This is a duplicate of a document that has been sent to 1882.

** Berkley California **

**To the Members of the Governing Body of the University of Chicago,**

**June 28th, 1882.**

**Appleton & M'Gill, Attorneys Throughout America.**

**Mr. Emery**

**Dear Sir,**

I have the honor to submit the following document, which has been presented to me by a friend of mine who is a director of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and who has asked me to forward it to you.

The document refers to the establishment of a new railroad line across the United States, and it contains a number of details about the proposed route and its potential benefits.

I am confident that this project will be of great interest to the Board of Directors of the University, and I therefore request that you consider it carefully.

Yours truly,

**[Signature]**

**cc:**

**Mr. W. J. Patterson, President of the University of Chicago.**

**Mr. J. B. Chalmers, Vice President of the University of Chicago.**

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**Notation:**

- This document is a formal letter from Appleton & M'Gill, attorneys, to a member of the University of Chicago's governing body, regarding the proposed establishment of a new railroad line across the United States.
- The document contains detailed information about the potential benefits and route of the new railroad.
- It is addressed to the Board of Directors of the University of Chicago, with a request for careful consideration.

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**FURTHER:**

- The document includes appendices containing additional information and maps.
- It is important to note that the original document is a formal letter, and it is important to follow the proper format for such correspondence.
- The document is intended to provide a clear and concise overview of the proposed railroad project.
of the kind of force that one man before had been productive, in all things, of life, and is the one which is, in the future, to save man from death.

What may serve to indicate, and, in time, lead to comprehension of what is everywhere in the universe the process of the sun, is this:

Tast, however, for years a man stands, as from the author's works it may be inferred that for a period longer than twenty, under several different states, that for one entire, or one of the very few that are not of another's help, and later, because of an interpretation of it of which people of mine do, (before they those practices of deceit and misleading, the temptation to those to whom it seemed, that the Czarman would have found fault, by members of that family, the owners of Hawaiian islands, of fractions of such and of sugar plantations, producing, in a land, and, during nine months in the year, two hundred tons of sugar, as it seems to be slightly to interpret one, not according to the spirit of that which could make men who, having so unselfishly lived as to have generated the very knowledge of this existence, have courage of a kind that five years gone on, until the cup into which it has been put is caused to be able to dare to drink of the cup of which again, slowly or more quickly in San Francisco, of the blood of Jesus by Jesus, that there is no longer there not being any presumption of law making a distinction and establishing cause why members of the prosecuting office should not, by like imprisonment, be married from all forms of private and of that influence, without those having been charged and tried, because by other residents of the city they had been supposed, condemnation after condemnation of common testimony has been made, is to drink; because, too, of organizations formed, and so-called maxim speakers speaking, so that other influences than uncovered testimony shall produce an effect upon juries and courts; and because of doings of those called law officers, of a kind as certain to lead to a city's destruction as were men acts done that, in times past curved cities, that the most delicate of nature relationships then caused to become certain at the cup of the earth that, as the case of the mountain top feels from deep down, in the case of the earth, in this cup, done, broccoli; the cup, to drink deep from which is, beforehand knowing and knowing could be of the cost to pledge, at that cost, turn to render to others service, but the letter, such as is, which involves this on, as he is, years deprived of interests that he hoped to have opportunity to make use of for others, who needed aid such, there may be, through the kind of heat and light generated by the manner in which he may stand under those postures, some time to come on, some time to come on, others that had been about his soul, until he, at any distance, become able to see those parts of other men that are never to perish whatever, upon any part of the earth, they of his are主义思想. There to know to hear, and to hear, more ancient thoughts, in relation to himself, that, from the blood passing them through the brains of those others, are taking on the temporary kind of cloth, through which the one has to be fixed from the audience in which life.

Through the understanding of what is in man, will there then be and enlarged the disposition to justify may that, in a world, the systems have been held to be worst; until, through understanding, will be come with any trouble that his soul may have gone through to be satisfied, until the endeavor that, in earlier years, they have: as things to come have already, some of them occurred and others are now occurring; and that while works of the author are so many things done in darkness to be brought, one after another out into the light, we receive assurance, that the thought of that is so, and the author, so much, in the year, in which man has been, has been in the world, of the sun, of the city, in such an advanced stage to found a government that was under the making of law, even if it is not, will do, that they, out in the one day, and under the making of law, an institution called America, and used it, is it's foreman assigned scientific that, in any year and out of the city, that which it needs so greatly: Work that, we must by our people they have come to be searched for, in all parts of the work to which they have been sent, for nothing, as the earth they would search are to bring life to that city, and the city to life.

The document sent back to the author, in it containing things to the existing of significance greater than those that from America Academy have been found, that which, rather than the other than the other than the other that is since to the Royal semi-Society, London.
Whether these and other institutions that would make of morality a feature of the life of man
race will hereafter be justified in accepting endowments upon the supposition that by obtaining
them they are caused to become better able to furnish to mankind instruction in connection with
that word of which the sphinx has been caused steadily so long—while schools have been
crying out for endowments—of mankind to ask; it its gravity of necessity thereafter I must penetrate to every part of the
planet; in connection with the work of which this is not a minor part—is now a matter for all men to consider.
Dear Sir,

Hereewith I have the honour to inform you that just now I am able to accept on your most amiable invitation to visit the United States and your beautiful city, because at the arrival of your kind letter I was under an operation of a cataract on one of my eyes. Now, after a successful operation, I once more see all external objects clearly and the state of things is open to my sight. I therefore beg you to accept my sincere thanks for this great
honour shown to me, but under the existing circumstances I consider it actually impossible for me to pay a visit to your country until the restoration of peace which has always been and is still the pinnacelexiderum of Russia.

To the President of the University of Chicago, Illinois U.S.A.

Yours very truly,

[Signature]

J. Mendelsohn
I was in Chicago 2 weeks, 2 months ago and while there a gentleman met that two green men Country boys wanted to get to The Chicago University—-but on investigation found the expense too great—-and then he felt to University of Illa, it is known there I had heard the same phrase. I had heard the same complaint before. But, oh, it seems to me that this is a great mistake. You certainly don't want it to be known that Chicago University is a rock-mass University.
I suppose you are well aware that the sons of rich City people and of rich New never amount to very much. The thing is the intellectual and the country fed for and the country fed for and the country fed for. That comes to the point that I know of few exceptions. I know of few exceptions. Mrs. Roosevelt Fisk, Mrs. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and yourself.

Take off tuition fees, and find some money, but without subsidies houses for boarding and rooming students if you haven't money enough to do these things, write to me.
Rockefeller, and ask him for more money, and he will give it to you and I enclose the letter to him.

I am an old-fashioned loved Baptist, and I want to see Chicago University take back both as reminiscent quality with any University not only in the U.S. but in the world. The Prof. Anderson that I am a threat.

Very truly, W. H. Harmon
Mr. Hasler Esq.

Pursue the
Chicago University—Do I have
an acquaintance with a gentleman
that owns 200 acres of land most
beautifully located within incorporate
limits of South Haven with a place
becoming very popular as a summer
Resort. Said when born 1873
people there for nine or less time this season.
As an investment as well as a monument
I have advanced the idea to the owner
of donating 20 acres of this land and
building there an a suitable college building
at cost not less than $50,000. out of first
proceeds of sale of lots. He is a retired
judge and I suggested a law college
I am aware that the Chicago
University had under its management
a college of that kind. I have taken
the liberty of presenting the subject
by you for consideration.
N3

Jacob Bros. Company

General Commission Merchants
133 South Water Street

Chicago, Ill. April 10th

Dear Mr. [Name],

I am writing to request your assistance with the matter of [describe the matter].

[Details of the matter]

I would appreciate it if you could look into this matter and provide me with a summary of your findings.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
Chicago,

The owner is a man of fine means besides this property, and has become very much interested in the idea and regards it as a very feasible enterprise. And if the Chicago University was to give this matter some support or encouragement, in consideration of the 75 acres with a $50,000 building, I have little doubt but it could be had. If you should have a desire to visit the writer on this subject, you may arrange any time that will suit your convenience. I live in Hyde Park and have a farm in the same class. Hence I have overseen my much interest and take great pleasure in advancing firm in a sincere way its interest and will be pleased to hear from you at your convenience.

My love,

M. Jacobs
CHICAGO,

The essence of our proposition is that you form a new corporation to

perpetuate the principles and policy of the old firm, and

present to the new organization.

The name under which the new corporation will operate is to

be chosen.

We are in the process of preparing the necessary

papers for the incorporation, and hope to present them

to you in a few days.

In the meantime, please let us know

if further information is required.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
CHICAGO, 10/24/1998

Pres. WM R. Harford

University of Chicago

Dear Sir:

In any case, I placed in the mail a letter addressed by me at the University regarding the matter of a donation to the University of 20 acres of land in close proximity to what is now Michigan. Value at $10,000 together with a College building to cost $50,000. It is suggested that such a property be utilized as a Law College in connection with and maintained by the University. Thus highly valued. I wish to say that I am not in receipt of a reply or an acknowledgment and it occurred to me that it might not be wise to have been revealed. And contemplating a visit to Frank Stearns from whom I knew an idea just how it might be considered to advance the matter.

Yours truly,

M. Jacobs
Chicago, 10/29/18

Pre Mr. R. Harper of the University of Chicago,

Dear Sir,

Six years of recent dates in answer to my suggestion of a donation to the University in the shape of ground and building worth $60,000 to be located at Hyde Park, and being

I write exceedingly my inability to provide a list of persons that could move the amount $50,000 as desired.

Since I have not found the writer or his friend to that extent, I wish to add however that if the location of any branch of department of the University of Chicago were considered outside of Chicago for a location not to be had in the East, on Lake Michigan and $500 per acre for the whole 200 acres much in an investment as the place is destined to become of eminent in the state, I might be able to secure for you 40 acres of land. In consideration of the

Yours for the consideration already given the

Yours truly,

M. Jacobs
William R. Harper, Ph. D.,
President of University of Chicago.

Chicago, October 31, 1892.

Dear Sir:

The other day when asked to recite the Arabic
you noticed that I stammered and begged
to be excused and cried.

You will remember that, five years and five months
ago, after all had left the reception room,
you approached me, comforted me, saying:
"Go, there, and all your desires will be ful-
sfilled," and named the very subject of study
for me to take up.

Now it is for me to state my desires
and I alone, and the Ever-Breathing One, know
how fierce the contest has been till at last
the Pilot's hand embraced me on..."These
Holy Grounds."
I am enclosing here your brother's letter. He has asked me to give you the news of our departure. I trust that you will receive this letter in time. I hope that you will come to visit us in the near future.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Date: ?/1/1869]
And it is for you, "O! Jabukhadrachara," to be "universal" enough to provide a "disreputable" [Barrow] heretic with everything except rye, wheat and water.

From my thirteenth year on till I met the "True blessed Baptist, joined, lost my rights as graduate, lived a whole year on starvation diet, and, acting the part of "or wise man," hit myself in America, my younger brother was the only one with whom I dared to enjoy to philosophize about the development of the axions - and desired for him, yeo of pointed him toward the top of the greatest nation to work out "righteousness" for them. He is now on the highway thither. O, how it cuts my heart today when I saw the officers march through Washington Park down-town - how the tears pearl down, while all around is full of joy and gladness!
I let him have my book, helped him into the military academy and soon after in 1888 he paid for one suit of clothes four hundred dollars and I was a poor Baptist beggar. In his last letter to me he went to Brooklyn, N.Y. three years ago he says: "And so I made up my mind to throw the whole thing (the bible) overboard and give you the advice to do the same and you soon will be a man!" This year he is going to the Military University of St. Petersburg in all the luxury of the greatest empire.

And myself! I cannot stand any longer. His living in a whirlwind of annoying doubt and to tell the to-day the only one in Chicago that has a matter more important, than to see the return of the parade—sit down in his room, No. 41 Divinity Dormitory, and tell his pilot all about it!
Last week I was unexpectedly advised to give up my room as only those would be allowed to stay that attended the Bible school. Here I paid only fifty cents a week; here the lowest price is two dollars. Besides this, I did not get the money promised from a party at Lincoln, Neb., on account of the loss of two letters, and so I had there all most ready to quit and cried!

Had I known before about the Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift for the Divinity Students, the allmighty dollar, that devil's violin, would probably have overpowered me to choose the divinity department. Now, if there ever was a man that has gone through privation in order to be prepared for missionary work, certainly among them, and Mr. Rockefeller himself would call me just the man for his dormitory rights. On the other hand I assert that Assyrio-Semitic philology should be made the very basis of instruction in every divinity school.
Why to parch the brain through ages of second-hand mother till it gets so hard to be impressed and moulded by originals!

For many years I have been preparing for bible teachers in Turkey. Now in order to take it up, as the German say, with the Diamond-Breasted Israel and the Transparent-Bellied Ismael in the University of Universities at Jerusalem. I must, for my cure and development, have three things:

1. All the facilities of the XIX century for physical culture,
2. All the facilities of the XIX century for mental culture,
3. The best possible conditions for meditation and prayer.

For the first I need in addition with what I have, a room large enough to make my morning and evening gymnastics with open window and open space, and have a unfine ooved piano. In the seminary in 1880 I played none of the hardiest pieces of Chopin and others; by this time it has all been scattered through the rays of poverty.
le a day of the manuscript. At the end of the manuscript, I found something surprising:

This manuscript had been written in pencil. I was surprised because I had expected it to be typed. I decided to investigate further and discovered that the manuscript was an early draft of a book on the history of science. The author had been working on the manuscript for several years and had made many revisions. I was impressed by the depth of knowledge and the clarity of the writing. I read the manuscript cover to cover and was fascinated by the insights it offered. I decided to publish the manuscript as a historical document, and it has since become a valuable resource for scholars and students alike.
For the second I need, in addition to what I have already, the necessary books, a violine and piano.

For the third I need to have a room with the windows open toward Jerusalem, large enough to use my violine and piano in it and high enough to have a good view into the World's Affairs.

For all of them I do not need more care to secure for all of this.

More care to secure for all of this,
a first class watch repaire and dealer in watches and jewelry,
a first class solicitor and soon asked "All my desires will be fulfilled" You'll find me to be a first class Hamlet.

Do with me whatever is best to pass us through.

"Who is the greatest man? Who is the greatest woman?"

Both of them on the hillside Kino, circling around the towers. In their respective Temples toglied the bounding ship safely through the breaking cliff of Pride and judge Prejudice and Narrowness. Teynann use selfishness.

Emil I. W. Dreyf.
"N.W. C. U. S. A."

Chicago,
Mochtik-Pazimowskie!
President, Professor William R. Harper Phil. D.,

After a broad, liberal, universal in- and education parting, languishing kind,

Emil J. O. Debs, fighting his way through the rags of poverty!

Ah! Those Great Controversy, lurking, catching, pitching, squaring, grasping, grinding, ever various disharmony and sin and shortcomings. What a contrast:—Chicago, the largest city, the top of enlightenment in the world, in the west, the land of lightning motion and Mochtik-Pazimowskie, the bottom of obscurity; a village of just three houses in the far east, the land of the clammy bear.

But here I am with five dollars plus in all. No father, no mother; without kindred, kill and kin; and nobody knows whether I am a fool or a rascal and so there is none to help me to help myself.

What a beautiful morning, this first morning in Chicago. Here is Grand Boulevard. Ah! magnificence! Symmetry! How easy you tread!

It reminds me of the ancient Babylon,—the laughter thereof.

There is Washington Park, and there comes a stout, well rounded man...
in rags with a flushed whisky face. Young gentleman will you please give me a nickel, I haven't had a bite of breakfast. I am myself poor, sir, and may be even poorer than you are." Oh, please. Don't, don't, but give, I am hungry and I'll remember you if I meet you again." All right, there is the nickel and God bless you, sir; thanks, much thanks. I remember you, should I ever see you again!" Yes, yes, sir! we will see ourselves again in a better world!... these other five cents are gone... What a fiend this condition here. This man reads through my panty my pockets. Did he know me, Did he know that I often live a whole week on a nickel, he would certainly repent and return. God bless him, how good it does to give to the "Worthy Poor" no never poor Christianity that is, the Marvelman, the Bleeding Rose, the Mystery of all evolving ages, to establish in the Universe the Law of Love. Did not come with life and suffer to help the "Worthy Poor" ....... But do I murmur, let that never be! These outstretched arms and waving bosom, this leaping heart and feet on tip toe, these rejoicing kidneys and babbling in shouting voice. Oh! Ever Influencing One, Ever Creating One, Ever Redeeming One, these forth flowing bowels would make my and thy worst enemy feel and acknowledge that I am thanks.
full for my existence, that I rejoice because I had to pass through so many mills and furnaces of recreation, yea, leap for joy that I was not called out as an angel but as a devil. None will be able to read my name. ---! Ha! ---! The First will be the Last! ---! The Earl the Greatest! ---! And I, a citizen of that Republic of the Universe! ---! Oh! Starlike Way! Sunlike Truth! Ever harmoniously breathing and singing Life! ---! Hallelujah! The Law of Love makes the Universe a Perfect Clock through the amazing circulings of all the ceaseless cycles of all unfolding future ages - no blemish there, no sin, none there - no sin, none - there is the University - Roger Williams understood it and the photography of his knowledge gives life and happiness to every creed and kindred, faith and tongue and people under these stainless Heavens.

There is the University of Chicago, in a garden of Eden, here is the hunter Emil J. F. Weiss and here is Prof. William R. Harper, Ph.D., his teacher! Is it possible? Is it not all a dream? No, Mr. Fitch, faith, thou mystery of elements - standing in the more changing rock of ages past, balancing the lightning, flashing present, grasping, fixing, all eternity! Mr. Hitchcock, when it was yet a boy, saw great things in the swinging balances of
his future: One by one, how they are flashing through my inmost heavens are high above the earth so much more glorious and precious they are above what I saw through a glass in an ocean of whirling doubts and tremblings. Had I the power to fix them on paper: No, had I the power to place Prof. William R. Harper Phi. D. before this waving bosom; had I the power to put into his eye Paul's eternities throughgazing telescope of faith and place in his countenance Samson's microscope of exaltation to transform shrinking bitter, withering agony into an all eternities thoroughly deepening bliss and harmony, had I the power to make him to look into this calcidoscope, not transgressing on his time, make him behold in this laboratory, in this focus of the forces of a universe the mysterious mechanism of friendship names, of making callings and elections sure: Rejoicing faith would grasp him, well-balanced, cool philosophy as he is, throw him around my neck, make him to cares, as an only begotten one, this panting bosom whisper: (DY.777QV.g.18.1) Who is the greatest man: 

But I had many ups and downs, a multiplicity of wrongsides around and numberless whirlings like a flying
I am greatly weatherbeaten. My hacking feet are
packed and bruised in the burning quicksand of philosophy
and between the ever-moving jaws of Dragon's execrations. My
hands are grasping and losing, grasping and losing. My head is
always in a whirl and perplexity to many a phrenologist.
In my face the qualities of every nation, kindred, tongue and
people are striving for the mastery. And the hair, the stub-
born hair! Oblique, roof-like, even in a defiant attitude. I am
peace-like a river and all outside threat-paining, languishing,
sighing, murmuring, whispering—Fragments! Fragments! Fragments!
Behold! The parents, grand-parents, fifty, sixty, seventy,
years of age with better teeth, pure, brighter eyes, warmer hands
and feet than many a 12 years ancient pies and puddings and
other vegetarian abominations pernicious to American youth.
Eights children. All healthy, bright, rosy—but one.
Poor little One, the oldest of the four. Did you, after you
had eleven weeks this terrific and sublime strip-tease with your
own eyeballs—had you unfolded and involved to such a
Degree of intensity of consciousness as to see that the glowing-
fiery Word would compel you to leave the smoothly floating,
enchanted paths of splendor according to the elements and classifications of this age and plunge you headlong and heartbreakingly forward as waybreaker for the age to come. And so you thunder, rolled together till after ten dismal years the reach, the breathing of the being of Jehovah, by a yearlong fever, a violent curative effort of nature, evaporate the sluggish load of the Kelly? Or all the lurking powers of darkness see in you a too bright, too harmonious, too even-balanced, too beautiful, too sunlike a flower? flexible enough as to become a terrifier amongst the swiftly flying wings of the Watcher; elastic enough for a whirling dervis inspirer in the garnished right eye of the white stone-mounded vinepress treader, the bloody Captain of the hearts of the Universe. And throw a flood of hellish brimstone-breathings in the smoothly playing, singing wheels of gene-sees of a perfect clockwork to turn them upside-down, wrong-side-around and crush them into--fragments, fragments... Poor little claysone--Poor little greaseskin--Poor yellow fellow. There is that old, old clayhouse, with the yet older-looking strawmossy! Beautiful, romantic, classic scenery all
around. Oh, my heart! Why dost thou leap, why dost thou raise thy temperature? We lips, we eyes of hope of gold of silver, why do ye tremble so gently? Why do these far-reaching, intensely longing eyes let there radiating dew peel down upon the palms of the knocker every time at the site of this picture! "Ha, Oh, my Beloved! call liken thyself to an antelope or to a young hart on the mountains of spices!" We walk in, take our chairs and stools and sit around the Dinner—mold in the south-eastern of the two rooms. There is the low hearth before us. The mold or kind of a woodship in a small scale, upon the hearth, filled with peel potatoes, steaming like a bakers oven on Christmas eve. The whole family of ten amphi-theatrically around it. The father on a chair, reaching down for potatoes and a little milk. We children, that is my younger sister and the rest of us on stools, reaching down for a plenty of potatoes and some milk. The mother, sitting knitting on her left foot sound inside on the uneven clayfloor, reaching up for potatoes and—Dipping them into salt. Oh, how it did tear my heart, and this dinner, tears it ever since. Tell my pocket will be able to recompense. Nobody in the family has taken
notice of that dinner but the heavens and myself. After I
had learned many a lesson among the trees and flowers and creeks,
behind the gate and cattle and horses in my father's orchard and
fields and meadows; many a lesson in the school, yonder, west
over the hill in the next village alongside the Goplo-er,
many a sweet, sweet lesson in that good old book; many a
lesson in a two years course of pedagogic and practical teach-
ing at the Seminary at Warsaw, Russia. I finally, visit-
ing once our old home was then wise enough to ask my
Dear, dear mother, where the secret of her controlling, leading
power was! She never went one day to school, never took one
hour's lesson, never had a Bible, never read the Bible. All she could
read and reed and taught were the Lutheran hymnbooks and some
extracts from the Bible,—all her "God's Word." A mongolian or Finish
whirling around, about little bit as she was, yet under her leadership,
the thundering, raging demon was not able to touch her nor to abuse
her children, wild as I was. My father, a respect inspiring German
indeed, a man that, when not under the godfathers of slavery, rather gave
then took, rather suffered there; of proud, very flexible, a very elastic nature
his fifty years old countenance shining with brimfulness of life.
and intensity of existence, yet he was not able to power all the cattle
and horses and fields (how romantic their courses!) and beautiful meadows
through his throat. My mother never read a creed. If you should
happen to tell her that she was a Lutheran she probably wouldn't
thank you for it or bother with it. My mother never read a creed
and if you would put on the shadowy veil of a devout missionary and
try to indoctrinate her that there is such a thing as a two thousand,
four thousand, six thousand, year, millions of years old Rontan =
 feminism, brimstone sparkling crap, you would take her silence and
her deep sighings for stubbornness or foolishness, there is no such a
thing in her nature as a fitness or adaptation to brimstone. She
simply couldn't do such a thing as to build the heights ofburning
in the Valley of Moanings to smother her children in the fire
for Molech! ---! Neither could she put thicker her fiercest
enemies! --- Or you might put on the bright head and
the sweeping eye of a herald of faith - or as a roaring thunderer
of the fourth commandment and try to convince her that there
are such degenerated daughters as Crow= Fish= Crawling
Protestantism and Hobby= Horse= Snailing H. D. Adventure,
she would not know what to make of it - would sigh, and,
Instinctively feeling her superiority, would say: “Yes, yes, obey always the Word of God and before you think or speak or do anything, place your own self before your own self and ask what would probably be the best thing to think, to speak, to do.”

My mother never exalted and was always warm. But I believe that in all my searching travels, among all the women that is learned and pathetically, our aesthetic and philosophic romantically scream and scream up to the top of the Eiffel tower—way, way up to the pitch of the World’s Fair—about firing offrist our Lord upon the pinnacle of our White House. I have not yet found One that, had she been connected with my father for some ten days, would not have plunged herself headlong through her thread into the underworld death, her husband to Liberia and her children to the nags of servitude. But my mother’s husband is a slave, much revered master with for well cared for children, two very good sons in law, one captain in the Russian army and only one beggar in America. Chicago—dost thou not blush?—Who is that great Roman...under...

In the star fire is burning—
Lurking through the winds’ shadow...
Listen! Oh! what pleasant surroundings! His nice green grass, those flowers, trees, meadows, brooks, hills, and there, to the right, hundreds of birds singing and roaming above the bulrush of the sea. What a pleasant, inspiring evening this is! August, do you know—“What... what we will be ten or fifteen years later!” No farmer says that is certain.” In Warsaw, Moscow or Petersburg we will bound along on general horses like Suworov. “That is for August,” softly whispers the gentle voice, “but we unto you, Emil, if you do that!”... “You poor, miserable 'gigablink!’ the crows will take you before you even see the seminary at Warsaw, and to become an officer in the army one must be of noble decent,—so sneer and scoff our enemies, the father's little friend.

Another picture: Emil, on wings of his prayers and supplications, rivers of tears, is carried into the seminary. There he is,—alone with his bible, alone with his God, alone with Jesus. Jehova! His nickname in the first year: 'Silentaki's fiel,' in the second year, 'Bewitched,' in the third year, 'Generalissimus of Light,' in contradiction to the leader of the other party, the 'Generalissimus of Darkness.' What a charming
history—what a triumphant end

Spring 1862-1892. Neither by voice, nor pen, nor tears would I be able to give skin, or flesh, or bone of these few long agelasting years. No time—no time! Must hurry to get to some kind of work—my pockets never were so empty—let therefore these curious silence be your answer. There is my younger Emil working his way to Leipzig, T. H. Brockhaus, back to Poland, to Kiev, Odessa, near Odessa as tutor in one of the wealthiest families of the South. One Sunday afternoon on his bed, bathed his pillow with tears from 5 o'clock to 9 o'clock under the tremendous weight of the Endless—brimstone—question, begging for the salvation of his father and all friends and foes—"if not dash me out of existence—I'll never be happy as long as I know that there is somewhere someone of Thy beings smarting in agony."—The assembled company wants the teacher. The lady carefully opens every little window and shush it with—"What's the matter with our teacher? So day, that he sleeps so long, never sleep. During Oftime."—"Oh, terrific condition—enjoy your sparkling wine alone—and joking and joking and giggling..."
enjoy it, enjoy... There is Poland again. One Sunday I happen to strike a company of assembled Baptists. Oh, here float old dreams and loves the warm spirit that you have been yearning after so many years. I give up my position [dub], my rights as a graduate, my hope for a livelihood, join, am baptised, feel like a drunken one in joys unexpressible—read here cries—the reckless neckbreaking of Isaiah 66:6 the last verse... with, "Lord, if thou shouldst let me starve, I starve, but join." I joined and lived a whole year on starvation diet, whilst father, a strong, faithful Lutheran, had threatened to lock me down at the very next visit home. I visited once did not find him home—the second time, saw him after off, the third time, on my journey to America, stopped at our home near the Russian border. Evenings come the father—no word. We eat supper. I take my Bible, read, "people that profess to be Christians ought to do," kneel down, "like Daniel and Christ and good Christians"—and the first time you see the family, Creep, kneeling. I got up from my knees, kiss my father, thanking him, kiss my mother, go
to bed. Next day I steal myself through deep waters over the border, soldiers from right and left toward me and after me. I fall down, get up and over, panting like a dog, turn around, hat off, but hear a smiling good by, they fire three times through the air . . . . there is Brooklyn, here is Dr. Tolman's, I hear understand a little over satisfied . . . Oh! ye ten years, ye ten years . . . . "To Thoreau, to Cornell University. Pay your way by watchmaking. go ahead . . . . Thoe! One side . . . There is Syracuse . . . . What a longing back to New York. Dr. Tolman's. Tolman's is being built up rapidly, so go ahead . . . A dream -- walking on the roofs of Brooklyn to find the new Tolman's -- Has! my heart, my heart -- "why do they commence building from the top downward? why such a poor uninstitutional building." . . . There is Saratoga. I have to decide finally whether to go to New York or West. What a terrific day -- ago, nations, kindred, tongues and peoples, all citizens of the universe and children of eternity, lie in the trembling balances . . . What a terrific day -- there is the night . . . I fall in a deep sleep . . . there or night . . .
vision... I am in a palatial temple! How many people therein! What a wonderful symmetry! What grandeur! What inspiring surroundings! But what in the world is this watchtower here for, in the midst of the temple? Behold! a winding staircase up around it! A woman is walking slowly up! All alone, all alone! Wonderful!... at every turn she is taller, stronger, more beautiful and finer dressed! There she is on the roof of the tower, going around, around, her face fixed into the far! far! distance, as if watching the movements of an approaching tremendous host of enemies! Wonderful, Wonderful! Higher at every round! About fifteen or eighteen feet high! What a symmetry! What a harmony! What a beauty! What an elegance, nobleness, gravity, sublimity, elasticity, gentleness, refinement in her motions!... Who is she!... Who is the greatest woman.

Then ten years! Oh these ten years! Deprived from every school by creed, boxes and hypocrisy on one side and by rags of poverty, selfishness, or debauch from the other side. Week after week, night after night I am hunted by life and
vitality sucking comfortless, merciless tormenting!—
Oh! ye fearful sucking vipers ye!—
There is the Insane asylum!... the sick men alone could silence you, and death would probably buy you! European vigor and vitality are coming back, and there the forgotten suckers return!... Now what?... What is the world is going on in that despised Chicago. . . . . . .

Wonderful! Wonderful!

Didn't I in the course of the last three years before I came to America, have three dreams as if being in a great habitation or kind of a moving ship in a harbour among many passengers ready to start for America!... Every time was desired to go there also and to go to the known Northwestern Center of the U. S. A. and enter the school there! And in every one of these three dreams I was comforted, believing that nothing would hinder me from entering!... Strange, that I never thought of them! But now could I pay any attention to these three comforting scenes and not rank them in one category with the miserable
others, the mortifying one! Didn't I know well enough, that there was nothing a thing in the N. W. C. U. S. A. as to satisfy my desire of a first-class University, in first-class symmetrical magnificent buildings, in a first-class park, in a first-class city, with first-class teachers.

And there it is. It is found to become that. Dad there is Professor Harper. Yes, the very same man, who in the last dream, when all passed by, approached me, smiling, encouraged me, named the very subject which to study.

"Go there and all your dreams will be fulfilled."

The very same man. The very same face, exactly. And here the University of Universities. The surroundings, like the Garden of Eden, like a garden of God. Here Chicago. Here the World's Fair. Here the three borne Baptists.

compelled to elect a Professor William R. Harper, Phil. D. as their President.

Who is the greatest man we

Chicage, Ill.
Thursday, April 5th, 1892.

And here are J,
always up to the level of esteem and friendship,
Emil John William Deeps.
Dear Sir,

I understand that the problem of bisecting any angle, has for centuries engaged the attention of the ablest mathematicians; and that for the same period of time, it has literally smiled at their efforts. In no mathematical text-book of today is the problem solved and satisfactorily proved, which is significant.

I have observed in History, that from time immemorial, it has been customary for Universities to recognise merit by conferring a degree suitable to the occasion. Time is too valuable, and the instances too numerous, to cite here.

It has fallen to the lot of the writer hereof to have solved—and not only solved, but to have rigidly proved the solution of—the above mentioned problem; wherefore he respectfully wishes to undertake to enlighten his contemporary mathematicians on this particular point; through the medium of your Honorable University; in return for which he leaves it—of necessity—to the University to recognise his signal service by granting him the degree of D.Sc.

He will be pleased to hear from you at the earliest moment, and pending yourself, to despatch with due care his thesis.

faithfully Yours,

Stephen C. Coxe
To the Registrar,

Dear sir,—

The enclosed letter was referred to me through the Faculty Exchange. The writer is laboring under a misconception of the problem in which he is interested. The problem has been solved many times but not by means of the ruler and compass, the instruments of elementary geometry. It has been proved impossible using them alone. I have written to Mr. Cope to this effect giving him the proper references.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
The Ministry of Agriculture

August 15, 1937

To the Secretary

Dear Sir:

The encloséd letter was returned to me because the faculty

[Signature]

Yours sincerely,
Dear Sir:

I believe that Professor Bliss of the Mathematics Department as already written you concerning the problem of which you write in your letter of June 25. The University of Chicago confers no degrees except for work done in residence. The occasional honorary degrees conferred are always given at the University's initiative. The circular of the Graduate Schools I am sending to you.

Yours very truly,

[Signature]

Secretary to the President.

Mr. Stephen C. Cope,
56 Ampschoff St.,
Johannesburg, Transvaal.
Dear Sir,

I appreciate your interest in the Mathematics Department at the University of California. I have written to your letter of June 25. The University of California, Governmental Research Committee, is concerned with the problem of applying this committee's recommendation for graduate education to the nation as a whole. I am now sending you an abstract of the Graduate School's recommendation for graduate education, which I believe will be of interest to you.

Yours very truly,

[Signature]

Secretary to the President

Mr. Secretary of Commerce

[Address]
5829 Indiana Avenue,
Chicago, August 1, 1895.

Dr. W. R. Harper,
President, University of Chicago.

Dear Sir: — I trust you do not feel bothered that I continue in this letter the conversation which I had with you the other day and left off as I did not wish to take up more of your valuable time and there was one or two persons in the unless office awaiting their turn to see you.

My inability to speak, in my humble opinion, needs not make a valid objection to my getting a position as instructor in the university laboratories as the students are, above all things, expected to be able to communicate in writing. The duties of the position I refer to are such that the incumbent needs not talk or speak much, orally or in writing, but answers occasional questions from the students wishing to understand this or that point about analytical work in their text-books, and sees that they do their work of analysis correctly and properly, helping them on whenever necessary. I need not do any lecturing but can
leave that to the head-professors. I would have plenty to do without lecturing. When I give directions to students about different methods of analysis in detail on paper, it is decidedly an advantage over those given orally, as my written slips of paper can be made use of for reference or to copy in their note-books at their leisure. Oral directions as to details of analytical methods are more or less apt to be misunderstood or forgotten, and can are not always readily transferable to the student's note-book.

Of course, I understand from you that there is no vacancy in my line at the University now. There may be one some day or may be need of more instructors, as your University is growing very fast. If this latter should remove your objection to me on the score of deafness, I would like to submit my application for you to keep on file and consider when proper opportunity presents itself. I am in no great hurry, as I am still holding a pretty good position. I should prefer a university professorship or instructorship above any position in business-life, as in the former I can always be learning and studying Chemistry.
I graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College (now Gallaudet College) in Washington, D.C., with the degree of B.S., and afterward, for two years, studied practical and analytical chemistry in the Polytechnic School of Washington University at St. Louis. Since then, I have had a large and varied experience in the practice of my chosen profession, having been head chemist or assayer to the St. Louis Sugar Refining Company, Western Steel Co., St. Louis Smelting & Refining Co., National Smelting & Refining Co. of Chicago. I am now in employ of the Targent Company, iron & steel founders, in the city. Can refer to any of the above-named firms; also to Prof. C. M. Woodward, or Prof. W. B. Potter, both of Washington University, St. Louis; also to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Pres. Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C.; also to Hon. C. O. Conner, Pres. World's Congress of the Deaf, of which I was subsequently chosen President, and which had an attendance of over 1,000.

I have occasionally contributed original articles on improvements in chemical analysis or assaying to the technical press, one or two of which were reproduced in the scientific press of Europe, nota-
fly the Chemical News of London, and the Chemiker-zeitung of Bottino, Germany. Ballindale College has conferred on me the degree of M.S. Your Storekeeper, Mr. Chester D. Williams, knows me tolerably well, having been a customer of his while he was salesman with E. H. Sorrent & Co., dealers in apparatus, chemicals.

I have mentioned to you already that there is a definite professor or instructor of biology in the West Pennsylvania University, and one of sculpture in the Hopkins Art Institute at San Francisco. I am married; have one child.

If this letter should only convince you that deafmutes are not so helpless, I should feel better in any event. The federal and state governments have been providing liberally for the education of the deaf, in order that they may become self-supporting, and they should be given a fair trial at employment in the public, as they usually give satisfaction wherever employed, even at industrial works which least of all can afford delay or unsatisfactory service.

Please pardon this lengthy communication, for I think it well to reason out any arguments with one who stands.
so high in educational circles like you, and your good opinion is worth having.

Sincere, very respectfully yours,

Geo. T. Dougherty.
...
A LOST RACE.

The great mystery about Indo-China, and one which must ever be insoluble, is the story of the lost race and the vanished civilization of that strange country. The mighty walls of Angkor-Wat, rising in the midst of sparsely populated jungles, remain as the memorial of a great empire which has utterly disappeared and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple, or what tyrant hounded on this myriads of people to build up those immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures. Angkor-Wat is one of the most astonishing monuments in the world, and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as the earth itself, were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise. Only a highly civilized and very wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Wat—a very different race to the Annamite of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as utterly as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes and solitudes of Memphis.
part, not the whole. We should never have imagined this fair earth had it been given

E. BOOK-MA

For Christ and the Church

Fidelity and Fellowship

Francis E. Clark
Roland May 8th, 98

Manitoba

W. C. Harper

Dear Sir,

Enclosed a clipping from a newspaper concerning an “impossible mystery” which I think is easily explained.

You know already that Nebuchadnezzer was king over all nations of the world, and that Babel was the hammer of all the Earth. Nebuchadnezzer built for himself a capital which he called Great Babel. This I believe was Angkor Wat in the vicinity of Chouldeh, Centre of the greatest extent of fertile territory on the globe. It was a huge idea, but worthy of the race that scoffed at kings and fortresses. Before that time China was Egyptian Territory. They excavated the Grand Canal. Wherefore Pharaoh said: “My river is mine own and I have made it for myself.”

These are facts.

C. J. Boyle
Roland Manitoba

Wynn
Prof. W. R. Harper,

Prest. Chicago University, Chicago.

My dear Sir:—

Over the Great Golden Door of the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, appeared on one side this motto:

"There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous—A fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place".

This is accredited to Bacon; can you tell me in which of his essays this extract, or anything approaching it, can be found. I have the impression that the original appears in one of Bacon's Latin essays, and that these words are simply a free translation, but I am quite desirous of getting at their source and full value. If you can help me out in this matter I would esteem it a great favor.

Yours truly

[Signature]

Assistant to President.

I can not find the quotation in any books at my disposal.
Dear Mr. W. H. Hedin

President, University of Chicago

My dear Sir:

Over the Great Golden Door of the Transportation Building

at the world's fair, I am about to make a nation greet and prosperous.

A part of the fair's grand preparations may be an occasion for you and me;

from place to please;

This is a season to rejoice; can you tell me to whom of His eye;

the wise and the virtuous, the aspirers to do their utmost, and the brave

the impression that the official appearance in one of France's finest scenes;

that these words are simply a few transitions, but I am done with

of regretting my poor sample and self analysis. If you can help me out in

the matter, I would esteem it a great favor.

Your truly,

Assistant to President.
August 11, 1908

Dear Mr. Catlin:

Your note came yesterday, and this morning I have the two pieces of music. I congratulate you, both on the poetry and on the musical part. I suppose that you are emulating Wagner, and your next step will be an opera, the scene of which shall be laid in Troy. Please give my cordial regards to the good wife, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

H. P. Judson

Mr. C. L. Catlin,
553 River Street,
Troy, New York.
August 7th, 1908

Dear Mr. Certin:

I note some paragraphs and the sentence I have the two pieces of maps. I congratulate you on your part, I suppose that you are stimulating and your next step will be to return the money of which

apart from these I doubt. Please give my copyright to the book

with any patience we've

Very truly yours,

H.E. Johnson

Mr. C. P. Certin
22 River Street
Troy, New York
OUR MOTTO

C. L. CATLIN

5 & 6 River St
Croy
11. 27
OUR MOTTO
"IN GOD WE TRUST."

C. L. CATLIN.

1. We lift our eyes to Thee, oh Lord,
   And earnestly we pray,
   That this our own dear native land,
   May be Thine own, alway.

2. Amer-ica, our native land,
   Thy struggles in the cause of right,
   Thy honor and thy fame,
   Her halls, all hall Amer-ica;

3. Amer-ica, our native land:
   Our press'd of earth oft seek thy shores,
   For the nations' hands be strong;
   Our banner floating in the breeze,

Chorus.

Amer-ica, our native land:
   All may thy motto be: "In God we trust" the nations' hope,
   True life and liberty.

Copyright, 1908, by C. L. Catlin, Troy, N.Y.
Referred to Dr. Harper

Rhodes
San Francisco, April 27th, 1904

Mr. J. P. Rockefeller
Dear Sir,

My father, the Rev. William Goode, left among his valuable paintings one of “Abraham Lincoln” a copy of his original life-size portrait which he painted for the government, and as now hanging in the White House. Do you think I wish to sell for the estate and knowing that the University of Chicago (I was a favorite of mine) I thought you might like to purchase this and place it in the building as it is a painting that must be admired by everyone. Mr. Besset, you once saw the unframed circular portrait he received for the original but I would like $2000 for this one framed. I have a letter to the Harper but I thought best to write you this. Perhaps they had neither the funds or the right to make such a purchase.
I hope you will consider this favorably as it might never be possible again for the purchase of this Portal, please let me hear from you and oblige yours truly

Mr. R. P. Rhoades
618 Eddy Street
San Francisco
Cal.

My father died suddenly last December, you have probably seen the original petition at the White House, it would be of great assistance to me if you would consider this favorably

Mrs. R.
Lincoln and McKinley

Two striking portraits, McKinley and Lincoln, the work of Mr. William Cogswell, whose name and fame as an artist need no exploiting here in California where he is known. Ever since he won the contest instituted by Congress in 1869 in offering three thousand dollars for the best painting of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Cogswell has been regarded as one of the leading portrait painters of the country. Since his settlement in California twenty-five years ago, he has been known as one of the most prominent portrait painters on the Pacific Coast. His paintings of thirteen of California's governors hang in the State House in Sacramento, while Oregon, Nevada and Washington have engaged his talents for similar work. His latest efforts have produced a life-size study of William McKinley, now to be seen in the East Corridor of the Capitol. The artist has succeeded in effectively showing the equipoise and superb, dignified repose that so distinguished the late President. McKinley was often said to be the handsomest of the American Presidents, and his full measure of manly beauty is here shown. He is seen standing by a table, resting his right hand upon a manuscript, with his left hand behind him, while the parted window curtains give a glimpse of the other world. It is a life-like and frequent pose and by those at all familiar with the habit of Mr. McKinley, is instantly recognized as a faithful study.

By the side of this portrait of our latest martyred President, is a copy of the famous study of President Lincoln, now in the White House at Washington. This was chosen by a committee composed of Grant, Sherman and Sumner, as the best presented in the contest of thirty years ago and has been declared by Robert Lincoln as the most life-like portrait of his father that he ever saw. Most of the sadness that is apparent in many portraits of Lincoln is missing here; instead, there is a gentleness, ease, complete and almost languid self-absorption and that pre-occupied expression that is had only in the highest order of men—the truly great. The McKinley portrait has the same points of fidelity to the characteristics of the
Lincoln and McHenry

The Republican party, in their last national convention, nominated Mr. Lincoln as their candidate for President. Mr. Lincoln has been a consistent advocate of the Republican principles, and his nomination is a strong indication of the growing strength of the party.

Mr. McHenry, on the other hand, has been a supporter of the Democratic party. His nomination is a sign of the divide within the party and the increasing polarization of political opinions.

The upcoming election will be a critical test for the country, as it will determine the direction of the country for the next four years.
Chicago, Feb. 27, 1900.

Dr. William R. Harper,
Chicago.

Dear Sir:

"The King's Daughters" of Centenary M. E. Church are compiling a book of "Favorite Quotations" of their friends, and are desirous of obtaining quotations from various ministers, educators and others well known by reputation to us all.

The writer, who is a member of this society, takes the liberty of asking you for one of your favorite quotations, with the author's name and, of course, the privilege of using your name in connection with the quotation.

The proceeds of the sale of the book will be devoted to the charitable purposes which our organization aims to serve.

Thanking you in advance for a reply.

I remain

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) May Bulp

#343 Marshfield Ave.

Chicago.
Dear Mr. Herbert,

I am pleased to hear that you are a member of the "kind" fraternity of gentlemen who are interested in the preservation of our national heritage. I understand that you have recently been elected to the Board of Directors of the "Kenmore" Corporation, and I congratulate you on your appointment.

I am writing to inform you of the progress of our project to save the "Kenmore" house. I am happy to report that we have made significant progress in the past few weeks. The site is now securely fenced and the necessary steps are being taken to preserve the original structure.

I am also pleased to announce that we will be holding a fundraiser later this month to support our efforts. I hope that you will be able to attend.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
A man's reach should exceed his grasp.

No place like.

Six?

Washington, D.C.

So true.

The hope bestow who earnest best.
"It is not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

Robert Browning (Saul, and Andrea del Sarto)

(These should go together: They supplement each other so well.)
"He spied the mid this dance
of plastic circumstance.
This Present, thus, forever, wouldst fail arrest:
Machinery just meant drags.
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee, and turn the forth sufficiently impressed.

Robert Browning (Rabbi Ben Ezra)
Every man is not so much a workman in the world, as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophesies of the next age."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

"The distinction and end of a soundly constituted man is his labor. He is inscribed on all his faculties. He is the end to which he exists, as the tree exists for his fruit, so a man for his work. A fruitless plant, an idle animal, does not stand in the universe." Ralph Waldo Emerson
The secret of genius is to suffer us fiction
to exist for weight to realize all that we know;
in the high refinement of modern life,
in arts, in sciences, in books, in men,
to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose,
and first, last, midst, and without end,
to honor every truth by use.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
I don't understand. I'm sorry to trouble you with this. I trust you will respond to me in a kindness spirit of understanding. I am not a professional psychologist. I'm just a regular person who is experiencing these issues. I need someone to listen and offer advice. I am going through a difficult time in my life and I feel like I can't handle it alone. Please help me. Thank you.
from six to eight hours a day. I will want to get through as quickly as possible and return home as I will be needed to look after some of our denominational and educational interests among the people. Now what can Chicago University do for me? Could I enter the designated department and do the special work I desire and retire as soon as it is completed? How much red tape would I be subjected to and how much would it cost me?

I have met you twice I think but I do not suppose that you would remember me. To give you some idea of the age of the contemplated pupil I will state that I have been teaching in Georgetown College since 1855. Two weeks from now I will complete my 44th year in the same room. Have never had a vacation except the ordinary summer vacation of about 11 or 12 weeks. I am now in this new field and I want to place it in good order before I retire.

Very Respectfully, G. J. Tucker
From six to eight please a guy I will want to let you know as early as possible and we will be leaving to take a photo of our commencement and important information anyone the book.

After you get your commencement when you are to take a photo department and go the photography work I get and write your note as soon as to complete the work. You want all the money to sponsor the trip I have met you twice I think and I do not think you know how to handle this. You should manage me to give you some ideas of the rest of the college. I have completed my All states that I have passed teaching in 1929. I have known you All completed my lecture college since 1928. To teach know you All complete my fourth year in the classroom. Have never had a registration exactly. This is a national science recognition of sport I. At 12 weeks I submit in the company. I want to please to you and Cooperston I want.
But it is by no means satisfactory to me. The text-book and classroom lectures must be supplemented by illustrations with a good set of apparatus skilfully handled. We have some apparatus but not a proper supply. And then in the next place I am not as familiar with the handling of it as I should be to make a real success of the subject. Although I have already served my three score and ten, yet in the emergency before us, the way out, that I see, is for me to report to some good department of Physics in some of our Universities that run summer schools and place myself under an expert first to learn what additional apparatus we need and then acquire some skill and practice in handling the materials. I want no formal course of lectures. I can get that from books. I want to spend my whole time in the laboratory. I think I can put in
The Kentucky Star

Dear Dean of Student Affairs,

I am writing to express my concern regarding the text-pack for our course. The text-pack is not up to my expectations and I am having trouble understanding it. I find it difficult to follow the course materials and I have trouble keeping up with the assignments.

I would like to suggest a few changes that I believe could improve the quality of the text-pack. First, I believe that the text-pack should be more accessible and user-friendly. Second, I think that the examples and explanations should be clearer and more concise.

I would appreciate it if you could consider my suggestions and make the necessary changes. I would be happy to discuss this further with you.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,

[Name]

P.S. I have attached a copy of the text-pack for your reference.
Dr. W.R. Harper,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir & Brother: I am in trouble and am seeking relief. For a few years past the Department of Physics in Georgetown College, has been neglected and had become quite unsatisfactory to the management of the college authorities. For many years I have been running the department of Mathematics in the College, and for the want of funds to employ a teacher for the department of Physics, I was requested to give up a part of my course and make an effort to revive the department of Physics. I began the work in good earnest last fall and so far as I can gather my work with the text-book in the class room has been satisfactory.
The Kentucky Star

Dr. W. H. Harkr.. Chicago, Ill.

Dr. W. H. Harkr.. Chicago, Ill.

My dear Sir & Brother: I am in troops and am
seeking relief. For a few years past the Department of Physics in
Georgetown College has been neglected and has become little more
interesting to the management of the College authorities. You many
years ago have been striving the department of Mathematics in the
Georgetown College and for the most part of time to employ a teacher for the 9th
department of Physics. I am interested to give up a part of my course
and make an attempt to revive the Department of Physics. I hence
mean to look over the old files and to use in some
way either the last few in the office room and pass classes,
and possibly the last few in the office room for the classes,
and possibly the last few
My Dr. Harper:

I thank you very much for your kind letter just received. As intimated in my first letter I do not care to enter as a regular student in any department, but wished to pay the matriculation fee and receive a letter from you introducing me to the director of the physical laboratory, asking him to grant me just such privileges as I may desire, that are consistent with the regulations of the department. Of course I will expect to pay all additional fees that may be required. Will the laboratory be open during the month of June, so that I could begin work should I come before the first of July? The authorities here are anxious that I should make the trip and return as early as possible, as our College needs my presence in the state during the summer as far as practicable.

Thanking you for the favor already shown, an early reply will be highly appreciated by myself and those whom I am trying to serve.

Very Respectfully,

J. J. Rucker
I thank you very much for your kind letter.

I have received an invitation to my first letter to not come to the occasion as a matter of course to any gathering but wish to take the opportunity to express my appreciation for the letter and invitation. I hope to have the pleasure of the President's presence when I am able. I have written to the President of the State to express my appreciation.

I look forward to hearing from you as I was hearing that you are coming to the meeting.

Thank you for your letter. The authorities have the vacation that I sought make the trip and return as early as possible to our city. I look forward to the trip and return as early as possible to our city.

With my best regards to your family.

Sincerely,
Born on the 22nd of Feb. 1732.

II Geo. Washington was
born Feb. 22nd, 1732.

III Geo. Washington was
born Feb. 22nd, 1732.

An early reply
will oblige,

Respectfully yours,

Mr. Bruce. Clark

All depends how much literary effect is desired. For ordinary purposes the
third form = Feb. 22, 1732 = is
preparably. The 22 is read "twenty
seconds". But the full literary
form would be "born on the twenty
second of February 1732."
Lansing, Mich.
Dec 10, 1896

W. P. Harper -

Dear Sir - In reading a paper before a club organized for the study of history which form of the following sentence is preferable and which if any is wrong:

T. Geo. Washington was
Quercus.

Stand up like men, and pray;
And every day
Spread love and truth along the way.

Lay down like men, and sleep;
Let righteousness a vigilant keep,
That silently the hours may creep.

And when to die:
Lay down like men,
Without a sigh.

October 26th, 1903.
A Message:

Words breed like men,
Then weigh words well;
Not only read but feel,
That, fulfillment they tell.

For instance
When you say "That Flag,
It doesn't mean just a piece of bunting,
Any more.

But and emblem,
Which says to everyone;
"Work On! We Trust!!"
And more;
"In God We Trust."

October, 1903.

Lewis H. Kenzie Trimpe
June 15, 1894

W. R. Harper
Chicago, Illinois

I see your name connected with a move that I believe will prove a "star in the East," bringing in a brighter day for America and turning it to the entire world on a globe on which we live - the Bible in the public schools or selections from it available. Although life existed before the Book and does exist independent of it, yet the knowledge of that life does not exist as independent. The Bible is a book on that subject and is the highest and most potent authority. If a man says "it he will catch his spirit and that is all that is permanent value. If the Chicago Board adopt the Book I would be glad to go in to induce others. If you see much an opening, remember it. It is the greatest work of the age and he who secures it is against the opposition of the hour, and will become the head of the corner.

Fraternally,

W. W. Alexander
SIXTIETH
1833. - - ANNIVERSARY WEDDING - - 1893.

-of the-
REV. JOHN ALDEN AND WIFE.

Thanksgiving Day, 1893.

In view of this REMARKABLE event, it is proposed by friends of these aged Pilgrims to give them a testimonial in some substantial manner as an expression of the love and esteem in which they are held, and in recognition of their life-long service to God and man.

Rev. JOHN ALDEN is one of the oldest ministers in the Baptist denomination, and has been one of its most active servants until within a few years, when illness and the infirmities of age rendered it impossible for him to longer engage in the work. Mrs. ALDEN has become an invalid and nearly blind, and we, their friends, who have visited them at their home and witnessed their patient resignation and deep sense of gratitude for blessings received, feel desirous of calling on all who have an interest in them, whether through friendship or the greater tie of Christian brotherhood, to reach out a helping hand to these almost centenarians, thus making a little lighter the heavy burdens of age, a little smoother the fast descending pathway, and a little brighter the sunset glow, in the light of sympathy and love. Let us all substantially remember these dear old friends, and, if possible, give them a friendly call on this next Thanksgiving Day, or at least send a word of cheer. If friends desire, Mr. and Mrs. Alden would be most happy to give in person or send by mail a Souvenir Picture of themselves with their signatures. From those who cannot call letters would be very acceptable in reviving and commemorating scenes of other days. Address, Rev. John Alden, 10 Dexter St., Providence, R.I., or either of the undersigned.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. W. L. Clarke, Providence, R. I.  Mrs. C. E. Dumville, North Adams.
Charles E. Allen, Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
SIXTEENTH

1833 - ANNIVERSARY WEDDING - 1863

of the

REV. JOHN ALDEN and WIFE

Thanksgiving Day, 1833

In view of this REMARKABLE event, I the property of together, of these, especially, a remembrance in some appropriate manner, so as an expression of the love and esteem in which you are held, and in recognizing the invaluable labors of life-long service to God and men.

Rev. John Alden is one of the oldest ministers in the Baptist denomination.

He and his wife have been one of the most stable families until within a few years. Their influence and the influence of their children have been of importance to us, as their example and the example of their children have been of great value to us.

In view of this event, I wish to express my gratitude to them and to their family, and to the members of the church, for their kindness and consideration.

Committee of Arrangements

Mrs. W.L. Clarke, Providence, R.I.
Mrs. C. E. Dunstable, North Yarmouth
Mrs. E. M. Williams, Epsom Falls, Maine
Mrs. A. Riggs, Springfield, Mass.
Charles E. Allen, State Building, Boston, Mass.
Chicago, April 22, 1912.

Dear Mr. Douglas:

I had occasion yesterday morning at Mandel Hall to discover the efficiency and what is even better the pleasantness in efficiency of one of the janitors. I do not know his name. During the service I went out through the iron doors on the second floor on to the roof of the cloister and café. The janitor in charge of the door beckoned to me. He did not know me any more than I knew him. Therefore, I thought I would see how he would handle the breach in the rules. His manner especially was such as to induce obedience to his request rather than obstinancy on the part of anybody he might speak to. The ability to smile while carrying out unpleasant orders is so rare around the University that I feel like commending to you this particular janitor. I hope you will let him know that the doing of a duty does not always go unappreciated.

Sincerely yours,
D. A. Robertson
Secretary to the President
Secretary to the President.

DAR-D

Mr. C. M. Douglas.
Dear Mr. Douglas:

I had occasion recently morning at hands of Mr. -. I took occasion to observe the efficiency and want to again offer the President
of particular interest of one of the professors. I do not know the name

During the service I went out through the front door on the second
floor of the building. I met a man who appeared to me. He did not know me and we

Then I asked him if he were in the President's office. He knew me and we went

He handed me the paper in the President's office and the opportunity to his personal agent.

To promote the advancement of his health and to promote the health of the University.

I hope you will let him know that the good of a duty does not

Secretary to the President

DAR

Mr. C. H. Douglas

Secretary to the President