

**EDWARD RECTOR**

**1863**

**1925**





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IN MEMORIAM  
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EDWARD RECTOR

1863—1925,

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY  
FRIDAY, OCTOBER SIXTEENTH  
ONETHOUSAND NINE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE

THEY ARE INVESTMENTS IN  
HUMANITY, IN THE MEN AND  
WOMEN WHO ARE TO CARRY ON  
THE WORK OF OUR COUNTRY  
WHEN YOU AND I ARE GONE.

—Edward Rector



# MEMORIAL SERVICES

THE HONORABLE ROY O. WEST, A.M., LL.B.  
President of the Board of Trustees and Visitors, *Presiding*

Prelude—Trauermarsch, from Sonata opus 35 - - *Chopin*  
VAN DENMAN THOMPSON

Prayer  
LEMUEL HERBERT MURLIN, LL.D.  
President of DePauw University

Response  
THE UNIVERSITY CHOIR

Addresses  
FREDERICK D. LEETE, LL.D.  
Bishop of the Indianapolis Area of the Methodist Church  
FRANK PARKER DAVIS LL.B., M. P. L.  
Member of Law Firm: Rector, Hibben, Davis and Macauley  
HUGH MCGLASSON  
Rector Scholar, Class of '27, DePauw University

Souls of the righteous - - - - - *Noble*  
THE UNIVERSITY CHOIR

Addresses  
EDWIN HOLT HUGHES, LL.D.  
Bishop of the Chicago Area of the Methodist Church  
HENRY BOYER LONGDEN, LL.D.  
Vice-President of DePauw University  
Secretary Rector Scholarship Foundation

Crossing the Bar - - - - - *Barnby*  
THE UNIVERSITY CHOIR

Benediction  
SALEM B. TOWN, D.D.  
Treasurer of DePauw University

## Introductory Remarks

THE HONORABLE ROY O. WEST, A.M., LL.B.  
*President of the Board of Trustees and Visitors*

THIS is a day of sorrow but it is a day of thanksgiving. Through well nigh a century of public service, this venerable institution heretofore has not known just such an occasion. Men have served her faithfully during their lives; others have given her their substance. Edward Rector gave both his heart and his fortune. What he said, what he did, his life among us, ever will be an inspiring story. Our children's children and innumerable sons of men will continue to revere his memory through all the years.

It is not for me today to chronicle his birth and boyhood life in this commonwealth. On a tablet, on our Campus, in the hall, bearing the name we honor you will see a modest recital of the early family interest in the cause of Christian education and in our revered College. And it is fitting that on this occasion, as an official of the corporation, I should ask an alumnus of DePauw University, her president, to lead us in prayer; that I should ask the high Indiana official of our church, a trustee of DePauw, to address us.

In a sister state, Edward Rector won his rank among the leaders of his profession, and his friend and co-partner in the law is with us today and will speak to us. As we think of the gentle but virile and aggressive spirit,



now on "the vast plain where Death encamps," and how Edward Rector achieved in the clash of opinion before court and elsewhere, we remember those lines of Scott:

*"And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."*

Before you hear from a representative of those five hundred and eight young men, known as Rector Scholars, I now shall read to you by request their resolutions:

"At this the first meeting of the Edward Rector Scholarship Foundation of the year 1925-26, it is fitting that we pause at the shrine of memory and pay tribute to our great and noble friend, Edward Rector, who, since last we met, has departed this physical life, and whose soul today reckons life's eternal achievements.

As an expression of our attitude toward the loss of a warm friend, BE IT RESOLVED by the members of the Edward Rector Scholarship Foundation of DePauw University, assembled in Meharry Hall, on this 21st day of September, 1925, at eight o'clock P. M.:

*FIRST*—That we have lost in the death of Mr. Rector a most noble, loving, sympathetic and understanding friend.

*SECOND*—That our loss is not confined to us alone, but it extends through all the world.

*THIRD*—That the Edward Rector Scholarship Foundation in particular, and DePauw University as a whole, did not have in the person of this inspiring man a friend because he was a benefactor, but a benefactor because he was our 'friend'.

*FOURTH*—That each of us owes to Mr. Rector a debt which can only be paid through unquestioned loyalty to our Alma Mater, and a life of unstinted devotion to humanity. And to this payment we now commit ourselves.

*FIFTH*—That to Mrs. Lucy Rowland Rector we extend our deepest sympathy, and breathe a prayer for divine consolation to abide with her, that this consolation may bring that comfort which produces contentment, peace and happiness.

*SIXTH*—That we pledge ourselves ever to honor the name of Edward Rector by striving constantly to attain the high ideals sanctioned by his life, and to lose ourselves in whole-hearted service for others."

We have present another trustee of the old college, for five years her president, a Bishop of the Methodist Church. On that first afternoon, in August, as if a messenger from the Throne, he and another were the last to say farewell to that intrepid spirit and, through him, a thoughtful Providence spoke comfort to the



heartbroken companion, who honors us today with her presence.

And you will listen to the Secretary of that Foundation, established and supported by Edward Rector. You, who have known of the beginnings and development of Mr. Rector's plan, need not be reminded of the sympathetic interest in it of Lucy Rowland Rector. But with all the glories of that undertaking, these two lives emphasize that

*“There is  
One great society alone on earth:  
The noble living and the noble dead.”*

We are gratified that it is written that the new hall for men shall be named the Henry B. Longden Hall, in recognition of the unselfish services of our loved and lovable Dr. Longden.

Goethe said:

*“Yes, there is left one sad sweet bond of union,—  
Sorrow at parting links us in communion.”*

Dr. Salem B. Town, pioneer alumnus, treasurer of the University, devoted friend, will pronounce the benediction.

The musical numbers were Mr. Rector's favorites.

Withal, it seems most becoming, also, that these memorial services should be on the anniversary of the

opening of Rector Hall for women, and here where our dear friend will sleep; he will rest yonder on the gentle slope,

*“Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid  
And parting summer’s lingering blooms delayed.”*

I look, friends, into the far distant future, at these and other structures on the Campus; and nearby upon the simple weatherbeaten stone, with its dimly chiseled names and dates; and I know that time finally these monuments will conquer. And then, then, I see that Edward Rector and Lucy Rowland Rector have builded another house, “an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

*“But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.”*



## An Apostle of the Right Use of Wealth

REVEREND FREDERICK D. LEETE, LL.D.

*Bishop of the Indianapolis Area of the Methodist  
Episcopal Church*

EDWARD RECTOR will long be remembered, not as a man who amassed riches, but as an apostle of the right use of wealth. Millionaires are by no means a novelty in America. They appear and disappear, and we do not think much about them. The press has so fully accepted the idea of stewardship that it gives scant space to the life history of one whose whole record is that he made money, owned money, and left money to his family. The very definitions have changed until not a few believe that

*Richest are they who live to God so well  
Their longest day would scarce suffice to tell  
In what wide way their benefactions fell.*

*Poorest are they who live to self so true  
Their longest day brings but such good to view  
As they may need self's service to pursue.*

It is a wide practice to identify one's self with worthy institutions of religion, philanthropy and government, for example, and to pour treasure into them. Edward Rector of DePauw meant more to himself and vastly more to the world than Edward Rector alone could ever have signified. He entered into a life, rendered a

service, achieved an immortality beyond that of any unattached individual however favorably circumstanced, able and successful. Wherever the name of Rector is mentioned people will be thinking of DePauw. Is it not just as true that where DePauw is known Edward Rector will be remembered and honored?

After all the great thing is not what we give to the cause in which we believe, but that we give. Nor is it in coin, or talent, or time that the best giving is done. Threefold is the value of his act who "gives himself with his gift." This the greatest financial benefactor of DePauw surely did. He not only sent a check—he came. He made continuous and increasing investments, and he followed them up and looked after them. He took the institution, its constituency and its needs into his provision and plans and he went further and made them his chief business and concern. Many have heard him say, "I am living for DePauw, and the rest of my time will be devoted to her interests."

Men of wealth have been accused of arrogance and autocracy, but such traits are by no means confined to any one class of society. They seemed to be foreign to the nature of Edward Rector. He respected educators and gave heed to their opinions. He counselled with boards and committees made up of "all sorts and conditions of men." He recognized the fact that back of a Christian college is the larger body of the Church. Very recently an incident was recounted which does



honor to his sense of responsibility. The occurrence described took place several years ago. Some issue was up relating to a change of the policy and government of the institution. Mr. Rector rose in one of the meetings and said in substance, "My own opinions in this case are somewhat liberal. I am told, however, that the Methodist Episcopal Church, which founded and supported DePauw University, does not approve this step. Therefore, I cannot give it my favor or vote." In such an attitude is represented the co-operative and loyal spirit which builds upon considerable and strong foundations. It should also be noted that Mr. Rector was inspired and aided in his great achievements by his devoted and sympathetic companion and by the suggestions and examples of many friends, such as Mr. Roy O. West.

Among many tributes which may and will be paid to the man whom we justly praise, I will select but one more. Mr. Rector's gifts to buildings and funds may receive, as years pass, lessening recollection and appreciation. The personal aid which this good friend of ours gave to young men and women, and especially the Rector scholarships and scholars, will carry on into an unending future, the stream of his life thought, purpose and influence. It has been said of Jesus, our Lord and Saviour,

*"He stooped and wrote in the sand,  
But the tracing was lost in a day;  
He stooped and wrote in the hearts of men,  
And the writing will last away."*

The only imperishable work given to men to do is the work of love. In this, one is Christ-like, that he open his heart to his fellowmen, and especially to those who are preparing for the work of life. We give thanks, then, not for the man of millions, but for the man of affection, fellowship and personal service. And even in his greatest giving he is to us, not Rector of the Scholarships, but Rector, friend of scholars, to whom he gave not merely his largesses but his life.



## Twenty Years Association as a Law Partner

MR. FRANK PARKER DAVIS, LL.B., M.P.L.

*Member of the Law Firm, Rector, Hibben, Davis, and  
Macauley, of Chicago, Illinois*

I TAKE it that we are not gathered here so much to lament our loss as to do honor to the memory of a great man and to comfort ourselves by contemplation of the good he wrought on earth of which we all have been sharers. My contribution to what is here to be given expression, arises out of a close association with Edward Rector over a period of time; three years as consulting counsel, as senior counsel in litigation and for nearly twenty years as law partner.

I shall speak more particularly of certain traits of character as displayed in the practice of our profession. He was conspicuous for straight thinking, honesty of purpose, directness of method, and clearness of utterance. People are prone to look upon the lawyer as devoid of conscience, ready to take either side of any case and seeking to prevail by hook or crook regardless of where the right may lie. It was not in Mr. Rector's nature to espouse a cause or employ his professional talents in aid of any cause in which he did not believe. He demanded valid facts to go upon and would not countenance other than straightforward dealing with those facts. Misrepresentation of anything whatever was utterly foreign to his nature. He searched the consciences of those with whom he dealt and ever

sought the golden thread of truth in matters brought before him. All knew that on his word reliance could be placed. I cite an instance,—one of many, in which implicit confidence in him as advocate was evidenced: Having fully informed himself in reference to a claim of unfair trade practices and prepared papers in the case, he took these formal documents including numerous affidavits, to court seeking drastic action by issuance of a temporary restraining order,—a thing which judges do only when convinced that extraordinary circumstances warrant it. He saw Judge Landis in his chambers who asked him to state the facts and, when that had been done, directed the issuance of the order stating that it was unnecessary for him to read the papers; it was enough for him that Mr. Rector said the facts were so and so.

He was easily the foremost patent lawyer in the west and he was known the country over for his sterling qualities and great ability. I call to mind, among the many letters we received from all parts of the United States, one written by a noted patent expert in the east who has come in contact with all the prominent patent lawyers for the past forty years. He wrote, "The patent profession has lost its greatest ornament." Withal he was extremely modest, always deprecating the suggestion that he was the acknowledged leader, and he had one rare trait, at least rare with lawyers, and that was that he evinced fully as keen interest in the other fellow's achievements as in his own. He was quite as



ready to listen to another recounting his handling of a case as to talk about what he himself had been engaged upon. Often have I come from court, full of my case and wanting to tell about it and always found him eager to listen, and if I won, which sometimes happened, he would rejoice as feelingly as though it were his own. And he was most generous-minded, heralding a colleague as entitled to most credit when he himself might rightly claim it, and always taking his full share of the responsibility if the case went wrong.

He was ever ready to reach out the helping hand and many a young patent lawyer sought and received his kindly advice in time of perplexity. He was rarely too preoccupied, though always heavily burdened with professional matters, to permit an interruption when one of us wished to get his advice. On many occasions I have gone to his door and found him absorbed in some weighty matter but always he would look up and with no sign of annoyance or impatience bid me come in and lay my matter before him. While he was devoted to the practice of his profession and the "office" meant much to him as such, he was by no means interested solely in those about him for what they represented in the organization. He took a sympathetic personal interest in them all, from the member next in rank down to the office boy, and in their home lives and their general welfare and the welfare of their families.

I thought of him and his acts when recently reading a book in which there was a chapter entitled "K. O. H."

This dealt with a truly Christian family, the member of which aimed to be kind and thoughtful and considerate and helpful to one another and to those about them, and this "K. O. H." was their way of characterizing these things as they observed them done by others. It stood for "Kingdom of Heaven" and they would exclaim "Oh, that was a K. O. H. (Kingdom of Heaven) kindness" or "That was a K. O. H. (Kingdom of Heaven) act."

Mr. Rector was always doing K. O. H." things, and the title of that book might well be written across his life,—**"ONE INCREASING PURPOSE."** That phrase keeps recurring to me here where I see the evidences of his pursuit of the purpose to make this great educational institution increasingly available to deserving young men and women.

May I express the hope that with the passing of the first deadening shock of bereavement, we shall lift up our hearts and sense the presence of the "quickeningspirit" and feel that we are possessed of an immortal heritage with a mission to enrich our lives as he did his and leaven all things with brotherly love as he was ever wont to do; not dolefully mourning the passing of his terrestrial body but constantly drawing fresh inspiration from communion with his surviving soul.

In closing there comes to my mind that exalted exclamation of another great humanitarian, Charles Dickens, in his Christmas Carol on the death of Tiny



Tim,—I paraphrase it: “Spirit of Edward Rector, thy  
essence was from God.”

## Possessors of a Vast Heritage

MR. HUGH MCGLOSSON,

*Rector Scholar, Class of 1927. DePauw University*

**H**ALLOWED be the name of Edward Rector! this I believe is the feeling of the members of the Edward Rector Scholarship Foundation at this hour. For even though some of our members did not have the privilege of becoming personally acquainted with him, as did the rest of us, we think of him not so much as a donor but as one in the realm of home. Because just as a father at death leaves with his sons both memory and possessions, so has he handed down to us both money and the fruits of his labor. Thus we have become the possessors of a vast heritage.

Mr. Rector gave us of his material wealth such as we cannot yet comprehend. In his giving he had a sense of reserve, a reluctance to appear before us in an hour of praise which is only indicative of his greater gifts: gifts that cannot be measured by material standards.

Interest, time, and effort, these are among those intangible immeasurable gifts to us. Probably no one will ever know all the reasons he had for bestowing all these blessings upon us; yet among those reasons must have been the constituency of this institution; the constituency of DePauw University because he was primarily interested in men and women, in humanity; interested



in seeing youth develop into clean-cut manhood and womanhood, into intellectual and moral efficiency.

However, another gift which is inseparable from these, yet greater than these, is "himself." With his unusual ability to understand youth and his sympathetic though firm personality, Mr. Rector gave himself to us. As a result of this he won our confidence, so much so that from the first time that we met him we felt him to be Our Friend. A friend for whom we had reverence and respect. Behind this was that huge surging impulse which we call love—the dynamo of the human soul—for it could have been no other that would lead us to think and speak of him in parental terminology.

But there is that other phase of our heritage, namely, memory. Here we find the base has been well constructed to support a monument, a shrine, a shrine of memory. Rector Hall which now stands, Lucy Rowland Hall and Longden Hall which are soon to be—these will serve their purpose and, in the current of time, add greatly to this monument. But probably the one thing to make the major contribution will be the Scholarship Foundation. And just as this Foundation is in its beginning so is the shrine of memory in its infancy. So may this shrine be builded along lines parallel to the noble idealism embraced in his life.

## Edward Rector—Educational Philanthropist

REVEREND EDWIN HOLT HUGHES, LL.D.

*Bishop of the Chicago Area of the Methodist  
Episcopal Church*

OUR service today is concerned with a great fact in the history of a State, and with an equally great fact in the history of a Church. Edward Rector gave to higher education the largest amount ever given to an institution of learning in the history of Indiana: and he gave the largest amount ever given by a single individual to a College of Liberal Arts in all the records of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This double emphasis makes this hour an utterly extraordinary one and makes the day a red-letter one, even though our mourning borders it with the black of intense grief. So far as the memorial treatment is concerned, the only problem is one of omission; for we are dealing with a career of high romance that came to its climax in the highest romance of benevolence. For myself, let me confess that I have sought to prepare this inadequate address as if Edward Rector's eyes were seeing what I wrote,—that I might not violate the sincerity which was one of the outstanding features of his character; nor yet commit any breach against the proprieties which he himself always honored. Sometimes the giver of a eulogy must omit certain chapters of life and keep silent concerning personal characteristics that marred an otherwise great character. It is not so today. The



career of Edward Rector is an open book and none of its leaves need be mercifully hidden. He spent his years as a tale that may be fully told.

Perhaps alone of all those who memorialize him today I have had the privilege of reading the intimate sketch that he himself prepared about his own childhood and youth. The world always expects studies of importance in that early period; and when the assured material is scanty, there is a temptation to invent the records, as in the case of our Saviour, with the apocryphal gospels of the Infancy. But Mr. Rector himself has dictated the modest story, bringing that story down to the period of his Chicago life. There is a tendency to linger long at Bedford, Indiana, where he was born July 7, 1863, and to follow in detail the nearly twenty years that he spent in this Hoosier town. But our chief interest lies in the realm of his work and his education.

The analysis of his autobiography shows at least ten different ways in which Edward Rector, the youth, made money. Some of them are homely up to the point of being laughable, and some of them manifold the experiences of many of his friends in this audience. He picked berries in the season and exchanged them quart for quart for milk, by contract with a neighbor, and was always enough ahead in the account to keep the home supplied with milk quite after the berry-picking days had gone. He bugged potatoes,—“ten cents for 100,” doing his counting with accurate scrupulousness. He

repaired cane-bottomed chairs, becoming highly proficient in this form of carpentry. He clerked in a drug store; and when the keeper thereof failed, passed quickly to a printing office and labored for \$1.50 per week,—so making in a year less than enough to take care of one Rector Scholarship. He copied the manuscript of an intended book,—the author giving him \$50 plus a ten dollar bonus for transcribing most neatly sixteen hundred pages. This was the first money that Edward Rector put in the bank, being, as he humorously writes, “the basis of my fortune,” and representing an amount than which he never afterward had less. He kept that bank-book to the end and it is among his bequeathed possessions. He worked in the County Recorder’s office at a salary that ranged from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per week. He passed to the County Auditor’s office, beginning at \$30 per month and ending at \$60. In addition he kept the books of a saw mill, using his evenings to make the extra sums.

At last this Indiana youth passed from these cyclopedic forms of labor to the study of law and painfully worked his way through Walker’s book on “American Law,”—all this under the suggestion and inspiration of the late Judge William H. Martin. How little even the wisest judge could have foretold that the boy whom he was starting in the legal profession was to succeed so amazingly that the proceeds of his work would become the foundation of the premier educational gift in this dear state’s life. It is good to know that, if sometimes



we do far less than we intend, it is still true that we often do far more than we intend, so that the drama of good service surpasses all our dreaming.

Edward Rector entered the Bedford High School when he was eleven and graduated before he was fifteen. There is a rather humorous description of his graduation, written by one of his classmates who rhymed but who did not attempt to make poetry, in some lines read twelve or thirteen years ago at a reunion of his high school class:

“To the foot of the stage stepped a tiny tot,  
Not five feet tall, and with very white hair;  
A childish young person, he stood waiting there  
With innocence written on every feature,  
'Tis hard to imagine a more youthful creature.  
Many smiles here and there one began to spy,  
For some thought he'd escaped a watchful eye  
And wandered out on the edge of the stage  
Where he stood unabashed and unafraid.  
But soon the boy ended all the suspense  
When he thundered forth “On the Fence!”  
Then they say 'twas the Prodigy, nothing worse,  
Who at fourteen finished the high school course.  
In Edward Rector, the toastmaster tonight,  
You may all see that one-time prodigy bright.”

The significant things here are the subject and the manner! “On the Fence,”—thus early was he pleading for a definite stand! He “thundered;” thus quickly did

he come to a direct intensity that, modified by the discreet years, made him one of the great patent lawyers of all time.

His father, Isaac Rector, was a Virginian by birth, but at the age of five came with his father, Jesse Rector, to the vicinity of Bedford. His mother, Juliet Gardiner Rector, was an Ohioan; and the courtship journeys between Bedford and Columbus, Ohio, in the days of slow travel show the Rector persistency. Isaac Rector was for long the heaviest taxpayer in his country, but the deflation following the Civil War brought him to honorable failure that led him to surrender his home and even his household goods. So when Edward Rector graduated from high school, the boy saw six of his classmates start for Valparaiso, while he himself remained sadly behind,—because immediate resources were lacking and, also, because the fifteen year old boy did not dare to make so huge a venture. We may well wonder whether, when the time came for his great beneficence here at DePauw, the reminiscent eyes of Edward Rector did not see a tow-headed boy at Bedford waving a heart-breaking farewell to his more fortunate classmates and then returning to that line of labors that already are herein listed! And was that remembered vision a part of the persuasion for his great program?

By hard work and frugal living Edward Rector, being then in his twentieth year, had saved enough to risk going to Cincinnati in the late fall of 1882. He received employment at \$50 per month in a cousin's law



office. This sentence drops naturally into his own account, "The firm specialized in the law of patents." Then follows an unconscious prophecy of a career, a complete and accurate description of the first typewriter he used, with criticisms of its structure! How often was that power to be exhibited later in the great court rooms of our land! It requires no long thought to see that the years of Edward Rector were being shaped just as we might have expected they would be, had we known the particular place that he was to hold in the profession of law, and likewise in the educational philanthropy of our country. Let me say reverently that God was forming the events that developed this young man into one of his great servants.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long in the days of his youth; yet my conviction is that, as the words are to become a part of the DePauw annals, it will be good that present and future Rector scholars should know that their benefactor came to his power out of no silky and toy life but rather walked with plucky feet the ways of hardship and heroism! Then followed the Law School years in Cincinnati University, with a regular schedule of daily life adopted by himself and his roommate. For him it was,—work in the office, save for one hour in the day when he had a Law School lecture; exercise in a gymnasium, 5:30 to 6:30; study 7:30 to 10:00; rising hour 6:00 A. M. invariably; one hour's study; then breakfast. This schedule was made into iron and was breakable only by something stronger than

the iron which was Edward Rector's will when moved by some inevitable necessity. So did this young hero of our democracy move onward to his throne along a faithful way all lighted by the guidance of the good God.

We pass the years at Cincinnati and only note the venturesome leap to Chicago which brought him a still larger distance toward his amazing beneficence. His marriage to Miss Lucy Rowland came in 1893. Like Jacob and Rachel they waited long for each other,—her reason for delay being that which influenced their final philanthropy,—a duty to youth as seen in her young relatives who must be well started in life. I would not ungraciously intrude upon any domestic privacy which stood for an ideal and an idyll of our American homes.

The hand that writes these words helped to close Edward Rector's wonderful eyes upon earthly scenes; felt the last flutterings of his noble heart; and assisted in pillowing that splendid head for its final rest. This voice spoke such poor words of human consolation as the spirit could give in the mournful hour. So perhaps I have won the right to say what now follows: The founding of Edward Rector's home was another providential advance to his great service in life. His philanthropic dreams were utterly shared by the Little Lady who sits today in this service in the vast sorrow of the withdrawal of him who was so large a part of her World! And I may add, as one who knows, that the President of this University, its Professors, its Trustees,



its Rector scholars, do not rejoice as much in the wondrous legacies of his life as does this beloved companion of his years and his labors. That old-fashioned phrase about "help-meet" is a precise description of what she has been to him, and to this University that they both came to love.

Personally I did not meet Mr. Rector until he became one of the DePauw Trustees. The honor of bringing him to this interest belongs to the present President of our board, Mr. Roy O. West, his dear friend and always the loyal son of his Alma Mater. Quickly this institution became a major passion of Edward Rector's life. He came into the rapture of its work. He idealized it,—in the best sense. When he heard of coarse and bestial things that were done in other Colleges, he would say proudly, "They wouldn't do that at DePauw." He loved to be where DePauw people were: and, whether in summer at Bay View, or in winter in California, he would choose abodes and make journeys with these collegiate associations in mind. Though there were large areas of reserve in his nature he speedily came to friendship with the people that were friends of this College. Some wealthy men give their gifts and themselves live at a distance. Mr. Rector did not do this. He went with his gifts and he lived with them. Even his business friends, who knew little of DePauw, soon came to understand this. One day in his office he smilingly pushed toward me a business letter. It was from a great firm whose patent he had successfully de-

fended in court. There was enclosed a large check, whose size I shall not break confidence by revealing. But there was added a postscript to this effect, "You have done wonders with our suit. We owe you much more than the fee sent herein. We know that you will not consent to receive more for yourself than the amount agreed upon in our contract. But we are enclosing an extra check for \$2,000, with instructions that you send it to your Greencastle pet." How Mr. Rector chuckled over that letter,—as in my presence he passed the check into the willing hand of his dear friend, President Grose, who walked with him every inch of the road of his philanthropic planning and who now in far China finds his heart more disturbed by the death of his beloved colleague than by any events in that turbulent country. In our Board, Edward Rector was a comrade and not an autocrat. If he ever dominated, it was by his clear and sure views, and not by his financial gifts. But it may well be acknowledged here that the mind that qualified him as one of the greatest patent lawyers in all the world puts itself eagerly at the service of De-Pauw,—so that he had his three-fold wealth, that of purse, and intellect, and heart.

Beyond this, he went with his gifts in yet deeper personal fashion. George Washington and John Wesley were childless men. God made one of them the father of his country, and the other the father of a church, as if in compensation. Mr. and Mrs. Rector were childless, but directly God surrounded them with a wonder-



ful family of educational children. In many dear hours they heard the laughter of college girls in yonder beautiful Hall, and in many other such hours they found themselves surrounded by their "boys", as they called them. Mr. Rector knew their names. I marvelled always at his detailed knowledge of whence they came, and how they fared, and what they planned. The last two speeches that I heard him give narrated with affectionate interest the achievements of that growing family. My last letter from him was written by his own hand June 22, three days before he made his will, seven days before he was smitten in that Ohio court room. I have carried it ever since his death but I must file it soon lest it be worn by frequent handling. Its first paragraph told how he had bought a grave lot for me and mine next to his own, that finally some of us who were united in our love for this School might sleep here in Greencastle in the comradeship of a mutual resting-place. But the second paragraph was especially revealing. I quote his grieving words,

"I have most distressing news from Professor Longden,— a telegram announcing the death by drowning yesterday, in Pennsylvania, of one of the most brilliant and promising of our scholarship alumni, John P. St. John, of the class of '24. I was especially fond and proud of him, and his untimely death is a real tragedy to me. You doubtless knew his grandfather, John Poucher, who was

our Pastor when I was a small boy at Bedford, and his mother, who lives at Salem.”

This is the end of the quotation. You see the affectionate detail there, the grief of the educational father. I wrote him that our joys and loves always involved sorrows; that twice, children of my own small family had early walked the luminous pathway to the house of God; and that, with his ever-increasing circle of children, the sorrow that is near cousin to loving pride and joy would be his portion. His letter showed how personal his philanthropy had become. On this memorial day I can assure the Rector scholars that his great heart had ample room for them all and that he had reached the point where he and his wife could use the language of the Apostle Paul, “Ye are our glory, our joy, our workmanship, our building.” Somehow I feel that if all these splendid young men could know how close and personal his relation to them had become and how he felt that they were his premier investments, they would find in his feeling an enlarged motive for meeting life’s issues and doing life’s work in a worthy way,—as his sons, and as the sons of the great God.

God did very much for Edward Rector, and Edward Rector co-operated with God to enhance the divine gifts. Given a face that was handsome and strong and a form marked by vigorous grace, he was always in appearance the immaculate gentleman. In a great audience he stood out from among the people,—while his pierc-



ing and kindly eyes, and his finely shaped head, and his wholly alert countenance often drew the gaze of the speaker. He was natively endowed with an agile and fertile mind, but he himself developed that mind into an accuracy and keenness which made a great Judge declare that, if Edward Rector had an equal in his specialty of patent law, he surely had no superior. He was a Puritan in his living; being ever free from the tobacco habit, though his simple autobiography humorously declares that he deserved no moral credit for this, inasmuch as his first and only experiment with the tempting weed brought on such unfavorable effects that he never had the courage to flirt again with Lady Nicotine! His offences against his body were in the form of over-work. He could be scarcely conscious of the fearful strain upon himself when his arguments before courts often involved many millions of dollars and misplaced words would have meant misplaced fortunes. The combined loads of his profession and his philanthropy were too much even for his hardy frame, and so just between middle manhood and age his heart declined to carry the burden longer. The man that had wrought ceaselessly for a full half century lay down to rest on August 1, 1925. Judged by the usual calendar, he lived a little more than 62 years; but judged by toil and achievement he surpassed all ordinary bounds of life and was far more than a centenarian.

In all the essential respects, his life was an incalculable success, —a success in the law; a success in fin-

ance; a success in social relations; a success in ethical behaviour; a success in friendship; a success in character; and a success in high service. In the finer and larger significances Edward Rector simply ran the gamut of life's accomplishments. Years ago James Hannington went out on his missionary venture into a dark and forbidding land, and soon the word came back to England that his intrepid heart was still. They held a memorial service in which one speaker cried out, "Who will take James Hannington's place?" One hundred of the flower and bloom of England's young manhood stepped forward as volunteers. May we not say today that our friend has provided for his own succession! Who will take Edward Rector's place? Technically, no one can do so; but really hundreds of scholars cry back, "Here we are, already sent to all the lands of the planet,"—while thousands more are seen pressing toward these Halls with eager feet, and crying out with their young voices, "We are coming, Father Rector, thousands and thousands more." We cannot but wish in our human fashion that his eyes here on earth could have seen the yet-unfolding drama of his own benevolence, and that we could have beheld his face glow as the good news kept coming to him from the far countries. But God has wireless ways of communication between heaven and earth. The kindly heart that, having loved his own loved them to the terrestrial end, did not drop that fond burden of loving when it ceased its pulsing. Affection is a force, and there is a scientific and religious doctrine of the per-



sistence of force. When his breathing ceased our love for him did not cease, nor his for us,—since love is sure of love. I myself, with an imagination born of an unshaken faith, have tried to picture him, meeting yonder his partner-philanthropists for this beloved School,—the Meharrys, DePauw, the Simisons, Durham, Simeon Smith, Alfred Dickey, Martin V. Beiger; and the Trustees who preceded him in time of membership and stood by DePauw in her days of darkness,—William Newkirk, Harry Whitcomb, C. E. J. McFarlan, Smith Talley, Jonathan Birch, Granville Moore, Robert O’Hair, Charles W. Smith, Deloss Wood, and Judge Elliott. A goodly company that, made up of men whose immortal worth makes us exclaim,

*“They cannot be where God is not  
On any sea or shore.”*

I shall be pardoned if I declare that in seeking a further answer to the question, “Who will take Edward Rector’s place, even in our Board of Trustees?” my heart has not withheld a prayer that this service for him may prove a service for the cause he loved and may become a call to some one to carry forward his work of guidance and of generosity!

I state no exaggeration when I affirm that here at DePauw our friend found a goal in life. So many times since his death I have thought of the apostolic call, “Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the

living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come; that they may lay hold on the life which is life indeed." Right here on this Campus, Mr. Rector found that life. In these years of his relation with us, I have known no happier man in the United States. When the stream of blessing began to flow from his heart, the stream of joy began to flow back into that heart. Who can ever forget the look on his countenance when the bevy of delight gathered about him in that lovely Hall, he being a guest in the Hotel which he builded and which God transformed into the glad home of his servant's soul? Who cannot recall the look which he turned upon the Rector boys who gathered about their father when he came along these walks? Once when I saw him thus, I repeated to myself an Old Testament word written concerning Moses when he came down from the company of God in the holy mountain: He "wist not that his face shone." He gave, and it was given back to him, "shaken down, pressed together, and running over," and his heart was flooded by a superlative happiness. Here on earth he stood in that "presence" where there "is fulness of joy," and at that right hand where "there are pleasures forevermore." The old-fashioned people of his religious communion used to talk about "a foretaste of heaven," and about "a heaven" in which "to go to heaven." The phrases are not spoken in vain. Here Edward Rector heard the words of an advance judgment; and here, though he



would have been the last to interpret his own spirit immodestly, the God of life whispered to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In that temple of sacred gladness Mr. Rector found his place, by the way of his earthly pilgrimage; and in that "house of the Lord" he shall "dwell forever and ever."

Our Saviour once used a gracious exhortation, awkwardly translated in the King James version, but beautifully made over in the Revised: "Make to yourselves friends, by means of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when it shall fail, they may receive you into the everlasting tabernacles." I have already indicated how Edward Rector grieved over the apparently premature deaths of his scholarship boys. Enough of them had gone before him to make a worthy group of welcome and of escort when he himself came to the gates. They led him in, their master, new-born to Paradise; and I do think that he must early have said to them, "The apostle speaks of 'a school-room where we shall learn lessons not lawful' in the earth life. Take me to that room, and let us renew our quest."

Both here and there his soul goes marching on,—here in a thousand minor benefactions to all good causes that sprang from the heart of Christ, and in this major cause by which he blessed, and blesses, and shall bless, young men and maidens with joy and power; there in the glory of life eternal with the increasing circle of

his own beneficiaries and with the tasks of those who "serve God day and night in His holy temple." We conceal not our sorrow at his going, nor hide the tears of our pride and love as we wave after him our farewells, and our hearts cry out—"All hail! All hail! dear friend! We cannot think of thee save as with God and the good; and by that Lord's sure grace we shall greet thee when the day dawns and the shadows flee away."



## An Undying Influence

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WERE it always easy to speak of that on which the mind has been constantly dwelling and to which the heart for weeks has been fondly clinging, then my task for today would not seem so dismaying, so heartbreaking. For no day this year has gone by when I have not audibly pronounced scores of times the name of our dear friend, Mr. Rector; few hours when his shadow has not crossed the threshold of my room, cast in front of some one of the five hundred young men on the Campus whom he sent; no moment when the halo of his presence has not been around me in the precious memory of his life and influence. And so it will be on this Campus in all the years to come. Because of this life and influence, I am inexpressibly cheered and see that out from the Valley and the Shadow, the mountain tops are glistening and gilded by the gleams of the coming day and that's because the beautiful and helpful life of our dear friend gives us unbounded hope and confidence for the future. Gladness in the midst of sadness. Rejoicing in tears.

*“Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees,  
Who hopeless lays his dead away  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play.”*

is Whittier's beautiful way of saying this same thing. It would be unfair and unjust to Mr. Rector not to "Let the stars shine through the cypress trees" and cruel to us, his friends, to hide from us the breaking day. Nor would it be in accordance with our belief in the final triumph and reward of the good if in the midst of this encircling gloom there should fail the note of triumph, even of exultation. I, therefore, dare to sound it because I feel it and know it's true, difficult though it be to speak it. This is the new note which I was not able to sound at Chicago on the fourth of August because I could not see clearly but which I now am convinced will become the dominant one through all time.

Would that I had the brush and ability of a great impressionistic artist that I might paint for you in just a few strokes the beauty and attractiveness of his face! Life was so good and beautiful to him that it beamed from his very face and became manifest in every act. He, almost more than any one whom I have known, had that rare and peculiar gift of making goodness desirable and attractive, especially so to the young. "The things that are honest, just and pure" became when exemplified by him truly "lovely and of good report."

Out of his own youth came his great love for youth and his joyous hopeful spirit. He understood, as few, the youthful mind, its longings, its ambitions, its temptations. He was not able to walk across a college campus without making the acquaintance of some stu-



dent, no matter where the campus might be. At Leland Stanford, or Harvard, the students instinctively took to him just as they did here at DePauw. It could almost be said that he never stepped on a college campus without making a friend. Simmons said "that 'whom the Gods love, die young,' does not mean that they die when they are young, but that they are young when they die and I would not ask anything finer from a generous Creator." I thank God that he had this best of all rewards. The reward of goodness is youth. Youth eternal. He surely was good just as he was young in spirit. Men for ages have been looking for the Fountain of perpetual Youth. Ponce de Leon, old and feeble, sailed from home to find this Fountain which he thought was either in the Bahamas or in Florida, but Mr. Rector knew better than he where this Fountain was; that it was where the good God had put it, in the hearts of the young, and as it gushed forth out of their joyous hearts it engulfed him and made him not only young but happy and eager for life.

At an age when most men are beginning to lose interest in life, his was quickening, increasing. His profound love for youth, wherever found, gave to his life an added zest and pleasure. No matter whether it were a half-grown boy in the Michigan woods or a young man or woman waiting table in some country hotel, or a student on the college campus, he was never satisfied until he found out something of their lives and hopes, and often not until he had made it possible

for their hopes to be realized. I have seen the tears come into his eyes as he heard the story of the hardships of some young man or young woman trying to get an education. I have seen his face light up with joy on being told of some beautiful or unselfish act, just as I have heard him express in no uncertain terms his dislike and disgust at anything common or selfish.

Mother Nature in bestowing her gifts on him was most kind, almost profligate. She held out both hands to him, in one of which there was a brilliant mind and in the other an unusual capacity for friendship; and, instead of asking him to choose, she gave him both — a mind so clear, so strong, so penetrating, so accurate that it saw at once through all pretense and falsity, and before his clear gaze it was little use to dissemble. All my life I have liked to watch the workings of the human mind, simply as a piece of Divine machinery and in my experience, not so short, two minds stand out in unforgettable prominence — one, that of a great and brilliant foreign diplomat, with whom I came in close contact as a student and who is the only one who probably got all he wanted in the Treaty of Versailles; and the other one, that of Mr. Rector. As to his capacity for friendship, it seemed almost illimitable, insatiable, and to whom he was a friend, he was a true friend. In some way or other he made one appreciate the spiritual value of this intimate relationship. Hear what a recent graduate wrote me only a few days ago. “Although the Rector Scholarship enabled me to come to DePauw,



it was the friendship of Mr. Rector that I valued most," or again from another:

"From where you sit, you look out on a very different scene and yet I daresay that we are both thinking about the same thing. What is there about a man like Edward Rector that so gets hold of you that you never quite lose consciousness of it? Sometimes it seems to me that the only thing in life which counts is personal relationship — the imponderable Something of which love and friendship are made."

What about inspiring revelations like that? Could a greater compliment be paid? Just here is where many of us are inconsolably grieved, for we know we have suffered an irreparable loss—Our friend.

It is not thinkable that these fine qualities should not flower in definite and helpful acts and so we see here at DePauw, wherever we look, evidences of them. There is scarcely a building on the Campus which does not owe something, if not all, to him for its construction or maintenance; no cause in recent years to which he has not been the first contributor, but the thing which perhaps most gripped his heart and challenged his imagination was the Rector Scholarship Foundation.

Already in the short time there have been almost a thousand Rector Scholars, who are now scattered all the way from Peking to the South American Republics. These young men are now mourning the too early

departure of their friend, realizing that they have lost the one who has opened up for them life's opportunity. How often have I heard a young man say, "Had it not been for the Edward Rector Scholarship Foundation, I would not have seen the inside of a college, but now, thanks to his great benefaction, the way to the highest and best success lies open." At the opening of this semester there were five hundred and ten who entered college through the help of the one whose passing we are mourning and so it will continue through the coming years. Can your imaginations paint or your minds estimate the value of this contribution to the state, to the church, to society, and to the world? One hundred or more young men who will graduate every year through the coming centuries and take their places among those best prepared in body, mind, and spirit to do their full part in the upbuilding, fortifying and redemption of society and all because these two people, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rector, saw and appreciated and were willing to make their contribution. That he saw the spiritual value of all this is perfectly clear. Hear his own words:

"They are not investments in DePauw University. They are investments in humanity, in the men and women who are to carry on the work of our country when you and I are gone."

On the walls of the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Rector there is a map of Indiana, and a pin is stuck into



the name of every town whence a Rector Scholar comes. This map was made in the second year of the Foundation, and is literally covered with pins. But since that time the interest in the Rector Scholarship has widened, and now students are coming from all the States of the Union, and from foreign countries; and whoever would attempt to make such an exhibit now would need a map of the world — China, the Orient, South America, the islands of the sea. One can hardly imagine what such a map would look like fifty years from now. There is no country, and few cities the world over, but will have heard of Mr. Rector and be indebted to his munificence. He was undoubtedly right when he called this his "best investment." Aye! a map of the known world would even now not be adequate, for some have preceded him to the heavenly country and these also we must not forget.

The Rector Scholarship Foundation is attempting to make scholars and Christian gentlemen of the young men in its care. How fortunate that we can point all of them to the lovely graces and virile virtues of its founder, and say: "Be like him!" We can point to his freedom from all hypocrisy and cant, all ostentation and unseemly pride, to his modesty almost to self-effacement, to his genial, wholesome sincere spirit, to the even consistent way of his whole life. One could say of him with absolute truth, as Kipling said of his brother-in-law:

*“He scarce had need to doff his pride,  
Or slough the dross of earth,  
E’en as he trod that day to God  
So walked he from his birth.”*

And, lastly, we like to remember his all-embracing love. —Love to God whom he served, to her with whom he was permitted to spend so many happy years, and who was the inspiration of his many good deeds, and to mankind in general for which he was willing to sacrifice so much — and “The greatest of these is love.”

Men in times past have been so eager to be remembered that they were not always careful nor did they seem always to care so much as to how posterity would regard them, whether with love and veneration or fear and disgust — just so they were not forgotten. More than anyone with whom I am acquainted is Mr. Rector assured of an earthly immortality. He cannot be forgotten with the world being filled with men who bear his name. I read recently in *The Talmud* this: “Life is a shadow, but is it the shadow of a tree or a tower that standeth? Naye, it is the shadow of a bird in its flight. Away flieth the bird, then there is neither bird nor shadow.” If, by this is meant that life is transitory, evanescent, the figure is a good one, but it must be remembered that though the bird does fly away, its song, the thing for which it was created, floats quivering in the air through all eternity, never to die out. So with Mr. Rector. But his life was surely like the shadow of a tower or tree that standeth and so it will stand to the



end of time and, therefore, much more than the lives of most, is this helpful one sure of an earthly immortality and even surer of a heavenly one. No one who ever knew Mr. Rector can think of him in any other way than fondly, lovingly, admiringly. In my own association with him there is not a single act or word that I do not delight to recall. In spite of ourselves we smile when we begin with "Don't you remember." He did great things in a great way, what is almost as difficult, he performed the common everyday acts of life with such dignity, grace and kindness that we delight to recall them even in a time like this. He glorified the commonplace so that one can think of him with pleasure as engaged in the ordinary employments of life even now. He taught me how to play golf, and because he so enjoyed the game and ennobled it, I, too, liked it. I never in my life played a game without him and now I delight to think that the fairways of heaven smile at his approach, just as I used to imagine the earthly ones did when he came.

DePauw University has been called fortunate in having the large sum of money given by Mr. Rector for the Foundation, for beautiful Rector Hall and for the numerous other things which he gave so unstintingly but it is still more fortunate in having the memory of his splendid, beautiful character. He not only gave his money without stint, but what is of far more value, he gave of his time, of his strength, and of his very spirit. It makes me just now inexpressibly sad to think that

maybe because of his enthusiasm and love for his "Boys," as he used to like to call them, he overdrew on his strength. All of these gifts, both temporal and spiritual, form a perfect sacrifice which he gladly laid on the altar and we, the objects of his love and benefactions, lack words to express adequately our thankful appreciation. The University has surely lost its greatest benefactor and one of its best and most helpful friends. With you we mourn but I shall close with the same note of hope with which I began, and though we mourn it has been written:

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."



