

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers I*, 1885 – 1886 Oct 3, '85 to May 29, '86) The original is very badly faded.

Budget  
Kemper Editor  
Nov 28<sup>th</sup>, 1885

### Concerning Judge Mallon's Paper

Mr. Editor:

At the anniversary a paper was read purporting to come from one of the ancients of the club rather pleading that the younger members should come forward and make themselves more prominent. I think it is the general opinion that young men are as a rule not backward about coming forward and as far as I have observed they chatter a good deal at our meetings here.

It is undoubtedly proper that they do all such work as devolves on the Trustees, the Clerk, and Secretary; and that they should contribute their very best efforts in the way of literary work when they are called upon and they should sing a song upon request; and that they should be attentive when papers are read, and always be careful to applaud, – at the right time.

They should be good and dutiful, and never forget that as a general thing boys had better be seen than heard. But especially they should use their privilege here and in all things behave in such a manner as will tend to fit them to dignify the club when they arrive at the years of discretion. Since the boy of today is the Man of tomorrow, we have got to gather in the kids and train them for those duties and services which will devolve on them in the next century, and without which training they would not be fitted to play their part. Nor would they have that attachment to the club which is felt by the old fellows who have long been in it. So for these reasons the young men must be tolerated.

But, Mr. Editor, the pride of this club is the white wigs and the smooth shining crowns of the matured men. One of these is of more value to the institution than any seven boys that you might pick up. They carry down the unwritten legends of the past; some of them preserve traditions which go back to our very birth, and they have that attachment here which comes of

long years of membership.

They are both the ornaments and the pride of this body and their papers, when occasionally one is read, are not copied out of encyclopedias and other cheap books of reference and they are free from that freshness which however entertaining, does not distinguish the papers of the boys as solid reading. And then, when we hold ourselves up to the gaze of a distinguished visitor now and then what would there be worth looking up at if we could not point to Mr. Heron and call attention to his resemblance to the great French statesman Adolphe Thiers, and to Judge Cox and claim him to be near akin to the divine Beethoven, and to Mr. Halstead, the very picture of the last Emperor of France, and to Judge Taft, recalling Webster, and to J. R. Saylor, bringing up the great preacher Stockton, and to yourself, Mr. Editor, the twin brother of Geo. W. Cable, except that his wig is not as moth-eaten as yours, and his belly is more collapsed.

These and many other interesting resemblances, too numerous to mention, all peculiar to the older members are invaluable to the club, and it makes their presence at our meetings and their participation in our solemn exercises indispensable.

One such member as Father Wright is worth five brats like Hunter or a dozen babies as young as Greve. I am one of those who are willing to stand back and see that all others do their duty. I am in favor of the young men being made to do all that they are competent to do, and of subjecting them to every discipline which may tend to make them of some account when they grow up. I hope to amount to a little myself when I come to that time, when I shall enjoy that which should accompany age, as honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends, and I do not forget that my best aid to advancement is from the example and encouragement of my seniors and well do I know that my enjoyment of our Saturday Evenings depends much more on the presence of the men who are full-grown than upon the singing, prattling youngsters. I get tired of my own set, and I turn to something better.

So while I do not file a protest against the paper above alluded to, I make my humble appeal to my elders to come here and meet with us, to give us the blessing of their companionship and to make the club worthy, not only of our later thoughts but of our admiration and affection.

I should like to see the day when no member who lives near enough to be

able to come to our meetings should cease coming until he goes feet forward to Spring Grove.

Anonymous