood thus ready to serve her great country."

Already, with the declaration of war less than two hours old, Doctor Redfield had begun his record of patriotic Service to the Nation in its time of peril.

Chapter XXIII

AN INSPIRER-OF AMERICA

"Shall this foul creature that is in the German saddle, with hoofs of fire trample down all the sweet growths in the garden of God?"

—The Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis

Immediately after finishing his luncheon, President Redfield retired to his room. From then on, he realized even at that early date, his every ounce of energy must be given to his country.

After a few moments of silent meditation, he turned to the preparation of his address at the educational rally at the Compton Baptist Church that evening. He had intended to deliver his well-known lecture on "World Idealism in Education," with its three paragraphs on America's leadership in peace. In the hour of national crisis, however, his audience would properly expect from him a ringing message on America's entrance into the war, and they must not be disappointed.

Doctor Redfield was handicapped by not possessing the text of the President's message to Congress. It had not been transmitted to Compton, where there were no daily newspapers. As usual, however, Doctor Redfield's intellectual ability, his habit of wide reading, and his unwavering idealism stood him in good stead.

Fortunately, he had read not only American but British periodicals during the preceding three years, and hence was thoroughly familiar with the way in which Germany had brought on the war, as well as with the diabolical cruelties and inhumanities practiced by the German
soldiery, from the maiming of helpless infants to the boiling up of corpses for the manufacture of fats.

These incidents must be brought to the attention of his audience to show the iniquity of the nations against which the United States had, in unselfish devotion to humanity, determined to do battle. There must be a brief survey of the history of the United States, pointing out the pure idealism with which the Nation had ever entered into war and the liberation of the downtrodden which had invariably followed its victories. There must be an appeal to the youth to enlist in the army of democracy and to all to stand by the President and his patriotic advisers. Lest any should still feel that the United States ought not to have entered the war, he must point out that in a democracy he minority bows cheerfully to the will of the majority.

He outlined his speech rapidly. But what should be its title? He thought in silence. Suddenly, he told me later, there came to him as it were from outside himself—as did his interpretation of the Master's Pearl—the word of God, “Behold, thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness.” God already is inspiring his humble servants in this great democracy, thought Doctor Redfield, as he wrote down instantly the title, later to be famous throughout all America, “Hate the Hun.”

The audience filled the Baptist Church. It was a restless crowd, hardly quiet even when the Methodist minister pronounced the invocation, beseeching the guidance of God “in this struggle between light and darkness, between the lowly Nazarene and the powers of Beelzebub,” and imploring the Divine blessing “on the great practical idealist who is to address us this evening.”

The audience gained relief for its feelings as it sang lustily:

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.”

Doctor Redfield was then introduced. There was loud handclapping, punctuated by cheers, when his subject was announced. As he stepped to the front of the rostrum, the people leaned forward in silent expectation.

“Jesus shall reign,” he began, “when the German government, the German system, the German viewpoint, if necessary the German people, shall have been wiped from the face of the earth.”

A thunder of applause shook the room. “Amen,” shouted the Methodist minister. The Baptist pastor who had long been his enemy and had invited him to pronounce the invocation only through pressure from the local chamber of commerce, shook his hand warmly, exclaiming, “There's a man of God, Brother.”

Thereafter, as Doctor Redfield eloquently contrasted the hypocrisies and cruelties of autocracy with the idealism of democracy, he was interrupted time and again not only by applause, but by patriotic cheers. After speaking an hour and twenty minutes, he prepared to conclude his address.

“Our’s,” he declared solemnly, “is a nation of peace. We are all of us people of peace. Never have we fought without Almighty God on our side. With His assistance, we have ever been victorious.

“Through the last two and a half years, we have constantly sought peace. It has been denied us by breakers of treaties, violators of women, murderers of innocent babes. The cries of the widows and the fatherless have entered into the ears of God, and He in His infinite wisdom has chosen us to execute His righteous sentence, 'by the dim and flaring lamps.'

“Some may say that we should have waited longer. I say that it is perilous to postpone obedience to the commands of God. He has guided His servants in Washington: it is for us to follow His will as expressed through them. In any event, whatever may be our personal opinion,

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* He counted a total of thirty-one such interruptions.
there is now no room for diversity of judgment. The Nation has spoken. To disobey the will of the majority in a democracy is treason. There is no safe motto for a democratic government save this: My country, may she ever be in the right, as she ever has been in the past: but, right or wrong, my country.

"My fathers' and my country's flag, I love thee better now. I'll bear thee up, thou dear old flag of origin divine, Until upon thy azure folds a hundred stars shall shine. Float on, old flag, until thy stripes shall all the nations heal And tyranny through all the earth shall thy just vengeance feel."

As Doctor Redfield bowed and seated himself, there was a moment of rapt silence. Then the audience rose en masse. Men shouted and threw their hats into the air. Women waved their handkerchiefs, still wet with the tears they had shed in behalf of their ravished sisters across the sea. As with one impulse, the Baptist pastor and the Methodist minister seized two long-handled collection boxes that stood against the rostrum, shouldered them like rifles, and led a march through the aisles of the church to the stirring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War."

"Never," Doctor Redfield affirmed reverently a few days later, "was I so proud of being an American."

Doctor Redfield took the midnight train for Carrollville, in order to undertake as promptly as possible the new duties that he foresaw would await him at Thompson Walker University. So stirred was he, however, by the events of the day that he could not sleep in his berth. He rose and went into the smoking compartment.

There, meditating in silence on the mission God had given to America, he wrote his famous hymn, sung so often throughout the war to the tune of "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling":

God, the God of righteous vengeance, Bids us rise and smite the Hun, Bids us slay in holy justice, Till the victory is won.

May we hate with noble hatred Every foe inspired of hell; May we, under Thy dear guidance, Vanquish them with shot and shell.

Thou hast blest us as a nation, And we now will pay our debt, All Thine enemies destroying, Making vain the tyrant's threat.

Following in the steps of Jesus, Gracious Lord of Liberty, We will battle till we conquer, Till we make the whole world free. Amen.

Chapter XXIV

BATTLING FOR IDEALS

"The American doughboy is the crusading knight of the twentieth century."

Doctor Redfield before the Christian Alliance, Chicago, December 7, 1917

Doctor Redfield plunged himself completely into the truly educational task of making the world safe for democracy. Indeed, he himself would have enlisted in the army had he not realized, as at the time
of the Spanish-American War, that his services were needed in his own
State. He encouraged every able-bodied male student to enlist imme-
diately, promising credit in university studies for the entire semester.
Simultaneously, he issued a warning against traitorous activities on
the part of faculty members or students.

"Thompson Walker University," he stated, "has always stood for
freedom of thought and discussion. Prior to our entrance into the war,
difference of opinion was permissible. Now, however, that the country
has spoken through its chosen representatives, there is no longer room
for any who are not committed with heart and soul to this holy crusade
in which the Nation has engaged. It is my firm conviction that there
are no such persons on the faculty or in the student body of this Uni-
versity. Should there be among us any traitor, his removal from the in-
stitution will be immediate. In this war for defense of liberty, no true
American can hesitate. As the inspired prophet wrote long ago, 'He that
is not for us is against us."

In spite of Doctor Redfield's warning, four members of the faculty
indulged in such conduct as to require their instant dismissal. Doctor
Charles Frank, assistant professor of economics, notwithstanding Presi-
dent Wilson's irrefutable justification of our entering the war on hu-
manitarian grounds, continued to assert that all declarations of war are
prompted, directly or indirectly, by economic causes. Although he had
taught this for years, the sinister anti-national character of his views
had not been brought to the attention of the university authorities
and he had been allowed to propagate his theories without interference.
Once he discovered the situation, President Redfield acted with the
utmost promptitude. Within a month after the declaration of war he
recommended Doctor Frank's dismissal, and his recommendation was
adopted by unanimous vote of the Board of Regents.

Three other professors, George Carlton, of the Department of Eng-
lish, Alfred Harvey Lawrence, of the Department of History, and Martin
R. Drury, of the Department of Education,* conspired in treasonable
activities. They attended a mass meeting of radicals and voted for a
resolution urging Congress to send no conscripts to Europe. Professor
Lawrence even attempted in a speech at the meeting to show that con-
scription for foreign wars was contrary to the historic policy of the
United States, and then, with utter disregard for loyalty to either Uni-
versity or Nation, quoted statements made by President Wilson and
Doctor Redfield months before, which he interpreted in a pacificistic
light.** Naturally, the three disloyal faculty members received as short
shrift as had Doctor Frank.

The evening after the announcement of their dismissal, more than
two thousand students serenaded Doctor Redfield at his home. They
sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Onward, Christian Soldiers,""Thompson Walker Forever," and in delicate compliment to him, his
own song, "God the God of Righteous Vengeance." At the end of the
program they marched in snake-dance formation about his house
shouting:

"Hurrah for Doctor Redfield,
He turned the traitors out.

* The defection of a member of the Department of Education, Doctor Redfield's
own subject, was naturally a deep grief to him. "I should have recognized the
character of this young man before the war," he complained, unjustly blaming
himself.

** Professor Lawrence on a previous occasion, in 1914, had brought oppro-
rium upon the University by prosecuting thirty employees of a carnival for
prostitution and the maintenance of public gambling. The result was that the
carnival, promoted by the progressive business men of Carrollville to raise funds
for a boys' and girls' clubhouse, made much less money than had been anticipated.
At that time many leading citizens urged President Redfield to dismiss Professor
Lawrence, but, tempering justice with mercy, he only reproved the erring faculty
member for departing from his proper field of labor and impairing the confidence
of business leaders in the University.
President Redfield, zealous as he was for the cause of liberty, did not, however, allow patriotic enthusiasm to obscure his sense of justice. This was evident in his actions when charges were brought by a member of the Board of Regents against Doctor Otto Stern, head of the Department of European Literature. Doctor Stern, the complaint recited, was born and educated in Germany and had on many occasions expressed hope that his fatherland would defeat England and France. A brother of his was in the German army and another was managing editor of a Berlin newspaper.

Professor Stern was gravely disturbed by the charges, as was also President Redfield, for Professor Stern had proved his loyalty to America and the University by numerous idealistic addresses and other acts of Service. His name and accent might make some difficulty during the war, but in the post-war period, toward which Doctor Redfield with his keen vision was already looking, Service would be more in demand than ever, and a foreign pronunciation would again be interpreted as a mark of scholarship.

"If you would just vouch for me in a public statement," Doctor Stern urged President Redfield, "I am sure everything would be all right. The people of the State know you and trust you."

"No, I can't do that," concluded Doctor Redfield reluctantly. "I must consider my own position as head of a great university. I must do nothing to reduce the influence of the institution. But I will do what I can, you may count on that."

President Redfield, as always, was as good as his word. After thinking the matter over carefully and deciding on a plan of action, he took the train for the capital and entered Governor Ansdel's office.

"Professor Stern is all right," he told that official, with conviction. "He is a great scholar and a great Rotarian. You haven't got a better friend or more loyal supporter in Carrollville than Doctor Stern. There's a bunch of dirty Democrats after him"—the governor was a Republican—"just because he worked and voted for you in the last election. They've brought up the fact that he was born in Germany just to get him out and get some Democrat in. I know you'll stand by him, the way you stand by all your friends."

It was with difficulty that President Redfield kept the governor from peremptorily removing the regent who had brought charges against the professor. The governor gave the man to understand that the charges must be immediately dismissed and that all agitation against Doctor Stern must cease.

Chapter XXV

THE BATTLE CONTINUES

"Let us mobilize our every resource for the Service of our country, our democracy, our God."

—From Doctor Redfield's address, "The War to End War," given eighty-one times in 1917-18

The war work of as important a leader as Doctor Redfield could not be confined to the halls of learning. His patriotic activities reached every corner of the State, and no small part of the State's record in the

*Formerly the Department of German, the name having been patriotically changed by Doctor Redfield two weeks after the declaration of war.

75
purchase of Liberty bonds, the knitting of wristers, the substitution of American for German names of streets, the delivery of war sermons, and other achievements in behalf of democracy, was due to the inspiring leadership of this distinguished educator. To set an example, he himself went beyond the patriotic standard set up by the government and abstained completely from sugar at his meals throughout the war.*

Doctor Redfield nevertheless felt a sense of dissatisfaction that the importance of his duties to the State and Nation prevented him from engaging in military service. He gained relief for his feelings, however, by going twice a week into a Carrollville shooting gallery, and spending an hour testing his marksmanship on clay pigeons.

"I can feel myself in the thick of the fighting," he used to say enthusiastically. "When I hit one of the pigeons, there, I think to myself, is another German dead—the world is one step nearer to safety. I'd give anything to be a sharpshooter in the army. If only I didn't have my responsibilities here in the State!"

The record of the Council of Defense under Doctor Redfield's leadership was an inspiring one. More Liberty bonds were sold, in proportion to the wealth of the State, than in any other State. Even men whose sympathies had always been with the Central Powers purchased the full quotas assigned to them by the Council. Through the vigilant investigations of the Council, too, more instances of German propaganda per capita were uncovered than anywhere else in the United States.

The movement to refrain from playing German music, reading German literature, and eating food having German names was originated by Doctor Redfield and carried to a successful conclusion by the Council of Defense under his inspiration. He was the principal speaker at the Junctionville meeting at which 1,463 German books were burned in the public square.

The movement, appropriately, was carried to the public schools. Instruction in German language and literature ceased. When some slight objection was raised, on the ground that England and France still encouraged instruction in these subjects, Doctor Redfield answered the criticism in masterly fashion.

"I would not for a moment," he declared, "cast the slightest aspersion on our noble allies. Any American who has studied our history, however, must be aware that we have developed a patriotism deeper and more glorious than that of any other nation, past or present. It is this which makes us see, more clearly than do others, the perils lurking in a language and literature based on a governmental principle the exact antithesis of ours. From Wagner, from Goethe, from Schiller, from every German composer and writer, above all from the very form of language itself, the boy or girl unconsciously absorbs the base conceptions of autocracy. It is all a part of the great Pan-German conspiracy to corrupt the world."

Doctor Redfield omitted no act which would raise the morale of the American people. For example, although no Hearst paper was published in the State and none of them had a subscriber or a news-stand dealer in Carrollville, Doctor Redfield appeared one morning on the campus wearing a red, white and blue button with the words, "I Do Not Read the Hearst Newspapers."

Doctor Redfield's greatest Service during the war, however, was probably through his speeches. His three most famous addresses, "The War to End War," "Liberty our Watchword," and "Keep America Safe," were delivered a total of 219 times in the years 1917 and 1918. Doctor Redfield went even into communities chiefly Irish and German, where

* The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred on him in June, 1918, by Wharton College and Tucker University, was awarded in each case in recognition of his outstanding war labors.** This address, which was his "four-minute" speech, has been reprinted in nine patriotic books, both for its value as an historical document and for its inspiration to American youth to guard the ideals for which their fathers fought.
the declaration of war had been unfavorably received. In the Irish
communities he was advertised in advance on bright green handbills
as A. Patrick ("Ould Sod Pat") Redfield, with the quotation, "I am now
and always for the rights of the Irish," and his speeches showed the
advantage which an American victory would give to oppressed racial
minorities. To the German communities he expressed his deep affection
for the German people and explained that the war was directed only
against the Kaiser and his military advisers.

His readiness to be of Service to men and women of German birth
or ancestry was strikingly shown when a group of farmers near Han-
over, who maintained a cooperative plant for the commercial manu-
facture of sauerkraut, complained to him that their business was being
ruined by opposition to German food. Doctor Redfield thought in
silence for a few moments. Then, as usual, inspiration came to him.
"Gentlemen," he suggested, "why don't you call your product
'Liberty cabbage'? When the war broke out, we changed the name of
our football coach from 'Germany' Schwartz to 'Liberty' Schwartz, and
he is one of the most popular men on the campus. Change the name
of your product, and put a patriotic label on it—something like this, 'A
Hundred Percent American Product, Full of Good American Vitamins.'
That will fetch the public. You can quote me if you want to: 'I eat
Liberty cabbage every day. It furnishes the ingredients which a life
of Service demands.'"

Not only was the sauerkraut industry of Hanover saved, but the
name "Liberty cabbage" spread throughout the country, carrying its
connotation of Americanism. "Every time the word 'liberty' is spoken,"
Doctor Redfield acutely observed, "it is wholesome propaganda for our
common country."

When the Armistice came, Doctor Redfield, rejoiced though he was
at the great American victory, felt nevertheless a tinge of regret.
"If only I could have burned the word 'liberty' deeper into the
hearts of the people!" he exclaimed feelingly.

Chapter XXVI

POST-WAR PROBLEMS

"In Americanism is the germ of all world progress."

—Doctor Redfield before the Congress of Patriotic Societies,
New York City, June 21, 1919

The end of the war brought to Thompson Walker University, as to
other institutions of higher education, a heavy increase in enrollment.
Fortunately the financial problem, acute at many universities, had
been solved in advance at Thompson Walker through the foresight of
Doctor Redfield and his patriotic appeals to the legislature.

The character of the new students who came to the University
presented a somewhat difficult situation. Putting, as always, his duty
to his country first, Doctor Redfield had invited all men who had had
military service to come to Thompson Walker University.

"Any man who was good enough to serve in Uncle Sam's army is
good enough to study at Thompson Walker," he announced. "This is
one institution where we put Americanism first."

Comparatively few of the men who had seen war service were in-

* The handbills were prepared by John R. Merritt, Director of Publicity for
Thompson Walker University.
interested in the four-year courses offered by the University. Doctor Redfield had hoped especially for a large enrollment in the new course in journalism, of which he had made Mr. Merritt director in recognition of the latter's sterling services in the war. Mr. Merritt continued his position as Director of Publicity, and both he and President Redfield agreed that the journalism course might be made a useful adjunct. The small initial enrollment in journalism proved a handicap, however, as did also the lack of consideration for the good name of the institution shown by some of the returned soldiers in their news stories, thus putting upon Professor Merritt the task of rewriting much of the matter before submitting it to the press.

In spite of the efforts of "Billie" Barry, even the courses in salesmanship and advertising and the new course in realty management failed to attract the attendance which they deserved. The short course in automechanics, established some years before but greatly improved and expanded, proved the greatest drawing card. A total of 369 students registered for it in the year 1919-1920.

Disappointed though he was at the lack of interest in the more scholarly courses, such as he himself would have chosen, President Redfield accepted the situation philosophically.

"We can't all be scholars, though we can all be good citizens," he remarked to Professor Merritt. "Anyhow, the attendance in the automechanics course puts our total enrollment away up, and that will be a talking point before the legislature."

Noting the interest in short courses, Doctor Redfield made a special effort to extend this interest over a larger proportion of the population of the State. A statement of his, made at this time, is significant of his breadth of far-sightedness:

"The fundamental purpose of education is training for citizenship. What young people study is secondary to this 'vast, increasing purpose.' In an atmosphere of idealism, the study of butter-making will develop enlightened citizenship and culture as much as will the reading of Greek literature, blacksmithing as much as salesmanship."

President Redfield laid stress on the several agricultural short courses, as he felt that rural people, to whom he invariably referred, with searching insight, as "the backbone of the nation," had not sufficiently taken advantage of the opportunities offered by the University. In addition to contests in stock-judging, grain-judging, and fruit-judging, already open to the short-course students, he announced competitions in horseshoe-pitching and hog-calling.

The latter of these was ceremonially opened by President Redfield and John Conway, the dean of the College of Agriculture, who gave the first two calls to the hogs. This renewed proof of Doctor Redfield's essential democracy of spirit raised him even higher than before, if that were possible, in the esteem of the people of the State. The governor intimated deliberately that he himself would be glad to participate with Doctor Redfield, in the next contest of this kind. To this suggestion Doctor Redfield tactfully made no response. He did not wish to offend the governor, but he was strongly of the conviction that only educators and students should take part in scholastic events.

Freshly impressed by the success of the hog-calling contest with the importance of democratic conduct to society, Doctor Redfield took to mowing his own lawn. Fortunately for its stimulating effect on students and townpeople, the task, as itchanced, was performed by Doctor Redfield about five o'clock in the afternoon, when he had finished his

*Doctor Redfield generously gives credit to Mr. Merritt even for devising the name "Liberty cabbage." This, however, appears to be an error, due either to modesty or to a slip of memory. The naming of Liberty cabbage, as recounted heretofore, was reported by eyewitnesses. Mr. Merritt had previously, however, changed the football coach's cognomen from "Germany" to "Liberty" Schwartz, and later he inaugurated the movement to substitute the term "Democracy sausage" for "Frankfurter."
labors in his office and when throngs were passing his house. As he stopped to wipe his brow or adjust his suspenders—with fine disregard of convention he always wore suspenders but no collar when working on his lawn—he exchanged friendly greetings with whoever happened to be passing. For the sake of the example to the young, he permitted himself to be photographed pushing the lawn mower. The value of the publication of this photograph to Thompson Walker University and to the cause of democratic education can hardly be overestimated.

With all the opportunities for Service in the post-war period, it was a source of regret to Doctor Redfield that some of the students, chiefly in the College of Arts and Science, showed a tendency to ridicule sacred things. In spite of his influence, student membership in Sunday-school classes was smaller—though the decline was less marked than in institutions headed by less public-spirited educators—and writers in the correspondence column of the Thompson Walker Herald occasionally made light of the traditions of the University and even of the State.

Even more serious than the attitude of irreverence manifested by some of the students was the tendency to revolutionary radicalism noticeable here and there. Doctor Redfield, being himself a liberal,* had been pleased when a group of students, most of whom had served in the war, came to him seeking a charter for the Thompson Walker Liberal Association. He gave his heartiest approval to the organization and indeed suggested several possible speakers. What was his astonishment when reports came to him that the Liberal Association had taken up such settled questions as responsibility for the World War, had advocated the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States, and had listened to speakers who maintained that public opinion was controlled by capitalist forces! If the reports were true, it was evident that the association, knowingly or unknowingly, was being financed by Russian gold.

Doctor Redfield was reluctant to believe the rumors. He determined to investigate for himself. One evening, after finishing reading the editorials in the Chicago Tribune, he dropped into a meeting of the association. Charles R. Walker, the labor leader, was speaking.

"The ancient universities," the speaker asserted, "were republics of letters. They owed no allegiance to outside control. They were democracies in the best sense of the term. May we not, even here in the United States, where democracy is a word more than a fact, look forward to a similar situation? I should like to see a university controlled by faculty and students, electing its own president, fixing its own courses, making its own rules. The university exists primarily for the student. He is giving to it the youth, the finest part of his life. Why should he not have the deciding voice in its administration? In South America, in Russia—"

Doctor Redfield’s righteous indignation had been steadily increasing. At the mention of Russia he jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen," he shouted, "as the president of this University I refuse to listen to sedition. I refuse to permit the young men and women of this University to listen to sedition. The ideals of the Soviet—its education for communism, free love, and revolution—have no place in democratic America. Boys and girls, stand up for liberty, democracy, and the Constitution of the United States. This meeting is dismissed, and the charter of this association from Thompson Walker University is withdrawn. This great institution of learning shall not be a breeding ground for Bolshevism."

With the fine feeling for dramatic symbolism which is instinct in his every act of Service, Doctor Redfield stepped to the wall and extinguished the lights.

"They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," he quoted with impressive solemnity.

* Although taking no active part in politics, he twice voted for Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States.
The State rang with praise for Doctor Redfield’s courageous act. Only a few labor leaders and other radicals were critical. The diamond-studded watch which he carries to this day bears the inscription: “To Doctor Arthur Patrick Redfield from the State Manufacturers’ Association. He made education safe for democracy.”

Chapter XXVII

YOUTH IMPERILED

“There is no responsibility more solemn than that of guiding young minds and hearts aright.”
—Doctor Redfield before the National Convention of Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, Detroit, Michigan, January 8, 1919

It is an ironic fact that most noble impulses and actions are often the cause of embarrassment or even of serious difficulty. Seemingly there are evil forces constantly at work to render impotent every effort for the good of mankind. This was exemplified, to the great loss of Thompson Walker University and the temporary disadvantage of American education, in the case of Doctor Redfield.

In the fall of 1920 his attention was forcibly called to the perils lurking in the literature, so-called, published since the war. Doctor Redfield, with his instinctive taste for the pure and the profound, had naturally confined his own reading to books and periodicals of indubitable merit. He perused regularly the Chicago Tribune, the Rotarian, the Atlantic Monthly, the Elks’ Magazine, the Literary Digest, the Educational Review, and the American Legion Weekly, taking the last-named both to assure his regret that he had been unable to serve in the army and “to understand the viewpoint of those sacrificing youth who saved the world from despair.” In spite of the pressure upon his time, he also read the works of Nicholas Murray Butler, Newell Dwight Hillis, Henry Van Dyke, and other notable American leaders as fast as the volumes appeared. In lighter mood, he would take up the Sherlock Holmes stories of Conan Doyle or the poems of Alfred Noyes—“the only real poet of our time,” he used to remark ruefully. (He did not, of course, overlook the work of Edgar Guest, whose poems, however, he pointed out, should be looked upon primarily as sources of inspiration, like the Scriptures.)

With his deep love of literature, he naturally was pleased when, staying overnight in the home of a young broker in St. Louis, he found a book thoughtfully placed on the table beside his bed.

“Ah, another book about the struggle to make the world safe for democracy,” he said to himself, as he read the title, “Of Human Bondage.”

He began to read. He found, to his surprise, that the work was fiction. Interesting, well-written, it nevertheless was filled with moral degradation.

“Un-American,” Doctor Redfield exclaimed, more in sorrow than in anger. “A prostitution of talent that might be used for the welfare of mankind.”

He tore the green binding from the book, then pulled the leaves apart, and scattered all on the grate fire. He poked it till every particle of the vile volume had been consumed.

“All that night,” he said to his family at dinner two days later, “I seemed to smell the foul stench of that dirty book. I couldn’t sleep for thinking about it.”

“Why, Papa,” interrupted his daughter Elizabeth, “the Parkinses
will find that book gone, and they'll think you liked it so much you stole it. You really did steal it anyway, Papa."

"Steal that book, Elizabeth?" replied her father sternly. "I hope the Parkinses know me well enough to realize that I have some standards of morality. I performed a service to humanity in destroying that book. It was like destroying clothing polluted by smallpox."

"Well, they must have thought you'd like the book, or they wouldn't have put it there by your bed," Elizabeth persisted.

"Betty, Betty," Mrs. Redfield spoke reproachfully. "Remember your father knows life better than you do."

"I don't care," continued Elizabeth defiantly. "I've read 'The Moon and Sixpence,' and it's by the same author, and I've just been waiting till I could get 'Of Human Bondage.' Mr. Maugham is one of the most significant authors of our age," she concluded, evidently quoting some debased modern critic.

"Elizabeth," said President Redfield, shocked immeasurably but retaining his outward calm, "if you were not seventeen years old, practically a young woman, I would have your mother give you a good whipping. I'm afraid we ended discipline too early with you."

Arthur, junior, across the table from Elizabeth, snickered. Elizabeth burst into tears.

"I've never been so humiliated," she sobbed. "I've always tried to keep good literature before her," Mrs. Redfield apologized. "I've taken the Ladies' Home Journal and the Cosmopolitan especially for her, and I've bought her the nicest books of poems—Longfellow and Wordsworth and Tennyson and Ella Wheeler Wilcox—all in lovely leather bindings. I don't know where the child gets these terrible books she talks about. The other day she spoke of Walt Mason—or was it Walt Whitman?—and I remember then your saying long ago there was an author no moral man would admit to his home."

"Daughter," inquired Doctor Redfield coldly, "where do you get these books?"

"Out of your damned old University library." Elizabeth rose from her chair, threw her napkin defiantly upon her plate, and flounced out of the room.

Doctor Redfield was thunderstruck.

"If a daughter of mine can be led astray by works like that," he commented to Mrs. Redfield, "what must be the situation of boys and girls from families where no effort has been made to inculcate love of good literature and high moral principles? I shall attend to this at once. The young people of Thompson Walker University must be protected from pollution."

Still further scandal awaited President Redfield. At his office the next morning, the first letter laid on his desk was from Brigadier General Karl Friedlander, retired, one of the most ardent patriots in the State, widely known for his services in the Quartermaster Corps during the war and his addresses thereafter before Kiwanis clubs.

Knowing you as I do—the general wrote—I was inexpressibly shocked when my son, a junior in your institution, presumed to argue with me concerning the peace terms imposed upon the atrocious Huns and referred to a book called "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." I examined that book, sir, and found it full of mischievous propaganda from beginning to end. Yet that is found, he informed me, in your library, and students are referred to it in connection with their class work.

Not content with prescribing this book, the author of which apparently had some connection with the peace conference, your professors, under the pretense of teaching higher mathematics, have recommended to their students the writings of a notorious pacifist and atheist, Bertrand Russell by name. This man was imprisoned in the war for his reasonable utterances. He believes in Bolshevism, anarchy, and free love. His works are in your library, and the poison of them is being
avidly sucked out by the tender youth of our State. A mockery is thus made of the great Cause for which we bled and died in the late war to make the world safe for democracy.

I assured my son, as I now assure you, my dear Doctor Redfield, of my confidence in you and my certainty that you were unaware of these intellectual serpents that have infested your great institution of learning. I feel it my duty to extend to you this warning, that the cancer may be cut out before it is too late.

Doctor Redfield hesitated not a moment. He realized that the moral welfare of the youth entrusted to him was at stake.

"Please cancel all my engagements for today," he surprised his secretary by saying. "I must do some work in the library and must not be disturbed.

"I must give account unto God for them," repeated Doctor Redfield abstractedly, as he walked across the campus. In time of trouble the words of Scripture were, as he has often told me, a source of great comfort.

He spent the entire day in the library, not pausing even for luncheon. He went through the stacks shelf by shelf, devoting special attention to economics, psychology, and fiction. He read here and there and took copious notes, as was his custom. When five o'clock came, he took home with him Veblen's "The Vested Interests" and also three novels, "The Genius," "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and "The Trespasser."

After a hasty dinner, he settled himself in his study to read. He read until four o'clock in the morning, determined to see for himself the character of the literature that was unsettling the character of youth. He then wrapped the books carefully in a newspaper for return to the library.

His three brief hours of sleep were troubled. Again and again there recurred to him Veblen's materialistic philosophy and the atrocious incidents in the novels. He could not but reflect on the harm that these books must already have done to the young men and women of the University.

Chapter XXVIII

SCOTCHING THE SNAKE

"We must ever be on the alert for conspiracies to destroy the patriotism and morals of our boys and girls."

—Doctor Redfield in a letter to the National Security League, September 20, 1920

Upon arriving at his office in the morning, Doctor Redfield's first act was to send for the librarian. So earnest was he in his purpose that he instructed his secretary not to require the customary fifteen minutes' wait before admission to the private office of the president.

When the librarian entered, Doctor Redfield was impressed by her apparent youthfulness. She was a slender blonde, curiously different from most of the women members of the faculty. This was her first year at the University, and Doctor Redfield, while presumably he had met her at the fall reception, did not recollect her. He remembered, however, the splendid recommendations of her that had come to his attention when her appointment was under consideration.

As she advanced toward his desk, he wondered if an older, more experienced person were not needed for so responsible a post. Doubtless,
he thought, she has been influenced in the same way as Elizabeth. Perhaps, however, she could be turned in the direction of higher ideals. Doctor Redfield was always anxious to give every one, especially the young, an opportunity to succeed. He regretted that he had not spoken more kindly to Elizabeth; if he had taken her into his study, sat her upon his knee, and talked to her of the moral peril in evil literature, she would doubtless have been more responsive.

But he must now consider the problems of the university library; he must not let his thoughts dwell on his family.

"How do you do, Miss Kennedy?" He rose and shook hands with her.

"Please be seated."

"I am not so well acquainted with you or the library as a university president should be," he continued. "In the last year or two my public duties have kept me from carrying on the extensive reading program that I always used to follow. I keep in touch, of course, with the best things in literature, but I haven't the intimate acquaintance with them that I should have. It pains me deeply. I think I shall have to get some suggestions from you," he added with a gracious smile.

"Oh, I couldn't advise a university president," Miss Kennedy blushed. "I am not sure I'm qualified even to advise the students."

"Really, Miss Kennedy," explained Doctor Redfield, seeing a diplomatic opening, "that is what I wanted to talk with you about. I have been shocked, inexpressibly shocked, by certain of the books that are being read by the young men and women of this University. Novels that make light of the sanctity of the home, that deride our tried and tested moral principles, works that uphold the bloody theories of Bolshevism, books which present sex (you will pardon my speaking of it to you) as the central fact in human existence—books like these are in our library and are being read by the boys and girls entrusted to our care."

"Of course, I don't know all the books that are in the library," said Miss Kennedy apologetically. "I hope you have not been given the impression that I have recommended undesirable books to the students. Though I must say that I do not think it hurts young people to face facts early."

"These books do not present facts," President Redfield pointed out to her. "I believe in facts always; facts are the basis of every speech I make, every article I write. But these books are a distortion of the facts. They are immoral. I have quotations from them here on my desk—quotations that I would not willingly let a young woman like you see."

"I'm thirty-one," Miss Kennedy interrupted.

"You don't look it—I'm not sure that I believe it," replied Doctor Redfield with that mingling of truth and gallantry which has made him so popular a figure with the W.C.T.U., the Federation of Women's Clubs, and similar organizations.

"In any event," he went on, "I am a great deal older than you. I know the world, and I know it is not as it is portrayed in these books. Women are still pure and men are still noblehearted. Don't at your age, and in your responsible position, adopt a warped view of life. Read for beauty, nobility, inspiration.

"But I ought not to venture to advise you. You know books, and it is easy to see that your ideals are essentially high. We must guard the students, however; God and the citizens of the State hold us responsible for them."

"What should we do, Mr. President?" asked the librarian. "Destroy the books of which you disapprove?"

"Hardly that, perhaps," Doctor Redfield replied. "No, hardly that. There may be members of the faculty who will wish to use these books in order to refute the theories contained in them. Haven't you some place where such books may be kept away from the students?"

"A closed shelf? Yes, indeed. We have some books there now, but not many."

"Then, suppose you put these books there," and President Redfield
handed her a list. "Do not let the students have them without the approval of—whom shall we say? Dean Thompson would be all right—you know what a literary scholar he is; his edition of "The Merchant of Venice" is used all over the country. Or the approval of the Dean of Women would be all right. Either one of the two."

The librarian looked over the list. Doctor Redfield thought he noticed the suggestion of a smile on her lips, but dismissed the suspicion as an unjust reflection on a fine young woman.

She rose. President Redfield came round the corner of his desk and again shook hands with her cordially.

"Thank you for coming," he said with his customary courtesy. "Please come in often. I am deeply interested in the library, and I want to talk it over with you."

When next she called, some three weeks later, he found her attitude toward a new lighting system in the library quite in accord with his own.

On that occasion, as on a number of subsequent ones, Doctor Redfield improved the opportunity to talk to her about the value of literature as an inspiration to American ideals. He felt, as he said later, that through this young woman, already holding an important library position and destined probably to rise still higher in her profession, he might influence thousands of young people to lofty standards of thought and conduct.

Chapter XXIX

THE SNAKE STRIKES

"Your Bolshevik will stop at nothing to strike down the patriotic man of God."

—From a letter by Doctor Redfield to the Reverend Edwin Loveland, D.D., April 5, 1921

Even the wisest of men occasionally finds his confidence misplaced. Unfortunately Doctor Redfield encountered this fact in his effort to lead Miss Kennedy in the direction of right thinking.

On March 18, 1921, George F. Moore, who was still president of the Board of Regents, paid an unannounced visit to Thompson Walker University.

Ushered into Doctor Redfield's office, he was met with the usual sincere cordiality of the great educator. Mr. Moore, however, was manifestly embarrassed, though about what Doctor Redfield could not see. Mr. Moore discussed the weather, the approaching baseball season, the financial situation.

There was a long pause. Doctor Redfield felt that his caller wished to bring up some new subject, and, with his usual tact, he refrained from introducing any topic of his own.

Finally Mr. Moore began again.

"Doctor," he said awkwardly, "you know how much I think of you and how much the Board thinks of you. We know the fine upstanding man you are."

"That is kind of you," interjected Doctor Redfield. "I am proud of your confidence, and I trust I shall always merit it."

"Well, there's a little matter that's come up," continued the regent. "I hate to speak to you about it, because I'm afraid you might misunderstand me. But we're fellow Rotarians, and I think it's up to me to mention it right now. You know a Miss Kennedy, in your library—that stunning blonde?"

Doctor Redfield appeared to his visitor to be startled. As he ex-
plained to me afterward, the thought came to him that Miss Kennedy might again have become the instrument through which the minds of youth were corrupted by unpatriotic and immoral literature, and that news of it might have reached the Board of Regents. When he spoke, however, it was with perfect calm.

"I know her," he affirmed. "But I should hardly call her stunning. She is a moderately good-looking young woman, scarcely of the type, though, that a scholarly man notices closely. I'm afraid you business men are too easily impressed—that's one place we educators have it on you," he concluded with a smile.

"Well, anyway, Doctor Redfield," persisted Mr. Moore, "you ought to know that Miss Kennedy is circulating stories about you."

"About me?" inquired President Redfield, in astonishment. "Does she object to the ideals that I have held up before her as a librarian?"

"No, not exactly that," answered Mr. Moore hesitatingly. "It really hasn't got a lot to do with ideals. She's telling a story about your inviting her to your office Christmas morning and giving her a book and then trying to—well, you know, making improper proposals to her."

To a man of Doctor Redfield's character, such an accusation must have come with a severe shock. He was too surprised to reply. He closed his eyes in thought as Mr. Moore went on:

"It seems she's been telling this story to her friends, laughing about you and saying how funny she thought it was."

Doctor Redfield could not allow this to pass unchallenged. "Laughing about me! Laughing about me!" he repeated. "Has this woman no sense of propriety?"

"That's not the worst of it," continued Mr. Moore, shaking his head. "I'd been hearing her story from several sources—my nephew, for one. And then George Litchfield came back from a week-end party down at Cedar Run. It seems Miss Kennedy was there. Well, that Sunday night, Litchfield says, a young newspaper man named Mercer dressed up in a college gown, and took an elk's head off the wall and used it for a hat. Then he put a big Rotary design on the front of the gown, and he and Miss Kennedy acted out the scene that she says happened in your office. Litchfield's been quoting lines from the scene ever since. He says at the end she laughed and said, 'Oh, Professor, how could you?' and then ran off the stage. It wasn't really a stage, of course—just a part of a room. I couldn't see anything funny in what she said, but Litchfield seems to think it's great—says he wrote to a friend about it, and this fellow's going to use it for the title of a story or something."

Doctor Redfield glowed with righteous anger. He rose from his chair and brought his fist down on his desk as he shouted:

"Those are lies. Lies devised to discredit me. Lies devised to hurt the University."

Mr. Moore raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Of course, of course, they are," he agreed apologetically. "I know you too well to accept her story, though, just speaking as a fellow Elk, I wouldn't mind trying something with her myself. She certainly has a figure." He leaned forward and nudged Doctor Redfield, then closed his eyes reminiscently.

"You know her, then?" inquired Doctor Redfield. "You know the kind of woman she is?"

"Well, I don't know that I'd say that," replied Mr. Moore. "I did go to see her after Litchfield did all this talking. I thought I'd try and straighten this thing out quietly. I told her I knew of a good library job with a cement organization in New York that I could get for her. It would pay a little better than what she gets here, and it would get rid of all the rumors that I was sure were unpleasant to her."

"Did she take the position?" interrupted Doctor Redfield.

"No, she didn't—that's just the trouble," explained the regent. "She said the rumors weren't unpleasant to her, that she was getting lots of fun out of the thing. She stuck to her story, but didn't blame you—said she'd been insulted by more intelligent men even than you."
"The brazen creature!" Doctor Redfield interjected. "A woman of that sort could corrupt the thought of all the boys and girls in the University."

"Yes, yes," assented Mr. Moore. "I can't approve of a woman who takes that attitude toward the—well, the sacred things of life, like womanhood and all that. There was another thing she said, too, that didn't set well with me, though it is kind of funny—I had to laugh when she said it. She says I ought to tell you that people who live in glass houses shouldn't undress in the light."

"Mr. Moore," said Doctor Redfield solemnly, "I fear you are not taking this young woman's conduct seriously enough. I shouldn't ordinarily venture to advise you, but I really feel that you should have told her that her usefulness in this institution was at an end and that she should accept the position in New York if she were to have a position at all. One cannot rightly compromise with indecency. You have shown her the utmost kindness. What return have you? Only ribald remarks that you would not repeat to a pure woman."

"Well, of course, I told her I couldn't believe her story," Mr. Moore explained. "I said there'd never been a word of suspicion about you in the nine years I've known you. But she stuck to her story—said it was nothing to her but it was true. Said she'd come to your office with her nephew and left him outside the building when she went in and he looked through the window and saw you try to hug and kiss her."

Doctor Redfield again rose impressively to his feet.

"That, my friend and fellow Rotarian, is a lie," he pronounced solemnly. "Not only is she willing to lie herself, but she is willing to bring her innocent little nephew into it. I've befriended that girl since she came to this institution. If I had let you men know about the books she kept in the library, you would have dismissed her in five minutes. I've tried all the fall to convert her to American ideals, because I thought she had ability and ought to use it for the good of our common country. And now she makes this silly charge against me. It is easy to see where it comes from, Mr. Moore; it comes from Moscow. You know as well as I do about the flood of Russian gold being sent to America to corrupt our youth. This is a sample of it—an agent of the Bolshevists working her way into Thompson Walker University so that she might bore from within, and then attacking the man who thwarted her traitorous plans. Why, she had even begun to corrupt the mind of my seventeen-year-old daughter. I was too lenient with Miss Kennedy—too lenient. I should have recommended her dismissal the moment she gave me cause to suspect her."

"Doctor, you said a mouthful," declared Mr. Moore emphatically. "There's no room for Bolshevism in our educational institutions. I wish you had fired her long ago, and then we'd have had no trouble. I tried to show her how wrong it was to talk about you, her superior officer, and a man who'd done what you have for this University and for education. Why, it's almost like criticizing Harding."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," remonstrated Doctor Redfield. "I am just a humble educator, but I do have pride in my reputation."

"Naturally you do," assented the other, "but we have a difficult situation here. Just yesterday Litchfield stopped at my office and left this note. I was out, and so I didn't get a chance to talk with him."

He handed Doctor Redfield a penciled sheet. The educator read it:

Dear Moore:

You know, as I said yesterday, I don't give a damn what old Redfield does, but I hate like hell to have the president of the University write himself down an ass.

LITCHFIELD.

For a moment Doctor Redfield was speechless. Then he conquered his anger and spoke with his usual poise:

"This letter, with its profanity, is characteristic of Litchfield. He
never has supported me or my ideals. But what is he going to do?"

"He told me day before yesterday he was going to ask for a hearing by the Board on these charges," explained Mr. Moore. "I tried to talk him out of it, but I don't know whether I got very far or not. I'm mighty sorry—I've done all I could."

There was silence for a moment. Doctor Redfield was bowed in thought. Then he raised his head triumphantly and spoke with decision and vigor.

"If Litchfield had not demanded a hearing, I would demand one. I must be vindicated, and this University must be made safe for Americanism."

Chapter XXX

A BLOW TO EDUCATION

"There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight."

—Woodrow Wilson

Stunned though Doctor Redfield was by the monstrous accusation against him, his first thought was not of himself, but of his family. His wife, frail woman, must know the truth at once; he must not permit her to be hurt by false stories that might come to her ears.

Afer Mr. Moore had left, Doctor Redfield spent an hour in silent meditation. Then he went home and disclosed to his wife the charge that had been made by Miss Kennedy.

Mrs. Redfield could hardly believe her ears.

"I'd like to horsewhip that woman," she exclaimed. "Why, I've had her here to tea three times, and then she tries to take away my husband. That little washed-out blonde with her chiffon stockings—and she thinks a brainy man would be interested in her. I guess she doesn't know how critical you are about the way people look."

"She's lying, of course—all Soviet agents lie," interjected Doctor Redfield tolerantly. He was pleased with his wife's positiveness, so in contrast with her somewhat apologetic attitude on less critical occasions.

"She isn't good-looking, not a bit of it," Mrs. Redfield went on. "Why, both of our maids are better looking, and you know how you've always said you wished our maids were more attractive, so it would make a better impression on our guests."

"I was merely joking," Doctor Redfield pointed out, "though I have noticed that some men in the civic clubs and fraternal orders are always interested in a pretty woman, wherever they find her. Of course a man of scholarship and ideals has no time for women, except the woman whom he has made his wife." Doctor Redfield rose, patted his wife's head, and kissed her cheek.

"I know it, dear," said Mrs. Redfield confidently. "I've never been able to keep up with all the big things you're interested in, but I'm sure you never look at any other woman. And to think of that little hussy in the library! Why, all the faculty women hate her. She can't talk about anything but stupid books, and the way she showed her limbs right here in the house at that last tea—why, the Dean of Women said she was going to speak to her about it. And she even says she hates babies. I knew right from the beginning she wasn't a lady. Nobody will believe her story—nobody in the world."

"George Litchfield believes it," mused Doctor Redfield. His frankness and sincerity forbade his concealing any detail from his wife. "He says it's up to me to explain her being in my office on Christmas Day. But that's simple enough. I've been trying all fall to give that girl some
ideals, to make her a force to real Americanism. Ever since Elizabeth told me of reading those horrible books, I’ve realized that something must be done in our library. Well, I flattered myself that finally I had got Miss Kennedy interested in good literature. She told me she liked William Morris. Of course, I don’t approve of his socialistic views, but his poetry’s all right. I read a poem of his—’Love Is Enough’—when I was in college.

“When I was in Chicago a month or so ago, I saw a de luxe edition of ‘The Defense of Guenevere.’”

“Who wrote that?” interrupted Mrs. Redfield. “Professor Wentworth made such a lovely talk on Guenevere at the Wednesday Afternoon Club, and I wondered who wrote the poem about her.”

“Morris wrote that one,” replied her husband. “I got the book for you and me to give to Miss Kennedy to encourage her to read good literature and recommend the right sort of reading to the students. I laid the book down in my office intending to bring it home so Arthur, junior, could take it around with the rest of the gifts.

“Unfortunately, I forgot all about it. I had to go up to the office a few moments Christmas morning, and there was the book. I felt chagrined. I’ll just call up Miss Kennedy, I thought, and if she’s home I’ll leave the book at her apartment as I drive down. She wasn’t there, and so I called up the library. She answered the phone and said she’d stop in the office on her way down—she had just gone up to the library to get a couple of magazines. Well, she stopped and got the book and told me how grateful she was to both you and me.

“The next thing I heard was this story from Mr. Moore. I should have dismissed her from the University the moment Elizabeth told me about the books she was getting from the library. You can’t convert a Bolshevik. Why, I might have known it was Morris’ socialism and not his poetry that she was interested in.”

“Did he invent the Morris chair?” inquired Mrs. Redfield, always athirst for information.

“I believe he did, my dear,” answered Doctor Redfield. “I remember something about the firm of Morris and Company.” He was glad that he had encouraged scholarly interests in his wife, even though he had not had time to direct her reading more definitely.

Mrs. Redfield reverted to Miss Kennedy.

“Why don’t you tell them she wasn’t in your office? It would serve her right, the little hussy. Put her out on the streets, where she belongs.”

Doctor Redfield was shocked. He answered immediately:

“Would you have your husband lie? Don’t you know how the Bible says truth is the highest thing a man may keep?”

Then, seeing her obviously unconvinced by his appeal to her sense of ethics, he added:

“In any case, her nephew saw her enter the building.”

“Nobody will believe her, anyway, the shameless creature,” insisted Mrs. Redfield. “There isn’t a woman who knows her that won’t come forward and tell all about her. Think of our having a woman Bolshevik right here in Carrollville, believing in free love and trying to steal our husbands under our very eyes. And the way she dresses, it’s perfectly indecent.”

Inspired by his wife’s confidence, as well as by his own sense of rectitude, President Redfield returned to his office. He was still worried, however, as to the effect of the charges on his beloved University should they become generally known. A hearing, such as Litchfield had mentioned and as he himself had demanded of Mr. Moore, would necessarily bring unfavorable publicity to the institution.

Yet he felt confident that the regents would not grant a hearing once they saw him eager to defend himself against his accusers. The Board, with the possible exception of Litchfield, would realize, in view of his record of probity and Service, that the charges were baseless and that airing them would only do harm. Miss Kennedy, when she found she was not believed, would doubtless cease to circulate her story, seeing that
it merely reflected upon her. He wondered, however, if Mr. Moore would make it sufficiently plain to the Board that he had demanded a hearing.

Lest there be any doubt about the matter, Doctor Redfield dictated a formal letter to the Board of Regents, stating that he understood slanderous insinuations concerning his character were being circulated, and demanding a hearing at the earliest possible date.

"As a man of honor addressing men of honor," he concluded, "I seek the opportunity to face my accusers in the clear light of day. Before you gentlemen and before the citizens of this great State, my life is an open book. Education and educators must, once for all, be freed from the vile innuendos of radical agitators."

What was his surprise when, four days later, there came a reply from Mr. Moore, stating that the Board had considered his request and had set April 20 as the date for the hearing.

"I suppose a public servant must expect ingratitude," he commented to his wife. "But I had thought that after all I had done for this University, the Board of Regents would have hesitated before dignifying such charges with a formal hearing. It's ridiculous."

The longer Doctor Redfield contemplated the action of the Board, the more righteouslv indignant he became. Naturally, he possessed the pride which is characteristic of all high-minded men. Still more deeply he resented the Board's manifest lack of consideration for Thompson Walker University.

His personal desire for vindication struggled with his devotion to the University to which he had given so many fruitful years. As any one knowing him would expect, the unselfish view won. Regretfully, but with calm self-abnegation, he wrote out his resignation, to take effect April 15.

"I trust," he wrote, "that I shall find in the future broader fields for constructive Service. Be that as it may, I am convinced that I am serving by my action today the higher interests of Thompson Walker University. I resign in supreme confidence that truth will prevail and with only charity for those who have misrepresented or misjudged me. Our beloved University shall not, through me, become the center of strife. I would sacrifice much more than its presidency, if need be, for its welfare and for the welfare of American education."

The Board of Regents accepted the resignation in a resolution recording their "gratitude to President Redfield for his achievements, confidence in his high ideals of education and life, and fervent wishes for his future success." The resolution received a unanimous vote. Even Litchfield, as if ashamed of his part in the difficulty, cast his vote in favor of it.

Chapter XXXI

IN SCHOLARLY RETIREMENT

"Exhausting thought,
And living wisdom with each studious year."
—Lord Byron

Doctor Redfield was in no wise worried as to the future. By thrift and prudent investments, he had accumulated a modest fortune, amounting to approximately four hundred thousand dollars. Economically independent, he could devote his energies to whatever field of Service seemed most promising.

Position after position was offered to him. He might have become president of the Greater New Mexico Oil Corporation, then engaged in a
memorable stock-selling campaign. He was invited to become partner in a firm of public relations counsel, headed by Arthur W. Moore, who identified himself as a brother of George F. Moore and explained that the regiment had told him several months before that Doctor Redfield might be available. A correspondence school, just opening, sought Doctor Redfield as its president.

All of these he declined. His attitude toward the commercial openings was masterfully expressed in the concluding paragraph of his letter to the Greater New Mexico Oil Corporation:

"Pray do not misunderstand me. No one believes more firmly than I in the mission of American business. I agree fully with President Harding in his brilliant conclusion that American business is 'an expression of God-given impulse to create, and the savior and guardian of our happiness, and of equal opportunity for all in America.' Nevertheless, while recognizing the possibilities for idealistic Service offered by your great industry, I cannot but feel that for me the life of study which I have followed from my youth up, is the one to which I am by nature and training committed."

Naturally the presidency of the correspondence school was more inviting. Here was a genuine educational enterprise. In it Doctor Redfield could work out, more fully than had ever been possible at Thompson Walker, his ideal of a course in any subject that any citizen desired to study. The salary, however, was two thousand dollars a year lower than he had received as head of the University, and, although mercenary motives were always far from his mind, he properly felt it to be inconsistent with high professional standards or with his own self-respect to accept a stipend less than that to which his position in the educational field had been recognized as entitling him.

Moreover, Doctor Redfield realized that he owed it to the world of education to put into permanent form the significant conclusions that he had reached as a result of his long and successful career in academic administration. The three books which he had published while president of Thompson Walker University, "The Constructive Idealist," "What May Education Gain from the War?" and "Intelligence Tests and Preparation for Life," represented but a fraction of what he would like to say to educators, parents, and American youth. His addresses and magazine articles fell far short of covering the wide field over which his active mind ranged.

His instinct for Service in this direction was stimulated by Willis Garver, head of the Garver Daily Newspapers and the Garver Syndicate, who invited him to contribute a series of signed articles of the general type of "The Master's Pearl." The newspaper owner agreed that these should later be published in book form.

The series entitled "Little Sermons to Parents" was so successful that it was followed by three others, "Little Sermons to Teachers," "Little Sermons to Boys," and "Little Sermons to Girls." The four books were published successively from 1922 to 1924. In 1925 appeared still another work, "The Service Club and the Schools," which went through three editions within a year.

Few events, aside from the publications of his books, marked these years of Doctor Redfield's life. He devoted himself to the scholarly life—his studies and his literary labors. Although in constant demand for public addresses, he resolutely but courteously declined all but a few invitations, which, coming from great national organizations of Service, he felt in duty bound to accept.

One of these, from the Society for the Promotion of Religious Education, took him for the first time to Florida, one of only four States in the Union that he had not previously visited. The patriotic citizens, anxious to add the name of so prominent a figure to their list of investors, showed him lot after lot in the leading cities. He immediately recognized the opportunities that existed in the State, but determined to make further investigations of his own. As a result, he quietly purchased small pieces of property, so located that future expansion would
almost certainly necessitate their purchase at a figure which he could set.

On this occasion Doctor Redfield also found opportunity to renew his friendship with Mrs. Barnes, the widow of his old professor. She had moved to Florida some years before, and now lived in Miami. She seemed to Doctor Redfield to have aged but little in appearance and not at all in spirit, and his visit with her was stimulating and refreshing.

This trip to Florida was the beginning of his interest in the State. Here he found, as he himself expressed it, "a garden spot of opportunity." Thereafter he made frequent visits to the East Coast, increasing his investments and becoming acquainted with the outstanding business leaders.

Doctor Redfield's first and to date his only novel, "The Promised Land," was an act of Service to Florida and indeed to progressive American citizenship everywhere. The book, as many of my readers will recall, tells a charming love story. It begins with two poor but honest young people who listen to a sermon on "The Promised Land" in a little New England church, and ends, after many thrilling incidents, in a sun-kissed orange grove overlooking the blue waters off the east coast of Florida. Here the youth and the maiden attain final happiness. No work of fiction ever produced in the United States has preached more soundly the principles of true Americanism or been a more potent stimulus to the prosperity of any State. In it is no word which might not fittingly be read by a child of twelve years, so that its influence in the United States, it is safe to predict, will be felt for at least a generation.

Doctor Redfield was especially pleased by the reception accorded to his novel by the Men of Vision, who ordinarily, he reflected, take little interest in fiction. In 1924 the Greater Florida Land Corporation, as most of my readers are aware, sponsored a contest in which all children of school age in the United States were invited to submit essays on the subject, "Why I Want to Live in Florida." Building lots were awarded to the hundred prize winners, but 1,411 copies of "The Promised Land" were purchased for the boys and girls receiving honorable mention.

Deep personal satisfaction accrued to Doctor Redfield from the fact that he found himself able to devote more time to his family than had been the case when he was a university president. Elizabeth who entered Thompson Walker University in 1921, delighted her father's heart by deciding to study advertising. He had feared she would wish to devote her attention to decadent modern literature, but found, happily, that her interest in that direction had represented merely a passing phase. Through his influence, she obtained employment in advertising and publicity each summer, and by the time of her graduation had made so remarkable a record that she was appointed by the Atlas Advertising Company as contact woman for the Fairy Kiss cosmetic account.

Arthur, junior, entered high school when not quite thirteen years old. Evidently he had inherited his father's scholastic abilities and tastes. Doctor Redfield was pleased to see his son follow in his footsteps in other respects also. The boy interested himself in all school affairs. He was elected president of the sophomore class, and the next years represented his school in the State Interscholastic Oratorical Contest with a patriotic speech glorifying Service, "that principle which has made the ideals of American business higher than the noblest religious aspirations of other peoples, which has crowned our nation with the bright jewels of altruism brought in honest tribute from every race under Heaven, which has fulfilled the glowing prophecy of the Scriptures"

* The work was characterized by the Reverend Charles R. Winter, D.D, State Chaplain of the Lions Clubs, as "the great American novel for which we have been looking for a century." Whether this estimate is justified can hardly be finally determined for some time to come, though it has been accepted by many of the clergy and other leaders of American thought. Doctor Redfield modestly disclaims so high a place in literature for his book.
that the Kingdom of the world shall become the Kingdom of God and of His Christ."

Notwithstanding the time required for his study and writing, and the demands of family and friends upon his energies, Doctor Redfield still found it possible to be active in civic clubs, in fraternal orders, in the Y.M.C.A., in the Church, and in other Good Movements. To each of them he gave his sound judgment and at the same time the inspiration of his educational ideals. "Everything in American life," he was fond of saying, "is an educational enterprise."

The real record of the years from 1920 to 1926, however, is to be found not in any biography, but in Doctor Redfield's books. In them is expressed that wholesome educational philosophy which he could only suggest in his public addresses. To these works the searcher for an adequate representation of the principles which have made the United States educationally great will not turn in vain. The words of Mr. Garver, on the jacket of the "Little Sermon" books, are an appropriate commentary:

"What is your idea of the educated man?"
"Doctor Redfield answers you in these little books. He tells you that the educated man—"
"Sings at his work."
"Does to church regularly."
"Is found supporting every Good Movement."
"Will be followed by a homeless dog that recognizes in him a true friend."
"Loves dumb animals, helpless children, defenseless women, and God."
"Seeks to help his neighbor repair his tire on the road."
"Always kisses his wife good-by."
"Speaks reverently of all women."
"Does his bit to make his community a better place to live in."
"Helps keep American business the biggest and best in the world."
"These and many other qualifications Doctor Redfield lays down in his fascinating Little Sermons!"

"If you can fulfill his requirement for an educated man, you will enjoy the feeling of satisfaction that comes of approval by high authority."
"If you cannot fulfill them, Doctor Redfield will teach you the methods that he has found successful through years of experience."
"He will teach your boy."
"He will teach your girl."
"In opening these books, you are entering the classroom of one of America's greatest educators. It will be a fascinating experience for you."

"You won't find a drillmaster. Doctor Redfield doesn't wear a cap and gown. He wears a plain blue serge business suit, and in summer time he goes around in his shirt sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned."

"Doctor Redfield will sit in your rocking chair. He will smoke a cigar with you—if ladies are not present. He will listen to your radio set and tell you what radio means to education. He will go to prayer meeting, to Rotary Club, to the basketball game with you. He eats peanuts. He drinks pop."

"Meet Doctor Redfield in these entrancing, helpful books. He is the personification of educated America. But he is just folks."

Chapter XXXII

EVER ONWARD

"Each day new mountain tops of success tower before aspiring youth. The educated man is he who can carve out the shortest and easiest path up the mountains."

—Doctor Redfield before the Southeastern Congress of Civic Clubs, Atlanta, Georgia, December 1, 1925

Doctor Redfield is one of those rare souls that are never content
with their achievements, however remarkable; such men must go on endlessly throughout their lives, seeking new ways of progress for the race of mankind. Of this truth I received fresh confirmation when, after practically completing my biography of the great educator, I went to Jacksonville in response to an urgent telegram from him.

I met him in his hotel suite. I had not seen him for a number of months, and I was newly inspired by his appearance of youthful vigor. The Rotary wheel in his buttonhole and the elk's tooth and Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain reminded me, as always, that here was a man who applied education to its noblest end—idealistic American business. On the table lay an open Bible.

"We are doing great things down here, great things," he told me, putting his arm affectionately about my shoulders. "This is God's garden spot. I never think of Florida without a feeling of reverence. Here is holy ground. I said to the Kiwanis Club the other day in ending a speech of mine, 'If I forget thee, O Florida, let my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Florida above my chief joy.'"

"But how about business conditions?" I inquired.

"They are good," he replied emphatically. "We are now on a solid, permanent basis. I disposed of my holdings some two years ago, but only because I wanted to be free to serve Florida wherever I might be called on to do so. I did not want the responsibility of constantly looking after property. I have made a little over two million dollars, and I am going to devote this to the good of mankind. You may be surprised to hear it, but I am going back into academic life. And you know how a little money will help there."

"A university presidency?" I ventured.

"Exactly," assented Doctor Redfield. His face glowed as he touched upon the subject.

"We're starting a new institution down here," he went on. "All the Service clubs, the Rotarians, the Kiwanians, the Lions, the Civitans, and the rest are back of it. We are going to make it an institution of Service. The first thing to be considered in every classroom, whether the subject is Sanskrit or economics or botany or cheese-making, will be how we can make the subject serve Florida, America, and the world. And you know how every subject can.

"Why, down in the South here, there's a lot of opposition to the teaching of evolution. We're going to teach it. I believe in freedom for the teacher. But we're going to teach it so that folks will see it's really a part of religion. Christ himself taught it. Why, the principle of Service itself is an evolution."

Doctor Redfield then conferred upon me the highest honor that has ever been vouchsafed me. He offered me the headship of the department of English philology in his new university. I was flattered that a man of such distinction in both education and Service should have thought of me in this connection, but I protested.

"I really don't know any philology," I said. "I took an elementary course in Old English in college, and that's all. And I've forgotten what I learned in it. I can't tell you how honored I feel at your thought of me for your great institution of Service, but I can't deliver the goods."

"But you don't understand, my boy," Doctor Redfield explained. "You haven't given me time to tell you the duties of the position. You don't have to know the details of philology. I doubt if there will be demand for a single course in it. Not many of the upstanding young fellows that are preparing for genuine Service will want to bother with as tame a subject.

"If there is any demand, we can get some young chap from Harvard to come and teach it for eighteen hundred dollars a year. I wouldn't have you teach philology even if you knew it. I want you for better things.

"You've followed the writing game ever since you left college. You know how to get things over to the public. That's what I want you for.
We've got to hold the interest of these splendid clubs that are backing the University. Lots of college presidents would employ a publicity director for that. But I won't. I used to do it, but I'm convinced it's out of accord with true educational practice. I want to preserve the atmosphere of high scholarship in everything that the University does. As I told my board of trustees the other day, we can't emphasize scholarship too much these days.

"You can see yourself what prestige it will give the University and all scholarly movements to have articles in all the Service magazines, signed by the professor of philology. It will make every red-blooded man see that scholarship and Service go together, at least in our institution.

"And you can go out now and then to make a talk to the Rotarians or Kiwanians. They'll sit up and take notice when a professor of philology talks to them about the profits in Service. They've heard plenty of speeches by professors of advertising and dairy management, but philology is something different. Most of them won't have any idea what it means.

"Just take old Bill Dilworth, in the Palm View Lions Club. I'd like to see his face when the professor of philology gets through speaking and they ask you what you'd like to hear the club sing and you lead them in 'Ham and Eggs'."

Doctor Redfield pulled from his hip pocket a long silver flask, and beat time with it as he sang:

"Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
I like mine fried good and brown,
I like mine turned upside down,
Flip 'em, flip 'em,
Flip 'em, flip 'em,
Ham and eggs."

"Yes, I'd certainly like to see old Bill Dilworth's face," he concluded.

"By the way, pardon me for not offering you a drink before," he apologized, handing me the flask and a glass. "I seldom think of liquor for I use it, of course, simply as a medicine, to keep my strength up for the duties of life. I am an ardent prohibitionist, as I'm sure you are. I know how prohibition has helped the working classes. We wouldn't have built up Florida the way we have if people had been spending their money in the saloons."

"But about that position." I brought the conversation back to the original topic. "It tempts me, but I want to think it over."

"That's the thing to do," agreed Doctor Redfield. "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast!" That line from Browning is worth following. I quote it often when people tell me poetry is useless."

Somewhat later, with sincere regret, I declined the position. Happy though I should be to be associated with Doctor Redfield in his remarkable educational enterprise, I am convinced that I can better serve humanity by devoting my humble talents to the portrayal of great characters. The incident itself is presented only to illustrate the modernity of Doctor Redfield's views and his grasp of education problems.

From many sources I learn of the expansion of his plans for the new University and of the vision which he is bringing to this significant work. There, in the land of sunshine—appropriate symbol of the light of learning—he will, I am confident, make a new impress upon American education and American life, bringing directly into the training of our youth those motives first urged by the divine Rotarian, and exemplified today in the everyday life of Men of Vision:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

"He profits most who serves best."

"We build."

Or, as the thought was fittingly expressed on Doctor Redfield's 1926 Christmas card:
Hitch your auto to a star,
Grab the wheel, never squeal,
Say a prayer and you'll get there,
Landed high, without a jar.

APPENDICES

An Educational Creed

BY ARTHUR PATRICK REDFIELD, PH.D., LL.D.

I believe in the boy, whose smile is the prophecy of true American optimism, and the honesty of whose countenance is compelling evidence that American business will ever put Service first.

I believe in the girl, the purity of whose glance typifies ideal womanhood, and the wholesomeness of whose mind guarantees the continuing progress of the race.

I believe in the little red schoolhouse and the ivied cloisters of the college, in the homelike classroom of the simple schoolmistress and the mysterious laboratory of the learned scientist, in the practicality of the three R's and the intricacies of astronomy and paleontology.

I believe in the American school system from beginning to end, the greatest that the world has yet devised, the trainer of our statesmen, the inspirer of our business, the guardian of our ideals, a great nation's witness to noble standards in a selfish and decadent world.

I believe that the profession of the teacher is the highest known to mankind, that he or she who leads the innocent child up the steep but rewarding ladder of learning is pursuing the road to mansions not made with hands.

I believe that all education should be idealistic but practical, truthful but tactful, even upholding the standards of Christianity and the United States, ever maintaining that "he profits most who serves best," and ever exemplifying perfect loyalty to community, State, Nation, and God.

I believe that closer cooperation between the two great reflections of American ideals—American business and American education—will result in larger profits, broader Service, and a more exalted conception of Americanism.

I believe that education should inculcate the old-fashioned virtues and the eternal principles of democracy, to the end that we may realize that he who with thrift and frugality measures his own income is as great as he who measures the scope of the starry heavens.

I believe in the glory of the commonplace; the romance of American business; the joy of achievement; the adventure of democracy; the sanctity of property; the sacredness of humanity; the power of great ideals; the divinity of patriotism; the life of Service; and the grace of Almighty God—all of them to be realized in fullest measure through American education.

WORDS OF INSPIRATION

An Analysis of the Vocabulary of Arthur Patrick Redfield, Ph.D., LL.D.

The idealism of a great leader is communicated to others not only through his achievements and personality, but through his words.

*This creed, written in 1914, has been adopted by numerous educational organizations, and has been commended by many associations of business men.
Doctor Redfield's outstanding ability as a speaker and writer makes this side of his work of peculiar interest.

The writer, therefore, has examined Doctor Redfield's books, articles, speeches, letters with reference to their vocabulary, and has selected those inspirational words which he has found most frequently used. Not only, it is believed, will these words afford a further key to the distinguished leader's character, which forms the basis of his achievements, but they will doubtless also furnish inspiration to young men and women who would emulate, in however humble a way, the virtues of this great educator.

In the list appended, no word appears which is used fewer than five hundred times in the writings and addresses of Doctor Redfield. The figure indicates the number of times each word is employed:

- Service, 2,463
- Idealism, 1,862
- Constructive, constructive, 1,741
- Optimism, 1,687
- Achievement, 1,679
- Practical, 1,616
- Leadership, 1,584
- Richer, 1,565
- Fuller, 1,549
- Larger, 1,498
- Efficiency, 1,490
- Business, 1,481
- Forward-looking, 1,397
- Unselfish, 1,231
- Americanism, 1,215
- Salesmanship, 1,119
- Consecrated, 1,102
- Red-blooded, 1,086
- Noble, nobility, 1,063
- High-minded, 1,011
- Sacrifice, 942
- 100 percent, 933
- Divine, 902
- Democracy, 840
- Altruism, 751
- Patriotism, patriotic, 722
- Cooperation, 701
- Adventure, 662
- Contact, 630
- Womanhood, 641
- Pure, purity, 639
- Progress, 565
- Providence, 549
- Standards, 530
- Humble, 501

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* Only books by Doctor Redfield are included in this bibliography, the limitations of space preventing the inclusion of his many magazine articles. The writer hopes in the near future to compile and publish a complete bibliography of Doctor Redfield's writings.