Five Years Hence the Dream of James Buchanan Duke Will Be Embodied in a $25,000,000 Plant at University

Laurence Stallings in New York World.

The President of Duke University led me to high hill and showed me the kingdoms of the mind. With his aids he led me through a primeval forest of oak and hickory, over rolling land serried by deep ravines, until we had come to the chief eminence of a plateau rising some 450 feet above sea-level. We halted under a group of tall green pines, and stood in a natural cathedral carpeted in brown needles, flanked by a natural fringe of shrubs and small trees, of azalea and sweet-shrub and redbud, of dogwood and sycamore. One heard only the wind and the small wood-sounds, and the drum of a frightened quail.

"Here," said the President, "will rise the chapel, with its tower battlement 250 feet above the ground." The party raised its head to a fifty-foot pine and strove to conjure an image. "Gothic," some one said. "Early Gothic," said the President. "The Canterbury Cathedral is just about the period. We have such height and mass that we will be simpler in detail than the Harkness Tower at Yale."

The engineer and the architect spread a great blue-print. "No use," I said. "Can't take it all in at once, anyway." They rolled the map up again. "No," said the President, "no man can take it all in now. But five years hence, and it will be reality."

A Mediaeval City Soon to Arise.

I looked down the plateau into a deep ravine, which would be a curving lake in 1930, a mile and a half of curving water. A cascade would go tumbling down from the chapel foundation. Beyond the ravine lay the Corwallis road, a narrow, deep-cut trace, aisled in forestry, along which once sloped the brown muskets and royal busbies of the Redcoats, trking north to Yorktown and the grand finale of some rebellious colonies. The land lay still the same, some of the very trees for witnesses, with the identical wind-stirred silences. Here too had lain Yankee patrols, screening the ravagers of Georgia while Sherman rode into Durham for Johnston's sword and the shabby final of another struggle of rebellion.

The architect waved his magic hand, and traced the mediaeval city which will flank the mass of the great chapel, a city rising from a plateau of 4,000 acres, which will be yellow and white and red in the spring blossoms of azalea and dogwood and redbud, and polychromatic in the hues of fall. I stood wondering while the architect named the various schools—education, law, religion, natural science, applied science, engineering, liberal arts, letters—until he had said biology.

My paper would want to know all about biology at Duke University. "Can you give me some idea of its equipment?" he studied a moment. "Well," said the architect finally, "you know of the wonderful Baker lab, at Cornell? Maybe it cost a bit more than a cool million. This one here," pointed to a dense grove under the pines, "will stand at about two cool millions, and maybe a little over." He went on to show how the various abbeys and schools would mass in support of the chapel tower—a prophetic grouping, I thought.

I wanted to contrast, to scale the size of the plant to be finished in five years The engineer spoke. "Princeton is the finest of our university plants," he said. "Maybe it represents $12,000,000. This one—Duke—will represent twenty-two millions in the new plant at the end of five years."

In telling the story of Duke University, it is well to begin with the founder of the dynasty. Washington Duke, its founder, walked home after Appomattox. He was forty-five; his wife was dead; his children were many and hungry; he had 50 cents, Federal money; he owned 300 acres of farm land. In 1881, W. Duke & Sons introduced machinery for rolling cigarets. Duke of Durham appeared, ten cigarets in a sliding box. Duke's Mixture appeared. Washington Duke pased away in 1905. He was the first Duke of Durham.

Benjamin Duke was the first-born. James Buchanan Duke was the second son. They were two stalwart sons, Ben and Buck.

The second became the second Duke of Durham. He left Durham for New York, where the big money is. He became something known as the American Tobacco Company, and he was true to the type of our old imperials, whether in oil or steel or rails or tobacco. He died the other day, in life having been an industrial prince and the typical benefactor of the ugly manufacturing town.

A few years before the mighty Buck Duke died, he conceived the idea of giving his seventy or eighty millions to the cause of education and medication in the South, and to the ideal of glorifying his father's name. To the ideal of Glorifying the American Whirl. Old Wash and Buck forever.

The chief delight in the wintry years of the great Buck, second Duke of Durham and Prince Imperial of the Land of Nicotine, was a small classical college of liberal predilections, known as one of the six called Trinity in this country. Let us consider its history a moment.

In 1838 the Methodists founded a small local school in the quail lands about High Point. In 1842 it became Union Academy, and in the new dignity Mr. Feeder, B. A., might bog the ploughboys over the conjugation of the Greek aorist. After successive incorporations, it became Trinity College and the dower of the Methodist Conference for North Carolina. The war of secession over, it limped along, struggling toward the light. Citizens of Durham in the days of the old Duke offered it a better home, and in 1891 it came there to live and die.

Trinity waxed as a small, liberal college, fending off fanatical rushes by countryside dervishes of the faith. The Dukes loved it, for it was symbol of the "lyf so short, the craft so longe to lerne." The elder Dukes had been too poor to attend, some of the younger ones too fashionable. Newport and Tuxedo are not the haunts of Trinitarians. The Dukes gave it three or four millions all told. To the rival Baptists or Presbyterians of Wake Forest or Davidson, this was money, money, money. It could boast Senators Simmons and Overman as sons who first gained inspiration and ideals of service there at Trinity. It was modern, up-to-date. It was tolerant and free.

Then the great Duke Buck made his offer: More money than Harvard, and calle it Duke. This came to pass last spring in the doldrums of sport. The basketball quintet had played its final game; there were spring calls for baseball talen. The forward who had dribbled down the floor to cries Trinity now stabbed one in short left and doubled to first as the bleachers rocked to D-U-K-E.

To say that any of them cared is absurd, unless to say that they were delighted. Athletic teams love benefactors. New shoes for fast backfield men (Lord, what a $12, pair will mean to a Christian college back in midseason!), all kind of expensive protectors, swell hotels on trips, and laissez faire over bills-of-fare offering quail at $8 the platter. D-U-K-E and the Life of Riley. Pass the macaroons, big-boy, and tell 'at nigger to shine my suitcase too. Say, we got to quit having students on our club and get some football players like the other universities.

Catch For Catch.

Trinity, and now Duke, is the property of the two Methodist Conferences sitting in North Carolina, one in the east and one in the west. It is controlled by trustees, two-thirds of whom are self-perpetuating. The other third are named by the Alumni Association The first two-thirds are ratified by the conferences. here is the catch, if there is a catch, in the hopes of complete freedom for Duke.

James Buchanan Duke was too long used to having his way, and he did not propose to subordinate his great venture to any meeting of churchmen. His great bequest is held by the Duke Endowment, which has its separate trusteeship, and composed of his friends and associates, his foundation can check and coordinate the work of the university trustees. If the fact that the university trustees are in majority subject to the approval of the church is a catch in the proceedings, then the Duke Endowment contains a catch to offset the influence if ever fanatical days appear. Money can be withheld. Simple, Sane, Effective.

But let us be fair to the Methodist conferences. Trinity had no coercion, no troubles, no suggestion of monkey legislation. The brethren have not provided the money; they have not raised a theological row. The department of biology at old Trinity, with its co-ordinate groups, was held by a staff boasting Ph. D's. from Wisconsin, Chicago, Michigan, Johns Hopkins and Columbia. Back of faculty honors appear such place names as Lausanne, Munich, Berlin, Sorbonne, etc. There is a diversification of cultures, of racial strains, of national characteristics.

Duke University inherits from its alma mater a declaration of intellectual freedom which is unique in American college annals. It was promulgated in 1904, following a terrible faux pas by John Spencer Basset, then of its faculty and now head of the history department at Smith College. Dr. Bassett, at that early time, expressed the belief publicly and ex cathedra that Booker T. Washington was the greatest man produced in the South since the death of Gen. Robert Edward Lee, of Virginia.

There was a hell of racial fury following this pronouncement, and oratory swept cyclone fashion through the gathering places of the South. There was instant demand for Dr Bassett's head. The professor offered his resignation. The board of trustees, admitteldy of the belief that Dr. Washington was not so distinguished, yet declined to accept his resignation. Part of the declaration of 1904, which is the park of the Duke University covenant, is worth the quoting:

"We believe that society in the end will find a surer benefit by exercising patience than it can secure by yielding to its resentments. The search for truth should be unhampered, and intolerance and suppression are infinitely worse than those of folly. . . It were better that Trinity should suffer than that it should enter upon a policy of coercion and intolerance."

Liberty may sometimes lead to folly; yet it is better that some should be tolerated than that all should think and speak under the deadening influence of repression.

"A reasonable freedom of opinion is to a college the very breath of life; and any official throttling of its teachers would destroy their influence, and place upon the college an enduring stigma. . . . It is the business of the college to provide for young men the material, the knowledge and the training to form and defend their own opinions. . . While it is idle to deny that the free expression of wrong opinions sometimes works harm, our country and our race stand for the view that the evils of intolerance.

One of the trustees who signed this document is now president of the present board of university trustees. He is Joseph G. Brown, also president of the Commercial National Bank of Raleigh.

"If you want to know anything about Duke," he said, "go to Dr. Few, the president over there. I stand by anything he does, and so will the board." I went first to S. Wade Marr, retiring head of the Alumni Association, which names the final third of the trustee personnel, and a young man who paid the highest personal income tax in the Raleigh roster. "Of course, Mr. Brown won't let any one stampede him into intolerant ideas," he said. "His feet have been on the ground since the day he was born. . . .The Tennesee evolution law. I imagine that he grins when he thinks of it; the same as every one else in North Carolina does. . . . But you see Dr. Few."

A Professor in the Harvard Tradition.

Dr. William Preston Few is a tall, angular man with the beard of Lincoln and a habit of silences, rare both in a Southern highlander and in a college president. He was Dean of Trinity when the trustees delivered their bill of rights, and he has been president for fifteen years. He received an A. B. from the small Southern college of Wofford and then went to Harvard. There he fell under the spell of Santayana, James, Childs, Kittredge and the masters who made Harvard great in the nineties. He became a professor of English in the Harvard tradition, with Emerson as the founder god.

"We do not want anything 'bigger and better'," he said with a shrug. "It was Mr. Duke's idea that 2,000 undergradutes was the limit of a university's reach, even when we reach the peak of our income. Then a thousand graduate students, and perhaps a thousand woman undergraduates in a co-ordinate college such as Harvard maintains in Radcliffe, would finish our work. We are determined not to have a big educational mill here."

Dr. Few seemed in no hurry. "Faculty?" he queried to a query. "We have the nucleus of a faculty now. When our various schools and departments are founded, all we can do is to ask the best men in the country to come here."

I wanted to gauge him. "Your idea of one of the best men in the country?" I asked. "Well," he said after some reflection, "I'd say that would be a matter of purpose. If a university wanted a great master of law, Dean Pound, of Harvard, would be my idea of greatness."

It was rather difficult to draw out this university president, for he was in an ideal position. He did not want for more money than Midas dreamed of, he was under no whip to outline a prospectns, or to shout of a new vision. James Buchanan Duke having talked with him fifteen years of this intangible thing, had left him an El Dorado and his blessing. He did not even want publicity.

Evidently the great Duke Buck was certain of his choice of a man; and he had been certain through a lifetife of gauging executives. Had he so willed, the Duke might have dropped his money twelve miles over the woods into the lap of the University of North Carolinat at Chapel Hill, the first State university in the New World, and the present cultural center of the new South. "He did not suggest calling the university by his name," said Dr. Few. "I was responsible for that inclusion in the contract. There were six Trinity colleges in America. We would have changed anyway. I thought it right that we changed to Duke."

Distrusted Control by the State.

The original Duke endowment was in two parts. Firstly, about twenty millions were set aside for the plant of Duke University, which Horace Trumbaur, of Philadelphia, was to design architecturally as one unity embracing all the colleges. The Olmsteads of Brookline were retained to landscape the site. The founder expressed the determination to make the university as perfect in detail as his New Jersey estate.

He had planned to emphasize, it is said, the colleges of natural science, of applied science, of law, of education, of liberal arts, of religion and of medicine. The endowment for maintenance was set at $40,000,000, with the added residue of his estate at death. Of this original bequest, twenty per cent. of its income was to be poured back into the original found until the amount reached $80,000,000. It is said that this amount, with the residue, will be realized within ten years or less.

Of this final amount, Duke University proper receives only one-third income. The two-thirds are parceled among a heterogenous medley of institutions and purposes. Hospitals for white and for negro patients, schools for both races, county schemes, retirement funds for broken down preachers, for orphanages are listed. But the greater amount of it is applied to center upon a $6,000,000 hospital which will be part of the university medical center. Evidently the fame of Johns Hopkins, which is of first-water brilliancy in the South, had influenced the founder's vision here.

Unquestionably, had he left his money to the State University his plans would have matured more quickly. But he loved Trinity, and he distrusted State controlled institutions. I haven't a doubt that he knew his own mind, was sure in his purpose, chose the harder way because he was used to it since chilhood. There isn't much doubt, either, that a great institution will rise upon that plateau, one tolerant and filled with wisdom. As for the time needed, you may write your own guess, and remember that Oxford was great within 200 years after its founding. We move much more quickly.

WAR HERO DOWN AND OUT.

Was Hero Six Years Ago and is Now Peddling Bananas.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 8.—Sightly more than six years ago, Private Walter J. Fillyaw, United States Army shell-shocked and all but dead, was telling with pride the officer of Fort McPherson about the distinguished service cross which he wore.

Yesterday, found by a reported by the Atlanta Constitution to be peddling bananas on the streets of Atlanta in order to earn support for his wife, little daughter and baby son, the latter born Monday, his income was found notto exceed $15 a week.

The case was called to the attention of the American Legion officials here who are putting machinery in motion to make things "break better" for him from now on.

"In addition to his $15 a week, he made peddling bananas, Fillyaw receives $20 a month compensation from the veterans bureau, he said. He told legion officials he had been unable to obtain employment because of his physical condition.

The certificate accompanying his medal shows that it was awarded for "extraordinary heroism" October 15, 1918, while serving as a private in the medal corps of the Fourth Infantry, A. E. F. A subsequent citation told of his "having been wounded and and ordered to the rear but he continued to administer to the other wounded under constant shell fire until he was wouded a second time, when he was evacuated despite his protests."

Fillyaw is a native of Fayetteville, N. C., and married Miss Sadie Cranford, of Union, S. C., in April, 1918 shortly before he went overseas.

MAY TAKE A SHOT AT THE UNION FIRST

Legislators Propose Questionnaire For Farmers' Leaders.

Brock Barkley in Charlotte Observer

Raleigh, Dec. 7.—A questionnaire for Dr. H. Q. Alexander and President R. W. H. Stone, the dominating influence for the State Farmers' union, is being talked by western legislators and ex-legislators as a possible counter to the proposed quiz of legislative candidates by the union.

Former State Senator D. F. Giles, who was in town today with Representative W. W. Neal, of McDowell, told of the threat of some of the westerners to ask Union chiefs a few questions on the ground that turn about is fair play. He thought Mr. Neal ought to be the man to lead the insurgency, but Neal hasn't committed himself.

Farmer Stone has announced, following up the resolves of the recent union meeting here, that his questionnaire will be aimed at the legislators, whose views he farmers are particularly anxious to get. The legislative quiz, if the movement can be organized, would be aimed at Mr. Stone and Dr. Alexander. It would ask them about their war records and about other records as the leaders of the famers union. The balking legislators would answer the union questionnaire and then call on the union chiefs to answer theirs'.

Some of the western politicians are represented as feeling that Dr. Alexander and Mr. Stone and the farmers union, in its entirety for that matter, do not represent the sentiment of the farmers of the state. The union, they feel, has disintegrated until it is but an organization of a handful of farmers and is resolves are nothing more than the work of the two men. They do not feel they have a right to quiz them in the name of the farmers. Mr. Giles believes the prospects for a rebellion good.

UKRAINE HAUNTED BY CHILD BEGGARS

One Hundred Thousand Starving Waifs Roam Like Packs of Wolves in Every Large City.

Kharkov, Russia, Rec. 8.—One hundred thousand homeless children are roaming in the Ukraine. Twenty thousand of them are without shelter or food of any kind except what they manage to pick up. The special government commission organized for their relief recommends a tax of 1 per cent. on every bottle of vodka. This, the commission says, willl yield a million dollars for the waifs, who with the onset of winter are facing starvation and death from exposure.

The child vagrant problem is not limited to the Ukraine, but extends throughout all the populous areas of Russia. The problem is so vast that it is almost beyond the resources of the government, which has made widespread appeals for private funds with which to cope with the situation.

The officials of the American Near East Relief operating in the Caucasus have also been asked by the soviet government to lend their assistance and advice in rescuing these homeless children, "who like packs of little wolves haunt the streets of every large city."

He—Then you like the idea of my coming out without a hat?

She—Well, it isn't that, but I'd sooner see you without a hat than wearing the sort of hat you would wear if you wore a hat.

Doctor (examining life insurance prospect)—Do you talk in your sleep?

Prospect—No, I talk in other people's sleep.

Doctor—How come?

Prospect—Oh, I'm a college professor.