

The  
**PALIMPSEST**  
MAY 1934  
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THE EDITOR

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### THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

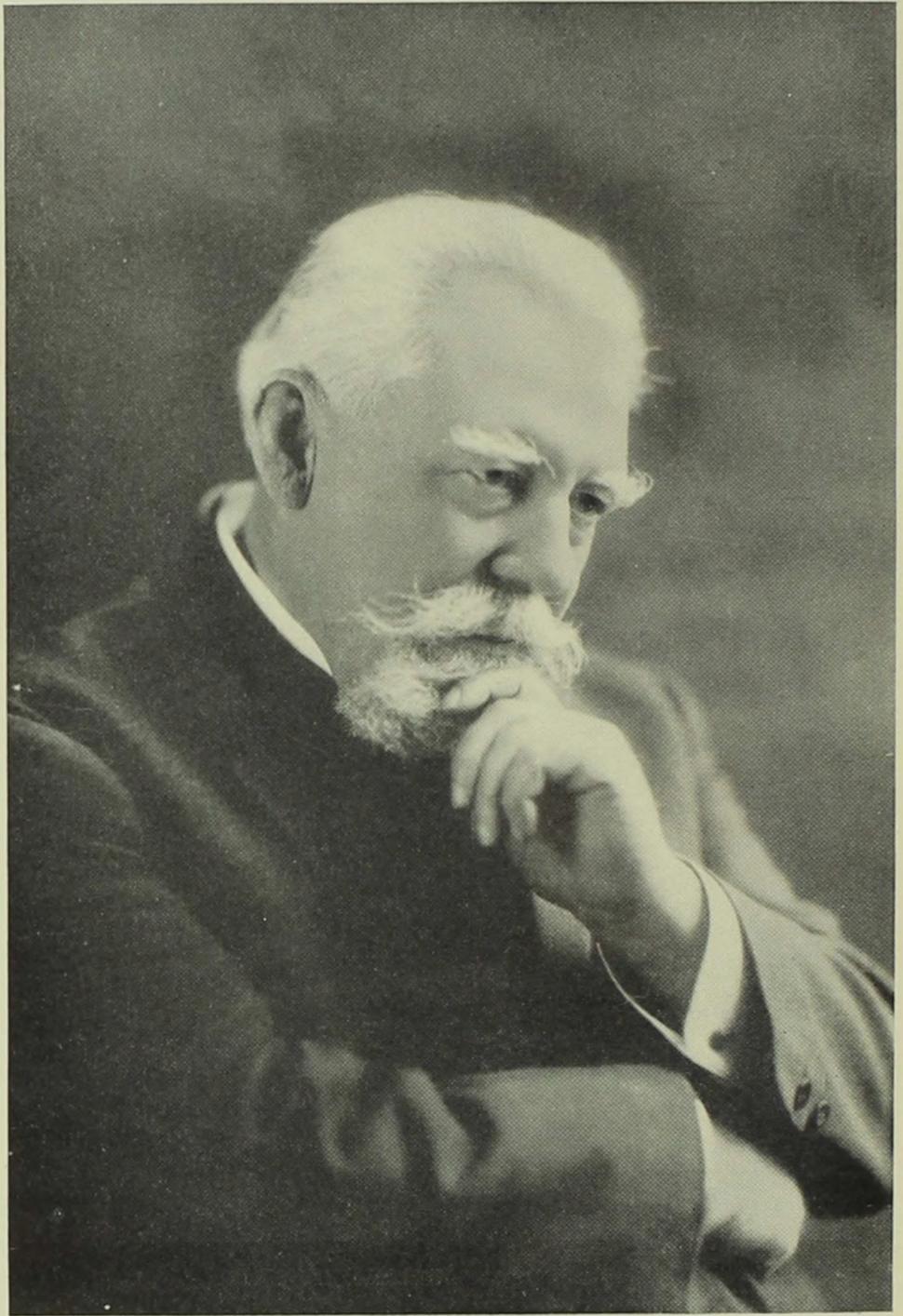
*Superintendent*

### THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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THOMAS HUSTON MACBRIDE

# THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

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## The Man

In the summer of 1854, a buckboard was trailing along the roads from Tennessee to Indiana, across Indiana and Illinois, to the Mississippi River. In this wagon were a man and woman with four children, the oldest a boy of six years, the youngest a baby six weeks old. In the rush of settlers westward, the creaking of ox wagons, and the plump, plump of horses' feet in the dust or mud of the dirt roads neither the vehicle nor its occupants attracted attention; it was only one more wagon bound for Iowa.

Yet in the movements of this migrating family centered a story far more important than the search of a man for a farm. The father, a man in his early thirties, was James Bovard McBride, descendant of several generations of Scotch-Irish teachers and preachers. His father had established a Presbyterian academy at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and he himself was a graduate of

a Presbyterian theological seminary. Having been ordained to preach in 1847, James McBride went into eastern Tennessee, taking with him as his bride, Sarah, the daughter of Thomas Huston.

The oldest child of this couple was a boy, born at Rogersville, Tennessee, on July 31, 1848. They named him Thomas Huston for his maternal grandfather.

The border States between the free and slave areas were hotbeds of strife in those days and James Bovard McBride, Scotch-Irish Presbyterian that he was, did not trim his sails or lie quietly in the harbor of abstract theories until the storm had passed. To him slavery was wrong, and like the prophets of old he made known his message of condemnation. It was no more popular than those of Elijah, of Israel. His congregation, outraged by his attacks on a cherished institution, finally served notice on their minister that if he did not leave he would be driven from the community by violence. Hence the buckboard headed for Iowa — the first free State in the Louisiana Purchase.

Crossing the Mississippi River at Burlington, the family made their way into southeastern Iowa where the Reverend McBride selected a farm near Salem in Henry County. But the prairie of Iowa did not satisfy the soul of this Presbyterian minis-

ter. By 1857 he was preaching at New London and for the remainder of his long life he served churches in various Iowa towns.

During the years in the new home the McBride children, six in all, lived the usual pioneer life, but always with the background of education, culture, and religion. There were homely tasks for the oldest boy — farm work, wood to chop, and later odd jobs of lathing and carpentering. Nor was life all work. Around the home lay the prairie, with its waving grass, its multi-colored flowers, its thousands of brightly plumaged birds. In the winter there was the drifting snow. Prairie fires made the horizon luminous with danger. All this made a deep impression on the mind of the beauty-loving boy.

And formal education was not neglected in this pioneer home. How could it be in the presence of James and Sarah McBride? By the time Thomas — Huston he was often called — was five years old he had learned to read. He attended one of the newly organized country schools in that pioneer land, and long afterwards — in 1897 — he wrote the story of the building of the first schoolhouse, and many years after that he included the story in his reminiscent volume *In Cabins and Sod-Houses*. For the most part, however, it appears that the home must have provided much of

the education which formed the basis for his cultural development.

His parents, hoping perhaps that this first-born son would carry on the traditions of the family and enter the ministry, and certainly believing in the importance of a cultural education, encouraged the boy to plan for college. Even in those days Thomas Huston McBride attracted attention because of his unusual mind and character. At fourteen, it is said, he was substituting as a teacher of Latin, and while still in his teens he was a teacher in the country schools. With the assistance of his parents he found it possible to attend Lenox College at Hopkinton, Iowa, where he met Samuel Calvin, a self-educated scientist, who was teaching natural science at the college. Later McBride went to Monmouth College, at Monmouth, Illinois, graduating in 1869 at the age of twenty-one. During one interval he taught school in a French community near Nauvoo, where he learned to speak French. In 1873 he received the M. A. degree from Monmouth, and in 1891 he was for half a year a student at the University of Bonn. Indeed, it was characteristic of the man that his mind was ever on the move.

In college his interest turned to literature and languages. Perhaps as an economic stepping-stone to a literary career, perhaps because teach-

ing appealed to him, the autumn of 1870 found Thomas H. McBride instructor in mathematics and modern languages at Lenox College.

There he remained eight years and there he met Harriet Diffenderfer, a student at the college, who became his wife on December 31, 1875. In the summers he continued his study of science with Samuel Calvin, the two young men taking long trips together.

It was not surprising, then, that when Calvin came to the State University of Iowa in 1874 as Professor of Natural Science, he should have found a place in the same field for his associate. In September, 1878, Thomas Huston McBride came to Iowa City as Assistant Professor of Natural Science. He was then just past thirty years of age. The *University Reporter* for October, 1878, in announcing the arrival of this man who was to become in the next fifty years perhaps the most loved and revered member of the faculty, merely remarked: "Prof. McBride is very satisfactorily spoken of by those reciting to him."

From this time until his death in Seattle, Washington, on March 27, 1934, Thomas Huston Macbride was an integral part of the State University of Iowa. His name, be it noted, changed its spelling meanwhile — about 1895 in the *University Catalogue* — a reversion to the older Scotch form.

The age of science was just beginning when Calvin and Macbride began their partnership at the University. Gradually they enlarged and then divided the field of natural science, always keeping in touch with each other's work, always close friends until the death of Dr. Calvin in 1911. Calvin, the sterner character of the two, preferred geology; Macbride, gentler, more beauty-loving, chose the field of plants, to specialize in the microscopic slime moulds. In the fall of 1883 he became Professor of Botany and Systematic Zoology, and six years later another division made him Professor of Botany. In 1902 he was made head of the Department of Botany. From 1887 until 1893 he served as secretary of the faculty.

When President John G. Bowman resigned on March 21, 1914, the Board of Education turned to the man who had the respect and love of all who knew the University, and on March 27th named Thomas Huston Macbride Acting President of the University to take office on April 1st. In the following September his title was changed from Acting President to President.

"Not a man on the university faculty knows Iowa so well as President Macbride", declared an editorial in the *Clinton Herald*. "He knows its people as well as he knows its flowers and its trees. He understands their needs, and under-

standing that, he knows the mission of the university.

"President Macbride will work harmoniously with the faculty. He is already the idol of the entire body of alumni, and has the profoundest respect of the students."

But the office of President of a State University is an exacting and strenuous position, not especially attractive to a man of scientific and philosophic bent. At the close of the academic year in 1916, President Macbride, then sixty-eight, resigned the presidency and became President Emeritus.

After his retirement, President Macbride divided his time between Iowa City, where his presence was always a benediction to the University, and Seattle, where he could be near his son, Philip D. Macbride, and his daughter, Miss Jean Macbride. His wife, Harriet Diffenderfer Macbride, died on May 28, 1927. Two daughters — Elizabeth and Ruth — had died in infancy.

The fifty years and more which Professor Macbride spent on the University campus brought honors as well as responsibilities. Lenox College gave him an honorary Ph. D. degree in 1895. His alma mater, Monmouth College, bestowed the LL. D. degree in 1914, and Coe College duplicated this degree in 1915. In 1928 the State Uni-

versity of Iowa celebrated the completion of Dr. Macbride's fifty years of service to the University by adding its LL. D. degree. He was then almost eighty years of age, of medium height, heavy-set, but still active. The coal black hair and beard of fifty years before was snowy white, but to look into his kindly, keen hazel eyes was to know that the spirit of this man was not old, that life to him was still an adventure.

It was, of course, inevitable that a man of Professor Macbride's scholarship and social instincts should find a place in the many organizations intended to promote the activities in which he was interested. A long list of scientific societies follows his name in *Who's Who*. He was a member of both Sigma Xi and Phi Beta Kappa, a Mason, and an active member of the Presbyterian Church.

As a teacher Professor Macbride was a rare combination of scientist, philosopher, and friend. Under his magic touch botany became, not a dead science devoted to analysis, but a door swinging open to a garden where all the plants from the tall oaks to the mould on a crust of bread carried on their amazing and beautiful existence. His conception of education was broader than science. It might be, he said, "either physical, and look to bodily strength; or vocational, for business; or cul-

tural, for culture; or religious, for faith and duty."

In his busy life as a teacher and a scientist, Dr. Macbride did not forget that he was a citizen. His love of beauty and his knowledge of plant life early made him an advocate of parks — local, county, and State. As early as 1895 Professor Macbride wrote an appeal for "County Parks" asking that land be set aside in rural areas for public use. Ten years later he was elected a member of the first park board in Iowa City.

When the Iowa Park and Forestry Association was organized in 1901 he became its first president. In the president's address delivered at the meeting in December, 1902, Dr. Macbride expressed something of his love of the outdoors when he said: "There are thousands of us who love Nature for her own sake; who rejoice in the trees and streams because they are beautiful, because they attract us away from all that is sordid and petty and mean, and lead us to more quiet and peaceful thoughts, to the love of living."

Appreciation of the loveliness of the natural scenery of Iowa and his wish to preserve it for others made Professor Macbride an advocate of conservation, not as a sportsman or on a commercial basis, but as a man of vision who wished to leave a worthy heritage for the people of the future Iowa. It was this dream of making Iowans

conscious of the beauty of their State, as well as his interest in scientific research relating to Iowa, which led him to give so much time and money to the founding and promotion of the Lakeside Laboratory at Lake Okoboji.

Professor Macbride never lost his interest in literature. His familiarity with several foreign languages grew ever more intimate. That he might have been a poet is evident from the beauty of his prose and from his knowledge of the works of the great writers. A marvelous memory enabled him to call to mind, apparently at will, some poet's words to fit almost any occasion. Indeed, he sometimes wrote poetry, though not often for publication.

His prose, however, lacked only the form of verse. "In the lowlands, under the general name of slough-grass, sedges covered thousands of acres with a mantle of deepest green, whose lustrous sheen went waving in the breath of summer like the rolling of the tropic sea", he wrote for the *Iowa Historical Record* in 1895. "In moister meadows the *Habenaria*, the green fringed orchid, waved its creamy spikes and the wild lilies tossed their fiery cups. Everywhere *Lobelias* sprang and in the swamps wild parsnip stood in forests and hemlock filled the air with odors rank. Later in the year the composites took the field completely.

The sunflowers spread their cloth of gold, the torches of *Liatris* flared, the compass plant marked with edge-set leaves the meridian of the prairie and lifted its tall stems distilling resin."

This love of beauty was, indeed, one of the most pronounced characteristics of Dr. Macbride. He knew and loved good music, art, poetry, all the things which make life fine. He knew the woodlands, the lakes, the native prairie sod of Iowa as a scientist, but he loved them as an artist and a poet.

Nor was the interest of Professor Macbride limited to nature. Always he was counted as one who loved his fellowmen. His courtesy was un-failing, even in routine class work. Students were people to him, friends. His memory for the names and faces of those with whom he was associated was phenomenal. In the earlier days and even in the middle years of the University's growth, it is said he knew every student on the campus by name. He was kind to them in their perplexities and his interest followed them into their lives outside the campus. "When we lost what was then our youngest child", wrote a former student, "the letter Dr. Macbride wrote us with his own hand is one of the few we elected to keep always." Said a member of the Department of Botany, "I have known Professor Macbride for

fifty-six years, and in those years I have never heard him say an unkind thing."

The Greek culture, which Dr. Macbride admired, made beauty — accuracy, proportion, and balance — the keystone of life. This he himself possessed, but this alone does not explain his personality. He carried through life a vision of the splendor of God and man's duty to God and his fellowmen. In his career as a scientist there was, apparently, no conflict between the facts of science and the revelations of God. Perhaps this was because his scientific knowledge was an outgrowth of his own study and thought, not a shoot grafted upon an immature mind. His religion was optimistic, kindly; his faith serene and confident.

From the day in 1854 when the six-year-old lad crossed the Mississippi River on the ferry at Burlington until March 27, 1934, Thomas Huston Macbride was an asset to Iowa. He was a cultured scholar, a renowned scientist, an effective orator, an inspiring teacher, a beloved friend, a patriotic citizen, a true gentleman, a devoted husband and father — a real Christian.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

## The Scholar

The life of Thomas Huston Macbride ended quietly on March 27, 1934. As President Emeritus of the State University of Iowa, he had lived in Seattle near his daughter, Jean, and his son, Philip. His life there was active, for he had been busy with plans, books, and correspondence up to the hour of his brief, final illness. For a number of years he had returned to the campus for the June Commencement.

In 1930 he addressed the graduating classes assembled beneath the trees facing the Old Capitol. On that occasion he spoke of "Minerva's Temple", comparing the glory and wealth of Athenian culture with the treasures of knowledge and experience associated with the stately old temple on the campus. His last spoken message to the University was his "Charge to the Graduates" in June, 1933. No one present will ever forget the dignity of that scholarly benediction as the "Grand Old Man of Iowa" spoke of his own college days and of his fifty-five years' association with the University of Iowa.

Except for the few evening years, spent on the west coast, Professor Macbride's entire life was

interwoven with the development of the Interior, often less appropriately termed the Middle West. Iowa had been admitted to statehood but two years before his birth. His boyhood lay in the earlier years of our Commonwealth. He watched and shared in that transition period when the forests of eastern Iowa gave place to farms, and plows converted our prairies into fertile fields. This familiarity with the life of pioneer days and the beauty of primitive Iowa left deep impressions on his mind though it was many years before they found partial record in his book of memories, *In Cabins and Sod-Houses*.

The professional life of Professor Macbride was likewise spent in Iowa, mainly as teacher, scientist, and administrator in the service of her University. One of the early students of our flora, fauna, and formations, he was a leader not only in their scientific interpretation but also in the development of their study in the schools, their utilization by the people, and their conservation by the State. He belonged peculiarly to Iowa.

Professor Macbride's education was liberal for that time, though his college course was of the older classical type with emphasis on mathematics and language. Later a leave of absence permitted travel in Europe, study at Bonn, and introduced him to the German universities. In particular it

enabled him to work with the great botanist of that period, Professor Strasburger. While those early cultural studies gave permanent bent to a brilliant mind they did not circumscribe its interests. A precocious student and a great reader throughout his life, he gathered material at first hand and kept pace with a rapidly changing world. Being a master of several languages and a student of literature, his conversation, classroom talks, and public lectures were enriched by a wealth of happy illusion and historical illustration.

Recalling his training and the limited curricula of that period, it was only natural that Professor Macbride's earlier teaching was mainly in the languages and mathematics. Gradually scientific interests developed and their fruitage was the richer because of the classical background. While teaching at Lenox College, 1870-1878, his vacations were largely spent in the field; he took up the intensive study of plants and gradually the avocation became his vocation.

In 1878 he entered upon a service at the State University which was destined to continue without interruption for fifty-six years. During that period of rapid expansion of the institution his professional duties were exacting. Appropriations were meager, salaries were low, and outside demands increasingly heavy. Professor Macbride

always carried campus responsibilities beyond those of his department. He was secretary of the faculty for several years, and committee work, always time consuming, was especially taxing in those days.

Outside the institution he contributed his wisdom and energy in many ways. In Iowa City he was active in school, church, and civic affairs. He was adviser on trees and planting, advocate of street improvement, leader in the movement to purchase the City Park and was on the local park board for a number of years. The Iowa Academy of Science was developed and fostered by a small group of which he was an important member and later president. He contributed extensively to the work and publications of the Iowa Geological Survey. More than any other he was responsible for the early development of University Extension and lectured often in the eastern Iowa towns. He promoted the conservation movement in this State and advocated the park program in advance of any formal organization in this field. He was later appointed Chairman of the Iowa Forestry Commission and a member also of the State Conservation Commission. Dr. Macbride contributed regularly to the programs of the national scientific organizations and shared in their plans. As Chairman of Section G (Botany) he became Vice Pres-

ident of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He presided at the first national meeting the writer attended in 1904 and there won applause by his apt reading of titles in Spanish, German, and French from foreign contributors.

His interest in education led to many outside demands upon his time. A sympathetic friend of the independent college, he was sought on every campus in the State for conferences and talks; he aided in the dedication of buildings and gave Commencement addresses. A basic belief in public school education likewise tied him closely to the high schools and to the various teachers' organizations of this region.

In connection with his work on the Iowa Geological Survey, Professor Macbride was greatly impressed by the Okoboji Lakes in Dickinson County. West Okoboji Lake in particular is a beautiful body of water and nearby are forests, swamps, and prairie. Inspired by the opportunity for field work in such a region and with the memory of Agassiz's summer laboratory on Penikese Island (later to be reestablished at Woods Hole, Massachusetts), Dr. Macbride long cherished the idea of opening a summer laboratory in the Okoboji Lake region. Many years later he realized his dream. In 1909 he organized a group of

alumni and friends of the University who purchased an improved five-acre tract on Miller's Bay, West Okoboji Lake, and erected certain buildings in addition to those already on the grounds at the time of purchase. The Iowa Lakeside Laboratory became a reality and the facilities thus provided were offered to the University. Summer classes and research work have been carried out there in a limited way each year since.

The holdings were greatly extended more recently until the Laboratory owned about one hundred acres. Through a quarter of a century Professor Macbride carried the project largely on his personal initiative. His own funds entered largely into the project both for purchase of land and for the erection and repair of buildings. It is a matter of satisfaction to all his friends to know that at last the University has accepted as a gift the property and endowment fund of the Lakeside Laboratory.

Professor Macbride's scientific activities and interests gave him national recognition. His work began with the flora of this region. Iowa's plants, native and cultivated, and botanical problems relating to agriculture and plant diseases as well as the manifold duties of class room and laboratory filled the years. With little help, inadequate quarters, and relatively meager equipment he was able,

however, to build a department that attracted wide attention.

It is said that he bought with his own money one of the first microscopes in the University. And when he went abroad to study, he was surprised to discover that in laboratory technique, especially in mounting and staining microscopic plant tissues, he was not less expert than some of the best German botanists.

In addition to a survey study of general flora, and service on the Iowa Geological Survey, Professor Macbride gave special attention to the fungi. His collections and publications in this field remain an important part of American mycology. But his later work on the slime moulds, or Myxomycetes, brought widest recognition. His collections are the best on our continent and his book, *The North American Slime-Moulds*, 1899, 1922, is important to students of this group in all countries. A third revised edition, with Professor George W. Martin as co-author, was in press at the time of his death. His later years were spent primarily on the work of this revision. Other writings of a more general nature included many papers and addresses on the interpretation of science, on conservation, and the promotion of state parks and preserves. A textbook, *Lessons in Botany*, which was issued in 1895 and later in

revised form in 1900, contributed to the better teaching of his science, particularly in the secondary schools.

But it is as teacher that the name of Macbride lives in the minds of former students. Conspicuous teachers are as different as the subjects they present. But a subject is only a medium of education. Any instructor who attracts and inspires large numbers of students through successive college generations must possess certain qualities. One of these obviously is an adequate mastery of a field; this gives foundation and dignity to his class work. There must be likewise an unconscious, wholesome, constructive philosophy if the teacher makes lasting appeal; the cynic does not attract disciples. A genuine human interest in students, an appreciation of their problems, and a keen perception of their virtues as well as their limitations is essential for constructive influence. Nor is a student finally won by an instructor who is not broader than the subject he teaches. For years the registration in Professor Macbride's general course was closed when the capacity of his lecture room was reached. From such a platform he touched the lives of thousands, many of them now leaders in widely diversified fields.

Students who scheduled to take a course in botany with Macbride soon realized that the sub-

ject was far more universal than they had imagined. The professor taught them the nature and structure of plants remarkably well. His own knowledge and precision commanded admiration, for he seemed to know everything exactly. Moreover, he had an amazing faculty for making the most obtuse matter seem perfectly simple. But his botany was more than the study of plants: it was life and truth and beauty. To accept tutelage of Professor Macbride was to learn to think, to appreciate scholarship, and to comprehend the meaning of wisdom.

If further attempt should be made to interpret this wonderful teacher, it would be to refer to his personality. Those who knew him will recall his intellectual keenness, his accuracy of judgment, and his aptness of expression. But they will cherish also the memory of his unselfishness, his thoughtfulness, his unfailing courtesy, and his genuine interest in the problems and achievements of others. His kindly humor flashed constantly leaving neither pain nor scar, and lighting the way to understanding. It has been often said that Professor Macbride had more personal friends than any other person who ever lived in Iowa. Possessed of a wholesome optimism, he was temperamentally enthusiastic but nevertheless alert to difficulties and practical in his plans.

Not long ago a scientist remarked that to him one of the strongest proofs of immortality was the necessity for the completion of earthly beginnings; there should be just compensation for sacrifices and soul satisfying consummation of the proper hopes, aims, and endeavors of the human lifetime. Universal justice, he said, should grant that to all earnest men and women. If such be true for the worker, should it not also apply to the unfinished tasks left behind? May we not, then, cherish the belief that the spirit of Professor Macbride will live on, the work of his busy hands be carried forward and his dreams, so many unfulfilled, finally come true, not for himself but for his Iowa. It now remains for others to catch afresh the spirit of his hopes and plans for our Commonwealth. One likes to think also that his kindness, his intellectual honesty, his unselfishness, and his illuminating humor can not be blotted out. Rather the hope or even the belief that such a rare and happy combination of personal qualities must grow even more and more with passing years, finding, in some measure, unconscious expression in the lives of those who knew him.

ROBERT B. WYLIE

## As He Thinketh

*He who lives richly yearns for expression. If he possesses talent in the use of language he will speak of his experience, sharing in words the fruit of his thought and the wealth of his ideals. As the soul of a poet is unveiled in his verses, so the character of Thomas H. Macbride was revealed in his masterly addresses. These pages have been selected mainly from his volumes On the Campus. — The Editor*

Up to the middle of the last century men were living in all civilized countries very much as men had lived for two or three thousand years. The plantings and sowings and buildings and all domestic arts of the Iowa pioneers were not unlike those which Pliny describes on the hills and valleys of Italy and Spain twenty centuries ago.

Remember, I am not criticising the employments, intellectual or other, of the generation past; not at all: I mean only to say that we have within fifty years, perhaps without knowing it, passed through a new intellectual renaissance, perhaps the most notable in the history of the race, comparable only to the revival at the close of the middle ages. We are confronted by a different view of the world; we see the whole world differently; man's thought about himself and the

universe can never again be the same, and new problems have filled the entire horizon of our philosophy; if not to the exclusion of the old discussions, at least to their profoundest modification.

*THE PARK IDEA*

No! no palaces, no galleries had they, the men of the prairie, but one universal splendor; the whole state a park; in crystal clearness of sharp winter, in melodious softness of lingering spring, in rushing effulgent wealth of summer; in all the gorgeous pageantry of autumn, every tint in cloud, and stream, and purple field,— values! values! — the prairie had them all!

And people felt it; they knew it well; yet in some delightful, unconscious way, as a sound man knows his health they used their park-world. Instead of parks in towns and cities, for a whole quarter of a century the towns, the cities, the homes of men were lost in one far-stretching unimpeded common.

Not until the great white oaks, twelve of them that for centuries had shaded 'singing springs,' a mile from town,— not until these had disappeared as saw-logs, every one; not until the giant sycamores on the river-brink, whose beauty and shade were to travellers all a joy, during the long, hot days of summer, nor less when their white

stems and changing foliage brought cheer to the cooler weeks of autumn, in silver and brown,— not until the sycamores to the last one, had been dropped to the ice-covered river lost as it seemed forever; — not until our beautiful 'sugar-grove', genuine social institution,— better than easter because our own, more real and more dependable as the harbinger of spring,— not until every tree, reduced to cord-wood had been hawked about the streets as a hard-maple fuel; not until the black-walnut and hackberry from the river bottoms had followed to the furnaces; not until all the valleys were dry, the hillsides gullied and bare; the springs reduced to water-boxes for cattle, or choked at their source; — not until all these things had happened, did the people as a whole suddenly realize the extent of their loss!

*THE NATURE OF EDUCATION*

I think I could show an intelligent boy in a few hours how to meet all the needs of a Jersey cow — and she is as finicky as the Duchess of Daisydown — but, all that the schools can teach, and all that the government can do, and all that life may bring forth, may one day still be inadequate, insufficient wholly, to meet the crying loneliness of that same boy's throbbing, longing heart!

If that only is practical which makes for toil and for necessities of daily living, if the needs of

the boy and of the Jersey cow lie thus in the same direction; then our problems of education become simplified indeed. Men were once reckoned and called cattle; but it did not work. The French Revolution disposed forever of that idea. But any educational theory which fails to take account of humanity in man, which fails to reach human love and hope and aspiration, which fails to make dominant the best that mankind has thought and wrought, which fails to recognize the light that is brighter than the arc, the light that lit that useful flame, but shall burn long after every carbon point shall blacken in the glow of day — any criticism of any less scope than this is futile, worthless, meriting consideration only as benevolence might seek to save the critic himself.

#### CULTURE

Culture, to start with, meant the care and development of a plant. This significance still lingers in agriculture, the cultivation of the field — that is, of what grows there —, horticulture, the tillage of the *hort-yard*, or orchard, as we say, and so on.

Cicero looked out upon a civilized world; and, full of genius and wit and all accomplishment as he was, it occurred to him to compare the mental experiences of men with the history of the plant; and so the famous orator flashed all the mystery

and the beauty of those natural, visible processes among the plants into the richness of one fine metaphor, "*Cultura animi philosophia est*" — philosophy is the culture of the soul!

Now the only way to counteract the present craze, the only way to save the republic, as it seems to me, from the destruction which has, in all time, come with wealth, upon every nation, so far, in the world, is, if possible, to maintain in our population a leaven of culture, a sufficient number of men and women who have found for value another meaning than that which may be expressed in money or autos. Of what possible use is a touring car if it takes a man to destruction; or if, through ignorance, the unfortunate owner has no slightest inkling where he is going? It is bad enough to remain at home and be ignorant; but to come suddenly to wealth, to have means to see the splendor of the world, to pass the flowery fields, the flowing hills, the treasured cities, as in a flitting car, and be all unconscious of their meaning or their beauty, to have all the world clamoring for recognition and still to sit in a limousine and be ignorant — this for a sentient soul must approach the lowest level of personal disgust and disappointment.

The rich man, in his proverbial search for health, not to say joy, drinks his cup of postum

and eats the crumbs of sorrow which, for a consideration, thrifty Battle Creek prepares for his abstemious breakfast; and all his wealth avails him not. It is trite: but look at this. Only a few days ago a few score aged men were marching along our city street. Before them went the banner of the republic, and each bore as his badge of honor a copper button worth a penny. But the wealth of Golconda may not buy that button *and the right to wear it!*

Value, value; do we not begin to see that in themselves dollars have no value? Did you ever see the copper button set with diamonds? How should in such a place the Kohinoor lose its lustre, and the copper badge blush in sheer humiliation and disgrace! Only intelligence, accomplishment, has value, and culture scorns the evidence of wealth, save as it may serve the purposes of wisdom. Wealth can never be, as culture always may be, an end unto itself.

#### THE GIFT OF SCIENCE

The highest gift of science is an added hope, a new impulse to human faith. Science is optimistic in the extreme. The golden age is yet to be. For the older civilizations the age of gold was always in the past; but the pessimism of that thought brought all the old empires to wreck and ruin. Christianity attempted to remedy the mis-

chief by recapturing the golden era as an article of faith absolutely essential to the highest conceptions of God, and the highest possibilities of man; and now in these later days, comes our boldest speculative scientific thought, demonstrating that as a fact, the golden age has always been in the future, that every present is a golden age to that which has gone before; we have caught the equation of the terrestrial order, and every fixed point known proclaims a curve whose sweep is not downward, nor backward, but upward and outward and onward to limitless perfection.

*THE HUMMING-BIRD*

Have you ever watched a humming-bird amid the blossoms? Did you notice him last summer and spy his ways hanging upon the weigela and the lilac clusters? If you did you must have been startled by the suddenness of his apparition. All at once he hovered there; you watched him for a moment, perhaps moved — and he was gone. Perhaps you saw what he was doing, saw him flit, at least, like some swift beetle, quick from flower to flower. What he did there you did not see; he is too speedy by far for that, and yet he was by no means playing; every simple flower yielded up its sweet, not much of course, but a little, and the sum of it all feeds the tiny hummer. To understand this you must see your specimen

at close quarters, then you find a long slender bill, the two parts applied to form an almost capillary tube in which a hair-like tongue can play; this is the suction apparatus by which the nectar rises to that throbbing throat. But here he is again tonight! How like a flash he does come, to be sure. Did you ever see such swiftness? You cannot see him fly, you only note that he has changed position. What a breast is that, and what whirring wings, just a haze; sure no saint ever wore halo such as that! What little wings! How can they go so fast and not break all to pieces? There he is before that great swinging bluebell, stands right in its flaring portal. Stands? — no, he does not stand, his little feet touch nothing, he is balanced there in perfect equilibrium, marvel of marvels! Gravitation pulls one way, wind blows another, little wings beat another, resisting both, and there he hangs spinning like a tiny planet suspended upon nothing. When saw you equipoise like that? There, he's gone again. He heard perchance the squeaking whistle of his mate, or possibly saw *you*; but think of it; vision, hearing, taste, desire, perception, life, energy exhaustless. Oh, what a miracle is there, that moves from year to year through tireless generations! The gleaming perfection of exquisite beauty, and *alive!*

THOMAS H. MACBRIDE

## Comment by the Editor

### *PLUS ULTRA*

A tremendously important part of living matter consists of things botanical. But botany may be more than the study of plants. In the hands of a master it may symbolize the whole design of life. Truth and beauty are on display for those who have the eyes to see.

It is the function of science to reveal the truth. He who would discover the secrets of nature must search widely, look closely, and doubt appearances. But science should be more than applied skepticism. To the man of purpose it is a vehicle for augmenting the useful knowledge of mankind.

Yet all the world may be surfeited with information and not be educated. Of what value are facts if only the few can comprehend their meaning? Schools should do more than disseminate knowledge. Teaching is more than instruction.

The true educator is a scholar by nature, a leader of thought, a guide in the difficult quest for refinement. Culture is the evidence of civilization: it is achievement in the fine art of living.

In a civilized community the character of a gentleman is a pearl beyond price. To be con-

siderate of others, to cherish friendship, to be courteous always are the surest tests of proper conduct. "For the lack of good manners," wrote Dr. Macbride, "absolutely nothing can ever atone", for "courtesy is the delight of life, it is the glow of sunlight on fields of ripening grain, and goes on forever, adding to wealth the element of abiding beauty."

J. E. B.

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