THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW
EDITED BY
WILLIAM A. HAMMOND
FRANK THILLY
and G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM
OF THE SAGE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY
WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF
ÉTIENNE GILSON (Paris) GEORGE SANTAYANA (Rome)
ARTHUR LIEBERT (Berlin) A. E. TAYLOR (Edinburgh)
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
HAROLD R. SMART
OF THE SAGE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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THOMAS W. GOODSPEED.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.
THOMAS W. GOODSPEED: "A YANKEE SAINT"

BY J. V. NASH

In 1886 the old University of Chicago, buffeted by the blows of the Civil War, the Chicago Fire, and widespread financial depressions during its troubled lifetime of thirty years, passed out of existence through the foreclosure of a mortgage on its property at Thirty-Fifth street and Cottage Grove avenue. The institution was dead beyond hope of resuscitation in its original form, and to many it seemed that the cause of higher education in Chicago had come to a permanent and inglorious end.

There was just one man who, surveying the ruins, refused to consider the failure final. He believed that, even as Chicago had, phoenixlike, risen from the ashes of its dead self after the conflagration of 1871, so the University must and should be reborn, in a finer form, to fulfill an infinitely greater destiny.

This man was a quiet, unassuming clergyman named Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed. Born at Glens Falls, New York, September 4, 1842, he had moved at an early age with his parents to Illinois. Entering Knox College at Galesburg in 1857, he was one of those who heard Abraham Lincoln debate with Stephen A. Douglas in the memorable political discussions of 1858. Lincoln seemed to him the tallest man he had ever seen, and he remarked how the "rail-splitter's" voice, though he spoke calmly, carried far out to the limits of the crowd, whereas the short and stocky Douglas, gesticulating violently, could not be heard at all at a distance.

In 1859 Goodspeed became a student at the old University of Chicago, which had been established through the munificence of Douglas. He roomed in Jones Hall, the windows of which, as he
recalled in old age, commanded an inspiring view out over the great Lake. He left Chicago to complete his college course at the University of Rochester, whence he was graduated in 1863, and then entered the Rochester Theological Seminary, receiving his degree in divinity in 1866. Already, in 1865, he had been ordained and had begun to preach. In the final year of the war, he enrolled among President Lincoln's last draft of recruits, but the conflict ended before he could see service.

Marrying, September 4, 1866, Miss Mary Ellen Ten Broeke, Goodspeed returned to Illinois to assume the pastorate of a Baptist church in Quincy; in 1871—just before the Great Fire, of which he long retained vivid recollections—he joined his brother, the Rev. Edgar J. Goodspeed, as associate pastor of the old Second Baptist Church in Chicago.

Meanwhile, in 1867, the Baptist Union Theological Seminary had begun its career. It was a separate institution, but for some time held its classes at the University, later acquiring property and buildings of its own at Morgan Park. It, therefore, was not involved in the disasters which fell upon the University; however, it was itself hard pressed for funds.

In 1876 Dr. Goodspeed accepted a call to become Secretary of this seminary, for the purpose of leading a campaign to raise money for endowment. This was a difficult task, because of the financial depression existing at that time, and the second destructive fire which two years before had swept Chicago. In answering this call, Dr. Goodspeed surrendered the assured income of his pastorate to take up a work with a highly uncertain future. But, under his able management, the seminary forged ahead into smoother waters.

Two years later, in 1878, the professorship of Hebrew at Morgan Park being vacant, there came as a highly recommended applicant for the position a sturdy, bespectacled young man of twenty-two, named William Rainey Harper, already a Doctor of Philosophy from Yale, with several years of teaching experience behind him. It fell to Dr. Goodspeed to interview this young man. Notwithstanding his extreme youth, and the fact that the theological students whom he would be called upon to teach would mostly be older than himself, young Harper, on Dr. Goodspeed's recommendation, was appointed.

As professor of Hebrew at Morgan Park, Dr. Harper began his extraordinary work of popularizing the study of Hebrew; this
attracted such widespread interest and Harper's reputation assumed such extraordinary proportions that in 1886—the year that the old University closed its doors—he was called to one of the most distinguished professorships at Yale.

As early as 1882, Dr. Goodspeed had succeeded in interesting John D. Rockefeller in the work of the Morgan Park Seminary. By this time Rockefeller was already the wealthiest Baptist layman in the country. What might not ultimately be expected from his interest and support?

When Professor Harper left Morgan Park for New Haven, Dr. Goodspeed, in bidding him good-bye, added a significant suggestion that he should keep himself in readiness for a call to return to Chicago. For Dr. Goodspeed had dreamed a dream which, in the four years between 1886 and 1890, he was to labor incessantly to bring to realization.

As Dr. Soares observed at the funeral service for Dr. Goodspeed, in December, 1927, the new University of Chicago in those days was merely a hope in the mind of one man—and that man was Dr. Goodspeed.

The University of Chicago was born of the constructive imagination of Dr. Goodspeed. He knew Mr. Rockefeller and he knew Dr. Harper, but these two men were largely unaware of each other. Dr. Goodspeed, as he sat thinking over the educational situation in Chicago, saw in a flash of inspiration the possibilities for the cause of higher learning which must inevitably spring from the wedding of Rockefeller's millions to Harper's genius. His task, then, was to bring the two factors together, foster the courtship, and preside at the marriage ceremony. All this he eventually did, with consummate skill.

The debt of higher education in Chicago to Dr. Goodspeed is freely admitted by all those who are acquainted with the facts. It has been put on official record by the late Mr. F. T. Gates, who was for many years Rockefeller's representative in educational and benevolent affairs. He has written:

"To Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed belongs the honor of first calling Mr. John D. Rockefeller's attention effectively to the unique educational needs and opportunities at Chicago. This Dr. Goodspeed did with fervor and power, in season and out of season, in letters and in visits covering at least two years, 1886-88. There
can be no question that these labors of Dr. Goodspeed were the effective agency that convinced Mr. Rockefeller of the need of an institution of higher learning in that city, and led him to believe that he had an important duty to perform in conjunction therewith. . . . No history of the University of Chicago will be an adequate history which does not begin with the correspondence of Dr. Goodspeed with Mr. Rockefeller in 1886 and trace that correspondence to its culmination.

During all the years of complicated negotiations—financial, administrative, and educational—which resulted finally in the incorporation of the new University, Mr. Rockefeller's great initial endowments, supplemented by large funds raised in Chicago, and Professor Harper's acceptance of the presidency, it was in Dr. Goodspeed's hands that all the lines centered. From headquarters in a downtown office building he directed the campaign.

Dr. Goodspeed was one of the six incorporators of the University of Chicago, and served as Secretary of the Board from 1890 until 1913. He also held the position of Registrar of the University, 1897-1913. In the latter year he retired. He was still hale and vigorous, but he had passed the age of seventy; he thought his resignation was right, and a worthy example to others, in order that younger blood might have its chance in positions of responsibility.

In 1892, when the University opened its doors to the first classes of incoming students, Dr. Goodspeed was fifty years old. It seemed to him that his principal life-work was then completed. But the thirty-five years which still lay ahead of him proved, if possible, even richer in achievement. Indeed, after his retirement in 1913, a chapter of his life in many respects the most extraordinary of all was still to be unfolded.

During his long service as Secretary of the Board of Trustees, it was he who acted as mediator between President Harper and the Board; it was he who kept a firm hand on the financial affairs of the University, which again and again were brought to the brink of catastrophe through the impetuosity of President Harper who, brilliant educational genius that he was, lacked a practical grasp of financial management. As Dr. Soares put it:

"To Dr. Harper a deficit was only the temporary failure of the supply train to keep up with the advancing army; to Mr. Rockefeller a deficit was the collapse of the whole campaign."
In the painful misunderstanding which ensued between President Harper and Mr. Rockefeller, Dr. Goodspeed, with infinite tact and fine loyalty, stood at his post and was a tower of strength to the troubled University. In a conversation that I had with Dr. Goodspeed in the last days of his life, he spoke with gentleness and sympathy of the temptations to over-expansion which continually beset President Harper and which he sometimes was unable to resist.

President Harper’s tragic and premature death in 1906 brought to the president’s chair a highly conservative administrator in the person of President Judson. By 1913, the affairs of the University were in such a prosperous condition and its future so well assured, that Dr. Goodspeed could retire, with every confidence that his guiding hand was now no longer needed.

But he was not to be idle in his retirement. He was immediately elected Corresponding Secretary of the Board, and assigned by President Judson the task of preparing an official History of the University of Chicago. This work, which is an illuminating, amply documented, and withal entertaining story of the first twenty-five years of the University’s existence, was published in connection with the Quarter-Centennial celebration in 1916.

In the Preface, Dr. Goodspeed apologized, with charming humor, for what he called “breaking into literature” at the age of seventy-four years. It was indeed extraordinary that a man whose life had been spent first in preaching, and then for many years in laborious administrative work, could, when past three score and ten, take up a new profession, and with such success that further contributions from his pen were called for, with a frequency that kept him constantly busy as an author during the remaining decade of his life.

In succeeding years he published, in The University Record, a long series of biographical sketches of benefactors of the University; selections from the series were published later in two large volumes of University of Chicago Biographical Sketches. In 1924 there appeared A History of the Hyde Park Baptist Church, the church having appointed him its official historian. In 1925 his University title was changed to that of Historian. In that year he brought out his popular Story of the University of Chicago, and in the following year a biography of his friend, the late President E. D. Burton.
Early in 1927 Dr. Goodspeed was commissioned by the President of the University to write the life of William Rainey Harper, a work for which he was peculiarly well fitted.* Although premonitions of illness had warned him that his time was short, he undertook the work with much of his old-time enthusiasm. He was by now well advanced in his eighty-fifth year.

For many years Dr. Goodspeed had spent his summers at his rustic retreat on Paradise island in Plum lake, among the woods of northern Wisconsin, where he felled trees, rowed boats, and took long hikes, displaying a vigor that roused the astonishment and admiration of many men his juniors.

There was, indeed, nothing of the professional ecclesiastic about Dr. Goodspeed. He could play a round of golf or a game of billiards with zest; he could fire with enthusiasm a crowd of undergraduates at a football "pep" session—and this when he was past seventy! At football games he followed with lively interest the movements of individual players, often with shrewd comments. When, in 1925, the great Development Campaign was started, for the purpose of raising some seventeen millions of dollars for the future expansion of the University, Dr. Goodspeed was a conspicuous figure at the meetings. To generations of students he was a familiar personality as, with sturdy, swinging step, he daily passed to and fro on the University grounds. Everybody knew him at least by sight.

One day in June, 1927, at reunion time, just before Dr. Goodspeed left for his summer home in Wisconsin, I chanced to meet him crossing the quadrangles. As I happened to have my kodak with me, I asked him to pose for a snapshot. He cheerfully consented. The result was such a characteristic likeness that I sent him a print. From Paradise Island came this delightful letter, dated June 21, 1927:

"My dear Mr. Nash:

"I was as much surprised as pleased to receive the photograph from you yesterday. It seems to me about the

*In the February number of The University of Chicago Magazine, Mr. F. J. Gurney had published some reminiscences of President Harper. A little later I expressed to Mr. Gurney the hope that a biography of President Harper might soon be written—possibly by Dr. Goodspeed. Mr. Gurney conferred with the Harper family as well as with President Mason, with the result that I have indicated."
best photograph ever made of me, and it pleases my son Charles as much as it does me. I haven't had a picture made of me in 15 years or more, never having been proud of my beauty. This is likely to be the last ever made of me. I shall be 85 in two months and a half, and my son suggests that I ask you to have half a dozen copies made and sent to me. If you will send me a bill for them at the same time, I would very much like to have you do this.

"I am at my home in the country. I feel greatly obliged to you. I suppose you are doing some writing this year?

"Gratefully yours,

"T. W. Goodspeed."

I gladly sent the additional copies of the photograph, including an enlargement. Under date of July 2, Dr. Goodspeed wrote me in acknowledgment:

"The photographs, including the enlargement, are at hand, and I am greatly obliged to you. One of our ladies has put the enlargement into a fine birch bark frame and it graces our mantel. But you have failed to send me the bill. I would not have asked for the photos if I had not wished and expected to pay for them and I trust you will allow me to do so.

"My son and I greatly enjoyed the article on old Fort Dearborn. We found it most interesting, and I am preserving it.

"I am at work on a biographical sketch of Pres. Harper and find the wilderness a good place to work in. I have a study about 100 feet from our cottage and here I can work in perfect quiet, the only noises being the occasional passing of launches and motor boats. I am on an island."

It so happened that Dr. Goodspeed, on his return to Chicago in September, found himself in need of someone to examine the voluminous files of President Harper's correspondence and to abstract the material which might be found useful for biographical purposes. My name was suggested to him by Professor C. F. Castle, and, in the following letter, dated September 28, Dr. Goodspeed approached me on the subject:
"I am, in connection with writing a somewhat extended biographical sketch of President Harper, having the correspondence files of the President's office from 1890 to 1906 examined. I engaged two Divinity students to do this for me four months ago, but one of them was called away and the other married a wife and has become a missionary, and they were able to do little more than start and organize the work.

"I am wondering whether your other engagements would permit you to help me in this work, devoting from 3 to 5 hours a day to it, for the next two or three months. I regret that the pay is small, . . . and I shall not blame you if you think this is too little to bother with. But if, by any chance, your engagements are such that you could give a few hours a day to this work, I should be very glad to see you. The files are all ready to begin on in a room in the Theology Building."

As I considered it a pleasure as well as an honor to be associated with Dr. Goodspeed in this highly interesting work, we speedily reached an agreement, it being understood that I was to devote to the work such hours of the day or evening as I found most convenient for the purpose.

I immediately began the examination of the files, taking out letters of biographical value, attaching brief explanatory memorandum to the selected letters, and sorting the correspondence in chronological order. Dr. Goodspeed, meanwhile, was pushing on with the writing in his private study at home. Some ideas having occurred to me in connection with the further prosecution of the task, I embodied them in a letter to Dr. Goodspeed. A few days later I found on my desk a pencil note, written on October 10, when he dropped into the office during my absence. As it was my last letter from him, I quote it below:

"Dear Mr. Nash:

"Thank you for your letter. I am thinking and conferring about your suggestions, which commend themselves to me."
THOMAS W. GOODSPEED: "A YANKEE SAINT"

"I shall want, in a few days, to confer with you about them.

"Very truly yours,

"T. W. Goodspeed.

"Monday, 3:40 P. M."

Dr. Goodspeed had begun to suffer from a complication of ailments before his return to Chicago from the country, and I noticed with distress that his condition did not improve. He underwent a minor operation, as a local hospital, for a facial infection. This afforded some temporary relief, and he continued up and about, with much of his old-time vigor. He attended the dedication of the new medical buildings on October 31, and at least one of the football games of the season.

From time to time I brought editorial material over to his house and had short conferences with him and with his son, Mr. Charles T. B. Goodspeed, who was rendering invaluable assistance by helping his father to organize the data and by reading documents to him in the evening, thus conserving Dr. Goodspeed's eyesight for the indispensable work of writing. So conscientious was he in his literary work that he would never resort to dictation. A "daily stint," as Dr. Goodspeed called it, consisting of three pages of writing a day, was allowed him by his physician. Though I think he would have liked to write more, he cheerfully observed the limitation.

In addition to my work on the correspondence, with the approval of Dr. Goodspeed I interviewed several former faculty members who had known President Harper, taking down their recollections of him in shorthand notes. Some of this material he incorporated in his manuscript.

All of these men were greatly interested in Dr. Goodspeed's undertaking and gladly contributed whatever information they could. One of them expressed the hope that Dr. Goodspeed might eventually expand the sketch into a "full-length picture" of President Harper. I reported this to Dr. Goodspeed, suggesting that the book be made a companion volume to his History of the University of Chicago. He liked the idea, but did not consider it practicable. "I shall not have the time," he said, simply. I pointed out that it could probably be done in six months. "But," he replied, in the
same quiet tone, "I can't count on six months—I can't count on three months."

At about this time he made another significant remark to me as we stood in the doorway of his home. Speaking very soberly, he said, "I know so many on the other side, that I look forward with pleasure to beginning the after-life." I mentioned a letter that I had run across, from Mr. F. T. Gates, in which he said that if it had not been for Dr. Goodspeed there would have been no University of Chicago. His modest comment was: "There would have been no University if it had not been for a number of men: there would have been no University without Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Gates, and Dr. Harper." As we looked up Fifty-Eighth street toward the University quadrangles, visible from his doorway, I told him that in any event he would leave a great monument to his labors.

A few days after Thanksgiving I received a note from Professor E. J. Goodspeed, Dr. Goodspeed's second son, telling me that his father had suffered a serious attack of illness on Saturday, November 26, and that grave apprehensions were felt concerning him. I immediately called up the house and was much relieved to learn that Dr. Goodspeed was greatly improved; so much so, that he came to the telephone personally and talked to me.

On December 1, when I was calling at the house, certain members of the family suggested that I come over every day and bring my work with me, for as long a time as I could stay, in order to help relieve the family, who were taking turns in attending upon Dr. Goodspeed. He needed no special attention, but it was desired to have someone constantly near him in case of another sudden seizure.

Those were extremely interesting days for me. Dr. Goodspeed was apparently fairly well and evidently enjoying his work. He was pushing ahead with the work on the manuscript, hoping that he might finish it, at least in the first draft. He lived over again with President Harper the great days when the latter was at the apex of his power and achievement; for the story now had been carried down past the turn of the century and the shadows of the coming catastrophe had not yet begun to fall across the President's path.

Dr. Goodspeed's aesthetic appreciation was evidenced in a remark he made one day when we were listening to a victrola record of a lullaby on the piano by Paderewski. "I suppose he could
represent a storm, too," commented Dr. Goodspeed. An illustration of the modesty of his faith in immortality occurred when some hymn records that I had brought over were being played. Among others was the old revival hymn with the refrain, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there." Dr. Goodspeed rather unexpectedly said that he was not familiar with this hymn, and added: "There is a line in it that I would change. Instead of 'I'll be there,' I would say, 'May I be there.'"

His contact with world progress was shown by his reference one day to the work of Mr. S. O. Levinson, father of the "outlawry of war" idea.

Along with other papers from the files, I had brought over President Harper's correspondence with Mr. F. T. Gates; in connection therewith we discussed the impasse that developed because of the heavy deficits in which the President's ambitious plans involved the University. After repeated warnings, Mr. Rockefeller had withdrawn his financial support from the University until the deficits should be discontinued and a drastic change of policy inaugurated. It was not until after President Harper's death that Mr. Rockefeller resumed his heavy contributions to the University.

Dr. Goodspeed explained to me that Mr. Gates was the active medium between the University and Mr. Rockefeller, and that at this time there was a feeling on the part of some people that he was not doing as much as he might to help the University to retain Mr. Rockefeller's favor. He reported Mr. Gates as saying to him at the time, "I went down on my knees to that man," on behalf of the University. President Harper, Dr. Goodspeed continued, had great visions of the University's future, and could not resist the alluring opportunities that he saw opening out for its expansion, nor could he deny the appeals from various departments for increased appropriations. Dr. Goodspeed spoke of these painful matters very quietly, with no word of criticism for either Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Gates on the one hand or President Harper on the other.

One day, when looking over a copy of the University year-book for 1906, I called Dr. Goodspeed's attention to a photograph of the funeral of President Harper, at which he and Dr. Judson were the chief pallbearers. "That was a sad day," he observed.

On Thursday, the last day on which we worked together through
the forenoon, he seemed to be in a very happy frame of mind. "My son Edgar," he told me, "is coming over at three o'clock to read to me." Before I left, I asked him how he felt. "Oh, very well," he replied cheerfully. On my way out, I met Mrs. George S. Goodspeed, his niece, on the stairs. "Dr. Goodspeed says he feels very well," I remarked, optimistically. "That's just what he said before the first attack." she replied seriously.

The second attack came the next morning, before my arrival. He had gone up to his study and was about to begin his morning's work. The manuscript had reached the point where he must cover the distressing topic of the Harper-Rockefeller misunderstanding. His writing of the day before had led up to it, and, curiously enough, the last words he had written were, "This could not con-
tinue."

He had felt the oncoming of the attack soon enough to hurry down to his chamber. He was lying on the bed when members of the family found him. Paralysis was creeping over the entire right side of his body. He remained fully conscious, however, and as cheerful as the circumstances permitted. The best medical aid quickly reached the house, but it was immediately realized that the case was practically hopeless.

Nevertheless, during the next few days he insisted upon being allowed to sit up in an arm-chair for limited periods, and even to enjoy a cigar. His indomitable spirit was evidenced by his actually wanting to practise writing with his left hand. On Sunday evening, when I called, he was enjoying the radio. Marvellous singing filled the house; I believe it was the Vatican Choir, which happened to be visiting Chicago at that time.

Over the week-end he rallied slightly; and on Monday night, when I called, Mr. Charles Goodspeed and I ventured to speak to him about the book on which he was working. We suggested to him that we might begin to have typed for him the first chapter of his manuscript. But he would not hear of it. "I want to revise it," he articulated with difficulty, for the stroke had seriously crip-
plied his voice. He was not satisfied with anything less than his best, and even in his desperate condition he was thinking of revising his manuscript. I shook his hand gently—the left hand, which he could still control—as I said Good-bye.

On Tuesday it was evident that he was sinking fast. "How do you feel, Dr. Goodspeed?" I inquired cheerfully on entering the
room that evening. He was lying in bed, very weak. The nurse
remarked that she feared he did not know who I was. But he
moved his head in vigorous dissent and murmured, "Yes, I do."
His eyes were unusually bright, and had their customary shrewd,
alert look as he gazed up from the pillow. "There are no flies on
Dr. Goodspeed," I said to the nurse. He smiled, and returned my
Good-bye.

Pneumonia was now setting in, and by Thursday he was uncon-
scious. His heart action had been good, but the difficulty in breath-
ing was putting an increasing strain upon the heart and gradually
wearing it down. The end came at half past ten o'clock on Friday
morning, December 16, just a week from the time he was stricken.

Dr. Goodspeed never impressed me as an old man, even during
those last few days at his desk, when he was eighty-five years and
three months old. He walked about the room with a quick step; his eye was keen, and he spoke alertly. When, on leaving at about
noon, I bade him Good-bye, he replied with a courtly grace, "Good
morning." I thought of him as a cultivated elderly gentleman, of
no particular age. Least of all was there anything ecclesiastical
about him, Doctor of Divinity though he was; or pedantic, though
he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. It was hard to realize that
he had seen Lincoln and Douglas in the flesh, before the Civil War,
so completely in tune with the present generation he seemed to be,
and indeed was.

Work, I think, was Dr. Goodspeed's greatest joy in life—vig-
orous, joyous work, of head and heart and hand. That and his
love of Nature were doubtless the secret of his perennial youth.
A young man, now a student at the University, whose family had a
summer home near Dr. Goodspeed's camp in northern Wisconsin,
tells how the old gentleman used to take him on fishing trips. And
in Chicago it was said that after a hard day's work at the office he
could beat a much younger man at a game of billiards. When the
Rev. Charles W. Gilkey came to Chicago as pastor of the Hyde
Park Baptist Church, one of Dr. Goodspeed's first concerns was
to initiate him into some of the mysteries of the billiard table.

His youthful and progressive spirit was perhaps nowhere bet-
ter exemplified than in his religious outlook. Though his theologi-
cal training dated back to the days of old-fashioned, rock-ribbed
orthodoxy (Fundamentalism, as we should now call it), he kept
 abreast with the progress of enlightened religious thought, for he
was an omnivorous reader. In his later years he was very clearly a thorough Modernist in his sympathies. One of his last acts was to send out a ringing challenge on the liberal side of the question of "open membership," which had become an issue in the Baptist church of which he had been for many years a deacon and trustee.

At the funeral service, before an audience which packed the church auditorium, Professor Soares spoke as a University colleague and Dr. Gilkey as the great leader's pastor. It was Dr. Gilkey who, in dwelling upon the rare combination of shrewd business sense, personal virtue, and active benevolence which distinguished Dr. Goodspeed, summed up his character in the quaint and happy phrase, "a Yankee saint."