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THE RELIGIOUS MORGAN.

Rev. Karl Reiland Pays Tribute to Dead Financier.

That the late J. P. Morgan's work for Christianity was one of the great phases of a very many-sided life was naturally not so well-known as was the record of his other activities. The Rev. Karl Reiland, '97, who has been rector of St. George's Church for the past year, the church of which Mr. Morgan was warden, tells charmingly of this little known side of Mr. Morgan's nature. We quote two extracts from Mr. Reiland's fine tribute, which was published in the *Outlook*: "Occupied constantly as Mr. Morgan was with the stress of manifold interests at home and abroad, he was the most approachable of men whenever anything pertaining to religion and church required his attention. His position as delegate to the General Conventions of the Episcopal Church was that of a great lay bishop, not because of his generous gifts to the church at large, known and unknown, but because of his interest in, and intelligent appreciation of, every matter under consideration. His point of view was eagerly sought, his feeling generally consulted, and where his judgment prevailed, future developments justified the wisdom of his counsel. He always manifested a deep sympathy which made him sincerely appreciative of other points of view, no matter how humble the advocates; and with this quality of greatness he had the vision of a prophet. No General Convention seemed properly equipped without his presence.

Mr. Morgan was a deeply religious man, and, as it is not generally known, was a great lover of music. He was enthusiastic for congregational singing, urging that all music and especially the hymns should be selected to that end. His knowledge of hymns was remarkable, even to the choice of tunes, and the custom of always using certain tunes with the hymns in the services at St. George's is to a great extent due to his interest. I never knew anyone who felt so strongly about the choice of hymns. Although I had known Mr. Morgan for several years, my first conference with him when I came here was largely about St. George's music. He said, "Please do not change our hymn-singing till you know our method. When I don't like a hymn tune, I always sit down." I never saw him sit down. Upon the completion of the new Centennial Chapel last fall, he came from his office Saturday afternoons and entered the chapel alone. As soon as I learned of this habit I used to go over regularly to meet him there. Sometimes I found him kneeling in prayer, or

reading, or singing a hymn without organ, and alone. He seemed as happy as a child if I sent for one of our organists to play the hymns for us. He would stand in the chancel singing and beating the time, with book in hand, thoroughly enjoying every moment. The doors were always closed—no one but the aged sexton and myself knew that the great master of men and things was worshipping in the Temple.

His last words as the steamer left the pier on January 7 were:

'Watch over dear old St. George's'.

Mr. Morgan has been called a 'broad churchman,' and so he was, very broad and deep. His was not the breadth of extended thinness, but breadth with depth. He disliked any but the plainest, heartiest service in which all could join. He used to say, 'St. George's way is what I like, and I hope it never will change.' Frequently he urged his acquaintances to attend services. Public worship with him was the outward visible sign of an inward religious conviction. His religion was no Sunday affair. He worshipped in spirit and in truth.

No one who was present on his last Sunday here will ever forget how he stood out, almost in the aisle, beating time with his book, singing with strong voice and moist eyes his favorite hymn—'Blest be the tie that binds.'

We think of it now."

BEAUTIFYING CITIES.

Hon. Lawson Purdy, '94, Author of Times Article.

The Hon. Lawson Purdy, '94, LL.D., '08, president of the tax department of New York City, is the author of the following striking article which appeared in the *New York Times* of April 13: "The art of city planning has appealed to the public more as a plan for beautifying cities than as a plan for getting the most value out of the land of the city. This misconception has set back the movement for so regulating the use of city sites as to get the largest return in dollars and cents. That which is in the highest degree useful is nearly always beautiful, and that which is intended to be beautiful but is not useful really lacks beauty, no matter what its pretensions may be. We should regard the site of a city as the place for getting a living and getting it happily. If we so regard a city site, the streets must be planned for comfort, convenience, and utility. No structures must be permitted that detract from the ability of others to put their land to the best use for which it is adapted.

We grew up in this country with the notion that the best results are achieved in all fields of human activity by letting men alone and relying on their own self-interest to guide them to produce the best results for all. Until ten years ago in New York we regulated our traffic on that principle. We let men drive their vehicles as they pleased until they became so snarled up that a

policeman was obliged to assist in untangling them. But in 1901 we learned from the example of London and other cities that this was a very crude way of getting the greatest good of the streets for the greatest number of users. Today a much greater traffic passes through our streets and passes through them with far less friction and much greater speed. The principle of traffic regulation is the same principle that should be applied to the regulation of buildings. We no longer allow persons to use the city streets in such fashion as to injure their neighbors, and we should not allow land to be so used as to injure the neighbors of the owner.

Before the modern steel-frame building was invented the regulation of the height of buildings had comparatively little importance. Attention then was chiefly devoted to the regulation of the area which might be covered. In this respect we are far behind the other nations of the world, and today we lag behind them in regulating building heights. The result of our failure to regulate building heights in the interest of all owners has been an immense destruction of property with many concomitant evils. No building should be permitted of such height and covering so large a percentage of the land as to be unsuitable as a model for all the buildings adapted to a like use within the territory demanding the erection of buildings of the same class. If a building is permitted which is so high that the whole block on which it stands, or the neighboring blocks, could not be entirely covered with buildings of the same height with profit to the owners, it must be obvious that the erection of such a building sucks the value out of neighboring land for the temporary benefit of the owner of the excessively high building.

Again, a building of excessive height seems to create a value land which is often more imaginary than real. The value would be there if all others were prevented from erecting high buildings, but when, because of this apparently high land value, other buildings of equal height are erected in the immediate neighborhood, the original building is deprived of adequate light and air, rentals decline, and values fall on all sides.

One with an observant eye may walk through the streets of New York and find thousands of examples of the destruction of building values by the license we have permitted to one man to damage his neighbors. Owners of real property are entitled to be protected in the free use of their own land with adequate air and sunlight. If they are not so protected in the free use of their own land they are often actually forced into erecting buildings which damage their neighbors and often prove unprofitable to themselves.

If the appropriate regulation of buildings is undertaken in the spirit of protecting the owners of land in the city from encroachments by their neigh-

THROUGH SIBERIA.

R. L. Wright, '10, Co-Author on Interesting Travel Book.

Bride, McNast & Co., of New York published in March a volume entitled "Through Siberia, an Empire in the Making", written by Richardson L. Wright, '10, and Bassett Digby. The work is the fruit of a trip taken across that little known section of the world about two years ago. Travel books, to any but collectors of information, have a tendency to pall about as the square of one's progress through them. The great fault of writers of travel is a lack of variety, sometimes the fault of the subject, but oftener that of the person who pushes the pen. The authors of this work were fortunate in entering a field not already much trampled by others, and one so wholly unlike anything that we know, that the most unvarnished description would be pretty sure to please. But there is a charm about the book which comes from no such source as this, a charm ascribable only to pens capable of producing matter sustainedly readable about subjects of far less intrinsic interest.

Writer and reader are here apparently deep in each other's confidence. The book is an intimate record of impressions, observations and gleanings from a thousand sources, offered on a six-thousand mile jaunt. Just as impressions come to the mind, so they come in the book, with no more definite arrangement, for the most part, than that dictated by the order in which they occur. Yet there is many an observation, a comparison here and there, a sort of summing up every now and then which makes possible a definite picture and which rounds out the impressions in admirable fashion. Excellently made half-tones of unusually good photographs are an additional source of pleasure.

Some idea of the circulation which has been accorded the writings of Messrs. Wright and Digby about Siberia may be gained from the acknowledgment in the preface of the various publications in which portions have previously appeared. These are *The New York World*, *The New York Tribune*, *The New York Evening Mail*, *Travel*, *The Chicago Daily News*, *The Albany Knickerbocker-Press*, *The London Daily Express*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The London Graphic*, *The London Shooting Times*, *Paris L'Excelsior*, *Paris Nos Loisirs*, *Rotterdam Der Week* and the Curtis-Brown syndicated service.

Wright is the author of a novelette called the "Curse of Siberia" which appeared in the *Argosy* a few months ago, and which received mention in a previous *Supplement*.

bors a result can be achieved of enormous economic value with a by-product of beauty."

Rev. James B. Goodrich.

Information has been received by cable of the sudden death at Cairo, Egypt, of Rev. James Brainard Goodrich. He was a son of Orson Goodrich, of Glastonbury, born in that town seventy-three years ago. After serving as a clerk in this city, he completed his preparatory studies and entered Trinity College at the age of 22 years, taking his bachelor's degree in 1866. With his classmates, Charles H. B. Tremaine and Samuel Hart, he studied theology at the Berkeley Divinity School and was ordained by Bishop Williams June 2, 1869. He then served for four years as assistant at Trinity Church in this city, with special charge of the newly established Grace Chapel in Parkville, while one of his classmates already named was assistant at Christ Church and presently first rector of St. Thomas', and the other became tutor in the college. In 1871, Mr. Goodrich, who married a daughter of the late James B. Powell of this city, removed to New Hampshire, to devote himself to work under Bishop Niles at Nashua and later at Lancaster and Littleton. In 1880 he became rector of Grace Church at Windsor in this state; but five years later he returned to New Hampshire, where he was for fourteen years rector of Trinity Church, Claremont, and then for six years in charge at Littleton again. In 1905 he retired from the active work of the ministry, making his home at Concord, N. H., and taking charge in the summer of St. James' Church at Burkehaven on Lake Sunapee. He found time for foreign travel, and was on a Mediterranean tour with Mrs. Goodrich (his second wife) and two unmarried daughters when his death occurred from a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Goodrich's son, Edward Bruce Goodrich, a graduate of Trinity in 1902, is in business in this city, living in West Hartford.

Bankson Taylor Morgan.

Bankson Taylor Morgan, former police magistrate and assistant postmaster of this city, died March 29, 1913, at his home in Stamford, Conn., after a lingering illness. He was 72 years old. Mr. Morgan was the former law partner of Supreme Court Justice Seabury. When the latter went to the bench, the firm became that of Morgan & Carr, at 60 Wall Street.

Ex-magistrate Morgan was born in Reading, Pa. He was graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1861, later took his law degree at Columbia University, and in 1871 was given an honorary M. A. by Trinity. He joined the Ninth New York Volunteer Infantry at the outbreak of the Civil War and served throughout the war, obtaining the rank of colonel. He was chief of staff to Major Gen. Foster, and at another time of Major Gen. Hatch. Among the large battles at which Mr. Morgan fought, were Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. At the battle of Gettysburg he was captain of infantry under Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, and took active part in the hot Peach Orchard skirmish. His clothes were riddled with bullets.

After the war, Mr. Morgan was appointed special commissioner of the War Department, and later became inspector general under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. He was appointed assistant postmaster

of New York in 1862. He served as police magistrate from 1873 to 1883. In 1885 he was elected alderman from the old Seventh Assembly District, and in 1888 he was elected to the State Senate. He was one of the pioneer Republicans of the city.

Notes from Everywhere.

'82—The Rev. Samuel N. Watson, D. D., has taken charge of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Paris, France.

'94—Walter S. Schutz of Hartford has recently been elected a member of the board of managers of the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, and also a member of the corporation of the Silver Bay Association for Conferences and Training at Silver Bay, N. Y.

'01—The Rev. Frank S. Moorehouse has accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Shelton, Conn.

'08—Edwin J. Donnelly announces the birth of a daughter on February 1. This is the second addition to the family.

'10—William F. McElroy was elected president of the Shire City Club of Pittsfield, Mass., at the annual meeting held February the third.

'11—Sherman Post Haight is spending a two weeks' vacation on a trip through the West Indies to the Panama Canal.

'12—Leslie G. Osborne is at present in New Milford, Conn. For several months after his graduation he was employed by the Rock Island Railroad engineering corps, which was working in central Oklahoma.

'12—The engagement has recently been announced of Charles R. Whipple to Miss Nadine Bolles of 852 Asylum Avenue, Hartford. Mr. Whipple is in business with the Superior Knitting Company of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Bolles-Whipple.

Miss Nadine Bolles of Hartford, and Charles Richardson Whipple, '12, formerly of Malone, New York, were married in Hartford on Friday, April 18th. They will be at home at Hoosick Falls, New York, after May 1st.

HAGAR.

Said Hagar: "Nay, I cannot see him die, My little lad, my dear, my only one." For bread and water failed her, sheer on' high Shone, hot and horrible, the desert sun.

That tiny cry wailed ever in her ears: She lifted up her voice and wept; she said:

"His father loves us not." The happy years

In Egypt ran like music in her head.

Ishmael, the archer, shaggy, strong and wild,

For a great end was saved that better day.

He who was but a perishing wee child, Through mother-love was snatched from death away.

And Hagar was full happy; who can know

The feel of bliss like one who once was sad?

Hagar was happy, as she watched upgrow

To might and masterhood her tender lad.

And in old age—great time of memories—

How oft she must have sat beside some well

Of water, set about with slender trees, and mused on Abraham and Ishmael!

—Dr. Richard Burton in *The Churchman*.

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