

Dedicatory Address

North Shore Cemetery

North Chicago, Illinois

At the Dedication of the Masonic Memorial

Sunday Afternoon, June 20, 1926

DR. R. E. HIERONYMUS

Community Adviser University of Illinois, Urbana

Mr. President and Friends:

Under the dome of St. Paul's, in the midst of London's central roar, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the vast cathedral, lies buried. On the arch above his resting place are the words of the old Latin poet, "If you would see his monument, look around you." As we are gathered here today, not in the cathedral of a crowded city, but in God's own great Out o' doors, with the carpet of green beneath our feet and the bending blue above us, we may say of our Chairman, the guiding spirit of all this stretch of beauty around us, "If you would see John Western's monument, look around you.

It is fitting, as we are gathered here in this particular part of the cemetery set aside for the Masons, that Ex-Governor Eberhart should stand beside these triple granite columns and represent the order of which he and many of you are members. Im asked to speak, not as a Mason to his fellow members, but as a man to the common brotherhood of man. We have listened with moistened eye to the story of his leaving, as a little lad, his own land and coming to this, his adopted land, to become finally the Governor of a great state. There is no other country in the whole world to which he could go and be received and honored so generously as in this land of opportunity. We welcome him here today.

The countries and cities of the old world have their famous burial places. London has her Westminster Abbey, as well as St. Paul's Cathedral; Paris her Pantheon; Rome her catacombs; Egypt and the East their vast tombs. Here in the new world we, too, have our well known, far-famed burial places. Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington, is the quiet resting place of the military leaders of the nation; Richmond the heroes of the lost cause; while Lincoln sleeps yonder in beautiful Oak Ridge, at Springfield.

The final resting place of our beloved dead is a sacred place. It should also be beautiful. Boston and Cambridge have Mt. Auburn—both beautiful and sacred. There lie buried Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes; Channing and Choate; Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray; Dorothy Dix, Julia Ward Howe and Mary Baker Eddy; Edwin Booth and Edward Everett; Palfrey, Parkman and Prescott; Charles Sumner and Phillips Brooks.

On the Chapel near the entrance of Mt. Auburn is the Sundial inscription of Whittier:

With warning hand I mark time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night,
Yet through the dear God's love, I also show
There's light above me by the shade below.
There lies a little city in the hills.

The burial place of our beloved dead, like the sundial, should suggest the light above rather than the shade below. Such a place is Mt. Auburn.

Such a place also is Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, overlooking the Golden Gate. E. R. Sill, the poet, has described it:

White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.
There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.
Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
So! where it lies, far from the clash and roar

With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.
O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end.
Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite Love will lead thee home.

Such a place also is this to which we've come this afternoon. Here we may say with Longfellow:

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.
Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Such a quiet city of the dead as this suggests:

There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any hand,
Of storming soldiery forevermore.
In that pure city of the Living Lamb,
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
Or any star; but He who said, "I Am"
Shall be the Light, He and His Holy One.
There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs
That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,
In alterations of sublime repose.
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy and eternal day.
In such a place as this we are the better
prepared to say:

Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!
Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!
Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

"Why should we wear black for the guests of God?" asked Ruskin. We may ask in the same spirit, "Why should burial places be dark and gloomy?" While they are sacred places, as I have already said, they should at the same time be beautiful. This quiet city of the dead around us is a fine example. For here in such a presence as this we are led to think those thoughts "whose very sweetness yielded proof that they were born for immortality."

And from such a place, as we go to take up again the work that is left for us to do, we can the more truly say:

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their words,
their powers—
All thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapt in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath!
O Holder of the keys of death!
O Giver of the life within!
Save us from death, the death of sin,
That body, soul and spirit be
Forever living unto thee!

This North Shore Cemetery is a beautiful landscape garden. It marks the beginning of a movement. A movement is more than a mere enterprise or organization, or even an institution. It includes many agencies and associations, many people with varying points of view. This movement started here by John Western and supported by him and his associates will inspire other communities east, west, north and south to provide beautiful, quiet, garden-like places similar to this for the burial of their loved and lost. Such a movement as this will become popular as soon as the people understand and appreciate its full significance.

Finally, we are gathered this afternoon on this divide, separating as it does the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence from the Mississippi and the Gulf. On this gentle slope, away from the noise of the great metropolis, yet easily reached by three million people, in this quiet garden between the Green Bay Road and the inland sea, we are reminded in the midst of all this beauty of land and sea and sky that:

We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.
Here, on the paths of every day,
Here, on the common human way,
Is all the busy gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the task sublime
To build Eternity in time!
(Edwin Markham: "Earth is Enough!")

And John Western is building it here in the North Shore!

CAPT. BETTS TELLS ABOUT HIS CAPTURE BY THE CHINESE BANDITS

Legation Attache Relates Experiences When Taken Prisoner by Them; Like Comic Opera

Captain Thomas J. Betts, attache of the American Legation at Peking, relates his experiences as a captive of Chinese bandits in the January Scribner's Magazine. Captain Betts' capture created a stir in diplomatic circles a short time ago. His own story reveals the fact that the danger was not unmitigated with humor. When the bandits were attacked, after his capture, Captain Betts says:

His Story
"There was a silence of two or three minutes, then the bandits set up their yelling, and shots began to pop off sporadically. It was very theatrical and black-powderish. Every now and then would sound the crack of a real rifle, and twice there was a ripple of fire, as the commander let off his automatic. This sort of thing went on, I suppose, for five minutes; then the commander and the major rushed into the house, waving pistols, the former apparently in a white rage. After a little gesturing, the commander demanded: 'Nimen k'o-sha, pu k'o-sha' which was his way of asking: 'Do you know of any just cause or impediment to being killed?' I remember thinking at the time of the incongruity of dragging in this old judicial formula, for in China no criminal can be properly executed without his confession and consent. This matter of flourishes and of threats was, of course, the right action for a properly brought up bandit to take under the circumstances. Neither he nor I really expected that he would proceed to extreme measures. Yet also did the suitable thing, and affecting intimidation, rose, holding up his hands.

Cause for Alarm
"Yen having submitted, the commander ordered him to run through the firing-lines and tell the other people that my life depended on an immediate cessation of fire. The boy left us, trotting with a most unenthusiastic shuffle. The chief at once put off his air of fury, and in a businesslike way ordered a bandit to follow me, and shoot if I offered to escape. This brigand, who was a country bumpkin, obviously slow of thought and movement, immediately loaded a calibre .60 converted muzzle-loader, and took post behind me. For the second or third time that day I was badly frightened, and uncontrollably so, because I had some rational basis for fear. I was sure that the guard would misconstrue some movement of mine, or, what was much more likely, stumble out of sheer awkwardness and loose off his piece. At close range the huge slug he fired could hardly have missed, and would have been most effective. However, at the commander's next order I took heart of grace, for I saw we were in for a withdrawal, and this was probably the chance for escape that I had wished."

It was only a few minutes later that the American officer was able to make a break for liberty and escape the retreating bandits.

FIRST FOREIGNER TO USE TELEPHONE
Japanese Student at Harvard Talked Over Early Bell Instrument

In "The Japanese in America," which is edited by Arinori Mori, the first Japanese Minister to the United States, and which has recently been published in this country, Baron Tanetaro Megata tells of some of his early experiences in the United States when he was studying at Harvard. Among these experiences was one in company with a Japanese friend with Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. This occurred in 1876, only a few months after the first complete sentence of speech had been successfully transmitted by wires.

At the time Bell was a professor in Boston university, but was spending all his spare time on the new invention. The Japanese students at Harvard had heard of the wonderful new telephone and they were anxious to try it, to see whether Japanese could be carried over the telephone wires. Arrangements were made by Bell and the conversation took place between these two students, who later rose to hold very high offices in Japan. Thus Japanese was the first foreign language to be spoken over the wire.

SCHOOL TRUCK TAKES EDUCATION TO HILLS
Mountain folk cannot always go to school, so school is being taken to them in parts of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. A friend of Lincoln Memorial university has donated a one-ton truck to Prof. F. C. Grannis of the extension department.

It is known as "the wagon," and has been converted into practically a school in itself. The truck has all kinds of charts, educational exhibits, equipment for farm tests, books, magazines, moving picture machine, a phonograph and a radio is to be added.

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT WOMAN'S CLUB MEET

Dr. McCracken, President of Vassar College Gives Interesting Talk

One of the largest attendance of the season of club members and guests, Mary Vassar graduates, assembled Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 1, at the Highland Park Woman's club to hear Dr. McCracken speak on "The Effective College."

Dr. McCracken gives a most interesting insight to the progress made in the methods of effective study in our colleges, particularly in the past five years, he tells us, the effective college is the one that commands the assent of its students; We are no longer to decide for our youth which college is to be attended but allow the student to make the choice of the college, with our help, also the student is to choose the field of study, with help to choose and help to carry out. A student is happier in his career when he has the choice in method of study. The choice of profession and life ahead should be left to the student.

Dr. McCracken emphasizes our lack of confidence in the student to choose and its effect in retarding development and maturity. Vassar recognizes that in developing the independent study, appears to be the salvation of the college. Dr. McCracken gave interesting illustrations of his statement that the progressive college is developing in all the necessary compliments of life.

TELEPHONE GIRLS GIVE FIRE WARNING

Despite the fact that they were surrounded on all sides by fire, the Misses Floy and Joella Glass, telephone operators at Centerville, Miss., remained at the switchboard recently, risking their lives in order to arouse sleeping residents. Three times they were driven from their posts by the intense heat and smoke, but on each occasion they returned and continued their work. Finally, overcome by smoke, the sisters were forced by citizens to leave. Through their pluck, however, they helped to save the lives of several persons and prevent more serious property damage. An entire block was destroyed.

In view of influenza, people are warned against coughing, but they are still permitted to cough up in behalf of good causes.

It is claimed that prosperity is here to stay, but if so we have got something to do besides sit in our lap. The poet who wrote the nice old song about the jingling sleigh bells, should now write one about the rattling automobile chains.

EVERYBODY CAN SING

If you sing you should learn to use your voice correctly. MANY GOOD VOICES HAVE BEEN RUINED FROM SINGING INCORRECTLY. The art of singing is of cultural value to education and adds much to the enjoyment of life. Mrs. Adah Bryant Buckingham, Contralto and well known Chicago teacher is opening her home at 663 Central avenue at Highland Park as a residence-studio for the TEACHING OF VOICE PRODUCTION, CORRECT BREATHING, PURITY OF TONE, and ARTISTIC SINGING. Mrs. Buckingham's basic and finished education in the vocal art both in America and Europe, her personal success as a singer before the public together with her long practical experience in developing voices insures the highest degree of proficiency.

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Mrs. Buckingham invites you to visit her residence-studio by appointment where she will be pleased to hear voices and give her valuable and honest opinion. Phone H. P. 2289. 49pd

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