BOOK OF THE WESTERN SUBURBS

HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS
PAST AND PRESENT

To
Enid,

With kind regards
from the Author
and in remembrance
of her dear husband,
the Publisher, both of
whom held Enid in
high esteem.

Yuletide, 1913.

BOOK *of the* WESTERN SUBURBS

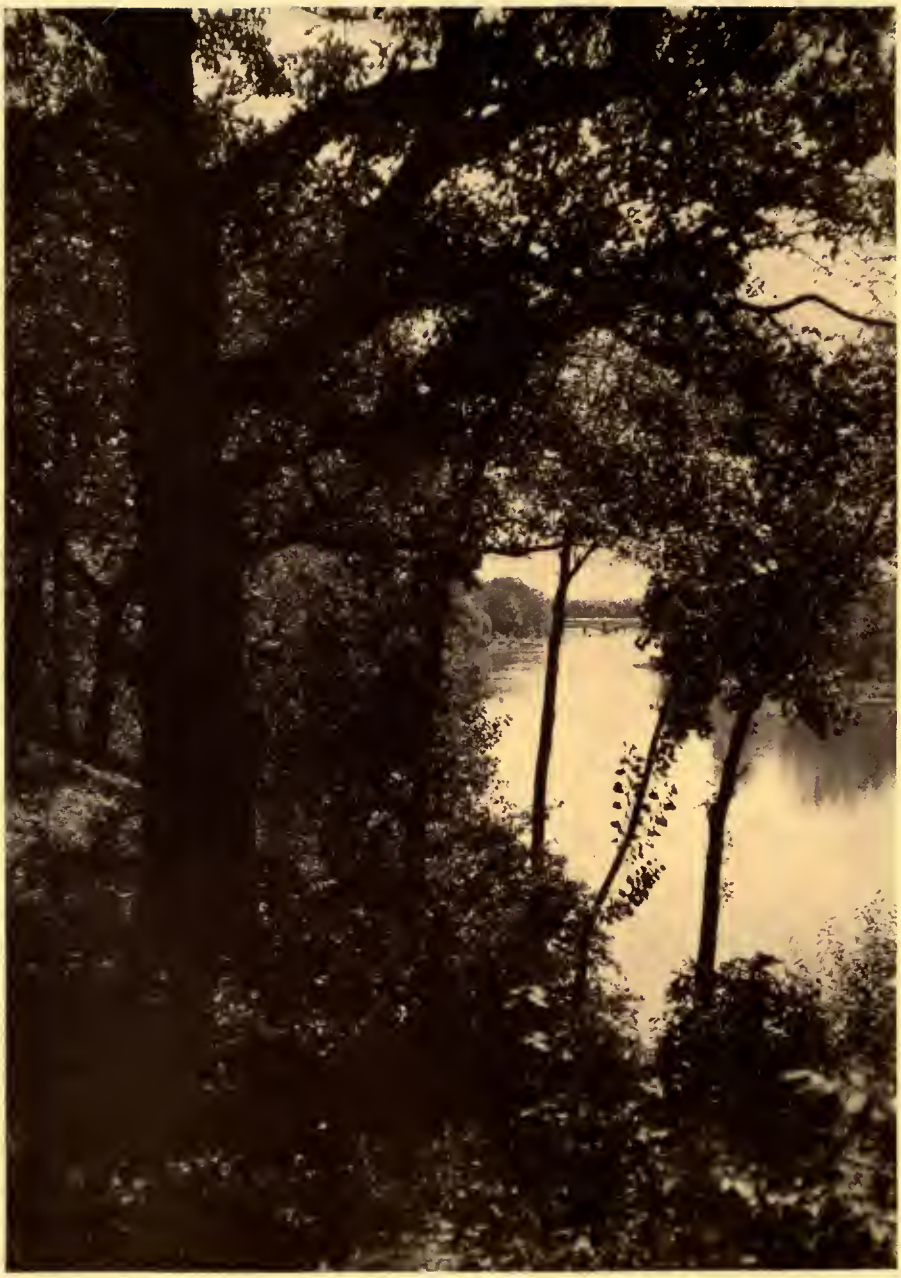


Photo by Benm

VIEW ON DES PLAINES RIVER

Riverside, Ill.

BOOK *of the* WESTERN SUBURBS

HOMES, GARDENS, LANDSCAPES
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS
PAST AND PRESENT

By MARIAN A. WHITE
Author and Lecturer

NIAGARA PARK
Lyons, Ill.

CHICAGO
J. HARRISON WHITE
1912

Price Two Dollars

TO THE

PATRONS AND SUBSCRIBERS

WHO HAVE MADE

ITS PRODUCTION POSSIBLE

THIS BOOK

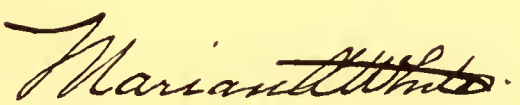
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE PUBLISHER

THE FRANKLIN CO.
ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS
CHICAGO

FOREWORD

IN the preparation of the present work the author has endeavored to faithfully portray the evolution of a portion of the Grand Prairie of Illinois into the delightful suburban sites found today. In order that the traditional and legendary associations might be more intelligently comprehended, it was thought advisable to commence with that particular portion of the prairie over which the Jesuit Fathers blazed the way. From the letters and journals of the latter, as well as from other authoritative sources, have been culled facts, vital to the telling of the story of the yesterday and today, of the highways and byways past and present associated with the traditions of the Western Suburbs. The struggles and hardships overcome by the pioneers, the undaunted courage of both men and women in the early days of settlement, when "cities were planned in their comeliness for a future heritage," should be familiar to the youth of succeeding generations. Local traditions and legends should be fostered, for only by this method can we hope to attain to that which is an incentive to love of country and pride in, and reverence for its institutions. This is the spirit exemplified by those whose homes appear in the following pages; they were approached with intelligence and they responded in like manner. So the book of the "Western Suburbs" is illustrative of a broad, comprehensive principle on the part of author, publisher and patrons.



6928 Sheridan Road
Chicago, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

THE GARDEN

Home of Mr. Chester L. Iverson, La Grange, Ill.

THE WATER WORKS
Riverside, Ill.

Highways and Byways Past and Present

THE HISTORIC HIGHWAY "RIVIÉRE DU PORTAGE"

"In what way can the future be forecast, except by studying the past? And where shall we study the past except in history?—In all things historical, then, the truth is the one great thing."

THE inland waterways—from the Great Lakes to the less important stretches of water and reaches of swamp, from the broadly flowing rivers to the smallest creeks—figure significantly in the early discovery and settlement of the West, of which the Prairie State, the fair and fruitful Illinois, forms a representative part.

By following the waterways, designated by friendly Indians, the good Pere Marquette and his staunch and helpful companion, Joliet, made their way from the Mississippi into the Illinois, from thence to the Des Plaines, and, by way of the "portage" and the Chicago River to Lake Michigan.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. ABRAHAM MITCHELL
Riverside, Ill.

The word "portage" is frequently met with in the journals and letters of the early explorers. It is derived from the French "porte," meaning "to carry," and designates a neck of land lying between two navigable waters, over which tract, canoes and effects must be carried bodily, in order to gain the desired water-transportation beyond. Most of these byways had been trailed by the Red Man long before his white brother essayed to push through the wilderness. But once being known, they became the familiar highways of the voyageurs passing to and fro between the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi.

The frail canoe of birch-bark played an important part in this method of transportation. Light of weight, easily carried over the byway of the portage, and as readily set afloat on the highway of waters beyond, its choice became a necessity. Fearless and staunch of heart were those who elected to set their faces westward—with this only means of transportation—to bring into being that "New France" which was ultimately to resolve itself into a Greater America!

After the coming of Marquette to the country of the Illini, the South Branch of the Chicago River and the Des Plaines, together with the intervening portage, assumed importance as a highway to the Illinois River; and the gentle "Black Robe" who won the confidence and esteem of the Indians, wrote of the Chicago River, as the "Riviére du Portage," describing its vicinity as "a broad waste of grass and prairie flowers, channeled by two lazy streams that meet in opposite directions, and united, flow into, or rather form connection with the Lac des Illinese" (Lake Michigan).

Once again Marquette is found at this particular portage, and, owing to unfavorable weather, as well as to his weakened physical condition, both of which circumstances combined to arrest his immediate journeying to the village of the Illini, posterity is brought into more intimate knowledge of the historic highway and its general environment.

Arriving at the mouth of the Chicago River, it was with difficulty they urged their frail canoes through the already congealing waters. Westward stretched the boundless prairie, now enshrouded in winter's tender covering, but of chill and unfriendly aspect to the already storm-racked missionary and his two faithful engages, Pierre and Jacques—his only white companions. Under difficulty they make their way along the "Riviére du Portage," until they are a little less than five miles from the Lake. Here, on a gentle undulation of the north bank, they discover a cabin. Investigation proved it to be unoccupied. How did it happen there? This little shelter in the midst of the desolate prairie? Tradition claims that it was erected by two hunters for the purpose of storing furs until opportunity for their further distribution by way of the Portage. Marquette's heart must have lifted in praise and thankfulness, for rude of aspect as it appeared, it suggested a haven of comfort where he might relax during this most painful moment of his sufferings.

Not a word of complaint, however, either against pain or hardship has this martyr to the cause left us. We can, if we will, however, read between the incidents he records with such cheery frankness, that the gaunt spectre of Famine, and its grim companion, Death, hovered at moments in close proximity. Yet the faithful Pierre and Jacques

Photo by Christie

HOME OF MR. RICHARD BRECKINRIDGE
Riverside, Ill.

sought to make him as comfortable as kindly forethought and choice of meagre supplies might suggest.

"Jacques," writes Marquette, "brought in a partridge that he had killed, every way resembling those of France, except that it had two little wings of three or four feathers, a finger in length, near the head, with which it covers the two sides of the neck where there are no feathers." "Resembling those of France!" Did a throb of *maladie du pays* affect the gentle missionary, as he recalled the distinguishing traits of the bird of his native land—his sunny France? We shall never know. But we would revere his memory not one whit the less had he recorded such emotion.

"Several Illinois Indians," again writes Marquette, "passed the cabin with furs which they were taking down to the Lake. We gave them a buffalo and a deer that Jacques had killed the day before. I never saw Indians more greedy for French tobacco than these," and one can almost imagine a faint smile creeping over the wan features, as he records: "They (the Indians) came and threw beaver skins at our feet to get a small piece (French tobacco) but we returned the skins, giving them pipes, for we had not yet concluded whether we should go on." Two years later, the good Father Allouez passed over the "Riviére du Portage," simply mentioning it as the "river that leads to the Illinois."

With La Salle came the Récollets—the "Gray Robes," as the Indians designated Hennepin, Ribourdé and Membré, the first of their Order to travel the Chicago Portage. In writing of this highway, La Salle defines it as "an isthmus of land at forty-one degrees fifty minutes north latitude at the west of the Lac des Islinois (Lake Michigan), which is reached by a channel formed by a junction of several rivulets and meadow ditches. It is navigable about two leagues to the edge of the prairie; a quarter of a league westward there is a little lake, divided by a causeway about a league and a half long made by beavers."

Joutel, who with Tonty, must be accounted one of La Salle's faithful followers, lay in the cabin formerly occupied by Marquette. He was suffering from an injured foot. "We had nothing," he writes, "but our meal of Indian wheat to feed on; yet we discovered a kind of manna, which was a great help to us. It was a sort of tree resembling a maple, in which we made incisions, whence flowed a sweet liquor, and in this we boiled our Indian wheat, which made it delicious, sweet, and of agreeable relish. This sweet liquor when boiled up and evaporated, turns into a kind of sugar, somewhat brownish but very good." So, in 1688, maple syrup and maple sugar tickled the palate of the wayfarers on the banks of the Chicago Portage!

Baron de Lahontan, French soldier and traveler, was in this vicinity in the same year and about the same time as Joutel and Tonty. He writes of it being a "very busy season with the *coureurs du bois*, thirty of whom are doing some remarkable trading with the Indians." This is a side-light upon the early commercial aspects of the Chicago-Desplaines Portage.

St. Cosme, a Canadian priest, on his way to the Mississippi, speaks particularly of that part of the portage, designated "Mud Lake." The latter was of swamp origin, but forming an important link with

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. WALTER HELLYER
Riverside, Ill.

the Des Plaines. Quite frequently, the voyageurs, waist deep in thick, black mud, would push their loaded canoes through this small lake. Their bodies were exposed to the attacks of "suckers" or leeches that infested the marsh, while face and hands became the points of attack by mosquitoes. Imagine the torment and suffering of such a combination! Yet it was soon forgotten. The voyageur was of the most buoyant temperament, even while performing the most laborious tasks. Laughter and song accompanied all their efforts.

With St. Cosme were Montigny, Davion and Tonty—the latter acting as guide. They arrived at the Chicago Portage in October, 1699. "The little river that is lost in the prairies," writes St. Cosme. When the party had accomplished about half the distance of the Portage, one of its number was found missing. He was a lad between twelve and fourteen, who had been entrusted to their keeping by a French officer, who, some eight years later, figured as Governor of Louisiana.

As soon as they realized the lad was missing they retraced their route. St. Cosme says "the grass was very high" and that they "dared not set it on fire" for fear of further imperilling the boy. So they shouted and fired their guns, hoping to attract the attention of the lad and induce him to make some effort to respond to their signals. But all to no purpose. The weather was growing colder, the waters already very low, and to longer remain would involve much extra hardship. So it was decided that Montigny, Tonty and Davion continue over the

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. JOHN M. CAMERON
Riverside, Ill.

portage, while St. Cosme, with four men, turn back in the direction already traveled. On their way they met Fathers Pinet and Binneteau with two engages, on their way to the Illinois Indians.

When St. Cosme came down Lake Michigan, to the portage, stress of weather drove his party to seek the shore. He made his way inland to the "Mission of the Guardian Angel" which Father Pinet had established among the Miami Indians, in the neighborhood of what is now generally understood to be the "Skokie" and in close proximity to the site of the present Catholic Church in the village of Gross Point. St. Cosme seems to have returned to this neighborhood without finding trace of the boy. His letter would also intimate that some of "our people" were then established at "Chicagou" or "Chicaqw," as he spells it at one time, somewhat nearer to the portage than the "Mission of the Guardian Angel."

However, the boy was not found by him, and St. Cosme is somewhat vague when he states that he was "obliged to start after giving Brother Alexander directions to look for the boy, and take some of the French who were at Chicagou to look for him." Whoever the "French" were at "Chicagou" one can but surmise. There may have been hunters or traders sojourning there for the nonce, and St. Cosme, through "Brother Alexander" (another mystery) had engaged their kindly services on behalf of the missing lad.

It is reported, however, that after a lapse of "thirteen days, the boy, utterly exhausted and out of his head," did find his way to the faithful

THE BEND OF THE RIVER
Riverside, Ill.

"Brother Alexander." Of a truth, this episode should go down to posterity as the first of the "mysterious disappearances" for which Chicago is more or less noted, as well as from the fact that this incident certainly embodies the record of Chicago's pioneer disobedient youngster, for St. Cosme distinctly states, that "*the boy started on alone although he had been told to wait.*"

The distinguished French traveler and historian, Charlevoix, in writing of the "Riviére du Portage," designates it "the little river Chicagou," and fears he might not "find water enough to float his canoe!" For some long years after the coming of Charlevoix, the Chicago Portage fell into disuse. The Indians had become hostile in their attitude and this particular highway was deemed anything but safe for the white man.

In 1871, however, the Hutchins Map still gives definite particulars of the Chicago Portage, showing its river and branches, together with the two lakelets and swamps connecting it with the Des Plaines. A map made by Governor Hull, defines the Chicago Portage as it existed a century ago. The accompanying text on this map explains that the Portage was generally understood to be from the Chicago River to the River Des Plaines; that the trading post of Chicago was six miles distant from the portage; that the portage itself—the neck of land over which everything had to be carried—was seven miles; that from the end of the portage to the Des Plaines was three miles, the latter being through Mud Lake; and that the aggregate distance between Lake Michigan and the Des Plaines, by way of the river and the portages, was about twelve miles.

Gurdon S. Hubbard, in his "Autobiography," tells of this highway as he saw it in 1818. "The South Branch was then known as the Lagoon," writes Mr. Hubbard, "and we camped at a point near the

present commencement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, remaining there for one day in preparation to passing boats through Mud Lake to the Des Plaines. This lake is connected with the South Branch by a "narrow, crooked channel, and only in wet seasons containing water enough to float an empty boat. The mud was very deep. On the edge of the lake, tall grass and wild rice grew, often above a man's head and so strong and dense it was almost impossible for a man to walk through it. Empty boats were pulled up channel and in many places where there was no water and a hard clay bottom, the boats were placed on short rollers, and in this manner pulled along until the lake was reached, where mud was found thick and deep, but only at rare intervals, water. Others of the crew transported goods on their backs to the river." Thus are the difficulties and hardships associated with the Chicago Portage — the only highway then from Chicago to the Mississippi — pictured by one who passed over its tedious ways, six years after the Fort Dearborn Massacre, and two years after the New Fort Dearborn had been established!

A United States Survey Map, bearing date, 1822, shows this highway still in use. Where the present Lincoln street meets the South Branch, the designation "Portage House," implies that at this time, and we know not for how long a period before the making of this map, there was a road-house or inn for the accommodation of the wayfarer. On this same map, along the designated "marshes" and "little lakes" intervening between the Des Plaines, is defined "Portage Road." The "Beaver dam" to which La Salle makes reference, was, as one may readily conceive, between the two "little lakes," shown on this map, one of which has become familiar as "Mud Lake," the most difficult stretch associated with the old, historic highway, the "Portage du Chicago" of the early explorers and those who followed immediately after.

A PARK AT RIVERSIDE, ILL.

Photo by Bemm

THE DAFFODILS, RIVERSIDE, ILLINOIS
Home of Mrs. Julia M. Richardson

Photo by Bemm

LIBRARY AT "THE DAFFODILS," RIVERSIDE, ILL.

Photo by Bemm

LOOKING FROM LIBRARY INTO DINING ROOM AT "THE DAFFODILS"

Photo by Bemm

THE STUDY AT "THE DAFFODILS," RIVERSIDE, ILL.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. CHANDLER B. BEACH
Blooming Bank Road, Riverside, Ill.

THE DES PLAINES
Riverside, Ill.

THE DES PLAINES—"RIVIÉRE DIVINE"

"What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West."
("America," William Cullen Bryant)

THE Des Plaines is one of the most picturesque waterways of the prairie country. By the time it reaches Riverside, it has meandered almost eighty miles from its source in south-east Wisconsin. Curving into banks of low-lying meadow lands, neighboring with smaller streams which help to swell its flood, the Des Plaines attains its most picturesque development in the vicinity of Riverside, where, doubling on itself among beautifully wooded slopes, like Tennyson's brook, it "winds about and in and out," then makes a "sudden sally and sparkles out among the ferns, to bicker down the valley."

While its more northerly portion is associated with tradition and legend of Indian occupation, and with that evolutionary period of the first white adventurer — hunter or trader — into the real settler — the pioneer farmer — it is the southwesterly stretch of the river that figures in the early explorations of the Illinois country, for, as we have seen in the previous chapter, it was a significant part of that historic highway, known as the "Chicago Portage."

It is generally conceded that Marquette and Joliet were the first of the white race to travel the Des Plaines. They were guided to its waters by the friendly Indians, after that strenuous four months of

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. ROBERT LEICESTER JORDAN
Scottswood Road, Riverside, Ill.

exploration in birch bark canoes. Joliet was somewhat of a poet, since he found in the stream and its environment that which suggested the beautiful name. Was he enraptured by its peaceful, meandrous, yet purposeful flow toward the more important stream, which, with patriotic fervor he had named in honor of his king — "St. Louis" — now known as the Illinois? Or, did the glorious hues of the prairie, and the reeds and rushes in Autumn garb appeal to the poetic nature, and frame the stream with such pronounced picturesqueness as to bring forth, from the darkly-bearded lips, the exclamation "Riviére Divine!" However, "Riviére Divine," it became, until "Aux Plaines," or "Des Plaines," both of which appropriately signify "of the plains," became its more familiar designation.

Reference has been made to Marquette's winter sojourn in a cabin, on the north bank of the South Branch of the Chicago river. Here, toward the end of March, 1675, after a season of great severity, the ice floes formed a barrier across the stream. The thaw continuing, the "dam," as Marquette writes, "broke," and there was barely time to escape the onward rush of the waters. After a night of suspense, Marquette says: "We resolved to embark on our journey." Following his description, one may conclude that the flood afforded a continuous waterway to the Des Plaines, as they made but "one short portage." Continuing down the river, they hailed with appreciation a bit of elevated country, where, without fear of being engulfed by the vagrant

waters, they might rest until the opportune moment for proceeding down the "Riviére Divine," to the Illinois.

La Salle's men, under Tonty, passed down the eastern shores and crossed the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the Chicago Portage. Pushing their way to the Des Plaines, and making a day's journey down the latter, they awaited the coming of their commander. It was late December, 1681, the weather severe and the waters freezing solid. The resourceful Tonty, while waiting for La Salle, who arrived on January 6, constructed rude sleighs by which the party and its effects might be more easily transported to the Illinois. Father Membré was a member of this party and the good priest left a record of this journey. Whoever travelled the Chicago Portage in these early days, also made this forty miles down the Des Plaines, for it was part of the connecting link between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi.

The best pen picture of the Des Plaines-Portage route to Chicago, is given by Henry R. Schoolcraft. Mr. Schoolcraft was an ethnologist, as well as an explorer, and he was one of the most intelligent of Indian Commissioners. It was while serving in this capacity in the district of the Lakes, that Mr. Schoolcraft in 1822 made an expedition to Chicago, which he graphically describes:

"On crossing the Des Plaines, we found the opposite shore thronged with Indians, whose loud and obtrusive salutations caused us to make a few minutes halt. From this point of view we scarcely ever were out of sight of straggling parties, all proceeding to the same place. Most commonly they were mounted on horses, and apparelled in their best manner of riding, created a scene as novel as it was interesting. Proceeding from all parts of a very extensive circle of country, like rays converging to a focus, the nearer we approached the more compact and concentrated the body became, and we found our cavalcade rapidly augmented, and consequently the dust, confusion and noise increased at every bypath which intersected our way. After crossing the south fork of the Chicago, and emerging from the forests that skirt it, nearly the whole number of those who had preceded us appeared along the shores of the Lake, while the refreshing and noble appearance of the Lake itself with 'vast and sullen swell' appeared beyond."

Joliet, La Salle, and others with prophetic vision, realized the possibility of what has been later suggested, a "Lakes to Gulf Waterway," by an artificial channel in the region of the Portage. "It will be easy," writes a distinguished German, travelling through this section in 1819, "to unite the Illinois with Lake Michigan. By means of this canal, inland navigation would be opened from New York to New Orleans, a distance of 3,000 English miles."

Marquette's Signature

Photo by Bemm

BUNGALOW OF MR. WM. ARTHUR BENNETT
Riverside, Ill.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

"A song to the brain that devises,
And bends Nature's will into law;
A song to the brain that suffices
Its purpose from many to draw"

Horace Spencer Fiske.

FOR nearly a century, the Chicago-Des Plaines-Portage basked under the protection of the Fleur de Lys, its solitudes responding to the language of a country beyond the sea, or to the patois of a "New France." Over its intricacies were borne the impatient murmurings of the Indian now grown suspicious of the white intruder in the conflicting interests of two great powers. Indifferent to its future, for another twenty years, it slumbered under the ensign of St. George. Warring tribes continued to pass over its tedious ways, but seldom, if ever, came the pale face.

On one glorious day in September, 1783, when the willows as aggressive of aspect as the Indian himself, were tenaciously clinging to their bits of faded finery, and when the sugar maples were arrayed in a splendor befitting the occasion, the tall, slender reeds bordering the marshes, inspired by the winds that swept the broad expanse of prairie, in musical, rhythmic sounds, piped of "freedom' and of a "starry banner." But many, many moons were to wax and wane, and many years, each fraught with more or less of strife and conflict and much bloodshed, were to intervene, while the Indian still held monopoly of the Portage.

Then the first "winged-canoe" found its way to Chicago. Old Fort Dearborn came into existence and perished. The second Fort Dearborn was established in the midst of a small colony of traders and soldiers. The Portage again became a highway for the pale face. In 1816 the Indians were induced to part with another slice of their heritage for canal purposes. They believed it was to be of "great advantage to them." But ere the formal beginnings of the project, made July 4, 1836, by the turning of the first sod of the prairie, the Indian had been forced to vacate the territory and the Illinois and Michigan canal became the "today" of the Portage.

The "partridge" of whose peculiarities Marquette wrote, is the "prairie chicken" of today. Its specific name of "cupido" being assigned by the naturalists, from the two "little wings on the side of its neck" being likened to those of the god of Love. The vicinity of Marquette's "winter cabin" is designated today by a large mahogany cross bearing the inscription of "Marquette and Joliet." It is at the foot of Robey Street and the South Branch, in an environment of lumber yards and other important commercial enterprises. It should be the centre of a small, well-tended public park and the author hopes this site will ultimately become such.

The rising ground on which Marquette took refuge from the floods, is now marked by a pile of boulders and a suitable inscription in the vicinity of the village of Summit, this being the highest elevation between the two watersheds — one draining toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the other to the Gulf of Mexico.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. JOHN C. SMITH, JR.
Blooming Bank Road, Riverside, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. WILLIAM F. WHITMAN
The Gables, Herrick Road, Riverside, Ill.
A side view

THE GABLES
A partial view of grounds from Herrick Road

Photo by Bemm

THE GABLES

A view of grounds looking from Burlington Street, showing "The Gables" in distance

Photo by Bemm

THE GABLES

A view of grounds in rear facing Burlington Street

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. CHARLES G. STEVENS
20 Scottswood Common, Riverside, Ill.

A MODEL KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL
Brookfield, Ill.

THE GRAND PRAIRIE— ITS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

"The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name,
The Prairies." **— Wm. Cullen Bryant.**

THE Indian did not bestow on the reaches of billowy landscape over which he loved to roam, the poetic title of prairie. It was the French explorers, the missionaries and voyageurs who perpetuated these sweeping distances in the title of Prairie. The word signifies meadow, yet, a meadow unlike anything they had ever before seen, but it was the only word in their language that seemed applicable to these grass-grown plains. And are we not grateful for the euphonious title?

"The prairie is the sea of the land," writes Wm. A. Quayle, and he is the only American who has made a poetic study in prose of their ever varying beauty. "Prairie and sea plant no hedgerows than the sky, both billow out into the universe," and we who have known both sea and prairie recognize the sentiment involved in this latter quotation from the same author. Through these imposing meadow-lands

THE BOYS' PARADISE
Brookfield, Ill.

wandered many a vagrant stream, its banks defined by low-lying shrub and reed growth, by grove or forest; but in whichever direction it meandered, each stream ultimately affiliated with more direct and important waters, and together sought the sea.

Illinois has been designated the "Prairie State" and not without reason. "The finest country we have seen is from Chicagou to the Tamarois," writes De la Source in the early part of 1700. "It is nothing but prairies and clumps of wood as far as you can see," he adds with an enthusiasm savoring of a later period. Germany became familiar with the aspect of the prairies in the early part of the nineteenth century. A distinguished traveler and writer of that nationality journeyed on horseback over these wonderful tracts of country in Illinois. "No more inviting thing can be imagined by a stranger, than to settle here and live more in accordance with nature," writes Herr Ernst, "for the plow once into these grassy plains, which are, for the most part level, fields would be splendid with the richest fruits and the most abundant harvests. I do not believe any one State in America is so highly favored by nature in every respect, as the State of Illinois." His words were prophetic.

On July 10, 1832, the steamboat, "Sheldon Thompson," on which General Scott had embarked at Buffalo, arrived at Chicago. Captain Walker has left to posterity a graphic description of the prairie as it appeared to him. "There was no harbor accessible to any craft drawing more than two feet of water," he says. "But little else was seen besides the broad expanse of prairie, with its gentle undulated surface, covered with grass and variegated flowers, stretching out far in the distance, resembling a great carpet, interwoven with green, purple and gold; in one direction bounded by the blue horizon with no intervening woodland to obstruct the vision. The view, in looking through the spyglass from the upper deck of our steamer, while lying in the offing, was a most picturesque one, presenting a landscape interspersed with

Photo by Snyder

BROOKFIELD STATE BANK
Brookfield, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. F. C. SCHULTZ
1 Du Bois Blvd., Congress Park, Ill.

small groves of underwood, making a picture complete; combining the grand and beautiful in nature, far beyond anything I had before seen."

Chicago and its Western Suburbs are particularly involved in the evolution of this portion of the country, designated the Grand Prairie of Illinois, which reaching back many hundred miles to the interior, only bordered Lake Michigan itself, in the form of weird sandhills for nearly four miles south of the mouth of the Chicago river. This portion of the Grand Prairie, embracing the Old Portage route, the North Branch, the Des Plaines, the Du Page and other streams, is rife with tradition, for the yesterday has burgeoned into the fairest today. Over this particular portion of the Grand Prairie, explorer and missionary urged their way. The chansons of the voyageurs vied with the clear, plaintive strain of the meadow-lark and other warblers of the prairie. Later came hunter and trader, and they, like those preceding them, followed over the trails familiar to the Indian, for red men's roads evince considerable ingenuity in avoiding obstacles while following the most direct route in a given direction.

The early settlers utilized these same byways which crossed and criss-crossed the prairie in all directions, and which lay, as Randall Parrish aptly says, "like great uncoiled snakes . . . yet ever pointing directly, and by the most feasible route, toward the selected destination, however far away." Many of these trails became recognized mail and stage routes as well as general highways, the railroads

Photo by Snyder

BUNGALOW OF MR. C. H. BRINTON
Brookfield, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. CONRAD SCHNEIDER
(His own design)
Raymond Ave., Congress Park, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. EMIL E. PICK
Brookfield, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. E. B. GRAHAM
Brookfield, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. JAS. W. BELL
Congress Park, Ill.

frequently following over, severing in two, or paralleling them. Even before the Indian had been entirely banished from the vicinity of the Grand Prairie, adventurous settlers sought to establish claims, and, turning over the sod — for this is all that was necessary — sowed and planted and harvested with the very best results.

The banks of the streams to the Indian, as well as to his white brother, seemed to be the most desirable of all the fullness and richness the Grand Prairie had to offer. Consequently, on the banks of the forks of the Chicago river, on the Des Plaines, on both forks of the Du Page, as well as upon its main branch, and along the winding, beautifully wooded portions of Salt Creek, came the settlers, either singly or in colonies, but all bent on the one object, the making of homes in this land of great possibilities.

Chicago, then but little more than a trading post, underwent a boom from the influx of strangers that came in hooded ox-carts, or by way of the lake, with their lares and penates, on their way to make a home in the wilderness, or upon the broad bosom of the prairie. That was but yesterday. Today, charming villages and hamlets greet the eye. The Indian tepee, the hunter's cabin, the pioneer log home quickly gave way to dwellings of more substantial aspect. Yesterday, the pioneer carried his grain and other farm products to the market beyond over planked roads. Today, his descendants have their country homes remote from the city, which they reach by means of

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. GEORGE A. LENDRUM
Congress Park, Ill.

an automobile over tolerably good highways — and the time is not far distant when all highways will be made and kept in excellent order under organized supervision. Today, the suburbanite may dwell amid picturesque and healthful environment, enjoy educational and social advantages, remote from the turmoil of the city, yet closely affiliated with its interests, by means of electricity and steam.

While the author of this work has been journeying back and forth over the route of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, between Chicago and Naperville, visiting and tarrying in the suburban towns between these points, the "air-ships" were visible in their trials of skill and endurance. Recall the progress that has been made within the past fifty years and the possibilities of the air-ship seem almost assured. The railroad was opposed. But see how beautifully it has linked together these charming home-towns. Take a peep at and into the home-stations, and think of the time, only a short yesterday, when any little old box of a shelter was designated a railway station! Then congratulate yourself on the fine entrance the railroad has given to your home-town. It is the intention of the writer to now introduce the reader to the past and the present of a few of these delightful suburbs which domicile considerable of the brain and brawn involved in the past and present interests of Chicago.

Photo by Bemm

KONRAD RICKER'S ADDITION TO BROOKFIELD

Illustrating the evolution from an oatfield in 1910 to a prosperous community in 1912

THE LA GRANGE STATE BANK
La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. L. G. ELLIOTT
101 South Spring Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. CHESTER N. MARTHENS
327 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. L. C. BASSFORD

230 South Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. HENRY SANDS

223 South Kensington Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. CHESTER L. IVERSON
143 Eighth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. P. D. McGREGOR
343 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. C. S. BENTLEY
211 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. J. H. CUMMING
345 South Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. PETER L. EVANS
418 Sixth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. JOHN E. WINDSOR
321 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. HARRY J. O'BRIEN
411 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF E. H. RASCHKE, M. D.
106 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. I. A. BENNETT
405 South Waiola Avenue, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MRS. LOUISE GRIESBACH

135 South Kensington Avenue, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

THE LIBRARY

Home of Mrs. Louise Griesbach, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

THE DRAWING ROOM

Home of Mrs. Louise Griesbach, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

THE LIBRARY, LOOKING INTO DINING ROOM
Home of Mrs. Louise Griesbach, La Grange, Ill.

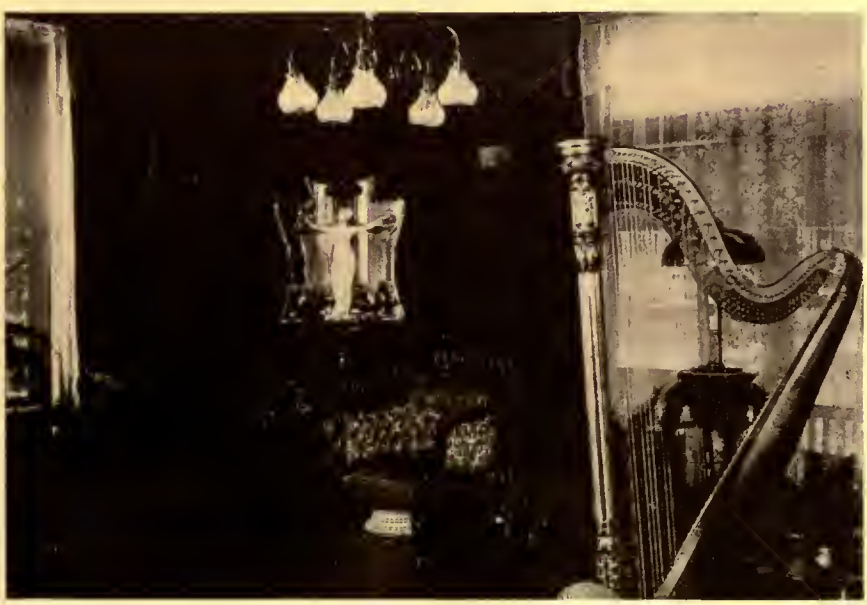


Photo by Snyder

A CORNER IN THE DRAWING ROOM
Home of Mrs. Louise Griesbach, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. A. R. WAGENKNIGHT
445 South Spring Avenue, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. FRED GARDNER
216 South Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. C. F. BRAFFETTE
300 Seventh Avenue, La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

THORNTON VILLA
Residence and Private Sanitarium of Dr. Edward T. Secor
La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. HOMER J. BUCKLEY
240 South Eighth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. ROBERT C. FLETCHER
224 South Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. SIDNEY S. GORHAM
436 South Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. E. J. ROGERSON
344 South Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. MASON H. SHERMAN
121 Eighth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. ALBERT A. HENRY
136 South Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. LEONARD H. VAUGHAN
Western Springs, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. ALFRED E. PETERS
Western Springs, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. HORACE A. STOCKER
Western Springs, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

WESTERN SPRINGS CLUB
Western Springs, Ill.

Photo by Snyder

HOME OF MR. GEO. W. MORGAN
Grand Ave., Western Springs, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. ROBERT L. WOODCOCK
80 South Washington St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. OLIVER J. BUSHNELL
Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. R. O. SCHMIDT
179 First St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. CHARLES G. ROOT
Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

INTERIOR, HOME OF MR. CHARLES G. ROOT
Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

DINING ROOM, HOME OF MR. CHARLES G. ROOT
Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. A. E. KEITH
Park Ave. and Third St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. A. G. DUGAN
100 First St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. HARRY C. KNISELY
122 Third Street, Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. GEORGE L. McCURDY
Hinsdale, Ill.

PERGOLA AND GRAPERY
Home of Mr. George L. McCurdy, Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. WADE FETZER

78 First St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF DR. JOHN B. HENCH

32 South Lincoln Street, Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. GEORGE M. FISHER
64 First St., Hinsdale, Ill.

HOME OF MR. W. H. KNIGHT
127 Park Ave., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. E. G. HERR
194 North Lincoln St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HINSDALE AUTO CO., HINSDALE, ILL.
Opposite Station
G. P. Keith, Manager

Traditions of the Western Suburbs

RIVERSIDE

"We quarrel of land and line;
We bicker of work and wage;
We trouble our souls with a doleful sign.
Forgetting our heritage;
Forgetting the tireless hands;
Forgetting the restless feet
That fared undaunted through unknown lands
Till the path was made complete."

ABOUT four miles from Fort Dearborn and on the west bank of the south fork of the Chicago river, in the year 1826, were found five or six log cabins. This community was distinguished by the title of "Hardscrabble." Whether the latter indicated the "scrabble" for existence on the part of its members, or its problem of approach to the wayfarer, the author is not prepared to state. There remains a record, however, as to its "dreary expanse of prairie with occasional patches of timber." In one of these log structures, lived two brothers, David and Bernardus Laughton, who in 1827, moved to the Des Plaines.

The Laughtons (also mis-spelled Lawton) were Indian traders and with an intuition of the advantages to be derived by establishing themselves westward of "Hardscrabble," they resolved to remain in this more picturesque and sheltered environment. On the site of the present Riverside, and in immediate proximity to the spring, which tradition designates as "Bourbon," these brothers erected a pretentious dwelling of logs, which was to serve the purpose of a tavern, or road-house, or *inn* as our English cousins would say.

For years this tavern was a favorite resort of the wayfarer to and from Chicago. Bernardus or "Barney" Laughton — as he was more familiarly designated — in 1830, married Miss Sophia Bates of Vermont. Miss Bates was the sister of Mrs. Stephen Forbes, Chicago's first regular school teacher.

To the banks of the picturesque Des Plaines, Bernardus Laughton took his wife. She was not altogether contented. The Indians were not yet out of the territory, and neighbors were few, and miles apart, while women were the exception rather than the rule among those who essayed to partake of the hospitality of the Laughton tavern.

"It was almost dark when we reached the Lawtons," writes Juliette A. Kinzie, in her valuable "Wau-Bun." "The Aux Plaines was frozen and the house was on the other side. By loud shouting we brought out a man from the building and he succeeded in cutting the ice and

bringing a canoe over to us; but not until it had become difficult to distinguish objects in the darkness. A very comfortable house was Lawton's after we did reach it — carpeted and with a warm stove — in fact, quite in civilized style. Mr. Weeks, the man who brought us across, was the major-domo, during the temporary absence of Mr. Lawton. Mrs. Lawton was a young woman and not ill-looking. She complained bitterly of the loneliness of her condition, and having been brought out there in the woods; which was a thing she did not expect when she came from the East. We did not ask her with what expectations she had come to a wild unsettled country, but we tried to comfort her with the assurance that things would grow better in a few years. She said she did not intend to wait for that, she should go back to her family in the East if Mr. Lawton did not invite her young friends to come and stay with her and make it agreeable."

In the Autumn of this same year (1831), Stephen Forbes and his wife (Mrs. Laughton's sister) went to live in this vicinity. Mr. Forbes built a pretentious log dwelling which must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of the present Wesencraft homestead. Later, Mr. Forbes, who had also taught school in Chicago, became the pioneer appointee to the office of Sheriff of Cook County.

By again referring to "Wau-Bun," a picture of the country between Laughton's place and Chicago is obtained. "We could hardly realize," writes Mrs. Kinzie, "on rising the following morning that only twelve miles of prairie intervened between us and Chicago le Désiré as I could but name it. We could look across the extended plain, and on its farthest edge were visible two tall trees, which my husband pointed out to me as the planting of his own hand when a boy. Already they had become so lofty as to serve as landmarks and they were constantly in view as we traveled the beaten road."

Tradition tells of a ford in this vicinity, near the present iron bridge just below the dam. This was part of an old trail which the Indian followed in crossing the Des Plaines, and which continued its course across the prairie to Chicago. The early settlers also utilized this ford in taking their cattle to water. The "Indian Garden," really an Indian burying ground, from which many spear-heads, arrow-heads and other relics have been obtained, was a beauty spot where wild flowers bloomed in lavish profusion, and which gave to the early days of Riverside a fame among botanists.

The first substantial frame house of pretentious aspect was built by William Wesencraft, who came with his family in the early fifties. His widow and daughter still occupy this home. Modern conditions have served to somewhat change its interior aspect, otherwise, save for renewed coats of paint from time to time, and the early addition of a conservatory, the exterior remains practically the same as when the house was erected in its beautiful grove of elm, maple, black walnut and oak. Mr. Wesencraft and his wife being descended from old English families who designated their estates by distinguishing titles, naturally bestowed upon his acreage and home, a name suitable to its environment. The estate extended to the Des Plaines, its western portion having a broad curving sweep to the water, so, at a family gathering and in the presence of friends from Chicago, the homestead was designated "Riverside."

"RIVERSIDE"
Home of Mrs. Jane Churchill Wesencraft
Pine Ave., Riverside, Ill.

Mrs. Jane Churchill Wesencraft is now in her eighty-ninth year, and apart from occasional attacks of rheumatism, is still in the enjoyment of health. The author found her very entertaining, as her memory is alive with reminiscences of a past associated with this particular locality. She speaks with enthusiasm of the "wonderful old trees" — some of them yet in close proximity to the home — which abounded in the neighborhood, while her daughter cherishes pleasant memories of a girlhood into which enter scampering pony rides over the many trails, which even then, intersected this vicinity. Then there are recollections of several small log cabins, which hither and yon dotted the landscape and bore evidence of former occupancy by hunter or trader. Neither mother nor daughter, however, recall "Laughton's Tavern," so it must have ceased to exist before their time.

Among the many beautiful trees, on and adjacent to the Wesencraft homestead, two are most tenderly cherished. They are elms of stately growth and magnificent proportions, spreading and affording friendly and grateful shade to the home which sprang into existence while they were yet old denizens of the forest. Mrs. Wesencraft and her daughter cherish the right kind of sentiment toward their preservation, so these two magnificent specimens of the original tree growth of a century or more before the coming of the pale face to this region,

tower erect and lordly with beneficent purpose radiating from their friendly, wide-spreading branches.

As Mrs. Jane Churchill Wesencraft sat by the cheery grate fire, her hands resting lightly on her lap, there was a striking resemblance to a world-famous painting. The same patient attitude, the same suggestion to dignity, the same fine features upon which Time alone has left its furrows, and the same arrangement of smooth, grey hair. The white lace cap was all that was missing from this living suggestion to "My Mother," by Whistler.

In 1864 David Gage purchased twelve hundred acres, embracing much of that which is now the business and earlier residence portion of the town. Mr. Gage had become impressed with the title adopted by the Wesencraft family, and called *his* acres, "Riverside Farm." At this particular time, he owned and conducted a hotel in the young city of Chicago, and he purchased this site for a farm, with the intention of raising products with which to satisfy the gastronomic requirements of his patrons. Four years later, a body of enterprising individuals, with Emery E. Childs as the moving spirit, conceived the notion of founding a model suburban town near Chicago.

The lovely Des Plaines region made its appeal, and, after negotiations by which Mr. Gage conveyed to Mr. Childs, his acres, the "Riverside Improvement Company" with a capital of one million dollars, came into being. The landscape architects, Olmstead and Vaux, were engaged to design a plat of the site. Frederick Law Olmstead, who died in 1903, became enthusiastic over its possibilities, and, using the winding river as a motif, he resolved the whole plat into a series of ovals and curves. The Riverside of today — for the original title was retained — is a memorial to the artistic skill and ingenuity of Mr. Olmstead, as well as to the enterprise of the company, which made considerable financial sacrifice in allowing seven hundred acres of the sixteen hundred acquired, to represent roads, borders, walks, and parks and commons.

Artesian wells afforded a plentiful and pure water supply, and ample provision was made for the sanitary disposal of sewage. So the new suburb was launched amid much enthusiasm and considerable promise. But the disasters that affected Chicago — panic and fire — also weighed heavily upon this enterprise, and Riverside had to abide its season.

Today it is alive to its possibilities. Schools, churches, social organizations; golf, boating, canoeing, and other out door sports, prevail. The banks of its river having been strictly preserved as parks, are today, a dream of woodland beauty. The kings of the original forest now neighbor with a rich second growth.

Riverside is particularly a town of country homes. This fact is emphasized by the railroad's architectural entrance, its station being in close proximity to the quaint, ivy-covered water tower, which forms the centre of a park-like circle, rich with blooms in season, while its highways and byways vanish into curving vistas of green, environing many beautiful homes.

Artists have been attracted by the Des Plaines in the region of Riverside, for its sylvan beauty is an inspiration to the brush. The late David F. Bigelow, who will go down to posterity as the tender

delineator of the Adirondack region, will also be remembered for his scenes on the Des Plaines, as well as from the fact, that for many seasons he conducted sketching classes here. Mrs. Annie C. Dyrenforth is the pioneer piano teacher, she having taught music in this suburb for the past forty years.

\# \# \# \# \#

Across the Des Plaines from Riverside, is the quaint town of Lyons, bearing unmistakeable evidence of a traditional past. Years before Riverside was platted, Lyons had its schoolhouse and church of logs, and a community of homes. The latter were invariably built of logs to be again superseded by those of frame. Later, came Frederick Schultz to the neighborhood, bringing thirty men to work a quarry and lime-kilns. Mr. Schultz is still living in a pretentious homestead of brick in this vicinity. He is hale and hearty, jovial and kindly, and delights in telling of the many vicissitudes through which Lyons has passed since he came to the town. Through the enterprise of one of Chicago's business men, the river in this region is always broad and deep, for a fine dam has been constructed by Mr. George Hofmann, an electric tower built in a park designated "Niagara," and the banks of the river for some distance, improved by cement copings. All of these additions have materially added to the well-kempt appearance as viewed from the Riverside bank.

There are unlimited possibilities in the development of Lyons, should the right kind of syndicate lay hold and remodel the quaint little town around which legend and tradition has interwoven more or less of interest. Today, it lies smiling in its picturesqueness, reminding one of a willful child determined to have its own way, and "gang its ain gait" in spite of friendly protest. Its moment of opportunity will come; then Lyons will take upon itself such responsibilities as will mark an era of grace and beauty in suburban development.

A PASTORAL SCENE ON SALT CREEK

Photo by Fuermann

AN OUTDOOR CLASS, MODEL KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL
Brookfield, Ill.

Photo by Mrs. C. L. De Marras

SALT CREEK
Brookfield, Ill.

HOLLYWOOD, BROOKFIELD, CONGRESS PARK

INTERVENING between Riverside and La Grange, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, are three delightfully modern suburbs, bearing evidence of man's ingenuity in converting the prairie land into sites, either of which forms a perfect picture of artistic design. These suburbs were originally platted by S. E. Gross and were then known as East Grossdale, Grossdale and West Grossdale. Now Hollywood, Brookfield and Congress Park, as they are recognized today, are incorporated into one village organization with its governing powers at Brookfield.

"Brookfield!" What does it suggest? A field or a bit of prairie bordering a stream. Through this particular bit of prairie, winding about and curving into the soft alluvial soil, now hastening onward, and again leisurely pursuing its way, journeys Salt Creek. A prejudice existed among would-be settlers for some time after it was christened "Salt." Naturally, they imagined its waters must be of a saline nature. Perhaps this is the secret of the very modern aspect of the three suburbs. Settlers passed it by, not caring for brackish waters! Its legend of a farmer's wagon, on which was a load of salt, becoming stranded in an attempt to ford it, and having to throw the salt into the brook in order to extricate the vehicle, accounts for its designation.

THE WOODED BANKS OF SALT CREEK
Brookfield, Ill.

The stream seems to have had no distinguishing title until then, when "Salt Creek" was bestowed upon it more in jest than in earnest. But the name clung to it, and Brookfield itself has overcome its prejudice.

At certain seasons of the year, a clear, flowing stream, very brook-like in its mode of progress toward the Des Plaines, of which it is no small affluent, is Salt Creek. In places its banks are quite high and beautifully wooded. In other places it rambles through meadow lands rich with the harvest, but always suggesting purposeful action.

Whoever conceived the plan of building a kindergarten in its vicinity, planned better than he knew. The building itself, extremely artistic of design, cuddles to the landscape in an environment of lawn and flowers, sheltered and shaded by a superb tree growth.

Mr. William Drummond, an architect whose name should go down to posterity in the design of this beautiful structure, evidently held the child thought well in mind. For the building crouches as a mother to her darling, which is just beginning to gain confidence in the first steps; while the eaves spread like the protecting wings of Heaven itself, inviting the confidence of the youngster approaching. Once inside its doors, he is in an environment of that which is refined, artistic, and disciplinary. Trained in such an atmosphere of health and beauty what may we expect of the child's future?

In this suburb, a distinctive style of architecture is being fostered. Mr. Conrad Schneider is the pioneer builder of the unique and substantial homes of boulders, charming structures that catch the lights and shadows, and, consequently, never present quite the same picture when viewed in the varying aspects between dawn and sunset. The highways of Brookfield radiate from the railroad station, being broad, well-paved streets, shaded with trees.

Brookfield's growth, even in these days of steam and electricity, is a marvel. On April 7 of the present year (1912), the Brookfield State Bank opened with deposits of $7,375.82 and resources amounting to $32,376.02. By September 5, the deposits had increased to $76,-005.00, and the resources to $101,152.29, a remarkable showing for so short a period and in a suburban vicinity. The officers of this institution which has added much to the financial status of the community, are John F. Hein, president; Wilson W. Lampert, vice-president; Arthur H. Hein, cashier, with the following board of directors: Ralph Van Vechten, James R. Chapman, Charles Bossert, Ernest B. Graham, E. T. Konsberg, Wilson W. Lampert, Konrad Ricker, F. C. Schultz, H. H. Seekamp, Byron C. Thorpe and John F. Hein.

Photo by Snyder

LA GRANGE COUNTRY CLUB
La Grange, Ill.

Designed by Conrad Schneider

THE BOULDERS

Home of Mr. E. D. Floyd, 712 Bell Ave., La Grange, Ill.

LA GRANGE

IN 1837, the same year that Chicago was incorporated as a city and Martin Van Buren became eighth president of the United States, there came to Chicago from New York State, a youth of seventeen years. No one entered Chicago, at that period, with the notion of remaining idle. Everybody worked, taking the first thing that offered no matter whether it was of brain or of brawn, or of both combined. Everybody hailing from the East was dubbed a "Yankee," and this term became synonymous with work, energy and thrift. Our lad of seventeen immediately qualified for work, laborious but remunerative. In less than eight years after his arrival in Chicago, the youth, now in sturdy young manhood, became the proprietor of 440 acres, distant about fifteen miles from Chicago; and in the heart of the prairie country. Robert Leitch became a pioneer settler and built him a house of logs.

By farming and stock raising, by hard work and thrift he acquired a competence. His name appears among the first voters of Lyons township in 1850. The town-site fever laid its fascination upon Robert Leitch, and in later years, he devised the platting of the same, under

Photo by Snyder

LILAC LODGE
Home of Mr. Chalderec L. De Marras
537 North Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.

the title of "Kensington Heights." But reverses came and selling out his interests to Mrs. Breed, Mr. Leitch moved with his family to Chicago, in which city he had a distillery. In 1872 his plant was destroyed by fire, and he then became associated with the "Garden City Distillery."

In the meantime, railroads were urging their way out over the prairie and the C. B. & Q. had its station "West Lyons" on or near Mr. Leitch's former proposed town site. The War of the Rebellion had been fought and among the many southerners who suffered from its devastating effects, was Franklin D. Cossitt, who had been engaged in business in Chicago for some years. In 1871, Mr. Cossitt platted the sub-division, naming it La Grange after his former home in Tennessee, which latter, is said to have been so named after General Lafayette's ancestral home in the romantic and picturesque part of France, known as Auvergne. But the heart of La Grange, Illinois, pulsates over the site of the pioneer log cabin of Robert Leitch.

In 1881, Mr. Leitch returned to La Grange, occupying a portion of his original tract and building a frame house there. In his time he had served for eight years as Road Commissioner, and as a member of the School Board, and died last Autumn at the ripe age of ninety-two. His descendants, a sister, a daughter and two granddaughters occupy the home, which to some extent has been modernized to meet the requirements of the family.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. MONROE FULKERSON
630 North Ashland Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Miss Rebecca Leitch, the sister of the pioneer, is now in her eighty-ninth year, and recalls the old plank highway by which the settlers went to and from Chicago. It left the Bull's Head tavern, Madison Street — the site now occupied by the Washingtonian Home — and passed through Lyons to Brush Hill, a distance of some sixteen or seventeen miles. In spite of her years, Miss Leitch is hale and hearty. She admitted to having had some prejudice toward the automobile, but she now thoroughly enjoys accompanying her niece and two grand-nieces, one of the latter, Miss Olive, being the chauffeuress, on "quite a jaunt," and that, too, without "feeling nervous." Asked her opinion regarding "flying-ships" which she has seen hovering above La Grange, Miss Leitch thinks they will never be "favored" as modes of travel. "No stations and no regular track can be possible up in the air where the winds have it all their own way," she affirms quite positively.

Soon after Mr. Cossitt sub-divided the tract, he planted trees with a generous spirit, with the result, that the La Grange of the present bears the impression of having been carved from a forest rather than builded on a prairie. Finely graded and exquisitely paved highways, thread the village — for it was incorporated as such in 1879. Descendants of Mr. Cossitt still continue to reside in La Grange, taking part in its commercial and social activities.

Charming homes, environed by lawns and gardens, suggest liberality in the platting. The educational and social advantages are unexcelled. Here is located the Lyons Township High School, which is said to rank highest in Cook County, while the citizens of La Grange point with pride to the fact, that, from their educational institutions,

THE HOME OF MISS REBECCA LEITCH
Ogden Ave., La Grange, Ill.

teachers for promotion to more important positions have gone forth with honor to their profession. There are two Catholic educational institutions here, the St. Joseph Institute for boys and the Nazareth Academy for girls. The Masonic Orphan Home is also located here in a handsome structure.

The water supply is of the purest and there is a super-abundant supply, while the town has just expended $125,000.00 for one of the most up-to-date methods for the disposal of sewage. According to the report of the State Board of Health, La Grange has the lowest mortality of any place in the State.

Thornton Villa, a strictly ethical institution, has won fame by being placed in such a health-giving environment. For here, nervous patients, find a home amid an environment of rest and cheer, together with all the modern equipment of an up-to-date sanitarium, while to those facing the twilight shadows and walking toward the silent shore, Thornton Villa presents the essentials of quietude and repose.

Ten religious sects are here represented by as many handsome church homes. There are two banks, La Grange State Bank being the first established institution of its kind in the village. It now occupies the first floor of the handsome and dignified fireproof structure, erected by the La Grange State Safety Vault Company. Its officers are L. C. Bassford, president; H. B. Kilgour, vice-president; C. W. Northrup, vice-president and cashier; W. N. Froom, assistant cashier, with the following gentlemen, who, together with the officers, constitute the board of directors: Frederick T. Boles, J. A. Brydon, C. L. Iverson, A. H. Kemman, F. D. Cossitt, Geo. M. Vial, C. L. Sackett, F. C. Mandel.

WATER TOWER
Western Springs, Ill.

WESTERN SPRINGS

IN 1871 and just previous to Chicago's "Great Fire," the "Western Springs Association," with Thomas C. Hill as its moving spirit, came into existence as the sub-divider of the north-western corner of Lyons township. By 1873, Mr. Hill had become its pioneer postmaster. A stream, known as Flag Creek, originates in this vicinity, where the earth is in the habit of throwing up mounds, from the apex of which water pours forth in such plenty, as to render Flag Creek a very pretentious stream as it takes its way in zig-zag fashion along the western portion of the township, finally entering the Des Plaines about two miles south of Willow Springs. But these eccentricities of the waters supplying Flag Creek, aided in originating the Suburb's designation "Western Springs."

In the architecture of its homes, schools, churches and club house Western Springs is very modern of aspect. Its highways are well paved, and between the tall trees whose branches afford a welcome shade, are seen charming homes within a setting of lawn and shrub and flowers. The water supply is pure and plentiful; the disposal of sewage well provided for. Its water tower is a marked architectural feature as one enters the suburb from the railroad, and, during the season, Vaughan's nurseries, which are here located, and which are an important factor in Chicago's floral and seed market, bloom forth in radiant welcome.

HINSDALE CLUB HOUSE
Hinsdale, Ill.

HINSDALE

THE charming village of Hinsdale marks the entrance from the east to Du Page county — a section teeming with historical interest. To this vicinity, with no definite boundary lines, and with the Indians still in possession, came the adventurous settler. Here, in what is now Du Page county, they were planting and home-building even before Chicago was platted, knowing that the Government would soon dispose of the Red man's interests.

As Riverside's early associations with Lyons, so Hinsdale's traditions would not be complete without its historical connection with Brush Hill, now known as Fullersburg. At the time of the Black Hawk trouble, General Winfield Scott and his command, marched from Fort Dearborn, westward. Their first camping ground was "Bourbon Springs," now Riverside, and in close proximity to Laughton's tavern.

Pursuing the trail westward, for there was no other highway, although the country itself was somewhat familiar by chart — the Indian Boundary having been established here since 1816 — General Scott and his command covered portions of the prairie upon which, today, are found neatly paved highways and byways intersecting the charming villages previously described.

Approaching the more undulating portion of the prairie, just as we of today, with admiration for its gentle, billowy uplands intersected by grove and woodland, a distant elevation crowned with a heavy growth of scrub oak is observed. Reaching its summit, the command

THE OLD MILL ON SALT CREEK
Fullersburg, Ill.

here halted for rest, and the soldiers designated it "Brush Hill," for it was rich in brush and it was the highest point thus far on their march from Fort Dearborn.

Among the early settlers of Brush Hill (1833) was Benjamin Fuller. The old tavern in which he lived still remains. Here, Loie Fuller was born. And here, to the rhythmic melody of her father's fiddle, she first became imbued with that love of the art of Terpsichore which has made her name world-famous. It was Benjamin Fuller, who, in 1851, incorporated Brush Hill as a village with its present title of Fullersburg. This hamlet is one of the delightful reminders of the days that were; days associated with primitive highways, with toll gates, wayside inns, a village smithy always busy, a quaint church to which the itinerant preacher traveled on horseback, while the click-clack of the mill, turned by water power, was a welcome to the farmer. And all this while Chicago was a mere village!

Today, the once busy hamlet is in somnolescent mood. It lost its opportunity with the contemplated railroad. On the banks of its picturesque stream may be found its only sign of activity. The old mill of brick is still there; its walls reduced to artistic shadings by the mellowing touches of Time. Hearken to its merry roundelay of modern accomplishment by means of steam! There are pretty, modest homes nearby, and the roads are adapted to the auto-tourist. He rushes through this "Sleepy Hollow" and over the more modern bridge by the mill, all unconscious of the traditional ground vibrating beneath. For in the early pioneer days, the slow-going oxteam blazed a byway; the steady old farm horse, whose master's poll-tax must be met by grading a section of road, struggled with primitive implements over the very highway which we now pass with ease and comfort and at a speed which should be deemed reckless.

By 1851, Chicago had completed fifty miles of plank roads over the prairie. The southwest highway reached to Brush Hill, afterward to Naperville. Over this road from Chicago, and in the same year that the

Photo by Bemm

LILY POOL, HINSDALE, ILL.

city had completed its "great waterworks system," rode a Vermont farmer. He happened on Fullersburg — for Brush Hill was now recognized under this newer name. Alfred Walker saw, and realized the farming and stock raising possibilities of the neighborhood. He bought out the Fuller interests, and, four years later built a pretentious farm house, which in time found itself within the corporate limits of the Hinsdale then unborn.

In 1862 — when tradition assures us that "wolves were still in the timber" — William Robbins, a native of New York State, who had, in his young manhood, come to the more promising Prairie State, later going to California where he engaged in mining and in banking business, returned to Illinois and purchased a goodly slice of its billowing and fair undulations, with here and there a nest of timber, and all within seventeen miles of Chicago with a railroad already urging its way through to the west.

The following year, Mr. Robbins had planned and built a home, and in 1864, he and his family were domiciled on the uplands of the prairie. Then, in a spirit of enterprise, he built homes for those desirous of renting until such times as they could decide on permanent settlement. And in the year of our "National Peace Thanksgiving," Mr. Robbins had platted Hinsdale! Later he built a noble schoolhouse of stone. His pioneer homestead, modernized, is still in the suburb of which he has rightly been titled the "Father." His daughter, Mrs. W. H. Knight, with her husband, occupies one of Hinsdale's most charming homes.

Legends as to the origin of its name have been many. The story with the majority on its side, because of its reliable source, assures us that it was named for H. W. Hinsdale, who, when the C. B. & Q. rail-

road was in the course of building, assisted in financing the contractors. In recognition of these favors, Mr. Hinsdale was informed that a station had been named after him.

Today, how fair is Hinsdale! Its promoters, for others came after Mr. Robbins, showed decided artistic taste in planning its beautiful highways which have been allowed to retain, as far as practicable, the natural undulations of this most beautiful portion of the Grand Prairie. The curving avenues, arched by trees of noble growth, between which are vistas of extensive lawns and soul-inspiring gardens, impress one with the unity of purpose portrayed — brotherly love and kindliness, and a consideration of neighborly rights.

Schools, handsome churches, a club house and public library add much to Hinsdale's attraction as a home town. Recently, and before he died, Dr. D. K. Pearsons, a long time resident of the village, gave his beautiful homestead and extensive grounds to the village for a combined library and art institute. Judging from Hinsdale's past, her citizens will surely make the best of so liberal a gift, by at once, taking measures to carry out the wish of its thoughtful patron.

The Village League, of which Mr. Geo. L. McCurdy is president, is an active body of village officers and citizens, delighting in the work, not only of beautifying, but of obtaining the best sanitary conditions. Therefore Hinsdale, impresses one with a quiet charm; with a dignity of purpose, with an atmosphere of hospitality, such as one only associates with places of older growth.

"Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's whole sole king,
Upon one's whole soul ground."

SALT CREEK AT WESTERN SPRINGS, ILL.

NEW C. B. & Q. STATION, DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.

DOWNERS GROVE

WHILE Pierce Downer, in 1832, was traveling westward from Chicago, over a sea of unexplored prairie, a steam packet-ship was crossing the ocean from Havre to New York. Among her passengers was Samuel F. B. Morse, evolving his theory of the magnetic telegraph—the magic power which in a few short years was to link the prairie to the sea. But Pierce Downer pursued his way, hardly knowing in which port of entry to anchor. He had followed the primitive trail for many a weary mile in his hunt for the timber. Presently it hove in view. How inviting it was amid this sea of waving grasses! And Downer diverged from the trail to investigate.

Pierce Downer is described as a "man of sound body, of energetic mind, bred in the ironclad integrity of his age, tenacious of his rights and able to defend them." This is why he was not at all nonplussed when he found himself in the presence of a band of Pottawatomies under their chief "Waubansie." They exhibited friendliness toward the lone stranger and Pierce Downer staked his claim. Here he remained one year in solitude, in the log home which he had builded for his family who was to follow him from New York State. On the arrival of the family the following year, his son Stephen staked a claim on the east of the same beautiful grove of timber which appeared as an island in a vast sea of prairie. Later came two other settlers, locating on the southeast portion of the grove, each claimant selecting his proper proportion of timber and prairie.

A rather amusing incident, which might have had a fatal termination, is left to posterity regarding the settlement of a country, preceding government surveys and in which covetously-disposed individuals

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. W. J. HERRING
193 East Maple Ave., Downers Grove, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

LIVING ROOM
Home of Mr. W. J. Herring, Downers Grove, Ill.

come for the purpose of opportunity to "jump a claim." Returning from Chicago, where he had gone to obtain necessary supplies, Mr. Downer found two men busily intent upon erecting a cabin on a portion of his claim. Arming himself with a stout hickory stick cut from a nearby tree, he used it with telling effect, until, overcome by exhaustion, he was borne to the ground by the two claim-jumpers whom he had so fiercely attacked. They allowed Mr. Downer to regain his feet, and then sped away, while Mr. Downer hastened to his cabin in the opposite direction.

Israel P. Blodgett bought land in this vicinity, and in 1835 moved here with his family, from his pioneer farm near the forks of the Du Page. Tradition points to the fact that one of Mr. Downer's beaten "claim-jumpers" purchased this farm from Mr. Blodgett, feeling that Downer's would no longer be a comfortable place for him. In August of the year above mentioned, Samuel Curtis, of Vermont, bought a portion of Mr. Blodgett's land. Downers Grove was off the original trail from Naperville to Chicago, and in the early days, desirable trade was lost on this account. Mr. Blodgett and Mr. Curtis solved the problem, by blazing a good, broad highway, some two miles in length, that should intercept the original trail at either end. This was accomplished under difficulties and with primitive implements. Six yoke of oxen were hitched to the trunk of a felled tree of goodly proportions; when, by dragging this clumsy burden back and forth, the prairie turf was gradually ground down into a well-beaten track! Then these enterprising pioneers defined each side of the highway, by rows of hard maples, which they obtained from the neighboring grove.

Yesterday, the twelve patient oxen toiling under difficulties to create a highway! Today, Maple avenue, for this is the designation of this particular road, is one of many brick-paved highways traversing this suburb. Its maples rear their pillars upward until the branches, extending from either side, meet in fan-like contour, reminding one of the stately columns and vaulted arches of some cathedral aisle. Surely no better monument is needed to perpetuate the memory of Israel P. Blodgett and Samuel Curtis than this beautiful highway, over which the autoists now speed without dreaming they enjoy all by the "grace of the men of old."

Mr. Blodgett, whose homestead is now occupied by one of his descendants, and which faces this highway, was a blacksmith as well as a farmer. He kept mostly to his trade, and hired workers for the farm and stock range. Mr. Blodgett is credited with making the first plow which would work the prairie soil and scour and brighten itself during the process. Up to this period, all plows were made with a wooden mold board and the plowman had to carry a paddle or scraper, with which to scrape off the dirt that adhered to the mold board and share. But Israel P. Blodgett never patented his improvement and, later, other plow-makers reaped the reward of his invention.

The site of the village of Downers Grove was a favorite haunt of the Indian. Beside the band to which allusion has already been made, another of equal prominence, was that of which Aptakisic or Half Day, was chief. This band had been in the habit of frequenting the grove, which had become the property of Mr. Blodgett, for the pur-

Photo by Bemm

TANNISWOOD

Home of Mr. John B. Berryman, York Township, Du Page Co., Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. J. D. GILLESPIE
Downers Grove, Ill.

pose of making maple sugar. When the settlers took possession of the territory, it was a great hardship to the Indian. But old Half Day accepted the inevitable and became a loyal ally of the settlers.

Downers Grove township was incorporated in 1850, and the village bearing the same name, in 1854. Both perpetuate the name of its brave pioneer settler. For it took courage of no mean kind to stake a claim in the midst of roving bands of Indians, and it required a fine spirit of forbearance to live in among them; but Pierce Downer seems to have been equal to the undertaking, so his name is preserved to posterity.

When Lincoln's first call came for volunteers, Walter Blanchard, who was one of the early settlers of Downers Grove, responded by organizing a company in Du Page county. This became known as Company K of the famous Thirteenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, which answered to the first call for three years' service men. This regiment was in some of the hottest battles of the Civil War. At Ringgold Gap Captain Blanchard received an injury necessitating the amputation of one of his legs, but he died after the shock. His last words on the field of battle and at the moment that the ball had shattered his leg are as momentous as any uttered by battle-stricken heroes of no matter what nation and are here recorded to the honor of Downers Grove's military hero, who was then fifty-five years of age: "*Don't give up boys! Fire away!*"

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. J. K. SEBREE
Belmont, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

VIEW OF GROUNDS AND SWIMMING POOL
From porch of home of Mr. J. K. Sebree, Belmont, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

DOWNERS GROVE
From the heights at Belmont

Religious and secular educational uplift early developed in this community. The itinerant preacher—and how self-sacrificing were these earnest men—soon gave place to the regularly appointed minister in a well-established edifice—which, today, represents nine religious sects in as many places of worship. The log school house, or homes used for school purposes in earlier days, gave place to the pioneer "district school" in 1838. The latter was the forerunner of the fine public schools of later date.

It was the writer's privilege, while delving into these highways and byways of the past and present, to meet the family of Dexter Capron Stanley, who came with his father and brothers to Downers Grove in the early years of its settlement. Mr. Stanley is in his ninety-seventh year, with a fair lack of all aches associated with such ripened years. His fine memory adds to the charm of the reminiscent past. He has occupied the homestead in which he now lives for the past forty years. He recalls early pioneer days; his father's first log cabin; the plentiful game on the prairies; the exciting wolf and fox hunts; the seasons when prairie chicken was plentiful and when the wild geese and ducks frequented the marshes of the Du Page. Mrs. Stanley is the daughter of an Indiana pioneer. The couple were married in Michigan City of that State. Mrs. Stanley is now in her seventy-seventh year, a picture of health, contentment and cheeriness, and retaining the old-time hospitality in greeting the stranger—that per-

fection of graciousness on the part of the hostess that always provides for one or two more unexpecteds at the home table.

Its attractive railroad entrance, its beautifully shaded highways and charming homes—quite a few of the latter being extremely modern of aspect—its schools, churches, social organizations and library, together with its supply of pure water, render Downers Grove an ideal village, with modern improvements enough to suggest the city, but with the beautifully rolling country on either side.

A little west of the village proper and on Maple avenue, is found the highest point of land hereabout, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. Here, some years ago, one of the Stanley brothers built a home. The site is now occupied by the home of Mr. James K. Sebree. This elevation is about two hundred feet above Lake Michigan, while grove-crowned uplands gradually vanishing in the distance, greet the eye on either side, affording picturesque surprises in the varying seasons as well as between the hours of dawn and departing day.

THE STONE BRIDGE, DU PAGE RIVER
Naperville, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. EZRA E. MILLER

Corner Front Street and Chicago Avenue, Naperville, Ill.

NAPERVILLE

DU Page County derives its name from the Du Page River, the latter being named for an Indian trader, the first of the white race to invade this region. Du Page had established himself near the confluence of the forks some time toward the close of the eighteenth century. Legends tell of his friendly relations with the Indians, of his genial manner toward those who first met him in his wilderness retreat, and that when the real settlers came—1830—the river was already known as the Du Page.

The attention of the reader has already been drawn to the fact that rivers, brooks and creeks proved as attractive to the white man as to the Indian. Upon the banks of the streams was more or less timber affording shelter from the winds of the open prairie. Fish might be obtained; deer and other animals whose skin was of commercial value would congregate here. A simple canoe, or dug-out, or primitive flat-bottom craft, proved of untold advantage in travel. Again, from the more practical view-point of the settler, grist-mills and saw-mills might be established by aid of water-power; while the farmer, without undue effort on his part, was in possession of a watering place for the cattle.

Photo by Benm

HEATHERTON

Home of Mr. John S. Goodwin, Naperville, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HEATHERTON

View of the Grounds from the Porch

Home of Mr. John S. Goodwin, Naperville, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. JOHN SIGMUND
Naperville, Ill.

In such localities were found the largest of Indian villages; and hither came the pale face, staking his claim and building a log home. From such primitive beginnings grew communities, that developed into thriving villages, and which today surprise by their live, upto-date aspect.

Either affluents of the Du Page, but more particularly its western tributary, attracted the first settlers. Mrs. Kinzie, in "Wau-Bun," very graphically describes her experiences in crossing both branches, when on her way to Chicago in 1831. The party had stopped on its way westward, at a settlement in the vicinity of what is now called Oswego. Mrs. Kinzie tells of the "long stretch of prairie" intervening between the latter and the "west fork of the Du Page."

"The weather was extremely cold," she writes, "the wind sweeping over the wide prairie with nothing to break its force. . . I beat my feet against the saddle to restore circulation . . . until they were so bruised I could beat them no longer. Not a house or wigwam, not even a clump of trees as a shelter offered itself for many a weary mile. At length we reached the west fork of the Du Page. It was frozen but not sufficiently so to bear the horses. Our only resource was to cut a way for them through the ice. It was a work of time for the ice had frozen to several inches in thickness. . . .

"Plante went first with the axe and cut as far as he could reach, then mounted one of the hardy little ponies and with some difficulty broke the ice before him, until he had opened a passage to the opposite shore. We were all across at last, and spurred on our horses, until we reached Hawley's, a large commodious dwelling near the east fork of the river. The good woman welcomed us kindly and soon made us warm and comfortable. She proceeded immediately to prepare dinner for us, and we watched her with eager eyes, as she took down a large ham from the rafters, out of which she cut innumerable slices, then broke a dozen or more eggs into a pan, in readiness for frying—then mixed a johnny-cake and placed it against a board in front of the fire to bake.

"It seemed to me that even with the aid of this fine bright fire, the dinner took unconscionable time to cook; but cooked at last it was, and truly might the good woman stare at the travelers' appetites. . . She did not know what short commons we had been on for the last two days. We found that we could, by pushing on, reach Lawton's on the Aux Plaines that night—we should then be about twelve miles of Chicago. . . We made no unnecessary delay. . . The crossing of the east fork of the Du Page was more perilous than the former had been. The ice had become broken . . . floating down in large cakes. The horses had to make a rapid dart through the water, which was so high and rushing in such a torrent that if I had not been mounted on Jerry, the tallest horse in the cavalcade, I must have got a terrible splashing. As it was I was well frightened and grasped both bridle and mane with the utmost tenacity."

The Hawley to whom Mrs. Kinzie alludes was Pierce (sometimes mis-spelled "Perez") Hawley, who staked a claim on the east fork of the Du Page in June, 1830, about the same time as the Blodgett family

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MRS. JOSEPHINE KROEHLER
Naperville, Ill.

and others staked claims near the Scott Settlement, which was in close proximity to the conjunction of the forks of the river.

The Naper brothers, Joseph and John, possessed the essential characteristics of the pioneer, being strong of physique and with good staying powers. They were level-headed, broadminded, peaceably and kindly disposed, generously inclined, and courageous when danger threatened. Joseph, the elder brother, began his career as a cabin boy on a steamer on Lake Erie, remaining as a sailor on the Lakes until he was promoted to the dignity of Captain of a steamer which plyed between Buffalo and Detroit 1828-1830. John Naper was a sailor, also, and when experienced enough, took the command of a sailing vessel until 1830. In the early spring of this year, Joseph staked a claim on the banks of the Du Page. The Naper brothers owned a vessel, the "Telegraph," which they sold on condition that they should deliver it in Chicago.

In June, 1831, the Naper brothers with their respective families as well as the families of John Murray, Lyman Butterfield, Harry T. Wilson, and a man named Carpenter, set sail from Ashtabula, Ohio, on the "Telegraph," arriving in Chicago about the middle of July. In due course they pursued their way over the trails in prairie schooners, arriving at the west branch of the Du Page, on the site of what is now the village of Naperville.

The season was so far advanced, that it was useless to plant anything but buckwheat and rutabagas. Later, the former fields attracted the prairie chickens in droves. They liked the new food, and the settlers enjoyed prairie chicken dinners.

By the middle of September of the same year, this settlement had made provision for the education of its young folks. The contract with the first pedagogue, Lester Peet, was made for a term of four months with a consideration of twelve dollars per month. It also stipulated that the teacher should "board with the scholars"; and that he "agree on his part to teach a regular English school, teaching spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and English grammar if required." A list of names is appended to the contract, by which each subscriber pledges himself to pay for the number of scholars placed after his name. Joseph Naper heads the list with six. There were no funds with which to build a schoolhouse, but material was in the groves and willing hands and stout hearts did the rest and the log schoolhouse was ready by November 15.

That autumn a sawmill was under construction and this particular settlement as well as others some few miles below grew in numbers although the Indians were not yet out of the country. Among the arrivals, after the Naper colony was established, was Christopher Paine, a real genius in the devising of ways and means by which to surmount obstacles obtruding on the economic conditions of the settler. The Napers had brought to the vicinity the iron work needed in the construction of the sawmill mentioned above. But a dam was needed to secure the power. Mr. Paine, with actually nothing at command for this particular purpose, was called upon to devise and construct the dam.

Photo by Benim

MAPLE TERRACE

Home of Mr. John C. Bauer, Naperville, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

MAPLE TERRACE

The grounds at the home of Mr. John C. Bauer, Naperville, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF PROF. F. A. KENDALL
Naperville, Ill.

Nothing daunted, the pioneer engineer began his work. First he laid a series of logs, next in order came stone, then the straw from the buckwheat fields of the previous summer was laid in order to hold the dirt in place with which the logs and stones were to be bound together. By the spring of the next year, 1832, the pioneer mill of Du Page county was in working order! A grist mill was badly needed, and Pierce Hawley, who, with the Scotts and the Blodgetts kept up a friendly intercourse with all the new arrivals, planned for the construction of the mill, if he could only get mill-stones. In his dilemma, he sought Mr. Paine who, after some moments of quiet thinking, exclaimed, "By Jinks, I can make 'em." Hawley believed he could, so set to work to perform his part in the building of the structure.

Paine selected from the grove, two good boulders, and by the aid of stone chisels—the production of Blodgett, the blacksmith—pecked and pecked, until he had the boulders fashioned into upper and nether millstones! These were propelled by oxen yoked to a sweep. Each neighbor brought his grain, grinding the same with his own yoke of oxen or team. No record is found of tolls being paid. It seems to have been a free institution; one of brotherly helpfulness.

Mr. Paine also encouraged the cultivation of flax and made the necessary machinery, spinning-wheel and loom, by which it might be woven into material for clothing, etc. Mrs. Paine possessed the true helpful spirit of the pioneer "haus-frau." She entered into her husband's projects and spun and wove, and even colored the thread, making suits for her family as well as for her husband and self. It is said, that Mr. Paine, might be seen during the winter months wearing a buckskin sack coat, the material of which had been tanned and made by himself, but beneath its edges was visible the vest of gaily checked linen, woven and made by his wife.

R. F. W. Peck, of Chicago, came to the settlement to form a partnership in general merchandise, with the Naper brothers. A store of logs was erected—the first of its kind in Du Page county. The winter of 1831-32 was of undue severity and hardships were patiently endured by the Naper community. Spring came with its flood of sunshine and genial atmosphere; the ground was broken and fenced. Seedtime brought promise. Then from the rich forest growth came whisperings of the Black Hawk and his band; of his determination to rid the country of the pale face. Mr. Peck became discouraged and his partnership with the Napers was dissolved by mutual consent, the brothers giving him three lots, 80 x 165 feet on South Water street, Chicago, as his interest in the business. The Napers, all unconscious of the fact, by this deal, laid the foundation of the princely fortune which Mr. Peck afterwards enjoyed.

The Napers were not easily discouraged. They remained apparently indifferent, but watchful. This had its effect not only on the immediate community, but on those little colonies which had fearlessly established themselves a few miles apart from each other. Then came something more than mere rumor; and brave men, while arming for the fray, blanched with sickening dread at the thought of exposing women and children to the merciless attack. So the latter were put into wagons and under escort sent to the protection of Fort Dearborn.

PINE CRAIG
Home of Mr. Edward G. Mitchell, Naperville, Ill.
(Geo. Martin Estate, 1833-1912)

Twenty men remained to protect property from depredations. This company was quartered in the log home of Captain Joseph Naper and they kept vigilant watch during the night. The following morning, Bernardus Laughton, from the Des Plaines, with three Indians and a half-breed, arrived at the Naper settlement to gather news of the movements of the Indians. Some ten miles distant a band of Pottawattomies was encamped. It was therefore resolved that a party accompany Laughton and the three Indians to this particular rendezvous. An amusing legend is treasured by the descendants of the pioneer families of Naperville in connection with this event.

Two men had been placed that morning as patrol on the bit of prairie intervening between the dense growth of timber then environing the settlement and the Big Woods beyond, in which were camped the Pottawattomies. The party setting out, by way of a joke, thought they would test the courage of the patrol. So they sent the three Indians in advance with instructions what to do. As soon as the Indians came in sight of the patrol, they uttered a terriffic war-whoop. The patrol sprang to horse and fled in the wildest dismay, first northward where they were intercepted by some members of the company, whom they took for savages, and then wheeling in another direction, they were again intercepted by the three Indians. Feeling that discretion was the better part of valor so long as numbers were against them, they came to a halt, laid down their arms and sued for mercy. Presently they realized they had been the victims of a hoax. There are many such amusing anecdotes associated with this period which must necessarily remain untold in these pages. One fact should be borne in mind, however. This section of the country was not settled by an indifferent class of colonists. They were heroic, thrifty men and women. The majority were from Revolutionary stock. That which their fathers accomplished was an inheritance adapting them for pioneer work.

The Naper Settlement was platted in 1842, taking unto itself the more dignified title of Naperville and it was incorporated under this same title in 1857, so the name of its pioneer family was perpetuated. Its brave sons have gone forth in defense of the "Starry Banner," not a few yielding their lives in its defense. Its court-house square has a memorial shaft, upon which are recorded the names of those engaged in the Black Hawk War, 1832; Mexico, 1846-8; Civil War, 1861-5; Spain, 1898.

The Naperville of today (1912) is elbowing with unmistakeable thrusts at the yesterday; the modern squeezes beside or in between the antiquated semblances of the frontier period. These old-timers peer forlornly enough on finely paved streets and other improvements that are quickly forestalling the past. Imposing structures are the Nichols Library and the Y. M. C. A. Building, Its college, two grade schools, and fine High School long ago gave expression to the educational ambitions of its residents. There are also many charming homes of modern type on the beautifully undulating portions that lift from the wooded banks of the river in a series of picturesque undulations.

The pioneer log house, in which Captain Naper lived, is still a memento of the past. It has a clap-board covering, but is, otherwise,

significant of the little dun-colored structures that dotted the landscape in the early days of pioneer settlement. In its vicinity, and on a rising slope, where but yesterday, the settlers builded a block-house ("Fort Naper"), and in which their families sought shelter after the return from Fort Dearborn, today, stands "Heatherton," the beautiful home of Mr. John S. Goodwin. Its architectural design imparts a significant dignity to this commanding and historic site.

On a finely paved highway which was in the early time a primitive trail, is the homestead of George Martin, who came to this neighborhood in 1833, purchasing from the Government and from the Napers a total of one thousand acres. Across the street is seen the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mitchell, the latter being a descendant of the pioneer Martin, who was a Scotchman by birth, a man of liberal education, fine principles, and of broad views.

The entrance to this town by its railway is imposing. In fact, it would be difficult to find such a succession of fine architectural structures as those with which the C., B. & Q. has graced these Western Suburbs.

THE DU PAGE RIVER, NAPERVILLE, ILL.
Vicinity of Log House of First Settler

Photo by Benm

RESIDENCE OF MR. EDWIN C. FABER
Golf Lane, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

GREEN GABLES

Home of Mr. George Plamondon, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

GREEN GABLES

The Drawing Room, looking into Billiard Room

Home of Mr. George Plamondon, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

THE BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOM AT "GREEN GABLES"
Home of Mr. George Plamondon, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

THE MAPLES

Home of Mr. William T. Henneberry, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Benm

HIGHLAND HEARTH

(View from South)

Home of Mr. Nicholas J. Nelson, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Benm

BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOM, "HIGHLAND HEARTH"

Home of Mr. Nicholas J. Nelson, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

THE PINES

Home of Mrs. Charles E. Randall, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. HERBERT O. TOMLINSON
Wheaton, Ill.

PRESIDENT BLANCHARD'S HOME
Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. FRED DANA EWELL

Ellis Ave. and Franklin St., Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. C. W. HOLLOWAY
803 College Ave., Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

ARBOR COURT

Residence of Mr. R. W. Campbell, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

OAK HILL

Home of Mr. Knowlton L. Ames, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

OAK HILL

Home and Farm of Mr. Knowlton L. Ames, Wheaton, Ill.

THE CENTRAL BUILDING FROM THE S. E.

Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

THE THREE ELMS, CAMPUS
Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

WHEATON

"Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

—Wm. C. Bryant.

BETWEEN eight and nine miles northeast of Naperville, and in the township of Milton, lies Wheaton. The year following the Black Hawk war, a small settlement was established in this vicinity. Its pioneers, Lyman Butterfield and Henry T. Wilson, two of the original Naperville colonists, staked claims in what is now designated Milton township, and near the present site of Wheaton.

Erastus Gary, of Puritan stock, came from Pomfret, Mass., to St. Joseph, Mich., in 1831. For one winter he taught school, then resolved to push still farther westward. With three companions he made his way, in a dug-out, to Chicago where he remained one night. The following morning he started on foot, westward. Muddy trails, swamps and sloughs intercepted the route, and, almost exhausted, Mr. Gary reached Laughton's tavern (Riverside) that night. Here

THE LADIES' HALL, WEST FRONT
Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. H. A. SCHRYVER
Wheaton, Ill.

he rested until morning. At daybreak he resumed his tramping, reaching the Naper settlement that evening and on his twenty-seventh birthday. Attracted by the beautifully undulating country to the north and east, Mr. Gary again took up the trail on the following day and arriving at the Wilson and Butterfield claims, staked one adjoining that of the latter.

It was customary, at this period, to mark off more land than one expected to keep, and both Mr. Gary and Mr. Butterfield pursued this course, bearing in mind those friends and acquaintances in the East, who had already declared their intention to come later and join forces in settling up the country, then generally designated as the "wild and woolly West!"

Five years later, came Warren L. Wheaton, little dreaming that he was to become sponsor for the beautiful college town now bearing his name. He was then in his twenty-sixth year, ambitious, strong of body and of good mental and moral calibre, but cautious and perhaps somewhat skeptical as to the advantages of immediately staking a claim. He therefore resolved to travel the prairie country both on foot and on horseback before deciding upon location. Making the Gary home his headquarters, Mr. Wheaton, in due course, visited St. Louis, Quincy, Burlington, Dubuque and Galena. After a year spent in this desultory prospecting he footed it over the old Dixon trail to his friend's log home.

THE INDUSTRIAL BUILDING AND THE WAYSIDE INN
Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

THE CHICAGO GOLF CLUB
Wheaton, Ill.
The Club House shown above was recently destroyed by fire

In the meantime, a claim jumper had arrived in the immediate vicinity and by aid of an ox-team had turned the prairie sod on a portion of the Butterfield and Gary claim, having plowed around thirty acres before being discovered. The original claimants sought to induce him to withdraw by following with their ox-team plow over the same furrow. Mr. Wheaton happened there just as the controversy was warming as to individual rights over the site in dispute. The intruder seems to have been amenable to reason, however, and the controversy was settled without further dispute. But this incident hastened the decision of Wheaton. Fearing that the nearest available site might be taken while he hesitated, he took the Gary team to the coveted site eastward and turned a furrow around some 640 acres, in order to secure it.

The country was now becoming cognizant of that great onward trend westward. That movement in and around which is incorporated the homebuilding instinct of the American people. Other nations were reaching toward aggrandizement by way of military conquest; America was simply working out her destiny along the paths of peace, and the little dun-colored structures dotting the prairie were but the forerunners of the charming homes and magnificent structures that greet one in the thriving and prosperous suburbs of today. So, to Chicago by way of the Lakes, and from thence over the prairies in hooded wagons drawn by the patient, slow-going ox-teams, came colonies of homebuilders. And in 1849, prospectors were out for right of way for the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad!

THE GYMNASIUM IN WINTER
Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

THE COTTAGES, CHICAGO GOLF CLUB
Wheaton, Ill.

The Wheatons — for the brother Jesse C. had arrived soon after Warren had staked his claim — were in sympathy with the railroad project, and generously gave right of way for some two miles through their property, on condition that no depot or railroad building should be erected thereon. Autumn of this same year found the track of strap-iron spiked on wooden scantling. Any old rickety, second-hand substitute for a locomotive was deemed good enough to proceed with due caution over this white man's trail. The most forlorn of coaches, judged from the point of view of today, were in the yesterday, deemed luxuries! A primitive, shed-like structure served the purpose of "dee-po." But with these simple beginnings this western settlement soon took unto itself the responsibility of village organization to be later distinguished by the title "City of Country Homes."

Store and tavern — the latter suggesting hospitality to the wayfarer — was soon in evidence. Later, came the full-fledged "country store" in which general merchandise found a place. The proprietor was H. H. Fuller. He also managed a hotel, served as postmaster and gave some attention to the depot and stage office. There was a village smithy, where the blacksmith in the person of Mr. Wormwith, wielded "his heavy sledge with measured beat and slow."

In June, 1853, a part of the village was platted and laid out by the Wheaton brothers. The charter by which it was first incorporated was approved in 1859. Ten years later, its territory extended, a second charter was drawn up and approved. This was followed by a more liberal public policy. Streets were graded and later gravelled,

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN WHEATON, ILL.

there being a plentiful supply of material at hand, and later, the village fathers deemed it advisable to purchase a gravel pit. The arboreal beauty of Wheaton today is due to the forethought and energy of the city fathers of yesterday.

Wheaton blossomed into a county seat in 1866. Hitherto, Naperville held this honor with grace and efficiency. So strongly were its citizens opposed to the change, that legends amusing and otherwise, are associated with the descent of the Wheatonites on the courthouse at Naperville, and their capture of the public documents by force. There exists no abiding grudge between the communities, however. Why should there be? Naperville has traditions which any suburb might well envy. Its settlement began while the Indian was yet lord of the prairie and the grove! Think of the courage and diplomacy it required on the part of both men and women to face the conditions at that period!

The propriety of having an educational institution representative of its particular denomination located within the State, was seriously discussed at the Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists of Illinois, in 1848. Wheaton was selected as its site. Tradition records that its founders journeyed to this vicinity, ascended the elevated plateau, then kneeling on its prairie sod invoked the Divine Blessing upon the contemplated project. Standing on the college campus today, and recalling the beautiful little legend associated with its birth, the whole environment becomes sacred. Each tree, planted

NEW STATION AURORA, ELGIN & CHICAGO R. R.
Wheaton, Ill.

there in faith and hope, is a memorial to those who planned better than could ever be conceived. In 1854, instruction commenced in a single building, designated the "Illinois Institute." Six years later, Jonathan Blanchard, who for fourteen years had been at the head of Knox College, was called to the presidency of the newer institution. The name was changed to Wheaton College. While Dr. Blanchard manfully struggled through many vicissitudes in striving to bring the institution to that grade of proficiency enjoyed by it today, he never seems to have been wholly discouraged. Its first set-back after Dr. Blanchard took charge was the Civil War. The clarion call to arms reached its peaceful precincts. Several of its students, some of whom never returned, rallied in defense of their country's honor. In 1882, Dr. Blanchard became president emeritus with an annual stipend, while his son Charles A. Blanchard, who had been associated with his father for ten years, was elected successor.

Wheaton College maintains high ideals, believing that intellectual pursuits should be combined with all that pertains to a noble and useful life. This institution is also free from the bane of secret societies. Its students are aiming to be character builders; to take their place in the world with an equipment of energy, truth, sincerity and honor that must ultimately tell upon the community and upon the nation at large. Each one in his or her particular sphere doing the duty that "lies nearest" and doing all for the betterment of humanity at large. Many of its students have made good records in both commercial and professional careers, and Wheaton College, apart as it is

by nature's environment, being far removed from distracting influences, possesses an atmosphere conducive to study and moral uplift.

Wheaton is a city of homes, many of which are in fine park-like settings. It has twenty-two miles of paved highways above which, in loving and exclusive fashion, stretch the arms of its pioneer tree growth. There are church homes for eleven religious sects, the Gary Memorial M. E. Church, costing one hundred thousand dollars, perpetuating the name of its active pioneers. Besides grade schools and High School, there are two parochial schools — Catholic and German Lutheran, respectively — and a Farm Vacation School for boys. The Adams Memorial Library building is of magnificent proportions, more pretentious than anything of its kind in towns of similar size. It offers a free circulation of books, free reading rooms, a large lecture room as well as three rooms for the use of clubs.

The Aurora, Elgin and Chicago R. R. Co. has just completed a very fine architectural structure for depot purposes. This electric railroad, well equipped in every sense, has been a vital element in later years toward the building up of towns and villages along its right of way. Regular and quick service and politeness on the part of its employees are characteristics materially effective in the rapidly disappearing prairie.

About a mile southwest of Wheaton is the fine course of the Chicago Golf Club, said to be the first of its kind organized in this part of the country. It is reached by the Chicago and Aurora electric, and adjoining the latter, is "Green Gables," the country seat of Mr. George Plamondon. This lovely home is on an elevation overlooking a wide range of country, and its site has everything in it to suggest its former occupancy by the Indian as a place where the tribes gathered for council.

The Wheatonites have an excellent golf course and club house just east of the Chicago Golf grounds.

Photo by Bemm

VALVISTA

Home of Mr. Frank D. Abbott, St. Charles Road, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

GLEN ELLYN

GROVES, hillocks, vales, and a lovely lake snuggled in between! And viewing this same site today, one really wonders why the settlers of seventy-five years ago did not rush to this attractive spot instead of plodding still farther westward. But the western horizon, with its glory of light and color, with its ever beckoning distances, seemed to promise everything desirable to the one who ventured. So the beautiful lake shimmered in its gem-like setting of graceful undulations crowned with superb tree growth, while westward and southward colonies were already established.

It was a paradise to the gentle deer; a skulking place for the wolf, a haven for the prairie chicken; while the feathered songsters made it a palace of delight. How the Indian must have loved this particular site! Between the vistas of maple, elm and walnut he commanded a view of the surrounding country; the same stalwart growth afforded him protection from adverse winds; while the springs which here abound were sacred to his Manitou, for he believed in their healing properties. "Great Medicine!" he pronounced them. But the poor Indian was driven with his face toward the setting sun, while hillock, vale, lake, and forest awaited their destiny.

Then one day, there was borne in on the solitude, a strange, ringing sound. The deer fled to the more shadowy recesses bounding the

THE LAKE AT GLEN ELLYN, ILL.

Photo by Hemm

Photo by Bemm

KILRAVOCK

Bungalow of Mrs. Rose Fisher Kennedy, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

RECEPTION AND LIVING ROOM

Home of Mrs. Rose Fisher Kennedy, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AT "KILRAVOCK"
Home of Mrs. Rose Fisher Kennedy, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

EASTBOURNE

Home of Mr. C. Lewis Moulton, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

THE ROAD BY THE LAKE
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

lake; the wolf slunk to his lair; the prairie chicken rushed to cover, and the feathered songsters took to the topmost branches to watch. Yes; there could be no mistake. There were the bipeds, with arms instead of wings, with clumsy body covering in lieu of feathers, blazing the trees, slashing off big, bonnie boughs and cutting and whittling them into stakes they forced into the soil!

The brothers, Winslow and Seth Churchill together with John D. Ackerman, made their claims in 1834. Winslow (also given as William) Churchill in 1837 built a home here. Then he sold part of his land to Dr. L. V. or L. Q. Newton, who built the first frame house in this section. Dr. Newton, after the coming of the railroad in 1849, and in order to coax the company to a courteous consideration toward the small settlement, put up a station. He installed David Kelly as major domo. Kelly, who had formerly kept a post office at his farm, some three miles north, now instituted a hostelry and post office combined in the depot building.

A post office must not be nameless, and in casting around for a title, Kelly could think of none better than that of Danby, a town in Vermont from whence he originated. May, 1854, Newton platted the village under this title, but in 1876, it adopted the more sanguine cognomen of "Prospect Park." There was nothing of poetry in either title, but its day of redemption had not arrived.

The date when this beautifully located and charming village received its present designation "Glen Ellyn," the writer is not prepared to state, but there is an association reaching back some twenty-five years or more when an excursion to Glen Ellyn formed a red-letter day in the history of herself and her husband. It was then very beautiful;

all that Nature could do to enhance its loveliness was much in evidence. Its main highway still gave evidence of the frontier period. It was quaint and traditional of aspect. But it bore the attractive title of "Glen Ellyn." The lake is known as "Ellyn," the village as Glen Ellyn, this combination being both euphonious and appropriate to the old Celtic designation for glen or vale or a depression between hills. Some one with poetic sentiment must have originated this pretty title.

The site of Glen Ellyn is 150 feet above Lake Michigan and is twenty-two miles west of Chicago, both steam and electricity furnishing excellent transportation in from 38 to 55 minutes. There are two good schools built of brick, four churches, and over two thousand of a population. Its social advantages includes golfing, boating and other aquatic sports, while winter brings its round of skating, tobogganing, and sleigh-rides. There is also a delightful philanthropic work carried on here — in the form of a boy's outing club, of which Mrs. Rose Fisher Kennedy is the moving spirit.

OLD DUTCH WINDMILL
York Center, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

RAYFERO

Home of Mr. Danford J. Abram, Lombard, Ill.

HOME OF MR. A. H. ANDREWS
Lombard, Ill.

LOMBARD

EAST of Glen Ellyn and midway between the latter place and Elmhurst, is Lombard, in the township of York. This township was settled mainly by families from New York State, hence its name. Lombard was originally known as Babcock's Grove —that is its post office and railway depot were known by this title. In 1834, Luther Morton and W. Churchill, Jr., staked claims and built a log cabin near the present site of the Chicago and North-Western depot. Ultimately, in 1867, a goodly portion of the land passed into the possession of Josiah Lombard, who platted the site a year later and became sponsor for its present name. In 1869, it was incorporated as the village of Lombard, and station and post office assumed this title.

The projectors of this site had always been most sanguine as to its future, believing that as the country settled and the railroad had arrived, its site would develop into one characterized by a thrifty commercialism. But it has largely remained a village of homes. In 1851 it had five frame dwellings and one store as well as a building owned by the railroad company, which was utilized for depot purposes as well as for a hotel. Its first church was here at this period.

GARDEN AND LAWN, HOME OF MR. A. H. ANDREWS
Lombard, Ill.

The Lombard of today presents many possibilities. It is a delightful village around which radiates an atmosphere of restfulness. It has schools and churches, water and a good sewage system; a sane social life and a golf club. But the magician, in the form of a clever sub-divider has not yet touched it with his wand. When he arrives, Lombard, with its undulating surface, its lovely tree growth and its excellent transportation service, will respond with a vim that will surprise the communities that have grown up on its eastern and western borders.

In the township of York, there was in the days of earliest settlement, one of the busiest of grist mills. Its great arms flapped to the prairie winds, for it was a real Dutch windmill, with its round tower-like formation. But it was a boon to the settlers. We are now in an age of steam and electricity and of rapid transportation, and cannot conceive of all the pioneers endured in the days when conditions were otherwise. Then honor to their memory: the fathers who tilled the soil; the mothers, who — well their task never ended until they folded their hands in the last long sleep.

Photo by Benin

WISTERIA LODGE

Home of Mr. Lew H. Webb, Lombard, Ill.

BYRD'S NEST CHAPEL

ELMHURST

"No palm branch waved at temple or at triumph, is fair as an elm branch."
—Quayle.

A SMALL settlement of thrifty Germans was found on this site in 1837. But J. L. Hovey, who came from Ohio, is considered its real pioneer. In 1843, on a bit of an elevation commanding a sweeping view of the prairie, Mr. Hovey built a cottage. As was customary when an abode became known as a public hostelry in early days, it was designated a "tavern," and as we have learned by previous chapters, these taverns dotted the landscape at distances well calculated between Chicago and the frontier settlements. Later, Mr. Hovey desired to install a post office. The latter having to be designated by name, the rising ground, together with the simple architecture, suggested "Hill Cottage."

Photo by Bemm

LANCASTER LODGE

Home of Mr. T. E. Wilder, Elmhurst, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

THE PARK, "LANCASTER LODGE"
Home of Mr. T. E. Wilder, Elmhurst, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. C. J. ALBERT
Elmhurst, Ill.

John Wentworth (familiarly called Long John on account of his tallness) was the Congressional representative of this district, and he presented the petition for "Hill Cottage" post office. The postmaster general objected to the name for the reason that "so many post offices" already bore the prefix of "hill." He therefore granted the petition on condition that the title be "Cottage Hill."

This site presented many attractions. It was within fair distance of the growing city by the lake, and moneyed men doing business in Chicago were seeking productive sites for country homes. One of the first to venture on such a quest, was the late Thomas B. Bryan, who made a purchase of several hundred acres. Plenty of good land for farming and stock raising, with springs of clear water in the vicinity, or a plentiful supply to be had by boring — but no trees!

Yonder, with a mile or more of prairie intervening, were trees, one particular grove traditionally designated the "Sleeping Giant" from its suggestion of form. Mr. Bryan resolved to attack the "giant" and force him to yield the richest and best of his domain — trees that could be transported and transplanted with success. And he did; with the result that avenue after avenue of trees of noble girth and majestic sweep are the distinguishing feature of Elmhurst today. In fact, around the trees of Elmhurst are embodied some of its loftiest traditions, for others followed in the pioneer tree planting suggested by Mr. Bryan. It was a work done for posterity; a task by which man's

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF DR. HENRY FREDERICK LANGHORST
Elmhurst, Ill.

consideration for his kind evolved itself into that noblest of attributes — unselfishness.

One can readily understand how the designation "Cottage Hill" became a misfit in this scheme of arboreal grandeur. As the elms with their stately pillars lifted heavenward, or stretched their limbs in an abandon of grace, above the highways and byways, creating woodlands and groves of exceptional charm, the poetic temperament of the originator of this fairy transformation, was moved to suggest a title more in keeping with its appearance. So, in 1870, Mr. Bryan suggested the beautiful name "Elmhurst." "Elm" from its predominating tree growth, and "hurst" from the old English "hyrst" which has its equivalent in the German "horst" meaning thicket, or wood, or grove.

Mr. Bryan built a pretentious country home in the midst of a landscape artistically devised by the planting of trees and shrubs, and by shadowy nooks, reached by curving byways, that has become more beautiful and imposing as the years have passed. This home is still occupied by his daughter, Miss Jennie Byrd Bryan when not visiting her brother, Colonel Charles Page Bryan, who has been in the United States diplomatic service for some years, and is at present (September, 1912) Ambassador to Japan. At one corner of the estate, but in close proximity to the public highway, Mr. Bryan built a cosey edifice for religious services — Episcopal denomination. It is known as Byrd's

Photo by Bemm

KENILWORTH
Home of Mr. Geo. R. Chapman, Elmhurst, Ill.

Nest Chapel — Byrd being a distinguished family name. The Rev. Chas. Palmerston Anderson, now Bishop of the diocese of Chicago, served as rector of this parish for eight years (1892-1900).

"Lancaster Lodge," the home of the Hon. T. E. Wilder, was built by Henry W. King, another of the notables that lived in the old Bingham tavern after it was rejuvenated, and while he was awaiting occupancy of the projected home. "Lancaster Lodge" is today, a marvel of scenic beauty. Its formal garden (see cover page) enclosed by the most symmetrical of hedges, preserves a well-balanced harmony of form and color. Adjoining, is an old fashioned or "grandmother's" garden, in which flourish the herbs and blossoms associated with bygone years antedating the period of gigantic blooms grown for exhibition purposes and to catch a prize. Oh, how fragrant are its byways! Reminding one of an old cedar chest, with its lid just lifted emitting not only its own aroma, but that of lavender and other sweet scents that had been folded in between the quaintly fashioned wardrobe of "my lady" of long, long ago. A park-like vista of lawn, shrub and trees, greet the eye from the roomy screened porches which extend around three sides of this charming home — one side being embowered by a grand maple-growth.

The old Indian trail from Chicago to St. Charles, being transformed into a highway over which the stages ran with some degree of regularity before the railway came into being, takes its picturesque way through

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. GUSTAV SWENSON
Elmhurst, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

GARDEN AND GREENHOUSES
Home of Mr. Gustav Swenson, Elmhurst, Ill.

COTTAGE HILL AVE., ELMHURST, ILL.

Elmhurst. Adjacent to this highway was Bingham's tavern which performed good service as an hostelry for many years. Then it was purchased and moved to a more favorable site for a home, its original architecture changed to suit its immediate needs. Mr. Bryan, while homebuilding, domiciled his family here. Later, it became the country home of the distinguished portrait painter, George P. A. Healy, who moved here with his family in 1857.

"We were still settled at Cottage Hill, now Elmhurst," writes Mr. Healy in his interesting 'Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter,' "the elder children at school, the younger ones running wild like young colts —when the war broke out." And again, "Among the most successful portraits I painted at this time I can mention that of Mrs. Thomas B. Bryan, whose hospitable home was always open to me and mine. Mr. Bryan and I agreed on many points, but the greatest bond of sympathy perhaps was our admiration for our respective wives — for each other's wives, too." Hanging in the Bryan home is this charming portrait of a beautiful and refined woman, and here, even in the early days of settlement, were found art treasures from many lands.

Entering Elmhurst by way of the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago electric railroad, and walking northward but a few steps, one finds themselves in a veritable land of enchantment with color and fragrance. Here are the extensive nurseries of Gustav Swenson. Mr. Swenson has installed an overhead system of irrigation, by which the plants enjoy a summer shower at the will of the owner. If old Aptakisic or Waubunsie could only appear! It would be defined in Indian language as "Great Medicine!" The asters revel in this locality, shading from white to grey and then taking on the hue of lavender until they become truly royal of aspect in richest purple. In one particular highway is

preserved the former name of Elmhurst. This is as it should be. Traditions should be preserved, but we are too apt to destroy and ignore.

Elmhurst early enjoyed educational privileges, the college being established in 1869. There are good public schools; a grammar and high school, churches, and social organizations, including a golf club.

The suggestion for municipal water supply came in a most remarkable and unexpected manner to Elmhurst. It was in the Spring of 1861, when for many miles, the residents were startled by a loud explosion. It was discovered in one particular place — in the immediate vicinity of the ground now occupied by the waterworks, that a wonderful stream of water had burst from the earth. It was clear, sparkling, cool and after scientific examination, pronounced absolutely pure. After being assured that it had projected itself in their midst with a firm resolve to remain, it was harnessed for the promulgation of the health and sanitary betterment of the village. Today, Elmhurst has more good water at her command than she can adequately use.

A LOMBARD PIONEER IN HIS CORN PATCH

RIVER FOREST AND MAYWOOD
New Bridge across the Desplaines on Lake St.

MAYWOOD

**"Or sheltered lawn, where, 'mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies."**

MORE and more level becomes the country traveling eastward from Elmhurst. Entering the township of Proviso, the Des Plaines flowing southward and Salt Creek, northeast and then southeast, with their beautifully wooded banks, were the attractions to this part of the prairie in the early days of settlement. Tradition tells of the fine elms, with a girth of five feet or more and of the stone waiting to be quarried. Then appeared a log cabin among the trees, and he who put it there designated his place as "Bennitt's Grove;" another log cabin and a wild cat haunting the timber, led to a claim being designated "Cat Grove." Bennitt's claim seems to have been lost in the shuffle, but the owner of "Cat Grove" Thomas R. Colville was a real pioneer of this township. Mr. Colville had been in the State of Illinois since 1819 and had settled at Plainfield about 1830. He is found as Captain of Volunteers at Fort Dearborn in 1832, and in 1834 had established himself, near to what is now a part of Maywood.

This township was organized under the name of "Taylor," but very soon afterward it was re-christened "Proviso." This latter name

involves in its title, memories of one of the critical periods in American history — the early days of anti-slavery agitation. Congressman Wilmot of Pennsylvania insistently maintained that if land were to be acquired in the new western territory, that a "proviso" whereby slavery might never be permitted in the territory should be enforced. The "proviso" failed to carry, but the settlers in this small section of the Illinois country, perpetuated the memory of its principles, when, acting upon the suggestion of "Long" John Wentworth, they adopted the name of "Proviso" as title for their township.

The township commissioners devised public highways and in the Spring of 1851, a resolution was passed that five mills in the dollar be raised for the purpose of building a bridge across the Des Plaines, "where the Chicago and Grand De Tour State Road crosses said river." It was carried by a majority vote of five, there being a total of twenty-four votes polled. Then the commissioners were authorized to negotiate a loan of not over six hundred dollars and at any interest not to exceed twelve and a half per cent for the purpose of building this bridge and that the debt so incurred should be liquidated by the payment of five mills on each dollar of taxation.

In the early summer of 1868, the real history of Maywood had its inception. Colonel W. T. Nichols of Rutland, Vt., contracted for the purchase of one and three quarter miles of land from north to south and one mile from east to west.

He organized a stock company with a capital of $75,000, and in April, 1869 obtained a special charter from the Illinois legislature. Streets were laid out, trees planted and a tract of about two blocks in width reserved for park purposes. A two story brick structure, in Gothic style of architecture, the first floor designed for school purposes and the upper story finished for religious services, was erected at a cost of five thousand dollars. In January, 1871, the upper part was dedicated as a union church, open to all denominations. In the Spring of the same year, the school was opened and sustained by private subscription, Miss Ida Barnes being its first teacher.

A unique feature of this pioneer land company was to set aside four blocks of land, one of each was to be donated to any religious denomination that would erect a church. The Congregationalists and Methodists were the first to avail themselves of the opportunity. The Chicago & Northwestern company had built its depot in 1870.

The village was incorporated as Maywood, Oct. 22, 1811, the name being derived from the fact that its chief promoter had a loved daughter named "May," and "wood" being added to emphasize the fact that this section had an original growth of timber. The Proviso Land Company was one of a very few corporations chartered by the State to deal in lands and the company is still in existence.

Maywood of today has miles of finely paved streets with a tree growth that is the outcome of the work performed by the pioneer homebuilders.

The village is easily and quickly reached via the Aurora, Elgin & Chicago R. R. from its Fifth Avenue Terminal, Chicago.

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. W. H. WINSLOW
River Forest, Ill.

HOME OF MR. JAY C. FREEMAN
255 Oak Ave., River Forest, Ill.

Wm. Drummond, Archt.

HOME OF MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND
288 Oak Avenue, River Forest, Ill.

RIVER FOREST AND OAK PARK

DAVID C. THATCHER who had been engaged in mercantile pursuits in Chicago, since 1838, retired to what had been known as "Des Plaines River" station, in 1858. Mr. Thatcher had previously purchased land in 1856, building quite a pretentious home thereon, and in 1863, the depot name was changed to Thatcher in honor of this pioneer homebuilder.

The name River Forest seems to have been suggested in 1872, by the forest-like appearance of the land bordering the river, but the sponsor for this peculiarly attractive title has not been recorded. During the summer of 1860, a Sunday school was organized, Miss Francis E. Willard and Miss Clara E. Thatcher being its first teachers in the "little red schoolhouse" which also served as public school.

For some time, Miss Thatcher continued in this mission work alone, and then O. A. Willard, a young Biblical student was engaged to teach public school during the winter months, and he interested other students in carrying on the mission work. In the meantime a new brick school house was built and the mission secured the use of its lecture room. But the cause declined, and the Episcopal denomi-

LIVING ROOM
Home of Mr. William Drummond, River Forest, Ill.

nation occupied the building. Then the Methodists united with the Episcopalians in putting up a church edifice. In 1873, the Thatcher family built a Methodist church at a cost of $10,000.

River Forest has ever presented the aspect of a purely residence village. Today there are some delightfully modern homes, very artistic of design, and showing the modern trend toward simplicity in architectural structure, the grand old trees adding picturesque effects that are truly beautiful.

The new bridge across the Des Plaines is of historic interest, since it spans the river, where in the early thirties, the settlers of Milton and York townships, urged the building of a bridge in order that the farmers might carry their products to Chicago. Tradition says that this first bridge, which was superseded by one of later date, was built by the combined efforts of the settlers in the townships named. The fine structure now spanning the stream is of quite recent date. When one considers that this bridge forms a continuance of Lake Street to and from Chicago, it is very readily understood that this was a highway of importance. The electric cars now have right of way over this old wagon road of the past.

Oak Park is in the township of Cicero. Here in 1833, came Joseph Kettlestrings with his wife and family. He was an Englishman to whom the West presented attractions drawing him from comfort to hardship. Mr. Kettlestrings has left on record the fact that the site upon which Oak Park now stands, was the only piece of dry land he

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. WILLIAM A. POPE
River Forest, Ill.

found after leaving Chicago. Sanguine as to its possibilities, he stopped long enough to stake his claim and then journeyed about one mile westward, in quest of another Englishman who had staked his claim on the Des Plaines, in 1831.

He found his friend George Bickerdike in partnership with Mark Noble (senior) running a saw mill. Mr. Kettlestrings lived in a log cabin, near the mill, until 1835, when he erected a farm house on his claim — the first house in Oak Park. As in beginnings of like kind, he kept a tavern or inn, and many a weary-worn traveler on his way westward, was glad to rest there a night. This house was built in the midst of a fine oak growth, and, it became known as "Kettlestrings' Grove" although he himself had named it in English fashion "Oak Ridge." And in 1859, the village itself — for many settlers had been drawn to this spot — was known as "Oak Ridge." This same year, however, its railroad station was known as "Harlem" and its post office as "Noyesville!" This mix-up of names soon caused no end of inconvenience, as there was another "Oak Ridge" in Illinois, as well as a post office designated "Harlem!" The villagers, upon hearing there was a movement on foot, to change the name to "East Harlem," were up in arms, and in less than a month, Congressman Chas. B. Farwell had succeeded to their satisfaction in having the name changed to Oak Park.

Oak Park of today, with a population of 25,000, retains its village organization. Its municipal building, its schools, library and churches are imposing structures. It is essentially a community of homes, many of them above the average from an architectural viewpoint. A. M. Cummings, who, as a subdivider has done much toward the growth of many of the Western Suburbs, has his home in this village.

Both River Forest and Oak Park have excellent transportation facilities.

Photo by Bemm

AUSTIN STATE BANK OF CHICAGO
Austin

Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. FRED C. BEESON

Photo by Bemm

NORWOOD

Home of Mr. Geo. H. Norton, 7030 Berkley Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

AUSTIN AND BERWYN

AUSTIN was founded by Henry W. Austin in 1866. Mr. Austin was also one of the early settlers of Oak Park. He belonged to good old pioneer stock, his grandfather having settled in the county of Onondaga, N. Y. in 1792, facing the wilderness and resolving to conquer. It was Mr. Austin that, quietly but effectively cleaned out the saloon element in Oak Park. He bought the property upon which the saloons existed, and then induced the township to maintain a prohibition district.

Five acres of land were donated by this most generous pioneer of town sites, for establishing a park-like environment to the Cicero Town Hall and he improved this land until it became a beauty spot in the village. The land upon which Austin grew had been originally owned by Henry L. De Koven, who bought it from the government in 1835 — some 280 acres in all.

Austin is now a part of the city of Chicago, but its citizens never lose sight of the fact, that as a home town it must still thrive and grow, and they take pride in its development, with the result, that fine business houses are maintained here. Beautiful shops are

Photo by Bemm

NORWOOD

Home of Mr. Geo. H. Norton, 7030 Berkley Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

grouped near the parkway and a large percentage of the population favor the home stores.

The Austin State Bank was organized in 1891. In 1895 it moved into more commodious quarters. It still grew and today, a new structure with a frontage on South Boulevard of fifty-five feet, and with a depth on Park Avenue of one hundred and ten feet has been erected. It is of granite and Bedford stone and its architectural effect is wonderfully imposing, its facade being distinguished by four supporting Ionic columns. The interior is of marble with fixtures of bronze and with every up-to-date convenience for patrons, including a room for ladies and a safety deposit department. The directors are: Percy V. Castle, Taylor A. Snow, Axel A. Strom, Perley D. Castle, Frederick R. Schock, Joseph J. Walsh, Jr., Michael L. Collins, Geo. F. Hulseberg, Carl Bloomberg, with Charles S. Castle as president.

The author of this work also delights in the fact that Austin has produced one of America's best marine painters. Charles Edward Hallberg has lived here for many years and worked out his own salvation under difficulties. Some years ago, it was the writer's privilege to visit Mr. Hallberg in his own little home, in which his studio is located. Feeling there was a future before him she did her best to encourage him, and was gratified to learn that Austin was not altogether unappreciative of the genius that was struggling for expression

in its midst. Today, Austinites must be proud of the fact that Mr. Hallberg, who has now attained international fame in his particular delineations of Lake Michigan, whether in calm or in storm, or in more coquettish mood by moonlight, still prefers to be known as a homemaker in Austin.

On the way to Riverside, the pretty suburb of Berwyn is reached. It is of very modern aspect, being incorporated as a village in 1890. Its site is of more or less historic import as it will ever be associated with days when the Portage route was the only available highway to the Des Plaines. In this vicinity was the famous Mud Lake, which has been absorbed, practically, by the Drainage Canal. Its remaining marsh, however, still affords attraction for the hunter of wild ducks. The pretty title of Berwyn was bestowed by Mr. P. S. Eustis, passenger traffic manager of the C. B. & Q. R. R., who named it in memory of a suburb of Philadelphia, in which city Mr. Eustis "grew up." He always thought the Pennsylvania Railroad station names were good and he made this happy selection, which is euphonious and inviting. The Berwyn Club, the centre of the social life of the village, has recently opened its handsome new club house, which cost about $30,000.

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