



From a portrait by Malcolm Parcell

JOSIAH KIRBY LILLY

1861-1948

TODAY, February 9, 1948, the death of Josiah Kirby Lilly, a beloved son of Indiana, is carried in the Pittsburgh newspapers, for Josiah Lilly belongs to Pittsburgh as much as he belongs to Indiana. After a long illness Mr. Lilly died yesterday in the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis.

Cut deep into the stones of Pittsburgh's memorial to her most widely honored musician is Mr. Lilly's name and this inscription:

"As a boy he found comfort and courage and joy in the songs of Stephen Collins Foster. In payment of this unpayable debt he gathered the facts of Foster's life and songs into the Foster Hall Collection, and gave the collection in trust to the University of Pittsburgh."

To Mr. Lilly the octagonal shrine holding the precious Foster manuscripts he collected, the triumphant arches of the auditorium, the social rooms where University students gather to rehearse and sing had equal meaning as part payment of this debt to Stephen Collins Foster. The songs he heard floating across DePauw campus, through the darkness of warm spring evenings, *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*, *Old Dog Tray*, *Beautiful Dreamer*, *Old Black Joe*, *Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair*, he wanted people everywhere to know and love. And especially he wanted young people in Pittsburgh, Foster's home, to know and love them, as he did. And so, wholeheartedly Mr. Lilly joined with the Tuesday Musical Club, the University of Pittsburgh, and other loyal Pittsburghers to make the Foster Memorial one of the most beautiful buildings on the Pittsburgh campus.

The facts of Mr. Lilly's life may be read in *Who's Who in America*. On November 18, 1861, he was born in Greencastle, Indiana, the son of Eli and Emily L. Lilly. He studied at DePauw University (then Asbury) from 1874-1876. From the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy he was graduated in 1882, *cum laude*. In 1876 he entered the pharmacy business with his father and was a pioneer in the alkaloidal standardization of medicines. He was for many years a director of the Indianapolis Y.M.C.A., a member of the Episcopal Church, a member of the leading pharmaceutical societies and many cultural organizations, and a friend of all that is good in education and business. He is survived by his wife, Lila Allison Lilly, and by his two sons, Eli and Josiah K. Mr. Lilly was proud of being a Hoosier, and proud, too, of being known affectionately as an adopted son of Stephen Foster's homeplace, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The sincerity and simplicity of Foster songs got somehow into every part of J. K. Lilly's life—into his home, his many friendships, his philanthropies and personal kindnesses, and even into his business.

Mr. Lilly's way of business and his way of life were one. That is another reason why Pittsburgh, a center for the business of the world, joins with Indiana to mourn this man whose career carried to every part of the world an honorable

symbol of American private enterprise, of the kind of business a man makes with his own mind, his own hands, and the good will of those who labor with him. Mr. Lilly, until his retirement a few years ago, was the president of a great drug firm, which with his father and then with his sons, he built from a modest Indianapolis drugstore into a great, international pharmacy. During World War II, under his leadership, Eli Lilly and Company, Manufacturing Chemists, was placed at the service of the nation. Blood plasma, packaged for most efficient use, went out to the farthest battle fronts of our fighting men, without profit to the company. To Mr. Lilly making a living was making a life—for himself and for humanity.

Mr. Lilly was alert to many interests. With his son Eli he studied the American Indian, his language and his lore. It pleased Mr. Lilly to encourage through scholarships and gifts to colleges in many places the study of chemistry, biology, and pharmacy. A very pleasant hobby he started when he was 75—the cultivation of Stephen Foster orchids.

But it is for little kindnesses that Mr. Lilly will be remembered longest. He never missed a chance to be a real friend to people, old and young, of all races, creeds, color, and conditions of life. They were all his friends. He was a friend of the University of Pittsburgh and very real encouragement to those who work at the University—the man who sweeps the Memorial building, the curator of the Foster collection, the teachers, the students, the Chancellor, the president of the Board. He held them all in deep affection.

At Pittsburgh Josiah Lilly will be deeply missed. But as long as stone rests on stone at the University, and even longer—as long as the simple melodies of Foster touch the hearts of men everywhere, Josiah Kirby Lilly will live. Outside the original Foster Hall in Indianapolis is cut the line which more than any other expresses Josiah Kirby Lilly and the life he lived among us, "Let no discordant note enter here." And so today, upon our sorrow for the passing of a great soul, there come like a benediction the last words written by Stephen Foster, "Dear friends and gentle hearts."