

***THE EXCELLENT BECOMES
THE PERMANENT***

*Author : Addams, Jane 1860-1935
MacMillian 1932*

BY
JANE ADDAMS

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL ETHICS
NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE
THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE CITY STREETS
TWENTY YEARS AT HULL-HOUSE
A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL
THE LONG ROAD OF WOMAN'S MEMORY
PEACE AND BREAD IN TIME OF WAR
THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL-HOUSE

Introduction

cal order on the slender chance that life itself may have brought increasing wisdom to their author.

Jenny Dow Harvey, as an ardent volunteer, founded and conducted the first Hull-House kindergarten and became our interpreter to a wide circle of friends.

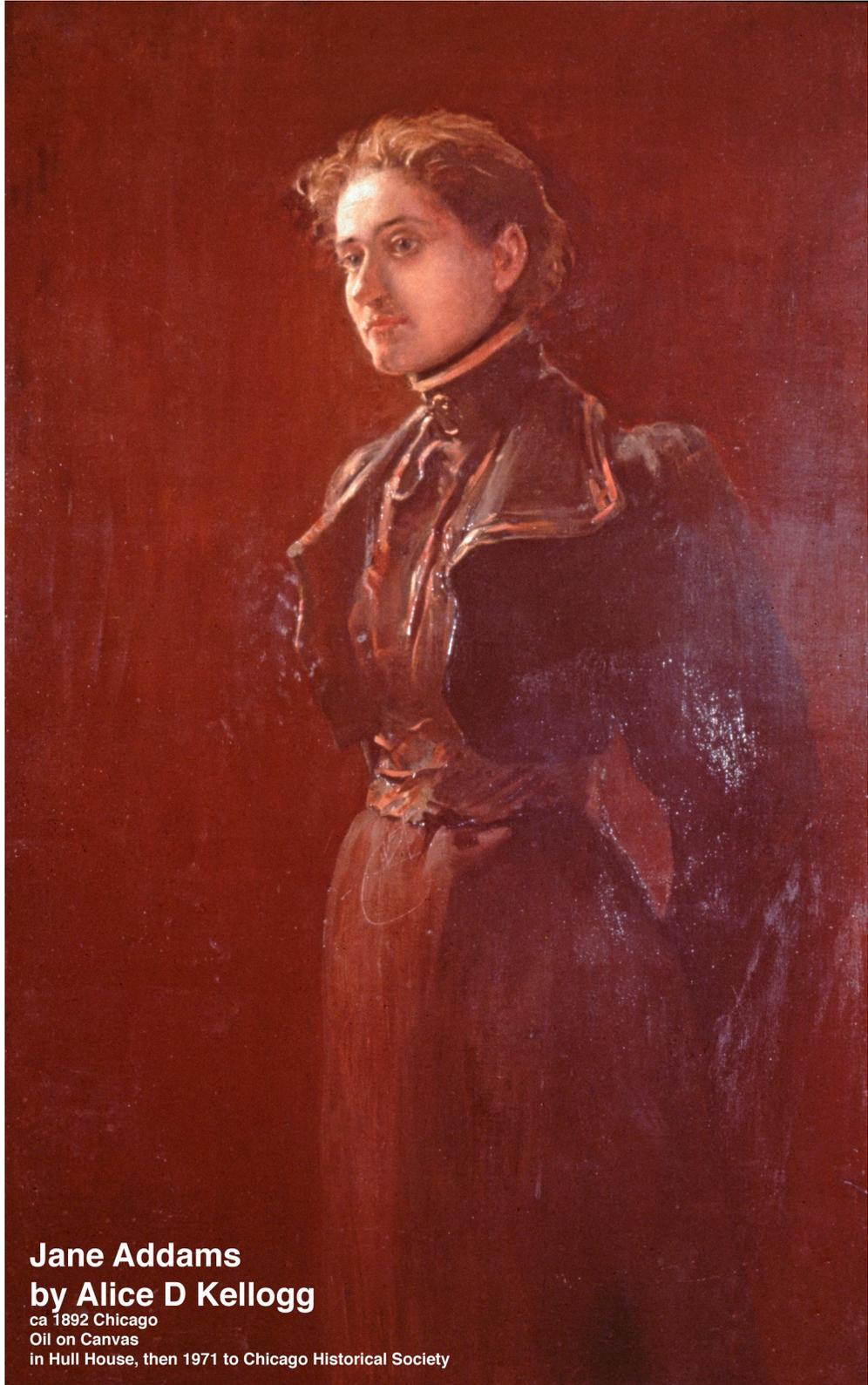
Mrs. Charles Mather Smith was an early friend to our Music School and its faculty, as she was for many years to all the broadening activities of Hull-House.

Henry Demarest Lloyd throughout his life as a citizen and publicist was a valiant defender of democracy embodied in governmental institutions. He lived at Hull-House during the last summer of his life, having preceded his family to Chicago in order to study a crisis in the traction situation and to make friends for municipal ownership.

Alice Kellogg Tyler was the first of the Chicago artists who have so lavishly given their services to Hull-House.

One memorial is for a child, Gordon Dewey, for whom a service was held in the Hull-House theater while his parents were still abroad. The place was filled, not only

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Jane Addams
by Alice D Kellogg

ca 1892 Chicago
Oil on Canvas
in Hull House, then 1971 to Chicago Historical Society

ALICE KELLOGG TYLER

CHAPTER V

ALICE KELLOGG TYLER

LITERATURE portrays for us from time to time a life which is set in the world as it were apart—outside and above it. Such a life bears an ineffable charm and almost from its birth and certainly throughout childhood, is recognized as possessing a mysterious quality reminiscent of higher things. Although it may express itself in service, in beauty, in creation, the personality itself is stronger than any of its forms of expression and transcends them all. To such souls the simple virtues are normal and attained apparently without effort; they waste no time in striving for negative goodness; their feet keep easily in the paths of virtue so that they are free from the beginning for the larger and finer tasks. They are also without the languor, the weariness, and the sense of futility which clog the lives of so many of their fellows. The fire within burns

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steadily as if tempered into a glowing heat and lambent flame.

It has been given to all of us in this room to have come in contact with such a life; to have shared its comradeship; to bear within our memories a sense of communion with the noble and unstained.

In our fresh grief, conscious that we have been bereft of a presence which charmed and sustained, we are also desolated by the loss of one who was able to uncover for us the deeper aspects of life. We have lost contact with the personality which had attained a certain untrammelled and fearless attitude toward the unknown; which had "freed certain powers of the soul, that most of us are conscious of merely because they hold us in thrall."

An old way of seeking comfort in the time of death was to belittle life, to speak of it as a mere span of time and of its material manifestations as things of no consequence. But the memory of this life checks such words upon our lips as ungenerous and unfair. Life does, indeed, sometimes seem to us mean and unprofitable, at other times feeble and broken, because we are unable to direct worthily our

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own activities or to heal and help others. At those moments we may indeed belittle life but we cannot underestimate it at such a moment as this.

The life we mourn to-day has given an added quality and worth to existence. It has made clearer the value of goodness and love and the holding to the best. There was in it no confusion, no uncertainty, and even as life differs in its message, so does death. There are times when we are obliged to cherish the hope of immortality merely as a comfort, a sanction, as that common hope which the race has worked out for itself in its moments of dire extremity, and which we, therefore, extend to the weakest and most wretched as well as to the strong and wise. But in a death such as this there is a note of certainty and distinction. Our belief in the life to come is for the moment made secure because one personality is so sincere that it has become a verity and a reality; and our minds are stretched to the measure of the mind of the philosopher who thinks of eternity not as a duration of time but as a certain quality of the soul which, once attained, can never cease to exist. The mem-

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bers of her new-found faith would have said that she had become one with God.

That which we call spirituality is sometimes attained by ignoring the world and its claims and there are moments when we persuade ourselves that we touch the confines of the other world merely by renouncing this. But in this life the spiritual was attained not by a feeble interest in material things, but by an exquisite appreciation of them—not by suppression of life but by expansion. Alice Tyler lifted every relation up to its highest possibility. She revealed the opportunity offered to all of us to seize and perpetuate the eternal in all human relationships. Her sisters eagerly testify that her relations to them, while ignoring none of the common affectionate offices of household life, transfigured affection into a mutually sustaining and growing aptitude for the highest things, made of it a vehicle for a fuller life. Of that most intimate relation which she exalted above that which even most loving women achieve, it is impossible for us to speak; but as we looked at the little snow-bound house just now I am sure that we all felt that that

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which had been built in the gentle ignoring of pain and frustration, stood as it were for the type of an ideal home; as if the woman had overmastered the artist and asserted that life and love are the reality and substance which even the highest art can only mold into form and beauty.

Her personality filled to the ideal many relations and overflowed them all in a generosity which knew no bounds. She developed power as an artist because she craved life and more abundantly. Her soul refused to grow weary, her power remained undimmed, doing her bidding until the end. Even in those very last days when "Genius painted the Child," the picture is bright and vivid, revealing once more the curious sympathy which has always existed between the two. To an unusual degree she had the normal love of life; she cared much for its human joys and consolations, for books and friends and common tasks. Death must have come to her as a kindly natural friend, as part of life itself; as natural as the open landscape, the high-arched sky, the silent stars which are vast and remote but also dear and familiar; for in a certain sense a con-

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tented life and death must rest upon a love of nature, even as a belief in immortality must rest at last upon a belief in God.

It is pathetic that so seldom does this power of living, this aptitude both for the "natural" and "spiritual" life clearly reveal itself or find adequate means of interpretation. We all reach rare moments when we seem to issue forth from ourselves, when goodness and understanding become self-expression and not mere achievement. But few of us have ability or power to interpret these moments to others. Alice Tyler's life obtained for itself a technique so fine that she really achieved what many artists strive for in vain because they first acquire their technique and then look about for something to express. Her spirit and mind had always more to express than her finished technique could carry—although her fellow artists eagerly accorded to her a high place.

The power of the artist is the power to share and interpret universal life. In a sense his expression is self-expression as his joy is individual, but they are both inexpressibly more than that and his personality is

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merged into the limitless life about him. This artist gave us an impression of the openness and at the same time of the mystery of life; of a spirit of adventure and of a spirit of unusual peace; of unending vitality and of repose; of high courage and of sweet humility; for the genuine artist ever bears the mark of Eternal Youth, with youth's apparent contradictions as well as its charm.

Her pictures hang upon the various walls of Hull-House; they attract by a rare quality of beauty and power but always give out clearly this message: Do not consent that life shall become dreary and commonplace; insist upon distilling the best from it; keep the spirit broad awake. The worker going cheerfully forth in the early morning through the sun-bathed field; the mother tending her child, surrounded as with a halo by her own simple joy; the face of a familiar friend rediscovered and made more dear through an artist's insight. Her canvasses have always a sort of transparency which lets the glory through, a light of spring, a delicacy of texture as if she would have them a medium through which the divine rays might pass. These pictures

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which show a mastery of art so simple, so complete, that it seems like an abandonment of art, remain with us to comfort as well as to inspire.

A sorrow such as this death brings can have nothing of bitterness in it and as memory goes faithfully back reiterating look and word, it must in the end bring healing and insight until "the great road that leads from the seen to the unseen" shall lie straight before us.