

KITCHENER'S MARCH

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, raise your hero's cairn!
He is worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While a heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

*Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!*

seum into a city of beautiful homes inhabited by a people of great and growing artistic appreciations.

The friend to whom I am indebted for the information on which this Knoll Paper is based truly characterizes this Museum as a monument to George W. Stevens. A letter which he wrote to my friend I venture to reproduce here, though it was not written for publication. I hope that he will pardon my printing it without asking his permission, because it is printed, not to extend his reputation, but to extend the usefulness of his inspiring example :

I have received your kind letter of April 20. It is perhaps as you say, I did not give much information regarding myself. Perhaps it was because, when I am put to that task, there never seems to be anything to say other than I was once born and am now living.

Your last paragraph suggests that there were perhaps some limitations handicapping my work. Of course we all have our handicaps, and the game is to overcome them. Perhaps I had a bit too many, inasmuch as for the last five or six years I have been quite ill, and have had to live in hospitals, beds, wheel-chairs, or crutches. Fortunately, most of my troubles have been corrected by great and good specialists, and for the past eight or ten months I have

been a very active going concern. It requires much work to keep a young Museum moving properly; consequently I have been handicapped by the loss of much valuable time. Had it not been for this drawback, we might have accomplished much more. As it is, however, we are all well satisfied. My next effort will be to establish an adequate maintenance fund, following which necessary additions will be made to the building which when done will give Toledo a splendid institution for all time to come.

In closing I might suggest that perhaps, after all, the various ailments besetting us are not really handicaps in our work; if we are too healthy, we might go fishing and forget all about work.

These lines will have to be signed on the typewriter, as I am still unable to use my eyes—they have been promised to me for next week. I am, nevertheless,

Cordially and sincerely yours,
GEORGE W. STEVENS, Director,
Toledo Museum of Art.

Any attempt on my part to draw from this simple narrative any moral lesson or to add to it any words of praise would only impair its value. Deeds speak louder than words, and they speak a language which all can understand.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

THE TWO CHICAGO CONVENTIONS

I—PASSING THE CRISIS IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

ONE afternoon during the Republican Convention week I spent a half-hour with one of the elder and astute Republican leaders. I think that in many ways he is the most astute of them all. He is of the Old Guard, and yet not of it. He has enough of the conservative quality in his nature so that radical departures from party discipline and order never move him, but, on the other hand, he has never been under the control of reactionary financial influence, and he reads the temper of progress and does what he can to bring progress to pass. He was a quiet and powerful influence in the National Convention this year, and as things seemed to him to be moving, and actually turned out to be moving, certainly and resist-

lessly in the direction of his own belief and desire, I found him self-poised and calm in the midst of discordant views and conflicting purposes. I have known him in other years, and he talked freely and frankly like a genial political philosopher approaching the evening of his life.

And this in substance is what he said to me as he looked out reflectively through his window in the Blackstone over the stormy waters of Lake Michigan. "The Republican party," said he, "was born in a great burst of patriotism and faith in human rights. After the war big property interests slowly got hold of it because they found it worth while to control the leading departments of the Government, and the most certain way