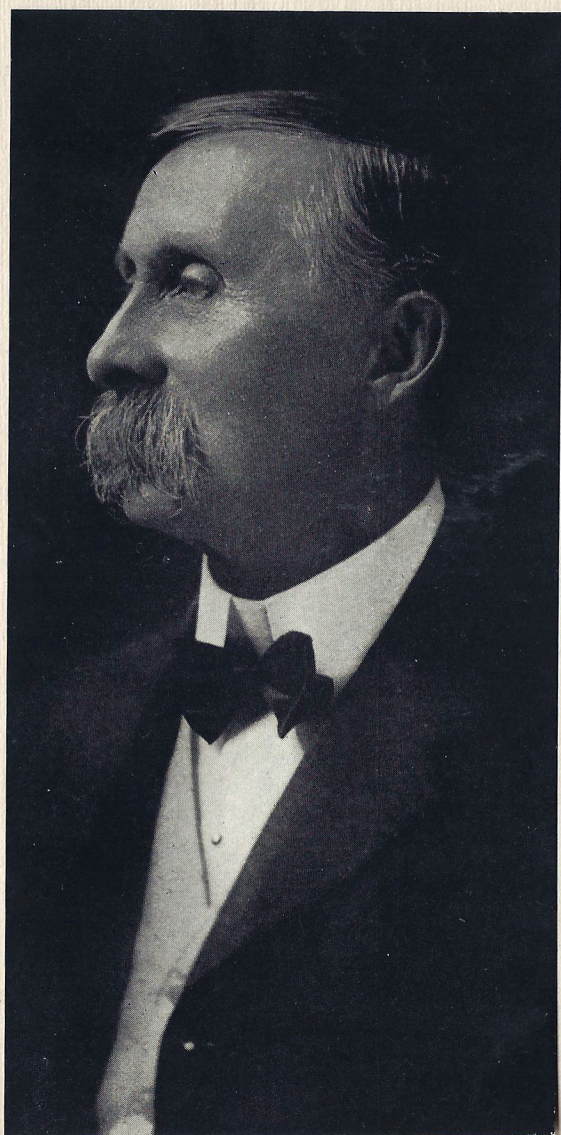


*Emily H. Rawlin.*

**Frank H. Hall**



“Success through Service”

1841 - 1911

IN MEMORIAM

OUR FATHER

Dedicated

by the Children to  
Her whose constant aid,  
perfect understanding,  
and unfailing love made  
possible for Him a life  
filled to the brim with  
loving service

OUR MOTHER

FOR fifty years Frank H. Hall helped the youth of our land to solve arithmetical problems. For fifty years, he helped the teachers to solve pedagogical problems. For fifty years he helped everyone with whom he associated to solve humanitarian problems. And now, after so many active years of service, he has gone to solve the Great Mystery—the problem of the centuries.

All his life was spent in solving problems and then giving the solution—*giving* it, always, to his fellow-men. Service is the one word that stands for his life. Forgetfulness of himself in service for his fellow-men was the precept of his life. He lived by it; he died by it. Even in his last hours, with parched lips and aching body, he would hesitate to ask anyone to do anything for him; he did not want to be "served," but to serve.

For two years before there was a physical breakdown, those nearest him felt that he should give up active work. But he loved activity; he saw the crying need of education for efficiency, particularly along the lines of scientific agriculture; he knew that he could help to supply this need to the people of his own state and he couldn't give up.

In the winter of 1909, he took cold, driving to one of his country institutes. The institute was to be held in a small town where there was no livery service, and no one met him at the station. Procuring a horse and buggy, he drove, in a snow-storm, eight or ten miles across the country to give an evening address. The snow drifted and after his evening's work was over, when he attempted the return-drive, he lost his way and was out two hours. Finally reaching the little hotel, he retired in a cold room, to be called for a very early train. He was called, but the train was late and for another two hours he sat in a cold station waiting for the train to take him to his next institute appointment.

When he reached home at the end of the week, he was coughing and tired out. But there were further in-

stitute engagements to be filled and he must not disappoint the people. On and ever on he went, until the cold developed into bronchitis,—and still he would not give up his work. He attended the last Conference of the season and prepared the manuscript for the annual report; he wound up his year's work as superintendent of Farmers' Institutes. Through sheer power of the will, he kept up until he felt that everything was in such order that some one else could take up the work at the very point at which he must lay it down. Yet he was loath to lay it down,—he loved it so,—*must* he give it up?

In April, 1910, he attended a teachers' convention in Kankakee from which he was scarcely able to get home. While he was addressing teachers, his enthusiasm kept him up and he did not know that he was even tired. Upon reaching home, after the Kankakee meeting, when his family remonstrated with him for working when he was in such condition, he said, laughingly, "Why, I talked an hour and a half and never coughed once." But two weeks later the physicians found that he had tuberculosis of the lungs, diabetes complicating the trouble. For nine months he fought these two wasting diseases. He loved life; he saw so much work ahead of him; he had plans made that would take his work over into the next half-dozen years; he *could* not give up. At times he seemed to improve, and for a few weeks he was able to work at his desk for an hour or two each day. Specialists were called; tuberculin was tried; everything within the means of love and science was done for this Man of men, but nothing was of any avail.

Frank H. Hall literally worked himself to death; the body was worn out and gave up the struggle on the evening of January 3, 1911.

Hopeful and patient to the last, it cut like a knife through those who loved him so and watched beside him, when he would say,—"I'm feeling better to-day; perhaps I can get out to the farm in the spring," while all the time the physicians were saying that there was absolutely no hope and that the end was very near.

Accustomed for nearly seventy years to a strenuously active life, the hours must have dragged tediously for him, lying in bed for so many months. Yet he did not complain. Always an optimist, he accepted life as it came to him and did each day's work as well as he could, without a thought about yesterday or to-morrow. That he did, however, regret his enforced idleness was made evident in a letter which he wrote in answer to a good friend who had written to tell him of some commendatory words that had been spoken by one of his former teachers, at a little meeting in Castle Park, Michigan. In this letter, written in July, 1910, he says:—

"It is not my habit to spend much time in looking backward; but I am obliged to confess that your letter of August 1st has led me into some very pleasant reminiscences. \* \* \* \* \*

Your account of the vesper service at Castle Park pleases me; but, although I can not question the genuineness of the expression of approval, I cannot escape the conviction that more praise was awarded me than I deserve. Be that as it may, I am grateful for it. Like most people, I appreciate appreciation.

But I am now "down and out" and cannot take much part in the attempts to solve the great social and educational problems that confront us. Lying in bed is dull business. When one cannot make some positive contribution to human betterment, it is time to quit. I am surrounded with every comfort that friends can provide; but the greatest blessings of life come to the giver, not to him who passively or even gratefully receives. That I am allowed to do a little work each day on another book—The Fundamentals of Agriculture—is a comfort. Without some such privilege, I fear I should become very despondent. I have written a full page to-day—type-written it myself—so you see I am not really suffering very much. \* \* \*

Mrs. Hall is far from well but I am not permitted the satisfaction of contributing to her comfort—very much. So there you have it—I am deprived for the most part of the pleasure of service. To pencil this letter is a relief."



In letters only, did his family find out that the hours were wearisome to him. Knowing how he loved to serve, they wondered that he never expressed any word of impatience; yet he never did. Fearful, always, that they would worry about him or take one extra step for him, he continually thrust himself and his troubles out of his mind and talked to them of their interests—of what was in the papers—of political, educational, industrial problems that came to their notice in reading the papers or magazines to him. Knowing that he would be happier if he *could* think about these things which had always been a part of his life, those nearest to him tried to forget their anxiety and to bring to him interesting accounts of world-happenings. His friends were untiring in their efforts to bring cheer into his heart. They came to see him from all over the state—even from other states—and letters came daily telling of the love of those whose lives he had touched. Unable to be of immediate service, he was shown by hundreds of friends that his life had indeed been one of "Success through Service." Even men with whom he had no personal acquaintance wrote to tell him that words from his lips had shaped their lives. A characteristic letter of this sort reads as follows:—

"No doubt you wonder what motive prompts me to write this note, but when I say that some of your addresses marked a turning-point in my career, it is reasonable to suppose that I have a deep interest in your welfare. I have thought of you as a sincere friend since receiving your inspiration in institutes."

Dr. John W. Cook who came several times to see him, wrote frequent letters of cheer. In one of these, he said, "I want to say to you that your chamber is crowded with loving friends who are sympathetically about your couch. You have but to look with your inner eyes to see us."

O. T. Bright, who was a close, personal friend for many years, came and stood beside the bed and took Frank Hall's wasted hand in his two big, warm, hands, and with tears rolling down his cheeks and a voice

choked with emotion, said simply, "Oh, Frank, you *know* we all love you."

Alfred Bayliss, before going into the sick-room, said to one of Frank Hall's daughters,— "There is no one—really *no* one who can take his place. Many men have enthusiasm; a few—very few—have sanity. Your father had the rare combination of sanity and enthusiasm and was a leader of men and a power for good."

Many of the business men of Aurora were Mr. Hall's school-boys.

He often remarked with pride that his banker, his lawyer, his oculist, his physician, his grocer, the former captain of the Aurora Zouaves, the organizer of the Aurora Cadets, the Captain of Company I, Second Regiment, Illinois Home Guards, a Colonel on Gen. Welch's staff, two Lieutenants in the regular army—all these and many more were *his* pupils. And then he would add, "And how much happiness and health and safety and comfort and glory have come to me through my connection with the schools of Kane County."

He taught two generations in Aurora, and before he gave up active school-work, he used to say, "Some day I am going back to sell milk to the third and perhaps the fourth generations. If I do, my cup and theirs shall be running over." And he did return to sell milk to the third generation, for he and his son owned a dairy-farm just outside of town, which was his pride and his joy.

When tired from school or institute or desk work, nothing would rest him like a drive to the farm and a tramp over its fields and through all its buildings and among all its stock. One day in the fall when he was confined to his bed, his son brought him ten big ears of just-ripened corn. Unable to see the farm itself, this corn was food to his hungry eyes. He handled every ear, noting how large and even the kernels were, and then said, "Hang it up there on the wall so I can see it all the time. It's better than all the flowers"—and he enjoyed the flowers, too. So the corn was hung upon the wall of his room and remained there till after he had passed away.

Agriculture in its various phases interested him from boyhood. When he was in the army in 1862 and '63, his letters to his father and mother were full of details about the agricultural condition of the country through which his regiment (23rd Maine Volunteers) passed. He described methods of cultivation and differences in soils, and constantly remarked about the beautiful fields where there was growing grain.

These army letters, written when he was twenty-one, reveal many qualities which later reached such full development in his character. He had not been long in the army when he was promoted from the ranks to the position of Chief Nurse at a salary of \$20.50 a month. His sympathy for the sick and wounded made the work hard for him. He says in one of the letters, "Seeing so much suffering at first made me feel very sad. But I found if I exercised too much sympathy it would soon wear me out. Now I try to do my duty and let it go at that."

These letters abound in cheer. They show that he realized how anxious the mother and father must be with their only son amid the uncertainties of war. He told nothing of his own hardships; he was always "faring better than most of the boys,"—always well and always getting the most out of every opportunity. On one occasion he wrote of a three-day stay in Washington whither he went for Hospital supplies. He described the city, the buildings, the people, and especially the Smithsonian Institute which interested him greatly. This trip proved to be "quite a costly journey," he added—costing him five dollars for three days and nights!

His love for the creatures of the field and forest was always manifest, and when the regiment was stationed for some time at Edward's Ferry, he had an opossum for a pet. He made a cage of a barrel with strips across one end, and the opossum soon became very tame and seemed to him "a wonderful little animal."

His regiment was never in a real battle during their nine months of service. Among themselves, their

regiment was the "Bloody 23rd,"—because none of their blood was ever spilled. The story which Frank Hall has often told his friends of "the only battle he was ever in" is thus described in one of his letters:—

May 14th, 1863.

"It is reported here that they have had a little something to do at Edward's Ferry. The pickets saw people throwing up earth-works over in Virginia and sent word to Colonel Jewett. He sent Captain Sleeper down with his battery. He threw over a few shells and quickly dispersed the rebels. Next day a Volunteer force of a few companies went over and found a *grave* with a coffin beside it containing the body of a colored man! Colonel Jewett has displayed great sagacity in thus so quickly dispersing the mourners at a "nigger" funeral!"

In April 1863 he was promoted from Chief Nurse to Hospital Steward at thirty dollars per month.

During the last few weeks of his service in the army, he spoke often of where he should teach the following year. He partially engaged a room at Bates College, and as the summer went on he decided to go to school. He was obliged to pay his own way through school, but he did not find this a very difficult matter. In 1864 he began teaching and continued in that work for thirty-eight years without a break.

In 1866 he came West, coming directly from Maine to Earlville, Illinois, where he had learned of a vacancy in the schools. He secured the position, and in Earlville began working out some of his pedagogical ideas. Lessons were simple, indeed, under his guiding hand, and his school-children loved their lessons and loved their teacher. They learned the value of accuracy in all their work,—they were taught that papers marked "90" or "95" were *not* "good enough;" if these pupils were to go out into the world and help with the world's work, they must be able to make "perfect papers."

In his schools, there were just two grades of papers—"perfect" and "not perfect." He taught his pupils how

to think—how to help themselves. The higher the goal, the more eager they were to reach it. He proved to them that perfection was possible. When a pupil had made one perfect paper and had experienced that satisfied feeling of having done a thing exactly right, he was in possession of an ideal that would cling to him in every walk of life. Thus, not only school-lessons but life-lessons were learned under this master. Even the little children whom he taught their first lessons in "the three r's," felt the force of his personality throughout their lives. A letter from one of these children—now a physician in Cherokee, Iowa—shows the potency of Frank Hall.

The letter was written after his death, to his wife, and says: "I counted him one of the best friends I ever had. He taught me how to read and that is the key which will open the way to a liberal education for any boy who has a desire for it. I remember well when he came to Earlville and took up the work in a school that had quite a number of boys just home from the army. They were hard to control, but he was a born instructor and knew exactly the things to teach which would be necessary in the life-work to come. He made pretty good boys out of pretty bad timber, or at least timber hard to work and fashion into good citizens. Thousands of times have I made use of the various things he taught me, to my profit, my enjoyment and my satisfaction."

It was in Earlville in 1866 that he met and married Sybil E. Norton—one of the teachers in his school and a woman who was, throughout his life, a helpmate in every sense of the word.

At the close of a school-entertainment in 1867 the citizens of Earlville presented to their superintendent a tribute of their love and respect. In thanking them, he told his audience that he had indeed been greatly enriched during his residence in Earlville,—that when he came there two years before, he was worth less than one hundred dollars, whereas he was then worth \$150,000 because he had a wife who was worth \$100,000 and a son Clyde, whom he valued at \$50,000. To a school-

master with a salary of one thousand dollars a year, \$150,000 was untold wealth!

During the summer of 1868 he became one of thirty-five applicants for the position of superintendent of the West Aurora schools. He went from Earlville to Aurora and sat down on a lumber-pile to discuss school-matters with one member of the Board. Another member showed him through the old stone school building with evident and commendable pride. With the third member he discussed phonics and object-lessons. He discovered that there were two nearly equal factions in the school district, one favoring generous expenditures, the other deeming divers teachers and divers studies a needless extravagance. But he was elected superintendent—and both factions came to believe that whatever he did was right. Admitting with him that the school must prepare as fully as possible all classes for their life-work, they allowed him liberal appropriations. He never took advantage of any liberality, however; he was economical in all expenditures and laid the foundations of a school that has rapidly come into the front ranks and for years has been a model for other towns of Illinois.

He remained in Aurora seven years,—always happy in his work because each year brought him increased opportunities to serve his fellow-men. Over and over again he would say to his wife on Friday nights, "How the time does drag from Friday to Monday,—I can scarcely wait to get into the school-room again." This was not because he did not love his home nor because he was not busy on Saturdays and Sundays,—but he loved his work in the school-room, and he loved the people, and he loved the members of those early graduating-classes who have been his lifelong friends. In his first Aurora class was one girl whose remarkable mathematical ability—whose skill in solving the knottiest of business problems—pleased him beyond measure. This girl became the wife of a man who afterwards was a Congressman and Senator, and the teacher enjoyed referring to her as "one of my girls," and telling others that she gave him credit for having taught her how to write political speeches! In her school-days, however, her "essays" were not

political; they all had a mathematical trend—even to her graduating-essay which was upon "God's Mathematics."

The teachers who were associated with him in the first years of his school-work, felt the force of his enthusiasm and his unfaltering progressiveness no less than did the teachers who were with him during the years of his maturity. Miss Todd, who was one of his early and one of his best teachers, has always given him credit for much of her success—as have many others who, with him, learned to love above everything, their work in the school-room.

The Class of '72 was one of which he was especially fond and proud. There were no boys in this class,—just twelve girls. These girls had become imbued with some of his philosophy of life; they knew there were things to be desired above fine raiment; they knew that many graduates of public schools could not afford to put so much money into graduation clothes; so they decided to establish a precedent. They agreed that their gowns on Commencement day should be made of calico. A girl never knows what she can do till she tries. These girls tried to make an inexpensive gown that would be just as attractive and pretty as a gown at ten times the cost,—and they succeeded! And this is the way—or *one* of the ways in which they enshrined themselves within their teacher's heart. It was not so much *what* these girls did, as the spirit in which they did it,—the sane view they took of life and its problems.

There were other classes in Aurora—other girls and other boys—whose friendship for Frank Hall and whose loyalty to him lasted as long as life itself. He had many tributes of their love in his home, for many of the classes, at the completion of their school-work, left for him some token of the love they bore him;—one class gave him a desk; another, a book-case; another, a chair; others, cut glass and a clock and many things which, to the day of his death, were among his treasured possessions—and will be kept by his children as cherished emblems of universal love. For love was the dominant chord of their father's life,—love *for* his fellow-men and love *from* his fellow-men.

In Aurora, too, there came another \$50,000 increase to his fortune,—this time, a daughter, Nina Myrtle.

Aurora had become "home" to him, and when other towns sought him for their schools, he had no desire to go. But one day some farmers who lived only a few miles away, began to talk about their need of a rural school—a school that would fit its pupils for rural life. Thomas Judd was at the head of this movement,—a seer of visions, yet not visionary. These men had no public money, but by tax and subscription they raised enough to put up a school-building on the prairie seven miles west of Aurora. They wanted Frank Hall to work out in detail what they had planned in general. He saw the need of exactly the kind of a school they were planning; he saw a chance to work out his own ideas of education for efficiency, he saw a big chance to help his fellow-men,—and in 1875 he gave up the Aurora Schools to become principal of the "Sugar Grove Normal and Industrial School,"—a school at once unique and practical, actually twenty-five years ahead of its time. Mr. Judd built a boarding-house, and sheds and a barn were put up to protect the horses driven by pupils who came from neighboring farms. From the first, the boarding-house was a success. The number of students immediately exceeded their expectation,—and the school grew. Thirty or forty horses were tied in the barn every day, even in the severest weather, bringing tuition-pupils to this rural school.

What was taught? Why was this school so popular? Life-lessons were taught. Knowledge was sought not that it might be hoarded, but that it might increase its possessor's personal power—strength—independence which is born of power—world-force. Frank Hall did not think it necessary to study one thing for the sake of discipline and another for necessary facts. As well might the farmer require his men to exercise four hours a day in the gymnasium in order to develop the muscle necessary to pitch off a load of hay, as for the student to study the euphonic changes of the Greek verb that he might have the mental vigor necessary to master chemistry and physics. Frank Hall believed it a waste of time to store



a pupil's mind with facts which in all probability that pupil would never be able to use in his daily-work. Teach him where to find facts which he needed to know—and teach him to *think*—that was all. Useless intellectual possessions never would give any great amount of satisfaction to the owner of them. This does not mean that he did not believe in the "arts". Knowledge which would contribute to the world-happiness belonged in the same category with knowledge that contributed directly to utility,—utility included happiness, and happiness included utility. Knowledge which could be made a basis of action for each pupil was the knowledge that pupils should seek. Knowledge that "would bring in gold" was not so mercenary as it sounded. With the gold, one might buy food and clothes and books and papers; the gold would put one in a position to get *more* knowledge; and with the increased knowledge he would be worth more to the world and might more easily provide for his physical wants and have more time and money with which to satisfy his mental desires—and the desires would increase with the knowledge. There was no place to stop, if one's spirit were right.

Whether one's ambition were to own a Jersey cow or a grand piano, the spirit at the starting-point was the thing.

The Sugar Grove Normal and Industrial School educated its pupils to be useful; it taught them the things they wanted to know—the things they *needed* to know in their every-day life. In arithmetic, the pupils learned to solve lumber, paper and business problems. They measured their gardens and found out just how much lumber would be required for fences; they measured their cisterns and their corn-cribs and figured their exact capacity; they brought milk and tested it and figured the percent of butter-fat; they measured their school-room and papered it; they planted seeds and saw how they grew; they analyzed flowers; they studied beetles and worms and birds; they put in a wire and learned telegraphy; they did *every* thing that anybody *wanted* to do and did it with a zest. If there were pupils who leaned toward the professional life, they all "turned in" and dug

out some problems in international law; they reveled in the beauties of Shakespeare, Whittier, Longfellow, Tennyson, Dickens, Virgil,—even Plato. Life in all its phases was what they studied in the Sugar Grove Normal and Industrial School,—life as they saw it in the centuries ago,—life as it existed in other nations,—life as it went on about them in home and field and office,—life as it was bound to come to them when they left the school-room to take up their share of the world's work.

As the schoolmaster himself said,

"We learned to use the milk tester and we read Shakespeare.

"We investigated the subject of cattle raising and studied Virgil.

"We learned how to raise hogs and reveled in the beauties of Homer.

"We studied the subject of grasses and hay and mastered cube root."

The Sugar Grove pupils were not mere "book farmers" any more than was their teacher. What they learned in theory from day to day they put into immediate practice. This was the first school in Illinois—perhaps the first school in any of these central states, to put agriculture into its curriculum. Now, thirty-five years later, the schools are just waking up to the real need of this particular science in their courses of study.

Unlike many of the prophets, Frank Hall lived to see *his* prophecy come true; and he lived long enough to have men who laughed at him in the earlier days, join hands with him in the forward movement of education for efficiency. And these men who laughed—most of them—were big enough and honest enough to tell him before he died what his "long-sightedness" had meant to the educational history of Illinois.

While in Sugar Grove, the schoolmaster was also a successful business man. He built and "ran" (with his wife's help) a store that differed very little from the modern department store; he was the postmaster; he had a lumber-yard and creamery; and he was township trustee. As a store-keeper, his love for his fellow-men

often got the better of his business sense. His sympathy was so ready that when a man came for a bill of groceries and asked for credit, he gave him credit though he *knew* those groceries would never be paid for. Men who couldn't make enough money to pay their grocery-bills always had enough to take their families to the circus every time it came within ten miles of this little village, and Frank Hall said, "It is all right; they need the circus—and they need the groceries—and I don't." Generous to a fault and trustful beyond measure he yet was a success in every business undertaking.

In Sugar Grove, the third \$50,000 addition was made to his little fortune—another daughter, Sybil Verne.

From Sugar Grove, he went to Petersburg where he made another innovation in school-work in the introduction of supplementary reading into the grades. He remained in Petersburg only one year, the Aurora School Board calling him back there in 1888. A member of the Petersburg School Board, N. W. Branson, was also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State School for the Blind in Jacksonville. When the Petersburg schools lost Frank Hall, Mr. Branson began "pulling wires" to have him put at the head of the Jacksonville Blind School. This was a different line of work entirely, but after a visit to numerous blind schools in the central and eastern states, he was ready for new worlds to conquer, and the Aurora Board released him in 1890 after two years in their schools.

The blind children at once became to him as his own. He saw their needs; he saw the woeful lack of the practical in what they were being taught. Sent to a boarding-school at five or six years of age and kept there in a little world of their own for twelve or fifteen years, what preparation had they to go forth and compete with their seeing fellows in the big work-a-day world? And lacking this ability to compete, how could they find work to do; and lacking work, how could they be happy?

This was the problem that confronted Frank Hall; this was the problem he yearned to solve.

The first thing he did was to find out through a study of individual pupils and an investigation of other schools, what trades or professions blind people could enter with profit to themselves. He studied the pupils psychologically; he learned which faculties were stronger because of their handicap,—which were weaker. Having satisfied himself as to their capabilities in certain lines, he changed the course of study to fit the needs of the pupils, instead of trying to change the pupils to fit the course of study. He secured teachers competent to teach in all literary and musical branches, mattress-making, hammock and horse-net making, broom-making, piano tuning and repairing, sewing, chair-caning and bead-work. He inspired pupils with a desire to do their work well,—*not* to be satisfied with work *fairly* well done,—*not* to be content with a piece of work of which people would say "Isn't that wonderful to be done by the blind?" They found that in certain kinds of work they could make "perfect papers" just as well as their seeing fellows, and nothing less than perfect satisfied them.

This was the first achievement in Frank Hall's work with the blind,—to lift them up from a plane of self-satisfaction and self-pity to the higher plane of forgetfulness of themselves in service. They could do a work that the world wanted done; and whereas they had heretofore been passively content to accept idleness as a part of the lot thrust upon them by their sympathetic but near-sighted friends, they were now to realize Baker's twentieth century creed of "Happiness through work." They were to become self-supporting. Some of them—some who came to grasp Frank Hall's hand once more, during his last illness,—were able to support themselves and their widowed mothers—or sisters—or perhaps both. Some married and had families of their own, and *took care of them*, though of marriage among the blind, Frank Hall never quite approved.

In the realm of books, blind people were shut out from modern literature of all kinds (except as it might be read to them) because of the vast amount of time and labor required to make even one little book. Here

was another obstacle in his path which he made up his mind must be overcome. He studied the three principal kinds of raised print used by the blind the world over,—decided which system was the simplest and most easily adaptable,—and then began putting his inventive genius to work upon a machine that would be to the blind what the type-writer is to the seeing,—even more than this.

The result was soon forth-coming and startled the world in its simplicity and complete success. From the type-writer it was but a step to the stereotype-maker and map-machine; and the making of books for the blind was revolutionized. This was accompanied by no blare of trumpets. The invention was wrought out during time for which the State of Illinois was paying him to teach the blind. No other compensation seemed to him due from any source. He laughed at the idea of taking out a patent on the machines. Yes, it might make him rich,—but rich at whose cost? At the cost of the blind, chiefly, the great majority of whom hadn't a hundredth part as much worldly wealth as he had. No, this invention was not for his benefit; it was for the benefit of the blind,—to help them in their search for success through service. What would be added to the cost of the machines as royalty was thus "knocked off," and so simple was the construction of the Braille-writer that the manufacturers (at the inventor's solicitation that they make the price as reasonable as possible) offered it to the public for thirteen dollars, allowing the inventor to make a special price of ten dollars to his own pupils—those in the state of Illinois.

In 1893, when, at the World's Columbian Exposition, Helen Keller was introduced by her teacher to Frank Hall, she made the perfunctory response, "How do you do, Mr. Hall?" Her teacher said to her, "This is the Mr. Hall who made your Braille-writer"—and instantly Helen Keller's arms were around his neck and her lips kissed his cheek. This in itself more than paid him for the invention of the Braille machines—and he could never tell of this little incident without tears in his eyes.

This was his second achievement in his work among the blind; and there were other achievements of less importance to the world at large but of no less to the school of which he was the head.

The love of these pupils, and of their teachers, for him was shown in the welcome with which they greeted him in after years, whenever he visited their school or they visited his home. After his death, a memorial service was held in the chapel of the Jacksonville school, at which Mrs. Inglis presided, and the following resolutions were drawn up:—

### RESOLUTIONS.

"The faculty and students of the Illinois School for the Blind desire to put on record their expression of deep sorrow at the loss of Frank H. Hall, and their feeling of indebtedness to him for the great services which he has rendered as superintendent of our school. Our high appreciation of the great share which he had in the upbuilding and uplifting of our educational system, and our deep regret that the cause of education should have been deprived of the great work which he might still have accomplished, can be but feebly expressed.

The Illinois School for the Blind profited for eight years by his tireless energy and his splendid abilities. He was not merely an official among us—he was a personal friend. He loved the children and was loved by them in return. He carried them upon his heart and gave them his best intelligence and effort. When he came to our school as superintendent, teachers felt a new strength as of a leader and helper come to their aid, parents were awakened, legislators listened courteously to calls for appropriations that new possibilities might be realized in the work for the blind. It was fine to watch him pour his soul and intelligence into the hearts and minds of those with whom he came in contact, and to see his efforts to bring them all to higher and better life.

We will miss his hearty co-operation and genuine interest; his visits to our school; his cordial greetings;

his cheering presence and wise counsel. Who can adequately set forth the significance of this life or comprehend its influence over the lives it has stimulated and shaped?

Such a man as Mr. Hall can ill be spared. The cause of education in this country needs unselfish effort and large intelligence. These Mr. Hall gave to the end of his life."

In 1893 a Democratic Governor was elected in Illinois, and though the State Charitable Institutions had never heretofore been ruled by politics, the people heard rumors that every superintendent—and even many teachers—must make way for the politicians. The friends and patrons of the blind began circulating petitions, and letters were sent by the score, asking Governor Altgeld to retain Frank Hall because of his unusual fitness for the work. Petitions were signed by parents of pupils from all over the state, by teachers, by Democrats who knew what had been done in the Jacksonville school, by the superintendents of every blind school in the United States and by Dr. Campbell of the London school, by charity-workers and men of influence—but all to no avail. Frank Hall's place must be had for an Altgeldian.

Though so thoroughly enamored of his work with the blind, he still loved the public schools, and he went back into this field, taking the position of superintendent in the Waukegan schools. After his second year in Waukegan, the Joliet schools offered him \$2,800 to come to them. He consulted with his Waukegan Board and they told him he couldn't go; that they would meet any offer he received so far as salary was concerned; he *must* remain in Waukegan. Because the relations there were so pleasant and because the Waukegan schools offered opportunities for much service, he decided to remain, but refused to accept more than \$2,000 because he felt that Waukegan could not afford to pay so large a salary to their superintendent.

At the meeting of the Board when he was to tell them definitely whether or not he would remain, his

decision was accepted with a protest from the Board because he would not allow an increase of salary. But he was persistent and at length they apparently yielded to him. When the meeting was about to adjourn, a member rose and said, "It has been the custom of Professor Hall to superintend the schools and to teach in the High School. His salary has been \$2,000. Mr. Chairman, I move that his salary as superintendent be \$2,000 as heretofore, and that he be allowed \$800 for teaching in the High School."

"I second the motion," came quickly from another member.

Mr. Hall—"But, Mr. Chairman, I should like to say a word—"

The Chair—"The gentleman is not in order."

Mr. Hall—"Mr. Chairman, please permit a word."

The Chair—"The chair doesn't recognize the gentleman. All in favor of the motion please say aye."

It was carried unanimously with a shout, and a motion to adjourn was quickly made and seconded and his salary was down on paper at \$2,800.

There was nothing more to do. However, the next year, when the school wanted a stereopticon with views, he bought the outfit and paid for it, thus turning back \$300 of his salary into the school-treasury.

The present superintendent of the Waukegan schools, who was one of his teachers there, says of him:—

"No man ever had a better monument than he has, with all his pupils and friends paying him homage by word and in lives made better and broader and finer for his influence and teaching. His going is nothing short of a public calamity."

After four years in Waukegan, the Republicans were again in power at Springfield and, following the example of their predecessors they made changes in all the State institutions. No former superintendents were called back, however, except at the Blind, where Frank Hall again took up the work as if there had never been a break. He remained through Governor Tanner's administration and one year while Governor Yates was in the Executive Chair.



Though there were no particularly unpleasant relations, yet the party in power wanted teachers and employees hired because of their politics rather than because of their fitness for the positions. Frank Hall was big enough to "stand pat" without causing antagonism. He refused in every instance to discharge anyone who was doing good work, merely to pay some one's political debt. Yet he felt a pressure that hampered his enthusiasm and he decided that he must be getting too old for the work. In spite of protests from teachers, pupils, and friends of the blind, he gave up this work in 1902 and bought a home in Aurora where he said he should settle down, never to move again until taken to the cemetery two blocks below his home. This new home in Aurora was only about three blocks above the little old home where he and his wife had first begun housekeeping in 1868. He did not move again; but he was not allowed to remain much at home.

Illinois was ripe for a reformation in agricultural science. One of the few really scientific farmers of the State saw the possibilities ahead, if the farmers' institutes and the teachers' institutes could be brought together in bonds of fellowship. This man was A. P. Grout—and he knew that Frank Hall, a teacher-farmer, was the one man who could weld this union most speedily. Through Mr. Grout, he became Secretary and later Superintendent of the Illinois Farmers' Institute,—the position which he held until ill-health forced him to resign in May, 1910.

In this work, opportunities knocked at the door almost faster than he could turn the knob to open it. The realization of hopes and plans he had formed thirty years before, made him young again and the work was fascinating in its immediate results.

Thirty years before, he had held a Farmers' Institute in Sugar Grove—probably the first institute of the kind in this part of the country. The program for this early institute was as follows:

#### THURSDAY EVENING.

Lecture by Frank H. Hall. Subject: The Chemistry of Milk and its Management in Butter-making.

## FRIDAY MORNING.

How shall manure be cared for and applied? H. Chapman; John Keating, Elgin; J. Ingham.

At what age should hogs be sent to market? L. Benjamin; L. Gillett; S. Reynolds; J. Gordon; Wm. Myers.

Are the Holstein cattle worthy the attention of dairymen? Geo. E. Brown, Manager of Fox River Stock Association.

Will it pay to feed corn to hogs while they have a good clover pasture? M. Snow; H. Chapman; D. Judd; E. Fuller; S. U. Spencer.

## FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Should butter be washed?

Mrs. Mark Seavey; Mrs. Sam'l Judd; L. Gillett; J. Furman; H. B. Gurler; Mrs. Thos. Judd.

Recitation of class in *Elements of Agriculture*.

Will it pay to cut up corn?

E. W. Thompson; D. C. Green; M. Brown; W. G. Jones.

Does it pay to subscribe for and read agricultural papers?

L. Benjamin; D. C. Green; H. Chapman; A. Chapman; C. L. Benjamin.

Hon. Sylvanus Wilcox, Hon. R. M. Pritchard of Waterman, and Dr. Joseph Taft, President of the Illinois Dairymen's Association are expected to be present and take part in the discussions.

## FRIDAY EVENING.

Lecture by Prof. G. E. Morrow, of the State Industrial University, Champaign, Illinois. Subject: Live Stock in Illinois Farming.

Even then, as will be seen from the program, he sought aid from Urbana; and now, thirty years after, he felt that the Experiment Station and Agricultural College were the chief sources from which help should come to the

farmers. They must learn something of the results bound to ensue from scientific farming; since they could not be taken to the College the College must be brought to them. The Urbana people agreed to send some of their men to the various institutes throughout the state, telling the farmers in institute assembled, what experiments they had made and were constantly making to improve agricultural conditions,—how they were learning by actual test to raise better crops, better hogs,—yes, better children. Not *all* the farmers were athirst for this knowledge, even when it was brought to their doors; sometimes they resented having a scientific man try to tell them how to farm! In one case, for instance, after Frank Hall had arranged for a certain excellent speaker from the Agricultural College to speak at a certain institute, the speaker wrote to the president of that County Institute to say that he would be on hand for the program. This was the reply which the speaker received, exactly as it was pencilled on a Stock Farm letter-head:

"Dear sir.

Yours at hand and as to you being on our program is a mistake your not on it. and furthermore the 27th is the Ladys day and there is no room for no man that day. So do not com nor send no one els for there is no room on that day and your not on the Program I have no Program with me so I send you the print from the County paper so you can see that your name is not on the Program

Yours Truly

-----President."

Of course the speaker did not go!

But it was not always thus. There was an open sincerity about Frank Hall's personality that made the farmers believe in him, and when he himself had visited an Institute and talked to the men and women he found there, the trail was blazed for the scientific followers. Rapidly the institutes grew; the better class of farmers came into them, pulling their weaker brothers with them; interest in scientific experiments was awakened; farmers' clubs became more numerous; the farmers came to realize that their children needed to be *taught* how to farm

—and they must be taught by competent teachers.

A Short Course was introduced at Urbana where the boys could go for two weeks in January when farm-work was at low-ebb, and get a taste of better things—enough of a taste to make their mouth water for more. Then the Domestic Science Department at Urbana put in a Short Course for girls, so the farm girls could learn something of the science of bread and butter making, of house-keeping and home-making.

Then the Normal Schools whence come the teachers in the rural schools, came into the fold. Frank Hall's seal of approval made the Normal School Presidents unafraid to open their doors to the Farmers' Institutes. Joint meetings were held in the Normal School buildings, thus bringing the future teachers and the future farmers together to study the country's needs.

The Farmers' Institute, from having been mainly entertaining was now become chiefly educational. This change was noted by State Superintendent F. G. Blair in a letter written to Frank Hall in 1909, in which he said, "It is so much easier now to do the things that I have undertaken than it has ever been before, because the Farmers' Institute is acting as a sort of educational leaven that affects the entire lump. Wherever I go in Farmers' Institutes I find the way prepared for sowing educational seed."

Men in other states recognized the force with which he was pushing scientific agriculture into every rural community in Illinois. During the last three years, he received several commissions from Governor Deneen to represent the State of Illinois at various conventions. He was appointed a delegate to the National Corn Exposition in Omaha in 1908, to the Farmers' National Congress at Madison in 1908, to the National Farm Land Congress at Chicago in 1909,—and he was made a member of the Illinois Corn Commission, of the National Conservation Commission, and of the Executive Committee of the Illinois Council to work with the National Civic Federation in 1910.

He traveled many miles to tell other people some of

the life-lessons he had learned—to enable other people to profit by his experiences.

In a letter received by the family after he had passed away, Hon. John Hamilton of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington said:—

"I am unable to express my regret at his loss. It is a personal bereavement as well as a great misfortune to the important work in which he was engaged. His absence will be felt in many directions, particularly by those who are interested in the progress of education among rural people. His service to the blind, great as it was, seems to me to have been fully equalled by that which he rendered to the great body of people living in the rural districts."

In December, less than a month before the Grim Reaper came, Dr. C. G. Hopkins of Urbana wrote to the family:—

"It is true that much remains to be done, especially along the lines of the application of science to agriculture, which he could help to bring about, particularly because of his rare ability to put such material into truly pedagogic form; on the other hand, the world is deeply indebted to him and not he to the world, and any further work that he might be spared to do would only increase the obligation of us to him."

O. T. Bright often said,—“Frank Hall is doing a greater educational work in Farmers’ Institutes than any other man in Illinois is doing in any capacity.”

Many men wrote him letters of cheer, after it was learned that his activities were at an end,—and every word of every letter was a comfort to him and to his family. A few that will represent the general tone of all, are given below:

Urbana, Ill., Dec. 23, 1910.

Dear Mr. Hall:

At this time when hearts are touched with the Christ life and with the spirit of good will toward men, my thoughts turn most lovingly toward my good friend in Aurora, whose doctrine of service and whose

life of devotion to that ideal have endeared him to a host of friends all over the country. You have not only opened the eyes of the blind, but have brought light to those who "having eyes, yet did not see." Agriculture owes you much; the youth of the land are greatly indebted to you; all Illinois honors you; and I—love you. I wish you your very best Christmas and your happiest New Year.

Affectionately yours,

Fred L. Charles.

State Normal School, President's Office,  
Platteville, Wis., Nov. 25, 1910.

My dear Mr. Hall,

Having recently learned of your illness, I write to send you Thanksgiving greetings and to express my hope and full expectation that you will soon be battling, as you have so valiantly in the past, for the rational education that promotes the art of right living.

Yours sincerely,

W. J. Sutherland.

Eastern Illinois State Normal School, President's Office,  
Charleston, Nov. 9, 1910.

My dear Mr. Hall,

Your card of November seventh came yesterday and I want to thank you very much for it. \* \* \*

State Superintendent Blair was here yesterday and expressed a great hope that you would soon recover, as there is no man who can do your work. I feel greatly complimented that you took the strength to dictate this card. You may not remember that I told you at the end of an Institute week that it had been a benediction to me to be associated with you. I have even a livelier appreciation of that fact to-day. I am one of hundreds of friends who are hoping for your speedy recovery.

Yours sincerely,

L. C. Lord.

State Normal, Physics Department,  
Carbondale, Ill., Nov. 28, 1910.

Dear Friend Hall,

When is there a better time to write a

letter of gratitude than about the season named by our executives for being thankful?

It has been my great pleasure to serve in ten counties in connection with the Farmers' Institute, and I have three more in which to do my part.

I have been tremendously—I use the word advisedly—impressed with the growth of this movement, with its importance, so far-reaching, and with the spirit of good fellowship so widely extant. While bigger hogs, stronger horses, richer milch cows, and larger yields of the various farm crops have been emphasized and demonstrated in nearly every county, yet the yearning for more life and a more abundant measure of life strikes me most forcibly.

\* \* \* \* \*

To you, Frank Hall, to you more than any other is due the great advance made in this line of activity. I am grateful to you for what you have done to uplift the generation with which my children must live. You have enriched the days yet to be for mine, by having made richer the daily life of those with whom they have to associate.

Man's real life is what he leaves behind him, physically, mentally, psychically, and your legacy is a rich one. You have made much—very much—of your chance in this world, and I want again to thank you most heartily.

Your sincere friend,

W. B. Davis.

Northern Illinois State Normal School,  
DeKalb, Oct. 4, 1910.

My dear Frank Hall,

Word has come to me of your illness and confinement at home. I have hoped to get over to see you. I certainly hope others have been more faithful than I, and have let you know what is in all our minds—regret and loss that you are not crowding your enthusiasm and intelligence into your chosen work of teaching. For teacher you have not ceased to be, for all the change in title.

I hope, dear Hall, another and more essential thing,—our great love for you comes into your home and room

on every breath of air. It's "in the air," I can assure you—the effluence of minds your touch has stimulated to greater earnestness and clearer vision and steadier purpose. As you are detained from the activities that have been and are your life, you're *still busy*; ideas born in your mind and sent out into the world are working, working incessantly. I hope you believe this, and that this faith lightens the tedium of illness enforced upon you and brings you joy even in weakness and pain. \* \*

We assuredly hope and pray that strength may come to you sufficient for the continuance of your past activities to some degree. The cause of education needs you. Be sure of our love and unceasing thought and earnest desire for a comfortable, if not a full tide of health in that over-taxed frame of yours.

Ever most sincerely yours,

Newell D. Gilbert.

But in spite of the love—of the prayers—of the hopes of hundreds of friends, Frank Hall's active life was at an end. His spirit will live as long as his friends live, and his influence will be felt far beyond this generation.

He had absolutely no fear of death—no dread of the journey; up to his last conscious moment, he had the same tranquil, optimistic, sane and unselfish outlook that characterized his whole life. His God was a just God and a loving God; he knew that he would "never drift beyond His love and care." A week or two before his death, he asked to have Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" read to him. After hearing the familiar words once again, he remarked, "That one poem has in it a religion that's good enough to live by, and it's good enough to die by." Then he asked for "The Minister's Daughter," and for Ironquill's "Washerwoman's Song." These were poems of which he never tired. His copy of Whittier is underlined and marked till it is a sacred heritage to his children. Indeed *all* of his books are so underlined that one has but to go through his library and read marked passages, to know Frank Hall. Through his books—the books he so loved—he still speaks to his earthly friends. Indeed he speaks in many ways, even though the voice



"To know him was to love him," is a sentence that has appeared over and over again in the letters that have come to the family; and those who knew him best loved him most. He had friends "of low and high degree;" some of them can not even write their names, but they were no less the friends of Frank Hall than Governor Deneen and State Superintendent

His four grandchildren were adored and adoring, always,—and never in all the years since there has been a grand-child, has he returned from even a one-day out-of-town trip with empty pockets! When it was time for "Grandpa" to come, there were from one to three children watching for him and running to meet him, and no counter-attraction was ever strong enough to keep them from him. As soon as he was within the house, the entire family gathered about him as about a shrine, to hear him tell of his trip. He never went away—whether to a little village institute, to a National Convention, to meet a friend, or to shake hands with the President—without acquiring some new ideas, learning some new facts of interest, seeing things in a new light, gaining inspiration of some kind. He was the fount from which his family drew their daily inspiration. One *could* not live near him and not absorb something of his wonderful philosophy of life.

Absolutely unselfish, wholly loving, always kind, he was indeed to them the greatest of the great. There was discipline in his home, but there was indulgence. He was always fearful lest his children should be dressed too well and thus make poorer children envious and unhappy. He demanded simplicity in all things,—but he granted every wish that his children ever made when it was for their happiness and would not hurt anyone else. If they wanted skates or a pony and cart, a story-book or a set of Shakespeare, he gave it to them. To his children and to his grand-children he stood for the epitome of generosity and goodness.

His friends have borne testimony to his greatness in educational circles; in his family-circle, he was greater still.

At one time while he was in the Jacksonville School for the Blind, the Democratic paper of the town, seeking political capital, announced in glaring headlines, "Hall wines and dines the niggers." When Frank Hall read the announcement, he laughed. True, he had invited a colored Senator, a colored minister, and a white editor to dinner the day before. He gave them no wine because he had none to give, and, to tell the truth, he did not know the men were Africans until they told him so at the dinner-table. They were not black and they talked well, and he had not given a thought to their nationality. But color made no difference to him. He afterwards invited Booker Washington to visit him,—and Booker

To him, all men were brothers. He gave them all the benefit of the doubt.

Always ready to help those less fortunate than himself, frequent appeals were made to his sympathy and to his purse. "Tramps" seemed always to have had his home "spotted"—and he never allowed one of them to be turned away hungry. He gave them a chance to work for a meal, if they were so inclined (for he did not believe in promiscuous and unorganized charity.)—but work or not, they were welcome to food. In one instance, a tramp remained with him for a full month, working in the garden and yard. He was given his meals, a place to sleep, and some clothes, and at the end of the month because he had worked steadily and well, Frank Hall paid him thirty dollars.

It was not what a man could *say* that interested Frank Hall; it was what he could *do*. If he could build a chimney that would "draw," if he could raise a hog that was healthy, if he could dig a ditch that would drain, if he could build a fire that would burn, if he could "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," or if he could train a youth to become a good citizen, then that man was "onto his job,"—and the man that was "onto his job" was educated—and Frank Hall believed in him.

Washington ate at his table and slept in his bed. Even "Bob," the farm-hand, has eaten many a meal at Frank Hall's own table, because Frank Hall looked not at the color of the face, but at the heart. He recognized no class—no "caste;"—neither the color of a man's skin, the kind of labor he performed, nor lack of culture or book-learning made any difference in the degree of friendship with Frank Hall. If a man contributed to the well-being of the community in which he lived, no other recommendation was needed.

While in Sugar Grove, a young Englishman came to that village seeking work. Frank Hall knew nothing about him, but he had a general air of refinement and earnestness of purpose. The young man was eager to go to school, but was obliged to earn a living. Frank Hall saw possibilities in him, and offered to lend him the money necessary for him to "go through" school. The young man accepted the offer. In 1885, after he was graduated and was earning enough money to make the first payment on the loan, he wrote to his brother in London about it. The brother replied, "What a brick that man Hall must be to have been so kind to a perfect stranger. I should like to shake hands with such a man, and hope I may some day. Such genuine characters are awfully few and far between."

Three years ago a young, highly educated, Japanese agriculturist was sent to this country to study American methods of dairying. Through the Japanese Consul, he came to the Hall & Hall farm and worked for his board for several months, in order to gain practical experience in the use of milking-machines and in other dairy-work. From here he went to other model farms or dairies, and a year or so later entered the Ohio Agricultural College to take up some work of which he felt the need before returning to his own country. In Ohio he was taken ill and found himself without funds—and far from home. Among all the friends he had made during his four years in the United States (and he had made many) he felt that the one to whom he could appeal for financial aid was Frank Hall. He

asked for a loan—and it was granted—and to his credit be it said, it has since been paid in full.

Thus it was all through Frank Hall's life. Even his family did not know of the multitude of answers which he made to help-appeals until they found letters and receipts in his files, telling the story. A few loans were never paid,—but Frank Hall had the Christ-like characteristic of being able to forget things that were best forgotten. He bore no malice; he never in his life sought redress for any wrong, from the law; he simply trusted men,—and his enjoyment and happiness in this loving trust far outweighed his small money losses.

Frank Hall was a teacher—*and more*. He often said with Emerson, "Not what we teach, but what we are; for whether we will or not, character teaches over our heads."

Kind words, generous acts, inflexible integrity,—these things made up the character of the man who forgot himself in service for his fellows. And through his forceful personality, these things were taught daily to pupils, friends, and family. With his great heart always overflowing with sympathy and loving comprehension, he was often asked to talk at the funeral of some friend. His own words, written for such an occasion more than thirty years ago, now voice the feelings of his countless friends and his family:—

"We look up in our anguish—we cry out in despair—our reason cannot understand it—our judgment refuses to approve it. Oh, here comes in the necessity for faith,—not that blind faith which opens wide its mouth and unhesitatingly swallows the most unreasonable dogmas, but that faith which simply goes beyond reason—that begins where reason leaves off—which fastens to reason at one end and to God at the other—that is a part of the rope that binds us to the infinite Creator—that is a part of the ladder by which we may ascend and draw near to the source of infinite LOVE. *Give us that faith.* God grant that we may all possess it—and that it may be like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, which reaches to that

within the veil. God give us faith with which to supplement our weak and unerring reason."

Besides the scores of letters and telegrams which brought comfort to the aching hearts of those who loved him so, heart-felt resolutions were received from

Aurora Post, No. 20, G. A. R.

Daughters of Veterans.

West Aurora Farmers' Club.

McHenry County Farmers' Institute.

Henry County Farmers' Institute.

Winnebago County Farmers' Institute.

Will County Farmers' Institute.

Kane County Farmers' Institute.

Illinois State Farmers' Institute.

College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

Corn Growers' Convention.

Social and Mutual Advancement Association of the  
Blind.

Jacksonville School for the Blind.

Illinois Educational Commission.

Old Second National Bank.

A few of the letters and telegrams received after Frank Hall's death seem to the family too good to be kept selfishly to themselves. There were too many to be printed in full,—too many even for enumeration, but these few can not be withheld.

"Few men have had so marked an influence on me. Few men, if any, have made such lasting impressions. His judgment was always so unerring, his kindness of heart so constant, that his counsel and advice were most valuable. Knowing him from my early childhood, I always looked upon him as *my* teacher. While he ceased to be my school-teacher many years ago, he never ceased to be my teacher in the great busy world; and I know that I express the feelings of hundreds of others.

Mr. Hall seemed to get so much out of life; seemed to enjoy his great work so thoroughly that he was to me the greatest inspiration to do good and thorough work. I remember so well how how much he was pleased with a little newspaper clipping I gave him once, dividing the

people into two classes, the *lifters* and the *leaners*. He asked to take the clipping with him, and I thought at the time what a complete lifter he was and how he had never been a leaner. I shall miss him in any walks of life. His place is one that is the hardest kind to fill."

William George,  
President Old Second National Bank of Aurora.

"We cannot estimate his loss to the educational work, and to that special field of the blind in which his gifts made such progress possible."

S. M. Green,  
Superintendent Missouri School for the Blind.

"The members of the Mutual Advancement Association for the Blind feel that your loss is theirs. To every member of our society—to every blind person of every state of the Union—the loss is great. We loved him as a friend; we mourn his departure; we honor his memory. He proved the embodiment of the idealistic conception of one's higher nature."

Dr. Ella Friebel,  
Corresponding Secretary M. A. A. B.

"His friendship is one of the assets of my life. His enthusiasm, energy, and earnest purpose in education have helped both the teachers and the people of Illinois."

George A. Brown,  
Editor "School and Home Education."

"I have known Mr. Hall for many years and to know him was to admire and love him. He was one of the most unselfish men I have ever known. For a number of years he has been a contributor to the columns of my journal and his articles were invariably practical and helpful. He has done a great work for the schools of this country."

C. M. Parker,  
Editor "School News."

"He is not dead—he is living right now in this world in the hearts and lives of the people who knew him—for no one who knew him even slightly but was a better and stronger man or woman for having known him. Those who were so fortunate as to be numbered among his friends will have something to help and inspire them for the rest of their lives—the memory of the grandest man they ever knew."

Mary C. Easterly.

"I do not know how anyone could know him and not love him—so unselfish, so high-minded, so forgetful of self and so ready to do for others. It was a noble life and a blessed heritage to leave. We esteemed him beyond words—we feel a personal loss.

I remember the old days in Sugar Grove when we used to drive out Sundays and spend the day—sometimes in the woods when he would read a sermon to us and then we would have our lunch there. And so many other times all through my life in Illinois, when our family and yours have met in that delightful friendly way with perfect understanding.

And I have always been so proud when Mr. Hall agreed with me on any subject,—feeling sure, when he did, that I *was right*."

M. Alice Burton.

"Joy and hope, larger purpose and firmer faith sprang up wherever he went. I have never known a more lovable man."

N. D. Gilbert.

"How useful his life has been will never be told, for after the telling new influences for good, from him, will constantly be formed. All of us who knew him, greatly and gratefully loved Professor Hall."

F. D. Winslow.

"He has done more for public education in our State than any other person of his day."

W. L. Steele,

Superintendent of Galesburg Public Schools.

"Frank Hall was one of our really great men,—a master in everything he undertook. The whole field of education was enlarged and enriched by his thought and work. His monument is built in the hearts and minds of our people."

F. G. Blair,  
State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"I have always regarded him as one of our strong and safe teachers. I have quoted him often and often told of the fruitful day I spent with him when he gave me a glimpse of a full and opulent life of work and love. Such men are at once the inspiration and despair of us younger men who aspire to more than ordinary achievement.

I am particularly proud of the record of a man who held the same religious faith, whose life is a shining example of a religion that places service, liberty and unselfishness above ritualism, superstition and the mean and narrow creeds of the multitude. A good life is of the eternal things of God."

H. A. Bereman,  
Editor "The Farm Magazine," Omaha, Nebraska.

"I need not eulogize him. His life spoke, and will forever speak for him. I must say, though, that he was one of the best men I ever knew. He has been an inspiration to thousands who will carry on the works, so many works, he so grandly began. He died a victim to his devotion to the common people, just as truly as did Jesus, or any of the other Great Ones. He belonged in that class, and not one of them did his work more faithfully and well than he. I shall miss him in a hundred ways, as will all the rest of his world.

\* \* \* \*

As you mourn, be comforted by this—that it was given to you to live so close to so great a man for so long a time. The world never saw a better, nobler husband, father, and lover than he. I sympathize with you to the utmost; but, more than that, I con-



gratulate you that it was yours to live so close to one of God's ownest own."

William Hawley Smith.

At the funeral services held in the New England Congregational Church of Aurora, Illinois, on January fifth, 1911, four of Frank Hall's friends and co-workers gave short talks. Before leaving the home at 487 North Lake Street, Rev. Orville Petty said:

"During many golden years Frank Haven Hall has come and gone from this home on his errands of endless love. We linger for a moment here in this family circle he brightened with his smiles and sanctified with his service, ere we travel through the cold to the longer service and the last sad rites to voice our appreciation of his princely character and life, to pour our tears of tribute at his bier and gather strength in prayer.

"Eternal Goodness, our Father and our father's God, comfort and strengthen us in thy love and keep the cold and gloom of this winter-day out of our lives."

Dear God of our years, make up to us this awful loss! Thou hast made the father-love we miss; be a tender father to these children bereft of a father's counsel and help. Thou art the royal comrade of the lonely life; walk closely with this broken-hearted wife. Thou art the Great Educator of hungry souls; commune gently with these sad colleagues of heroic days.

We thank thee for the simple, beautiful, unselfish, heroic, magnetic life of thy servant—our friend and guide. Grant us in our sorrow the hope and peace that he always expressed in speech and life, and in the memory of his Christian nobility and holy service, and in that consciousness of Eternal Love which he shared and showed to all may we find grace and strength for this sad hour. We rest our aching hearts with Thee in the spirit of the Golden Teacher whose work our friend carried on and whose spirit he exemplified. Amen."

The brief talks given at the church follow,

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar", set to music by Harry R. Detweiler and sung by Herman Barnard, being given after Prof. Bayliss's address.

### O. T. BRIGHT

"It is nigh unto thirty years ago that I met Frank Hall, and as you may imagine, it was at a teachers' meeting. It was in the little village of Sandwich. Mr. Hall occupied the platform for the evening's address, and through all the years since I have remembered well the burden of that discourse. It was a plea for better life for the men and women on the farms. Well I remember his vivid picture of the unlimited toil, the absence of good cheer and of inspiration and joy which should go with work. I also remember how startled I was when he cited the relation of the vast number of women in our insane asylums, to the deadening influence of farm drudgery. It is different now, you know, from what it was thirty years ago; but one sentence, one round of words he used, I have thought of many times as so descriptive of the sordid farm conditions which he was portraying: "To be able to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs." The whole is so wonderfully descriptive and so indicative through sound as well as sentiment. I met him again at teachers' institutes and I think I may safely say that there is no other influence, with the exception of our normal schools, in the state which has so improved the character of teaching as teachers' institutes and I believe that I may also safely say that Frank Hall was prince of these institutes. He was wanted up and down the length and breadth of the state and had two or three times as many calls as he could fill, but he did what he could and the inspiration of his teaching in these institutes reached thousands and thousands of teachers in these years, and tens of thousands yes, hundreds of thousands of children through the teachers. I knew him in his work in Aurora both as superintendent and class teacher. Whether he taught young men and young women, or little children, or taught teachers how to teach—it seemed

all one to him. He was master of the art. At one time I brought more than half of the teachers in my own school to get the inspiration of the school in Aurora.

He told me he thought of going to Jacksonville and I had a long talk with him about it and wondered how he, a schoolmaster, the same as I in some ways, could think of teaching the blind. He said, 'Bright, I think I can do it.' How he did do it I will not pretend to say. Nobody can describe his work, his inspiration, his success — nobody could see him with a class or with an audience of blind children and men and women without tears of gratitude that such a man lived and taught. It was wonderful. The fame of the instructor of the Jacksonville Institute was not confined to Illinois, not confined to the United States, it spread all over the civilized world and it was because he knew how to teach, the greatest thing any man or woman can know. He saw the necessity for the blind to be able to express themselves easily and rapidly in writing. He studied and dreamed by day and by night. Then came the invention of the little typewriter. He wished to help as many poor blind children as possible and the one thing he insisted upon was that no royalty should come to him from any patent but that the price should be made as low as possible in order that blind children might provide themselves with this greatest of inventions for the blind. This, friends, was Frank Hall. I knew him afterwards when he went to Waukegan. I never heard Frank Hall utter any word of bitterness about any man or woman, but he had no words strong enough to express his contempt for the disgraceful politics which drove him away from the great work which he did at Jacksonville. It was bad when practiced by Democrats but worse when practiced by Republicans because he was a Republican. He loved his work and he did such wonderful work among the blind, and at the Worlds' Fair in Chicago the Conference for the teaching of the Blind pronounced him the foremost man of his time in that respect.

The schools in Waukegan were in need of a leader for their schools. For four years he worked among the schools in this town of ten or fifteen thousand people that

had been in sad need of inspirational work. He asked me to come to Waukegan at the first graduation of his high school class. There were twelve girls in the class as I remember, not a boy. We talked late that night and he said, 'Bright, I will have boys in that class.' He called me again to meet the graduation of his fourth class and there were something like 60 or 70 in the class. The town had not grown, but the school had. Over half of the 60 or 70 were boys. He said, 'I told you I would do it.' It was always so. He saw things in such a big way and there was no occasion he was not equal to. After Waukegan he went back to Jacksonville until again crowded out by politics. Then he became Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes. He did great work among the farmers, bringing them into more intelligent relation with their own work and making the farmers' schools a feature of the Farmers' Institutes. The work which he undertook and which he accomplished was enormous. The strength of no man could meet it. He tried to do too much,—tried to do more than he could do, or than any man could do. He worked too hard, and the result was inevitable. Even his splendid strength could not stand it, and he broke under the strain. But the spirit and inspiration which he put into his work are still here and here they will remain.

Friends, I think the standard of greatness, which we accord to any man, should be determined by the usefulness of the work which he has done for his fellow men. Judged by this standard, Frank Hall's greatness is unquestioned. It will occupy a high place in the annals of this state. And what a friend he was. I have known few such friends and he had that all too rare quality of letting one know that he appreciated and loved him as a friend. He has the gratitude of the children he taught, the gratitude of the teachers whom he has helped up and down the state; the gratitude of the blind children whom he raised into greater happiness; the gratitude of the farmers up and down the state whom he assisted to a more rational life. Is it too much to say that Frank Hall as a great citizen of Illinois, judged by any standard which we may set up, occupies a place most unique?"

## ALFRED BAYLISS

A disciple and follower,—though often at a great distance,—for more than thirty years; indebted more to him during much of that time than to any other for suggestion and inspiration,—what can *I* say here?

Whether at Sugar Grove, revolutionizing the chief industry of a township with a dollar's worth of test tubes; at Petersburg introducing the simple device of "supplementary" books in teaching little children to read; here in Aurora as so many of you remember him well; at Jacksonville in the unsurpassed work which gave him the world-wide title of "Friend of the Blind;" in those fruitful four years at Waukegan pending his recall to Jacksonville, or in these last strenuous years of mediation between the scientific farming of the great experiment stations and the practical farmers, Frank Hall was always a leader—a superb teacher of teachers.

As such his strength was due to the same qualities that made him great as a man. He had an almost prophetic clearness of vision, great skill in exposition, courage to state the truth as he saw it,—and that prime quality of great hearts,—patience to wait for those who could not at once see what he saw. From those early days at Sugar Grove to his successful attempt to bind together the university and the working farmers, utilizing the other State schools as a channel of communication between them, he taught the doctrine of Education for Service; that it is not what a man *gets* but what he *earns* that determines his value to society. He seemed to have adopted, or wrought out for himself, that fine notion of Carlyle's about human dignity. There are two men to honor, and no third,—the hard handed, weather-beaten craftsman, whose reward is so often scarcely more than the indispensable daily bread, and the toiler for the spiritually indispensable, the bread of life. These two dignities he combined as few of us succeed in doing, and thus approached the highest possible expression of humanity. Could he have had his way, no man with capacity for knowledge would ever have been allowed

to die ignorant of any essential truth. To this end and for the promulgation of his high conception of life's values no man ever wrought with more sincerity than he.

This change we call death may be but a dreamless sleep. About that we cannot know yet. It is better to believe that because the soul of man *is* it must continue to be, and that in the undiscovered future those who have been friends here shall somehow and somewhere meet again.

In his friendships, as in all other relations of life, this man to whom we say farewell for a time, was kind, generous, and true. The commonwealth of Illinois owes him gratitude for great service and praise for good work well done.

#### FRED H. RANKIN

A rare spirit has finished his work among men and departed from the earth. Nature makes no duplicates of men like Frank H. Hall. Scholar, educator, author, inventor and farmer, he saw with clearer outlook and broader vision than most men the undeveloped possibilities of American Agriculture and the opportunities for the citizen farmer. No man has been more closely identified with the recent agricultural development of Illinois, especially in the work of the State Farmers' Institute than was our departed friend. He loved the land and the things of country life even as the poet loves nature or the artist loves form and color. He thought clearly and saw the tremendous economic consequence of right and wrong educational policies when given application to the productive industries, more especially agriculture. His thought was along original lines and he saw the new richness of life and the possibilities of vocational training more closely than most men, even of his own generation. His knowledge of agriculture and agricultural education in all its various phases was so intimate and profound that he was regarded as an authority.

Spoken or written words will not adequately record the unconscious influence of a good man's life. In every good man's life, there is always an unpurposed class of

results which perchance may not be in his life's plan, which are not included in any inventory, which cannot be bequeathed in making his will, the history records of which cannot be written. I have in mind that unconscious unintentional influence which in a good strong man's life aggregates more in the end than purposed results. None of us can say to what extent this potent influence, emanating from the life of our friend, has been a factor in directing the lines of our own lives. Many of us recall what his untiring efforts have accomplished for the State Farmers' Institute during these recent years. His splendid ability carved out and made the way clear for certain plans and improvements concerning which some of us were perchance in doubt. His faithfulness to every trust, his zeal looking to the building up of true manhood on a high plane, has been as true as the needle to the pole. His voice, his pen, his intelligent ability, have been influences which went for the betterment of young people and the development of American agriculture.

To develop the agriculture of the country, to make farm life pleasant, to educate the farm boy and farm girl to a better conception of the manifold advantages of farm life, to impress upon the country the value of science in agriculture, all this and more made up the life work of this good man whose influence extended far beyond the borders of our State, and which is, to my mind, the chief asset which he has accumulated and which has made his life an exemplification of Doctor Johnson's motto:—"Tis better to live rich than to die rich." He loved his friends; he loved men and men loved him. His was one of those rare characters that now and then are permitted to go up and down among us to show us what a man can be.

A single incident sometimes reveals the inner life of a man. Once, while traveling together, I asked him this question: "In your range of reading, what book has made the greatest impression in directing your life-work?" His reply was something like this. "I can best answer that question by relating what seems to me one of the most impressive as well as pathetic instances in all the range of modern biography. One of the greatest English writers was nearing that brink from which the utmost

that human love and skill had failed to turn his faltering footsteps. For a generation previous his name had been a household word and his work, both with tongue and pen had been so enobling that when as a last resource his physicians ordered a trip south, the Government was glad to place at his disposal one of the finest vessels in the fleet. But there was no way of staying the grave-ward progress of that poor over-worked body and one summer morning, back at the Abbotsford again, which he loved so dearly, Sir Walter Scott lay before the central window of his library, looking out upon the waters of the river Tweed and expressed the wish that his son-in-law should read. 'From what book?' asked Mr. Lockhart, looking around at the shelves in whose priceless treasures their owner had been wont to find such delight. 'Need you ask,' was the half reproving reply. 'There is but one book, there is but one book.'" Said Mr. Hall, "This is the best answer I can give to your question." Thus was reflected the inner life and faith of our friend whose familiarity with the "one book" was perhaps greater than those who casually met him realized.

True indeed it is that while the pulses of life beat strong, history may absorb, poetry captivate and fiction delight us, but when we come to face the inevitable, as we all must sooner or later, then the most brilliant of history, the most beautiful of poetry and the most absorbing of fiction shrivels into insignificance and the fundamental truths contained within this book, which was the "rule and guide of the conduct" of our friend, stand forth alone as the only sure foundation of faith and hope.

Thus we would pay tribute to his nobility of character, to his high ideals of every-day duty, his eminence as an educator and his worth as a man. "Soft be the winter's snow and the summer rains which fall upon his grave." To his immediate family, the loss is greatest and we most deeply sympathize with them. However, they have the consolation that he lived a life which commanded the respect, the admiration and the confidence of his fellow citizens. They know that after all the sleep into which he has fallen is but a sleep from which he will waken in a brighter and better world where pain and sickness enter not in.



## JOHN W. COOK

Frank Hall was a divinely anointed pioneer. The fever of the scout was in his blood. He was always scanning far horizons for the coming of new light and joyfully hailed it as it kindled its first beacon fires on the high hills. When the standard bearers went forward to mark the new lines won by the lovers of the truth they found him already there or by their side.

Some seeming contradictions in his nature were but the marks of its largeness. He was an idealist to the core yet he was the prophet of the practical. A thinker and a seer of visions yet he was forever harnessing his thought to the loaded wagons of the world and urging his visions upon the humblest toiler. He came with a new philosophy of work, an irradiation of the labor of the hands by reason, a winning of the oppulent approval of Nature by obedience to her laws.

In the elder days of the world the teacher was the commanding figure of his time. The leader of the people embodied the race genius and gave voice to its unconscious aspiration. In the modern world there is as wide a space for those whom God has touched and awakened to a wonderful sense of power. But other fields are so bewilderingly enticing that the voices of the children are lost in the tumult of the time. It was a gracious gift of Heaven that led this man to the school. He was so clear-eyed, so free from the trammels of tradition, so infused with gentleness, so sustained by faith in his fellows and so inspired by the radiance of hope! There is no child that ever was his pupil but celebrates the happy chance that brought him into that vitalizing contact. Who can count the altars upon which his name is written and whose fires will never go out until memory shall lose her gracious empire in the soul. One could not go where he had been without finding the air electric from the magic of his presence. A more abundant life, a richer unfolding of the world, a gladness in the face, an intentness in the eye, a joy in accomplishment,—these were the invariable manifestations of his wonderful ministry.

Whatever door of opportunity may have opened to this ardent spirit I feel that I cannot be in error in say-

ing that his life with the children of the dark was in the happiest accord with all of the impulses of his nature. Their helplessness appealed to him like the voices of lost wanderers in the night. His humanity responded to the pathos of their unhappy fate as the needle turns to the distant pole. For them his genius for invention bent itself to the supreme task of producing new tools to take the places of those sightless orbs that were closed to the wonder of the revealing light. And here, as everywhere, he far outran the limits of the ordinary man. It often seemed to me as if he had but to confront a problem with his fertile intellect to have it drop into its elements as if touched by a magic solvent. And it was not alone the children of his own immediate solicitude that were to profit by his sympathetic skill, but all who live in the shadow land of that great affliction. And his free gift of the child of his brain to those for whom it was created excited slight comment from those who knew him well. "*Noblesse oblige.*" He could do no other without a violation of the fundamental principle out of which his life emerged as the plants he loved grew out of the seeds. And as the sensitive fingers of the blind press upon the lines of the books that he made for them and as the pages leap into meaning and the welcoming hands of the great and good and beautiful of all lands and all times beckon these patient and dependent wards of our philanthropy into their fine comradeship, with what overflowing gratitude their hearts will turn to him who did so much to make it all an easy possibility.

When he left the children to the care of a life-time friend it was only to go to another liberating ministry. In these last years of a life overflowing with service he has made a permanent place for himself in the annals of the commonwealth he loved.

The years will fare on as they have done since the morning of the world. Each of us will play his part, the curtain will fall and the stage be tenantless, but he will have a sure immortality in the hearts of God's afflicted ones. I have but to close my eyes to the insistent pageant of the day to have an abiding vision of his familiar figure. His sensitive face is full of that smiling benignity

that we knew so well. About him are the happy children busy with their tasks. Clasped in his strong hands are the trusting hands of those who never saw the glory of a dawn nor the solemn majesty of the spangled vault of night, but into whose darkness has come another world of beauty through his revealing touch. About him are the youth and maturity and old age of those who live with the land and who have learned from his wisdom and been inspired by his idealism and who pay him the grateful tribute of thankfulness. And thus we all shall see him to the end, if end there be. May it be our happy fortune to meet him again on some fair morning on the evergreen hills of God where no blight of sickness will ever dim the shining of his face.

I desire to lay upon the threshold of that sanctuary within which his dear ones live with their beautiful memories some simple expression of the love I bore him.

#### O. A. PETTY

These tender sentences of genuine regard from the hearts of life-long friends are but echoes of the splendid man whose death we mourn, but whose life is a part of the best we are and hope to be. Frank Hall was infinitely more to his friends than they can say of him to-day. Our best attempts to honor his memory are but trembling overtones of the songs that he sent singing through our lives. His spirit was too noble and his deeds too great for words to magnify. I think better of myself when I claim him as my friend. It was so easy to love him and so hard to let him go. I reach out for words which I cannot see for my tears,—and all that I can touch are inadequate and cold.

Aurora's "first citizen" is dead and we stagger as the hand-clasp is broken and we try to stand alone! Prof. Frank Haven Hall was a brave soldier, a loyal, loving husband and father, an honored citizen, an unselfish inventor, a fearless pioneer, an enthusiastic educator, an intelligent Christian, and an immortal friend.

In the hour of our nation's peril he dared to love his country to the edge of death, and when the "war-

drum throbbed no longer" he was a heroic apostle of peace. His home life was simple, serene, divine. He was an indulgent comrade of children and grand-children and the gallant companion of his gentle partner the full length of the darkest and hardest day. True to his life-purpose of unselfish service he refused to profit by his inventions for the blind. He read the signs of the times; he followed the gleam, ever pursuing a flying goal. When others held back for fear some moral enterprise would not "pay," Frank Hall, God's pioneer, pushed on only asking, "Is it right?" Friend of the Great Educator and pupil of the Galilean Teacher he taught his *pupils* not "the lesson;" imparting his own passion, he made the quest of truth magnetic through his inspiring love. His faith in a God-of-love was radiant; it was reverent, rational, and regal in its simple majesty. His God was the God of the Open Mind and the Prophet of Nazareth was the Prince of Progress:—a Prince whose spirit he shared and whose task he tried to complete as he "went about doing good."

Eternal Goodness reigned in the heart of this good man and made him a sane optimist and a superior friend. The degree of our acquaintance is the measure of our loss. Those sorrow most who knew him best. He sent the sunshine of his smile into so many lives that when the clouds gathered athwart his sky letters came to him from almost every state in the union and from every county in Illinois. Many pilgrims have traveled far just to hear his voice and touch his hand and to glimpse that glow of heaven that even his wasted features wore; they came because in his love and inspiration and service he had gone so far into their lives and had led them so far into larger living.

Prof. Hall is thrice immortal! He is still living among us in the life and character and promise of children and grand-children, sacred, glorious immortality! He still lives in our hearts and in our civilization through his worthy inspiration and notable achievements,—a type of immortality at once human and di-

vine. He is still living beyond the border-land in that "dim unknown" where Eternal Goodness continues to unfold his soul in *camaraderie* and common task! He helped the blind to see, he inspired the helpless to achieve mastery, he kindled hope in hearts that had failed, he made truth magnetic and his passion to serve contagious, he lifted quietly and loved patiently, and while he labored thus and walked with God, though his body wore out, his soul grew too big and strong to die!

Dear friends, as you look upon the dear dead face and sob out your hearts in loneliness, we stand close by in sympathy, and in a real sense share your loss.

May the fragrant memories of this great unselfish life, the mystic tenderness of Eternal Love and the assurance of immortal hope bring you strength and peace and break of day!

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Begot and nurtured in the state of Maine,  
In early life he sought the new-found West  
And gave to it of manhood's years the best;  
Whate'er the task naught could his zeal restrain,  
Large was his heart as well as rich his brain;  
What love of student nature filled his breast  
A thousand eager memories will attest  
As long as schools and school-days shall remain.

Into this life it was my lot to stray  
And for two years be molded by his mind—  
With growing years I've grown to bless that day  
And know that childhood's fates to me were kind,  
And graven large on memory's soul-lit wall  
I treasure aye the name of Frank H. Hall.

[Reprint from "Outlook for the Blind,"  
of January, 1911.                      Pittsburg, Pa.]

On January 3, 1911, after some months of brave fighting with disease, died one whose career with the blind, though short, has been of far-reaching service, Mr. Frank H. Hall. Before coming into the work for the blind, he had had a very varied experience in public schools. To the state institution for the blind at Jacksonville, Ill., he brought his ripe experience, his resourcefulness, his courage, his sympathy and his generosity. After a few short years there he felt convinced that under proper conditions many blind boys and girls would better live at home and attend the local public schools than spend most of their impressionable years in institutions. And so, in the early 90's, when the city of Chicago was considering having an institution for its own blind youth, he urged the experiment of teaching these children in the public schools and was chiefly instrumental in shaping the plan which was finally adopted in the fall of 1900, and of having Mr. John B. Curtis, one of his teachers, appointed to carry out this first experiment of its kind in America. The plan was so well conceived that the public day classes in five other cities have been modeled upon it. The introduction of public school work for the blind in America is perhaps Mr. Hall's greatest contribution to the cause of the education of our blind youth.

His second contribution is scarcely of less service. When he became superintendent at Jacksonville in 1890, the best way of embossing books for the blind was either the English method of punching out the embossed characters, point by point, on sheet brass by means of hammer and awl (I shook hands last year with a blind man who had so prepared the plates of the whole Bible,—a prodigious labor!) or the American Means, viz:—of producing electroplates or stereotype-plates from forms of movable type set up by hand. This was a slow process and an expensive process. Moreover, there were but two places in the United States where even this was done, and many a progressive educator of the blind had to

teach by the oral method because there were few embossed textbooks. In 1893 Mr. Hall and his coadjutors brought out an appliance for punching at a stroke characters composed of several points, directly upon thin sheets of metal, thus rapidly producing plates as good as electroplates or stereotype-plates and several times cheaper. But of even more immediate importance to the schools than this was the fact that Mr. Hall induced Messrs. Harrison and Seifried, the generous mechanics who had helped in the planning of the machine, to manufacture and sell it at so reasonable a price that schools and individuals could buy it and set up printing offices of their own. The joy and satisfaction which the invention of this "stereotypemaker"\* brought to many was very great. Naturally its appearance revolutionized bookmaking for the blind in America and Europe alike. A few educators of the old school even feared that its appearance would so cheapen embossed book-making that the blind would be flooded with inferior literature; and, indeed, the variety of general reading, of texts, and of music scores for the blind in America has increased more within the past eighteen years than in all the many years preceding. The invention of this machine is that which made practical and feasible the teaching of blind children in the public schools; for by its means they could be kept supplied with the same textbooks which their seeing schoolmates had.

The Hall stereotypemaker makes characters in the point system known as Braille. Machines have been sent from Chicago, where they are made, to the several countries of Europe, to Australia, to China and to Japan. In Germany it led to the devising of a somewhat similar appliance. In New York its appearance was followed after a few years by another machine ingeniously devised by Mr. William B. Wait, then principal of the New York Institution for the Blind, to solve the even more difficult problem of embossing upon plates characters in the system known as New

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\*For an account of the application of the stereotypemaker to school work, see Sixty-fifth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Institution, pp. 26-30.

York point. Thus, far and near, has the impulse of Mr. Hall's invention been felt.

The Hall Braillewriter, the first practical embossing typewriter for the use of the blind, was given to the profession in 1892, preceding the stereotypemaker only by about a year. When Mr. Hall's daughter first demonstrated at Brantford, Ontario, that by means of it she could write one hundred words of a memorized sentence in a minute, we who were there assembled in convention were almost dumbfounded with surprise and delight. The convenience of this little machine to the blind can only be understood when one realizes that it becomes to them what the ordinary typewriter is to others. Mr. Hall, the originator of the Braillewriter and stereotypemaker, would take no royalty from their sale. The former sold first for \$12; now its price is \$14. Altogether 2,000 have been sold, going to nearly every civilized country of the world.

Mr. Hall and Mr. Seifried also devised a "map-maker,"—a simple appliance by means of which a teacher can emboss on metal sheets diagrams, figures, and outline maps. From plates so prepared any number of paper copies may be reproduced either by the regular embossing press or by a simple clothes-wringer.

Our friend was prominent as lecturer on agriculture, author of textbooks in arithmetic, and writer on education. Essentially a student of the human mind, his intimate acquaintance first with school boys and girls in general and then with boys and girls who are blind led him to compare their mental processes to the better understanding of both. His papers on this subject are short but keen; all kinds of teachers would do well to study them.

Although Mr. Hall left the work for the blind in 1902, his interest in it did not cease. He kept in close touch with Mr. Curtis and the "Chicago experiment;" in fact, Mr. Hall's interest in promoting public school teaching of the blind was so great that, when in 1908 hearings were called by the Board of



Education of the City of New York, to discuss which system of point print would best be used by the blind children of the public school classes of that city, he twice made the long journey from Aurora, Ill., at considerable personal and financial sacrifice, that he might help get the work started in what he thought to be the best way.

What Mr. Hall's contribution to general education has been others will try to estimate and set forth in print and speech. I have herein but set down what I conceive to be his service to our own profession and to the blind,—contributions which seem to me epochal. There remains but the grateful tribute of a friend. Upon me personally his influence has been second only to that of Sir Francis Campbell under whom my work with the blind began. Mr. Hall showed me at Jacksonville how a superintendent of a large institution may get in touch with its many pupils and keep them in touch with him. This is the co-operative or personal method of administration,—the being *in loco parentis* in fact and not in name only. When a superintendent assumes this attitude he gets a warm response which does away with any thought he may once have harbored that his pupils are unappreciative and ungrateful. The result, too, upon the pupil is of a higher, finer order. I had the pleasure some time ago of writing him of my indebtedness and gratitude.

Edward E. Allen.

I cannot now recall when or where I first met Prof. Frank H. Hall. In some way it had come to my attention that he was a man who was deeply interested in the study and development of agriculture.

In December, 1900, while he was still superintendent of the School for the Blind at Jacksonville, I was instrumental in securing him for an evening address at the Scott County Farmers' Institute at Winchester. It was the first time I had ever heard him speak in public and his address was a revelation and an inspiration that I shall never forget. His absolute belief

in what he said could not be questioned. The clearness and earnestness with which he presented his views and arguments were most convincing, and his address on that occasion was not only entertaining but was in every way an incentive and encouragement for better things—better farming and better life.

Later it was my good fortune to hear him speak many times at Institutes, in all parts of Illinois, and it was always with the same feeling of interest and inspiration as at first. It was one of the secrets of his usefulness and popularity. He always had a valuable message which he presented with such force and earnestness that it never failed to create enthusiasm and make his hearers eager to hear him again and again until his strength and ability to meet such calls were taxed to the limit.

The meeting at Winchester was the beginning of a very intimate and close friendship with Prof. Hall. It was during the next few months that he resigned his position as Superintendent of the Blind. It also transpired about this time that the Directors of the Illinois Farmers' Institute felt there was great need for a strong, well-qualified, forceful man to take charge of the agricultural extension work of the State, and there was a general casting about for such a man,—one who could interest and instruct Illinois farmers in the knowledge and practice of scientific agriculture.

When Prof. Hall's resignation was announced in the papers it came to me almost like an inspiration that he was the man for whom we were looking. The next train took me to Jacksonville and I spent an evening with him. I explained to him the situation regarding the work of the Farmers' Institute and something of the plans and hopes of those most interested in the organization,—the urgent need for a man to take charge of the work and our inability to pay a salary adequate for a man with the knowledge and ability required by the position.

I then made known to him the real object of my visit and informed him that I had come to him with the hope, yet scarcely daring to hope, that he might

in some way be induced to accept the position of Superintendent of the Illinois Farmers' Institute. To my surprise and great delight, the position was one that appealed to him, and the question of salary, or what we could pay for such service, was at once entirely eliminated from the question.

He saw in the position only an opportunity for doing good to a large number of people along a line in which he had for years been deeply interested. The thought of striving for the betterment of agriculture in Illinois was to him a pleasure as well as a duty. It was not a question of "How much is there in it?", but "How great an opportunity for doing good?"

Before I left him that night I was authorized to say to the Board of Institute Directors that he would gladly serve them to the best of his ability and upon their own terms.

This act was indicative of the man, and revealed his predominant characteristic—that of forgetting self in his desire to benefit mankind. His purposes in life are aptly described in the following words:—

"For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance  
And the good that I may do."

Later, and as the result of this meeting, he became Superintendent of Institutes and held the position till ill-health forced him to resign. A wonderful work was crowded into the last few years of his life. Throughout the length and breadth of Illinois he went almost unceasingly, carrying a knowledge of scientific agriculture into every nook and corner of this great State, and everywhere teaching, encouraging and inspiring the people to better things. How great the work and the good accomplished, no tongue nor pen can describe. It was during the decade of the world's greatest agricultural awakening and development. The part taken by this truly great man and the record of his deeds accomplished will ever remain a monument to his worth and unselfish devotion to the cause of agriculture and the good of mankind.

A. P. Grout.

As boy and man, I knew Mr. Frank H. Hall some thirty-seven years. I knew him first as "one of his boys" in the schools of West Aurora, Illinois, of which he was then superintendent. Later I knew him as a friend through much of his marvelously successful career, in more or less direct contact with his progressive ideas, his contagious enthusiasm, his lofty ideals.

I can say nothing that will add lustre to the memory of his life and achievements but I can say much in appreciation of what his constant friendship meant to me in the way of mental and spiritual uplift, and must have meant to hundreds of others who were privileged to come within the sphere of his influence.

He was such a kind and helpful friend—so willing to share his breadth of vision, his enthusiastic optimism, his store of knowledge, his nobility of soul, with those who sought his companionship and inspiration. I do not believe that it ever occurred to him what his friends have realized for years, that he possessed many elements of greatness. Unmindful of self, he lived to serve humanity, and the world is richer and better because he dwelt among us, which, after all, is the true test of greatness.

Why this seeming waste, this removal of an exceptionally useful life in advance of the full harvest, while so many human weeds are left to obstruct the soil, I can not explain except on the ground that it is only a seeming; that somewhere, transplanted to a higher sphere of usefulness, my friend still continues his great work of service.

Charles Pierce Burton.

To the many people so fortunate as to count Mr. Frank H. Hall a friend, no words are needed to recall the rare qualities he possessed which won and held their esteem.

He taught school, and his pupils found a life-long friend; he went into public life, and those with whom he came in contact formed strong attachments for him which lasted as long as they lived; his casual acquaintance became lasting friendship.

Honesty, sincerity, earnestness of purpose and an all-abiding desire to serve his fellow-man drew people to him and held them,—each one his friend.

Such a life as his, is never ended. Its influence goes on forever. Knowing him in his public life, I, too, knew him in his home-life where he was a devoted son, a helpful brother, an ideal husband and father, and a cordial host.

Mr. Hall was our friend and the ever-welcome guest in my mother's home. The influence of these years of his friendship is all toward increased efforts to service—more extended endeavor for the betterment of mankind. It is, indeed, a great privilege to have had him as a friend.

Danville, Illinois.

Lottie E. Jones.

Professor Hall fought from the heights of noble ideas and a noble character, and that is why he did such good battle in his day. He won people not by force but by making them his beneficiaries and grateful debtors through his unstinted giving of himself in their behalf. Inventive genius, radical ideas in educational reform, agricultural wisdom, all found embodiment in enduring forms for the use of the people.

He lived and worked at an elevation far removed from the self-seeking crowd. Democratic in life, he was aristocratic in his thinking and the end contemplated in all his thought and life was to add something useful to the sum of human achievement in knowledge and invention. Ideality and utility found in him a combination which made his contributions of enduring significance to the mind and of lasting serviceableness to the people. Faith and works were in him inseparable.

He was a true economist in the use of his time and energy. He had no time to spend on the inconsequential. He was a strict pragmatist in his view of life's significance, seeking always the useful in thoughts and things and that not for selfish ends but for the profit of humanity.

His life is a challenge to every man to rise above

the sham, the selfishness and the poor mediocrity of ordinary living to a level where by character and good works he may command the lasting esteem and gratitude of his fellows.

W. W. Willard.

[Extract from a sermon delivered at the N. E. Congregational Church, in Aurora, Illinois, Feb. 12, 1911.]

It was my great privilege year after year to listen to the addresses of Frank H. Hall, and to know intimately of his work and thought in promoting agricultural education; and I can never express how much his teaching, his personality and his friendship have helped me, and will help me to the end of life. He was ever ready to give, at almost any sacrifice of his time and comfort, the interviews and advice and assistance I needed. And then he gave far more than I could ask or expect—the priceless treasure of a sincere and unbroken friendship and fellowship. In public and in private he spoke his absolute convictions without thought of fear or favor; he could render the deeper service of correcting his friends.

I was most deeply impressed with the plain and practical nature of his educational ideas to which he gave a life time of the ablest service, and in which he was a pioneer at least a generation ahead of his fellow educators. The common people could understand him, and he lived to see the greatest of educators throughout the land compelled by their own thinking to swing into line with his vision of "Education for Useful Activity."

But, with his depth and breadth and clearness of thought and remarkable ability to teach and impress his thought on any audience of old or young, was something still more fundamental and most attractive of all—the thing that remains as an abiding inspiration in my life—his complete devotion to the utmost of useful service to mankind. Nothing was too hard to do, too big to attempt or too little to notice, or too long in hours or years, and no ounce of his power too good to give, if only it would help along the great work of the world. He loved in deeds so completely and so deeply as to

bind every hour of his life in steel chains that turned to gold as the fine results of his toil came back to him from those he taught and served.

Arthur J. Bill.

The Illinois Farmers' Institute through its Board of Directors wishes to pay tribute to the memory and works of Dr. Frank H. Hall. Combining as he did the practical experiences of the farm and a scientific knowledge of its workings with the helpful spirit of an enthusiastic teacher he was especially qualified to do the work of the State Superintendent of Farmers' Institute. Measured by his success to inspire the farmers of Illinois to higher efficiency and a finer standard of citizenship, he stands alone. He believed with Ex-President Wilson of Princeton that "we want useful men, not men who think they are better than other people because they have something in their heads which is useless;" and with President Jordon of Leland Stanford "that the sooner a man finds his life work and gets at it the better."

Dr. Hall wanted the germs and extracts of as many trades as possible introduced into the schools that students might see the relation of their school work to the life work for which they might wish to fit themselves. This being done a passion for service would fuse with a passion for knowledge. He ever preached the doctrine—to earn, to contribute, to enjoy, and held with all the force of his splendid character that any one who has not earned and contributed in making humanity better had not fulfilled the conditions necessary to the highest form of enjoyment. His work in Illinois is characteristic of that class of citizens who always earn more than they receive. His influence in this great state is to make our young people feel that all labor is honorable and that he serves himself best and serves God best who forgets himself in the service of his fellows.

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The death of Frank Hall touched the hearts of all his friends and acquaintances and filled them with grief. As a close and intimate friend from his early boyhood to the time of his death, I would add my tribute to the noble qualities and distinguished services of this truly good man and honored citizen.

I remember him with affection and satisfaction as the dear schoolmate and dearer friend; as the sincere, candid man, the thoughtful and loving teacher, and the earnest, Christian gentleman.

I remember how cheerfully and promptly he responded in 1862 to the call of President Lincoln for "three hundred thousand more," and how well he bore his part in the hour of our nation's peril.

Enlisting with him in the same regiment I recall to mind the respect in which he was held by his superior officers through his fidelity and manly bearing, and the esteem and love entertained for him by his fellow-soldiers on account of his generous heart, kindly sympathy and congenial nature.

Fifty-one years ago this winter I visited the first school that he taught. The enthusiasm which fired his soul and with which he was able to inspire others was a marked element of his character even in those early days of his teaching.

During all these intervening years, I have visited all the schools except one with which he was connected as teacher, principal or superintendent, some of them a score or more times, and I have never failed to catch some of that kindling fervor so conspicuous in all his work.

His enthusiasm was always tempered with prudence



and guided by reason. It seemed with him to be a motor power bred of forgetfulness of self and of thoughtfulness and love of others.

Akin to this divine quality was the spirit of altruism which he earnestly inculcated and faithfully practiced. It was this noble sentiment in him which caused him to look outwardly upon others, instead of inwardly upon himself as the object of his highest and chief regard. Beautifully exemplifying in his life the principle of self-sacrificing service and unselfish giving there ever came to him "the joy that follows service—the happiness that follows kindness."

The unsurpassed reputation sustained by the Illinois School for the Blind during the eight years of his superintendency of that Institution was due as much to his ability to inspire his pupils and teachers with the altruistic spirit as to his capable business management and advanced methods of teaching.

He was a born teacher, possessed of tact, sympathy, zeal and efficiency. To his natural endowments he added the scholarly attainments acquired by diligent study and faithful application.

In the early hours of the morning he was usually at his desk preparing himself for the work peculiar to the day, or mastering the principles which would fit him for every duty and emergency.

Doubtless his death was hastened by overwork and by zealous devotion beyond his strength. Those who knew him best believe that, if he could repeat his life, he would take up similar tasks with the same undiminished vigor, boundless zeal and heroic sacrifice. His was the spirit characteristic of the ceaseless worker who, on being told that he was working himself to death, replied, "Oh, no, I am working myself to life." Truly in the highest sense, Frank Hall has worked himself to life.

Undoubtedly during the last year of his active life he discharged more work than in any preceding year. Even when confined to his bed in the early months of his fatal illness, he spent many hours revising the manuscripts of a text-book on the elements of agriculture which he was editing to be used especially in our rural schools. It

seemed to be his cherished ambition to live long enough and to have strength sufficient to complete this book for which there is such an urgent demand.

Respected and honored as a soldier, teacher, inventor, author and reformer, Frank Hall discharged the duties of every position which he was called upon to fill with signal ability and fidelity. His faculties were equal to his opportunities, his strength increasing as new responsibilities and new honors came to him.

No man was more closely identified with the work of teachers' institutes in Illinois than he, and but few men have done more to promote the agricultural interests of the state.

Trusted and admired as he was in public life, it was in the home in the presence of wife, children and friends, that the true nobility of his character was most apparent. Frequently visiting his home, and sharing with my wife and children its generous hospitality for several weeks one summer many years ago, I can not recall an impatient or unkind word that the devoted husband and indulgent father ever expressed. These beautiful traits of character, gentleness, kindness and love, with which he adorned that home, command my love and admiration.

His real greatness was shown in the sick chamber during those weeks and months of wasting disease. The patience, the self-control, the submissive, uncomplaining spirit, the knightly courage, and the delicate and thoughtful consideration of others were indications of the highest moral and intellectual strength.

Such a life as this can not be lost to the youth of our country. There is a charm in it which the heart feels, but which no words can express and which no language can compass; a spiritual significance which no eye can see, and no ear can hear, but which absorbs and penetrates our noblest thought and purest affection. By his life, Frank Hall has taught that character is success; that persevering toil is victory; that fidelity to the highest conviction of the soul is honor and renown.

His character and achievements become our argument for patience, for self-denial, for temperance, for simple truth, for love to God and love to man.

The school day of earth is over. The school house is empty, the door is closed, pupils weep along the way, the master is gone. Yet he continues a co-worker of the Great Teacher in a new day and new room—above.

Joseph H. Freeman.

