CHICAGO

By

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

With Illustrations by

Lester G. Hornby

The Water Tower

Chicago

Rush Street at the Bridge

CHICAGO

By H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

DRAWINGS BY
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Site of Old Fort Dearborn

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CHICAGO

I

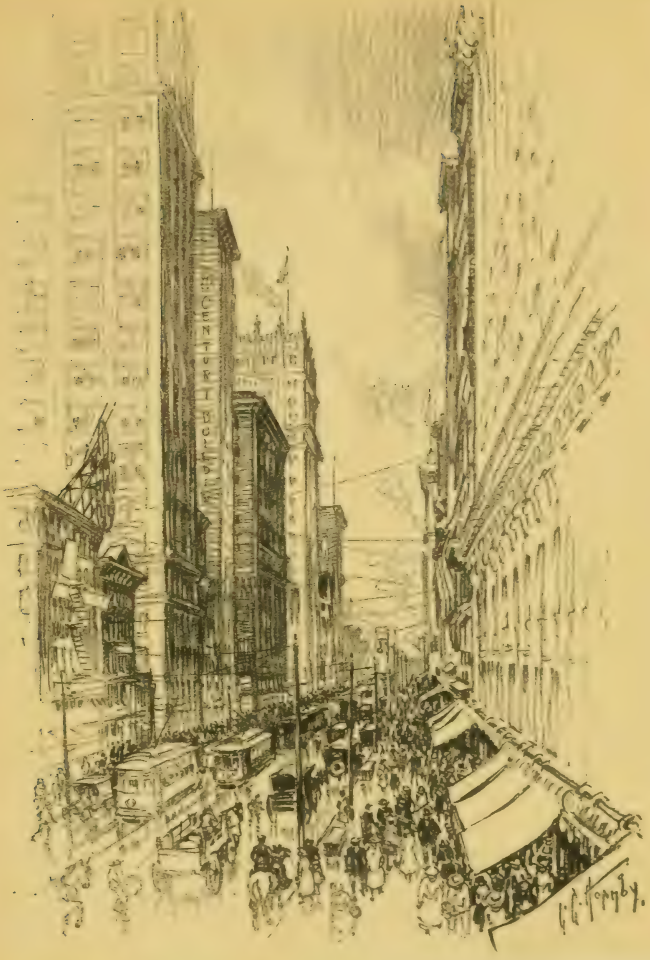
THE RIVER OF THE PORTAGE

ONE night, after a supper given by Richard Mansfield to Coquelin the Inimitable, I stood beside Sarah Bernhardt on the balcony of a Chicago hotel. The moon had laid a silver trail across the lake, the buildings of the city loomed shadowy in the night. Below us blazed the lights of Michigan Avenue; from its pavement came the rumble of many cabs speeding to places of revelry. A moment of silence had come to appease the fatigue of speaking in a foreign tongue; but it was broken by the surpassing woman beside me. "I adore Chicago," she exclaimed. "It is the pulse of America."

For fifteen years that tribute to my native city has been ringing in my ears; — and now when my task is to write of its life, both new and old, those words of Sarah Bernhardt come impulsively to mind as the best with which to characterize its individuality among the cities of the world.

"A little upstart village," an English traveler called Chicago at the time when the building of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was begun. Barely a decade after the first boat had passed through its locks, our city contained a hundred thousand energetic souls; and now, just eighty years since the first spadeful of earth was turned for the digging of that momentous ditch, it houses well considerably two million men, women, and children foregathered from practically every land on earth. The newest great City of the newest great Country, it is the field in which industrial wars

State Street from the Van Buren Loop Station


CENTURY BUILDING
L.G. Hornby.

are fought and civic experiments tested — the crucible in which a most disproportionate mixture of native and alien manhood is fused into American citizenship. May not this municipality which has grown from a little upstart village to a huge upstart city within the ken of some born within its limits, who are still in the land of the living, be termed, without undue bravado, "The pulse of America"?

To the stranger within her gates the most forbidding part of Chicago is the region of dilapidated buildings and ill-paved streets adjoining the Rush Street Bridge. Yet this rookery is the part of our city best entitled to be qualified as old, for here is the seat of a history vying in age with almost any in the land. Here, too, is the main reach of the river whence sprang the city's greatness and from which it takes its name.

Once it flowed turbid into the lake; now it runs lucid, albeit artificially, to the Mississippi. Yet to the casual beholder it has ever been unprepossessing, even the savages who first beheld it dubbing it the "Checagou," or "River of the Wild Onion." The name bears another interpretation, however, more pleasing to our pride, the word "Checagoe," according to one philologist, at least, meaning something "great" or "strong." Since it more aptly typifies the city on its banks, may not this interpretation of the name of our river be accepted in lieu of the one which has long tarnished our fame? But this plea is leading me afield.

Innumerable ages before the kindly Illinois were driven from its shores by the ruthlessly efficient Iroquois, or before the "canoe folk," as the Pottawattomies were called, had first dipped their paddles into its waters, the Checagou began flowing into our stormy lake. Its source was near a muddy pond, a dozen or so miles from its mouth, and its course, till it met its affluent, was toward the Polar Star; then for about a mile it flowed eastward, but until the Anglo-Saxon came with dredge and pier, a bar created by the storms of winter made it trickle into the lake near where the Art Institute now stands.

After its junction with the river Guarie, as its prosaic northern branch was once called, its left bank was wooded, but generally its shores were soggy and flat. In truth, it was a forbidding creek, and quite insignificant, too, even to the Indian on its banks, till he discovered that its source lay but a portage away from a beautiful stream flowing toward the Father of Waters.

On the long journey from the great lake to the great river, this meant less shouldering of his canoe; therefore, instead of trudging across the sun-scorched prairie, he paddled up our river to its source, carried his birch-bark craft to the River of the Plains, then glided on its waters to the Divine River, as the Illinois was called by Sieur Louis Joliet, our discoverer.

For a century and a half the white man followed the trail the red man had trod; then he dug a canal along the route of the portage and dredged away the sandbar that prevented the Wild Onion River from flowing freely into the lake. When the vessels which had brought merchandise to the little trading-post at its mouth began to reload their holds with prairie grain borne to their very hatches by the boats of the new canal, Chicago, the city of destiny, arose overnight.

Strange that intrepid Louis Joliet should have foreseen its commercial future! "It will be possible to go from Lake Erie to the Mississippi by a very good navigation," he informed his government. "There would be but one canal to make." The making of that one canal inaugurated Chicago's prosperity; yet nearly two centuries and a half after Joliet wrote those prophetic words, his dream has come but partially true, it being still impossible for boats of a commercial size to pass from Lake Erie to the Mississippi. The waterway project, however, which he outlined to the authorities of New France has become a political question to those of Illinois. Perhaps within another two centuries and a half his dream may be realized to the full.

May the ship canal which one day makes Chicago a thriving seaport bear his name, both honor and justice making it his rightful due. He captained the first band of white men who paddled down our river, and he foresaw our greatness; yet Marquette, his missionary chaplain, and the

Chevalier de La Salle, his successor in pioneering, have been unduly honored at his expense. Henri de Tonty, too, the Neapolitan soldier of fortune, whose courage, loyalty, and tact long held our land for the crown of France, is another hero of our romantic past neglected by our builders of monuments and namers of streets.

But in berating historic justice for the slowness of her pace, I am forgetting our ugly river. When ill unto death upon its banks, Père Marquette, the zealot, called it the "River of the Portage," a prettier and more appropriate name by far than "Wild Onion." Yet a moment ago I spoke of it as our ugly river. It was a sop to popular opinion, I confess, since to me it is beautiful — a river of infinite mystery rimmed by material might.

Thus it appears in the glow of a fading day, when the massive symmetry of the warehouses upon its banks is mellowed by

Chicago River from Rush Street Bridge

the smoke of its industry, and the white ships at its wharves are crimsoned by the sun's last rays. Indeed, I seldom cross the Rush Street Bridge afoot without stopping to gaze at this alluring river, and to dream of the changes time's magic has wrought.

If the air be calm, and the smoke curl eerily about the giant buildings, I seem to hear, above the clanging, hissing noises of the city, the click of the pioneer's axe, the war-cry of the painted savage. The huge warehouses and the towering office buildings seem to vanish in the gray evening mist, while in their place appears brown prairie land stretching unbroken to the setting sun. Through it the river threads its glowing way; yet even at the visioning twilight hour it is hard to realize that Indians once spread their tepees on its shores and sowed their golden corn, hard to picture the swift canoes of *voyageur* and priest gliding down its silent reaches.

Yet once the land where Chicago stands was a prairie wilderness for which successive tribes of red men battled, and once, for a century, it was under the lilied banner of France. By right of conquest it passed to a witless king, to remain under his scepter till a handful of his rebellious subjects, led by a prescient young soldier, wrested it from him. Then our river's life of energy began.

Near the sand-spit at its mouth stood the lonely cabin of the negro, Point de Saible, earliest inhabitant of record. For a song he sold it to Joseph Le Mai, *coureur du bois* turned trader; in the mean time Antoine Ouilmette, a fellow Frenchman, married a squaw and built himself a cabin a goodly stone's-throw away.

One day, "a big canoe with wings," as the wondering Indians called her, anchored at the river's mouth, and began to unload both soldiers and supplies. Trees of a virgin forest were felled, a blockhouse, barracks, and stockade of logs were built, the flag of a newly born nation was unfurled; then John Kinzie, " the father of Chicago," bought Le Mai's log house, and began to barter tobacco and rum for peltries and corn.

Under good Captain John Whistler, its builder and first commander, Fort Dearborn, as the new post was called, was peaceable, but with the coming of his tactless successor, the Indians its guns were meant to awe became defiant. When a senseless war broke out between our new nation and its mother land, they daubed upon their cheeks the black paint which augured death and chanted their terrifying songs.

When the soldiers of the little garrison marched forth with their women-folk in fatuous retreat one scorching August day, the Indians escorted them along the lake shore till the feathered heads of fellow savages peered above the yellow summits of a cluster of sand dunes; then they dug heel into their ponies and galloped away.

A brave frontiersman who knew their treacherous ways waved his hat in warning; an incompetent captain ordered his men to charge. They obeyed valiantly, though outnumbered ten to one. Sniping from behind the dunes till the ranks of the soldiers were thinned, the blood-lusting Indians rushed with tomahawk and knife upon the women and children huddling beneath the white canopies of army wagons. At the end of fifteen agonizing minutes the soldiers still alive surrendered to their savage enemies, who danced on the morrow in triumph about the smouldering embers of the little fort.

That skirmish of barely more than a century ago Chicago has called its "Massacre," and a monument depicting it has been erected at the corner of Calumet

Site of the Fort Dearborn Massacre

Avenue and Eighteenth Street. A commemorative tablet, too, of the little stockaded army post is embedded in the walls of the saloon at the southern end of the Rush Street Bridge, which with historical irony bears the name of "Fort Dearborn."

Although the most blood-curdling event in all our history, the "Massacre" was of slight moment, since the fort at the river's mouth was rebuilt, and garrisoned from time to time, until another Captain Whistler marched its last force of regulars away, just twenty years after the battle of the Sand Dunes. The Indians had risen again, meanwhile, and under the surly chief named Blackhawk had caused such a commotion throughout the land that valiant old "Fuss and Feathers" himself brought both an army and an epidemic of cholera to our little fort. It was then that lanky Abe Lincoln, a country lawyer, shouldered a musket with the militia of his town.

During those stirring years the pack-trains which bore furs and peltries to John Kinzie's trading-post were crowded off the trails by the canvas-covered wagons of sturdy New Englanders trekking to our prairie land; and the Mackinaw barges of the *voyageurs* were replaced upon the blue waters of Lake Michigan by the white-sailed schooners of enterprising merchants. When Blackhawk laid down his blood-stained arms, and all the Indians of the prairies gathered at our river's mouth to sell their fertile hunting-grounds to the White Father at Washington, a few score of log houses and clapboarded stores and saloons had been built upon its banks.

On Wolf Point, the headland where the Guarie joined the River of the Portage, stood Elijah Wentworth's tavern; across the stream, and near the place where Mark Beaubien had begun to build his more ambitious Sauganash Hotel, was this innkeeper's Eagle Exchange, first of the famous hostelries within the "Loop." A post-office, too, had been opened in a log hut a few yards away, and our "mushroom village," as a traveler called it, was preparing to incorporate itself as a full-fledged town.

No sooner had our charter been granted by the newly created State of Illinois than Gurdon S. Hubbard, who died only thirty years ago, built our first brick building. When, with some four thousand inhabitants, we became a city four years later and began to dig the canal which made us prosperous, this notable citizen built our first warehouse and started our first line of steamers. Meanwhile, the Federal Government dredged away the sandbar at the river's mouth, and built restraining piers. Then the first boat passed through the locks of the new canal.

Presto, a marvelous change was wrought

in our placid river! No longer did the officers of Fort Dearborn hunt wolves upon its wooded shores, or fiery young Indians fight deadly duels there for love of a Chippewa maiden. With bewildering speed the piles of its many miles of wharfage were driven into its miry bottom; while warehouses for the storage of merchandise and elevators for the unloading and loading of cargoes of grain arose beside it. In spacious yards along its low shores yellow timber from the forests of the north was stored in symmetrical piles, until the drayman could haul it to the prairie and the carpenter saw and hammer it into houses with peaked roofs, or mansions with filigreed cupolas.

Wherever the traffic of the city growing so magically upon its banks had burst its bounds, the river was spanned by a red wooden turn-bridge. Up their steep approaches jaded horses staggered the whole day long, while the busybody tugboats, churning the waters beneath them into slimy foam, puffed asphyxiating smoke into the nostrils of perspiring citizens; for those were the piping days when more vessels were cleared from our river than from any harbor in the land. To stand on the Rush Street Bridge at nightfall was then a joy indeed to the lover of ships.

A bell clangs, a red ball rises on a little pole, and slowly the bridge swings into the stream, its brawny tender bending his weight to the lever. Straining at the hawser of her snorting tug, a graceful schooner glides toward the ruffled lake, her sailors singing a merry "Ye Ho" to the rhythmical creaking of her halliards in their blocks. Slowly her sails climb her sleek masts. "Cast off!" shouts the skipper at her wheel. The jibs speed up the iron headstays and fill to the evening breeze; the tugboat whistles in token of farewell;

another vessel has been added to the grain fleet whose sails dot the blue horizon as far as the eye can see.

Those days of the river's glory are ended, for now the huge steamers of heartless railway corporations crawl past our bascule bridges at night, with their siren whistles shrilling above the nerve-wracking clatter of automobile horns and trolley gongs. Occasionally, however, a weather-beaten "lumber hooker," loaded to her guards with sweet-smelling pine, steals into the river at dusk. The waves have battered most of her paint away, and her sooty old sails are patched in many places; yet to me she is a thing of beauty, and as she is towed past the bridge where I stand, I doff my hat to her in memory of the trim barkentines and schooners of my youth. They lie, alas, in Davy Jones's locker or are rotting at some remote wharf, where the small boys of the neighborhood know

The Cañon of Quincy Street from Fifth Avenue


RESTAURANT

too little of Marryat and Cooper to play my boyhood games of pirate and man-o'-war's-man upon their warped and pitchless decks.

Though a forest of slender masts no longer rises from our river, and the wooden warehouses and elevators upon its banks have been replaced by huge structures of steel and brick, it is still beautiful. Yes, I repeat the word boldly, for I met Gari Melchiors and Walter McEwen on the Rush Street Bridge one day, gazing at the white steamers and the grimy buildings veiled in the evening mist. "The most beautiful thing in all Chicago is the river," exclaimed one of these painters. "Alas," sighed the other, "only Whistler could do it justice."

To an art-loving citizen of our city Whistler himself once said: "Chicago, dear me, what a wonderful place! I really ought to visit it some day, for you know my grandfather founded it and my uncle was the last commander of Fort Dearborn!" Had he deigned to visit the site of the frontier post his grandfather built scarcely more than a century ago, he would have found a city as smoke-ridden as London, and a gray river as suited to his genius as the Thames.

A Bit of Old Wabash Avenue

II. *The Heart of the City*

II

THE HEART OF THE CITY

THE river's two branches, and the reach through which, united, they flow to the lake, divide Chicago, like the proverbial Gaul, into three parts, called prosaically the North Side, the South Side, and the West Side. Ethnologically as different as are New Yorkers, Brooklynites, and Harlemites, the inhabitants of these three territorial divisions view each other askance and mingle but little. There is a neutral land, however, where they transact business by day and enjoy themselves by night, and because the trains of the elevated railways run around it, instead of into it and out again, as they do into the Wall Street district of New York, it is called the "Loop."

Here a quarter of a million people of

both sexes are dumped six days a week by the transportation lines to toil for their daily bread. When the office buildings and stores vomit them into the streets at nightfall, they hang to straps in surface, steam, or elevated cars, until they reach the houses and flats they designate as home; but no sooner is the soot washed from their faces than a goodly proportion of them hasten back to the Loop again, for here are the clubs, theatres, restaurants, and hotels, as well as the banks, offices, and department stores. Indeed, when the street lamps and protean signs begin to glisten, the aspect of the Loop alters entirely. Restless men and neurotic women no longer scamper from sky-scraper to sky-scraper; in their places are affable strollers who tarry now and then to gaze at the modish manikins displayed in the gay shop windows. The street cars still deposit people in the Loop, but they are merry-makers, not toilers, *From the Viaduct — The Loop Station at West Randolph Street*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and some of them actually find time to smile. The horse truck, moreover, and the motor van have disappeared, and only the limousine and taxicab remain to menace life.

A cauldron of human endeavor by day, a pleasure spot by night, the Loop is literally, as well as metaphorically, the heart of the city. Technically speaking it is the part of our so-called "Business District" encircled by the ugly posts and girders of the elevated railways. In reality, however, it extends to the lake and river, and as far south as the Blackstone Hotel; for within this area of less than a square mile is found everything material or æsthetic which the inhabitants of our three "sides" enjoy in common.

Less than fifty years ago this Loop was a waste of smouldering ruins; yet the builder of the sky-scraper has been almost as ruthless a destroyer as the Great Fire itself, so different in aspect is the business district of to-day from that which arose from the ashes of 1871. Should some Rip Van Winkle of Chicago awake from a sleep of twenty years to wander in bewilderment through its canyon-like streets, he would hardly find an unaltered landmark, even the familiar Board of Trade being shorn of its tower. Now and then, however, he would stumble upon a familiar object sadly changed in appearance, — McVicker's Theatre, for instance, sunk from its legitimate estate to ten-cent vaudeville, and the once proud Palmer House, now a drummers' haunt. The old Chicago Club building, too, is reduced in quality to a flashy restaurant; the Tremont House is a college annex, and the Grand Pacific, though still a hostelry, is considerably curtailed, both in size and social standing. Yet these, and a few grimy old six-storied structures with mansard roofs

The Board of Trade Building from LaSalle Street

crouching indigently, here and there, between brand-new office buildings of twenty-story haughtiness, are all that is left in the Loop of the ante-World's Fair city, — unless it be a familiar name or two, such as "Buck and Raynor," or "The Tribune," appearing on some corner as of yore, but upon a building wholly strange. Barely a step outside the Loop, however, is dingy old South Water Street unaltered in aspect, and still made impassable for man and beast by the boxes and barrels heaped upon its sidewalks, and the rows of hucksters' carts backed up before its grimy doors.

If this Rip Van Winkle were a man of taste, he would marvel, I fear, at the lack of it shown by the builders of new Chicago. The magnitude of its fire-proof structures might, it is true, fill his heart with admiration for the indomitable power that they symbol; yet seldom would it thrill to architectural beauty, and then only because an occasional architect had discovered that a sky-scraper need not of necessity be either entirely shoddy or entirely ugly. There is, for example, an academic appropriateness in the utilitarian Gothic of the new University Club, and a feeling of architectural correctness in the graceful Renaissance bank building at the northeast corner of Monroe and Clark Streets; for here, at least, there is pleasing imposture, its base giving the appearance of sufficient strength to bear its weight.

Occasionally, too, a note of originality is sounded, as in the case of the City Club; but, generally speaking, the Loop is barren of architectural charm. Its grandeur is inspiring, I confess, like that of lower New York; but a lover of the beautiful will search it almost in vain, as he will the business district of any American city, for that which delights, rather than thrills, *The Market in South Water Street*

the eye. Blame not the architects whose task is to get the most rent per cubic foot with the least possible outlay, but rather the avaricious owners of real estate, and the supine aldermen whose baneful ordinances have permitted our cities to be distorted out of all architectural proportion. Chicago, however, was the first offender, the sky-scraper being its offspring. Alas, if only some Baron Haussmann had had the power to stifle it at the moment of its birth, American cities might to-day be beautiful.

Yet in no other way, it seems to me, are the ideals and characteristics of a people at the different periods of its existence so definitely expressed as by its architecture, —particularly that which is ecclesiastical or governmental; and nowhere, I believe, is the truth of this so clearly demonstrated as by the different court-houses and city halls which have stood from time to time within the part of the Loop which in the city's infancy was known as the Public Square.

Some eighty-five years ago two dozen town lots were given by the State of Illinois to the County of Cook for public purposes; and with characteristic civic improvidence sixteen of these were sold almost immediately to pay the current county expenses. The remaining eight, however, have remained a public domain, and to-day their entire area is covered by the huge structure which houses the local authorities with considerable regard for their comfort, but with little for the feelings of that small coterie of citizens whose artistic souls are shocked by its incongruous design. I hold, however, that these æsthetic Chicagoans are wrong in denouncing the pseudo-Roman architecture of our county and city building. Let them turn to the pages of Ferrero and learn how like unto our American civilization was that of ancient Rome, particularly in matters of civic polity. Though the huge Corinthian columns which surround our municipal sky-scraper are but hollow shams upholding nothing but themselves, are they not the chief architectural note of a building designed to house both a Board of County Commissioners and a Board of Aldermen? The majestic proportions of this up-to-date Hôtel de Ville typify Chicago's civic strength and courage, and its pseudo-Roman lines the political corruption she shares with her sister cities of the East. Surely, an architecture which symbolizes both the good and the evil of a city is appropriate to its chief municipal structure!

A decade or so ago a county and city building embellished by marble columns and ornate cornices stood in the Public Square. It rested, however, on crumbling foundations and typified, it seems to me, the parvenu life that we led between the panics of '73 and '93. This was our "get-rich-quick" period, and during it newcomers from the four corners of the earth made fortunes in a jiffy and built themselves flamboyant mansions of glazed brick or variegated stone amongst the dignified Victorian houses of the old citizens whose fortunes had survived the Fire. Though conceit for our city's magic growth burned in the breast of every man-jack of us then, and our architectural manifestations were generally as shoddy as our pretensions, this purse-proud period of our existence begat, nevertheless, our spirit of "I Will," and it culminated in that unforgettable triumph of architectural beauty — our World's Fair.

But our true character was engendered by the sturdy New Englanders who settled in the city after the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal; and during the fifties and sixties, when the tallest objects in our midst were the spires of our many churches, a building appropriate to the austerity of our Puritanical days stood in the Public Square surrounded by grass plats, fountains, and flag walks,—the somber stone Court-House we old Chicagoans remember, in which Lincoln's body lay in state when on its way to final rest in Springfield. Until its alarm bell pealed its own death knell upon a night of holocaust, its cupola dominated a business district in which the six-storied Sherman House of imposing marble front held its head proudly above its four-and five-storied brick contemporaries.

The street grades of this period were raised three times within seventeen years; but until the advent of "Nicholson pavement" the sign, "No Bottom Here," was habitually displayed wherever a dray had been dug out of the mud. One day, so the story goes, the familiar head and hat of General Hart L. Stewart showed above the surface of Lake Street. "You seem to be in pretty deep, General," shouted a friend. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the wayfarer, "I 've got a horse under me." But that happened before the principal streets were "planked" by order of the Common Council, and in those days a one-storied Court-House adorned by a Greek portico stood in the Public Square. On its steps a fugitive slave was once sold at public auction by the sheriff, but was freed forthwith by his purchaser, Chicago being long a central station of "the underground railway."

Our business district was then composed of wooden shanties, a few of which made tinder for the flames of '71. Until the late sixties, moreover, when the Board of Trade forsook its dingy quarters in South Water Street and our principal dry-goods

Michigan Avenue from Grant Park

emporium moved from Lake Street to the familiar corner it still occupies, all of the present-day Loop south of the Court-House and east of State Street was a residential district in which the "marble fronts" of the newly rich adorned both Michigan and Wabash Avenues as far north as Washington Street. Even while our regiments were battling at Shiloh and Vicksburg, the lot at the south side of the Court-House was still vacant, and its surface so far below the street level that when in '63 a circus spread its tents there, its patrons were obliged to descend to their seats, as into a cellar.

In those days the pedestrians in the business district lost their breath so frequently in following the ups and downs of the street grades that the raising of them became a serious problem, until George M. Pullman, a young contractor from the East, solved it by jacking up the Tremont

House a whole story without disturbing the comfort of its guests. Meanwhile, Uranus H. Crosby, our first "uplifter," lost a fortune in providing us with a " surpassing art temple," the vicissitudes of the opera house and picture gallery in Washington Street which bore his name being not unlike those of the Hotel Richelieu, where, over a score of years ago, the late "Cardinal" Bemis tried in vain to cosmopolitanize us before our time.

In the city of to-day the twenty-storied hotel at the northwest corner of Randolph and Clark Streets seems the most substantial link with our business district before the Fire, though its festive character in nowise pictures to the old Chicagoan the staid Sherman House of his youth. As many hotels called by this name have been erected on this corner as there have been court-houses in the square opposite, the first of them being known as the "City

Hotel" until the Honorable Francis C. Sherman, our fifth mayor, bought it and attached his name to the site, apparently in perpetuity.

At the time Chicago was incorporated as a municipality, the City Hotel opened its doors; meanwhile its predecessor in public hospitality, the Sauganash Hotel, was being converted into our first playhouse. This historic hostelry stood at the southeast corner of Lake and Market Streets, a site upon which at a later day the famous "Wigwam" was built. Here Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency; and during the momentous convention of 1860 his political headquarters were at the Tremont House, an hotel vying in importance with the Sherman House. Indeed, of all the buildings in the Loop, the hotels alone are rich in historic memory, the names Briggs, Revere, and Clifton still remaining, like that of Sherman, to recall the days when the treasonable murmurings of our Copperheads were so completely stifled by the Lumbards' stirring singing of the songs of George F. Root, that our full quota of troops was dispatched to the front.

Although the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific were barely under roof when the Great Fire swept them away, the hotels which now bear these names are among the oldest buildings in the Loop, typifying to my generation the after-the-Fire period, when we were bending our energies to the re-creation of our city. Our homes were then in tree-lined avenues—Dearborn, LaSalle, Michigan, Prairie, and Calumet — and one or the other of these "palatial hotels," as we were wont to call them, was the Mecca of our social pilgrimages "downtown." Will any old Chicagoan ever forget the annual game dinner at the Grand Pacific, when in best bib and

LaSalle Street at the Stock Exchange


TELEGRAMS
STOCK EXCHANGE
RES
L.G. Hornby.

tucker we partook of such obsolete viands as antelope steak and roast buffalo brought to us by grinning darkies, each balancing upon an upturned palm a tray filled with dishes shaped like canary birds' bathtubs?

The Palmer House, the Grand Pacific, and also the new Tremont House were then our pride, and their bonifaces among our most esteemed citizens; for who did not cherish a nod of recognition from Potter Palmer, John B. Drake, or John A. Rice? Their marble-floored lobbies were our accustomed haunts,—except at convention time, when the slouch-hatted henchmen of Grant, Blaine, Logan, or Garfield usurped our easy chairs and sullied our favorite corners with their tobacco juice. The sky-scraping hotels of to-day with their *maîtres d'hôtel*, *garçons de restaurant*, and *cuisines françaises*, are not of our Chicago soil as were those hostelries of the after-the-Fire period; nor do they play so notable a part in the life of the city.

Indeed, the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific during their "American plan" glory differed as greatly from the hotels of to-day as the tumultuous Loop differs from our provincial business district during the years when spavined horses with tinkling bells upon their collars dragged "bob-tailed" street cars through State Street, and the lusty children of our prominent citizens cut capers around the iron lions in front of Gossage's store while their mothers shopped within. Instead of the sedate family "rockaways" of that unpretentious age, with fly-nets upon the backs of their long-tailed horses, and sleepy "hired men," as we called our coachmen then, dozing beneath their projecting roofs, luxurious limousines now stand in State Street, with French governesses in their cushioned interiors to prevent the

Michigan Boulevard South from 9th Street


L. C. Hornby.

pampered children of to-day from frolicking with *hoi polloi* while their mothers shop at "Field's."

Until the time of the Great Fire our lawns were shaded by the cotton-wood trees of Michigan Avenue and the waters of the lake flowed to its curb. Grant Park, with its museums, fountains, statues, grass plats, and bare stretches of newly made land, now lies where we old Chicagoans learned to sail and swim. Noble Michigan Avenue, moreover, has become a cosmopolitan street emulating in the smartness of its shops the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue; but our metropolitan bigness lacks, it seems to me, the charm of our small-town days. Although we are less provincial now, we are also less American than we were before our New England ideals were attenuated by so potent an admixture of alienism that Anglo-Saxon lineaments have become a rarity in the faces of our people.

Time was when I knew a goodly proportion of the passers-by in the downtown streets — men, like myself, of New England blood, whose fathers felled our forests and tilled our prairie land. Now, as I stroll through the heart of the city at the hour when the great office buildings and department stores are emptying themselves, I search the scurrying crowds in vain for a familiar face; and as I am borne on by the human torrent gushing from the crag-like walls about me, I feel that, like my Puritanical traditions, I belong to another age. While insurgent fellow citizens dodge recklessly beween the wheels of passing motor cars in order to save a few seconds of time, my ingenuous respect for the law of the land halts my steps whenever a crossing policeman raises his white-gloved hand. Bewildered by the hurly-burly of my native city, I — a lonely figure of a pristine day — try then to comprehend the multifarious changes a few short years have wrought in its life and character, try to realize that within my own lifetime more than two million people have been added to its population.

In Old Washington Street

III. *The Great West Side*

III

THE GREAT WEST SIDE

ONE must be truly an old Chicagoan to recall the time when the shady streets which lie west of the river vied in social standing with any in the city. Here factories now belch their smoke upon the mansard roofs of dilapidated tenements that once were the mansions of wealthy citizens whose scions blush for their origin, the "Great West Side," as it is called derisively, being now a proletarian domain remote from the ken of fashionable society.

In all Chicago, however, there are no streets so reminiscent of our strait-laced past as are those of the disdained West Side. Here block after block of "marble-fronts" and red-brick mansions stand unaltered, except by the ravages of time.

Their lawns are unkept, their iron balustrades are rusty; yet like decayed aristocrats who have known better days, these grimy old houses of an austere past evince a courtliness and dignity quite lacking in the Lake Shore palaces of modern millionaires. Moreover, like the families that once inhabited them, they antedate the Great Fire,—a *sine qua non* of Chicago patricianship.

Though the cabin erected by Jean Baptiste Point de Saible, a San Domingan negro, gives an apparent priority in age to the North Side, the West Side may at least challenge its rival in the matter of antiquity. In 1683 the Chevalier de la Salle was housed in a log fort somewhere upon our river's banks, while a treaty made with the Indians somewhat over a century later by General Anthony Wayne, speaks of "Chikago" as a place where there was a fort. Tradition, as recorded

The Old "Marble-Fronts" of Washington Street


L. G. Hornby.

by so credible an early settler as Gurdon S. Hubbard, holds that this fort stood on the western shore of the river not far from Wolf Point, and that at the end of the eighteenth century it was occupied as a trading-post by Guarie, the Frenchman by whose name the river's northern branch was once called.

In view of this, may not those Chicagoans who, like myself, were born upon the Great West Side, look with pride upon their birthplace as once a domain of New France, while leaving the North-Sider to blush for the dusky parvenu who first inhabited his land? Should a claim based solely upon historical tradition be scouted by our rivals, we of the West Side may retort that our modest bailiwick was beyond peradventure settled by Caucasians; since upon the West Side was situated the indubitable farm called "Hardscrabble," where, over four months before Chicago's boasted "Massacre," two white men were killed by the Indians. Any aristocratic pretensions the South Side may hold shall be dismissed forthwith by the declaration of our notable pioneer citizen, "Long John" Wentworth, that even as late as 1830 "the South Side had no status."

The truth is, however, that Chicago grew up around Fort Dearborn, such business as there was in the early days being transacted in its neighborhood. The inhabitants then dwelt across the river, either on the North Side or on the West Side; but after the fort was abandoned a residential district sprang up on the South Side which soon vied in popularity with its rivals. After the Fire, when the inroads of business began to drive residences farther and farther away from the river, the West-Sider found it increasingly difficult to maintain social relations with his friends in the other divisions of a rapidly growing city. Selling his house for a song, he moved, sometimes to the North Side, but more usually to the South Side, where he remained until the southward march of business drove both him and the native South-Sider to the uncommercialized portion of the Lake Shore, lying north of the business district. Thus the North Side has become the exclusive abode of our "first families," only a few of which, however, are indigenous to its soil.

With the rebuilding of the city after the Great Fire, the glory of the West Side waned, and with the passing of the World's Fair, that of the South Side as well. Time was, however, when the three sides were of social parity; though I recall the fact that when the Episcopal Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul was erected in the quiet street where I lived, and a bishop of Anglican mien and cosmopolite manner came to dwell among us, we of West

Washington Street felt ourselves to be socially a little superior to our friends in the other divisions. This was half a century ago. To-day the Cathedral is surrounded by slums, and the staid old mansions of West Washington Street, which have not been demolished to make room for ugly factories, have become tenements or lodging-houses.

That once proud street now bears the pompous name of "boulevard," but except for its pavement, which the authorities keep in good repair, it presents no indication of its bygone quality. Even little Union Park through which its passes on its way to our circumambient chain of boulevards, has become a mere breathing-space where the unemployed doze in the shade of its bushes. Yet I recall it as a vast region of lawns, trees, and flower-beds, whither I went of an afternoon to watch a huge grizzly bear pace back and forth

The Church at Union Park


L. G. Hornby.

in his pit-like cage, or merrily to race with other children up an artificial hill which seemed to me to be a mountain in height, when panting I reached its summit.

Alas, that mountain has become a mole-hill, and Union Park's blue lake, on the waters of which I sailed my toy boats, now appears but little larger than a goodly sized fountain. But at the corner where Washington Boulevard enters this playground of my childhood, there is a familiar block of "marble-fronts," and in that street where, long ago, horse-chestnuts used to bloom, there are other houses which I remember, some of red brick, with here and there a weather-beaten cupola upon a corniced roof, and some with clapboard walls and shingle roofs. How different the prim town they recall to mind from the seething world city of to-day; for when the West Side was at its social zenith, the righteousness of New England was in the hearts of our foremost citizens.

The Sabbath began on Saturday at sundown then, we children being held in hushed restraint till after the forbidding Sunday evening meal. With upper lips clean-shaven, and sombre broadcloth coats hanging loosely upon their lanky shoulders, our fathers walked devoutly to church, our hoopskirted mothers in bonnet and shawl treading meekly beside them. Meanwhile, "fast young men," as they were called, speeded trotting horses past the church doors, much to the scandal of the pious. Like the "black-legs," as professional gamblers were called, and their brazen consorts, these Sabbath-breakers were without our social pale.

When Dexter Park was in the heyday of its glory, horse fanciers, both young and old, drove sulkies and buggies through the streets of the South Side. With the opening of the West Side Driving Park, out on the prairie near the present Garfield Park, West Washington Street became their favorite haunt, not only in summer, but in winter as well, when wrapped in warm buffalo robes they raced their cutters over the glistening snows, their trotters spurred to valiant bursts of speed by jingling bells and the cheers of the sport-loving crowds thronging the icy sidewalks.

It was an inspiring sight, though it shocked many a sanctimonious West-Sider, by whom dancing and cards, as well as horse-racing and play-going, were tabooed. Our more tolerant citizens, however, played stakeless whist and euchre, or chasséed to the strains of "Johnny" Hand's fiddle through the intricate figures of the "Prairie Queen," while their sons and daughters danced the schottische and the polka redowa. Whenever Clara Louise Kellogg or Christine Nillson sang, they filed into the boxes and stalls of Crosby's Opera House, while their strait-laced neighbors attended Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

But for the strict and the liberal alike a rigid simplicity of life obtained, a domestic establishment consisting, during those simple days, of a cook and a "second girl" for the housework, and a "hired man" to drive the "span" of family horses and do the "chores." Dinner was served at noon, our *patres familiarum* carving at the heads of their tables, after duly saying grace. On New Year's Day, however, when the snow in the streets was crunched from morn till night by the wheels of speeding carriages, home cooking was supplanted by the caterer's art.

Throughout that convivial day, and late into its night as well, men in "stovepipes" and "swallow-tails" trooped up and down our doorsteps. The tired hostesses in crinoline, who stood in their gaslighted houses shaking white-gloved hands the whole day long, were to be pitied; yet their ordeal was less wearisome by far than that endured by their New Year's callers, for adjoining each velvet-carpeted "parlor" was a refreshment room. To refuse a helping of chicken salad, scalloped oysters, or ice-cream and cake, made the feminine dispenser of these goodies frown and pout her pretty lips. Moreover, the Commonwealth of Kentucky is contiguous to the State of Illinois; hence on more than one mahogany board stood a bowl of egg-nog, or a decanter of Madeira that had journeyed around the Horn, with a temptress from the blue-grass land beside it. Picture a popular bachelor's state of mind and body after he had made an hundred calls!

But only on that day of days did our austerity give way to such conviviality.

Throughout the remainder of the year we staid West-Siders, being firmly convinced of our social and moral excellence, led commendable lives. It is true that a few upstarts built "elegant homes," as they called them, in Ashland Avenue, and splurged in a way to set disapproving tongues a-wagging. But in West Washington Street between Halsted Street and Union Park, in West Monroe and West Adams Streets, where the little green square called Jefferson Park nestles between them, and in those shady cross-streets with the sirenical names of Ada, Elizabeth, Ann, and May, we lived as puritanically as any village of New Englanders, until the fateful night when the heavens to the south and east of us were reddened by fire and the bell on the stone Court-House across the river began to peal a frantic alarm. Then we rushed to our windows and house-tops, or into the flamelighted streets, to gaze appalled upon the conflagration that was destroying the city.

Through the slums of the West Side, where it had started, its flames leaped from roof to roof, the impotent streams played upon it by the firemen evaporating in its inordinate heat. Fanned by a southwest gale, it quickly reached the river, where a blazing brand, carried by the wind to the opposite bank, fell, of all places, among wooden hovels near the gas-works. In vain the weary firemen lashed their horses across the bridges, for soon a mighty report stifled for a moment the roaring of the flames. The gas-works had exploded; the South Side was ablaze, and except for the glare of the fire upon our window panes, we of the favored West Side whose houses had been spared were in darkness.

Throughout an agonizing night we watched the business district burn, building by building, block by block, then saw the angry flames sweep northward. Above the roar of the fire and the crash of falling buildings we heard explosions of oil and chemicals, the bell on the Court-House tolling a knell, meanwhile, till with a mournful clang it fell into the relentless flames that were lapping the skies with their scarlet tongues.

When the sun rose over the wind-swept lake, the devastated city and the blue sky above it were hidden from our sight by dense black smoke, cloud above cloud, with gleaming fire beneath it. In dismay we saw the flames rush northward in their fury to the water-works, the smoke above them filled with embers borne onward by the gale. To the southward we heard dull detonations, and soon we knew that valiant "Little Phil" Sheridan had upon his own red-tapeless initiative blown up several blocks of houses with army gunpowder, to stop the southward progress of the fire. But all day long, and into the night as well, it swept on to the north unchecked, until arrested by the open expanse of Lincoln Park and a heaven-sent shower of rain.

All day long, too, the homeless trooped through our West Side streets, begging at our doors for food and shelter, — some grimly bearing their lot, others in tears, or frenzied with excitement. Over the few bridges that were still unburned they came, driving wagons filled with household goods, or trudging hand-in-hand with crying children, their backs bent to the weight of treasured objects, a baby's crib, maybe, or a family portrait. But some had only the rags they wore, and some were without sufficient clothes to hide their nakedness; for I remember that my mother stripped my last suit from my back to cover a shivering boy of my own age, I being put to bed till clothing could be procured for me.

While the ruins of the city still smouldered, our undaunted citizens began to rebuild it, and soon a new Chicago arose from its ashes. But with the passing of the old city, the character of the West Side altered, its dignified mansions either being razed for factory sites or reduced in state. One by one its prominent families migrated across the river, the West Side — except in remote regions that once were pretty suburbs — being rapidly given over to factories, sweat-shops, railway yards, and tenements. Small wonder that it became the scene of industrial strife and bloodshed, as during the railway strikes of '77 and '94. Once, moreover, in the Haymarket Square, where within my own memory farmers from the neighboring prairie used to market their produce, a bomb was thrown by an unknown hand into the ranks of a battalion of police, —a crime for which four men, who had preached, even if they had not practiced, anarchy, were hanged, in order that society might be safeguarded.

To-day the Great West Side is the chosen field of the sociologist and the settlement worker. Within its area lives almost one half of Chicago's population; yet scarcely more than a fifth of its inhabitants are of American-born parentage. Counting those who were immigrants themselves, or whose parents were born in a foreign land, the West Side contains a German city as large as Danzig, a Polish city the size of Posen, and a Bohemian city the size of Pilsen. It harbors, too, more men, women, and children of Russian birth or parentage than are to be found in Nizhni-Novgorod, together with as many Italians as there are in Pisa, and as many Swedes as live in Helsingborg.

Of Norwegians there are probably as many as inhabit Trondhjem, and of the Irish more than the city of Londonderry houses. Some thirty languages, moreover, are spoken in this vast melting-pot, where scarcely more than a generation ago the customs, speech, and traditions of New England were so firmly planted that they seemed ineradicable.

Michigan Boulevard at the Art Institute

IV. *The South Side*

IV

THE SOUTH SIDE

ALTHOUGH the North Side is now their abiding-place, many of our "first families" lived until a decade or so ago in houses of the South Side, which have either been altered into automobile show-rooms, or display in their dingy windows the sign "Rooms and Board." The encroachments of business, however, rather than any fickleness on the part of its inhabitants, have altered the character of this once fair portion of the city, many a loyal South-Sider having dwelt in his old home near the lake until his light and air were diminished by giant buildings, or rouged denizens of the underworld became his neighbors.

Only Hyde Park, a quondam suburb, has been able to withstand the incursions of both industry and infamy. Being the most American portion of the city, it has fought, back to the wall, with New England weapons, protective associations and law and order leagues having thus far preserved its upright character. Containing the only "dry district" in an otherwise "wet town," Hyde Park was, until some thirty years ago, an outlying village with trees in its quiet streets and lawns surrounding its decorous houses.

But the South Side itself did not become a favorite place of residence until the digging of the canal had increased our population twenty-fold in as many years, and the "strap rails" of our first railway had been laid across the western plains.

When other tracks had been put upon piles in the lake to deface for all time our beautiful water front, and Chicago had been linked by rail with the East, the

In the Stockyards


ARMOUR

driving of cattle and hogs through the streets became such a nuisance that the "Bull's Head" stockyards on the West Side were abandoned, the "Myrick Yards" near the new railway tracks along the lake shore becoming the seat of our most noted industry, until it moved westward to its present site.

Transformed during these "boom" years from a frontier town into a city of an hundred thousand souls, Chicago became, in the characteristically modest words of a local guide-book, "the great commercial *entrepôt* of the lakes and Upper Mississippi, surpassing as a grain and lumber market any in the world." As a hog emporium, however, it was still excelled by Cincinnati, the title of Porkopolis not being wrested from this rival until army contracts had enriched our packers.

Chicago bore at the time the name

of "Garden City," its streets being lined with shade trees, and its lawns adorned with flower-beds. A profusion of wild flowers, moreover, mingled with the waving grasses of the prairies bordering it upon the west, while to the north there were virgin forests; and also to the south, where Senator Stephen A. Douglas had given ten acres of wooded land as a site for a university.

When Lincoln's great adversary died, a handful of students were already seeking an education in a castellated building of white limestone standing on the lake shore between the city and Hyde Park. A few loyal Chicagoans had just seized the town of Cairo and fired the first Western shot of civil war; so, when a training camp for volunteers was established near the university our dead Senator had founded, his name was reverently given to it. When another great Illinoisan captured Fort Donelson, Camp Douglas housed his prisoners.

Throughout the war it remained a prison compound, as well as a thorn in Chicago's side; for whenever Southern captives died from the rigors of the climate, our Copperheads accused the authorities of cruelty and neglect; and at one time they even plotted an uprising of the prisoners, who were to burn and loot the city. But their seditious plans were uncovered before they were hatched, and soon they were either "skedaddling" to the disloyal southern portion of the State, or marching before the muzzles of Federal guns, to join the very men they had planned to liberate.

Being both a base of supplies for the army and a mobilization point, as well as a hotbed of sedition, Chicago became a profitable haunt for those war leeches, the contractor and the bounty-jumper;

while "black-legs" and "war-widows" flocked to the city in such numbers that by night the downtown streets were the scene of brazen riotry. But meanwhile the city's loyal young men were marching forth to war, and their fathers, under the leadership of the Board of Trade, were raising and equipping regiments. Their mothers and sisters, too, were making bandages and lint, or working like Trojans for the success of our memorable Sanitary Fairs.

The first of these took place in Bryan Hall when hostilities were at their height, but the second was not held until we had bowed our heads in sorrow while the body of a martyred President was borne through the streets to the tolling of bells and the booming of minute guns. The joy of victory being stilled by grief, the temporary Fair building, which had been erected where the Public Library now stands, *The Douglas Monument*

became a house of mourning rather than a place of gaiety; but the return of our victorious troops and the presence at the Fair of both Grant and Sherman made us so gratefully benevolent that a quarter of a million dollars was poured into the coffers of the Sanitary Commission, the Red Cross of those days.

The city had prospered during the war, and its population had doubled; but soon the Great Fire laid it low. When a new Chicago emerged from the ashes, the broad avenues of the South Side became a favored abode of our wealthiest men. Before the Fire, the lake front, as well as Wabash Avenue and State Street, had been lined as far north as the present Loop by their residences of white limestone or red brick, standing either singly with lawns surrounding them or collectively in blocks, as they were called, upon whose stone doorsteps they used to sit on summer evenings, cooling themselves with palm-leaf fans, while gossiping with their next-door neighbors.

Many of these old-fashioned dwellings were destroyed by the flames, and many others have been torn down to provide sites for sky-scrapers; but a few of them may still be seen nestling in the lee of some Michigan Avenue hotel or Wabash Avenue warehouse, or, farther to the west, in State Street, converted into junk-shops and saloons. At the northern end of Grant Park, too, there is an entire grimy row of these houses of the past, with gaudy signs upon their roofs which at night blaze forth in an array of disappearing and reappearing lights; while here and there, in the midst of the automobile show-rooms of Michigan Avenue, a once proud mansion stands, with a dressmaker's sign or that of a lodging-house keeper over its dilapidated door.

Over half a century ago a New York newspaper declared that Michigan Avenue might become "such a promenade as the world cannot equal," a preëminence it bade fair to attain until the motor-car industry made it a commercial street. For a score of years after the Fire, however, both its beauty and its fashionable supremacy were unchallenged, except by its pretty neighbor, Prairie Avenue, where Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, and P. D. Armour, our great triumvirate of wealth and industry, dwelt, and where, for half a mile or so there were more of the "palatial mansions" of which we then boasted than in any other part of the city.

These were the years when newly made Crœsuses built garish houses in the shady avenues of the South Side, and, much to the scandal of old-fashioned folk, served wine at their tables. Our doors began to be opened then by sleek men-servants instead of by frowsy "second girls"; and our family rockaways were replaced by broughams and victorias with rosettes on the head-stalls of their horses, and pole-chains to clank pretentiously. For those were the days when we strove to outdo each other, especially on Derby Day, when with field-glasses slung over our shoulders and white "top hats" upon our heads, we drove our high-steppers to the races at Washington Park in every conceivable form of "trap," as we had been taught by our English grooms to call what heretofore had been merely a "rig."

It was during that era of inordinate growth and rapid money-making, when a million souls were added to its population within twenty years, that Chicago became known as the "Windy City," an aspersion due quite as much, I fear, to the boastfulness of its inhabitants as to the lake breezes which swept its streets. But while we were trumpeting our city's material greatness, æsthetic seeds were scattered in our midst, the first ardent sower in an untilled field being the author of Tom Brown's adventures at Rugby and Oxford. The books he induced his fellow countrymen to give us for our intellectual betterment, while the ashes of the Fire still smouldered, became the nucleus of our Public Library; and when they reached us, they were housed in a remote corner of the temporary City Hall, whose nickname, the "Rookery," has been perpetuated by the office building now standing upon its site.

Like the Art Institute, which was created, meanwhile, from the dust of the old Academy of Design, the Library moved, as it grew in importance, from place to place, until it found its permanent abode in Michigan Avenue. But before its present building had obliterated a little public square, called Dearborn Park, or the walls of the Art Institute had risen near the original mouth of the river, a ramshackle structure of brick and glass, surmounted by three wooden domes and a veritable forest of flag-poles, had stood for a score of years on a pile of fire débris dumped into the lake, — the Inter-State Industrial Exposition Building, I mean, where Chicagoans of my generation acquired their first taste for the Fine Arts.

Here, as an adjunct to the dry-goods, millinery, and manufactures, which were exhibited each autumn to benefit the city's trade, a collection of modern paintings and sculpture was displayed; and here, in a wing, converted temporarily into an indoor beer-garden, Theodore Thomas used to wield his baton during the month of June, his symphonic concerts in this quaint building being the harbingers of

The Library


L.G. Hornby.

those now given just across the street by the orchestra of which he was the founder.

Before public-spirited citizens had built the Auditorium, grand opera, too, was sung in the Exposition Building, where pedestrian contests and horse shows were also held, and where Garfield was nominated for the Presidency. Our finest achievement, moreover, was conceived beneath its tawdry domes; for at the annual meeting of its stockholders, held in 1885, it was resolved that a great world's fair be held in Chicago, to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus.

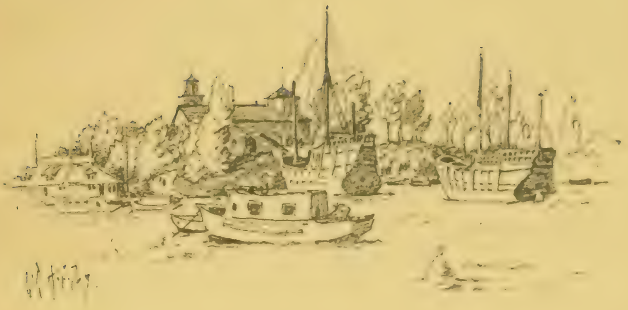
That an uncouth Western town should presume to represent the nation, appeared mere bumptiousness to jealous cities of the East; and when Congress had finally selected Chicago as the site of the World's Columbian Exposition, their contempt was uttered so loudly that it reverberated across the Atlantic to fill the hearts of prospective exhibitors with misgiving. Angered by these sneers, Chicago chose the words "I Will" as a battle-cry.

Though millions were raised for it in panicky times, the success of the enterprise we fondly call our World's Fair was due far less to the talent of its officers than to the genius of its designer, John Wellborn Root, and of the men selected to execute his plans. When these were gathered together for the first time, Saint-Gaudens acclaimed it the greatest meeting of artists since the fifteenth century, a hyperbole justified by their achievement, for at a time when mansard-roofs and Queen Anne houses were disfiguring the land far and wide, they created beside the most material of cities an ethereal city, so perfect in outline that it inspired even the prosaic beholder with a longing for beauty in his daily life. It was called the « White City," and by day its walls and columns, immaculate against an azure lake and sky, made this an inevitable name; but when the sun set over the prairies beyond, it became a place of magic. Then the forms of its palaces were etched in fire against the blackness of the night, and while its fountains extended their misty veils before the wondering crowds upon the banks of its lagoons, gondolas mellow with the light of lanterns, mirthful with the songs of Venice, glided out of the darkness, and rockets shot upward from behind an enchanting peristyle to burst in a nebula of stars.

But the building of our Fair and the enjoyment of its marvels left us listless. When the cosmopolitan crowds had gone, we tried in vain to return to our humdrum ways. Brilliant men and women from far and wide had been crossing our thresholds, and royalty, even, had been in our midst. We had grown accustomed to officers in uniform and distinguished foreigners with tiny decorations dangling *en brochette* upon the lapels of their evening coats; so we became bored with our commonplace selves and regardless of the motto "I Will." Furthermore, our purses were empty, and we were forced to skimp in order to pay the inordinate debts with which a fleeting year of world-wide eminence had saddled us. Meanwhile, the sign "For Rent" darkened the windows of stores and apartments, and the swards of the parks were black with the recumbent forms of the unemployed. There were strikes, moreover, of a riotous kind, and while they were being quelled, the white tents of an army dotted the lake front.

Being the host of the World's Fair, the South Side had expanded inordinately to

Columbus Caravels of 1892 near La Rabida Convent



receive the crowds; therefore it suffered during this distressing aftermath more severely than its sister divisions. But when a new century dawned, and the city, heartened afresh, began to compete with its old-time zeal for the industrial supremacy of the land, both the fortunes and the aspect of the South Side altered. Factories, furnaces, and cattle-pens began to cover its bare prairies, and row upon row of new houses and apartment buildings to appear upon its vacant lots. Its proud mansions, meanwhile, were razed to make room for places of business, or reduced to housing quacks and petty tradesmen. One by one their owners migrated to the Lake Shore Drive or its adjacent streets, the white macadam on which their carriages and phaëtons used to rumble being oiled a dingy brown to make a highway for motor cars.

Spreading trees of Michigan Avenue's

former days have been replaced by cement posts with clusters of electric lights upon them, and in the full mile of its length which parallels the lake, massive twenty-story buildings have arisen: though losing in beauty, it has gained in grandeur. Here are the finest hotels and the smartest shops, the clubs, the Auditorium, the Public Library, and Orchestra Hall, and, flanked by fountains and pylons in the green park opposite, the Art Institute; for here is centered the æsthetic as well as the wordly life of the city.

I sat, not long ago, on the deck of a yacht in the harbor, marveling at the sight of Chicago by night. Around me dim anchor-lights were glimmering over the water; while the steam of locomotives, curling upward in fantastic clouds, veiled the huge buildings before me in alluring mystery. Far above the glare of Michigan Avenue, their roofs and pinnacles were outlined against the city's radiance. Some were in darkness, others rimmed with light; here and there an electric sign flashed its brilliant hues; into the waves beyond reached the Municipal Pier, its graceful towers and slender form ablaze with innumerable lamps.

Under the spell of the scene I pictured a little garrison retreating in despair along a desert shore barely a century ago; then tried to realize that yonder broad stretch of parkland had been made before my eyes, and that I had seen one row of buildings on this water front destroyed by fire, and still another demolished to make way for these mighty structures looming in the night.

Where the Lake Shore Drive begins

V. *The North Side*

V

THE NORTH SIDE

CHICAGO appeared raw and bare to Miss Harriet Martineau when she visited it exactly eighty years ago: yet she confessed that she had never seen a busier place. It was enjoying at the time a boom in land values which a panic was soon to dispel, and storekeepers hailed her, as she passed their doors, with offers of farms and building-sites. The streets, moreover, were filled with speculators who crowded about a scarlet-coated negro on a white horse whenever he waved a red flag and shouted the time and place of the next sale of lots along the proposed course of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

Though the city numbered less than five thousand inhabitants then, the English authoress acknowledges that there was "some allowable pride in the place about its society," her astonishment at having found "an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons living on the edge of a wild prairie" being shared, I venture to say, by many an Eastern visitor to the Chicago of the present day. Yet having known in former years some of the very men and women who inspired "the lively and pleasant associations" of which she speaks, I can confirm her testimony in regard to their culture.

Her host was William B. Ogden, our first Mayor, of whom Guizot, the historian, said, when viewing his portrait: "That is the representative American, who is the benefactor of his country, especially of the mighty West: He built Chicago." And the young lawyer who "threw behind him the five hundred dollars a day" he was making, in order to accompany her to Mount Joliet, was Isaac N. Arnold, the friend of Lincoln, who introduced into Congress the first resolution for the abolition of slavery. The distinguished visitor, moreover, at a reception held for her by Mrs. John S. Wright, undoubtedly met many of the men whose names are inscribed in our Golden Book: John D. Caton, the lawyer, for instance; John Blatchford, the Presbyterian Minister; Alonzo Huntington, the State's Attorney; Mark Skinner, the school inspector; Philo Carpenter, the druggist; Charles Walker, the merchant; and perhaps young George W. Meeker, a crippled student of the law, well versed in French and Latin.

Miss Martineau's good opinion of the founders of our city was shared thirteen years later by Fredrika Bremer, a Swedish novelist of world-wide reputation at the time, who disliked the ugliness of Chicago, but considered some of its twenty-five thousand inhabitants "the most agreeable and delightful people she had ever met anywhere." They were "Good people, handsome, and intelligent," she declared; "people to live with, people to talk with, people to like and grow fond of, both men and women; people who do not ask the stranger a hundred questions, but who give him an opportunity of seeing and learning in the most agreeable manner which he can desire; rare people! And besides that, people who are not too horribly pleased with themselves and their world, and their city, and their country, as is so often the case in small towns, but who see deficiencies and can speak of them properly, and can bear to hear others speak of them also."

Within a restricted part of the vast city of the present day the descendants of those whose refinement and education impressed both Miss Martineau and Miss Bremer so favorably still maintain the traditions of their race, Chicago being socially a New England town as strait-laced as Boston. The reader whose opinion of us has been formed from the lurid tales of our depravity which appear in magazines and newspapers, or from a sojourn of a day or two at some hotel within the Loop, will smile incredulously at this comparison; yet even while risking martyrdom at the stake of popular opinion, I boldly declare the society of Chicago to be more puritanical than that of any great city in the world.

Since my dictionary defines "society," in the sense in which I have used this word, as that portion of a community "whose movements and entertainments and other doings are more or less conspicuous," "aristocracy" is manifestly the term I should have chosen to indicate the class I have in mind. However, it connotes age; therefore, it may provoke another smile. Yet the blood of the people whom Miss Martineau and Miss Bremer met was as old and pure as any in the land; hence I feel justified in using this word to qualify their descendants.

A few of the founders of Chicago were from Virginia and Kentucky; yet the majority, coming from New England or northern New York, brought with them the tenets of the Pilgrim Fathers, which they planted so deeply in the soil that even in this day and generation many of their progeny refuse to serve wine to their guests, or to desecrate the Sabbath with a healthful game of golf. Though other descendants of the pioneers observe the puritanical traditions less strictly, as a class they form a leavening influence in the life of the city, a notable proportion of the men and women who direct its charities or manage its institutions of learning and culture being recruited from the ranks of those whose fathers or grandfathers settled on the shores of Lake Michigan within a score of years after the Black Hawk War.

Although this class of the community has ceased to govern politically, its ideals are still potent; therefore it seems to me to fall within the finer meaning of the word "aristocracy." To describe its lighter-hearted members, whose more or less conspicuous doings adorn the pages of the newspapers, "society" may be the preferable term; yet even these toil as their fathers did before them, Chicago being a city without a leisure class.

In the years before the Fire it was socially a united city, but now the well-to-do citizens who formerly lived in West Washington Street and Ashland Avenue, or in the shady boulevards of the South Side, have migrated one by one to the region lying between the Virginia Hotel and Lincoln Park, this portion of the

North Side being now the abode of most of the families which were eminent in the days before the Fire, as well as of those whose wealth is surpassing. In Hyde Park and Kenwood, however, two former suburbs of the South Side, a few old Chicagoans still dwell, their sedate household gods protected from the iconoclasm of business by the walls of our University. In this seemly neighborhood the atmosphere is academic, an element which distinguishes its life from that of the North Side, where there is a greater indulgence in the gaieties which attend society the world over.

That the North Side has long been a factor in our social life is evidenced by a certain Mrs. Baird, who paid tribute a century ago to the "hospitable inmates of the pleasant Kinzie home," the fare of whose table was "all an epicure could desire." Gurdon S. Hubbard, too, was a guest at this board, when, as clerk of a "brigade" of John Jacob Astor's *voyageurs*, he visited for the first time the site of the future metropolis he was to assist in creating. Indeed, the Kinzies may be said to be the founders of our society as well as of our city, especially since a beautiful daughter of the house was portrayed by Healy. When this artist arrived on the shores of Lake Michigan, Chicago numbered about seventy-five thousand people, all of whom I verily believe he painted. Nevertheless, the possession of a Healy portrait is an incontestible proof of a Chicago family's ancient lineage.

But I am traveling apace, since I meant to record that both Miss Martineau and Miss Bremer were entertained at dinner by the second generation of the Kinzies and heard from the lips of the author of « Waubun " the story of the « Massacre." The English visitor, moreover, attended divine service in a large room of the Lake House, a brick hotel which had just been erected at the corner of Rush and Michigan Streets with the intention of making the North Side the centre of the city's life. Being inaccessible to the business district, except by ferry, this hostelry proved, in the words of an early chronicler, "sure death to its landlords," and within a few years was sold for a tenth of its cost and converted into apartments.

Though this attempt to turn the tide of affairs northward ended in disaster, the neighborhood of the Lake House became a favorite place of residence and soon was filled with stately mansions surrounded by lawns and shade trees. But the aspect of the North Side, like that of the other divisions of the city, has altered as time passed, the part of it which is now most fashionable having been a Catholic cemetery in the days before the Fire. With a wholesome regard for their throats and noses our fathers built their houses away from the lake, Dearborn and LaSalle Avenues being the streets which they preferred. Indeed, until almost the time of the World's Fair what is now the Lake Shore Drive was a barren, wind-swept strand.

Being a place of residence rather than of trade, the North Side has been comparatively free from strikes and riots such as the more commercial divisions of the city have witnessed from time to time. Yet the first turbulence which disturbed the even tenor of our municipal ways was engendered in the part of it inhabited by Germans; for at the time when Know-Nothing-ism was rife in the land, the city had a Mayor of that persuasion who sought to enforce a Sunday-closing regulation which previously had been a dead letter.

While a test case was being tried in

the Court-House, a mob of saloon-keepers and their adherents gathered on the North Side, and, headed by a fife and drum, proceeded toward the Public Square resolved to end the legal proceedings by violence. Improbable though it may appear, the police force of that day was composed entirely of native Americans, and with Yankee astuteness its chief permitted a portion of the rioters to cross the river to the South Side; whereupon the Clark Street Bridge was swung and the mob divided in half, a ruse whereby it was quelled in sections, though not without bloodshed. But before peace could be made to reign throughout the city, the Mayor was forced to order out the militia and place cannon in the Public Square, and not until the present day has any chief magistrate dared to menace anew the right of our German citizens to the enjoyment of their Sunday beer.

In Clark Street at the Court House


OLYMPIC THEATRE
THE BIRD OF PARADISE
L. G. Hornby.

Since the time when a lawless shanty settlement called "Kilgubbin" was established in Kinzie Street, the North Side has been the field of an almost constant warfare waged against squatters and their rights, the most spectacular attack upon them having been made in the year 1857 by "Long John" Wentworth, when, as Mayor, he marched the police and fire department to a nefarious part of the Lake Shore called "The Sands" and razed its brothels, amid the cheers and hisses of the populace. Some thirty years later the notorious Captain George Wellington Streeter, while navigating the lake in his galleon, was stranded on these very sands. Finding his craft high and dry when the storm had subsided, he claimed the land surrounding it by right of discovery, and even a term served in the penitentiary for resisting officers of the law with deadly weapons has failed to daunt him; so to this day he remains a thorn in the flesh of the rightful owners of what he terms the "Deestrict of Lake Michigan."

Except for this warfare against squatter sovereignty, the North Side has led a relatively peaceful life. The Great Fire destroyed it utterly, however, for after its ravages only the frame mansion of Mahlon D. Ogden and the cottage of a policeman named Bellinger remained unburned in practically the entire portion of it lying between the river and Lincoln Park. While the fame of the fight made with blankets and buckets of water to preserve the Ogden house from destruction is the more widespread, Bellinger's struggle to save his humble dwelling is the more heroic; since he fought the flames single-handed until his cistern ran dry, and then with the inspiration of a genius quenched them with the contents of his cider barrels.

To-day not a single building remains of those which stood between the river and Lincoln Park in the days before the Fire, the Ogden house having long since been demolished to provide a site for the Newberry Library. The North Side, therefore, is without any landmarks of Old Chicago such as may still be seen on the West Side, or in that portion of the South Side which is adjacent to the Congress Hotel. There are, however, in Rush Street and Cass Street, as well as in the streets which intersect them, a number of houses built directly after the Fire which bear the semblance of antiquity; while in Dearborn Avenue, LaSalle Avenue, and Wells Street there are still some "marble-fronts" and brick mansions with mansard-roofs to recall the past, these having been favorite residential streets of the North Side until in the decade before the World's Fair the tide of fashion turned eastward.

The Lake Shore Drive and its adjoining streets then became our Mayfair. To this day, however, a few old families cling to Rush Street and its traditions; but the indications are that within a few years even the beautiful Lake Shore Drive will have altered in character, a generation being the longest period throughout which a Chicago street has been able to maintain its social supremacy. Already a small colony of fashionables has been established north of Lincoln Park upon land which only yesterday was reclaimed from the lake; therefore it seems likely that the exclusive quarter of the next generation will be this newly made portion of the Lake Shore.

The vast pleasure-ground which separates the Mayfair of to-day from that of to-morrow was originally known as Cemetery Park, and it extended only from half a block north of Wisconsin Street to

Rush Street in the Old Residential Section


L. G. Hornby.

Webster Avenue, all the southern portion of its present acreage having once been a cemetery. Toward the end of the Civil War, when the Common Council had forbidden further burials in the cemetery, it was called Lake Park; a name borne only for a few months, however, for after the assassination of the Great Emancipator his name was given to it.

Within my lifetime Lincoln Park has quintupled in area, partly by the absorption of the Chicago Cemetery, partly by the filling in each summer of a portion of the lake; it being the intention of its commissioners eventually to extend it by this means some two or three miles north of its present limits.

Although it was once fastidiously provided with "keep off the grass" signs to prevent joy and gladness, it is to-day quite as much of a playground as a park, with tennis courts, baseball fields, golf courses, yacht harbors, and bathing-beaches, and I doubt if in all the world there is a civic domain so widely or so democratically used. Indeed, during the summer months it is difficult at times to perceive the grass of its broad meadows at all, so thickly is it strewn with coatless human beings.

Lincoln Park is the oldest of our breathing-spots of more than a hundred acres in extent and the one most widely used by the people of the city; it is the most cosmopolitan, too, in its aspect, the region in which our patricians dwell being but a small part of one of the six wards of which the North Side is composed; for although this is by far the smallest division of the city, it houses, nevertheless, close to half a million people, barely more than a third of whom were born in these United States. Indeed, I venture to say that in Lincoln Park upon a Sunday afternoon

In Lincoln Park

one may see disporting themselves in accordance with their racial predilections men, women, and children of quite as many nationalities as there are kinds of wild animals pacing to and fro in the cages of its zoölogical garden.

Although we Chicagoans are inordinately proud of the chain of parks and boulevards encircling our city, we have failed to pay due respect to the memory of John S. Wright, the pioneer citizen who conceived its glories. "I foresee," he said, when the city numbered less than twenty-five thousand souls, "a time not very distant when Chicago will need with its fast-increasing population a park, or parks, in each division. Of these parks I have a vision. They are all improved and connected with a wide avenue, extended to and along the Lake Shore on the north and south, and so surround the city with a magnificent chain of superb parks and parkways that have not their equals in the world."

The man who made this amazingly true prophecy built at his own expense the city's first schoolhouse. He has experienced, however, the proverbial fate of a prophet in his own land, as well as the ingratitude of a democracy; for while Dante, Schiller, Goethe, Humboldt, Kosciuszko, Bismarck, and many lesser aliens, even to some of purely local light, have been so honored, not a single one of our hundred parks or three hundred schools has been named after John S. Wright. Yet he was the first of those public-spirited citizens whose zeal in the cause of learning and refinement has made Chicago, in spite of its inordinate materialism, a city of such æsthetic fruition that the municipality actually purchases canvases from the brushes of its own painters to adorn its halls, and requires that a statue, before it may be placed in any of its parks, shall be approved by a committee composed of its leading artists.

But if Chicago has ceased to be purely a material city, it is due, in large measure, to the descendants of those pioneers whose refinement and education impressed Harriet Martineau and Fredrika Bremer so favorably, a goodly majority of the men and women who have created its institutions of learning and refinement, or who work for its betterment, being scions of those Anglo-Saxon families of New England origin who migrated to Chicago during the strenuous years intervening between the birth of the city and its destruction by fire.

The Skyline of Park Row

VI. *The Soul of the City*

VI

THE SOUL OF THE CITY

AMERICAN cities are so alike in their physical aspects that artists are wont to lament their lack of atmosphere. Each has a "downtown" of ungainly skyscrapers, and a residential quarter filled with the Italian palaces, French châteaux, and Tudor castles of the rich, or the more indigenous colonial mansions and Spanish mission houses of the well-to-do. They all have squalid tenement districts, too, and purlieus dotted with cottages and bungalows, and in all of them apartment and flat buildings have arisen to destroy home ties and disfigure the skyline. Moreover, they all have public buildings of pseudo-classic architecture, and macadamized boulevards defaced by garish signs, while in their dirty streets trolley gongs clang and the horns of motor cars made in Detroit toot the whole day long, and the crowds upon their sidewalks, dressed in the same styles of ready-made clothes, chew the same brands of gum.

With few exceptions, too, our cities have corrupt governments and bands of valiant reformers striving for their betterment; so that spiritually as well as physically they appear to the casual beholder to be of a piece. Nevertheless, when I read, in a magazine article not long ago, the statement that "American cities are all alike," I felt that the writer's view was utterly superficial; for, in spite of their bodily likeness, their souls are different, the soul of a city being, to my mind, that emotional or intellectual part of it which finds expression in its moral achievements.

In the comic press New York is characterized by affluence, Philadelphia by pride of birth, and Boston by intellectuality. There are families in New York, however, as old as any in Philadelphia, and men in Boston as vulgarly rich as any in New York. There are women in Philadelphia, too, as intellectual as any in Boston; yet in each of these cities there is an inherent trait sufficiently marked to justify this satire.

By the same token, I confess that Chicago contains a sufficient number of braggarts with strident voices to warrant its sobriquet of "Windy City." Boastfulness, however, is not its chief characteristic, but rather that energetic desire to be up and doing, which is best defined by the colloquial word *vim*. The microbe of the "Chicago Spirit," as this forcible element of its soul is fondly called, is disseminated, I firmly believe, by the breezes of Lake Michigan; for, while it is possible to lead a tranquil or even a complacent existence in other places, no sooner does one sniff the air of Chicago than life becomes a turmoil of duty, every waking hour of which is burdened by some obligation which must be fulfilled before nightfall, the word *mañana* having no place in our vocabulary.

Indeed our impulsive city is one huge kettle of energy seething the whole day long, no healthy man or woman being able to exist without work of some kind or other to do. Strangely enough its strenuous future was foreseen by the Chevalier de la Salle, almost the first white man to breathe its invigorating air. In a letter written upon the banks of the Chicago River nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, he made this amazing prophecy: —

> This is the lowest point on the divide between the two great valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The boundless regions of the West must send their products to the East through this

point. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce. Everything invites to action. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, "I act, I move, I push," and there will be spread before him a boundless horizon, an illimitable field of activity. A limitless expanse of plain is here — to the east, water and at all other points, land. If I were to give this place a name I would derive it from the nature of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place — ago, I act; circum, all around: "Circago."

The enterprising inhabitants of this gate of empire do arise each morning to exclaim, "I act, I move, I push," it being a city without idlers. The few men of leisure it has bred acquired their fondness for a life of ease in foreign lands, and knowing the insalubrity of its air to temperaments such as theirs, they visit it only occasionally, and tarry within it only long enough to collect rents or cut off coupons. Despite the widespread belief that no one lives in Chicago who is able to live elsewhere, I doubt if even these expatriates have ceased to regard it with tender affection; since of all the cities in the land it is most fervently loved by its inhabitants, and most imbued with civic pride.

Gun-men haunt its streets, it is true, and a murder is committed in them nearly every day in the year. It is smoke-ridden and disfigured by factories and railway yards, and many of its streets are ill-paved. Moreover, the people who throng them are more carelessly dressed than those in Fifth Avenue, and their voices are not so well modulated as those of the inhabitants of Boston. Their manners, too, are of the kind the New Yorker defines as Western; yet within their hearts there is the quality I have called *vim*, as well as an implicit belief in Chicago and its future, which is certainly idealism, or akin to it.

Washington Street looking East from Clark Street


CHICAGO TITLE & TRUST CO.
HILLMAN
WARD

The effervescent affection displayed by Chicagoans for their city is often viewed in the light of mere bluster by the inhabitants of older places; therefore, I was overjoyed not long ago to find in a book of travel, entitled "By Motor to the Golden Gate," the Chicago spirit described with both truth and understanding by a New Yorker. Although Mrs. Price Post, the author of this charming little book, devotes an entire chapter to Chicago and its people, all of which I should like to quote, I shall confine myself to this sympathetic description of the civic loyalty I have been attempting to depict: —

> The Chicagoans love their city, not as though it were a city at all, but as though it were their actual flesh and blood. They look at it in the way a mother looks at her child, thinking it the brightest, most beautiful, and wonderful baby in the whole world. Tell a mother that Mrs. Smith's baby is the loveliest and cleverest prodigy you have ever seen, and her feelings will be those exactly of Chicagoans

if you tell them anything that could be construed into an unfavorable comparison. They can't bear New York any more than the mother can bear Mrs. Smith's baby. At the very sight of a New Yorker they nettle and their minds flurry around and gather up quickly every point of possible advantage to their own beloved Chicago. Not for a second am I ridiculing them, any more than I would ridicule the sacredness of a man's belief in prayer. Their love of their city is something wonderful, glorious, sublime. They don't brag for the sake of bragging, but they champion her with every last red corpuscle in their heart's blood because they so loyally and tremendously care.

This is a true analysis of the Chicago spirit; even the boasting of her citizens being merely the exuberant loyalty of those who love her tremendously. The New Yorker, or the Bostonian, champions his city, it is true, but not, I think, with every last red corpuscle in his heart's blood, because his city is merely an inheritance. The Chicagoan, on the other hand, has helped to create Chicago by the sweat of his brow, consequently, he loves her as his own offspring. He cannot bear New York because he knows that it is a bigger, older, and more sumptuous city than his own. In argument he will admit readily enough that New York is a wealthier and more metropolitan city than Chicago, but he will deny that it has more culture, and if forced to admit that Chicago is uncouth, he will say that New York is effete as well as purse-proud.

The New Yorker feels that the smartness and cosmopolitanism of his city lend an air of distinction to an otherwise commonplace land; whereas the Chicagoan is proud of his city because of its intense Americanism. He knows that Chicago is a stupendous product of the pioneer spirit which has built the Nation. Eighty years ago it was a frontier town of less than five thousand souls; whereas to-day it is the fourth, perhaps the third, largest city in the world. Small wonder, he declares, that its rough edges have not been smoothed, since it has been growing too fast to take count of its shortcomings. Moreover, it is a veritable Babel in which some thirty or more tongues are spoken; hence the assimilation of its own people is certainly its most pressing task. A third of its inhabitants were born in foreign lands; another third have foreign-born parents; while a third of the remaining third have an alien father, or an alien mother, so that of the two and a half million people who inhabit Chicago barely a fourth are Americans of the second generation. It is in the hearts of this small minority, however, that its moral achievements have been almost entirely conceived.

Its materialism has been so widely trumpeted that to extol its spirituality becomes a civic duty on my part. Indeed, when I reiterate that Chicago is the dis-

Park Row at the Railway Station


FATIMA

tributing centre of the United States, as well as the largest grain market and greatest producer of packing-house products, agricultural implements, and ready-made clothing in the world, it is by way of offering a contrast to the fact that it has the largest art school in the land.

Furthermore, its university has an enrollment of over eight thousand students; while Northwestern University, with some five thousand more, although situated in a suburb, is in reality one of Chicago's institutions of learning. Indeed, if the faculties and students of technical schools such as the Armour and Lewis Institutes and those of small colleges such as Lake Forest be added to the faculties and students of the city's two great universities and its numerous medical colleges, and a count be taken, as well, of its professors and students of art, music, or the drama, and the teachers in its public schools, I venture to predict that the studious population of Chicago will be found to be quite as large as that of the entire population of Peoria, the second city in the State.

Chicago has its own opera company and two symphony orchestras, and a public library which, in the circulation of books, stands second in the United States. Furthermore, it has two notable libraries which are privately endowed, as well as a great museum of natural history, and an art museum which is visited by more people than any art museum in the country. Its citizens contribute annually about seven million dollars to organized charity, and millions more to education, or what the newspapers style "the uplift." Moreover, it has an æsthetic scheme for its own beautification which is fondly called the "Chicago Plan." One by one the principal features of this plan are being executed; hence the dream of a "city beautiful" bids fair to come true before the city is a century old. Indeed, I feel that boastful Chicagoans, like myself, are justified in declaring that the growth of our city's soul has been even more astonishing than that of its body.

Other cities have universities, opera companies, and museums, and plans for their own betterment, it is true, and perhaps their citizens are even more generous to charity than Chicagoans; yet I believe that their "uplifters" are less strenuous than ours and their sense of civic duty less pervading. Though life in industrial Chicago is nerve-wrecking, it is as naught to that led by the zealous citizens who ponder sociological problems while they bolt their luncheons, and rush from committee meeting to committee meeting, in the firm belief that all the burdens of humanity are theirs to alleviate.

This strenuous altruism is most deeply embedded in the hearts of our women, who play, it seems to me, a more active part in public affairs than do their sisters of the East. They play it capably, too, as well as ardently, — an observation which has led me to believe that the homes of those Chicagoans whose wives are "uplifters" are quite as serene as those of the conservative men of an older school whose wives yawn placidly over their knitting.

Yet back of Chicago's strenuousness and vim stands the spirit of her founders holding her in leash, the tenets of the Pilgrim Fathers being still a potent factor in her life. They are in constant conflict, however, with those of other faiths, Chicago being a forum as well as a melting-pot in which Puritanism is but one of the almost countless "isms" which are being upheld within her vast limits in nearly all the tongues of Europe and the Orient.

"Hog Butcher, Tool-Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads, and Freight-Handler to the Nation," as one of her own poets has called her, this city, whose shoulders are big, is likewise a city whose enthusiasms are strong. Moreover, as an inheritance, she possesses a New England conscience to leaven her diverse character and make her truly—the pulse of America.

THE END

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