

JOSEPH TURNER KEILEY

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DREAMER of dreams, born out of my due time," was a line written by William Morris ere he had reached his full scope, yet he could have realized later but little better what wide value and vitalizing influence would come from his eager energy in his widely diversified occupations. What man can evaluate his own worth, can stand off and judge his true effectiveness to life. Friends may estimate better. Comparative strangers, again, can rarely approach a full idea of any but a few mortals exceptionally happy and complete in the results of their activities.

Contemporaries may err concerning any man's worth—yet it is his contemporaries, and especially his intimates, who alone can approximate the value of a personality that has irradiated itself in intangible, indirect ways,—often indeed in uncommemorative ones—in the activities of life: in the vitalities of being, moment by moment; ramifying in and through the fluent human stream of thought and feeling that is real life. Such a personality may be more potent and pervasive in influence than any one can fairly credit; and may be more fruitful, more fertile and more efficient, perhaps even in the hidden, devious ways of reflex influences, than one who is apparently more valuable to his time, because he leaves results more visible, commensurable, and easily assessed.

But those whose very impulses, as well as fancies, "broke through language and escaped" in the living—after all, we feel that they could hardly be greatly grieved if their worth should not be fully embalmed in dust-gathering archives. And too much dealt they with the stuff of dreams, living ahead of the moment, rather than in it, to be troubled could they know that their past was not spread on records that are already the ancient history of yesterday. Perhaps they dreamed to make records—in the future! But they were ever of the living, questing the event; the day's knights, of the chivalry that never dies. Knights errant, for those in need, at service of the right as best they should see it. We may hold ourselves fortunate to have known such.

And of this knightly company was Joseph Turner Keiley—a friend who could never do enough for his friends.

His sympathies were with those in the difficulties of life—and also with those of high aims and ideals; and his active co-operation was easily secured, both in his profession of the law, and in matters of art. His early practice in literature and in photography became a natural bond of interest that brought him as a zealous assistant in the production of CAMERA NOTES for fourteen numbers, and then of CAMERA WORK for its forty-four numbers.