

Inimitable Sense of Humor . . .

Excerpts from the address of Dr. Arthur Deering Call, secretary of the American Peace Society, at the memorial services to Dr. Slosson, October 20:

As with most really great men, he had an abiding, individual, and inimitable sense of humor, with never anything of the guffaw. As I strive to repicture him in my mind, I see first those great eyes of his; not seeming to see me at first, quick-moving eyes capable of royal good humor, of irritation maybe, but reflecting the poise and reality within. He could laugh heartily; but when finishing one of his rich whimsical turns of phrase, there was seldom anything about him save a solemnity which contributed mightily to the fun in those eyes. I remember riding with him from Washington to Briarcliff Manor, New York, where we were for days together in a scholarly conference. I recall how he delivered an address which stood out among all the other learned papers as the first human note of the program. . . .

There was a classic something to

his humor. Among his writings, such for example as "The Art of Keeping Cool and Comfortable," are some of the most deliciously humorous passages ever written in any language. There is the clarity, rich vocabulary and the genius for the apt word, with none of the extravagance, sometimes discovered in Mark Twain. We find this in portions of "Creative Chemistry," indeed throughout most of his works.

I remember how once it fell to my lot to stand in this pulpit and to plead for some thousands of dollars with which to pay off a burdensome debt of this church. We had pledge envelopes and little—they were very little—pencils circulated through the congregation, with the view of getting promises where the money was not at the moment available. After my rather domineering performance, the money being raised, I shall never forget how, at the close, an usher came to the platform with a little scrap of paper upon which Slosson had written these words: "Can we please keep the pencils?" When I read aloud that question, the very

solemn services collapsed in laughter.

Edwin E. Slosson was a gentle man. On a number of occasions he was kind enough to invite me to lunch with him at the Club, when some man from out of town had arrived; mayhap interested in the problem of international peace, with which I have some connections. When the discussion between the visitor and me tended to become a bit involved or controversial, Slosson, with sagacious gentleness and tact, seemed always able to keep the ship of discourse on an even keel.

He was able to stand firmly for his opinions, without any hint of strut. His culture may be phrased as a creative appreciation of the non-economic values of life. One day in his Journal, Emerson scribbled some words on "Natural Aristocracy," winding up with the thought that a gentleman "is the truth's man." It was in that high sense that Edwin E. Slosson was a gentleman.

Science News-Letter, October 26, 1929

A Pioneer Advocate . . .

Excerpts from the address by John J. Esch at the memorial service to Dr. Slosson, October 20:

In these days when we are wont to believe that the scientist is not a believer, let us point to Dr. Slosson as a noteworthy example of the man who learned his science acknowledging the over-ruling providence guiding the destiny of mankind. Dr. Slosson was not a politician. He never sought public office, but that is not to say that he did not take a deep interest in all the currents that swept through American life. On the contrary he became an advocate in some of the great moral issues that have been before the public for consideration and determination. He was an advocate of these when advocates were few. He believed in the soundness of prohibition as a public policy. In editorials, on platforms of the Chautauqua, he acknowledged a faith in that policy. He was a pioneer in advocating woman suffrage at a time when advocates of that doctrine were jeered and laughed at. But Dr. Slosson

was not to be deterred from his purpose. He felt that it was an injustice that his wife, a graduate of Cornell University with a degree of Ph. D., should be deprived of the right to vote when millions of the illiterate and criminal classes enjoyed that privilege. He lived to see the amendments of the constitution adopted providing for both prohibition and woman suffrage.

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Worship—Cont'd

bridge the gap between yesterday and today and supplement on the one hand a growing scientific understanding with the legitimate idealism of spiritual experience—and on the other, a stagnant religious outlook with the realistic spirit of the scientific method.

But Dr. Slosson went, I believe, farther than this. To stand reverent in the presence of the mystery—with that he was not content. For him out of the welter of life's experience—out of the scientific melee of theories from Darwin's to Einstein's—and all between them—cer-

tain definite convictions had taken shape in his mind as to the nature of the Fundamental Reality in and behind the World. It was this that set him apart from so many of his colleagues—made him the idol of student and faculty groups who hung upon his words—so understanding of their academic confusion—yet so definitely reassuring that there was a meaning in their maze of life. It was this element in him that had run the gamut of life's quest and still pursued the far off goals—yet in its course had overtaken something real and something vital that made him for so many the accepted guide he was. Whether his conviction began to take shape for him in the scientific formula of Energy—electronic laws—evolutionary processes—we know that however it began—it ended in a sublime confidence in an unseen world—of Intelligence and Law and Purpose—and in the dedication of his life in cooperation with that Reality to the advancement of human aims and hopes.

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