

**Edward Everett Darrow.****Chicago, Ill.**

He was born at Meadville, Pa., October 28th, 1846. Three or four years thereafter the family removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and thence, about 1853, to Kinsman, Ohio, which, from then on, became their settled home.

Much of his earliest study, especially in languages, was done at home under his father's supervision. From September, 1862, to December, 1864, he attended the Kinsman Academy, leaving at the latter date for Ann Arbor, where he entered the junior preparatory

class at the Ann Arbor high school. He was graduated from it, in regular course, in June, '66, and entered the University of Michigan with the class of '70. He was elected one of the editors of the *Oracle* in sophomore year; was one of the speakers at the first Sophomore exhibition; was elected one of the editors of the *University Chronicle* for junior year.

Near the close of the sophomore year he was obliged to suspend his college work on account of failure of the eyes. He returned home, hoping that rest and treatment would restore them. Their progress, however, was very slow, so he determined to go abroad, feeling that the lecture system of foreign universities would allow him to study without much demand upon them. He sailed for Europe the latter part of August, '71, spending the autumn in England. He underwent an operation on his eyes in London, which resulted in their recovery. In January, '72, he went to Paris and remained until May—using much of the time in listening to lectures at the Sorbonne. He spent the summer

in Switzerland and the school year of '72-'73 at the University of Berlin. In the summer of '73 he made the tour of Italy and thence back to Paris, where he spent the autumn in company with classmates Lovell and Fleming.

He returned home in December, '73. Shortly afterward he took up teaching as a profession. Commencing with September, '75, he taught two years at Andover, O. In '77 he went to Springfield, Ill., where he became assistant in the high school there, which position he held for six years. Then he went to Chicago as assistant in the South Division high school, which position he still occupies (December, 1902).

The death of his mother took place in July, '72, while he was in Switzerland. His father is living yet. To them both in equal measure he considers himself indebted for all he has accomplished in the world. June 30th, 1889, he married Miss Helen Kelchner, of Springfield, Ill. They spent the summer in Europe, returning for the opening of the schools in the fall. They have one child, Karl K., born November 26th, 1891.

Darrow attended the reunions of '80, '90 and '95, but was unable to get away for the one of 1900.

Such is a brief outline of the outward life—the usual outline that represents its hero as traveling along such and such an avenue of human activity toward some end called a goal, the measure of his success in life being measured by how far he succeeds in reaching it. But the writer realizes that this reveals no glimpse whatever of the inward life of thought and feeling, which, after all, is the only part of life that has any significance for the one who lives it.

And as the record of this inner life is that portion that the writer himself would read with deepest interest in the lives of his classmates, so he will not hesitate to indicate his early impulses, how they were modified by circumstances and what interpretation he sets on the result.

The reaction of his early environment upon him he feels was strong enough to demand special mention. His father was an

enthusiastic lover of books and especially of the classics, and had forced his way through to a liberal education in spite of every adverse condition. Emigrating as a boy from New York into Ohio in the late '20's, he entered a world where there seemed little opportunity for anything except hard pioneer work. Marrying before a college course had really been reached, he supported his constantly increasing family for six years of study, by work at his trade. From this daily struggle for bread he was never thereafter able to free himself long enough to get rooted in the literary and professional life that he would have loved so well. This, however, never chilled his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, nor made him waver in the determination that his children should have the chance denied to him. So, though the days were given to toil, the evenings were always reserved for books. He was interested in every political and social question of the day and the children could not avoid taking interest in them either. In the "50's", where the writer's recollections start, was the fermenting period of many "reforms", especially of "abolitionism" and "women's rights" wherein his father was deeply interested.

When the family came to Kinsman, it was to go upon a farm. From this time, the period of his earliest recollections, the formative period of the writer's life begins. His acquaintance with books and his love for them, as well as his interest in any subject of which the book might treat, dates back to his first memories. Then, as both a counterbalance, and yet, too, as a support of this interest in an ideal world (for lack of a better term), came his life in the real world of the farm.

Forests of oak, beech, maple and hickory with frequent chestnut trees were upon it and around it, while through it all ran a stream (which a little later was to turn the mill-wheel for his father's factory) through forest and pasture and meadow and finally close by the house. Though the farm was disposed of and a factory built later, yet it was upon the same ground, so the residence and the associations remained unchanged. A large part of the work still was out door—cutting the trees in the woods

in winter—hauling them to the mill for the spring freshets—then the sawing, the turning, etc.—every stage of the operation was a pleasurable part of life. So vividly and so tenaciously were every aspect of these years imprinted on his mind, that from Homer down, he believes there is scarcely a pastoral picture in literature, of stream or forest or meadow, of the varying moods of the days or of the seasons which does not mirror back again his own personal experience.

Under such influences and among such surroundings he remained until he went to Ann Arbor. That his sentiments, views and aims were in great measure formed during this time, he realizes through the slightness of the changes the succeeding years have brought. He felt then the fullness of enjoyment that there was in the mere being alive and open to the influences of nature, books and fellow-men. As he looked into the future, while he might hope to become famous, he never thought of becoming rich, at least never of taking up any vocation with that purpose in view.

The high school and university years at Ann Arbor need no comment. The acquaintances that he made there he will always treasure as among the nearest and dearest of his life. Looking back upon it from later life he feels that he made a mistake in keeping too close to books at the expense of a closer intercourse with a wider circle of classmates and other friends.

When the failure of his eyes took place he realized, half unconsciously, he had been relying on taking up teaching at the end of his course as the most congenial employment. Now that he was liable to be disappointed in it, he felt that no other work would have been as pleasurable, solving at once the problem of making a living and at the same time allowing his continued dwelling in the "flowery fields of literature" and his continued progress in the paths of study and investigation.

However, his years of sojourn in Europe (which otherwise would not have come to him) prepared him all the better for this work besides making it clearer to him that he was making

no mistake in choosing it. Of those years abroad one portion only must not be left unmentioned here—the meeting with Lovell and Fleming in Paris and the autumn spent together there. What new fascination the brilliant city took on when seen under the cumulative influence of mutual sympathy, and how few the places there not linked inseparably with the friends in whose presence they were seen! Yet, through it all a deep strain of sadness runs at the thought that of the number Lovell is with us here no longer!

In 1877, on the invitation of Dawson, who was then teaching at Springfield, Darrow came to Illinois. To Dawson he considers himself indebted for obtaining a position in the Springfield high school and also in great part for becoming settled in work in Chicago, six years later.

In this twenty-seventh year of work in his profession he sees no reason to regret the choice of work that he made, and feels that his success has been fully commensurate with his deserts.

Life to him has been and continues to be richly worth living and, though he sees things in his past that he would change if he had the opportunity to choose a second time, he still feels that he would be likely to make as many new mistakes as he would rectify old ones and so is willing to rest it where it is.

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