"STRANGE TO SAY--"

Recollections of persons and events

in New Orleans and Chicago

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by

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To my husband

Carter H. Harrison

and our children

Carter and Edith

Chapter One

YOUTH

I WAS BORN on November 16, 1861, in the land of sunshine and magnolias, in beautiful old Louisiana, on my mother's plantation in Thibodaux la Fourche parish — a beautiful plantation southwest of New Orleans and not far from the Gulf of Mexico. Round the house stood century-old oak trees laden with Spanish moss, that gray seductive moss that contrasts so vividly with the emerald green of the live-oak foliage. Those splendid oaks, hoary with age, always seem a fitting setting for the homes of the proud Southerners. They have a certain dignity and seem to stand aloof with a stern majesty that even the glorious white-blossomed magnolias dare not infringe upon; but those gay white magnolia blossoms with their yellow-crowned centers thrill one with their beauty, too, and flaunt their sweetness on the air throughout the South. And the hedges of white cape jasmine, the bushes of the yellow acacia, and the small tree of the sweet olive challenge one's admiration, while the pink oleander and the wisteria vine with its brilliant purple flowers charm with their beauty.

But it was not until many years later that I was to learn to appreciate all this loveliness, because soon after my birth my young parents took up their residence in New Orleans.

The plantation had been bought by my grandfather, Charlton Beattie, a native of Kentucky, who broke away from his family's tradition of bookish pursuits to become a planter. So successful was he in Louisiana that he left his children valuable lands. His brother, Dr. Ormond Beattie, stuck to his books, and after many years of teaching at Center College, Danville, Kentucky, became its president. Many distinguished Kentuckians of today were his students.

The Beatties in America first spelled the name Beatty. After the war between the North and the South, the Civil War, my uncle changed to the original spelling — Beattie — and became a Republican.

The Beattie line includes the name of Rudyard Kipling, for the distinguished English writer married a daughter of our cousin, Sara (Beattie) Balestier. Thus the Kipling children share the Beattie blood.

My mother, Sara, inherited a love of learning. Not only did she speak six languages almost as well as her native tongue, but she was also an accomplished musician. She played the piano and sang beautifully.

She was one of eight children, but a terrible disaster left only her and a brother, Taylor Beattie, alive of the family while both were still young. At the time Mother was sixteen and in school in New York; Taylor was nineteen and attending the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He had joined her in New York to bring her south for the summer. They bought a paper at breakfast and there read of the disaster at Last Island in the Gulf of Mexico. Their father's name headed the list of the lost.

Last Island was then a fashionable resort for Southerners. Charlton Beattie, his second wife (my step-grandmother) and six children were all at Last Island when a tidal wave struck without warning. My grandfather, then only forty-six, his family and many slaves were all drowned. Mrs. LaFoley, his wife's mother, and his wife's paralyzed father were among the few saved.

Mrs. LaFoley — a tiny thing — often told the story in my presence, for she lived to be quite old. She was crossing the courtyard at night with her husband, who was being assisted by a slave. She was holding one of her husband's arms while the slave had the other. They were going into the ballroom of the hotel, crossing from a smaller cottage, to attend a ball. Without warning the tidal wave with its huge black volume of water enveloped them.

Engulfed in the terrible water, they were all floating in an instant in its swirling depths. A huge log struck them as it passed and all clung to it. In the darkness they could

see nothing but clung tenaciously to what had come their way. Mrs. LaFoley never lost her grip on her husband, but somehow the slave was swept off and was lost.

After what seemed hours, her husband told her he could no longer maintain his grip on the log. Terrified, she pleaded with him, but he was numb and cold and paralyzed and utterly helpless. Still she continued to hold him and passed her arm more firmly around him. She dared not open her eyes, but gradually she became conscious that the log had stopped. It seemed to her they had been hours and hours upon it, but finally when daylight came she saw they really were on land—a sort of mud island, not very big; but at least it was land, though the swirling waters still raged about them. It seemed a miracle that such a tiny wisp of a woman as she was should have been able to hold her husband, who was over six feet in height. Of course, only the fact they were floating in the water made it possible.

There was no sign of the big island, only wreckage and the dead floating about; and there these two remained for two days and nights before they were rescued. The big island had sunk into the gulf and for years was never seen; but within the last forty years it has appeared again.

I, with my children, was in New Orleans about forty-five years ago and was invited to spend a weekend at the fashionable hotel rebuilt on Last Island. Do you wonder that I refused?

Lafcadio Hearn wrote a very beautiful story called "Chita" which is a description of this disaster. He got much information for that story from my mother, whose scrapbook was filled with descriptions of the tidal wave at Last Island. Mr. Hearn lived in Japan after leaving New Orleans and married a Japanese. A few years ago — after his death — while my husband and I were in Japan, Burton Holmes brought Mr. Hearn's two sons to see us. The boys were entirely Japanese in appearance.

My father's first ancestor in America was John Ogden, who was granted land in New Jersey and was the Colony's first acting governor. A descendant, Robert Ogden, fell in love with and married Elizabeth Spaight Nash, daughter of a

governor of North Carolina. About 1770 Robert, a lawyer, took his bride to live in New Orleans. He was the first of my New Orleans ancestors.

My father was the eldest son of the eldest son for nine generations in an unbroken line who carried the name Robert Ogden. Today my brother Robert's grandson is Robert the twelfth — a remarkable record, perhaps unsurpassed in America. My father, Robert Nash Ogden, his father and his grandfather were all lawyers and judges. All sat on the bench in Louisiana, my father in the state court of appeals.

My father's mother was Frances Nicholson, daughter of John Nicholson of Philadelphia. Her grandfather was a partner of Robert Morris and together with Morris helped finance the American Revolution. In a Philadelphia paper I once ran across this description of an old document:

"On October the 2d, 1780, Benjamin Franklin D.S. Appointment of John Nicholson as Escheator of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with attest of John Trimble for John Armstrong, Secretary, with seal of the Commonwealth — a very fine document. John Nicholson, one of the foremost financiers of his time, played a great part in the American Revolution."

My husband once said to me: "You are a red-hot Southerner, but do you know that the only drops of Northern blood in our children's veins come through you?" And that is true, for the Harrisons have always been Southerners, from Virginia and Kentucky, whereas my father's ancestors belonged to the North.

I have portraits of the first Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholson painted by Charles Peale. They show her to have been a remarkably beautiful *grande dame.* She was painted holding in her arms one of the most adorable of babies, about eight months old. This child, the second John Nicholson, was my grandmother's father. The portrait of the first John Nicholson shows the face of a splendid and intellectual-looking man who, one can easily believe, was a power in his day. These two portraits hung for years as a loan exhibition in the Art Institute of Chicago.

All of this background is to emphasize that I was born

into an environment of refinement and culture and that my forebears were worthy, God-fearing people; that they had the public welfare at heart, and that they realized that birth and education alone were not enough to make the man.

Birth, after all, is only an accident. If one does not appreciate that being born to certain advantages only makes one's responsibilities greater, then birth amounts to nothing. The man who is born in poverty and fights his way to the top is certainly greater than the man of achievement who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. But both are equally worthy, if they get there, for both have fulfilled the laws of humanity — those laws which after all are the laws to improve the human race.

Now, although the Revolutionary days of which I have just written are pretty far away, they do not seem so far away for this reason: My grandmother, Frances Nicholson (my father's mother), was fourteen when the first John Nicholson died. She knew him well and was devoted to him. A girl of fourteen was practically a woman in those days. She told me much about him and about his beautiful wife (her grandmother), and, of course, it was all very vivid to me — this life of hers in Philadelphia and Washington. This grandmother of mine lived to know my children. So this is why I say that all these things do not really seem so far away.

Another member of my father's family, his sister, Fanny Ogden, also seems close to me, although I never saw her. My grandmother often told me Fanny's romantic story. John Slidell, of New Orleans, and James Mason were appointed by the Confederacy to go to Europe to enlist aid for its fortunes. The expedition took with it as secretary William Grayson Mann, and he took along his son, of the same name.

The young man was engaged to Fanny Ogden, and, although she was only seventeen, he refused to go without her. So they were married. She was beautiful, spoke French perfectly, and soon won great admiration at the French court. But alas, she died before her twentieth birthday. On my first trip abroad, I visited her grave at Pau. Despite the lapse of time, the French had cared faithfully for her

grave, and it was beautifully kept.

I have preserved as a curious example of the ardent and romantic style of our ancestors, a letter written to Fanny by the son or grandson of the famous Governor Claiborne of Louisiana. She had returned it to the writer, as he requested, but his sister, Martha Claiborne, gave it to my aunts, and they in turn gave it to me. The letter reads:

"My dear Miss Fannie:

"With a palpitating heart and a trembling hand, I pen you this note.

"For months past, I have earnestly desired and sought, a private interview with you. A few moments of conversation with you *alone,* to declare to you the sentiments of respect and admiration; of love and affection which agitate my bosom. But the Fates have been adverse to me. No opportunity has offered itself. If I ride with you, it is when accompanied by others; if I visit you, some member of your family is always present. Yesterday I fully expected that the opportunity I had so long sought was within my grasp; but I was disappointed. I am compelled therefore, to take this method of unbosoming myself, altho' fully conscious of the danger of exciting your displeasure. I trust however you will pardon much to the spirit that animates me, and that on reading this, tho' your *heart* may not respond to its contents, you will acquit me of any other than the purest of motives and most honorable intentions; and that your generous nature will do me the justice to peruse it with a heart unbiased by prejudice.

"Some three or four years have now elapsed, since I had the pleasure of seeing you for the first time. You were then scarcely on the threshold of womanhood, but young as you were, I saw you — gazed — and loved. From that moment to the present, my heart has been *solely* and *entirely yours.* From then till now

My life has been a task of love,
One long, *long* thought of you.'

From then till now, with exquisite pleasure, have I watched the gradual unfolding of those charms which now adorn

you, and with a delight language is too faint to express, witnessed the bright promise of a beautiful childhood *more* than realized by the grace and loveliness of the perfect woman.

"I met you *prepared* to love you. I knew your name, I knew your family to be among the oldest and best in the Union, and that you were preceded by a long line of brilliant and distinguished ancestry without blot or stain upon their escutcheon; I knew your Father and Mother, and esteemed and honored them far more than ordinary acquaintances. Your Brother had long been my nearest and dearest friend, and it was natural for all who were *near* to *him* to be *dear* to me. Fame too had whispered into my willing ear the story of your loveliness, and I longed to see and judge for myself. We met, I found that Rumor for once had failed to exaggerate. I was surprised, dazzled, captivated. Your beauty won. Your grace, amiability and kindness of heart enchained my affections.

"From the moment I first met you to the present time, my heart has had no other deity to worship. You are my *idol;* the *shrine* my soul visits with more than Moslem devotion. Not a day — not an hour — nay scarcely a moment passes, that Fancy does not conjure your sweet face before me. *Yours* is the smile that lingers last with me when I fall asleep, and it too, is the first to greet me on awakening. The rippling *waves* speak to me of Fannie; the very *flowers* tell me of my mistress; the songs of birds, the glories of Nature, *all* that is bright and beautiful brings Fannie to my thoughts, and her name is whispered by every passing breeze.

"Dearest Fannie — permit me so to address you — I am not deceiving you. I do indeed love you. *God* only knows for you never can how deeply, how devotedly, how purely —

"For years you have been the pole star of my heart. I have worshipped — adored — you, as second *only* to my God. In all my dreams of Pride and Ambition, of Success and Prosperity, I have looked to *you* as the sharer of my triumphs and the partner of my joys. In visions of misfortune and calamity; of sorrow and defeat, you were the angel that came to comfort me with her caresses, and console with her love.

"*Dearest* Fannie, is this cup of happiness to be foregathered from my lips? Is it only a bright dream, too beautiful to last, or may I, *can* I hope for its realization?

"In conclusion, allow me to say, that all I have written I *truly* and *sincerely* feel nor seek to flatter you. The smooth tongued flatterer method I despise, and would scorn to stoop to his low tricks if I thought by so doing I could win the bright jewel my heart covets. If you are willing to trust your destiny to me — your hand and heart — to my keeping, and grant me *that* love which I would cherish dearer than my heart's blood, write me one single line, to assure me of my happiness. But if Fate has decreed otherwise; and you are destined to be another's and can never be mine, simply return this, and keep sacredly locked within your own bosom the passion I have confided to you; for I would not have the world witness my mortification, or know the cause of a crushed spirit, and a broken heart.

"Permit me to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect and devotion,

"Yours sincerely,

"W. H. Claiborne"

"Anchorage
"July 21st, 1858"

When my young parents took up their abode in New Orleans they were both under twenty-five, both brilliant, but alas, both must have been terribly inexperienced. I was their oldest child; six brothers and one little sister soon followed. I can remember distinctly, that as I grew older, my mother often spoke of our restricted finances; yet for four children she kept four nurses, one nurse for each child.

To the day of her death (and she lived to be sixty-eight) Mother never could realize that she was not still surrounded by slaves. Kind and fair to all her servants, she still was helpless to wait upon herself, and would ring a bell to call a maid up a flight of stairs to hand her a glass of water.

Although my parents mixed in the center of society in their city, I want to stress my mother's deep sense of religion. She was a devout Catholic and in many of her writings expressed religion. She wrote a poem for me on my fifteenth

birthday which I have always cherished, an acrostic — but it is in reality a beautiful prayer:

"Even and bright be thy life here below— *E*
Darkness and clouds away from thee drifting, *D*
Ivies of faith thy pure heart uplifting *I*
To Him from whose hands must descend weal or woe. *T*
Heavenly blessings be thine evermore! *H*

"O swiftly, fly swiftly, ye wings of the air, *O*
Glowing with love bear a fond mother's prayer! *G*
Down at the footstool of Christ let it rest, *D*
Eternally pleading for all that is best. *E*
Now and forever my Edith be blest!" *N*

In these days of my early youth I can remember being waited upon by many servants. Of course, all the slaves had been freed. But many of the former slaves remained with us, and at my wedding one of the honored seats next to my old grandmother was a seat for a fine old colored mammy who had nursed my father. My father called her Black Ma in contradistinction to his mother, White Ma. And to the day of her death she was honored and respected by all of us.

As I have said, many of our familiar servants had been slaves of my mother's, the only difference being that now mother paid them wages. The family silver was often pawned to pay them, yet it never occurred to either of my parents, poor as they regarded themselves as being, that the retinue of servants could be reduced. Perhaps they felt that former slaves were a family responsibility. Whatever the reason, heirlooms of old silver waiters and fine laces were sacrificed to meet current expenses while my father, who had returned only a few years before from the Confederate army, built up a law practice.

My earliest recollections are a composite of our life in New Orleans and our summers at Bay St. Louis on Lake Borgne — really on the Gulf of Mexico, for only a string of islands separates the gulf from the gloriously blue waters of Lake Borgne. Our New Orleans home and our summer home were only fifty miles apart.

The house on Lake Borgne belonged to my grandmother, Mrs. Robert Nash Ogden (Frances Nicholson). It was a

lovely old place, a three-story, dormer-windowed building with huge red brick pillars, which was beautifully described by George W. Cable in his novel, *The Grandissimes*.

Bay St. Louis was a popular resort for New Orleans dwellers. Pass Christian and Biloxi lie just beyond it, and that whole coast was a favorite summer resort then just as it is today.

My parents were accustomed to take their little brood across to Lake Borgne as soon as school closed in New Orleans, and there on the gulf we spent long and happy days. My father commuted from his law offices in the city. On the way to Lake Borgne every summer we passed over the long Rigolets bridge through the great marshes filled with alligators and tangled palmetto thickets — a desolate, unearthly sight which no one who has ever seen it can forget.

Along the route were factories for putting up oysters and shrimps, and many little hotels where fishermen and hunters could spend days. One was kept by a negro woman, Madame Epps, a famous cook and a very fine specimen of her race. Competent and dignified, she cared for her boarders in her clean establishment and made them comfortable. She was said to have been beautiful in her youth, though she gave no evidence of it when I saw her, and was known to have been the mistress of one of New Orleans' famous judges; but he was dead and no reference, of course, was ever made to the former life of Madame Epps.

My happiest recollections of Bay St. Louis were of the wonderful bathing and swimming and the catching of crabs and fish from the long wharf. With our lines all set, baited with bacon or fat meat, we would lie on the wooden planks awaiting the coming of those fat crabs, and then we scooped them into the net.

At night we were allowed at certain seasons to go with a torch after soft-shell crabs. Crabs shed their hard shells and for a day or so lie buried in the sand until the soft skin hardens and they can move about again. They come close to the shore to shed their hard shells and form little mounds of sand over themselves for protection. Then it is that the negro boys go out by torchlight and pick up the helpless

animals and sell them to the markets.

Lovely picnics in the pine woods were often planned too, and when the colder days of fall appeared we went into the woods to gather fat pine knots to burn on winter days. These round or oblong knots are rich in resin and burn readily, giving out great heat and a splendid flame.

Sometimes we would spend Christmas at Bay St. Louis and then indeed the days were joyous. Selecting a huge Christmas tree, we would gather wild holly, brilliant with red berries, and ground pine for decorations. The celebrations were always held in the dining room on the first floor, filled with cabinets containing lovely cut glass, superbly made in a way which seems to be a lost art. We youngsters understood and repeated with bated breath that the glass had been used on our great-grandparents' table when they had been hosts in Philadelphia to General Lafayette. And with these relics were handsome Sheffield silver platters and silver dishes of many sorts. Stockings for the youngsters, presents wrapped in mysterious packages for everyone; even the colored servants were invited to receive their gifts there first.

Those were happy times, simple times. We were taught to love the simple things. I can remember well the joy of getting a nice red apple and being told that I could have as many as I wanted because a barrel had come. What child of today would be enthusiastic over that announcement?

Large candles lighted the rooms for the Christmas festival, huge clear glass globes three to four feet high protecting the candles from the wind. Fine lamps were gaily scattered about the house. We never missed electricity, which, of course, was not used for lighting then.

The big feast was spread on the huge table. A fat turkey stuffed with chestnuts and cranberries and a whole roasted pig (both raised and killed on the place) were always included; the big eggnog bowl was flowing, and the men had their mint juleps — sometimes perhaps too many. All of this was Christmas jollity.

Among the families who came to Bay St. Louis every summer was that of a prominent Frenchman named Dufour, owner of *L'Abeille,* the most influential French paper in New

Orleans. One of his daughters, Louise, was my great chum, and many hours we used to spend in the pretty summer-houses, called kiosques, on the greensward which lay between the waters of the lake and the hard white road, paved with oyster shells, in front of our yard. These kiosques were a feature of all the homes at Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian. They contained comfortable hammocks and lounging chairs and were well shaded by the big oak trees or magnolias that filled the country. In the heat of the day people gathered in them to play cards or read or doze away the hours.

Many of these families were intimates. I especially remember the Mannings and Cluveriuses — Mrs. Cluverius was a Manning — because one of the rollicking Cluverius children whom I had watched playing marbles noisily or flying a kite with delighted yells was to return into my life later on. When the Century of Progress was calling the world's attention to Chicago, this erstwhile young imp, many years younger than I, was one of its most attractive figures. He was Rear Admiral Wat T. Cluverius, and when he arrived with his beautiful and charming wife, the daughter of Admiral Sampson, to take command of Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, they became so popular that for two years it seemed nothing of importance could be planned without them.

In the interim, forty-odd years had elapsed, and he had made a name for himself as a brilliant naval officer. He made a record on his ship, the *Maine,* and today is the only living officer survivor of its sinking at Havana.

Many of my earliest recollections of the Bay St. Louis days cluster around the negro servants and former slaves who were our nurses and frequent companions. To them and their superstitions, I am told, dwellers there owed the lovely walks made of powdered red brick, which were so bright and glistening after a shower. Such walks made of brick washed with red powder led up to my grandmother's house, and I can still recall their soft, rain-brushed tones.

The custom was said to have originated with the native African slaves, who laid such walks around their cabins, both because they were beautiful and because many believed

that they warded off or "killed" the bad luck that voodoo charms caused. Even today red brick walks are customary in New Orleans and Bay St. Louis. Many years later when I was grown I often found myself suddenly remembering them. But while I loved the New Orleans custom, I cannot say as much for the custom in India. There the people wash their pavements, and their houses also, with a black powdered dust that they love and consider very sacred. It is made from the dried dung of the cow, powdered as fine as our face powder. When their homes are all made clean, they sprinkle everything with this black powder; and I have heard that the women powder themselves with it. For the women it is generally perfumed, and so made more agreeable. I often saw the women in India, after bathing in the sacred pools, dry themselves and then dust on this powder. They thought it made them purer.

Although our parents were strict in forbidding the servants to tell us about such superstitions, we did hear some and imbibed them — so well that even today I cannot entirely forget them. To this day I never put an umbrella on the bed — it's bad luck! And another — when taking off your shoes point them toward the door. Funny, but just unconsciously I do this. Early impressions are always strong, and even after years of education are not always obliterated.

And oh, how many superstitions those old slaves had! If a bird flew in the window, death was somewhere near. If two persons died in one family, a third would surely die before the end of the year! A howling dog always meant bad luck, disaster of some kind. All of these superstitions the little white child, growing up just after the war, had to try to outlive. I remember one queer expression and often today I use it unthinkingly. We always spoke of the sidewalk, the pavement — *troittoir* in French — as the banquette.

The negro learned to live like his white masters without losing his superstitions, and like the coat of Joseph they took on many colors. The Queen of the Voodoos was regarded by them as possessing superhuman strength in such matters — a strength generally used for malicious intent, for the spirit of revenge was found in almost every approach

or request brought to this ebony goddess. She dressed in fantastic colors and was usually surrounded by from six to eight satellites who, like herself, carried charms and fetishes about their persons, distributing them to all the faithful.

The negro belief in the baleful influence of these fetishes was, however, sometimes born of the desire for self-preservation and was sometimes developed almost in infancy. If a man quarreled with his sweetheart or she left him, he believed that by procuring her photograph and punching a hole through the breast and burying the picture, he could cause her death by heart disease or any illness he should happen to condemn her to. A nice slow fever was the genteel way of invoking the wrath of an angry spirit.

Woe to the unfortunate who believes that the unseen spirit's evil powers are arrayed against him. He loses his nerve completely. I have seen great husky fellows, who might be considered fearless, turn green at the suggestion of the evil eye upon them. No amount of reasoning assists, and only by more sacrificial offering can they abort or check, by some stronger charm, the evil.

In my childhood, the Civil War was just over, and, while it freed the negroes from physical bondage, it changed neither their nature nor their creeds. Although voodooism was forbidden, many of the negroes we knew still practiced it. Their society generally met in the cypress swamps in the outskirts of New Orleans, although the secrets of time and meeting place were carefully kept.

Stripping themselves, the devotees girded their loins with red handkerchiefs. The king and queen wore blue cords around their waists. The ceremonies began with worship of the snake, which was kept in a box on a sort of altar. A black cat was generally found with them, too. With awful dances and African songs, the frenzied negroes kept up their rites until they fell exhausted.

Marie Leveau was the greatest of the voodoo queens in New Orleans and she held her followers together with a strong hand. They never questioned her power. Of course, many of her followers could not always reach the far-away cypress swamps for the big meetings, but smaller ones were held

nearer by. It was remarkable how the news was communicated to the servants in the various houses. A girl would be sweeping the porches; she would sing a song giving the news in their peculiar language. The next houseman or maid hearing it would repeat it. The man in the field hearing it took up the song, and by nightfall the news had been conveyed to the entire city, telling those who could to go to the swamps where they could attend the terrible ceremonies.

Voodooism wielded a great power, and masters dreaded it. Many a master was poisoned, and the servants feared a grigri as they feared death. A grigri was a silly object of any kind, but it always meant evil. If a negro found a strange object in his room he feared it was a grigri and immediately rushed with it to Marie Leveau, begging her for a counter grigri to remove the evil spell. For a little money she helped, and in this way the curse was removed.

The people of New Orleans dreaded this woman's power but they could not break it. Marie Leveau was a handsome mulatto, married and with children, but the cult believed she possessed supernatural powers.

I was privileged to see something more of voodooism than usually fell to the lot of a white person at that time. This experience occurred while we were staying at my grandmother's home at Bay St. Louis. Not far from her home was a great marsh where lived an old negress who was high in her communication with the Great Zombi, their snake god. She had promised Celeste, my pretty mulatto nurse, assistance if she brought money and gifts. Celeste had had a quarrel with her lover about a girl and he had left her in anger. She wanted him back.

It was the fall of the year, when our parents allowed us to go out into the woods for the whole day to gather pine knots. Celeste made plans that on one of these days she would manage to see the old negress, who had already performed miracles in assisting her friends. She hoped to get a grigri which would remove the evil spell from some salt she had found sprinkled under her bed and which she was convinced would cause her to waste away and die.

What to do with her young charge while she spent an

hour or so with the old negress bothered her. She solved that problem by swearing me to secrecy and taking me along. I was pretty young but Celeste had confidence in my promise and believed me worthy. The negroes were forbidden to tell the children of voodooism, but we never betrayed them, knowing if we did we would never hear any more about it.

Happy and excited, I accompanied her and about a dozen or so other negroes. The old woman was expecting us, but at first she objected to the white child. It was known that the whites were not believers in the grigri, but as old Black Mammy said to me once, "Honey, if you don't believe, it can't hurt you, but if you do believe, it sure am gwine to get you."

We were all taken into a room which was dark except for one candle burning on a table covered with a white cloth. A knife, some wax, and a few pins were there beside it. Someone played softly on a drum and presently a low chanting began. The old woman advanced into the center of the room, drawing Celeste along. I was placed on a chair and told to keep quiet. The negress suddenly sat down in the middle of the floor, drawing Celeste down, too. Then she bade Celeste strip to her chemise. This done, she took hold of Celeste's hand and bade her repeat some jumbled words.

With these words, I was told afterwards, the real ceremony began. This lasted a few minutes until the old woman began swaying and moaning softly. Back and forth she swayed and the moaning became louder. She said suddenly, "The Great Spirit is coming. I hear his footsteps in the air. I know he is nigh. Brethren, beat the drum and sing faster."

The crowd by this time was getting quite excited. A young negress, in whose charge I had been put, leaned over and said, "Don't be afraid, honey." I whispered, "I'm not afraid."

By this time the old woman was writhing on the floor as though in pain and moaning terribly. Suddenly she let go Celeste's hand screaming, "The Zombi has seized me. I got to do my work. Where is the wax?"

An old woman stepped forward, picked up the wax on the table and handed it to her. Then the negress on the floor began molding the wax until it took the shape of a tiny doll.

Picking up the pins on the table, she stood up, and holding the doll over the lighted candle, she continued to mold and stick the pins in it. Finally, turning to Celeste, she said, "I must have some of your blood." She pricked Celeste's finger with a pin, smeared the figure of the doll with blood and said, "Now take this doll, put it in your rival's bed and sprinkle some of this powder I give you in her shoes, and your rival will die."

I don't know whether the rival died, but I do know that the lover returned and married Celeste.

Voodooism lost much of its potency when Marie Leveau died. She is buried in the old St. Louis cemetery in New Orleans and a tomb still bears her name.

Despite all denials, the negroes in certain sections of the South still practice voodooism and, although difficult, it is not impossible for white people to be admitted to a ceremony. Now voodooism is so esoteric and remote that the occasional writer may be unjustly suspected of exploiting a dead myth when he tells of some hideous rites he has witnessed. But to those of us, children of old Louisiana, who were bred in outward manifestation of the black art and sometimes experienced its actual practice, it was a living reality. Certainly it was a reality so vital to the transplanted African that I know the seventy-five odd years since my youth to be too brief a time for its complete passing. Though my parents lived in the civilized stratum, we children were left a good deal in the company of the old slaves who remained with us at a wage. The negroes exacted our secrecy, but they told us many things. When they practiced voodooism for revenge on an enemy, they called it Black Heart; when to remove an evil sent to them, they called it White Heart.

This is one side, the dark side, of the negro picture. There was another one, and I know no story that illustrates it so well as that of Margot Castellanos. She was in the convent school with me at Bay St. Louis. Perhaps I was attracted to her not only because she was beautiful but because of the tragedy that had come into her life. Her parents, a family of some wealth, had been drowned in the gulf and had left her penniless. But just when her situation was at

its darkest, she had this letter from a law firm in New Orleans:

> "One of our clients has written and put at your disposal sufficient money for your education and an income to support you the rest of your life. Our client, Mme. De Tignonville, stipulates only that you never attempt to see her, and wishes you never to seek her identity."

It was in the calm of convent life that I knew Margot. How well I recall the elevating influence of the nuns, the happy routine of Mass and school and embroidery — oh, the endless embroidery, which when finished was given into the skillful hands of Thérèse Corneau, the old quadroon woman, to launder.

Once a week the tall and dignified colored woman with the sad face called for the fine work the convent girls had finished; and her deft hands seemed to bring out more perfectly each leaf and flower. She always brought praline cakes, too — those delicious pralines made with brown sugar — and always kept one for Margot.

Joyous days were those, too, when Father Le Duc, the good parish priest at Bay St. Louis, called to bless us all. He was a gentleman of France and he gave his whole life to the village, but his courtly manners were never for a moment forgotten, even among the humblest of his parishioners.

One day after her convent life was over, while returning from a trip abroad, Margot heard a chance word, a slur upon her mother's name, and discussion of the mystery of the money provided for her. She had written her lawyers many times begging the name of her benefactress, but now she was determined that unless she knew it she would never again accept the gift. At last she was told her benefactress would see her, though the latter was very ill and was in a sanitarium at Bay St. Louis. Margot alighted from the New Orleans train, and was received by her convent priest, Father Le Duc. He spoke softly as they walked along the white oyster-shelled road to the convent.

"I have bad news for you, my daughter. Mme De Tignonville died this morning. Her suffering ended today, for in the eyes of God she was a saint. This letter I hand you will

explain all."

In the little red-roofed convent where the Mother Superior lovingly embraced her former pupil, Margot opened her letter, as Pére Le Duc promised to return and take her to the dead woman's side. The letter read:

"Mlle.: I am dying, and your tender heart must forgive me. I am fifty years of age and I look seventy. Thirty years ago I was called beautiful for I was almost white. The fatal taint in my blood hardly showed in my youth. I was educated in Paris and treated like a princess. I was young and innocent — God, how innocent I was. I did not dream those charms they fostered might prove chains to bear me down to misery. At eighteen I was brought back. None of my race were worthy to mate with me. I loved unworthily and after years found my marriage was not legal. Then I left his home and fought out my misery alone. In the hospital your mother's soft hands wiped the moisture from my brow and when convalescent she took me to her home, providing employment. Her kindness took the sting from my life. Pride kept me alive. I had plenty of money because my distinguished father had provided it in my youth, but somehow I just could not use it again, and always since I have earned my bread. After years, learning you were helpless, I felt I could give you the accumulated money, and hoped to die with my secret from all save the priest who confesses me. My deception was because I feared the truth of the taint in my blood would cause you mortification in accepting what I offered. Forgive and pray for me for I love you dearly!

"Alice De Tignonville."

Margot's eyes were wet as she finished the letter. What sublime abnegation! What a life this woman had led! She was dead — this martyred soul was free at last, and she, who owed her everything, had never seen her face. She would kneel beside the body and look upon the face!

It would be no ordinary face she would see; of that she felt sure. Whom would this saint resemble? Those years of unselfish devotion would have left an imprint of holiness

upon her brow! It would be splendid, imposing, a face to inspire great deeds.

With the gray-haired priest she entered the simple wooden church. She saw as though in a dream four black-robed nuns kneeling in prayer before the catafalque. It stood in the aisle before the altar with lighted candles at the head and feet. The plain coffin looked miserably poor and its ugly lid was leaning against its side. A pale streak of light filtering through one of the stained windows overhead fell across the coffin. Was it a halo hovering about God's chosen one? The way had been long and weary, but surely at last she lay crowned with glory in His merciful bosom!

Slowly and with trembling fingers Margot lifted the ugly white netting covering the corpse. Bending down, she gazed astonished, first upon the smooth gray hair drawn plainly back from the low forehead, then upon the placid features calm with the added dignity of death.

But it was not upon a stranger she looked, for the face of the honored dead was one she had known well all her life. Back in the old convent days she had seen it often, and it had grown familiar. Now with the serene calmness of death it met her eyes, and it was not unknown! The face she looked upon was that of the old quadroon woman, Thérése Corneau!

One last recollection — and it is a tragic one — of the happy childhood days in my grandmother's home on Lake Borgne. Early one morning I slipped out of bed, escaping from the watchful eyes of my nurse, and ran out into the yard. I was attracted by the sounds of hammering and approached the colored workmen. They were making a long pine box. I had time to observe the strangeness of the box, but my nurse discovered me too soon for me to receive any definite information from the workmen.

She was very much fussed at what I had seen and told me I was not to speak of it, scolding me roundly for having escaped her watchful eyes. Young as I was, I was alert enough to realize it was something she was afraid to have me mention, and the mystery about it intrigued me more than ever.

Several years later I learned the facts. The box was a

wooden coffin and was to contain the remains of a man killed on my grandmother's place in a duel. That man was killed by Mr. Braughn, my father's law partner, and my father was Mr. Braughn's second.

Dueling had been forbidden many years before, but the custom — then the only way to preserve a man's honor — still clung to New Orleans and was frequently practiced.

Mr. Braughn, a charming young man, had been arguing a case in court for my father's firm. The lawyer on the opposite side, a Frenchman, became objectionable in his language, and violent words followed on both sides. Finally the Frenchman challenged Mr. Braughn to duel. Now young Braughn had never fought a duel in his life and did not believe in that way of settling things, and at first positively refused to consider that solution of the dispute, but the hot-headed Frenchman, who was an expert marksman and had fought three duels already, insisted that this was the only way to settle the quarrel.

Gradually, much against his will, young Braughn was brought to believe he would be branded as a coward unless he accepted this way of exonerating himself, and finally, in spite of the pleading of his wife, consented to meet the other man. The laws of Mississippi were more lax in regard to duelling than Louisiana's, though they, too, forbade it. It was decided the place of meeting should be across the state line in Mississippi.

Reluctantly, my father consented to having it back in the pine woods on his mother's place, and Mr. Braughn's friends proceeded to hand him a pistol and see that he practiced with it daily. He never succeeded in hitting the target, but the Frenchman never missed the mark — even blindfolded he could wheel suddenly while removing the bandage and hit the little round spot. Of course, all these preparations for the final event were done in secret.

Mr. Braughn made his will, perfectly convinced he would be killed, kissed his tearful wife good-by, and departed for the Mississippi woods. The Frenchman's behavior was in marked contrast. He ordered caviar for supper, a cold bottle, and a hot bird. But at the rendezvous in the woods amid

those glorious yellow pines, the Fates willed otherwise, and as the contestants fired simultaneously, the man who had never once hit the target pierced his opponent's heart with his bullet, while the great marksman's bullet went astray.

This duel was one of the last fought in Louisiana and Mississippi. Terrible as was this mode of defending one's honor, it was a mode accepted throughout the world for centuries. The only way to resent an insult was for a man to take a life or give up his own, for honor's sake.

My feeling about the duel is that the pistol way of defending one's honor was not as bad as the German way, where two men sat down at a table with two pills between them, one harmless, one a deadly poison. Each man swallowed one pill and both calmly awaited death, which was bound to come to one of them.

I must speak of the great belief in ghosts that existed in Louisiana and Mississippi in my childhood. Many were the ghosts stories we heard from our colored nurses and despite all contradiction we firmly believed these startling tales. I particularly remember the ghost of Bienville Shell Road in New Orleans. Scared beholders declared that this ghost had been seen often and that horses shied away from it when it appeared. It was a big man with his throat cut from ear to ear. The man had been murdered and found in this condition, and always after his ghost appeared standing in the spot where his body was found.

Then there was the story of a woman statue in one of the cemeteries deliberately stepping down from its base and walking away rapidly to another tomb. The tale was confirmed by some people who were driving down the main cemetery road when it happened, and also by two or three grave-diggers. Months later the statue returned to its place. No amount of contradiction changed this story. The statue returned and took her place on the original tomb. There was always a brilliant light, a radiance, about that tomb, so that people avoided passing it. It was a great custom in my youth to visit the cemeteries on Sunday afternoon. It was certainly a gruesome custom, but it was a popular one. The young people gathered there, sat on benches and enjoyed

the sunshine in these gloomy surroundings.

I was always interested in the ghost story of General Beauregard's house. It is of course said to be haunted and there are those who claim to have seen the great general many times after his death. The house was usually dark. On rare occasions it suddenly appeared brilliant, generally in the hours just before dawn. The unlit candles burned brightly and suddenly the figure of a small man — General Beauregard was a small man — appeared in the doorway. With dignity he entered a room, walked slowly through, bowing and smiling as he passed, and disappeared through another door. There are many more tales of haunted houses in my beloved New Orleans, but I have no doubt they have been written often and will continue to be written. I only have wanted to mention a few.

But one story haunted me in my youth. Was it a ghost story? I thought so then, but its explanation has been found of late, and, strange to say, I find it more thrilling than any ghost story I have ever heard.

A couple with one child, a boy, lived in Mississippi not far from my grandmother's home. The boy was a handsome youngster, but no one was ever allowed to see him after dark. All servants were dismissed at dark and only returned at daylight. As the boy grew, he was sent to a day school; but always before dusk, in the short day of winter, he was taken home. Many stories were told concerning the boy, who was as intelligent as he was handsome. One old negress claimed she had sneaked back to the place after dark, climbed a ladder and looked through a window at the sleeping child. All the house was dark except his room. There he was lying with a brilliant light flowing around him. Somehow it had a strange luminosity that frightened the woman who looked.

Years passed, the boy was grown, but the rigorous rule remained, he was never seen after dark. Then a neighbor declared that one night he saw a very slender figure emerge from the house — a figure like fire and flame — and saw it run like a streak of lightning through a clump of trees and dive into a pond and swim about, while the whole pond lit up with a strange bright light.

A few years later the boy, now a grown man, died suddenly. Then, though not until some time after his death, the boy's secret was learned. The country doctor was given permission to tell. The boy had possessed in his body phosphorous such as the sea gives to its phosphorescent fish. Only the parents and the doctor knew the secret. During the day the boy's awful trouble — for trouble it surely was — was not apparent, but after dark it became visible.

This story to me was worse than any ghost story. However, scientists tell us that cases like this boy's have occurred many times, though it is the only case I have ever heard about.

Chapter Two

New Orleans Days

MY CHILDHOOD days in New Orleans, city of sunshine and flowers, are as fresh as yesterday in my mind. I have only to shut my eyes and I am again in that childhood home, that haven of hospitality.

The white pillars supporting the broad verandas were often twined with wisteria blossoms for some festival, and even today if I see the glorious purple bloom of that vine I am transported back in thought half a century.

What a thrill we children got as we slipped down the mahogany stairway and peeped into the long parlor to watch the preparations for New Year's Day. That parlor, so typical of New Orleans, was three rooms thrown into one, with arches overhead. The colored butler, assisted by two ebony goddesses — for those negro girls were often mighty pretty — would be arranging the table for the big punch bowl which would hold the frothy eggnog. I have that punch bowl still. As early as eleven in the morning my young mother would be ready to receive visitors and to dispense the delectable eggnog.

New Orleans in those days was a gracious, fun-loving city. It took its character from the several nations which had helped to found and develop it. The city was founded in 1718 by fur traders and became the capital of the French colony in 1722 when Bienville, its governor, moved there from Biloxi.

Spain held the colony from 1762 to 1800, when the French took it back for a short span of years until it became American. It is interesting to see that even today French and Spanish customs prevail in the French quarter, across

Canal Street, the dividing line, while on the other side American ways are predominant. But all over the city there is still a mingling of the several languages and customs.

In my childhood — and perhaps it is the same today — English-speaking people of the city interspersed many French expressions in their conversation. Instead of "Too bad" one heard "Tant pis," or "Tant mieux" for "That's fine."

New Orleans contains many historic monuments, which have been exhaustively described. As I am not writing a history of my native city, I will pass them by. I have always enjoyed the French market, though, for the many good things which we bought there. One of these was the famous filé for making gumbo. Filé is finely ground sassafras root and is used generally in soups and gumbo. I still have it on my dinner table. It was made and sold by Cherokee Indians. They were poor in those days, trying to make a living from roots, but when they were transferred to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma, many became rich from their oil properties. The Cherokees sold filé in oddly patterned baskets, now treasured because no more have been made for many years.

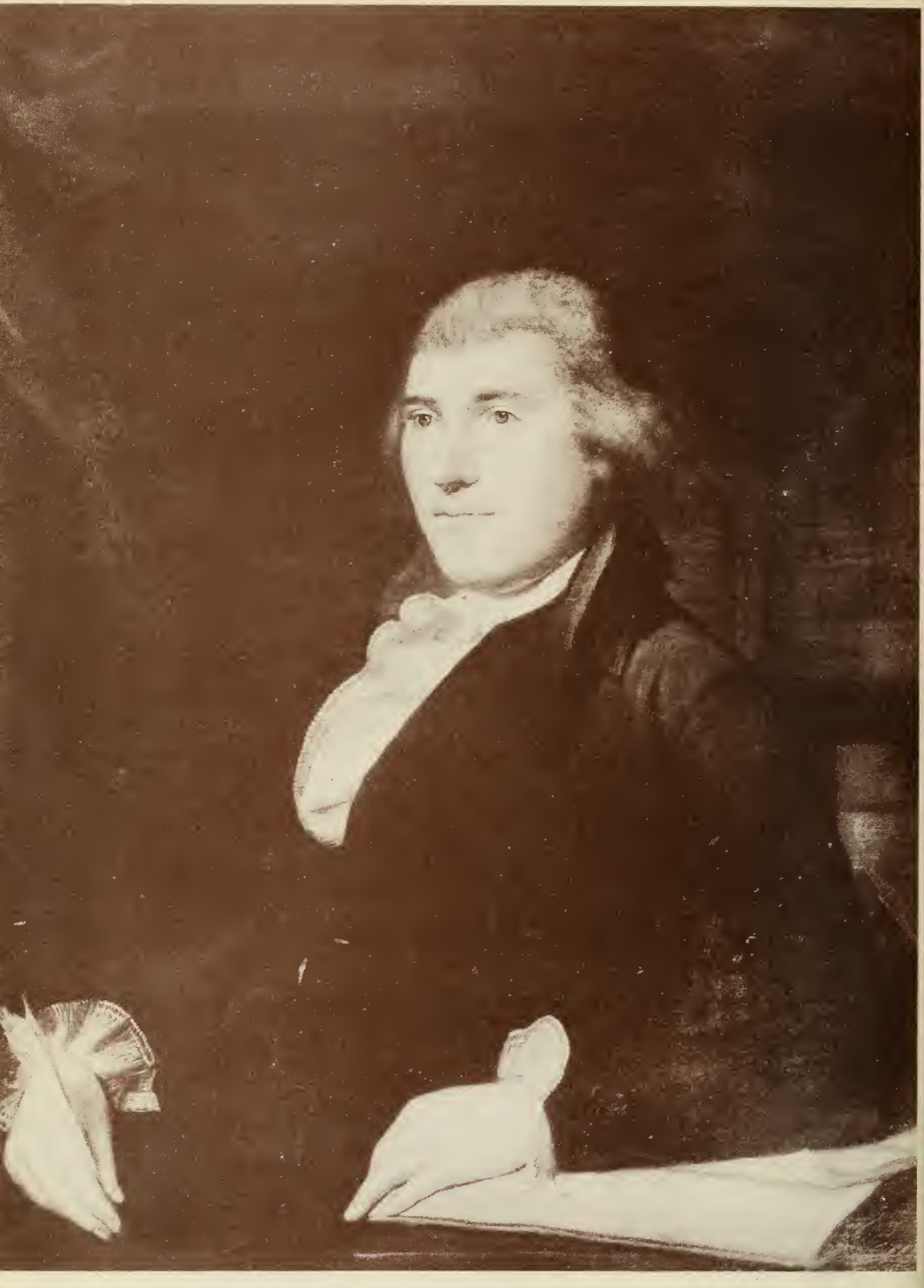
Another sauce sold at the market was called Mansell White. It was flavored with little red peppers and magnolia berries, and a few drops in soup or any dish made of the tiny Mississippi River shrimp were considered indispensable.

Many beautiful spots in the city that I recollect well are now no more. For instance, the delightful Carrolton Gardens with their umbrageous small umbrella trees, where our nurses used to wander with us children, have all been swept away by the mighty Mississippi with its tawny waters. Instead are the strong levees holding at bay the angry flood that sweeps by in its haste to mingle with the blue waters of the gulf.

But many of the old houses with grilled lace-work balconies remain, such as the Locoul house, the home of Laura Lacoul, one of my dear friends; and in that neighborhood you may meet some who still call the sidewalk the "banquette."

And though the great and fashionable milliner Olympe is no longer there, others have taken her place. And the Stauffers and Leovys and Chaffraixs and Howards and Bohns,

Mrs. John Nicholson
My Grandmother's Grandmother
from a painting by Charles Peale



John Nicholson
My Grandmother's Grandfather
from a painting by Charles Peale

or rather their descendants, have found equally good ones. The old opera house so famous in my day is just as popular, and the Capdevielles and Slocombs, the Mehles, Prestons, Scotts, Bohns and Krutschnitts still sit in their loges and listen to the entrancing voices.

"Banquette" is not the only distinctive word in the New Orleans vocabulary. One of my first recollections is of hearing someone say, perhaps to me: "Here is a picayune. Go buy yourself some candy." The picayune was then the smallest coin in circulation, worth five cents, and from this came the custom of calling a stingy man or woman picayunish.

I certainly remember, too, the word "lagniappe." That word opened my eyes. Whenever I went with a servant to the grocery to make a purchase, she asked and received lagniappe. It is the *morcau* always given a servant or a child after a purchase — perhaps a piece of candy, a few raisins, a cake; but it is always expected and always accepted.

I remember, too, that every morning on awakening, when I slept in a room with my parents or in one adjoining, I saw a maid enter their room with two small cups of steaming black coffee. That was brought them every day before they arose. Coffee was taken later in the dining room, but with hot milk.

Of all the distinctive New Orleans foods, I believe the delicious *biscuit glacé* impressed me most favorably. One can get it elsewhere in various cities now, but it is not the same as I remember. To this day New Orleans *biscuits glacé* taste better to me. Perhaps they have kept the true secret of making it. And the first thing I order today when I return to my native city is *biscuit glacé.*

Another custom which impressed my childish eyes was *eau sucrée.* Whenever a lady called and sat an hour or so, instead of being offered tea or coffee (it is cocktails now), she was offered a cold glass of water with lots of sugar, and enjoyed it as a delicious drink.

This custom was recalled to me vividly twenty-five years ago during the First World War. A young girl cousin came to visit me in Chicago and asked if she might have an *eau sucrée.* I answered yes and, pouring the cold water into a

glass, opened the sugar bowl. We had been urged to be careful with sugar. Like butter, we just could not get it. What was my horror when I saw that for one glass she emptied the sugarbowl. She put twenty pieces of loaf sugar into the glass of water. Of course, this young girl's father owned a sugar plantation and that in a way accounted for her extravagance.

Many returning from New Orleans question what bagasse is. It is the sugar cane dried of its juice, and the planters now make use of it for burning in their furnaces. It makes a tremendous blaze and is really a superb sight while burning, for the sparks given off are unusually bright and glow against the darkness in magnificent splendor. For a long time this bagasse was just thrown away, but since it has been utilized by the planters it has saved a large amount of fuel and is therefore very properly considered valuable enough to guard.

The old scissors grinder passing along, crying out in the street and telling his ability to make scissors new, always attracted the children, and of course the organ grinder with his smart little monkey brought shrieks of delight.

Every Sunday morning when I was young a delicious cream cheese was served with rich cream for breakfast. The cheeses were round, about an inch in thickness and the size of a coffee-cup saucer. They were sold in individual layers. One was served to each person and with the rich cream and delicious brown sugar with which we covered it, made a delectable dish. I certainly ate mine to the last bit.

And the pralines, shaped like a small cake, made of brown sugar and pecans, wrapped in a thin white paper and sold by the old negro women who sat on low chairs on the sidewalks of New Orleans. Last winter Dr. Gustav Egloff, the dean of petroleum technologists and president of the American Institute of Chemists (an outstanding man in the world), who with his gifted wife has been our neighbor for years, brought me from New Orleans some delicious pralines. And oh, how I did appreciate them!

Good food and good fun are equally a part of New Orleans life, and good fun in New Orleans reaches its zenith with

the famous Mardi Gras festival. The city's inhabitants as well as the guests who fill the hotels throng the streets and give themselves up to pleasures and amusements for days. The great moment is the day and night when the processions with their glamorously decorated floats invade the city.

One of the finest compliments ever paid me was when the Mardi Gras revelers stole my fairy tales as the theme of floats. It was a big surprise to me — because, of course, Mardi Gras never asks permission — and an even bigger one to my many relatives in the Crescent City. With all their little nephews and nieces, they were watching for King Rex to make his appearance when suddenly they heard a cry "Prince Silverwings" as a float appeared.

The delighted children saw Prince Silverwings, gorgeously dressed, standing before the crowned Fairy Princess, who was seated in the center of a huge rose under a gaily bedecked canopy. The Prince, as I had told the story, had been banished from fairyland and sent to earth to perform thirty good deeds — one a day — for having fallen asleep in fairyland while on duty. His good deeds accomplished, he had been allowed to return, and the float showed him in princely attire about to have an audience with his Princess, whom he would soon marry.

Other floats followed displaying the Ice Queen's palace and the Rainbow maidens dancing and other episodes from my fairy tales.

But if the Mardi Gras sponsors are regal in the way they appropriate, they are just as regal in the way they make the *amende honorable.* I have jeweled pins and grateful letters thanking me for what they took, and I also have the pleasure of the memory of having been honored by my childhood city in her gayest moment.

I was twice a maid of honor to the Queen of the Mardi Gras carnival, once for beautiful Lena Jackson, and once for Annie Howard, daughter of Charles Howard, the man in charge of the famous Louisiana state lottery. I never dreamed in those days that fate would bring Annie and me closer together, for if my husband's father, Carter Harrison, had not been assassinated, Annie would have been his wife and my

mother-in-law. Happily we could not see the grimmer visage of the future in those carefree days of going to Mardi Gras balls and watching the wonderful processions.

Mardi Gras reminds me, though, of a somber though heroic episode. At a Mardi Gras ball soon after I was married I first saw a young married couple, plainly in love. She was beautiful, the man was hardly less attractive. He was the embodiment of youthful vigor. They were a remarkably handsome couple and evidently very popular.

Many years passed before I returned to the Crescent City. Once more in the midst of a brilliant Rex ball I asked for the young couple.

"For heavens sake, do not speak of them," my friend answered. "Their names are never mentioned here now. Tomorrow when we are alone I will tell you their story."

Maurice Locoul, my friend, was a great hunter, and Louisiana is famous for her hunting grounds. He often sought the marshes where wild turkeys abound and other delicious game is found. Through the marais — the marshlands — the pirogue, a small canoe, is paddled along the tiny streams. The ground is an oozy slime. Even the firmer ground of the surrounding country is unhealthy. At night the white mist rises and brings fever in its wake. It is believed by the negroes that ghosts wander after dark, and, of course, after dark no negro will ever be found within miles of the marshes.

So Maurice was astonished one day to notice amid the scrub palmettos a small cabin with tiny wisps of smoke rising from it. Who would choose such a habitation? Years went by and he grew accustomed to the sight. Stories told by the ignorant villagers, not far away, of a lone white witch and an old negro mammy who came to town on a white mule to buy provisions were all he heard. As for the white witch, she was seen only in the distance. No one ever approached her.

One day as Maurice was rowing on one of the tiny streams he saw plainly the figure of a man crouching near the shadows of the palmettos. He noticed him particularly because he had heard only that two women lived in the cabin.

Later in the afternoon a terrific thunderstorm compelled

him to seek shelter, and he begged the hospitality of the cabin. The negress who opened the door was plainly nervous, but being soaked to the skin and very cold he pushed her aside and entered.

He saw a woman seated by the window reading. Her hair was snow white and her figure looked stooped, so he supposed her old. Startled by his abrupt appearance, she sprang up. He apologized and begged permission to warm himself. The light from the window fell on the woman's face. Amazed and horror-stricken, he staggered forward, for, changed as she was, he recognized her. His heart almost stopped beating. He could hardly stammer out the words:

"Is it really you? We thought you lived in China! Madelaine, why in God's name are you here in this place of death?"

"That reason concerns me alone," she answered and started to leave the room.

"But why, why have you chosen this hideous place, why have you hidden yourself from all who love you?"

"Because I had a greater love to sustain me."

"A greater love," he echoed.

"Yes, one I love was doomed to death through a long pilgrimage, to be shunned by all. The evil eye was upon us, Maurice. Together we fled. But why have you come to disturb us?" Fiercely she pointed to the door. "Go back to your civilization and leave us in peace and, on the honor of our past friendship, do not betray us," and, sobbing, she sank to the floor.

He was appalled at her words, but before he could reply a door opened. An apparition was on the threshold. A living skeleton was before him, the face as white as paint. Blazing eyes in two sunken hollows seemed the only thing alive about the man. The countenance had in it the fear of death. A hush, like the hush before a storm, fell upon him who saw. Dumb with horror, Maurice Locoul recognized his former friend, the husband, a leper. The wife arose from her knees, running to meet him. The man stopped here with a gesture.

"There is no escape, Madelaine," he said. "We have come to the end of the road. It was inevitable that one day we should be found. All these wonderful years your love has

made of me a coward. I should never have permitted your sublime devotion to sacrifice the breaking of your social ties. But despair and agony made me weak, and at first my horrible disease was not apparent. Now, vanquished by disease, why struggle longer. I know my duty."

Turning to the man, he said: "Maurice, there is no longer any need for secrecy. Her plea for silence is not necessary, for Madelaine's isolation shall end tonight."

"Beloved," he said, turning to his wife, "for your sake I will not go to the leper colony we both dread. But pray to your God for me, because I will carry your image in my heart to the foot of His throne tonight!"

And turning swiftly he entered his room, closing the door behind him. Frozen with horror, she stood silent, unable to move. A pistol shot rang out. Maurice Locoul caught her as she fell.

My fairy tales had only an adopted connection with the city of my childhood, but one story which I wrote about fifteen years ago came out of my abiding love for the scenes of my youth. New Orleans, as everyone knows, lies in a great crescent-shaped bend of the Mississippi River; and, like all the great rivers of the world — the Nile, the Amazon, etc. — the Mississippi dominates the land through which it flows.

Down in the beautiful Southland, men can never forget the river, for not only is it a friend that carries their commerce on its back, but it is also a foe whose devastating power has been felt far too often, especially before the levees were strengthened.

Right and left it cuts its way, sweeping aside all that stands in its path. Nothing daunts its mighty force. Like the Tiber its tawny color takes on a threatening aspect. As the great stream reaches the South it widens, and rushing rapidly it cuts the land into bayous in Louisiana and creates smaller streams along its path. Always the river dominates the land, and always that land refers to it with pride, but always, too, that land fears it. Like the great monster of old, the Minotaur who demanded beautiful maidens for compensation, the great river takes its toll. Often it would break through all its boundaries, and one might waken far away

from its natural flow in Arkansas and find it had left behind a lake or a bayou, and then calmly continued on its way in its regular channel, seeking its outlet into the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

For many years past, however, we have no longer dreaded these occurrences so much; we control the flow of the water by spillways — fingers, we call them. When the great flood is approaching we are told of its increasing violence as it begins up north. Then these fingers are cut (are "opened," as we say), and the spillways allow the rush of waters to flow into the lands, flooding them, making lakes and bayous, and thus pacifying the monster river until, more calmly, it can continue on its course, and thus reach New Orleans.

This city is really sixteen feet below the river. Standing on street level there, one cannot see the river; and from the river, one sees only the tops of houses in the city.

The levees built to confine the river are the city's defense against annihilation by the mighty river. They are not mere ridges of grass and dirt shoved up in a haphazard way along the river bank. The excavation of the land for the levee forms the barrow pit, which lies between the levee and the batture, or shore. When the river is low the barrow pit and batture are high out of water. At high water all are submerged and only the strong levee holds back the water from flowing over the land.

The batture is really part of the river and is owned by the United States. Strange as it seems, there are "batture dwellers." There is a town called Depression Colony between Carrolton Gardens and the protective levees at Jefferson Parish — a ramshackle town of such houses. Its shacks and little cottages are built on stilts, so that the highest flood cannot sweep them away. These houses have little gardens in the batture and chickens and other animals live there. When the flood comes the batture dwellers gather all the animals and put them on the little galleries built around their houses.

These people gather wood from the willows near their land and make pretty furniture to sell, and they get their food and water from merchants who pass their neighborhood.

Of course, these people pay no rent and are free from taxation, as the government owns the land.

The reservation of the U. S. Engineers, 2nd New Orleans District, is one of the beauty spots of the New Orleans levee. Here are situated equipment, yards and shops together with several office buildings and beautifully kept grounds, all built above the level on the batture. Government stations are here in charge of dredging, revetment work, levee construction, and so on, for the southern half of Louisiana and the head of the passes. The buildings occupy attractive land on the levee a hundred yards wide and about a mile in length. A ranking United States army officer, usually a colonel, is in charge of the district office. In low water the children have swimming pools in the batture, and as the river is full of fish they catch food for the family and plenty of shrimp.

Shrimp were plentiful in the old days in the big river along the batture, and in the spring the citizens up country on their plantations, set out shrimp boxes off the bank to catch them. These were baited with cornmeal and cottonseed cake, and I have heard the catch was plentiful and always fine to eat. The river shrimp were much smaller than the lake shrimp and were considered really delicacies.

As a child, it was my delight to wander along the batture at New Orleans, in the care of a nursegirl, and to listen to the roar of the waters and see them swirl down to the gulf. I also recalled the stories of the river's rages as I heard them from my parents and others in New Orleans, and from such material formed my story of a Mississippi flood. It was called "The Secret of the Great River." Perhaps I may be pardoned if I quote from its opening paragraphs:

"For days the river had been sullenly whispering. The pretty bayous curling in silver splendor round the marshes, caught the mysterious sound, and repeated it. The deep toned darker waters of the lagoons forced their way silently, but surely, through the thick and gloomy cypress lands to tell it, while the great yellow tiger lilies, and the seductive splendid passion flower (filling the silent places with their beauty) listened in sorrowful silence.

"The big river cutting its way through gloomy wilderness

was plainly angry. In mad haste it tore between its two soft banks, and in the wild race angered and furious dug deep into the red clay, so that the bank caved and crumbled at its touch. From the depths of the pitchy black swamp, resting on bottomless ooze, where the endless colonnades of cypresses stand sullenly, and the patches of floating green and yellow rushes conceal serpents great and small; where bats, raccoons, centipedes, and deadly moccasins hide; where maddening mosquitoes sing in millions, the ominous sound is heard.

"Over the splendid rice fields, across the gaudy colored sugar cane, through the cotton stalks, the wind carried it. The great oaks groaned, and every lesser thing bowed before the awful news.

"Have you ever heard it? If not, be grateful, with a great thankfulness, for thunder and rain and lightning are naught in comparison. When that peculiar whispering roar of the mighty Mississippi is heard down in Louisiana, every living thing holds its breath in mortal terror, for all know well what it portends. It may be a minute or an hour, or even days; but the doom is there, the awful flood is bound to come, and naught can stop it.

"A shiver of consternation runs through the whole country. The rich planter in his luxurious home is appalled. The supper spread in the big dining room stands untouched. Sons and daughters crowd around with white faces, and the beloved wife leans upon his breast in sympathy. Guests stand frozen stiff with a sudden horror of the terrible unknown. The joyousness of that careless, happy Southern life has instantly disappeared. In the Crescent City dancing in the splendid salon is hushed. A halt in the cotillion is made while the silence of death passes over the room. One by one the masculine half of the company gather apart, while the feminine persuasion with white faces seek in silence their wraps. Slowly and silently, they disperse, seeking their homes there to prepare for the dreaded floods."

Then I tell my story! It had quite a run; magazines and newspapers copied it many times. What was my pride about two years ago to learn that the University of Louisiana in a collection composed of the best short stories about the state,

had this story of mine as the best description of the river's mighty flood. The state had been searching for about one hundred years for such stories. When they wrote me, they had chosen twelve writers, including myself, and had placed my story beside those of Lafcadio Hearn, George W. Cable, Mollie Moore Davis and Grace King. The story was embodied in a book called *Louisiana in the Short Story,* and a sketch of my life given in the book. Naturally I was pleased and happy at being classed with such writers.

Mention of George W. Cable's name still embarrasses me slightly. After my marriage I was taken in Chicago to the Fortnightly Club by Mrs. Potter Palmer, who was at that time president of that distinguished club. I was not then a member, though I am now. Mrs. Palmer placed me in a chair as she was about to ascend the platform and preside. She introduced me to her other guest, saying, "He is from your native city, New Orleans." As a few minutes elapsed before silence was required, we talked a bit. In a sort of patronizing way, I began, "I hear you are from New Orleans."

"Well," he replied, "I now live in New York, but the better part of my life was spent in your charming city."

"Oh, you knew the city well then, perhaps you knew my father. He was Judge Robert Ogden," I continued.

"I knew him very well," he answered. "We were neighbors and great friends."

"I am so pleased to hear this," I answered. "Do tell me your name."

"Are you being facetious," he smiled, "or do you really want me to tell my name?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "I must have your name."

"George W. Cable," was the answer.

You can imagine my chagrin, my embarrassment. He readily forgave me, yet I never could forgive myself.

Mr. Cable was but one of the many friends whom my parents made in New Orleans. Young as they were when they came there, they took a prominent part in the city's life. Father as a rising young lawyer mixed a bit in politics and through the acquaintance he formed his practice grew by leaps and bounds.

Mother, who had a lifelong interest in music, was always to be found in the midst of a brilliant coterie that made the opera house its meeting place. That coterie upheld all the Crescent City's traditions for hospitality and brilliance. The friendships they made were lifelong and many have lasted into the generation of my children.

Mother by rights should have had her hands full with her family. I was the eldest, but she had seven other children, six of them boys. Robert came a year after me, and he was followed by Charlton, Oswald, Hilaire, Ethel, Reid, and a baby who died soon after birth. But life was easier in those days, despite the lack of what we think of as modern conveniences. Even our family's relatively modest purse could afford several nursemaids, and thus my mother had time and energy for social life.

Among the charming women who came to our house for eggnog on New Year's Day or for other occasions were Mary and Mildred Lee, the daughters of General Robert E. Lee. They long survived him and were frequently in New Orleans. And Jefferson Davis, who lived at Beauvoir, only thirty miles from my grandmother's home at Bay St. Louis, would take the train out from New Orleans with my father when we were at the bay for the summer and would stop for a mint julep at our home, spend an hour or two in conversation, and then take a later train to Beauvoir.

We frequently exchanged visits with the Davises, particularly because Mrs. Davis was such a delightful woman. She was cultivated and genuine in her affections. Jefferson Davis' first wife had died after a few years of marriage and the Mrs. Davis we knew was his second wife.

Mrs. Davis wrote me a beautiful letter a few days before my marriage in which she said: "I have never met young Carter Harrison but if he belongs to that Virginia family of Harrisons, he can never go wrong, and I believe that in later years he will show to the world that he is an honored member of the clan." I loved that letter and years later when my husband was elected mayor of Chicago I returned it to Mrs. Davis, asking her if it had not been prophetic. We corresponded and remained always in close contact until her death. The Davises'

former home is now a home for old soldiers, and whenever I have been in the South I have always made a point of going back to visit it.

I remember the Davises chiefly perhaps because they were the parents of Winnie Davis. She was very popular among all of the young people. I remember once when she was grown, the young women of New Orleans decided to give her a tea to which only women — girls — were asked. It was a new venture and we all liked it. Just as I was stepping out of my home to attend the reception, I came face to face with a young lawyer from Chicago who was a frequent visitor at our home, William Burry. He often came to New Orleans to argue a case in my father's court and, of course, we saw him often.

Asking where I was going, he urged that I take him along. It was a daring thing to do, but I did it. He had the time of his life and, of course, was awfully popular as he was the only man present. He met Winnie and was ever after one of her staunch admirers. When Chicago became my home, he and I often reminisced over that day. His lovely and gifted wife, the brilliant Jane King, whom he had so long tried to win, became one of my good friends and for years we met frequently.

History has written so much of Jefferson Davis that I could tell nothing new about his life. But the affection that lasted between us is dear to my heart, and the thoughts in the many letters (dozens and dozens) exchanged with Mrs. Davis are vividly with me. Unfortunately, in the passing of these long years many of these letters have been lost or destroyed, but the few I still have evidence her love and affection and deep interest in my husband's career. Of his career she spoke frequently and always with great pride. Her letters are really too valuable to destroy. I shall give them to some library for safekeeping. She wrote me constantly until her death. Her youngest child, Winnie, was about my age and she thought we were much alike in many ways. Winnie had written a book which when published was favorably commented on, and her mother believed she would find fame in her writings. Alas, Death called her too soon — in her twenties — and Mrs. Davis never recovered from her terrible grief. She was a deeply religious woman, but it took all her courage to continue life

without her beloved Winnie.

The two letters I publish are both in deep mourning, the edges marked with wide black bands. Both letters are from Beauvoir, the home in Mississippi. The first was written after Mr. Davis' death, the second after Winnie's.

BEAUVOIR HOUSE

11th Jan. 1890

My dear Edith:

I thank you sincerely for your tender letter. It is all too new & dreadful for me to write of but I only wish to say your sympathy & love is very much to me & I am with kind regards to Mr. Harrison.

Yours

V. Jefferson Davis

Beauvoir 28th April 1900

My dear Edith:

I was eager to take a look at you yesterday but my face was swollen with crying and I was covered from head to foot with dust, and I could not summon calmness to speak to you.

I had been looking over some cherished treasures of my Winnie's that moth and rust had corrupted and could not recover from the shock enough to speak a consecutive sentence. If I get through this heartbreak in time to see you in New Orleans, I hope to do so. Breaking up a great household where the tragedies have surpassed the joys in one's life is a fearful foretaste of death, but I think death will, indeed has now lost many of its terrors to me since I have been here.

I hear of you sometimes and of your handsome husband and the news thank God is always good and cheerful and I am glad for you and proud of your success.

Always lovingly yours,

V. Jefferson Davis

Some years after our marriage, my husband and I, together with the governor of Illinois, were invited to attend the launching ceremonies for the battleship *Illinois*, at Newport News,

Virginia. Daisy Leiter, who became the Countess of Suffolk, christened the ship and, in spite of the intense heat of the day, it was a great occasion.

Following the ceremony, Governor Tyler of Virginia invited Mr. Harrison and me to Richmond, for a visit to the ancestral Harrison home on the James River. We had reservations at the Jefferson Hotel. In spite of the fatiguing day, I insisted on visiting the grave of my old friend, Winnie Davis, who had died only two days before.

While at dinner at the governor's mansion that night, I became violently ill and returned to my room in the hotel. The room was filled with beautiful flowers, so beautiful that, ill as I was, I commented upon them to one of the maids who was undressing me.

"Oh," said the maid, "they weren't sent over for you. They were left over from the funeral of Miss Winnie yesterday."

That was too much, especially for one who had been brought up by superstitious colored nurses. Here I was, ill of ptomaine poisoning, which had carried off my friend, in the same city and surrounded by her funeral flowers. I was sure that I would die if I remained overnight in that room.

My patient and usually agreeable husband argued that there was no train, no way to leave, but I declared that there must be one if he wanted to keep his wife alive. One was found, leaving at three o'clock in the morning. I was taken aboard, and reached Chicago, where I did not recover for two weeks.

Famous Confederate leaders were among my father's friends. General Jubal Early, General Beauregard, famous for the Battle of Bull Run, and General William Preston Johnson were frequent visitors to our house. I never knew Judah P. Benjamin, New Orleans' great lawyer who was in many ways the strongest man in the Confederate government, but in my youth I knew his niece, Rebecca Krutschnitt. She was red-haired and white-skinned and at eighteen the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Her brother Ernest followed in his uncle's profession and lived for many years in Chicago as a railroad president.

At our home a typical gathering would include perhaps a governor or senator, several judges and lawyers (because of

my father's profession), some distinguished leader of the Confederacy, and some writer such as Lafcadio Hearn. Hearn came frequently and was always welcome. He lived in New Orleans for many years and there, I suspect, first became impregnated with the beauty and splendor of the world of sunshine and flowers which he described so lavishly in his later books when he lived in Japan.

Another who came frequently to our home was my father's first cousin — and adopted brother, for he had lived in my grandfather's family after the death of his father —, the distinguished general, Fred N. Ogden. He quieted many outbreaks in New Orleans after the Civil War, and was decorated by the federal government for his services. His statue stands in one of the parks in New Orleans. At one time he ran for governor, and his opponent on the Republican ticket was my mother's brother, Judge Taylor Beattie. Those were embarrassing days for the family, but the feeling was relieved by the election of a third man.

Thinking back over the friends who came to our house and of the houses where we were always welcomed brings to mind a host of names. The Morrises (Isabel was the prettiest girl in New Orleans), the Stauffers, the Leovys, the Capdevielles — gifted and musical (Paul later became mayor of New Orleans) — the Bohns, the Mehles, the Maginnises, the Denegres, the Breaux, the Scotts, the Locouls, the Chaffraixes, the Delgados, the Jacksons, the Morris Chews, the Generes, helped form a most interesting society. The Chauffraixes, the Delgados, the Pughs, the Howards were people of importance and were helping New Orleans forward.

I remember well when Miss Stauffer and Miss Morris and Miss McStea were the greatest belles of the city. It was a tossup which among them was the most popular. But I always felt Celeste Stauffer carried the palm as the intellectual one of the crowd. She was always studying something new or getting into some clinic in a hospital to find out something scientific. One winter she decided to get together a class of a dozen or less to study Plato and Aristotle. A professor from Tulane was the instructor. What was my surprise to be asked to go in with a cousin, Antoinette Ogden. We were the

youngest two in the crowd, but it was a compliment to be considered worthy, so we went.

I don't know how much Antoinette got out of it. I believe, though, that it did give me a love for serious study, as at that age I was more or less inclined naturally to the glare and glitter of the ballroom and dancing. But the thing I do remember about that class more than anything else was that one morning Miss Stauffer came in with a superb diamond bracelet that Samuel J. Tilden had sent her as an Easter card. That certainly did impress me more, I fear, than the teachings of the philosophers.

I remember, too, when one of Boss Tweed's daughters married into the Maginnis family. She was a lovely woman, but because of her father's record, one or two of the older families were inclined to frown upon her. A question she asked at some luncheon when the old and aristocratic families were being quoted still lingers in my memory. She, knowing that these families were poor and feeling the snub she herself was getting — for she had millions — said quietly, "I wonder how much I would have to pay for a quart or two of that blue blood." Not a very graceful remark to make, but she had probably been goaded and was dying for a fling back.

The doctors of our city were famous. There was Dr. Chopin, who during an epidemic of yellow fever saved many by what he called the wet-sheet treatment. When everything else failed to break the fever, Chopin started the iced-sheet treatment. Of course, at first it seemed too severe — some died — but Dr. Chopin continued, and it was soon evident that his method was a success. Then the two Drs. Scott (brothers) and Dr. Bruns were men of fame, and from all over the country young medical students came to study under them. I know in Chicago several who have attained fame because their studies in New Orleans enabled them to become competent doctors, and afterwards when they went abroad to finish their studies, they felt grateful for the hours spent in New Orleans. One of them, a famous throat and nose specialist in Chicago today, is Dr. Linn McBride.

The Drs. Bruns, father and son, were outstanding in their work. The son, Harry Dickson Bruns, was only an interne

then in my youth, but he was the star of our young set and afterwards became a world-famous oculist.

General Albert Sidney Johnston's son, Preston Johnston, had married a cousin of ours and we saw much of them. Mrs. Johnston had one idiosyncrasy. Never will I forget it. She and her husband were dining with my parents in New Orleans. As we entered the dining room, all laughing and happy, she gave one look at the table, turned deathly white, and promptly fainted. Consternation ensued until her husband explained that the sight of a beautiful red apple, very conspicuous in the epergne of fruit in the center of the table, had been the cause of the swoon. She had this antipathy for apples just as one might have for cats or dogs. The apple once removed, she recovered and the dinner followed without any more unpleasant accidents. After her death, Mr. Johnston married Miss Avery, one of the owners of the Avery salt mines.

The Von Mysenbugs — Count Von Mysenbug, an Austrian, had married a most charming creature, Louise Von Mysenbug, his cousin — also were friends of ours. She was a superb pianist and, save for her position in the world, would have been famous. Her husband would never allow her to receive remuneration for playing and so her fame remained local. Their oldest son at sixteen was sent back to Germany, so these two charming people, the intimate friends of my parents, were torn asunder with anguish when the war of 1914 came. Their boys who remained in America and fought for America were fighting Max, the beloved, who was heart and soul for Germany. He had risen in the *Vaterland* and had married a niece or cousin of the Crown Princess Cecilia. Of course, he could only be for Germany. Never will I forget my first sight of those dear Von Mysenbugs when I went to New Orleans after the declaration of war. They suffered from both sides.

My granduncle, Judge Abner Nash Ogden, had a plantation adjoining the Izsnaga plantation, property of a Cuban gentleman, and through occasional visits there I became the close friend of Emily Izsnaga, youngest of three sisters. The sisters were frequently in New Orleans.

One day Emily and I met an old gypsy and crossed her palm to tell our fortunes. Well do I remember her words.

She said to Emily, "You will never marry but you will see much of the world and you will be the associate of kings." To me she continued, "You will marry young and to one who will help make history for his country and who will benefit the world by his influence."

How we laughed, but not long after, see what happened! Over in England a young man, the Duke of Manchester, had fallen in love with a young girl and wanted to marry her. The family considered it a mésalliance, opposed it violently, and packed him off on a trip to America. Mr. Izsnaga was the Spanish consul in New Orleans, and the young duke brought him a letter of introduction. He was invited to spend a week on the Izsnaga plantation and to meet the family's charming daughters.

By the end of the week, the young man had contracted typhoid fever. He was a long time recovering and meanwhile the family treated him the best they knew how. He very soon forgot his charmer in England and succumbed to the great beauty of Consuelo, the middle sister.

Consuelo was really a beauty, but like all the Izsnagas she had some eccentric traits. Her old mother, Mrs. Izsnaga, could be the *grande dame* on occasion, but she often was seen walking barelegged through the streams in the country, and in those days ladies were much more circumspect than now. Such a thing was not tolerated in good families and she was terribly criticized. Her son married a Vanderbilt, but later was divorced because he never wore socks, etc.

Beautiful and fascinating Consuela loved to shock society, too. I remember she caused great embarrassment to a young cousin of mine who had asked to be her escort to a neighborhood dance. He came for her and as she was heavily cloaked, he could not see her dress. When they reached the party all the girls, discarding their wraps, were in the usual costume of the day — tight-fitting waists and bodices. My cousin's chagrin was terrible when he saw the exquisite Consuelo. She looked like an angel, as she always did, but her dress he could only describe as a voluminous thing like a balloon, a sort of Mother Hubbard gown or a big white nightgown.

He was horrified, for it made her very conspicuous. He rushed to a friend and begged her to take Miss Consuelo to the dressing room and tie a sash or a ribbon or a string around her waist — anything to confine those flowing lines. Consuelo was difficult to persuade, but finally did consent to the ribbon around the waist. Had she not consented, I believe her escort would have swooned with embarrassment.

Well, the Duke of Manchester married the lovely Consuelo and despite all remonstrances from England — for his family considered the marriage as much of a mésalliance as the former affair — he refused to give her up. He sat beneath the flowering magnolias, breathing in the delicious perfume of the cape jasmine hedges and listening to the mockingbirds, and declared himself radiantly happy with his bride. This went on for a long time, but the young duke was firm in his devotion and finally he won recognition for his bride from his aristocratic family. They went to England, where she instantly proved a great success because of her beauty and charm. If she ever indulged in any further eccentricities, we never heard of them.

Soon after, she sent for her eldest sister, and this sister became Lady Lister Kaye — the same Lady Lister Kaye who sat close to Queen Mary during the coronation of George VI. Later on, when Emily was grown, she joined her sisters in England. The prophecy of the old gypsy was verified in her case, for soon after her arrival there she was at a house party to which Edward VII came, and she taught him the banjo — she was an expert player. The banjo craze struck England then and it lasted for a long time. She really had precipitated it. Emily has never married but she owns a home in Paris as well as in England and she does mix with the high and mighty of the earth.

Consuelo's son, the present Duke of Manchester, married a Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati. Once when he was a small boy he came with his grandmother, old Mrs. Izsnaga, to see me at my father's. Carter, Jr., our son, then a little fellow himself, was quite impressed with the little nobleman's accent, for we in New Orleans have never cultivated the broad *a*.

Among family visitors I remember especially Judge White, afterwards the distinguished chief justice in Washington, whom I had the honor to receive formally when my husband was mayor of Chicago. The chief justice was called to Chicago in connection with his office, and made a speech here. Remembering that he had known me so well as a child, he wrote me in advance so that I might not be out of the city when he came. He was a citizen of Louisiana and he and his sister, Miss Sue White, were often at our home.

Senator Gibson of Louisiana was another friend of my father's, and the friendship between Senator Gibson and Judge White caused the son of Senator Gibson (Preston) to become a member of Chief Justice White's family circle in Washington. When I married, the Gibsons, of course, became relatives, because they were near cousins of the Harrisons.

When our son Carter, Jr., was in college at Yale, he had occasion to write Chief Justice White asking for an open letter for his college paper. Mr. White replied refusing the letter, saying, "I have made it a rule never to write this kind of letter," and adding: "I am particularly sorry to refuse you because I have an inherited affection for you. In the long ago I loved and admired your grandmother. She was the loveliest creature that ever trod the earth." Carter wrote me at once, asking what Mr. White meant. I told him that Mr. White and my mother were neighbors in the country in Louisiana and they had been engaged when she was extremely young. When my mother met my father the engagement was broken, but the Whites had always kept their friendship for my parents.

Dr. Joseph T. Scott was my father's most intimate friend, and through him indirectly I was enabled to have a summer which would make any girl in any age green with envy. Dr. Scott's relative was Mrs. Dent Casey, wife of a federal employee and a sister-in-law of President U. S. Grant's wife. Mrs. Casey had lived in New Orleans, and I had fallen into the habit of calling her Aunt Emma.

Aunt Emma invited me to spend two months with her in her summer home on Long Island. It was to be my first

visit North, and I was put under the chaperonage of Miss Ella Violet, another family friend, for the trip.

Of course, my many Ogden relatives took advantage of my visit to see what I looked like. I spent several days in the Long Island home of the Alfred Wagstaffs, and the Ogden Doremuses (he was a distinguished chemist) also came to take a look at the youngster from the South.

One day while I was being inspected by a group of the relatives, I asked, to make conversation, "Can you tell me where I can go to Mass on Sunday?"

A voice from an old gentleman boomed suddenly from the corner: "Good gracious, how did we ever get a Catholic in the Ogden family?"

I then had to explain to these staunch Protestants that my mother had been a convert and had brought us all up as Catholics, the only ones in the Ogden family since they had come to the New World. But my Protestant relatives were adorable to me.

On this visit to the Dent Caseys I frequently met Mrs. George A. Custer, widow of the brilliant cavalry general, and with Dora Scott and Bessie Sharp, a niece of the Caseys and Grants, I often went in to New York to visit her where she was then staying.

Mrs. Custer told us that she had had a premonition of her husband's death. She said she was sitting sewing, somewhere in Kentucky where she was visiting, and looked through a window toward the front gate. She saw General Custer unlatch the gate, swing it open and walk toward the house. The vision startled her, for she knew he was at that moment in the Black Hills in Dakota. Later she found that the moment of her vision could have been the moment of his death at the hands of the Indians.

General and Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris and the rest of the Grant family, and the Honoré boys, Harry and Nat, brothers of Mrs. Potter Palmer whom I was to know later in Chicago, were others I met at the Casey home. General Grant was being discussed then for a third term, and it was decided that he should go to West Point for some sort of

celebration. Bessie Sharp, Dora Scott and I decided we were going along. Of course, everyone said we were too young, etc., but when we heard that there was to be a ball at the Military Academy, we would take no refusal. Prayers and tears at last gained the coveted permission.

Dora's aunt, a Miss Dean, was to chaperon us, and Nat Honoré was to attend to all the preliminaries — check baggage, arrange the hotel accommodations, and then, after we reached West Point, get someone there to arrange all our dances, for we three girls expected to be rushed by the cadets and we certainly were not disappointed.

We met General Grant according to arrangement and were with him all the time during the many celebrations on the way to West Point and after arriving there. He was always nice but I suppose he was hardly conscious of us at all. He was full of his own projects and left us to the care of our chaperon and of Nat Honoré, but we were invited with him to all the splendid affairs and enjoyed everything thoroughly as only girls of that age could.

But to us the climax would be the ball, where our well-filled cards attested to the fact that we would be dancing every dance. The young officer or cadet appointed to fill a girl's card is supposed to do it thoroughly, and we saw when the cards were returned to us that we were not to be wallflowers.

Well, the time of our young lives began then and there. We were like all Southern girls, fairly mature and too wise to let the cadets know this was our first ball.

But when the ball was at its height we had a terrible calling-down from Nat Honoré. He appeared, told us he had worked all evening getting our trunks placed and seeing that accommodations were right, etc., had gone to his room for a brief rest and then came to claim his dances, only to find out the cards were filled and that we had not reserved a single one for him. Imagine how he felt and what he said.

Really a madder man I never saw, and to the day of his death he resented our treatment. Years after in Chicago when we were in the midst of a pleasant conversation he

would suddenly think of this West Point experience and begin to upbraid me. It was bad treatment, we all admitted, but he was so angry he would not even listen to reason when we suggested we might get a cadet to give him half a dance. He refused outright and went off to bed, tired and furious.

Miss Scott met a cadet that night who fell madly in love with her. She became engaged to him. He graduated, a young engineer, the first in his class at West Point, and I think for a long time she expected to marry him. He was a most distinguished young man. What really happened after his graduation to break the engagement I don't know, but it was broken by mutual consent. That brilliant young officer's name was Oberlin Carter, who served a term in prison for a crime he claimed he never committed.

Dora married Colonel — later General — Carroll Devol, and one of her daughters, my goddaughter, is the wife of the distinguished aviator of World War II, General Brett. Bessie became the wife of Colonel Pettit.

Years later, my husband and I had a strange experience in far-off Lima, Peru. A charming young woman was pointed out to us as the wife of a capable young engineer who was doing good work in South America. What was our surprise later in the evening to be addressed by the young woman as Aunt Edith and Uncle Carter.

Her explanation was: "You are doubtless surprised at my addressing you both in such a manner, but for years I lived next door to General and Mrs. Carroll A. Devol in Panama, and the Devol children always speak of you thus and so did we. Tonight, seeing you for the first time, I felt obliged to tell you of it."

She was the daughter of Dr. Gorgas, the celebrated physician sent with General Goethals and Quartermaster General Devol to clean up Panama. That they did so is a matter of history.

The Bohns of New Orleans were ranking leaders of society in my day. They were delightful people and the younger element always gathered with pleasure around them. Three girls blessed the home. The oldest one I barely knew; the

two younger ones, Leila and Lula, I knew well. The oldest girl was a musician and the finest teacher in the city, a German professor named Weber, was engaged to give her lessons. Professor Weber was as a teacher the desire of all New Orleans, and was therefore a busy man. My mother, a fine musician herself, determined that her only daughter should achieve fame as a singer, and after much persuasion induced Professor Weber to take me as a scholar and train my voice. His consent was gained by promising that I should take his first lesson of the day. And that half-hour was at 6:30 A.M. Imagine my consternation and my pleasure to be up and ready for him at that hour. A few weeks persuaded my mother, as it certainly did my teacher, that I would never charm the world in spite of my fine teaching.

Professor Weber married Miss Bohn, the girl he was teaching. But they proved a happy couple. Leila and Lula flashed upon New Orleans and became very popular. They spent many summers in the North, especially around Milwaukee. Leila married a man named Ferguson, of Chicago. They mixed in our aristocratic set, especially with Mrs. George Willetts and a Mrs. Picard (Mrs. Picard was from New Orleans and her daughter, Paulette, in a third marriage became Mrs. Chauncey Blair; he has just died and Paulette is again a widow). Mrs. Ferguson came often to the University Club and for a while seemed contented here, but ill-health finally induced her to give up society and her husband bought or rented a hotel in Riverside. He made an apartment out of several rooms in the hotel and he and the beautiful Leila lived there. They mixed with the Havermeyers, the Silverthornes, the Faurots and the Babsons of Riverside — a distinguished set; and thereafter she came very little among her Chicago friends. Leila apparently blended very well into the Riverside set. After her husband's death she continued to live in the same apartment and remained in it until she died a few years ago. She always retained her popularity. At her death she willed her sister Lula all her money. It was well given, because Lula was a widow and poor, and had many children dependent upon her — and still lives in New Orleans.

Chapter Three

A Bride in Chicago

I OFTEN shudder when I think how nearly I missed being Mrs. Carter Harrison. My introduction to the Harrison family came about through Lina, my future sister-in-law. While visiting New Orleans she was attracted to me by my vivacity and love of gaiety, dancing, music, and all those things that enter into the life of a Southern girl.

After her return to Chicago, Lina expatiated upon the subject of a Southern girl's life, illustrating her account with me as an example. Her brother Carter, then a sedate, serious and studious young graduate of the law school at Yale University, was not at all interested.

When it was announced that I was coming North to pay his sister a visit, he quietly arranged a fishing trip and left on the day when I was expected. But young girls in that Victorian era, especially Southern girls, were never permitted to travel alone. The chaperon with whom I was to make the trip was delayed for ten days, so that on the very day when he returned from his fishing trip I presented myself at the Harrison mansion.

But, adhering steadfastly to his resolution, he refused to meet me, until one day I came across him by accident in the hall. Some way his indifference melted at once and presently our engagement was announced. After more than a half-century of ideal companionship, haven't I repaid him well for his youthful obstinacy?

I could not have a church wedding because my bridegroom was not a Catholic. We were married at home by the Bishop of Louisiana. About two hundred friends were present, but because it was a comparatively small affair, I had only one

bridesmaid, Mary Slaughter, of Chicago, my cousin. There were no groomsmen, and my brother, Oswald Ogden, then about sixteen, stood beside Miss Slaughter, for my husband. Miss Slaughter later married Wentworth Field, a member of the Marshall Field family. Among those present at my wedding was Cecile Airey, a life-long friend and next-door neighbor, who would have been one of my bridesmaids if I had had a church wedding. A month later she was married to John M. Parker.

John Parker's telegram to my husband on Carter's first election to the mayoralty in Chicago is still fresh in my mind: "Congratulations, I am as proud as though I had been elected myself." By then John Parker was well on his way in politics. He later became governor of Louisiana and was nominated with Theodore Roosevelt for the vice-presidency.

Eleven months after our marriage our first son was born, a beautiful boy, but I was desperately ill and the baby lived only five days. This was our first sorrow, and I am afraid I did not bear it well. I was young — that is my only excuse. Months later a letter from my mother told me that my grief was unnatural and that I must exercise self-control. I can still remember one sentence of her letter which I could not understand and resented: "If God gives you a long life you will live to find out that life is never easy for any of us, and to know that the death of your beautiful baby was only a smile from Heaven."

But two years later when our second son, Carter, was born we felt that we had been blessed. The awful sting of the loss of our firstborn was softened, though it could never be forgotten.

The first year of our married life was passed in the old family home on Ashland Avenue at Jackson Boulevard. There my husband's sister, Lina, welcomed me — she had married Heaton Owsley some four months before our wedding — and we lived in the family mansion with Sophie, the youngest child, until the elder Harrison's return. He was making a trip around the world with his son Preston. And the world accused both Lina and Carter of taking advantage

of his absence to marry. As he was fully aware of their intentions before he left, however, these comments did not worry either of them.

After his return, we both took separate little homes. Our home was just behind his on Marshfield Avenue. We saw him daily but it was a regular rule that we all dined with him every Sunday. He was the soul of hospitality, and many of his friends dropped in for that Sunday noon dinner. Carter Harrison FitzHugh, a cousin, never failed to appear and was always welcomed. Until he married he never missed appearing on Sunday.

When he married Miss Scribner, the family rejoiced with him over finding life-long happiness, but naturally could no longer expect the cousinly visit on Sundays. But Carter Harrison FitzHugh was faithful to the tie of kinship. Though his life broadened in many ways, and social duties called him frequently, he never for one minute forgot that tie. In any serious moment of life that befell the Harrisons he was the first there. Weddings, christenings, debut parties or illness found him always with us. When our great tragedy, the assassination of the senior Harrison came, without a word from anyone he appeared suddenly at the house and took charge of everything. Though we might not have seen him for weeks or even longer, none of us was surprised. It was just natural that he should appear and take charge of things.

The Harrison home was in the center of a distinguished colony of Kentuckians who had come to Chicago to make their fortunes, and most of them succeeded. Among them were the Henry Wallers and the A.C. and L.H. Badgers. One of the Badger brothers was the father of Mrs. Turlingham Harvey and Mrs. Charles Angell, the latter said to be the prettiest girl in Chicago. Mrs. Robert Henry was another member of the family. H. S. Hayes (Mrs. Frank Fuller's father) was a prominent citizen too, and so were the Rogers', the Winchester Halls, the Sam J. Walkers and many others whose names escape me.

Many of these families had moved to the north and south sides before I came to the Windy City, but in 1866, when the elder Harrison bought his Ashland Avenue home from H. H.

Honoré, father of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Fred Grant II, they lived near by and they led a gay and delightful life.

The home, with its spacious rooms and wide halls, was well adapted for hospitality, and with that inborn Kentucky spirit Mr. Harrison extended it. At Christmastime the making of the black fruit cake kept the feminine members of the family busy stoning and seeding the fruit and chopping nuts and citron. Earlier in the season hams had been made ready, for Mr. Harrison, though living in a busy city, was a farmer at heart and cured all his own hams. A little pig was finally roasted for the big feast and all sorts of delicious food graced his table. Of course, the big bowl of eggnog was at hand and whiskies and wines would be plentiful.

The young men in the early seventies formed parties for New Year's Day and in big sleighs — for the snow always seemed to come earlier in those days — drove to the numerous houses to call upon the ladies. As they went by with jingling bells and gaily caparisoned horses prancing over the hard white snow, it must have been a brilliant scene indeed. Punch flowed in every house, and at many houses the revelry by night was sometimes alarming, but with watchful parents things were never really bad. Oh, what a pretty custom all that New Year's celebration was. Too bad that it has fallen into disrepute and is never heard of now.

The William J. Chalmers', the Billy Wilsons and the Gus Campbells were still lingering on the west side when I arrived. But Bishop Whitehouse's family, his sons especially, were cutting a wide swathe in the world's social circle. The Chatfield Taylors had moved. Mrs. Lathrop's New Year's Day musicales were becoming fashionable, as was Mrs. Philip Armour's "at home," but it was Mrs. Potter Palmer who was acclaimed as giving the most perfect of these New Year's festivities. Her palace of a home was well fitted for such things. Priceless paintings with countless treasures adorned the house. Flowers and music made it an enchanting spot, and the beautiful chatelaine with her brilliant smile, presiding graciously, received us all with dignity.

Oh, those never-to-be-forgotten days in the early nineties! Then came the years of dullness when the flowing bowl was

forbidden and we never dreamed that we would ever have a real New Year again. Now all that is possible once more, and the charming celebrations have been resumed; but I often wish on that day that the sleigh bells with their jingling music might replace the quiet approach of the silenced motor.

In the early days of my life in Chicago, when we accepted an invitation to dine at seven on the other side of the city, it was necessary to be ready and in the carriage at five o'clock. Our slender purse did not permit us to have a carriage of our own, but Mrs. Moses Wentworth often graciously offered us a seat in hers.

I recall a dinner with the Chauncey Blairs, who lived south at Forty-eighth Street. After dinner we sat and looked at the treasures which our hostess had collected from here, there and everywhere. There were wonderful rugs and tapestries and a large chest filled with other interesting things.

Who would have time in these strenuous days to while away the hours in this delightful idleness? With the advent of the high-powered motorcar came the rush for everything else, and soon we found no time in our busy lives for these lovely hours of leisure after lunch or dinner. Who makes beautiful lace and embroidery today? Or hems dusters to be sold for charity or to help the hospitals?

There is one memory of those early social events which I can never forget. After luncheon or dinner, the family servants would carry rugs to the porch or the steps, and we would all go outside to enjoy the sunshine and the soft air. It always made me think of the alligators in my native South, which always come out to sun themselves in the late afternoon!

As an illustration of the simplicity of life in those days, I recall an incident involving my sister-in-law, Mrs. Owsley. She once asked me where I kept my few jewels (wedding gifts chiefly) when I was not wearing them. I replied, "I have a Yale lock on my small bureau drawer and I keep them locked in there."

"In other words," she said, "you advertise to any thief that drops in that you have precious things concealed, and of course he at once proceeds to open that drawer with tools."

"But where else would they be safe?" I inquired.

"You should do as I do with mine," she answered triumphantly. "I never lock them up. I conceal them each time in a different place. Sometimes I put them on the jamb above the door, or under the corner of a rug, or into the toe of an old shoe flung in a closet. Then I know they are safe and when I want them I just go and get them and no one ever knows where they are kept. I never put them in the same place."

One day she gave a large card party. Fatigued by the long afternoon, she said to her maid, "I will rest in my room before dressing for dinner."

The next day she announced that her valuable rings and a pair of costly diamond earrings could not be found.

"Were your rings still on your fingers and were you still wearing your earrings when you went to your room?" her husband asked.

She suddenly paled and said: "Now I remember exactly. I sat on the side of the bed, took off my earrings and rings and ran a safety pin through the collection and then leaned over and pinned them all on a lace curtain that was hanging over the back of a chair beside my bed.

"Goodness gracious," she continued, "that pair of curtains had been sent me from Marshall Field's for approval, but I decided not to keep them and they were returned to the store the next morning."

She went at once to Marshall Field's store, relating her story. They remembered the return of the box, which they had sent back immediately to the wholesale department, but of course they did not know whether the curtains had been sold again or not. A search was made, the box was found, and all her jewels were pinned on those curtains, perfectly safe. I think that incident must have cured her of that kind of concealment of valuables, for she never said much about it afterwards.

I remember well the great friendship between the elder Harrison and the elder Fred Winston. General Winston was, of course, a very distinguished man and had represented his country abroad. He was minister to Persia and brought

much credit to the U.S.A. by his fulfillment of duty there. He and Mr. Harrison had much in common; both were Kentuckians, both loved the same things. It was their custom to meet daily at their club or restaurant for lunch. The affection between the two men was handed down another generation, for the general's son, Fred Winston, and the latter's wife were our great friends too.

When the elder Fred Winston married that lovely belle from New Orleans, Sallie Hughes, our friendship was greater than ever. After his death she married the popular minister, Barney Phillips, and they lived in Washington.

Mr. Winston had many children. A daughter Marie married twice, her second marriage being with Victor Elting. Her death just a few years ago saddened us, though her life is perpetuated in our memory by the three splendid sons she left.

The elder Fred Winston had four sons. Fred, Jr., was corporation counsel under the elder Harrison, and, in spite of his youth, made good. He was a brilliant lawyer and had an equally brilliant wife. For many years he and his picturesque wife, Ada, were leaders in Chicago society. Another son, Bertram, married Miss Odell. Dudley Winston, who was nearer by husband's age, married Miss Farwell and became one of my husband's cabinet appointees after my husband became mayor. The last son, Ralph, married a charming girl from California whom I still see very often.

The Fred Winstons, Jr., the Sam Feltons and the John Spoors were a brilliant trio of young couples that could not be ignored in Chicago. Mrs. Spoor was a Southerner and attractive in appearance to the day of her death; it was always a pleasure to look upon her blonde beauty. While our husbands were hobnobbing at their clubs, we women were pretty busy attending to the rearing of our children, but we managed many dinners and happy evenings at the theatre together.

While I was still a member of the elder Harrison's household in the early nineties, my husband's father decided that the society ladies of Chicago were having too much of the limelight focused on their social parties. One night at dinner

he remarked: "I think the men ought to have a fling." So out of a clear sky he decided to hold a big reception, and instead of asking the prominent ladies to support him during the afternoon hours of his tea, he asked *all* of their husbands!

Well, it really did create a furor. He invited Professor Swing, Marshall Field, Philip Armour, Potter Palmer and several other gentlemen whose names escape me. And he did not forget the clergy. He invited Bishop Whitehouse and Father Cashman, a neighbor and friend who was pastor of St. Jarlath's Church. He invited several of the younger men — the buds of the masculine persuasion — Billy Gamble, Bernard Rogers, Val LeMoyne, Billy McCluer, to preside. Alas, that all these charming men have already crossed the Great Divide!

And the affair went off with a sparkle. Everyone was intrigued by the invitation and all atwitter to see whether it would work smoothly — and it certainly did. Carriages lined Ashland Avenue and lovely women walked up that red carpet stretched from the door to the gate, eager to see. Never before had such an audacious thing been tried. To find a man presiding at the tea table was certainly an innovation, but it was innovation that was attractive. No one refused the invitation; everybody came, and everyone stayed until the last possible moment.

Mr. Harrison's party was acclaimed and he received all the publicity that such a stunt in Chicago's society would cause. It was the talk of the town for many a week.

At this time that great favorite, Johnny Hand and his band, had been a spellbinder at balls and dances for many moons. Affable and courteous, he played such entrancing waltzes, polkas and mazurkas that Chicago feels no one has ever surpassed, or even equaled, him since. He was beloved by old and young and just the sight of him and his splendid orchestra at any affair was enough to insure the young set a most enjoyable evening. He never seemed willing to go home as long as he was asked for "just one more dance."

I remember that the young people and a few of the young marrieds went once every two weeks to the south side to one of the favorite dancing halls for an evening of pleasure.

Mrs. Robert N. Ogden—My Mother

Robert Nash Ogden—My Father
Judge of the Louisiana Supreme Court of Appeals

Johnny Hand always arranged the programmes to suit us; the round and the square dances were given and, of course, we wound up with a cotillion.

The Misses Small, who had married brothers, the two Moores of Diamond Match fame, were always present, as was Miss Nina Kent, now Mrs. Chandler, and the two young Misses Higginbotham. Alice, the younger, married Joseph Patterson, and the elder married Richard Crane, Jr. Miss Margaret Enders was a member, too, of these dances given every two weeks.

And one of our most popular beaux was Fred Tuttle, possibly the best-liked beau Chicago ever had. Fred Tuttle could always be depended upon for any emergency, real or fancied. He always led our cotillions or came to our rescue with some generously planned affair at his hospitable home on Michigan Avenue. That home he occupied until his death, and its doors swung wide many times each year to invite his friends across the threshold.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tuttle were our friends too. Their daughter, Grace, a wonderful girl (now Mrs. Kent Chandler), and their sons, Emerson and Arthur, have lived up to the family traditions, and as men are doing splendid work in their professions. Emerson as a professor at Yale carved for himself a name in the tower of fame. He was competent and brilliant and lived up to all he professed. His recent death at fifty-five saddened us all.

Also in the group were Arthur Wheeler, Johnny Kitchen, William Burry, who finally succeeded in marrying the girl he had courted so long — the brilliant Jane King — and the Secor Cunninghams, she the daughter of that stunning woman, Mrs. H. O. Stone. Chicago can never forget Mrs. Stone. She had a remarkable personality and was the toast of many a dinner as the most delightful hostess in our city. She kept open house, and young and old alike were her guests on Prairie Avenue.

I found friends in another quarter, too. Biggs, of course, was the fashionable caterer in those days, but the city was large enough to keep another caterer busy, too. This man was a negro named Smiley. Although Biggs' waiters were

white, Smiley hired members of his own race. Smiley and his wife began in a small way to cater to the fashionable families of Chicago and soon were overwhelmed with orders.

They deserved their success, for the dishes they furnished were delectable and their ices were the most beautiful things ever served. They were generally in colors — red apples, pink and yellow peaches, lovely colored lobsters with claws (perfectly done) in ice cream, luscious-looking pineapples, purple and green grapes, all delicious eating. In fact, anything they wished to represent would be produced in ice cream or ices from the perfect molds they cast.

Smiley was distinctly the rage for several years, and as his trade grew he enlarged his establishment and brought in more colored waiters. I never shall forget a reception on Prairie Avenue. It was either at the Byron Smiths or the Doanes, and as our carriage stopped, the stylish negro who opened the door greeted me with, "Oh, Miss Edith, it certainly am a pleasure to see you in this here town!" In almost the same words the man who opened the house door greeted me. Again as we were shown to a waiting room to remove our wraps a familiar voice welcomed me. And two more such experiences before we reached our hosts caused my husband to say facetiously, "Did you know nothing but colored men in New Orleans?"

It really was comical to see how many of these darkies I knew. They had been brought from New Orleans by Smiley to assist him and many of them had been well-trained butlers in the families of our relatives and friends in the South. Many of them proved splendid servants, but quite a few, getting tired of the gay North, called and asked me to pay their way home, and pretty soon I had to deny their plea of a sudden death or some other equally surprising reason requiring their return to New Orleans. Always a plausible excuse to borrow money. The word "borrow" was always used, but one never got or expected a return of the cash.

When the social life of my new home wearied me, I could always find a haven of rest in the home of my relatives, the A. O. Slaughters. They had given me a warm welcome when I came to Chicago, and at their house I met many charming

people — the Wallers, the Charles Bregas, the Byron Smiths and the Fields — for the first time. Mr. Slaughter was a prominent and successful business man whose son Rochester and charming daughter-in-law did big-game hunting. Mrs. Rochester Slaughter killed a very fine specimen of Kodiak bear which is now in the Field Museum here.

Carter and I had both been taught by sensible parents to love the simple things of life, and it was well that we had, for we have never been able to indulge ourselves in many of the costly ones. But we were happy, and proud that our small pocketbook was quite big enough for the necessities of life and for many of its pleasures.

Most of our friends kept carriages and horses, and drove through the parks for enjoyment, but we found we could have exactly the same pleasures by taking the streetcars. Well do I remember the delight of riding on the front seat of a cable car on a warm summer day. It was bliss; no one in front of us to mar the view, and the car gliding easily along while the breeze blew cool off the lake. We saw Chicago many times that way, for we would ride to the end of the line and often take another car to prolong the pleasure.

I regret the passing of those old cable cars, but I must admit that there has been no greater progress than in modes of travel. Now we step into a motorcar or a fine new bus to go shopping, but in those days the only convenient way to reach the Loop from the north side, unless one kept a carriage, was to take the carette. Many of us lived several blocks from the streetcar lines, and the carette route lay between them. True, the old carette was slow. It lumbered heavily down Rush Street, dragged slowly by lazy horses. But it passed near our door, after we had moved to the north side, and on it one always met friends. Inside its narrow space we could spend a pleasant time gossiping while it dragged along. We were in no hurry, anyway, for the mad rush of today was not yet upon us. If the carette was empty, many a time the driver would wait while I rang a doorbell and left a package.

Those were leisurely days, when life seemed easy and there was plenty of time to spare. We had the telephone and the

electric light, and to us it seemed that there was nothing more to be dreamed of. But we had much to learn — the airplane, the motorcar, radio, television were yet to come. Though the carette was a comfort to us in that day, we can now look back upon its awkward lumbering with a feeling of astonishment that we ever found it endurable. Will the next generation look down on the comforts of today? I suppose so.

While we were still on the west side and before we had a carriage, we often rode with Mr. Harrison, Sr., in an equipage peculiar to the time — a high, two-wheeled cart known as a dos-à-dos. Neither Lina nor I was ever greatly pleased when it came our turn to sit, riding backward, in the rear seat with the driver while Father Harrison and his guest of the moment occupied the front. But life in those days was always an adventure and always we went!

Years later, in California, I was to have another experience with a dos-à-dos. Mrs. Medill McCormick (Ruth Hanna), later Mrs. Simms, an accomplished horsewoman, invited me and my two children to drive with her through the beautiful Ojai Valley and over the Casitas Pass. I noticed that the farmers along the way did not seem sure whether to be impressed or scornful of us. They could not help admiring her horsemanship, but neither could they forebear taunting us as we rode by, with Mrs. McCormick, my daughter and me in the front seat, and Mr. McCormick, my son and the driver in the rear. It was too much for them, but we enjoyed it.

When Carter, Jr., was born, I inherited $5,000 from a great-uncle. I at once gave it to my husband to invest, but he insisted that I should keep $500 to buy a horse and phaeton. When Mr. Harrison, Sr., offered to keep the horse in his stable and have it cared for and fed at no expense to us, I agreed. The phaeton certainly gave us the greatest pleasure, inasmuch as I could drive about the boulevards daily with my baby and his nurse. It also enabled Carter, the baby and me to spend hours together in the parks on Saturdays and Sundays.

Chapter Four

Columbian Exposition Days

ANYONE who was living in Chicago during the early 1890's can never forget those days of the city's glory. The period, which I recall so vividly, really began with the opening of the Auditorium in December, 1889. The years which lie between that day and this present hour have given us many fine opera houses and theatres, but then the opening of such an opera house as the Auditorium was indeed an event. Beginning with Adelina Patti, who sang at the opening concert, nearly every important singer in the world has appeared there.

The President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, our kinsman, was the guest of honor for the Auditorium opening. Hempstead Washburne, of a prominent family, was mayor, but Carter Harrison, Sr., who was soon to be elected to his fifth term as mayor, was a conspicuous figure during the ceremonies. He accompanied President Harrison to the stage and remained with him all evening.

With my husband and the other members of his family I sat in the audience, and near us sat young William Harrison and his two sisters, the President's nephew and two nieces. The young man, too, felt the thrill of the evening, going back and forth from time to time to the stage. In doing so he contracted a cold which proved first stubborn and then alarming, and we were profoundly saddened at his early death two weeks later. His passing threw his mother and his two sisters upon their own resources. Later one of the sisters was married, and because of the friendship existing between the two families, E. C. Waller, well-known Chicagoan, gave her a beautiful wedding. President Harrison himself then

gave them a wonderful wedding trip, including a visit to the White House.

I may as well pause here to tell the rest of the story, although twenty-five years went by before it occurred. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Auditorium, friends of the large hospital which later became Passavant Hospital conceived the idea of celebrating the event, for the double purpose of commemorating the opening and increasing the possibilities and efficiency of the hospital.

It was decided, in so far as possible, to have the same people upon the stage and on the programme who had taken part in the event of a quarter of a century before. President Harrison himself had passed away, but in his stead we had his grandson, the celebrated "Baby" McKee, born in the White House during his grandfather's term in office. We occupied a box, though twenty-five years before, on this exact date, we had had chairs. Mr. McKee sat with us.

I think it was on the night of the opening of the Auditorium that there came to me a definite and distinct impression that, for me, life had really begun. What the years were to bring I could not know, of course. But always thereafter I had the feeling that whatever evolved out of those years, life would be eventful. Looking backward now I realize that my impression was correct.

Not a great while later, a second event of equal social and civic importance occurred. Even more vivid than my memory of the opening of the Auditorium is that of the wonderful ball held there, just prior to the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition. Perhaps it may be regarded as the opening social function of that wonderful period in the history of our city. Hempstead Washburne was mayor at the time, but Carter Harrison, Sr., entered almost immediately thereafter upon his last term of office, during which he presided over the interests of the city in exposition days. He was again a prominent figure during the festivities. The ball was brilliant beyond words, and a more distinguished throng of the public and social leaders of the world I am sure has never graced our city. Representatives of all the foreign nations, ladies in wonderful gowns and jewels, men in uni-

form and immaculate evening attire, many of them wearing brilliant decorations for honorable service, mingled with the throng. There was music and happy laughter, and dancing and pleasure, for the great exposition, now a *fait accompli,* was soon to open. Once again there came to me the realization of the beauty and strength of Chicago — her powerful magnetism which was now drawing to her all the nations of the world.

When it became known that America was planning a world's fair many cities had applied for it. New York wanted it; Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and San Francisco wanted it; Chicago wanted it. And Chicago got it. It was at this time that our now-familiar battle cry, "I WILL," came into being. It promptly became the motto of our city. Underneath all the controversy in regard to the location of the exposition lay a simple fact. Chicago was the only city which was not only willing but able to put up the twenty million dollars in cash necessary to meet expenses. The exposition of 1893 is the only one I know which did not go into the hands of a receiver, except, of course, our Century of Progress forty years later.

The general facts and attending stories of the 1893 World's Fair are, naturally, well known. It is my desire therefore to recall things with which the public did not come in touch. No one who saw it will ever forget the opening day of the exposition. President Grover Cleveland came out to Chicago from Washington to make the opening address, afterwards touching the button which was the signal to run up the flags of every nation on earth.

In the presidential party were Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of the Treasury J. G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Navy H. A. Herbert, and Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith. On the previous day, the Duke of Veragua, a grandee of Spain and a descendant of Columbus, had arrived and received a greeting befitting so distinguished a gentleman.

In addition to the thousands already gathered in the park, the crowded Illinois Central trains running almost momentarily into the grounds carried a huge number who, quite

by accident, arrived just in time to witness this historic and picturesque event. It was a sight as beautiful as it was bewildering. The great scenic beauty of the surroundings, the green lawns sweeping to far distances, the laughing blue lake, the snow-white buildings, so beautiful in architecture — I have but to close my eyes to see it still. Now, with the passing of the years, it seems like some rare and beautiful pastel or a bit of glorious old tapestry.

Would we ever be able to see it all? This was the question we asked ourselves each night when we returned home for a few hours of rest after the strenuous hours of sightseeing during the day. No soldier ever went forth to war more valiantly than the loyal residents of Chicago went daily to Jackson Park, realizing that the summer would be brief, that the six months of the exposition would pass quickly, almost before they were aware. There was a "do or die" look in the eyes of everyone, and during all the period of the exposition the crowds, sometimes so huge as to be terrifying, were friendly, good-natured and happy.

We are prone to smile when any of our friends begin to reminisce, and we tell them teasingly that when that hour arrives it is a sure sign that they are growing old. However, I would remind you of the words of the poet upon this point, and very true those words are: "Youth is not a thing of years; 'tis a state of mind!" However this may be, staid and sober citizens who had long since reached the so-called years of discretion became roguishly boyish again, sauntering idly everywhere, rubbing elbows with those young enough to be their sons and hugely enjoying the experience. Stately dames gave delightful little luncheons and breakfasts in open-air cafés while the younger generation, of age anywhere from two to forty, broke loose and had the time of their lives.

I often look down the stately Midway, flanked by the dignified, gray-towered buildings of the University of Chicago — which, by the way, opened this same year (1893) — and crowned at its western terminus by Lorado Taft's magnificent fountain, "Time," and my mind goes back to that same glorious avenue as I saw it first. It was called the Midway Plaisance. A wonderful peristyle guarded its eastern

entrance into the exposition grounds, and above it one read the familiar words, "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." Surely this great event in the life of Chicago, bringing together as it did the peoples of the whole world, revealed to many of the earth's unenlightened a Truth which made them free.

A riotous, rollicking blaze of color and activity was the Midway Plaisance. Here every family lived its own native life, and those who hailed from Africa and the South Sea Islands were certainly in luck. The poor Eskimos and natives of Lapland and Greenland sweltered and suffered in their furs until at last one of the tiny Eskimos, born after the mother's arrival in Chicago, succumbed. The authorities of the exposition then requested that they put on lighter clothing.

Native songs and dances, native games, the Chinese theatre with its continuous and (to us) discordant music — these and other unusual sounds, not forgetting the blare of camels and the bray of donkeys, kept up until the wee sma' hours and rendered the night hideous. But — how we enjoyed every moment of it!

Daily during the period of the exposition, the great throngs came, saw and were conquered. Almost daily some one of the states or cities, or some large national organization, staged a great day. It was like a kaleidoscope, constantly changing, ever moving, a blazing, colorful panorama, week in, week out. There was not a dull or uninteresting moment, and under and beneath it all was the knowledge that Chicago was not only writing but making history.

Young Chicago assumed the glittering splendor, the restless motion of old Europe and older Asia — a thing of which she herself had known nothing before, but which, to a certain extent, has remained with her since. If the other nations of the earth learned much by coming to us, we also learned much by having them come. We acquired certain new ideas in art, music, architecture, as well as in living — and, as has been often said, variety is the spice of life. The sight of these people from strange lands stimulated in us the desire to travel to their countries, to see their cities,

their native life and customs, to get acquainted with the world. If it did no more, that was enough, for the desire to learn, to know, to experience, is the moving power of life. Without it we accomplish little in this world.

America has staged other brilliant expositions since 1893, but there was one thing about Chicago's first world's fair that will never come again. Out of that period we evolved into the Age of Machinery, the Age of Power, the mania for speed. In 1893, however, all these were not. The beautiful art and craftsmanship were all distinctly hand made. Instead of bleating automobiles one recalls with a certain pensiveness the handsome and powerful Arabian horses over which tall, dark-eyed Arabs, men of magnificent physique, watched lovingly night and day. Electricity, now regarded by many as the power back of all things in the universe, was demonstrated as a commercial possibility for the first time at the Columbian Exposition. The St. Louis exposition in 1904, the Pan-American in 1901, the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia — none of these could be compared with the soft beauty, the perfect art, the exquisite coloring which so glorified the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

One would have to live long to forget the awe and admiration of the throng which, as soon as darkness fell, began congregating about the electric fountain at the 1893 World's Fair, with its varicolored lights beneath the rippling waters and the spray created by them. It was beautiful, and if today, as we ride along our miles of boulevards, glittering with millions of lights, we feel a bit blasé, just pause and remember that from the log cabin to the marble palace was but two generations.

During the last decade I have traveled far and wide. We have made three complete journeys around the world. I have seen and enjoyed life in every large city, and naturally I have compared each one with Chicago. Always I have returned to it happily. I would not live elsewhere if I could. And I think I have never seen in any city anything more beautiful or more striking, anything more dignified and stately, than was the Grand Court of Honor at the exposition when it was lighted up at night. It had that perfection which

characterizes the Taj Mahal, and one experienced the same wordless admiration while standing beside it. Those who saw the famous lighting of the Paris exposition waxed enthusiastic and claimed that nothing would ever excel it. However, we learned that our Century of Progress did excel it, and showed more wonderful and perfect things than the eye of man had ever before witnessed in the way of artificial light.

I have always regarded the year 1893 as a turning point for the American woman in general and the Chicago woman in particular. Previous to this time the status of woman in any country was not at all enviable, and one of the first social events of the exposition demonstrated this fact. This was a breakfast given by Mayor Harrison to the Russian representatives of his majesty, the Czar. In deference to the custom of their country, no ladies were invited.

Together with Mrs. Owsley, Mayor Harrison's elder daughter, and Sophie, his younger one, I stood at a point of vantage elsewhere in the house and looked upon the glittering scene, and you may rest assured that we made various and sundry remarks on the subject of a country which did not seem eager for its ladies to dine with their men! However, it was a brilliant affair; the men were splendid in appearance, both those in the uniform of their country and those in civilian dress.

Greatly in contrast with this, however, was a breakfast given by Mayor Harrison for the Infanta Eulalia. She was a sister of the King of Spain, and Spain had sent to the exposition exhibits of great interest, because they bore upon the discovery of our country. There were reproductions of the three caravels, those tiny, shell-like boats in which Columbus and his followers sailed away in search of a new world, as well as a reproduction of the old La Rabida monastery, in which, after all that he had accomplished, the great explorer died in poverty, a friendless and despised old man. Because the historical significance of the exposition, much honor was shown to the representatives of Spain, and the breakfast given by the mayor was one of these tributes. It, too, was held at the Harrison residence.

A brilliant red carpet stretched from the steps to the street, over which the mayor walked when the carriages of the princess and her suite arrived. The house was fashioned after the style of the old Southern plantation homes, with a large hall in the center and rooms opening into it from either side, giving it two wings. In one of these the breakfast was served, the party including, in addition to the princess and her husband, such dignitaries as the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Veragua, Harlow Higinbotham, president of the fair commission, and others — twenty-six in all. Across the hall in the other wing of the house two hundred guests were assembled for the reception to follow the breakfast. On this occasion, however, Mrs. Owsley and I were permitted to act as hostesses. It was a beautiful occasion, and the Infanta, on departing, presented Mayor Harrison with a diamond-studded cardcase as a memento of the day.

It was a third social event, however, which those who participated in it will never forget. With the approach of the world's fair, the women of Chicago began to do some serious thinking. One day, at a gathering of the Fortnightly Club, the subject came up for discussion. It was decided then and there that a committee should be appointed to wait upon Mayor Harrison and not only request but demand a place in the sun. So effective did this method prove that a short time thereafter Mrs. Potter Palmer was asked by the World's Fair Commission to accept the position of chairman of lady managers of the exposition, thus making her the official hostess of the city during that event.

Things began to move rapidly. During the months that followed, the women of America fairly glittered. But an old saying has it that there is no rose without its thorn.

Mrs. Palmer, wishing to show Chicago's royal visitor, the Infanta Eulalia, all the courtesy possible, arranged a beautiful reception, to be followed by a supper in her honor. The reception had been held at the Palmer House in the afternoon; the ball and supper were to follow at the Palmer residence in Lake Shore Drive that same evening.

The Infanta, beautifully gowned, was just ready to depart for the scene of the evening when someone chanced to remark

in her presence that the hotel where the affair of the afternoon had been held was the property of her hostess of the evening. The Infanta promptly declined to attend, and rumor had it that she made some very discourteous remarks upon the subject. Like many others, she had brought with her to America ideas of life as it is lived in Europe. There the owner of a hotel is "the innkeeper's wife," a person of far less social standing than herself.

The Spanish ambassador was sent for, and he insisted that she carry out the arrangements for the evening. Finally she consented to attend the ball, but, pleading a headache, took her departure before supper was served. A table of exquisite appointments had been prepared for her and her suite, at which were also to be seated Mr. Higinbotham, Mayor Harrison and others. Quietly Mrs. Palmer ordered the door to the room closed and the ball went on.

Chicago has never forgotten, nor has it ceased to resent, this action on the part of the Infanta, who forgot, seemingly, that all Chicago loved and honored Mrs. Palmer and that she herself was not an individual, but a representative of one of the oldest countries in the world. One is reminded of some brief lines of the poet: "Who drinks his wine today from jeweled cup shall quaff tomorrow from a wooden bowl."

With the flight of the royal family from Spain and the terrible tragedy of its civil war, the Infanta Eulalia lost her possessions and is now living quietly in a convent in Paris.

During the exposition Chicago enjoyed a blaze of glory. We (with many others, I suppose) formed real friendships in Europe. Through the visit of the Infanta Eulalia we met some years later members of her family. Her sister, Infanta Paz, had married H.R.H. Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. And we became particularly fond of their royal highnesses and of their children. We traveled through Spain with her royal highness Princess Pilar and her brother Adalbert and his charming wife, Princess Augusta (H. R. H. Augusta, by the way, was a great-granddaughter of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria). These three young people write me frequently and generally sign themselves "Your Three Youngsters." We have visited them in Munich and Nymphenburg, where they live,

and they have visited us in Paris.

When the Queen of Roumania came to Chicago she invited us to lunch because of our friendship with this family — her cousins. And we talked of them, but principally of the great Angkor where she wanted to visit and where she knew from Pilar we had been.

Wonderful as the Columbian Exposition was, filled with all the excitement of beauty and famous personalities, perhaps I shall remember it best for one ultimate surprise it held for me.

Queen Margaretta of Italy has sent to the fair an exquisite and much-talked-of collection of laces. With it she sent an intimate friend as her representative. We were delighted to have the rare collection for the exhibition and everyone was eager to show gratitude by entertaining the fair countess who had brought it over.

Mrs. Charles Henrotin, a member of the board of lady managers of the fair, invited me to a reception which she was giving for the countess. A few days before the reception I happened to be in my father-in-law's office when the distinguished countess arrived to present her credentials to the mayor.

Imagine my surprise, to say nothing of hers, when, as our eyes met, we knew each other at once. We had been girls together in New Orleans, and the moment I saw the charming creature, I remembered her as Cora Slocomb, who had made a brilliant marriage with Count Di Brazzia and had gone to Rome to live before I married. She had not known I was living here and, frankly, I had forgotten her Italian name.

We had both known another New Orleans girl who had been much in the public eye in the last few years. Her name was Cora Urquhart. She had married James Brown Potter and had created consternation in the social world some years before when she read a poem at a social gathering called "Ostler Jo." That poem would be considered innocuous today but in those days — well, the reader was ostracized. She afterwards became a clever actress and recently died in one of her beautiful homes on the Riviera.

Her daughter, Fifi, married a Stillman of New York, later divorced him and is now the wife of Fowler McCormick, a son of Harold and Edith McCormick. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler Mc-

Cormick live very quietly in Barrington, near Chicago. It was during the World's Fair that Harold McCormick and Edith Rockefeller became engaged, and they were married in 1895. How time does fly!

Chapter Five

Astor Street Days

AFTER the senior Mr. Harrison's tragic death at the hands of an assassin in 1893, we moved to the north side, to a modest house at Schiller and Astor Streets. Young as we were, we had chosen well, for it was a neighborhood inhabited by the families who have built Chicago. We made many happy friendships in the twelve years we lived there.

The Potter Palmers were on the same corner in Lake Shore Drive and we looked across their back yard. The Herman Kohlsaats were in the same block, also on Lake Shore Drive. Their daughter, Pauline, became Mrs. Potter Palmer, Jr. The Franklin McVeagh's back yard, another Lake Shore Drive home, almost touched ours. The H. N. Mays, the Hempstead Washburnes, the George Fishers, the George Meekers, and the Joseph Bowens were all on the same block in Astor Street. Mrs. Bowen still lives there in a beautiful old age and is beloved by all. Others in the block were Harry Owsley and his beautiful wife, to whom we were related through the marriage of Mr. Owsley's twin brother, Heaton, to my husband's sister Lina; and the Martyns, with their two lovely children, Hazel and Dorothy. The former was the wife of the famous English painter, John Lavery, and was regarded as one of the most beautiful women in England. Her husband's portraits of her prove that.

The Cyrus McCormicks and the Robert McCormicks were inherited friends of the family, and living near us were the Sam Jewetts (Mrs. Jewett was a McCormick), John Kerfoot, our family doctor Henry Hooper and Mrs. Hooper, the Charles Spauldings, and our dear friends the Charles Walkers. We

certainly had an ideal location. We adored it because it gave us all these acquaintances who became friends, and we loved it, too, because it was in this little home that my husband received word of his first election to the mayoralty.

Among our friends on the Gold Coast many voted for my husband, but he classed them as a fickle crowd. We liked them all and mixed freely with them, but often a single act of his would cause a change in their affection. They were easily swayed.

I remember one occasion very well. A large gathering of women were together for a luncheon at one of the big hotels. I was present and Mrs. Henry Hooper said to me: "You know that a lot of the women present really like you and your husband, but we have decided that in the coming election, not far away now, we will vote against him. We honestly believe it will be for the good of Chicago. You are both so wonderful that we know you will not misunderstand, so we are telling you in advance."

I bore it nobly, answering: "I understand perfectly. In religion and surely in politics one should feel independent. I am a Catholic. My husband is not. Isn't that assurance enough that I believe in independence?"

"Congratulations on your splendid spirit," came the answer. "Then you are not worried by our change of attitude?"

I replied: "Not in the least, because the vote back of La Salle Street is 20 to 1 that on the Gold Coast. I can assure you my husband feels very confident of his election! He says that he believes Chicago has gotten Harrisonitis in its blood, and once nominated he will never be defeated."

They smiled in reply as I continued: "I'd like to tell you a little story — Aesop's. It is called 'The Elephant and the Gnat.' It was in the heat of a great desert that a tired, almost exhausted elephant trudged along wearily. A young gnat pretty well exhausted flew by and lighted on the elephant's ear, saying 'He will carry me through this awful heat!' But after resting a bit the gnat was conscience-stricken and whispered to the elephant, 'I feel guilty adding my weight to you in this terrible journey of the desert heat.' And the elephant answered, 'Why, goodness, I did not even know you were there!'

And we feel when the vote is cast in the spring we will not even notice the absence of the Gold Coast."

"Oh, what a terrible story, Mrs. Harrison," was the exclamation.

But that is exactly what happened and my husband rode into his office as usual that spring. Once nominated, he has never been defeated.

In our Astor Street home it became the custom — for we were really quite primitive in those days — at about four o'clock in the afternoon for the housemaid to take a comfortable rug, spread it out on the front steps — usually an awning covered those steps — and, with a few chairs, arrange the place nicely for members of the house (who had not gone off on a summer vacation) to get outside for a breath of air in the cool of the evening. We had a fine view of Lake Michigan — our nice icebox — and I was generally seated out there after five when my husband returned from his office.

Everyone in the neighborhood did the same and we frequently exchanged visits at that hour. Somehow these comings-out of the inhabitants always reminded me of my New Orleans and Mississippi days, for all along the lagoons of Louisiana the alligators came out at that hour and lined themselves along the banks in the cool of the evening.

Along about Christmastime we always received from my father in New Orleans a barrel of oysters in the shell, and those delectable oysters gave us a chance to dispense the hospitality that we both enjoyed. Many of the young bloods, such as Val LeMoyne, Billy McCluer, Granville Browning, and Bernard Rogers, were our frequent visitors for dinner, and when the oysters arrived, Billy Gamble appointed himself special chef to dispense our hospitality. The oysters were always baked in the shell and served hot when they *burst* open. Oh! The fun of those suppers.

Among the neighbors were several with whom we became more closely associated in the bonds of friendship and political affairs. Mrs. John Clarke, the lovely mother of Mrs. Hempstead Washburne, was one of my first loves in Chicago, and through her we enjoyed association with the Washburnes. Mr. Washburne was always public-spirited and was working con-

stantly for the improvement of the city, even after his term of office as mayor of Chicago expired.

Mr. Kerfoot lived next door to us. He was a real-estate man and later on became comptroller under my husband (in his first administration as mayor). Mr. Kerfoot attained celebrity by a big sign he put up on the lake front after the Chicago fire. The sign read, "Everything is gone from us but courage. That we still have and will keep forever." It caught the city's imagination and inspired the people to persevere, and the fact that he had spoken first of courage always distinguished him.

The Thomas Hindes lived across the street from us and formed one of our intimate set with the Fred Winstons and the John Spoors of North State Street. Lloyd Bowers was another near neighbor and never left Astor Street until his great college friend became President of the United States and called him to Washington. That President was William Howard Taft, and Martha, the daughter of Mr. Bowers, later became Mrs. Robert Taft, who came mighty close to getting the nomination on the Republican ticket for President, too.

Charles Walker became my husband's corporation counsel and was loyalty itself towards the man who had honored him. Mrs. Walker and her daughters were much with us. We were very congenial. She was a great favorite with all who knew her and she went much into society, but she always had time for civic duties and never neglected any task she thought she ought to perform. Mr. Walker's sisters both married Englishmen and the husband of one of them inherited a title a few years ago.

Across the street lived the John A. Logans. Their children and mine became friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Logan made many friends in Chicago, and Jack Logan's mother, the widow of fighting General John Logan, visited them often, with her daughter, Mrs. Tucker.

Little Jack Logan, Jr., was a great friend of our son, Carter, Jr., and so when the fine statue of General Logan was to be unveiled on the lake front young Carter was asked to stand with young Jack to unveil it. Of course, Mrs. Logan mere and Mrs. Tucker came to be with the entire family at the great event. We were asked to accompany them and went glady,

for it really was a great occasion. The fine statue still stands, a conspicuous monument to the memory of the great fighter.

But while we were enjoying the friendship of the Logans, my hot-headed Southern relations in New Orleans were squirming a bit over our presence at all the famous doings in honor of General Logan. I remember well a friend wrote, "Can't you find friends who will be more acceptable to your Southern friends than the John Logans?"

Near the Logans, in the Binderton apartments, lived a family, the McCutcheons, whom we were proud to call friends. John T., the famous cartoonist, had not then reached the top of the ladder, but his mother and sister and brother, George Barr, the novelist, lived in the neighborhood for many years.

It was from this apartment that John planned his trip — his big hunt — with President Theodore Roosevelt. This hunt, of course, brought John McCutcheon much publicity, and as he was becoming more and more known for his very splendid cartoons, we felt proud of him. We regarded him as a confirmed bachelor. For many years he was invulnerable, but after meeting the daughter of one of our most gifted architects — Howard Van Doren Shaw — he succumbed and laid down arms. Mrs. McCutcheon added even more to his popularity, for she developed into the perfect wife and mother.

Parker Blair and his sister, Margaretta, were often with us. Their parents lived on our block. Their mother was a famous beauty, and Margaretta was a most attractive girl. She later married Governor Cox of Ohio, who got the Democratic nomination for the presidency. His daughter married Lieutenant Rippley of Chicago, who lost his life a year later in the war.

Young Marshall Field and his brother Henry, too, came often to visit with our children. Their mother, who had been a Miss Huck, was a devout Catholic and brought them frequently to the Holy Name Church on the north side and also to see her great friends, the McLaughlins, of Manor House Coffee fame.

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., after her husband's death, married Maldwin Drummond, an Englishman, and lived in England, but after her death she was brought here to be buried, and the telegram asking that arrangements be made for those sad

services was sent to the McLaughlin family. Henry Field, the son, died after a minor operation, a tonsilectomy. His widow married his cousin, the son of Ethel Field and Mr. Tree (Ronald Tree).

The McLaughlin family has always been prominent. One of the daughters married General Hardin, a distinguished army officer and a delightful man. Amelia McLaughlin made him even more popular. Another daughter married Mr. Mair, and then after his death married the young and distinguished physician, Dr. Thomas Lewis. His personal charm has never been forgotten by his friends, who mourned his untimely death years ago.

Frederick McLaughlin married the much-talked-of and deservedly popular Irene Castle. She still holds a magical sway over Chicago, and even in her dancing days was never more beloved than she is now for her benevolent care of unfortunate dogs and her many other kind charities. Miss McLaughlin, the sister of Mrs. Hardin, died a few years ago.

In addition to all these neighbors and friends, we made more when we joined a group of north siders who gave card parties one evening every fortnight. Among the members were General Walter Newberry's two daughters, Mary and Jessica. Jessica was married to Robert McCreary, son of the governor of Kentucky. She was beautiful and she and her husband were popular everywhere in Chicago. Their children were of about the same age as ours, and the families shared a great intimacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stettinius were another couple who never failed to come to the card parties. Their son, who carries on the family name, is the distinguished former president of the United States Steel Company, and has won even greater fame for his place in international affairs. As a youngster we saw him frequently in his parents' home — a quick-witted lad always interested in the euchre games.

All of us were devotees of euchre. Tric-trac, backgammon, whist, lotto, and checkers were all permitted at these evening parties, but most of us stuck to old-fashioned euchre or to the game called Five Hundred. Bridge, of course, had not yet come in, although duplicate whist, its predecessor, was just

being heard of.

We met at one of the members' homes, and the parties, though simple in the manner of their giving, were a source of great pleasure to us all. But times change, as this story will illustrate. One of our members was ambitious and wealthy. In later years when she had a winter home in Florida she was well known for the manner of her entertainment, which had developed from simplicity to evenings of great elegance. For years she had a butler who really planned all these things for her and carried them off with an ease for which her home became noted. One day the butler fell ill and was removed to a hospital. Of course his employer was much distressed, because he had relieved her so completely of responsibility in getting up her affairs that she missed him dreadfully.

Anxious to know of his progress, she called at the hospital one morning. The attendant did not recognize her and before admitting her, asked, "Are you his wife?"

"No," she replied, "but I have been his mistress for two years."

That waggish Beau Brummel of Chicago, William Gamble, was a member of the euchre club. He won his reputation as a wag by two tremendous hoaxes. He sent two hundred beautifully engraved invitations to London and had them mailed back from there to a group of Americans who felt they belonged to the Four Hundred set. They were invitations to attend the ceremonies of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Immeasurably thrilled, many of the recipients immediately made plans to cross the ocean.

One woman who had received the supposedly royal summons rushed over to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rogers, who were dining in some hotel and, showing them the invitation, said exultingly, "I know we owe this honor to a particular friend, Lord S————, in England, who undoubtedly has procured it for us." As Mr. and Mrs. Rogers knew the secret, they could hardly keep a straight face.

Before this hoax was discovered, Mr. Gamble decided on another coup d'etat. He had spent a lot of money getting up these invitations to the jubilee and, as he was not endowed with a large fortune, he thought of a way to recoup his finances.

Here is what he did. He called in Mrs. Samuel Chase and me, told us what he wanted to do, and asked our aid. We gave it glady, for the plan really intrigued us. He listed hundreds of prominent names in the large cities — New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Denver, and many other cities.

Then he wrote a line or two to all these people telling them that they were Hoffaehig, as the Germans say; that they were highly born and were entitled to invitations to any royal court of Europe, including to the Queen's jubilee and indeed any function royalty would give. This was signed by the "high chamberlain of England, Lord Revilo," stamped with the "Queen's Privy Seal," a gorgeous-looking seal said to belong exclusively to the Queen's house, and sent out by her herald informing the recipients that the Queen recognized their high ancestry.

This scheme was even a greater success than the one of a few weeks previous. Newspapers published it everywhere, and those who had been cast down by not getting the coveted invitation at first took steps to apply for one now. Each city which had the list was awed by the news. Those named were elated, but many others had hopes still, because the letter stated that many other names were under advisement and that later a few would be added to the list. The news flashed like wildfire around the country and every dinner table made it the great subject of conversation.

My husband and I went to St. Louis at this time, on an official visit to Mayor and Mrs. Erastus Wells, and well do I remember the hot discussions over this wonderful list of Americans who had just discovered they were entitled to associate with royalty. I became positively worried when I saw the huge proportions the rumor had assumed and the great number of people who were interested and taking it so seriously. Really, though, the whole thing was a scream to those in the secret; those of us who knew were few because of the danger of a leak.

Well, after a few weeks the identity of "Lord Revilo" was revealed. The whole thing was only an advertisement for the Oliver typewriter — Revilo spelled backwards is Oliver. When the secret was out and the hoax admitted by Billy Gamble,

although it was considered about as clever a stunt as was ever gotten up as an ad, he almost had to flee the country.

But if we had a hand in a hoax, we also had a chance to enjoy the reflected glory of an invitation from royalty which was the real thing. Living two doors from us, next to the Kerfoots, was a dear white-haired woman, Mrs. Cox. We loved and respected her. Her son, Ranz Cox, a confirmed bachelor, lived with her and her golden-haired daughter, Jane. A Mr. Angell, too, lived there until his death.

The Coxes belonged to Chicago aristocracy and were especially intimate with the L. Z. Leiters. Mary Leiter had married Lord Curzon and was living in England. When her distinguished husband was sent as viceroy to India she accompanied him, of course, as vicereine. No one felt prouder of these honors that had come to this charming Chicago girl than the Cox family.

When the news came that the great durbar would be given in India and that tremendous honors would be accorded the viceroy and vicereine as representatives of Queen Victoria, and that all the Cox family had been invited to visit the Curzons and remain as their guests in the palace for the entire visit, we shared — all of Astor Street shared — in the pleasure of the Cox family and helped them in preparations for departure.

Nothing was talked of for days and weeks but the expected brilliance of that visit. And when Miss Jane invited her best friend, Miss Deshler of Ohio, to accompany them, we talked still more. For Miss Deshler was most attractive, and we felt that, in the close contact of a six months' voyage, that confirmed bachelor, Ranz Cox, might encounter more danger than is usual in ocean travel.

And so it happened. When the Cox family returned, Ranz brought her over immediately to see us and announced their engagement. Their marriage followed soon and when two beautiful boys blessed them, their cup of happiness was full.

What happened in that wonderful visit to the Curzons has been so vividly described in accounts of the durbar that an attempted repetition would be boring. But the recollection of it still lingers in the minds of all of us who partook of it vicariously through our dear friends. They said that all the jewels

and gorgeous displays of raiment throughout other parts of the world paled before the splendor of the nabobs in India. Those great maharajas dwelling in that country of the snow-wrapped Himalayas loved to show their possessions, and they bedecked themselves on all possible occasions with magnificence, coming with priceless goods to offer obeisance to the man representing their King or Queen in England.

This jubilee in honor of Queen Victoria was even more extraordinary in its splendor than usual, and when we were given descriptions of what our friends had seen, we were spellbound with astonishment.

A very curious and dramatic thing happened in the life of my brother-in-law, Preston Harrison. He was traveling and was in some small town in the West. After supper a young man approached Preston, asking if he were the son of Carter Harrison, and saying, " I read your name on the register of the hotel and remembered Mr. Harrison had a son of that name." When Preston replied in the affirmative, he continued, "I wonder if you would be willing to shake hands with me?" "Certainly," answered Preston, but the man hesitated, saying, "My name is Prendergast, and wait a moment before you do. I am the brother of the man who killed your father." But as Preston drew back horrified, he continued, "Mr. Harrison, when that deed was committed no member of your family felt any worse than we did." Preston said the earnestness of the man impressed him and he extended his hand.

Preston Harrison, who had lived with us since his father's death, had formed an intimacy with Burton Holmes, who was just beginning then to show his beautiful films. We never failed to take the children regularly to see them. Instructive and beautiful, the pictures he showed were always an education for the old as well as the young, and now, after all these passing years, Burton Holmes is, if it were possible, even more popular than then.

In our travels in foreign lands we were always coming across something that evidenced the great care and expense Burton Holmes was assuming to show Chicago those pictures. In far-off India, in China, in Java, we met his men taking the pictures he would eventually show us. Burton Holmes was a

worker — and the fact that he was so earnest in his efforts to make his films a success is the excellent reason that they are. Today his reward is that his reputation is worldwide. His personality, too — and that of his lovely wife — is charming. We who knew his mother and his grandmother, Mrs. Burton, are very proud of him.

Harry Gordon Selfridge was another one of Preston Harrison's cronies, and our neighbor. We were frequently with the Selfridges. Preston was best man at the Selfridge wedding when the lovely and accomplished Rose Buckingham was the bride.

Rose Buckingham, belonging to a distinguished family, was as lovely in mind as she was in body. I think when she stood beside the harp, which she played beautifully, she was an inspiration to those who saw her. A great favorite in society, she was generous in contributing her skill on the harp for charitable purposes. She loved her art and was always willing to help others.

She became the friend of Eleanora Duse, and when that wonderful Italian actress was here gave a reception for her at which she asked many of us to receive with her. Duse on this occasion acclaimed one of our young women as the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. This girl was Italia Blair, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Blair, our dear friends who lived on Drexel Boulevard on the south side. This reputation stuck to Italia ever after.

Italia afterwards married Ricardo de Soriana, a Spanish nobleman, and immediately joined King Alphonso and Queen Ena of Spain for their honeymoon. Mrs. Soriana's daughter also married a Spanish nobleman and was widowed when her husband was killed in the Spanish Civil War. Mrs. Blair, Italia's mother, was a fascinating personality. She believed in the occult and for some remarkable reason decided I was psychic. She called me one of her psychic spirits, frequently asking me questions on occult subjects which I could not answer, as I knew nothing in the world about occultism.

I well remember when I wrote my first fairy tale she asked me, "Who is your control?," believing some spirit had instigated the stories. I told her I had no control, but wrote any-

thing that came into my mind. (I often think my husband would have welcomed a *control* when the papers asked for an interview with me.) Mrs. Blair stated quite frankly that she wrote — and she wrote quite a bit — under a control. He was an East Indian prince and she always put down exactly what he dictated.

Mention of Mrs. Blair reminds me of two dinners that impressed me because they gave two contrasting lessons in genuine courtesy. The first, given on the north side by an important someone, was a delightful affair except for one thing that occurred in the dressing room before I went downstairs. The night was terribly cold, the ground deep in snow and the wind blowing hard. An attractive young woman was in the dressing room removing her wraps when the hostess entered hurriedly, exclaiming, "Oh, Miss _____, I did not expect you tonight."

"Why," was the answer, "I sent my acceptance."

"Yes, you did, but as your mother's best friend died two days ago I was sure you would not come, and have filled your place." And the hostess continued, "I have called a cab and you will have to leave."

And the young lady left.

To me the scene was inexcusable, absolutely unforgivable, and for that reason I have given no names.

The other story is delightful, and I love to recollect it. Mrs. H. H. Kohlsaat told it to me one night. She and her husband were descending the stairs at Mrs. Chauncey Blair's to go in to dinner, when Mr. Kohlsaat said to his wife, "Evidently I am to take the hostess in to dinner as I found no card for me in the dressing room." It was customary to give each man a card telling him the lady he would escort to the table.

Well, dinner was a bit late somehow and it was quite a while before it was announced. In the meanwhile Mrs. Blair had whispered to Mr. Kohlsaat the name of the woman he was to take in — he was not to escort her as he thought. After dinner, as they were leaving, Mrs. Blair said, "Don't forget you are both dining with me next Thursday and no excuse from you will have any weight, for I will cancel the dinner unless you come."

Then they discovered they had come exactly one week in advance of the dinner to which they were invited, and that practically the entire table had had to be changed when they entered the room unexpectedly. For the Herman Kohlsaats were too important a couple to be put in just anywhere, and Mrs. Blair had ordered the table rearranged.

I love these stories, indicative of two women born and bred in the same environment, but acting differently.

Mention of snobbishness and true breeding brings to mind a Cinderella story of Chicago society which has had as happy an ending as the legend itself. Many years ago I wrote it out in these words in my diary:

"Two invitations lie on my desk. I smile as I read them. One of the debutantes hasn't a break in her line of blue blood that I can detect. The other pretty maiden has just one — a great-grandmother who was not exactly to the manner born, but I knew that grandmother and oh, what a fascinating somebody she was. Everybody in my day forgave her her humble birth, for she was the worthiest of us all.

"These two stems of Chicago's aristocracy who are about to enter this winter's gaiety can be equally proud of their ancestors. After all, what is blue blood; if we go back far enough haven't we all descended from Adam and Eve? So what difference does it make?

"But the lovely grandmother of whom I speak came here as the second wife of a man who was right in the center of our Four Hundred. A few of his intimate friends called on the lovely bride; she was just seventeen; but nearly all of the rest resented his bringing a young girl into their midst who was not a Lady Vere de Vere.

"He did not seem to mind it much, and the bride certainly minded it not at all. She went her way calm and serene, and it was soon discovered she had engaged teachers to help her reach her husband's heights of intellectuality. Gradually as time passed — for three years elapsed — all recognized the bride had not wasted her time. Her improvement in knowledge of the things that the society world discussed was evident. A few others of that inner circle honored her with visits, and her husband and the few faithful friends who had welcomed her at

first were visibly pleased.

"Yet there still remained a few who would not recognize her. They were those who had remained faithful to the memory of one of the haughty leaders of their exclusive set who had lived abroad several years because of an important task to which her husband had been assigned.

"This great stickler for etiquette forbade the bride being listed on the sacred roll of the Assemblies! The Assembly Ball — one each winter — was the list of the exclusive circle. Once on that list you could hold your head high indeed, because once on it no one would ever discuss your insignificance again. The lady abroad wrote, 'I will return in time this year to head and lead the ball as I used to do, to stand with the other governors' wives selected to receive.'

"But somehow, by some slip on somebody's part, the bride and her husband received the coveted invitation, the first they had received since his second marriage, and the bride immediately wrote their acceptance.

"Then indeed consternation seized many of her real friends, who tried to persuade her not to go. They urged: 'This woman's animosity towards you has often been heard and your appearance at the ball will mean a fatal step, for she has openly declared she will turn her back upon you if you appear. We are quite sure in time we can overcome that feeling because we who know you are now sure you will win her as you have won us all.'

"But, strange to say, the bride persisted in her determination to go; the thought of that wonderful ball — just as wonderful in those days as it is now — simply fascinated her and she was adamant in her refusal to listen to their arguments.

"The great night came. The haughty lady had arrived to head the wives of the governors on the reception list. The ballroom of one of the big hotels was a dream of loveliness as, banked with ferns and gorgeous red roses, it awaited guests. The hour had come and every real friend of the venturesome little bride actually shivered in anticipation as to what was going to happen. She had fought her way bravely, studying under teachers to improve, and so far had really won the battle, for her gentle character and lovable disposition had gained

her many loyal friends, but friends who were useless in this great emergency.

"The room was crowded when this particular couple was announced. Every eye in the ballroom was centered upon them. They were halfway across the room, when the wife, saying something to her husband, quit his arm and advanced alone.

"Good heavens, what was she thinking of, ignoring even his protection? She was a vision of beauty, though, as she advanced, and even those who were not friendly looked upon her with admiration because of her courage. She was smiling as she looked upon her enemy who, though failing to return the smile, gazed steadily upon her as she approached.

"In audible tones the girl bride began, 'Wait one moment before you condemn me, for I have an important communication to make.'

"In astonishment, the great lady hesitated, and what was the amazement of the onlookers as the two women stood talking together to see the great lady's face soften as she listened to the message she was receiving.

"Greater still was the fact that the haughty woman suddenly leaned forward and kissed the bride, then taking her hand, she said openly, 'This woman is my friend, my gratitude to her is everlasting, and I am proud to have her by my side.'

"It was some time before Chicago learned exactly what was the communication that had caused the sudden change which had occurred so dramatically before their eyes.

"It was this: 'Do you remember some years ago in your country home when the physician said your baby would die unless milk warm from the cows was brought daily? Well, at dawn every morning it was delivered by a small bare-footed girl who ran over a mile to give it to you — I was that girl!' "

Inevitably my recollections of all these neighbors will bring up the subject of our children, for we were a close-knit community, and our friends' children were the playmates of ours. Most of them went to the Chicago Latin School near by, known to us as the Vickery School because it was presided over by Miss Vickery and Mr. Bates.

Religion was taught in the home, for we were of many faiths, but — I feel sure — after the same goal. But one of the

incidents of that time makes me wonder whether the little children always grasped the full meaning of the catechism and the Bible as we explained them.

One of our neighbors — he was afterwards in the President's cabinet — sent his children conscientiously to Sunday school, and his wife was just as conscientious about questioning them on their return to discover what they had learned. One day, in great excitement, the youngsters related that they had been instructed that morning in the Crucifixion and that they had learned with sorrow that Christ had been nailed to the Cross. "And, mother," one of them continued, "do you know who did it? Why, teacher said it was the Jewetts!"

The Jewetts, of course, were our good friends and neighbors and the playmates of all these children.

The daily newspaper often calls to mind some exploit of the youngsters of the Astor Street neighborhood. For instance, the marriage of Jack Peabody's son. Jack's father, Frank, was a particular chum of my husband, and Jack grew up with our son Carter. I looked at Jack one night, sitting at a big dinner given to honor James Farley, and I thought to myself, "How times do change one!" Here was Jack, a representative of Chicago's young business men, yet, in his youth, what a rascal he was!

He was one of a lot of lovable but mischievous rascals, most of them under eight. Well do I remember their names — Henry Hooper, Jesse Spaulding, Gratiot Washburne, McCormick Jewett, Cyrus McCormick, Jr., and Wayne Taylor, later assistant secretary of the treasury in Washington. Later when we joined the Huron Mountain Club, other boys joined this clique — Emmerson Tuttle, Dick Bentley, and many others.

The youngsters had formed a club on North State Street, as boys constantly do, and Henry Hooper was the leader and president. Always up to some harmless jokes, these irrepressible boys kept their parents guessing. But one joke they perpetrated incensed the mothers and we arose in arms to punish the criminals.

That master mind, Henry Hooper, with his able committee, decided on what they would do and in the greatest secrecy they arranged and finally succeeded in accomplishing their desire.

Each boy was given his instructions, and exactly at the hour designated, did his work.

It was on a quiet evening about 7:30 o'clock. All the babies were sound asleep in their cozy cribs, when suddenly the most terrific din of tin pans and drums being beaten arose from almost every house in the neighborhood. Each anxious parent ran frantically towards each nursery, for the din arose from there.

Pandemonium reigned and by this time the voices of screaming babies were heard. The babies were yelling lustily as the various parents seized their wicked sons who were making the din. Each boy had been instructed to go into the nursery of his house, at about the same moment, when they were sure the nurse would be off duty in another part of the house, and do his stunt. The stunt was, of course, with the terrific beating of the drum to awaken the baby. And they had marked each house before, as did Herod of old. Every house with a baby under two years was sentenced.

Well, our punishment of these wicked boys was drastic and for a while after they were quiescent. But affairs like the one I have described were quite often encountered. Now all of the aforementioned boys are like Jack Peabody — staid, dignified, reliable business men, and I have no doubt are telling their youngsters, when they are reprimanding them for some particular prank, that they themselves were model youths.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bowen started a school for the neighboring children, and Carter, Jr., went daily until he was old enough to enter the Chicago Latin School some years later. Mr. Bowen loved children and frequently stopped and talked to them on his way to his office when he met them going into the school in his home.

One morning Carter, Jr., came home almost breathless with joy. He had found a pretty little white kitten on the doorstep of the Bowen house. Mr. Bowen told him he could keep it if he could persuade me to put it into the icebox to preserve it. Mr. Bowen's joke caused a real tragedy in our family, for Carter, Jr., insisted the friendly advice should be carried out and tearfully resented the fact that I sent the pretty kitten back to its mother in Mr. Bowen's yard.

Well, we had another cat given us, one we did not have to keep in the icebox. This cat was a beautiful black one with a white face, and was as smart as a whip. We named him Tommy Backfence, and we had him several years. He belonged to Edith Ogden, our little daughter, but I think Carter, Jr., was just as fond of him. He was certainly smart, and though there were times when I deeply resented taking him out for his daily exercise in the fresh air (when I had to do it) I, too, liked him.

The children taught Tommy Backfence to play hide-and-seek. They would place him on a chair, duck his head down and then go off and hide. The cat would remain quietly where they had placed him until the children had hidden. They would call out to him to find them and in a second he was bounding up and looking for them. And he sought until they were found, no matter in what part of the house they had hidden.

A day came when Mrs. Moses Wentworth, my dear friend, gave a children's party for her boys, John and Hunt, and all the neighbors sent their little ones. It was to be a gala occasion and much joy pervaded the house. My little Edith appeared at the party with her nurse. As the nurse Mary Conrad, still with us after 55 years, removed the child's wraps, she was horrified to see that Edith had removed the wide pink ribbon sash from her fluffy white dress and, instead, was wearing a funereal black ribbon. Embarrassed, the nurse wanted to take off the black sash at once, but by this time the children had gathered around, very much intrigued by the stylish color Edith alone was wearing. Mrs. Wentworth stood by and made no comment, but was visibly surprised.

Edith calmly announced, "My cat died yesterday and I am wearing mourning for it"; and thereupon she received the compassion offered her by her sympathizing friends, who nobly upheld her in her determination to show respect to the dead cat. We really never found out how she accomplished the change of sashes, for the nurse was with her practically all the time she was dressing for the party.

Edith's independence of mind is illustrated by another incident. When she was about six we were giving a small dinner. Some ten or twelve — among them General Fred Grant, Mrs. Palmer and Father Tom Sherman — were coming. As usual,

our youngsters were sent to bed before the dinner. Edith asked whether she might remain up to see Mrs. Palmer, whose beauty and charm had become famed in the city, so that even the children knew of her. Now Carter, Jr., was always docile about such things and never disputed my orders, but this youngster had a mind of her own even at six and remonstrated and resented the orders. When I insisted that she would be put to bed at her usual seven o'clock hour, she flung back her answer with flashing eyes: "It is easy to see you are ashamed of your children for you never allow your guests to see them."

Another independent youngster was Fanny Locke, daughter of Dr. Clinton Locke of Grace Church. The Lockes, busy as they were with church duties, managed to find time to mix a great deal with the social set. When Fanny made her debut, Mrs. Palmer helped to bring her out.

For a churchman's daughter, Fanny was a remarkable specimen, for she was independent, audacious in speech, and delighted in shocking her admirers. On one occasion a popular beau of the day, Bernard Rogers, called to take her to a dinner party. Now, though Fanny always wore the conventional evening gown, cut like the ordinary debutante's, her parents insisted that her gown never be cut too low; they felt that dignity was requisite for their daughter.

On the night of which I speak, Fanny came down to greet her escort and, as he was helping her put on her wrap, said, "Look at my dress and tell me can you see my clavicle?" The young man, ignorant of what the innocent clavicle was, was thrown into a terrified embarrassment!

Fanny married twice, and in her second marriage lived in Hollywood and contributed to the film world by some clever writings.

Living in Astor Street we were across from Mr. Palmer's side yard. Throughout the twelve years we lived there, she proved a good and faithful friend.

It was her custom to give dinners on Mondays and Thursdays. My husband and I were frequently asked, but as he was never willing to miss a council meeting we never accepted a Monday night invitation. He did not miss a single council meeting in his five administrations. Mrs. Palmer,

learning this, asked me, in case she had a sudden regret from a woman, if I would fill the place. Of course, I loved to do it and did quite often.

One night I had asked our cook — Katie Blonien, a handsome German girl who lived with us twenty-five years — to come across to bring me home about eleven o'clock. After our return Katie was helping me undress. She commented on the gorgeous dinner table laden with gold plate which Mrs. Palmer's personal maid had let her peep at through a curtain while she awaited me, and continued, "That maid asked many questions of me and what capacity I filled in your house. I replied I was your personal maid. I did your hair, I cared exclusively for your personal wants and did nothing else."

"Oh, Katie," I answered, "why did you fib like that? You are the best cook in the world but I never had a personal maid."

"Well, Mrs. Harrison," she answered, "how do you think it would sound to say the cook had called for the mayor's wife? I thought you should have had your butler or at least a personal maid. She would just make fun of us and I did not give her the chance."

So much for family pride, even among our maids. The three of them (our waitress, Dena de Vries, was a beauty) remained with us for more than twenty-five years and when we broke up housekeeping all still kept up their contact with us. One, Mary Conrad, who nursed our children, has been with us over fifty years.

One morning when Mrs. Palmer took me driving she told me something that had been bothering her for some time. She had received many letters from a woman asking for an interview. Mrs. Palmer was of course too busy a woman to grant interviews promiscuously, and ignored the woman's pleadings. But finally a letter came declaring that the writer was my sister and, knowing of my friendship with Mrs. Palmer, felt she had the right to get that interview.

Mrs. Palmer at once named an hour. What was her astonishment when brought face to face with the applicant to find that the woman was unmistakably of a different class from me. However, she listened to the story. The girl — for

she was young — insisted that I was her sister, but having married far beyond my class in life had deserted her, and she now appealed to Mrs. Palmer to compel me to recognize the close relationship. Mrs. Palmer did not believe one word of it, but felt I should be told and all the correspondence given to me.

The story was a pitiful one. The girl had once worked in my father-in-law's family and had taken a liking to me. After a while she came to believe that this liking she felt for me was love and that I was her full-blooded sister. I had in the meanwhile received many letters from her, claiming the relationship. The end of the story was that the girl was watched and found unsafe to be left at large, for her letters soon became threatening to both Mrs. Palmer and me. She was finally declared insane and was properly placed to be cared for.

The association of the Potter Palmers and the Harrisons went back many years. Once during the World's Fair in 1893, after a wonderful day of sightseeing, the guests of Mayor Harrison dined in one of the large restaurants, discussing the wonders they had seen and expressing to their host their pleasure and gratitude for the hospitality they had received. The table resounded with much laughter at humorous stories and much wit as the joyous party talked.

Among the diners was Potter Palmer, who was highly amused at the stories to which he listened, and finally ventured to tell one himself. He prefaced it by saying, "I am not much of a story teller, but I had an experience on a steamer on the high seas on my last trip that may amuse you. We were sailing along quietly on a bright sunny day, when a woman, quite perturbed, approached me, saying, 'Will you be kind enough to tell me what that dark streak far over there along the horizon is?'

"I answered promptly, 'Why, it is land, Madam.'

" 'Oh, thank you,' she replied quite enthusiastically 'I am so relieved to hear it, for I just asked another man and he told me it was *grease*.' (Greece.)"

I know of no better story to close my recollections of Astor Street than the legend of the unlucky "M's."

It was quite fashionable in those days to go to the horse show and afterwards to return home for a hot supper and a cold bottle. I had had a box at the horse show and asked some friends to join us and finish the evening. Among our guests was Mr. Mysenburg, who lived in our block.

He was in gay spirits. As he raised his glass to drink a toast, he said, "I start to California tomorrow. Drink to my health in case you never see me again."

We drank his health laughingly, until he added, "Don't forget the ghost of Astor Street — and death may follow. Do you realize I am the last M on the block?"

We were terrified, because for a year a peculiar thing had been whispered — that that particular Astor block was fatal for anyone whose name began with M. Mr. Martyn (Hazel Lavery's father) died first, then Mr. May went, then within six months George Meeker died. The young son of Mr. Mason committed suicide. And so it was true that Mr. Mysenburg was the last living M in the block!

It was not a pleasant reminder to us, and we reproached him for giving us that toast and tried to make light of it, but it was a premonition. He never returned from California. He died within two months of drinking that toast. The nature of his death was never disclosed and his body was not brought back to Chicago. He was a most gifted and delightful personality and we all missed him terribly.

I have a drop of Irish blood in me somewhere, I am sure, because had our name begun with an M I would never have remained peacefully on that block. But we continued to live there for twelve long years and nothing but good luck ever came to us in that nice little house. One day I said to Father Phelan of the Holy Name Cathedral, "Do convert my husband." The facetious, red-haired Irishman replied, "The Jesuits had him at Loyola for four years, failing to convert him then; I think he's beyond redemption."

Chapter Six

The Gay Nineties

WHEN Mrs. George Pullman used to receive at afternoon tea in the beautiful sunlighted crimson room of her lovely old home on Prairie Avenue, I felt that no one could have had a more charming setting. She was always gracious and her guests were always loath to leave. We generally found Robert Lincoln there, sitting in quiet conversation in his favorite corner on a comfortable sofa. Old friends gathered many times a year at Mrs. Pullman's, for she was the soul of hospitality.

Frequently we were asked to a quiet little dinner and then taken to her box at the opera. Once, when I was trying to be polite, I was quite properly put in my place by my hostess. I was young and I had had proper instincts bred into me in my youth; so as we entered her box and she told me to take the front and most conspicuous place there, I drew back saying, "Oh, Mrs. Pullman, let me sit further back." She said, "You will sit *exactly* where you are told." And I did. She was accustomed to being obeyed and she unhesitatingly proved her right to seat her guests.

It was in her home, of course, that I learned to admire and to know her family, the gay and gifted Harriet and the lovely Mrs. Frank Lowden. Our friendship with the distinguished governor of Illinois and his family began there and has never failed, and I hope it never will. Our affection for the Lowden family continues, and lovely Florence Lowden Miller (the replica of her mother) is very dear to us.

Many a laugh I had later with the governor when I was writing my fairy tales for my youngsters. He said to me one day, "I certainly dread the day you publish a new fairy

tale. Woe to me if I forget to bring that book home the day it is published, and worse still, I have to bring one home for each child. They refuse to be tied down to one. You see, I am more interested in your husband's literature as mayor, his messages to his council, but my family aren't. They just drop Mr. Harrison's literature around anywhere. I generally have to search for it, but yours — well, you are popular in the Lowden family." I used to gloat over my husband when the governor told me these things.

Chicago is mighty proud of the men she lent to Washington, and of others too. All of us well remember the historic impasse which existed for so many days at the Republican convention while General Leonard Wood and Frank O. Lowden contended for the nomination for President. Chicago came near to providing the next occupants of the White House at this time, and personally I have always regretted that the lovely, charming and gracious Mrs. Lowden could not have been our first lady, a position she would have filled so well.

Beautiful Prairie Avenue housed many other families of distinction in the early nineties. Many intellectuals and many music lovers dwelt within its narrow precincts.

The beautiful house built by the distinguished architect Richardson was the home of the Glessners. I always admired the buildings designed by Richardson. The one mentioned, the Franklin McVeagh house on Lake Shore Drive, the Charles Howard Library in New Orleans, my native city, the Marshall Field wholesale house — these buildings were always a joy to the eye.

The Glessners were great music lovers and their box at the symphony — then the Thomas concerts — was never empty. The hospitality of their home was proverbial. Beautiful dinners and luncheons were frequent, and men and women who were prominent in advancing the interests of the city were always found there. The discussions touched on civic affairs as well as books and music and the progress in the world. One was always sure of an interesting hour at the Glessner table. In those days I believe we were fonder of arguments than we are today. At any rate, we did argue

a great deal, for all of us present were not always of the same opinions, yet those arguments never led to disagreeable disputes.

The Glessners were popular and their friends dropped in from all parts of the world. I remember one of their guests once caused me a little embarrassment. I was in the foyer at Orchestra Hall in the intermission of the concert when Mrs. Glessner stepped out with a man, saying, "Here is an old friend of yours from California."

I greeted the man with pleasure, adding, "It was with sorrow I read of your wife's death six months ago. You were both so cordial to me in California, I felt a personal loss in her death."

He answered, "Yes, her loss was a terrible one. We had had a long and very happy life together, and it just seemed impossible for me to adjust myself to her death."

While we were commiserating thus, the Glessner box opened again and an extremely pretty young woman stepped out smiling. The man took her by the arm, saying, "You know I have married again and this is my wife." Can you imagine my feelings? just try!

The Glessners were only one of the Chicago families which made the Theodore Thomas concerts possible. From these concerts stemmed Chicago's musical reputation and our present-day symphony orchestra, led so brilliantly and so long by Dr. Frederick Stock. Among the important patrons of the Thomas concerts, besides the Glessners, were the Aldises, the Henry Blairs, the Chauncey Keeps, the Hermann Peabodys, the Charles Hamills, the Louis Laflins, and the Philo Otises. All these patrons came forward generously, but I think that the Bryan Lathrops were the most enthusiastic. When Mr. Lathrop died he left a fortune to be given to the concerts after his wife's death.

If there were space to recall the story of our brilliant musical seasons, our opera and our concerts, the names of a legion of Chicagoans would grace it. One woman, however, I must mention — the late Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick, whose benefactions were so far-reaching. Without her, Chicago might never have had seasons of brilliant and beautiful opera.

Because of the enormous expense connected always with the production of opera, and the importation of high-priced foreign singers, the opera season could not be made a financial success. But Mrs. McCormick never failed to guarantee the annual deficit. She and Harold McCormick were magnificent. They were the fairy godparents of the opera. No one ever can dispute that. Except for them, who so bravely and generously sponsored it, there would be no opera today.

Personally, Mrs. McCormick was a very brilliant woman and greatly beloved by her friends. She was generous to a fault, but believed that, if she helped others, they should show gratitude in some way. She belonged to a certain cult which exacted a return for services. If a man or woman were too poor to pay, then some other act of gratitude was asked. Mrs. McCormick practiced her profession and for certain hours daily remained in her office like any professional.

She believed firmly in the transmigration of souls and declared she had lived in a former life. For instance, one night at her dinner table when I was describing our visit to Tutankhamen's tomb in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt, she interrupted, saying, "How well you are describing what you saw. It is all so vivid to me because I was Tutankhamen's wife."

Can you imagine the consternation that followed her announcement? But she adhered to her statement and went on to tell of many incidents in her life when she was the Queen of Egypt. Now this sounds like an impossible statement to be made by a normal woman, but Mrs. McCormick was so brilliant, so learned, so well-informed that we could only class her as normal. Yet she certainly clung to her belief and very often referred to it in the most matter-of-fact way. There is no question in the minds of her friends that, though they declared their belief in her being normal, she did possess certain idiosyncrasies. But with all of her peculiarities, she had the kindliest spirit in the world and I never heard of her making an unkind speech about anyone.

All the McCormick family has contributed largely to Chicago's growth, and my contact with many of them gave me pleasure. Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, the first wife, was a bride

when I was — we were married in the same year. She was a radiant blonde and a fine friend. Her two sons, Cyrus, Jr., and Gordon, were friends of my children, for my husband and Cyrus were boys together.

Another member of the clan, Mrs. Hamilton McCormick, an Englishwoman, endeared herself to Chicago from the first moment of her arrival. Everyone loved her, and I often thought that if a vote were taken at that time to choose the most popular woman in Chicago, her name would have been the one.

My husband and Hamilton McCormick carried on a friendly feud from childhood, and whenever Mrs. McCormick wanted to create a laugh she asked me to tell the story. When the boys were very young, Carter was playing in the yard. He spied Hamilton sitting on the fence between the homes and eating a saucer of ice cream. It was a hot day and young Carter thought it would be nice of Hamilton to share the ice cream with his boy friend, but Hamilton refused to give him even a sip. And Carter then and there declared he would get even with Hamilton some day, and ever after when he got the chance, he referred to it.

Another McCormick, Chauncey, is president of the Art Institute, and thus is carrying on the family tradition of contributing to the cultural life of the city. His wife, Marion, is the daughter of my own intimate and dear friend, Mrs. Charles Deering.

In my tributes to those who have advanced our musical life, I would not wish to omit the name of Samuel Insull. Mr. Insull's life story reads like a fairy tale. He possessed the Midas touch; all his affairs prospered. Whatever he did immediately brought him great returns; his stocks were quoted daily, and he lived with the luxury of an emperor.

For various reasons my husband never bought a single one of his investments, but that fact did not militate against our personal liking for Mr. Insull. He had charm — none who met him will ever deny that — and he did much for Chicago. For years he and his tiny, exquisite wife were the center of our social set. Young as she was at marriage, Mrs. Insull had already attained popularity in several roles

as an actress, and throughout her regimen in Chicago she never refused to assist at any performance for charity. She was a delight to the eye; her vivid coloring and her whole appearance evidenced that she possessed fire and flame. Her memory, for her roles was prodigious, and I assure you we never ceased giving her the praise which was her just due.

Our social contacts always gave us pleasure. I remember once at a luncheon table Mrs. Insull said to me suddenly, "I hear you have been criticizing me."

"How?" I asked.

She said, "Well, you told someone I was a regular spitfire."

For a minute I was aghast! If I ever had made the remark it was in a spirit of impulsiveness, and it certainly was not nice of the woman who heard it to have repeated it. But I recovered my presence of mind while Mrs. Insull was talking and replied, "Well, would you rather I had said you were fire and flame?"

Her face changed into a smile as she answered, "Yes, I would have much preferred that expression."

Thoroughly alive to all about her, Mrs. Insull was a brilliant woman, well matched to the man she had married. Nothing escaped her; quick to see, quick to criticize, still she was quick to understand and to forget. We were always friends, and though we differed on many subjects, none regretted her going more than I.

No matter what criticism is ever made of the Insulls, remember he went down with his ship. He never deserted it as those Eastern financiers did. He believed he was telling the public the truth when he said his ventures would all be successful. And he proved this thoroughly when the crash came, for his holdings and his wife's and his son's were all in his ventures. They went down too. All who suffered in his losses should remember that about him. Many of us who knew him admired him even more in the days of his failure than in his days of prosperity.

His son and grandson live here, as does Mrs. Insull. Of course, she lives very differently now. In the past, when her husband was considered almost an uncrowned king, she lived in splendor.

But in spite of all the misfortune that has overtaken the family, in spite of the tremendous loss of power and wealth, there must be a satisfaction too in remembering and seeing much that Samuel Insull left to Chicago. His love of music made him generous in his gifts to assist it and his continuance of the opera here after the Harold McCormicks resigned was proof of his sincere love for it. He spared neither time nor money and he continued the good work by building the Opera House. Had he not come to Chicago's help at the crucial time when it seemed that the opera simply could not continue, we would have no opera today.

Many a young opera singer is glad of the chance Mr. Insull gave her to make good. I personally happen to know of many a youngster he helped to success in other fields. He once told me that a note from someone asking him to consider a youngster and give him a chance was always given attention. He tried always to grant the request.

"Alas," he continued, "most of those I place fail me. Not up to what I expect, for I do expect hard work; but occasionally one pans out to perfection, like the one you sent me," and he named the one. That boy went from one dollar a day to the top. He is now one of the vice-presidents of a big corporation, and I believe at a salary of more than twenty thousand a year.

The boy I speak of, Francis Mettenet, certainly deserved all the success he has attained, for he inherited great ability from his wonderful mother, Marie Mettenet. This woman in her youth had been deserted by her husband and left with an infant boy and a girl. Gifted and educated, a graduate of the Sorbonne, she put her shoulder to the wheel and began to gain her own living. I found out her capability and succeeded in placing her as French teacher in a private school where she received a large salary. Many of the excellent French scholars turned out from that splendid school owe their knowledge of the language to her. She has earned enough to live comfortably on her income and watch with pride the fine position her son occupies today.

Her daughter, too, owes her success to the wonderful mother who deprived herself through all those long, hard years

of work to fit both her children for fine positions in life. The daughter is now teaching French in a splendid school in California. Madame lived with us many years and we, like all the other friends who know her, appreciate her worth and love her.

Chicago's art lovers have been as faithful as the devotees of music. For instance, I could dwell on the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Logan to the city. Mrs. Logan was a famous beauty, but even in her youth she shared the serious interests of her splendid husband, who loved to give and help in all things pertaining to the progress of Chicago.

And who has contributed more to the interest of the Art Institute than Mrs. James Ward Thorne with her exquisite miniature rooms of early American Art? They are perfect in detail and have been shown in many parts of the world besides Chicago, and always acclaimed. Yes, Chicago has much to be proud of in her women, who can stand beside the truly great men of this city.

Who did more in her life for art than Kate Buckingham? How generous she was and how modest! Even with a well filled purse, she oftentimes sacrificed a bit of personal comfort to do something she wished for the public. Once interested in what she thought would be a public benefit, she denied herself to make it a success.

We know well of one young musician who could never have gone to the top in opera — as he has done — without her aid. She gave him European training for the stage, and afterwards watched his success with intense pride. Her face was aglow with pleasure whenever he sang here at the opera. The Buckingham Fountain, which was a gift from her, gives Chicago such pleasure. Who ever sees it playing, with its millions of crystal drops flashing in the sunlight or beneath the magical electric lights, but breathes a prayer of gratitude to the woman who made Chicago this splendid gift?

And with it all she was so modest — the following story illustrates it. As all this city knows, she had given magnificent gifts to the Art Institute. Had she never given anywhere else except to the Art Institute, her name would go down in our history as a benefactor's.

Miss Buckingham frequently spent hours at the institute and sometimes went into the basement for lunch. There it is customary to get a card as you go in, have it punched as you pick up food, and then when you finish pay for it all at the cashier's desk. Well, one day she picked up a cup of tea and a roll — all she wanted. She had forgotten to take a ticket as she passed in and no one noticed her. When ready to leave she approached the cashier to pay for her tea and roll. The girl looked at her in astonishment and asked for the ticket. On being told she had none, the cashier said, "And you expect me to take your word for the fact you had nothing else to eat? How do I know you are telling me the truth? How do I know you are not just cheating the house out of a dollar or more?"

Gravely, Miss Buckingham received the reprimand and apologized for not sticking to the rules. Finally the cashier reluctantly accepted the amount Miss Buckingham offered, but added, "Never do such a thing again. I really ought not to let you go out of this room without a more thorough investigation of what you have eaten."

I wonder what that girl would have thought if she had known that the woman she was abusing had just given the city a million-dollar fountain. But the truly great are always modest, aren't they? And then, too, a sense of humor saves us. Miss Buckingham told this story with delight.

The Arthur Eddys were another couple who loved art and music. Both were personally most agreeable, and were generous in entertaining in their home. Mr. Eddy had been painted by Whistler and modeled in bronze by Rodin, but he went modern in art. He bought the "Nude Descending the Stairs" and was a great collector of modernistic paintings. He created quite a furor in the world of art, and for a time his name was prominent in any art discussion. Mr. Eddy was really ahead of his time; for today many of his once radical paintings hang in the Art Institute. He was an able lawyer too, and he wrote a book on law that was used as a textbook at Harvard. Besides all this, his novels and plays were quite the vogue.

Many of my recollections of the Marshall Field family seem

to be connected with weddings. Chronologically, the first of these was the elopement of Preston Gibson with Minna Field, a niece of the department-store king. Preston was twenty-one, Minna was seventeen and in school in New York. I had been married some years when this elopement occurred, but never shall I forget it.

My husband and I were dining with Marshall Field that night at one of his brilliant dinners. Young as I was, I was taken in by Mr. Field and placed on his right because of etiquette — my husband was mayor of Chicago. I noticed that Mr. Field was distinctly worried and I guessed the cause. He had just had the news of the elopement. Being a bit fussed at his apparent absorption, I began imprudently, "I see you are trying to get into our family again."

He turned quickly and flashed back, "Have you any connection with this marriage?"

"Yes," I answered, "Preston Gibson is a cousin of my husband."

"Well," he replied, "that is the first good thing I have heard of him."

My remark had been prompted by the fact that just a few weeks before A. O. Slaughter's only daughter had been married to Wentworth Field. The Slaughters were my relatives.

Preston and Minna Gibson spent their early married life here and I saw much of them. Once when Mrs. Richardson of New Orleans — for whose husband Preston's brother, Richardson, was named — and Edith Longfellow, daughter of the poet, stopped between trains and dined with us, I asked Minna and Preston to meet them.

Preston was a great mimic and that night at the table, I am sorry to say, he kept us in peals of laughter by his remarks. Mrs. Richardson was very deaf, and though he was really devoted to her, he would say things about her which were irresistible; fortunately she could not hear them.

The son of Preston Gibson and Minna Field took his mother's maiden name and is now known as Henry Field, and with his charming second wife is living here. Chicago is proud of the splendid work he is doing for the Natural His-

tory Museum.

The second wedding I recall vividly in this connection was that of Ethel, Marshall Field's only daughter, to Arthur Tree, the son of Lambert Tree. They had one son who afterwards married the widow of his cousin, Henry Field. They live in Virginia. Ethel was one of the most beautiful girls Chicago ever had, but she was only seventeen when she was married. Can you wonder that the marriage did not last? I remember thinking, as I watched her in her wedding dress, "What a pity she is so young!" After the separation she married Earl Beatty of England, and left two other sons by him.

One of the most charming members of the group associated with the Fields was Mrs. Dibblee, sister of the elder Mrs. Marshall Field and mother of Mrs. Sprague. Mrs. Dibblee's charm was not only in her physical beauty, although she was one of the loveliest women I ever saw, but also in the life she led. She was beloved by all who knew her and her character was written plainly on her lovely face. I value the times when she and I would meet on walks in Lincoln Park and finish our strolls together.

A beautiful stone house built by the Bordens stands on Lake Shore Drive. And I have often thought that if the walls of that old house could speak, they could tell many a tale which would fit into the social history of the city. Its first chatelaine, a gentle and serious-minded woman, was especially cordial to me when I came here as a bride. She had known the family into which I married many years, and so her friendly feeling for me was quite natural. Soon after my marriage, she invited me to lunch and I arrived to find about a dozen women gathered in her spacious rooms with their then unobstructed view of the blue lake.

After greetings and introductions were made and before lunch was announced, Mrs. Borden said: "Oh, Mrs. Harrison, do you know the great physician?"

Now it happened that I had just returned from a doctor's office where I had consulted him on a minor ailment, and so I replied quickly, "Indeed, I do; I have been talking with him."

"And what did he say?" she queried.

"Oh, he told me I was in splendid condition, and that I need not come again for days."

"I am surprised at that advice," she continued. "You should call upon him many times daily."

"I'm afraid he would be too busy to receive me," I replied, "and besides, I don't believe my pocketbook would allow it."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Why, Dr. Frank Billings," I answered.

She said, "I meant of course the Great Physician on High."

For a moment I was too embarrassed to reply. Then she turned to the women saying, "Let us kneel in prayer before going to the dining room." And we all did!

Now this may sound strange, but it seems that Mrs. Borden belonged to a school or cult of which, I afterwards learned, many of my friends were also members. It was her idea that in this way she could convert many to her belief, and not knowing I had any special faith she had given me this opportunity to embrace hers. But once learning that a friend had a religious belief, she never intruded again.

All this was long before her two children, John and Mary, had taken their places in the great world. Mary married an Englishman, a Mr. Turner, and following her divorce from him became the wife of General Edward Louis Spears of the British army. Her life in London has been very full, and we have read her novels with a deep pleasure, the deeper because we knew her when she was a child.

John, too, has had an interesting and colorful life, and he himself greatly increased the fortune he inherited. In the midtwenties, when he had the yacht *Northern Light* built for the now famous exploring expedition to Arctic Wrangel Island, he was considered one of the richest young men in town. Mr. and Mrs. Rochester Slaughter went on that trip, and Mrs. Slaughter killed the huge Kodiak bear that is now at the Field Museum. That was after his marriage to Courtney Letts Stillwell (now the wife of the ambassador from the Argentine, Señor Felipe de Espil), following his divorce from his first wife, the present Mrs. John Alden Carpenter,

who was Ellen Waller, daughter of the pioneer James Wallers, and member of a clan which has left its imprint on Chicago history. She makes her home in the great gray stone mansion built by the William Bordens, with her second husband, Mr. Carpenter (another descendant of a famous Chicago family), although I believe the house is now the property of her two Borden daughters, Mrs. Robert Pirie and Mrs. Adlai Stevenson.

The presidential election in November, 1948 left the world breathless with surprise. The Republicans were confident, but President Truman walked in in a victory that was truly amazing. For many reasons, his brilliant victory brought gladness to us. For the man who was elected governor of Illinois, Adlai Stevenson, is a close relative of mine and his wife is a cousin of my husband's. So we are still carrying on our Democratic promise to be true to our party.

The Stevenson family is famous in Illinois history. The first Adlai Stevenson — the governor's grandfather — was vice-president of the United States under Grover Cleveland. The governor undoubtedly remembers what my husband's paper did for his grandfather when he was nominated for that high honor. Vice-President Stevenson was married to my mother's cousin. And the present Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, as I have said, is the daughter of John Borden and his first wife, Ethel Waller Borden, and the Wallers are my husband's relatives.

Indeed our ties with the Stevensons are many. The governor's great-aunt (the sister of his grandmother and so also a cousin of my mother's) was Mrs. Matthew Scott, the longtime president of the D.A.R. Those two sisters were always held in affectionate regard by me, their kinswoman, and because of the relationship I have followed with warm interest the lives of their descendants.

One of Mrs. Scott's daughters married Carl Vrooman, and with him has done much religious work, which led to their affiliation with the Oxford Movement in England and in this country. Another daughter married a distinguished army officer, Charles Bromwell. Mrs. Bromwell has visited us many times, and I often returned her visits in Honolulu, where her

husband was stationed for many years. Their son Scott married Mari Smith, granddaughter of Byron Smith and daughter of Solomon Smith, the banker.

On my first visit to Chicago, in my teens, I fell heir to love for the Byron Smiths. They were dear friends of my cousins, the Arthur Slaughters, and were like members of the family. Ever since I have loved the Smith sons and their wives. Always we have been intimate friends, and after my young cousin Scott Bromwell married the Byron Smiths' granddaughter Mari the intimacy became even more pronounced. Scott Bromwell is, like his cousin Adlai Stevenson, a Lake Forester.

Scott's beautiful sister Mildred married the youngest officer in the British navy, Sir Sydney Bailey, commander of the *Hood* and later an admiral. Though Sir Sydney was not aboard the *Hood* when she was destroyed by the Germans, her loss hastened his death, which occurred soon after. Lady Bailey has continued to live in England since her husband's death, and both her children are being educated there. The title in the Bailey family belonged to her husband's eldest brother, but the present king bestowed a new title on Mildred's husband. Lady Bailey and her mother, Mrs. Bromwell, are both in America at present and attended Governor Stevenson's inauguration.

Adlai's sister, Mrs. Ernest L. Ives, whose husband's work in the diplomatic service has taken her to many countries to live, is, I hear, back to live permanently in America with her husband and family, now that he has retired, after thirty years, from the service. They will spend most of their time on their South Carolina farm at Southern Pines. Thus Mrs. Ives has come the whole cycle, back to the South whence her grandmother, who was Miss Letitia Green of Kentucky, came originally.

Governor Stevenson's connection with the Smiths of Lake Forest will strengthen his hold on Chicago, for the distinguished Smiths of the Northern Trust Bank are held in great respect by all. And in mentioning the Smiths I cannot refrain from naming a member of the firm, one of its vice-presidents, Charles M. Nelson. He is receptive and so co-

operative — a most capable and efficient member of the bank, and one to whom I am very grateful for the many favors he has done for me and my husband. Many a time he has straightened out a snarl of some kind and helped us to continue our amicable relations with the bank.

Both the James Wallers, parents of Mrs. Carpenter, and the J. Robert Wallers were intimate friends of ours. J. Robert Waller was comptroller under my husband. His wife was a Kentuckian and was much loved. James Waller and his wife were equally welcome at our house, and we saw much of them.

Down on Bayou La Fourche where I was born the sugar plantation is still owned by members of my uncle's family, Judge Beattie. Judge Beattie often sent me the delicious syrups he made and the brown sugar I was so fond of. The planters, of course, make different grades of syrup, from thick molasses to the very delicate *sirop de batrie.* All of these are delicious on the breakfast table with hot griddle cakes. Some of them never get farther than one day's travel because they are too perishable. The one the planters keep for themselves is called *cuite* and is a thick and especially delectable syrup, but if kept over thirty-six hours it turns into sugar. I could never have the *cuite* I liked so well sent to me here, but I often did get the *sirop de batrie* and always regarded it as especially fine.

One Christmas a small keg of this delicious syrup arrived. I made up my mind to share it with a few particular friends and, filling a half-dozen quart bottles, I wrapped them and tied with pretty ribbons, and sent them around. All liked the gift and wrote me in praise of it. Mrs. Potter Palmer said, "Rarely have we had anything more delicious on our breakfast table," and others wrote equally nice notes; but the note that capped the climax came from Mrs. James Waller.

Mrs. Waller wrote: "You are a friend indeed. James has been ill with an awful cold for a long time. Nothing helped his terrible cough. All medicines failed, and we were in despair. Finally your welcome bottle arrived. He took the syrup faithfully for four days. And *now* he has no cough! Can you imagine how grateful we are for your thought of

us?"

At the time of our son Carter's wedding to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cook of Trenton, New Jersey, the Wallers decided it would be a nice time to give a house party at their summer home at Coolidge Point in Maine. We were, of course, to be in the East for our son's wedding, and the Wallers were nice enough to want us at their house party, which was to be given in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Waller had been a college chum of the President, and the party at Coolidge Point was to be a reunion.

Months in advance the party was planned, and all the guests accepted with alacrity. It was a pleasure and an honor to receive the invitation to meet one's President and his wife. But one cannot always count on the future. We were in the midst of the festivities of our son's wedding when the news of Mrs. Wilson's death reached us. She had been ill for many months, but her death had not been expected. Of course the President canceled his acceptance of the Waller invitation but the Wallers insisted that all the other guests come, and we went.

At the dinner table one night I sat next to the son of the poet Longfellow and was delighted at the opportunity to clear up a long-disputed question between my husband and myself. It was this. When I was an infant Longfellow wrote a tiny verse and I was told it was written for me:

"She who comes to me and pleadeth
In the lovely name of Edith
Will not fail for what is wanted.
Edith means the Blessed; therefore
All that she may wish or care for
Will when best for her be granted."

This verse had been sent to my grandmother by Longfellow's sister, Mrs. Greenleaf of Boston, who was my grandmother's — Frances Nicholson's — roommate at school and remained her lifelong friend. Mrs. Greenleaf wrote, "This verse is written for your little granddaughter Edith." Now Longfellow had a daughter Edith and therefore my Doubting Thomas of a husband disputed the story. Well, Mr. Longfellow reassured me that night and told me the verse was

written for me.

We were also invited frequently to the beautiful Riverside home of the E. C. Wallers. It impressed me for many reasons. Frist, their hospitality was always acclaimed, and second, those who ate their Sunday dinners could never forget them. Such white asparagus, mushrooms, strawberries and broiled chicken were never surpassed anywhere. And, of course, all these things were raised on the Waller place. No one ever refused an invitation unless he had a previous engagement, and then the Wallers were generous enough to repeat the invitation. Those dinners seemed to be an epoch in the lives of people fortunate enough to be included in the list of friends.

This home on the Des Plaines River, with its glorious trees, flowering roses and softest of green grass, was always at its best during the spring and summer just when the delicious white asparagus was ripening. One always met many friends there, for the enormous dinner table was generally set for from twenty to fifty.

I remember going there once with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robbins, he a famous lawyer and she one of our loveliest and most gifted women. President of the Fortnightly and the Colonial Dames, two most aristocratic clubs, she was an honor to all of us, and I often sat enraptured just watching her preside so gracefully at the many public functions her important positions entailed.

Today the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins are carrying on the graceful tradition of their parents; for Mrs. Hopkins — whose first marriage was with a boy I loved and whose parents I admired, Kenneth Goodman, a boy destined for big things in the literary world but who gave up his life in the service of his country and died in the late war — is one of our bright young society women. Mrs. Frank Hibbard, who has been president of the fashionable Casino, is as able and as lovely as her sister. Mrs. Isaac was the titian-haired Isabel Robbins. And the lovely baby of the family is the charming Mrs. William Odell, Jr.

Southerners are quick to claim relationship, and I am proud to call two lovely women in this city my cousins — the Withers girls, Mrs. Clive Runnells and Mrs. Laurence Ar-

mour. Both are dear to me. I see more perhaps of Mrs. Armour, as she lives in Lake Forest. Laurence Armour has a right to be proud of his beautiful wife and fine son.

Strange that my knowing the Cudahy family — the packers of Chicago — and my affection for two of them, Miss Mary Cudahy and her sister, began in California. My husband, then mayor of Chicago, telegraphed me that orders from the White House had come to him to entertain the Archbishop of Trajanapolis. As the archbishop was in Pasadena, I was told to entertain him. The Misses Cudahy and their mother came at once to my rescue and stood with me at the reception I gave the Archbishop. With them too stood other friends — Mrs. Alphonso Taft and Mrs. William Edwards, the mother and sister of President William Howard Taft, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eddy of Chicago. The marriage of Florence Cudahy to Vaughn Spalding accentuated my affection, and since then many others of the Cudahy clan have commanded my admiration.

And among all these friends, from Mrs. Pullman to the many Wallers, I am proud to include one who became perhaps the most intimate with my husband, a man who, unlike many of the families I have mentioned, arrived in Chicago with only a few dollars in his pocket and by sheer ability rose to the very top. He is Oscar F. Mayer, now one of the big packers, with plants in Chicago and in Madison, Wisconsin. His Wisconsin plant is even larger than the one in Chicago. He is today probably one of the most prominent Americans of German extraction in the city. Chicago is proud of him, and we are proud of our friendship with him and his delightful family.

His daughters have married Americans, one of them being the fine pianist, Edward Collins. His son, Oscar G. Mayer, has followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father. Oscar G. Mayer has been president of the Packers Association and is a trustee of the University of Illinois.

We have had many delightful German-born friends, for Chicago is the third-largest German city in the world. All of our German friends are staunch Americans, devoted to this country where freedom reigns, and it is with genuine

pride we count upon them. Among those we hold especially dear are the Eitels, of restaurant fame. Six of these young men came over to make a fortune and in accomplishing that have become classed among our best citizens. Robert and Emil Eitel often show us, in some fine program in one of their restaurant shows, pictures of the old Germany we were all fond of. Our late postmaster, Ernest Kruetgen, and his handsome musical wife are other Germans of whom we are proud, and there are many more of the same kind in this big city.

The secrets of the two world wars have been written so frequently that I shall only dwell upon them lightly in bringing my book up to date. In our sixty-one years of life together we have lived through two wars. Although when the First World War broke out my husband was quite along in his fifties and had done a big work in this city in his five mayoralty terms, he felt the urge of duty and determined to give all his time and energies to his country in its great emergency.

Mr. Harrison accepted the Red Cross offer to take charge of their hospitals in Toul, France, as a captain. He paid all his own expenses and besides contributed largely to the organization. He refused all higher jobs to remain with the doughboys and the girls at Toul, and his book shows the marvelous work he accomplished in France. It gives evidence of the fine efficiency he was able to maintain. His crowded hospitals were splendidly run, and letters from all over the United States, England and France testify to what he achieved. Anyone who is interested in the Red Cross and its splendid work in World War I has only to read the book in which he describes it.

My husband returned after the war just in time for the birth of our oldest grandson, Cyrus E. Manierre, Jr., who did his bit in the Second World War. Cyrus graduated from West Point in 1942 and at the age of twenty-four was made a lieutenant colonel and assigned special work in France. He accomplished much before he was taken prisoner by the Gestapo. Our daughter's second son, William R. Manierre II, arrived in the world nearly four years after his brother. He left Yale suddenly at less than eighteen to enter the war.

He made remarkable records in the examinations for the flying corps, was soon accepted as a flyer and was in the midst of the war on D-Day, when he was nineteen. William has the Distinguished Flying Cross. Like all our brave boys, my grandsons have asked me not to mention what they did nor the honors bestowed on them, and I am trying to respect their wishes. Both boys came home and are happily married. William is the father of a glorious boy, now eight months old.

A very remarkable thing happened to these two boys in the war. We considered it an epic. The story came over the radio on Christmas night. We had received news that both boys were missing — taken prisoner by the Germans at different places — and we believed them dead. On Christmas night Germany reported her success to the world via radio. The speaker said: "We are winning the war, and in reporting this I will tell you a curious thing that happened today. We had stopped for lunch, and two trainloads of prisoners were in the dining room for the meal. Suddenly we thought wild Indians had broken loose. One of the prisoner officers rose from his table shouting, 'I see my brother at the next table,' and immediately the two young men fell into an embrace. It was the first time they had met during the war. The names of these two young men are — " How we thrilled as he pronounced those dear names! It seemed a Christmas gift from on high. The sight of the brothers' meeting, the German announcer continued, was so touching that the tenderhearted Germans decided not to separate them. And so the two boys, who had been destined for different prisons, were put into the same prison, and for ten months shared captivity.

Chapter Seven

Presidents and Others

IT HAS been my good fortune to have known nine presidents, and to have been associated with some of them in their informal moments. Two of these, Presidents Hayes and Grant, I was presented to in my childhood. During the senior Mr. Harrison's mayoralty, I was privileged to meet Grover Cleveland and our kinsman, Benjamin Harrison. Later I was to know Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, and in more recent years, Woodrow Wilson, William Howard Taft and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I am a Harrison only by courtesy, but I love the clan and they have accepted me on the same terms. President Benjamin Harrison's daughter, Mrs. James McKee, was a beautiful girl, and after my marriage we were very intimate. She was popular and was always treated with distinction wherever she went. Her father and great-grandfather had both served as Presidents of the United States.

Once while visiting her in New York we were lunching with some of her acquaintances. Mary McKee was seated at the hostess' right, while Mrs. Gary, the wife of the head of the U. S. Steel Corporation, was at the hostess' left.

Mrs. Gary said, "Mrs. McKee, do give me your address. I am going to call on you."

The reply came, "I live at such and such a number west of the Park." The Park divides east and west in New York City. East is high-priced and west less expensive.

Mrs. Gary said, "Oh, you live west of the Park. I never have known any one on the west side."

Quick as a flash came Mrs. McKee's answer: "Well, strange to say, my ancestors were too busy making history ever to make money."

I thought that a pretty good comeback. We have never known of a very rich Harrison, though I have never heard of a pauper either. When Mary's father died, he left under $75,000, which is hardly considered a fortune.

President McKinley my husband and I received when he came to Chicago, accompanied (as always) by Mrs. McKinley, to whom he never failed to show the utmost devotion. As all the world knows, Mrs. McKinley's health gradually declined after the birth of their only child (who did not live), and as the years passed she became less and less the companion whom every great man in public life so greatly needs. Nevertheless, to the end of his life, he showed her an unfailing devotion and usually took her with him wherever he went. Her broken mind, doubtless still upon her own child, caused her to say to me pathetically, "I am not glad to see you because you have not brought your children."

Later came the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo at which it had been planned that Chicago should be represented. Mr. Harrison and I were ready to go East when the news came that the President had been assassinated. I have always liked to remember President McKinley, perhaps not so much as a splendid statesman and dignitary, but as a devoted husband and a charming family man.

His fate recalls an association with another martyred President, an incident which was perhaps the most embarassing of my life. At the time, I was staying in California with my son, who was ill. I cannot say what the reason was, but I had been literally beset with people coming to the door asking for help. They became so annoying that at last it got on my nerves. I had only one maid. Many of the household tasks therefore devolved upon me.

One morning when I had already answered the bell perhaps a dozen times it rang again. Stepping to the door, I saw two women dressed in deep mourning. Thinking that they had come for the same purpose, I said somewhat petulantly, "Well, who are you, and what do you wish?"

The memory of that moment is still overwhelming. A gentle voice replied, "I am Mrs. James A. Garfield [the widow of our slain President] and I have merely come to call upon

you!"

When I had apologized profusely she assured me that she understood and was not offended. But when anybody asks me about *my* most embarrassing moment I have no difficulty whatsoever in remembering it.

That she forgave me and became my friend ever after was evidenced that winter when she received with me at a reception I gave for a distinguished prelate from Portugal, the Archbishop of Trajanapolis, who was in this country on an important mission for the Catholic Church, bringing letters asking that he be received with honor. The President of the United States entertained him in Washington and many others followed suit.

At the reception I gave, besides Mrs. Garfield, the mother of a future President stood with me — Mrs. Alphonse Taft, mother of William Howard Taft. Her daughter, Mrs. William A. Edwards of Los Angeles, helped me to receive, too.

Our relations and religion are given us at birth; our friends we choose for ourselves, irrespective of politics or religion.

Through the Edwards family, we came to know the Tafts and to enjoy a long friendship with them. It came about this way. As a child, our son Carter was frail in health, and each year I went with him to California. A search for the best medical adviser resulted in the selection of Dr. Edwards, whose wife was the only sister of President Taft. At the Edwards' house I met also the future President's mother, then getting along in years, and on several occasions I brought her back with me to her home when I was returning to Chicago.

Mr. Taft was just then beginning to be talked about as a presidential possibility, and on one of these trips I said to his mother, "You have just as great a son in the West as you have in the East" — a remark which pleased her very much. We have always regarded Dr. Edwards as a miracle man, remembering the restored health of our son.

During the campaign when Mr. Taft was elected, I was once more in California. The Democrats had again put up their favorite son, William Jennings Bryan, and back in Chicago my husband was campaigning for him with all his might. A great deal of joking and badinage passed between the Ed-

wardses and myself during these weeks. One day when my daughter Edith and I were spending a week with them, Dr. Edwards said, "If Carter Harrison doesn't stop talking I know how we can get even with him. We'll just poison his wife and daughter!"

At last the campaign came to a close. I was back at my hotel in Pasadena when the news came that Mr. Taft had been elected. I was pondering what I should say to the Edwardses about his success when there came a knock at the door and a telegram was handed in. It was from them, and it read: "Awfully sorry your Bill was not elected. Powerful glad ours was!"

One more episode concerning President Taft must be recorded. Each year the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago gives a dinner and ball which is attended by all the prominent people of Irish descent who live here and at which the speaker is always someone of national or international repute.

On this occasion the speaker was President Taft. I was selected to lead the ball with him. After his election he had sent me a splendid picture of himself, on which he had written, "To my mother's friend, my sister's friend, my friend." I cherished it highly, so much so that when President Taft came to Chicago I told him that I had spent every cent of my allowance, past, present and to come, for a beautiful frame in which to place it, and I invited him to have lunch with me the next day that he might see it.

Without a flicker of change on his countenance he assured me solemnly that it would be impossible. It was imperative that he return immediately to Washington. Somewhat crestfallen, I took my place with him at the dinner table. When the President was introduced he began by saying: "I never could understand why you Chicagoans just keep on electing and reelecting Carter Harrison as your mayor. Tonight, for the first time, I have learned the truth. It is because of his Irish wife!"

There was a roar of laughter, of course, and when it had subsided, he turned to me and said, "You see, Mrs. Harrison, you are not the only one who has kissed the Blarney stone!"

And it was true, for he had a quick and acute wit. One day I referred to some event in his career, saying, "It was at the

time of your first nomination." Quick as a flash he replied, "Mrs. Harrison, that is the only nomination I ever mention." Which was, after all, a pleasant way to hide his disappointment at his defeat by Woodrow Wilson after his second nomination.

President Taft's secretary of war was a Chicagoan and a good friend of ours, Jacob McGavick Dickinson. A native of Mississippi, he was graduated from Columbus College, in Tennessee, and did postgraduate work in law in Germany and France. A strong Democrat, he was Cleveland's choice for attorney general, and later acted as counsel for the Illinois Central and the Louisville and Nashville railroads. It was the latter connection which brought him to Chicago to live.

Mr. Taft heard Judge Dickinson argue in the federal courts and was greatly impressed with his learning. For that reason he took the unusual step of inviting a Democrat into his cabinet.

Judge Dickinson, his charming wife and three sons — John, Henry, and McGavick, Jr. — soon found a place in Chicago society. With all the hospitality for which the South is noted, their home soon became a favorite rendezvous for their friends. Everyone loved this fine couple. Both became members of our little euchre club on the north side.

Mrs. Dickinson in the kindness of her heart believed that good food kept one happy, and she practiced what she preached, for many a time when I was obliged to go to California on account of the health of Carter, Jr., her basket of fried chicken and corn dodgers, which always awaited us at the train, delighted the children and the grownups.

Judge Dickinson was the most genial of hosts and delighted in telling countless stories with a fine touch of humor. We often wondered where he gleaned so many and how his remarkable memory retained them, because he seldom repeated his stories.

Mr. Dickinson hesitated before accepting the high honor of Secretary of War, because he was not possessed of much of the world's goods and living in Washington was expensive. Somehow, honest politicians never do attain wealth. He held a family consultation as to what his reply should be. He had been accustomed to contribute largely to the support of certain members of his family, and said frankly that his contribution

would have to stop if he went to Washington, for it would take all he had to live there properly. The family's advice, however, was unanimous in urging his acceptance. They all felt he could not afford to decline the honor, and agreed to manage without his further assistance.

Our relations with the Theodore Roosevelts were not so close, nor always so friendly. When Mr. Harrison was for a fourth time to be elected mayor, his Republican opponent was Graeme Stewart, his most intimate friend and as fine and honorable man as ever lived. During the campaign, Theodore Roosevelt, then President, chose to appear in Chicago for an address. We resented this because, although it was announced that the President would take no part in the mayoralty fight, his coming could not help but be of advantage to the Republican party. However, Carter was elected. When he appeared at home later, I congratulated him. He said sadly, "No congratulations tonight for me. I am thinking of Graeme."

Well, as I said, we felt a bit keenly over Mr. Roosevelt's appearance in Chicago at that time, and I assure you the feelings were not kindly, especially on my part.

But I should like to tell the sequel to that story. In 1918 war was upon us. I was doing war work at Garden City, New York, where our son, Carter, Jr., was a young engineer for the Flying Corps. My husband was traveling through the West inspecting camps for the government. Both of us still harbored a small feeling of resentment against Teddy Roosevelt for mixing in Illinois politics, but when I read of the death of young Roosevelt, the flyer (almost the first to fall during the war), and learned how the former President and Mrs. Roosevelt were bearing up under their great sorrow — bearing the loss of their son in a manner to command the admiration of the world — I could not resist my impulse to tell them how I felt.

The papers had been dwelling on the fact that because of the thousands of letters of sympathy they were receiving, the Roosevelts could not reply except through the papers. What was my astonishment when, within three days, I received a note from Mr. Roosevelt expressing thanks for my sympathy and saying, "Your letter gave us extreme satisfaction and was doubly welcomed because in the same mail one came to us from

your husband in California."

Lest it appear that a Democratic mayor and his wife had only Republican friends, I should explain that many distinguished Democrats have been our guests and friends. One of those Democratic occasions gave me an illustration of what Shakespeare refers to as the "insolence of office."

President Woodrow Wilson had come to Chicago to make an address. At the time Mr. Harrison was quite ill, confined to his bed at home, and as if this were not sufficient, our only daughter had undergone an operation for appendicitis two days before and was in St. Luke's Hospital.

When I returned from seeing her on the afternoon of Mr. Wilson's arrival, Mr. Harrison told me that comment had already been made upon the fact that he had not been among the Democratic leaders who had greeted the President at the train. I could not but see that he wished very much for me to attend the evening meeting at the Auditorium, knowing that we should both be conspicuous by our absence, and although I never felt less like doing such a thing, I went.

The President made a wonderfully fine address, and the second Mrs. Wilson, who accompanied him, looked lovely, greeted me cordially and invited me to remain in her box. On the following morning I found myself a target for criticism. Comment upon the "heartlessness" displayed by Mrs. Harrison who, wearing her beautiful evening gown and jewels, attended the meeting while both her husband and her daughter were known to be seriously ill, reached me without delay. It had furnished my critics with a delightful subject and an excellent opportunity!

Such opportunities come frequently in the life of anyone who by political position or otherwise is in the public eye. Usually they involve matters of taste, as was vividly illustrated for me at the time of the visit to Chicago early in this century of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the former German Kaiser.

Now Chicago's Four Hundred, like New York's, has a self-appointed group which claims the right to dictate the social activities of the city. So, putting it on the grounds of my youth and inexperience — I was rather young then — the female element of this body came to offer me advice. One of the ladies

went so far as to say that if I felt nervous over the affair, she would be glad to stand by my husband's side at the Chicago reception for the prince. The mayor, as the city's representative, would have that honor, instead of the governor of the state.

This naturally brought the mayor's wife into the glittering limelight. It was most disturbing. The discussion waxed hot, but through it all I stuck to my determination to stand with my husband. After all, I had not come from the washtub! My forebears had been worthy Americans and I had been taught to fill with dignity any position in which I might be placed.

A receiving line was decided upon — some two hundred deep — and we alone stood forward. This was done so as not to cause jealousy by inviting anyone to stand with us, the only exception being Governor and Mrs. Tanner. Some of the members of the Four Hundred were so chagrined at the decision of the committee appointed to decide the places in the receiving line that one or two pleaded illness and did not appear.

Arthur J. Eddy, Allison Armour, Fred Tuttle, Honoré Palmer, etc., decided these momentous questions.

The question was brought up, "Should a curtsy be made to the prince or just a plain handshake or bow?" My husband decided it — I fear against the will of the majority. He said that, if abroad, we would adhere exactly to the custom of any country in which we were visiting, but that in America he believed we should receive the prince with a bow, showing him exactly the same respect we would give to the President of the United States. And that is what we did.

Naturally it was up to everyone present to curtsy or bow as he or she chose. In Europe he should have gone to the prince's carriage door when he alighted, but here in America he awaited him in the ballroom of the great Auditorium Theatre.

I bubbled with laughter at the comments in the papers the day after the Prince Henry ball. Many of that receiving line made the curtsy and everyone noticed them, of course. One paper said, "Mrs. Harrison was very natural, and it was refreshing to see her dignified bow to the prince among all those bobbing corks."

In 1896, just before Mr. Harrison became mayor, a brilliant

figure flashed across the political horizon in the person of young William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Harrison's interest in him then was not in any way connected with his future possibilities, but was owing to the fact that the old *Chicago Times,* a fine newspaper in its day, owned by the Harrison family, was distributed at meetings where Mr. Bryan spoke. It was thus that Mr. Harrison learned to know him, long before his active career began as a public figure.

Mr. Bryan's eloquent and dramatic "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech delivered at the Democratic convention in 1896 gave him the nomination for the presidency and made him one of the most conspicuous figures in American history. When he made that speech, I was seated near him on the platform with Mrs. Potter Palmer. He took the house by storm. Pandemonium followed. Handkerchiefs and canes were raised in approval; hurrahs and shrieks were heard in praise. For ten minutes or more the Coliseum in Chicago was a madhouse.

It was, of course, a remarkable experience. Mrs. Bryan confided to me later that that speech had been planned for years. Mr. Bryan added to it and altered it as time passed, but actually it was the same speech. He was ready, whenever the opportunity came, to spring it on the public; and, once given, the public never forgot it.

Remember that though Mr. Bryan never reached his goal — the coveted presidency of the United States — he was nominated three times for that high post. This in itself was a magnificent honor, an honor that history can never ignore. Mr. Bryan's name will always be preserved in the annals of America by his tremendous personality!

Whenever he came to Chicago, we saw him intimately and frequently drove around with him when he made his speeches. He was always popular and the crowds apparently loved him after defeat as much as they did before.

On the morning after President Wilson was elected, I had a visit from Mr. Bryan, who was on his way to Washington. With him came former Mayor Dunne, who had just been elected governor of Illinois. I remember Mr. Bryan was pleased when I said to him that he had received more votes each of the

three times he had been defeated than President Wilson had received for his election.

Mr. Harrison had gone somewhere for a rest after his strenuous work, so I was alone when these two distinguished men called, sat and talked with me for a long time in our modest home. We talked of many things — politics, of course — and naturally dwelt a good deal on the brilliancy and quick repartee of Mr. Bryan, who never failed to flash back a fine answer to any question hurled at him.

Without thinking, I said impulsively to Mr. Bryan, "You certainly possess the gift of gab." In a second I realized my awful mistake and, quickly, before he fully realized or grasped my terrible break, I continued, "Of course, you understand what I am trying to convey to you, that you possess the silver tongue." Instantly his face cleared of the slight frown that had formed on it. But it had certainly been a close call for me.

Once when Mr. Bryan was to speak in Chicago, Mrs. Bryan was ill and she asked me if I would take her place beside him on the platform. I did and faced a very large audience. It was at a women's luncheon and the invitations stated that Mrs. Bryan would stand beside him and would meet the guests afterwards.

As I helped receive the women, it was explained who I was and why I was there, but one very deaf old guest evidently did not understand and went away convinced she had shaken the hand of Mrs. Bryan. Ever after, though I tried to explain, she insisted on calling me Mrs. Bryan.

When Mr. Bryan was living in Washington as secretary of state, our daughter took a trip in South America with Miss Catherine Barker and her chaperon. I picked up the morning paper and read of a "revolution" in the very place where they were staying. I was terrified and as I could not disturb Mr. Harrison, who was ill, I thought of Mr. Bryan and wired him. He promptly got busy, to such an extent that Miss Harrison was "paged" almost all over South America. When it became known that the secretary of state of the United States had been inquiring for her, the South American Four Hundred took notice. Many social affairs resulted for her and her trip was a pleasurable event. Later when Mr. Harrison was better, I told

all this to him. He remarked dryly, "I wonder that you did not wire the President himself. Why stop with the secretary of state?"

When the *Times*, which first introduced us to Mr. Bryan, was sold to H. H. Kohlsaat, it began the long series of changes of name, through consolidations, which eventually brought it into the property now known as the *Herald American*, owned by William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. Hearst in those days came frequently to Chicago, usually for some event sponsored by his newspapers. I used to sit in a box with Mrs. Hearst and their attractive little boys. Mrs. Hearst was a very beautiful woman — and is today, for the years sit lightly upon her — and she has commanded the respect of the public by her dignified life and her many charities.

One evening at a dinner given on the Gold Coast in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, to which we had gone with the Samuel Insulls, guests like ourselves, it was suddenly suggested that we go to the Saddle and Cycle Club. No sooner said than done. It was at the Saddle and Cycle that I discovered a new aspect of Mr. Hearst's character. I had known that he was a power in the land through his ability to sway men by the capacity of his brain, but that night I learned that he had a power over women, too, for he proved to be a perfect dancer.

In regard to Governor Dunne, also, I have an interesting memory. He was once a candidate for the nomination for mayor against my husband. During the campaign I said to Mr. Harrison one night, "Don't be discouraged. I will pray for your nomination and" — turning to our six-year-old daughter — "so will Edith." A few days later I remembered the moment and asked Edith whether she had done it. I was quite startled at her reply. She said: "No, I couldn't. Every time I tried to pray I could see the ten little Dunne children in a row praying for *their* father's nomination. I didn't think I had a chance!"

Great events, like great men, had a way of coming into our life, even at our own dinner table. One night we were giving a party. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Aldis, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton Owsley, General Brook (in command of the Great Lakes division of the army) and Mrs. Brook, who were known familiarly to their friends

Mayor of Chicago
Carter H. Harrison at 36

My Grandmother's House
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

as "the Babbling Brooks," and Father Sherman, a distinguished Catholic priest and son of William Tecumseh Sherman, the Civil War general.

The telephone rang and Mr. Harrison left the table. We all seemed to sense that something significant was in the message. For weeks the unrest in Cuba and her attempt to persuade the United States to interfere had been the subject of much conversation. When Mr. Harrison returned we learned that the United States battleship *Maine* had been blown up in Havana harbor. We knew that this meant war.

The next few weeks fairly bristled with events. Scattered all over the Pacific coast, the Pacific fleet under command of Admiral Dewey had been quietly ordered to assemble at Hongkong, where the ships were to be provisioned, refueled and supplied with ammunition. Meanwhile the Spanish fleet had entered Manila Bay. What would Dewey do if the blockade proved effective? On the last day of April, Dewey reached Manila. While the Spaniards were not looking, he ran the blockade, entered the bay, and on the morning of May 1 opened a terrific fire and in a very short time won a brilliant and decisive victory.

Then followed a period of absolute silence. All the world wondered and all America worried. But finally the truth dawned upon us even before the news came. Dewey himself had cut the cable, thus stopping all communication until his own correct report of the affair could be sent to Hongkong to be relayed from there to Washington.

Admiral Dewey had some flags which had been on his ship, the *Olympia,* and he gave them to us. We afterwards presented them to the Chicago Historical Society.

During the trying days when all America was wondering whether we could keep out of the war in Europe, the First World War, we were dinner guests of Colonel Daniel McCarthy, an army officer stationed in Chicago. The McCarthys with their son Daniel, Jr., and their daughter, Gertrude, had become our good friends soon after they came to Chicago.

On this particular night, while we were at dinner, the answer to our perplexities came. It came in the form of a telegram from General Pershing, stating that President Wil-

son had ordered him to take three other officers and go abroad at once as leader of the American Expeditionary Forces, and adding that he (Pershing) had selected Colonel McCarthy to accompany him. Colonel McCarthy was to be quartermaster general of all the forces. We were told the news under promise of secrecy — a thrilling communication.

Colonel McCarthy left immediately, joined General Pershing and the two other officers, and within two days sailed on the *Baltic*. It was quite a while later that the news was given to the public; but we knew that night that we were entering the war. These four men were the first to cross to Europe. Because Pershing remained in England for some particular work, Colonel McCarthy was the first American army officer to put foot in France.

His daughter has carried on the family tradition of helping make history for her country. A popular and beautiful girl, she decided to marry a charming and brilliant man, Jefferson Caffery, who is now serving us as American ambassador in Paris. So much has been written lately of his excellency and his beautiful wife that I hesitate to add anything more. We are proud of them both and we expect even greater things of the ambassador. Our affection for them is heightened by the fact that Mrs. Caffery is the godmother of our grandson, Lieutenant Colonel Cyrus E. Manierre, Jr.

Daniel McCarthy, Jr., married a lovely young woman and they have two splendid boys who bid fair to continue the good work of the family in making America proud of them.

Chapter Eight

Purely Personal

SOUTHERN girls have the reputation — or did have in my day — of being rather lazy, lying around in hammocks, not caring for the long walks and exercise that their Northern sisters take. Naturally, our warm climate in New Orleans fostered this inclination, but somehow, even in those days, I was pretty active. The afternoon siesta never appealed much to me. Instead of sleeping, I would be reading or writing.

When our two children, Carter and Edith Ogden, were old enough to enjoy fairy tales, they began to criticize the punishment always imposed on the wicked people — maybe the old witch did deserve being burned on the red-hot stove, but they insisted it was too severe a punishment according to our religious teachings of forgiveness.

Thus I got into the habit of softening the stories a bit, and really that was the beginning of my writing fairy stories for them. I knew Mrs. John Clark quite well and she took them to her son-in-law, Richard Harding Davis. He had just attracted great attention by sending across the world a messenger with his engagement ring to Louise. He advised me to keep on writing and I prized his advice and took it.

I was impelled to do something, to work! I could not stay idle. So during the many hours my husband was busily engaged I occupied my time in writing children's books and, of course, helping all I could in civic affairs.

All together, as I count them up, I wrote six books of fairy tales, published by the Chicago firm of McClurg, and eight travel books and novels. One novel, *The Lady of the Snows*, a story of the Northwest Mounted Police, was beautifully filmed by the Essanay Company of Chicago.

As I became known for my fairy tales, the newspapers sometimes took occasion to pun upon the titles of several of the better known ones, and occasionally they even pointed their puns at my husband's administration. One of my titles which seemed to appeal to them was *The Star Fairies* and another, *Prince Silverwings*. One morning one of the leading journals began: "Mrs. Carter Harrison enchants the children with her Star Fairies but Mr. Harrison too has a few Star Fairies who are not always so enchanting. We refer to his big six-foot policemen who guard the street corners and protect us. Sometimes they make us pretty mad when they hustle us across the traffic." Another article carried headlines, "Prince Leaden Heels — A story *not* by Mrs. Carter Harrison." And it was the story of the north side carette.

Besides writing my books, I was eager to turn my energies into money-making channels. Neither my husband nor I had a private fortune, and political office, honestly administered, brings small financial satisfactions. Furthermore, we were on terms of friendship and social intercourse with families, some of whom I have mentioned, who were all far wealthier than we were.

When that gifted speaker, Dudley Crafts Watson, asked me to take his place on the radio, I was delighted, for I knew radio paid well. The program was sponsored by the Charles A. Stevens store. My voice was accepted and after the tests I was given the job. Mr. Stevens, the head of the store, was pleased and I was retained a long time. I was allowed to choose my subjects, and I spoke generally of our travels and experiences. I remember Mr. Stevens said to me, "If you will just promise to get the thousand concubines of the Maharaja of Kapurthala for Stevens' store as customers, I will engage you at a fine sum on our regular payroll for life." I did not get the concubines, but kept the work and for many months felt I was really contributing handsomely to the family exchequer.

More recently I have lectured at the Art Institute at the recommendation of Dr. Watson. I was proud to have his endorsement, for he has an immense following all over the United States and Canada. In my lectures I have shown only the interesting pictures taken by my husband whose pride has al-

ways been in his camera. We have superb pictures of the American Indians which, because that race is fast disappearing, we feel are invaluable. I assure you I am mighty proud of his pictures. I told him once if he ever gave up politics he could make a living in two ways — with his camera, for his pictures on our western Indians are quite famous; or as a bartender. Our pictures on India and the Far East I showed for years at The Art Institute. I wonder if any of my readers can remember when we drank pousse-café. This was served in a tiny glass as long and narrow as my middle finger. Into that glass he poured seven liqueurs — the colors of the rainbow — and they went in perfectly without mixing; and that is why I said he could be a bartender, for I never knew anyone else who could do it successfully. With others, the liqueurs always mixed together.

A few years ago the opportunity to make another sort of public appearance came my way. I had a call from the office of the *Chicago Tribune*, saying that a personal request had been made by the publisher, Colonel R. McCormick, that I should be a sponsor of a fashion show which the newspaper had planned. I had known Colonel McCormick in his youth, and had known his mother well and admired her. Although we have been far apart politically, his newspaper was one of those which we read every day.

Naturally I was pleased, but I said to myself: "Colonel McCormick has certainly been too generous in his memories." For the show was to be a great affair and I, out of all the women in Chicago, had been chosen to be held up as the leader of fashion in the late 1890's. I was to be called beautiful, the best dresser, the leader of styles.

Personal vanity — even at my age — might be willing to concede the first, because when I look at my pictures of those days, I fairly weep at the change in the photographs of today. But alas, I never could have been the best-dressed woman of that day; our slender purse could never have afforded it. And as to leadership, why was I the only one of that set that had no claim to leadership; I thought I was perhaps the most insignificant.

So, despite the feeling of pleasure that I had been chosen

out of so many more prominent women, I felt I had to decline, and besides, I added, "A stronger reason still exists; I am under contract for a rival paper." At the further insistence of the *Tribune,* however, I asked permission of the paper to accept. To my amazement, the request was granted at once. They said: "The fact that the *Tribune* wants you is a compliment to us, because you are writing for us. We strongly advise you to accept the offer."

So I did; I was the sponsor; I attended all the meetings; I talked over the radio for them and did all the *Tribune* wished, while I was still a writer for the *Herald Examiner.* It really was an astonishing situation, but the *Tribune* appreciated it and later sent me a handsome check.

As a result of my writing and other activities of a similar nature I became a member of several widely known Chicago clubs, and they in turn have been a stimulus to me. The first of these was the Forthnightly, established by Mrs. Daughitt in 1873 for women interested in writing and cultural pursuits. The second was the Friday Club, formed in 1888, the year of my arrival in Chicago, by Mrs. Charles Henrotin.

I was proposed by my cousin, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, for the Colonial Dames. My membership in it was the occasion for one of Mr. Harrison's favorite jokes.

In order to become a member of this exclusive group, one's credentials, both past and present, must be undeniable and beyond criticism. In looking up my ancestry, as is required for this purpose, I encountered an obstacle. The destruction of a courthouse, long, long ago, made it impossible for me to get access to certain records which had been filed there. The thing I particularly needed was the verification of the marriage of my great-great-grandmother, who eloped. My own mother's indignation when she received a telegram from me asking whether she was sure of the facts in regard to my great-great-grandmother's marriage is a thing I shall long remember. Finally Mr. Harrison, in his droll way, said, "Do not be so disturbed about it. If you are not well-born, rest assured that your children are!"

As I mentioned before, I tried to give all the time I could spare from my household to civic duties. I was always inter-

ested in children and was constantly at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, on whose doorstep the little unwanted strangers are left so frequently by some despairing mother. These poor little unfortunates, brought into the world by foolish girls and boys (generally unmarried), would perish except for the kind ministrations of the nuns. The nuns, so faithful in their work, were often in despair as to how they could continue their mission. They are dependent on charity, and magnificent as Chicago has always been in her charitable gifts, they were often forgotten, because after all they were only one group among perhaps hundreds that asked to be supported.

One day a nun, the head of the asylum, asked me if I would head the list to get the city council to give them a yearly stipend to keep up their good work. As my husband was mayor, naturally they felt I would carry much weight in heading their petition.

Gladly I consented, but when I spoke to my husband he said, wisely: "I do not want your name on the list at all. It is a most worthy request, but you are a Catholic, and this is for a Catholic institution. Go out and get Mrs. John Harlan [her husband was in the council], Mrs. Dudley Winston, Mrs. Chatfield Taylor, and all the other Protestant women you can find to head the list, and then add some prominent Catholic names." This I did, but my name was never on the list.

All of Chicago knew of the splendid work St. Vincent's was doing, and that irrespective of color or creed all the little waifs were received and cared for by the nuns. The council at once listened to the request and gave the asylum an annuity of $5,000. And to this day St. Vincent's still enjoys that sum. It is just a drop in the bucket, but it does help. And I am very proud of having been the means of accomplishing this, for although my name never appeared, it was entirely my work.

Sympathy with the unfortunate and suffering is a duty, but I can recall an instance when I seemed to be the only one on whom the duty fell. After spending a strenuous week in New York City, I managed to get a lower berth to Chicago on a very crowded train. Congratulating myself, I determined to take an early supper and go to bed soon, and have a quiet night. *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.* How little I dreamed what

awaited me!

As I entered the coach I saw three people occupying the seat that was mine — a young man and a girl, and with them an elderly man who was apparently sick, for I heard them admonishing him to be careful to take his pills and to sleep quietly, assuring him that the next day he would arrive at Battle Creek Sanitarium and would receive fine treatment and very soon be a well man. The old gentleman seemed to have no confidence in what they were telling him, for tearfully he urged them not to leave him, saying, "I am a very sick man; you have no right to send me off alone." But the train was about to start and apparently heartlessly he was left by my side.

After their departure he said, "Lady, I cannot climb into an upper berth and my nephew and his wife had no right to leave me alone." I felt sorry for him, but I was pretty nervous myself and in no condition to proffer him my lower; however, I tipped the porter heavily and induced him to ask some younger man to change with the sick man. The porter succeeded and, after I was sure I would not be bothered any longer by the poor old fellow, I felt more cheerful. Giving orders to have my berth ready for the night, I went in to supper.

I was hardly seated when my elderly friend, apparently also cheered by the exchange of berths, joined me, sat down beside me, and asked me what I thought would be a healthy supper for him. Sure that I would not see him again, I suggested a baked apple and a glass of milk. When I arose from the table, the waiter asked if I was paying for the gentleman's dinner, but I promptly answered, "No."

I got to bed early, promising myself a quiet night. I slept soundly for awhile, but was suddenly awakened by terrible screams and the noise of someone struggling in the corridor and a loud voice calling for the lady in lower 9. "Get her to come to me, I am dying." The porter came for me and I struggled into my wrapper and aided the porter to get the old man back into his bed. "Save me, oh save me," he was screaming. "Where are your pills?" I retorted, and as he handed them to me I opened the bottle and thrust several into his mouth, while the porter gave him a glass of water.

"Am I dying?" he questioned. "No," I answered quickly;

"already you are improving. The pills are helping and soon you will be all right." But in truth he was pallid as death and struggling for breath. By this time the whole sleeping coach was aroused, and one woman, putting her head out of her berth, said, "Why did you not take the drawing room for your husband if he is so sick? Why did you bring him in here to disturb us all?"

"My husband!" I cried, "Why I never saw this man before. I entered this car but I am human — he is suffering and no one else has a spark of generosity in their make-up that I see, so it falls upon me to help him."

Well, perhaps the pills did him some good. He began to look a little better, but implored me not to leave him, so I sat beside him and with the aid of the porter did calm him. I learned that he was a writer on *Harper's Bazaar*, had been employed by them for years; that a few months before when he had broken in health, they sent him to his nephew and niece in New York City to be nursed back to health; and that he was still on the magazine's payroll.

"But, alas," he continued, "they put me in a hospital to be cured and I was placed by mistake in the maternity ward, where the cries of the mothers giving birth to the babies, and the cries later of the babies, did not improve my health. I got more nervous, so now they are sending me to Battle Creek."

I did my best and remained with him practically until he got off the train. Naturally I told him my name, and he wrote me many letters, and so did his nephew and niece. And my story had a happy ending, for after many weeks he did recover entirely and resumed his work on the magazine. I have always felt that I did a pretty good deed that night, and even if I did lose a whole night's sleep, I restored confidence to one poor unfortunate who was almost in despair until I met him. But I went to bed for two weeks when I reached home. My husband remarked, "Too bad you did not stop for a rest cure at Battle Creek yourself."

Often during my husband's mayoralty, when I was busy on committees, I would telephone my home and order dinner for twelve, and with competent servants would only enter the dining room with our guests. One occasion I remember well. My

husband arrived at home before I did and discovered the salt cellars unfilled. He filled them himself and reproached me for not knowing it. The waitress later discovered (fortunately) that they were filled with sugar and rectified the mistake.

Carter belonged to the old school. His mother washed all the cut glass herself the morning after a dinner party. I refused to wash it, because the deft fingers of a modern waitress had been taught to do it better. And I always remembered the story that a cousin — now a dignified judge — told me: Once when he was four years old he was seated in a highchair watching his mother wash her precious crystal. She dropped a dish and broke it, and then suddenly turned and slapped him, saying, "Why are you watching me?" He added: "I loved my mother, but I really never forgave her for the supreme injustice of that act." And so I refused to wash our cut glass!

In March, 1925, I consented to head the women's chapter of the Red Cross membership campaign under James Forgan, and at the same time was elected a member of the Board of Directors. I had an able secretary and went into office with the full determination to do my best. I feel sure that I did not disappoint Mr. Forgan, for all my petitions and letters received a most favorable response.

Of course, my husband's name was a great help; even if the request was to be refused, I felt assured that the recipient of the letter would at least read it. In this thought I was quite right. Later I discovered that I could be especially influential in interesting Catholic clubs. I put the first Catholic club in Chicago on the Red Cross list. Of course, many Catholics had been members before, but after that many more came in.

After I resigned the job — I was going with my husband on a long trip to Europe and the Orient — Mrs. McKinlock took my place. That she made good is a matter of history. Her work has always been and always will be considered a splendid record for the Red Cross.

When we entered the First World War in 1917, much responsibility fell upon women. With many others, I did my part and earned my cap and apron in service for the Red Cross, while my husband was abroad in the same organization.

I recall in that connection one of the worst moments of my

life. I came down one night in the Parkway Hotel, where we still live, to find that I could not buy a newspaper. All had been sold, the vendor told me. I tipped a boy and sent him outside for one, but with the same result — no newspaper. I suspected nothing, but got the day's news through friends, who told me they had discarded their evening papers. Isn't it a wonder that I didn't suspect anything even then? While I was sitting after dinner with a few friends, a woman, a stranger to me, rushed up and asked, "Is it true your husband was fatally shot?"

Every newspaper had recorded it in headlines — "Our Carter Shot and Badly Injured." Of course, my friends up-braided the stranger for blurting out the news; but she took it calmly and said, "Well, she had to hear it sometime." The whole hotel had generously entered into the secret of concealing the report until it could be verified. And about midnight the United Press telephoned that as far as they could learn, my husband's vehicle had been hit but he was uninjured. By the next day the truth was known: that he had not been hit by the shot, which had lodged in the motor.

Our young girls, after the war started, showed plainly that blood is a royal heritage. Many of them had been reared in luxury and all had had many comforts in life. Yet they had to give them up, and without a murmur they did so. The young women I knew — Betty Hoyt, Lolita Armour, Grace Tuttle, Libby Farwell, Anna Boyle Manierre, and many like them — all took up war work. They gladly gave up luxuries to buy sweaters and warm socks for the boys on the other side. Those who did not enter the Red Cross rooms knitted and knitted. One would never before have suspected them of such industriousness.

And after the war they felt they never again could give up work entirely. Many entered shops to earn salaries, and those who could afford it gave their services free to some good cause. But everyone continued to do what the war experience had taught them.

Our own daughter was not an exception. Finding, because of necessity, that she must now earn her own living, she opened a shop in Lake Forest and sold women's clothes. Mrs. Manierre has made the shop a great success. She really loves her work

and the Lake Forest people welcomed the gem of a building (for it is charming in design) as a much-needed thing in their midst. It is a practical gift to Lake Forest, and its lovely contents are always a pleasure to examine.

These young women, our daughters, were also taught much by the depression, and their experience will never let them settle down again to an idle life of pleasure. All are working in some way. Many are Girl Scouts, others work for the shut-ins or for service clubs, and doing their bit they find keener pleasure in their leisure hours. For the work stimulates them to a greater enjoyment by the knowledge that they have accomplished something worth while.

During the years of Mr. Harrison's official life the great woman's club movement in America reached its zenith, and in Chicago is one of the oldest and most influential of these clubs, the Chicago Woman's Club, with its nearly two thousand members and now with its own beautiful building on Michigan Avenue. Much of the good legislation, both in the state of Illinois and in the city of Chicago, had its inception in the women's clubs. To the lessening of the power of the social evil, the women of all ages have lent their aid, but with little success until the last half-century.

Here in Chicago, after the women's clubs were in full swing, they threw the weight of their influence against evil once more. Calling upon Mayor Harrison, they asked his aid. There is no Chicagoan interested in the welfare of our city who does not remember the closing, by Mr. Harrison's order, of the notorious Everleigh Club. So powerful were the influences, so great the financial assets behind this club that closing it was no easy task. Yet it was done.

Many and important also were the city improvements during these years. In the crowded districts, children's playgrounds began to appear. These, too, were suggested and at first sponsored by the women's clubs, Mr. Harrison always concurring and doing all that he could to further their plans. Beautiful hospitals were erected for women and children, such as the Children's Memorial Hospital, the Lying-In Hospital, and the great wing for children in the new Cook County Hospital. This great shelter for the sick and suffering poor came

also into being while Mr. Harrison was mayor. Who does not remember the dark, dingy, ill-equipped Cook County Hospital which preceded it?

Many, and vitally necessary, were the shelters for women and children which followed in swift succession — homes for crippled children, for destitute children, for deficient and delinquent children, the Detention Home. These years saw also the creation of such organizations as the Infant Welfare League, the Legal Aid Society, the Child Conservation League, the Children's Bureau and, finally, the Court of Domestic Relations. And back of them all, the power and influence of woman! Only one who lived in Chicago when none of these things existed can even faintly realize what a change they have wrought.

In every great city the problem of child conservation is a huge one. Who can ever forget the condition of the congested districts in Chicago when that now famous and always unusual personality, Miss Jane Addams, appeared in our midst and took up residence at Hull House? Those were the days of long hours and a wage of less than a dollar a day, of hard-working mothers and necessarily neglected children.

Happily, many of these conditions have now been removed, but their effect long remained and finally resulted in the establishment, during Mr. Harrison's first term of office, of one of the most vital of our institutions, the Juvenile Court. As a matter of fact, the whole court system was readjusted. The old justice courts disappeared, giving way to our present municipal Court.

In the case of the children, the problem was particularly difficult. The hardened offender against the law is one thing. The potential criminal is quite another. By the creation of the Juvenile Court — and it was the first child's court in the world — Chicago made the attempt to live up to her belief that if a city takes care of the boys, the men will take care of themselves.

A revolution in education was started in the same years. Not only was there Miss Addams' work at Hull House, but Ella Flagg Young, when she was superintendent of schools, succeeded in keeping most of our children in school through the

eighth grade.

Of course, with the Francis Parker School, we became familiar with one of the major experiments in American education. According to the system in vogue in this radically different school, the teacher must interest the child. I recall we debated whether she might not be too interesting, so that, when the child moved along a grade and fell into the hands of a less interesting teacher, he might lose interest himself. But the school seems to have vindicated itself, for it is as popular today as it was then, especially with the pupils.

Another principle of the Parker School, which I once saw put to practice in an unforeseen way, was that a pupil who admitted his error voluntarily was forgiven at once.

Mrs. Sam Jewett was giving a children's party. The table was decorated with small baskets of candy at each place, one for each child. It had been whispered along the lines as the little guests entered the dining room what they would find. As they sat down, it was observed every basket was empty. Not a piece of candy in sight! Consternation on the part of the hostess, who asked who took the candies.

A nice, manly little voice said, "I did. I knew it was wrong, but mother said if I did wrong and confessed it, it would be all right." And the boy, a Parker pupil, was blissfully sure it would be. But we wondered whether his solution satisfied the other children.

It was at the John Hays Hammonds one summer — oh so long ago! — that we watched what seemed a miracle — well, it *was* a miracle. Their son was just beginning to get his big reputation for managing his boat way out across the ocean by wireless, by remote control. We sat before the little house he called his office, and he demonstrated clearly how well he could manage that craft miles away. It moved or stopped at his command. The son had inherited all his father's great engineering ability and though so young he proved how easily he was going to win the admiration of his country — which he certainly did later when he offered his discovery to our government.

The older Hammond's life has been so frequently written and is so well known that I shall not dwell on how narrowly he

escaped death during the Boer War. He was in Africa representing the United States in some engineering matter, was convicted unjustly and sentenced to be killed, but was finally given fifteen years' imprisonment instead and a $125,000 fine. Then he returned to the United States. The Hammonds lived in New York. They had a home on the Atlantic coast, where we visited them and saw the gifted son who bore the same name as the father demonstrate his brilliant work. Both father and son were graduates of Yale.

In old age one is inclined to talk too much. But in approaching the end of this chapter, I find I could have said more. I have neglected to praise so many of our fine doctors. Young boys they were when I came to Chicago — Dr. Capps, Dr. George H. Coleman, Dr. Lester Frankenthal, Jr., Dr. Selim McArthur, Dr. Ira Tresley the oculist, and many others like them. These youngsters have been attaining reputations that bear evidence to their skill, and many have become our personal friends. Dr. Oliver Ormsby, the famous skin specialist, was in his teens when I first saw him. He stands today at the top of the ladder.

Dr. Linn McBride is another hard-working man who, though still very young, is pre-eminent for treatment of the throat and nose. I must not forget Dr. Annette Washburne, daughter of Mayor Hempstead Washburne. She has risen to the very top and has attained a remarkable position in the medical profession. Her work is outstanding. Though she now lives in Wisconsin, her native Chicago still claims her. Chicago is proud of all these brilliant ones, and proud too of many others whom I have no space to mention individually.

We are proud of our dental staff, who lead the world and are so often quoted in Europe. And we are particularly proud of our own dentist, Dr. Micklethwait, who leads them all in his fine work.

Though I belong, and always will belong, to the regular school of medicine, I have (with the full consent of my doctors) gone for twenty-five years to a well-known osteopath for relief from pain and aching limbs — Dr. Sam V. Robuck, whose marvelous hands perform miracles. I am grateful for his treatments and have confidence in his skill.

Now and then a woman comes along whom everyone likes. Well, I have found her — Bertha Baur. She is a power in the Republican party. I am devoted to her; she is capable, conscientious and a good friend. But since I am a staunch Democrat I tease her quite often for belonging to the "wrong party." Many of her party have asked her to run for mayor of Chicago. Should that honor ever come to her, what would this great city do? We will just wait and see.

For some years Mrs. Charles Dempster and I have had a great deal in common through our visit to the Far East. Both of us have seen Angkor and have been fascinated by its magnificent ruins and very interesting history, and we have spent much time in discussing it and in looking at the splendid pictures of its ruins. Still as charming as when she was Miss May Gillette, Mrs. Dempster is the center of an interesting coterie, and her individuality makes her the star of every gathering. She has lately had a terrible sorrow in the loss of her husband, but like the brave woman she is she tells her friends that she will not burden them with her grief.

The marriage less than a year ago of Anna Wrenn Fulton came as a great surprise to all who know and love her. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everts Wrenn, were our lifelong friends, and we have known the attractive Anna since her babyhood. When her husband died, very suddenly, her devotion to her children led us to believe that she would never marry again. But on her way home from Europe last year she met on the boat a man who swept her off her feet, an Englishman, Douglas Williams, who writes for an English syndicate. A few weeks after their meeting their engagement was announced, and now she is again a very happy married woman.

I find as I grow older that my clubs grow more interesting, as at our age my husband and I decline all evening invitations. This is easily explained because at the Symphony Orchestra and at my clubs — and I belong to many — I get all the news of the day. The Fortnightly, the Friday, the Catholic Women's Club and the Alliance Française are all filled with the latest news. Add to that the Casino, the Tavern, and the University Club, all brimful of news — what more could I want? The presidents of these various clubs and many of the members

are highly distinguished and we take pride in all the work they are doing.

It is impossible in a book as short as this to mention their various gifts, but if you are interested just read a list of their members, and you will be surprised to find how many of these names are familiar to you. Many of these club members are brilliant in their own right, and many have famous husbands who have very distinguished records — Laird Bell and his notable work abroad; John Carpenter and his splendid musical talent; Harry Dumbaugh and Henry Tenney with their fine records in law; Richard Bentley, who did such admirable work in the last year.

Lovely Mrs. Bentley is president of one of the clubs I have mentioned. Another member is Naomi Donnelley, whose brother owns the famous Donnelley printing plant and edits and gives away yearly to friends, who prize them for their beauty and contents, one of the world-known "Lakeside Classics."

Mrs. Eric Oldberg is a member of the Fortnightly, and how grateful I am to that famous physician, her husband, who this winter operated on a nerve in my husband's face and relieved him of the terrible *tic douloureux*. Dr. Oldberg, by the way, is a vice-president of the Symphony Orchestra, inheriting his love of music from his father, who was a fine musician. The distinguished Dr. Frederick Schreiber of Detroit also helped my husband.

The beloved Claire Dux (Mrs. Charles Swift) is a brilliant member of the Fortnightly, as is Mrs. Frederick Upham, whose husband was a leader in Republican politics and wielded great power. Mrs. Upham's box at the Republican convention was always filled with distinguished people, and the memory of their charming hostess is still fresh in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to occupy it.

It seems to me I could go on indefinitely with the list of our members and their husbands who are helping Chicago go forward. Just a few words about the Alliance Française, and I am through!

This French club is distinguished for the ability of its members. Its presidents have added to its glory — Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, Mrs. Charles Dewey, Mrs. Hamilton McCor-

mick, Mrs. Cragg, and now Mrs. Conlon. Of course the real president is Robert McCormick, whose untiring work over many years has made us most grateful to him. He has been ably assisted by many of the members, too numerous to name, but I cannot forget the brilliant Mrs. Moise Dreyfus, who has been honored with high decorations by the French government. Mrs. Dreyfus has never refused any task laid upon her, and her charming personality aids her to get for the club whatever she goes after.

Then that delightful Mrs. Wolf, who is my age — our birthdays are on almost the same day. She is called my twin, but she carries her age so well and is so handsome that it is impossible to believe she is as old as I am. And there is Mrs. Laura Fuller, whose untiring work has helped the club greatly, and Mrs. Thomas Hinde of Astor Street, who has been a member for many years and has been so faithful in her devotion to the club. I should have to name every member to do justice to the splendid accomplishments of the Alliance. All are enthusiastic for its welfare, all have contributed largely to its success, and done so with such modesty.

I have striven in my book to avoid reference to my husband's political career, except where it actually involved me. He has written his own story and told the public what he has done. I do mention one or two rare occasions on which I may have helped him a little — but so little that I hesitated even to speak of it. Still, I could not entirely conceal my trifling participation in what he was accomplishing.

This last election, which made Martin W. Kennelly mayor of Chicago, interested us both very much. Here was a man who had carved out a splendid and worthy career and had climbed to the very top by sheer ability, and my husband, though a very old man, determined he would lend all the power he could to help Martin Kennelly win the mayoralty. He felt that he could not make speeches, but he said: "I will attend your meetings and accept with a bow of thanks any votes I can get for you." And so he did. Chicago appreciated my husband's attitude and I know Mayor Kennelly did too. All the papers of course were full of my husband's work, but I shall quote only one mention of it — the article by Mr. Charles Wheeler, so

dramatic and so brilliantly told: "25,000 at Stadium Roar for Kennelly! "Harrison Nearly Steals the Show.

"The men and women who packed the Stadium last night to do homage to Martin Kennelly witnessed a memorable scene — one that probably will never be enacted again. With all the lights out, a single floodlight from the high gallery was focused on a figure on the stage. IT WAS CARTER H. HARRISON. The five-times mayor whose 87 years' life-span embraces the significant events in Chicago's history, stood erect like a marble statue. The audience rose as a single person. The applause seemed different from the usual demonstration of this nature — it seemed to express veneration and gratitude — the voice of a great city returning thanks to its benefactor and first citizen." When my husband left the Internal Revenue office, where he served 12 years, Mr. Nigel Campbell took charge, a very efficient and brilliant man.

Chapter Nine

A Century of Progress

OUR Century of Progress Exposition was surely a dream of loveliness. The remembrance of it will live forever in the minds of those who saw it. As long as we live we will talk of the Fair, and our children will tell their children and so the great story of what Chicago accomplished in the worst years of the depression will be handed down. For when we entered the portals of the exposition, no matter how depressed we might be, a fairy wand swept our troubles from our minds and, for a few hours at least, we were in fairyland.

From the moment at dusk when the light from the star Arcturus set the other lights going in the Fair, we were in a land of enchantment. How many hundreds of years before was it that that light had left Arcturus? Well, we caught it through the famous Yerkes Observatory and through other observatories, and we held it to light simultaneously the Century of Progress. Night after night we sat and watched it give us that superb illumination, and after the lights were well on we moved about in a dream of pleasure until the closing hour compelled us to leave.

Who can ever forget those curious, mysterious, windowless buildings, filled with wonders of the world? Or the awe-inspiring lighting at night when those long colored fingers of electricity stretched in rainbow rays across the grounds and showed the way to their treasures? That wonderful fountain alone — the largest I believe ever made — was worth the trip just to see it. At night when its various colors burst upon our view, charming us, filling us with delight at its fairylike glow, pointing out the sky ride or flashing us the sight of that jewel of a building, the Chinese Temple, brought

from China and given to Chicago to admire by Vincent Bendix, it seemed as if nothing the world had to show could be more enchanting. That same glorious fountain lighted the lagoons with a radiance that was almost unearthly, bringing the charm of the tiny boats floating in the waters into a new sort of beauty. Its glow dominated the grounds, stretching far and wide, touching with added splendor even the indescribably beautifully designed building brought to us by Henry Ford. That building, with its marvelous work showing the development of the motor-car and filled with the marvelous equipment that the Ford engineers and workmen explained to the public, topped all, I believe, in popularity.

Mr. Ford had provided some lovely rooms made comfortable with lounges and easychairs and he generously opened them frequently to the public with small suppers, and, of course, his pavilion of music held the crowds nightly. One night I remember we were enjoying the music when an icy wind swept across the lake. Immediately servitors from the building brought out soft gray wool blankets to wrap us in.

And we must never forget, all hail to the master minds, Rufus Dawes, Charles Peterson, and Major Lohr, who with their committees and many other loyal citizens gave us the Century of Progress — those who dreamed a dream and made it come true! Though the depression had hit us in the aftermath of the war, in the midst of it was born the great Century of Progress. These men had the inspiration. Of course, many others came to their assistance, for without that the gigantic project could never have been accomplished. But those three names stand out in bright figures whenever we mention that great event.

Rufus Dawes was appointed president of the undertaking, and how well he did his job is known throughout the world. His charming lady — the first lady of the Century of Progress — ably supported him. She was a marvel to us all. Always gracious, always capable through the long hours when she must, of necessity, keep receiving the distinguished and the important of the earth, I never saw her show the slightest fatigue or boredom. She was truly and absolutely a perfect hostess, and Chicago was deeply grieved at her death three

years ago!

The world came to Chicago at that time and for two summers we held its interest, and there is no doubt in the minds of those who saw it that Mr. Dawes and his associates brought great honor to the city. The hours were long, the duties were many, but President Dawes and his committee were patient and capable and were willing to give all their hours to the great requirements of that time.

In my small way I tried to help them. For the two years the Fair lasted I was hostess of the Illinois Host House in the grounds. It was one of the most inspired of the World's Fair buildings, that white structure, designed by Herrick Hammond on modernistic lines with classic overtones.

When Governor Henry Horner selected me to represent him and to be hostess in that beautiful Illinois Host House at the Century of Progress, I was naturally thrilled. To be chosen from among all the women of the state to fill this position was an honor indeed. And each time I walked down that magnificent avenue, that triumphal arch of brilliantly colored flags to reach my destination, I was thrilled anew.

In the Illinois Host House we exhibited the priceless Abraham Lincoln collection, to which Governor Horner had added so largely. Collecting letters of Lincoln was the governor's hobby, and when he was the able and dignified judge of the Probate Court, long before he was sent to Springfield, he was using all his spare moments to gather a priceless Lincoln collection of his own. Our governor lent all this precious store of documents to the Host House, and when it was added to the famous collection of the state of Illinois it was a powerful attraction to the public. Thousands came daily to see it, came in such numbers that we were obliged to appeal to the police to help us maintain order. It seemed to me that every man, woman and child in Chicago wanted to see that collection. When you remember the millions who came to us, you can picture a little our consternation until four fine young policemen were stationed to take command at our doors and allow only a certain number to enter at a time.

Another feature contributing to the popularity of the Illinois Host House was that in all this glorious Century of

Progress, with its multitude of attractions, not a single building contained so commodious and fine an auditorium as ours. It had been splendidly planned with comfortable seats and artistic lighting, and it soon gained a reputation that was well deserved. It was filled daily to capacity by the most delightful programs, asked for weeks in advance by various important societies. We gave it freely and without charge, for the governor wished it used by the public. We only reserved the right to accept or reject for its occupancy, for we wanted only dignified presentations in it.

But we had it occupied daily. The finest musicals, lectures, plays, receptions, dances representing the various nations — all were held here. The house was never used as a dance hall — we did not give it for such purposes. Marchese and Marchesa Guglielmo Marconi came there as our guests, and with them the Dante Alighieri Society. When the Italian flyers landed right at our door, we had them as guests too, with Count Potenziani and Count Castrucchio, the popular Italian consul-general who lived in Chicago many years. Of course, we had the much loved consul-general of France, Réné Weiller (and his wife), many times, and the French Commission and practically all other distinguished foreigners from all over the world.

The Fair kept open house. Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Dawes were entertaining daily. General and Mrs. Parker — he in command of Fort Sheridan — were our frequent guests. He, as our army representative, had much to do. Admiral Wat T. Cluverius and his wife, the daughter of Admiral Sampson, were always present at any affair of importance. He was in command of the naval base at Great Lakes, and when he was not helping to do the honors at the Century of Progress, he was entertaining at his lovely home at Great Lakes.

I think all Chicago put its best foot forward to entertain the visitors who came to us. We were all eager that they should remember not only the scientific and other remarkable products of the whole world which we had invited them to see, but also that they should think of us as a cordial people.

With my able assistants, Mrs. Paul Steinbrecher, Mrs. Herbert Stern, and, later, Mrs. Endyfed Williams, I believe we

helped earn a reputation of cordiality for Chicago.

The Illinois Host House was particularly proud of an interview in which Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, who had often been our guest, was asked what had interested her most at the Century of Progress. She replied: "Three things stand out in my mind as of tremendous interest: The Art Institute with its glorious pictures, the Alaskan dogs here on exhibit, and that beautiful Illinois Host House with the Lincoln exhibit."

From all the welter of experiences and personalities encountered in my work at the Host House, several incidents still come readily to mind.

One day an important French delegation was to be entertained, so important that the governor came to join me in Chicago to receive them. When I was to welcome them, I addressed them in French. The governor did not know that I spoke the language and was duly surprised. Again, later, when Governor Lehman of New York and his distinguished delegation arrived, I found that some of them preferred the German language and I spoke to them in that.

In a way, perhaps, I was not badly equipped to receive many who did not speak English well. Once when visiting in England I was made aware of the fact that I had had a good education. My husband and I were in a music hall in London when I was annoyed by a couple next to me engaged in a lively discussion. They were both married, but not to each other, and one had failed to keep an appointment. The man evidently was much worried as he became aware of the fact I understood what was said. He told his companion: "The woman next to you understands all you say. Speak French. Being an American, she won't understand."

I became indignant at the fact that he thought all Americans ignorant and, looking squarely at him, replied: "I speak French, German, Spanish, and Italian. If you prefer me to be ignorant of your conversation, you might try Chinese or some Indian dialect. Of those languages I am still ignorant."

My husband, who overheard me, was surprised at my audacity. The couple must have shared his surprise, for almost immediately afterwards they left their seats.

On another occasion while at the Illinois Host House I was told that a woman with a pretty daughter was awaiting me in the receiving room. She had said she would not leave without my seeing her.

As she greeted me, she said: "Mrs. Harrison, here is my daughter whose life you saved."

"How?" I exclaimed. "I have no recollection of it."

"It was many years ago," she answered, "but still it is a fact that you saved her life. Have you forgotten Sanibel Island?"

I still regarded them both with amazement. I could not place them. Had she been swimming in those lovely waters off the coast of Florida? Had I snatched her from drowning? Sanibel, where the tarpon with the glistening rainbow scales are found; where fishermen come from all over the world to catch these famous fish, only to toss them back into the blue depths again — for always, even after the long hours of fighting, these game fish (if caught) are restored to their native element, never kept or eaten. What had I done at Sanibel Island to deserve the praise of this lady and her child? Then I remembered.

Yes, I had saved her life, but after all I had really done nothing. I had heard that a woman with a very sick child had been told that unless a quart of milk a day was procurable, the child would die. Everything possible had been tried unsuccessfully. The one milkman on the island had pledged to his customers all the milk he had, even going without it in his own family. The mainland was too far away. Cows did not do well on the island; the climate was fatal to them.

Everyone else with me was terribly upset over the news of the sick youngster. It would be days before any milk could be procured.

I set my mind to working and at last evolved a plan, but would it succeed? I watched for the milkman and asked him whether he would let me accompany him on his round of deliveries. He consented, but added, "Lady, there is not a chance. Not a drop of milk can be gotten."

Here is what I did. I asked each customer, after telling of the sick baby, "Would you be willing to allow the milkman

to take from your daily quart of milk one tablespoon to help the sick baby?"

Each woman said, "Oh, yes, we would not miss one tablespoon," and thus I got the milk and thus the child recovered. And now here was this beautiful, blooming young girl, smiling at me.

It was a well-known fact that the Century of Progress was a success when Chicago decided to carry it on for another year. All were delighted, of course, that the city had made a success of it, but I was not so sure I was pleased when I heard that Governor Horner intended to ask me again to preside over the Illinois Host House.

That I had succeeded in my job was evidenced by the numerous letters about my efficiency which were received. Appointing me again was indeed an honor, but in spite of that there were many drawbacks. It was a strenuous position. I was responsible for everything. Not an order could go through without my consent, and I was at the Host House practically all the time.

I had, of course, Mrs. Railey, who took my place when it was impossible for me to receive guests, but I was seldom absent. Mrs. Railey was given a handsome sum for her work, but my work was purely honorary. I also had two stenographers or secretaries, who received high pay for their services. All entertainments were paid for, too.

They also allowed me to send in the bill if I took a cab for my duties — I had no car of my own — but I seldom took a cab. I was accustomed to riding in buses and in the streetcars, and I continued to do so at my own expense, and rarely sent in a bill for current expenses. So after all, delightful as some part of my work proved to be in receiving and meeting distinguished and charming people from all over the world, still many of my duties were irksome, and as I said it was a strenuous job.

All my friends advised me to ask for a handsome salary. With that determination in my mind I told my husband I would not accept the second year's appointment as hostess unless I received an adequate compensation for my services.

When I returned from my interview with Governor Horner,

of course the first question asked by my better half was, "Did you accept?"

"Yes," I said, "I did."

"And what is to be your salary?"

Shamefacedly, I said, "Nothing, it is a purely honorary position."

"Well," he answered, "how about your determination not to accept it as an honorary job?"

With reluctance, I said: "The governor showed me many letters — he received over two hundred — from women all over the state saying he should not give it to me a second time; I had had it long enough and that many others in the state were capable of filling the position with equal honor and deserved it. It was his duty, etc., to consider the woman writing as worthy of it.

"Honestly, I was shocked to find among the letters the names of many of my friends who had, with hypocrisy, been urging me to ask for a salary and telling me they wished I would remain in the position. Between my indignation at these letters from my so-called friends and the persuasion of the governor to accept his offer, I yielded eagerly and accepted the position for the second time."

My husband laughed heartily and with dry humor remarked: "It is really amusing how the governor worked his plan and got your acceptance. If the truth were really known, I believe he was afraid to appoint another woman. You see, out of 200 who wanted a turn at it, had he appointed another, the other 199 would have been angry. Yes, he was wise to show you those letters. And though I concede you managed your job splendidly and will continue to manage it well, there is no doubt in my mind that some other woman in the state might do as well if appointed."

Well, I was stirred anyway to do my best in the second term and I feel assured I succeeded. Mr. Dawes publicly honored me with a bronze medal in appreciation for what I did, and the Century of Progress endorsed many of the letters they received about my work and forwarded them to me.

Professor James Weber Linn of the University of Chicago was my safety valve during all my term of office. He repre-

sented Governor Horner and advised me about many things. He certainly kept me in a good humor by repeating complimentary things about me that came his way. I really loved my work too, in spite of the fatigue I often endured, and even though I received no salary, what of it? I had never received a salary for the work I did for my husband during his terms as mayor of Chicago. Why should I want it for serving a governor of the state? So I went along the even tenor of my way and did the job as best I could.

The thanks of the state for my work were gracefully expressed in the following letter:

"Mrs. Carter H. Harrison
2100 Lincoln Park West,
Chicago, Illinois

"Dear Mrs. Harrison:

"The Illinois State Commission for A Century of Progress, and in particular, Governor Horner, Chairman of the Commission, wish me to offer you, in the name of the Commission, most sincere thanks for your devotion and your accomplishments as head of the Executive Committee of the Honorary Hostesses.

"Many if not all the official duties in connection with A Century of Progress in general were admirably performed, but none, the Commission feels, more effectively than the complicated and important duties which you assumed without ostentation and carried to complete success without other reward than gratitude and honor. For two years you sacrificed your time and gave your strength without stint. The result was, the Commission thinks, in its field and of its kind a triumph. You made the Illinois Host House a center of intelligence, of entertainment, and of hospitality unequaled on the grounds of the Exposition. Fifteen million people are grateful to they do not know whom, and the Commission, with full knowledge of the details of the performance, is grateful to you.

"I have the honor to be,
"Respectfully yours, (Signed) Jas. Weber Linn
"Secretary to the Commission."

"Fourteenth December,
"1934."

As a footnote to these recollections of the 1933-34 Fair, I should like to mention that Alfred Granger's book about Chicago, written just before the Century of Progress year, contained one piece of misinformation.

Mr. Granger stated that I was a daughter of William B. Ogden, the first mayor of Chicago, and that the blood of that worthy and able gentleman runs in the veins of my son, Carter, Jr. He further informed visitors to the Fair who read his book that the blood of William B. Ogden, mingled with that of his father and grandfather Harrison — both mayors too — marked Carter, Jr., for a place in the political world.

Now while my family name was Ogden, as I have told, and I am related to the distinguished William Ogden, the relationship is not very close. I have had the pleasure of knowing the daughter of Mahlon Ogden, who was a brother of William Ogden. She was Mrs. Frederick West. When I first moved to the north side, I met Mrs. West's mother, one of the loveliest women I have ever seen. She gave a tea for me in her Lake Shore Drive home and introduced me as "my kinswoman from the South."

Mrs. West, with whom I have often joked about the confusion of our relationship, unveiled a portrait of her uncle at the Century of Progress.

Chapter Ten

Being a Mayor's Wife

A PUBLIC official cannot avoid bringing his business home with him. He lives in the light of public favor, so that his wife and family perforce share with him his aspirations, his triumphs and his defeats. It is only natural then that I knew some of the temptations of office and that I took pride in the solid achievements of Mr. Harrison's terms as mayor.

For years Mr. Harrison felt that our glorious Lake Michigan was being ignored. Her many possibilities for providing pleasure during the heat of the summer created in him a vision of our now beautiful bathing beaches. His selection as a starting point was the Clarendon Beach, and the superb building placed there soon demonstrated that his vision was not only beautiful but practical and useful as well.

He was also justly proud of the creation of the Tuberculosis Sanitarium, which was done under his administration, and the man he placed there, Dr. Sachs (whose unhappy death by suicide following his removal by the next administration saddened the whole city), won fame, not only for himself but for our city. Miles and miles of the wonderful boulevards which now encircle our city were built during the years of which I write, to say nothing of the replacement of many of the old swinging bridges by the safer and more substantial ones which now span the river.

And speaking of the river, while our city was gradually emerging from her swaddling clothes many public-spirited citizens and all departments of the city were steadily cooperating to build a greater and more beautiful Chicago. Just as the County Board had replaced the old Cook County

Hospital with the present finely equipped building, so did the Sanitary Commission bring about during Mr. Harrison's mayoralty the construction of the drainage canal. Who does not remember the old Chicago River, ill-smelling, sluggish, slow of current and unattractive as it was before the canal was built, reversing the course of the stream and causing it to flow into the Mississippi, thus making it a unit in the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway?

Furthermore, I cannot forbear to recall that during the twenty-two years of official service of the two Mayors Harrison, Chicago had no *unpaid* policemen, no *unpaid* firemen, no *unpaid* engineers, no *unpaid* schoolteachers, no wasted millions of the citizens' tax money, no exorbitant taxes, no public utilities scandals, no insurance frauds, no decrepit bank management with the attendant barnacles of "holding companies," no bankrupt city hall, no gangsters, no disgraceful city government. All these things have come since the Harrisons, father and son, went out of office.

I am — naturally, I think — proud of my husband's service and his father's to our city. And because I am just myself and can never be any other, I have a love for all things educational and cultural. I think the thing which gives me the greatest thrill today is to drive along one of our beautiful boulevards leading to the southwest to a spot near which, we are told, the frail French priest, Père Marquette, spent the winter of 1674, nearly three hundred years ago, in a rude log hut, but where stands now a dignified and spacious building over the entrance to which I read, "The Carter Harrison Technical High School," erected by the Board of Education in his father's memory during my husband's term of office as mayor. Other memorials of my husband's years of service may be more ornate, more elaborate, more costly, but none can be more important, or, to me, more satisfying!

It was easy for me to remember the temptations of office, because I was young, full of enthusiasm, and I certainly did love the good things of life. We were far from wealthy and could not afford many of the luxuries possessed by many of our friends. It was often hard for me to sit beside them and see how easily they spent money and to watch their delight

in spending it.

As I have mentioned previously, I was eager to make money honorably. One day what appeared to be a chance came my way. I said to myself, "Surely this is legitimate and this time I shall say nothing to my husband until I can place a very handsome check in his hands." So I did all my planning without his knowledge.

I had been approached by one of the heads of a book concern and told that my fairy tales had pleased them and they wanted one book — because of its fine stories and its excellent English — to incorporate in the schoolbooks. The publisher assured me it would pay me $18,000 to $20,000 a year for many years. Now, where was the harm here? None I could see.

After several talks with the publisher, I consented. The contract was drawn up. I was to sign it the next day, and I smiled to myself at the surprise I would give my better half. But the night before the contract was to be brought me, again that old conscientious feeling arose. I was so sure there was no harm in it, and I was confident. Why not tell Carter? He could find no flaw and was going to be just as pleased as I that I could make a handsome sum of money by my book.

So I told him. And then, the deluge! Can I ever forget it? It overcame me. I was terrified. What on earth had I done — rather was I about to do?

It was my last effort to keep a secret from him. He made me telephone at once to say the contract would not be signed, and I did not sign. He told me that had I signed it, I would have blasted his being elected mayor of Chicago again, and he was planning to ask for that honor the following year.

Had I received the money, it would have counted against him — a bribe while he was in office to put one of my books into the public schools of Chicago. I told the book concern that my husband had told me: "After I am out of office — and I won't run forever — if they make this offer to you, I should be mighty glad to have you accept." But he added, "I am sure they never will offer it then."

And they never did.

As the wife of the mayor, I had, of course, a multitude of things to do. Numbers of people approached me for my

Mrs. Carter H. Harrison
During The Century of Progress Exposition
1933

Mr. and Mrs. Carter H. Harrison
at the 60th Anniversary of their wedding

influence with my husband. I saw many, but from the highest to the lowest I was a bit disgusted with one thing: All, whether rich or poor, seemed to feel that influence was to be bought. The thought of an honest mayor who would listen to an honest tale of woe was impossible to find; some form of bribery always cropped up.

Among the papers I occasionally found, after the departure of the visitor, perhaps a $100-bill, sometimes several $100-bills. And when I returned the money I was answered with, "Oh, I was told the job I wanted was worth that much and I was willing to pay for it."

But one trick almost caught me; I saw no harm in it, and at first was very pleased. A good friend and fine business man said to me, "If you will find out what your husband will do about a certain thing that is coming up before him in the council, I can make you a very big lot of money. Remember, I am not interested in which way he votes, I do not care whether it is for or against the bill. I just want to know what he will do. It is equally interesting to me either way. He will vote conscientiously as, of course, he always does," he added. "The only thing that interests me is to know in which way he does vote. Either way I can make the money."

I thought that fair enough and I found out what he wanted to know, but somehow I just felt I could not tell him without my husband's knowledge. When I told Mr. Harrison he laughed out loud and said, "A new form of bribery."

One man my husband had admired was a United States President, but when he learned that that President had allowed friends to make money in this way his admiration ceased. "I will never allow my office to be used in such a way," he told me.

So I never made the money.

One morning I looked out of the window of our home to see a superb broughham with a spanking pair of the best blooded horses in front of the door. A note handed me explained they were mine and that the stable had been paid to keep them in perfect condition with driver and all other costs covered for two years. I ran down and examined my gift. The beautiful robes had my initials embroidered on

them.

It certainly was a princely gift, but alas, was it a welcome one? That was the question, and I knew it was not. So the gift was very properly declined. Later a gorgeous diamond necklace was sent to me, and after that many beautiful presents of this kind found their way to me. Naturally nothing was accepted, and finally in disgust the donor went openly to Mr. Harrison and asked, "Is there nothing we can send Mrs. Harrison that she will be allowed to keep?"

"Oh, yes," replied my facetious better half, "send her a dozen American beauties. She won't return them."

One morning as I opened the door to take my two youngsters out for a walk in Lincoln Park — we lived just a block from it — William Lorimer, a prominent and very influential politician, stepped in to see my husband. After greeting me, he said, "Mrs. Harrison, why do you live in this quiet little home? You should be out on the Lake Shore Drive and living as a woman in your position should."

"Well, Mr. Lorimer, we can't afford any more luxury than we are now enjoying, and truth to tell I think we have a charming home. You, like many others, think my husband has a lot of money."

"Oh, no, I don't," he answered. "I know *exactly* what he has, but if you will say the word I will see that you are put on the Gold Coast and have plenty to live on there."

He honestly believed that in politics it was the right thing to take money for influence!

The mayor's salary at that time was exactly $7,000 a year. It should have been $25,000 a year. That was the way Mr. Lorimer argued, I suppose, but no inducement ever convinced Carter Harrison that he should take more for his job than the salary he had accepted.

He even carried this spirit into the small things of office. One afternoon I went to the City Hall to come home with Mr. Harrison. I had with me three letters, and I asked his secretary to stamp and mail them for me. The secretary, Charles Fitzmorris, stopped putting stamps on office mail and got the stamps for my letters from another box.

"Why did you do that," I questioned. "Why not put two

cents on each from those stamps on your table?"

"Because," he answered, "Mr. Harrison never uses the city stamps for his private mail."

"Oh," I said, turning to Carter, "couldn't Chicago give me six cents?"

"Oh, yes," quickly came the reply, "but remember that that six cents is really stolen because the city does not pay for your private mail."

"Surely the city could afford to give me six cents," I said.

"Of course, easily, but why be contented with stealing six cents when I can get you a million, at least, if you want it?"

Charles Fitzmorris was not only my husband's secretary but he was a valued friend of the family. My first knowledge of him went back to my girlhood days in New Orleans, for one of my friends there, Bessie Bisland, was chosen by a newspaper to make a trip around the world in an effort to beat Nellie Bly. With her went Fitzmorris, then a reporter for the Hearst paper in Chicago. Afterwards Fitzmorris became city comptroller under William Hale Thompson. Years later I ran into Bessie Bisland, then a Mrs. Wetmore of New York, in Tokyo, when we were guests of the ambassador, Charles Warren, and his wife. She was still beautiful, and was writing a life of Lafcadio Hearn.

My husband was frequently praised at public meetings and called a "Daniel come to judgment." One night after one of these eulogistic talks had been heard, he said to me, "Do you know I just get bored when a minister of the gospel gets up and pays me all these compliments for just doing my duty. I am afraid that some day I am just going to flare up and tell him a few things."

"Well, what will you tell him?" I asked.

He looked a little sheepish and said, "One thing I can honestly say, 'I don't deserve your compliments because frankly I have never had a temptation.' I don't know how other men would feel or have felt in my position, but I was born with a conscience. I am entitled to my salary as mayor of Chicago and if I take a single penny more, I have stolen it."

And those were the lines he acted upon. He did what he thought was the right thing for the city and he was never

even tempted to do aught else, so he claimed he deserved no credit for his many good acts.

If the temptations were frequent, so were the opportunities to use our energies for good. A letter which came some years ago will illustrate how often a small act of kindness has an influence which could never have been anticipated at the time. The letter tells its own story:

"Sept. 9, 1928

"Mrs. Carter Harrison,
"Chicago, Ill.,
"My dear Mrs. Harrison:

"The desire to write you this letter has been with me for many years. It should have been written long ago when a pen did not tremble in my fingers, making resort to the typewriter not necessary. It may be the urge to write you is unresistible in this beautiful spot where my few weeks of holiday have been spent. The starry sky at night, the sun on the blue waters of the lake, on the mountains and in the trees, making fantastic shadows of the leaves and branches on the ground by day, remind me of your fairy stories and take the timidity of writing to you away. Once, seven or eight years ago when in Chicago, I thought perhaps you might let me see you and tell you that which I shall write to you now. At that time, someone in Mr. Harrison's office told me over the phone that you were in Florida.

"What I want to tell you, Mrs. Harrison, is that you were the instrument of our dear Lord in bringing to me the greatest joy and happiness of my life in aiding me to fulfill my desire and ambition in the proper raising of my children. This is my second letter to you. The first to which you responded so nobly was written over a quarter of a century ago. This was in 1897, just after Mr. Harrison had been inaugurated Mayor of Chicago for the first time. As Mr. Harrison afterwards wrote me, the letter reached you one morning at the breakfast table.

"My position in the health department had been held for two years under Mayor Swift and due to political suasion our new mayor had dismissed me to install the choice of a friend. The letter asked your intercession for the sake of

my little fatherless ones and God bless you for saying something to Mr. Harrison to which he gave heed and created a place for me in the laboratory until a Civil Service examination was given for my original place. Then I had the great pleasure of being the first woman placed in any position under Civil Service in Chicago. This position was mine for twenty-two years and six months. Now my retirement gives me a pension.

"It is about what you helped me to accomplish and the endless good you did at the breakfast table that I want and ever have wanted you to know — My dear Mrs. Harrison, it first gave me courage to face the world and all the trials that came in life, to make a good, comfortable home for my children; to raise them in the right way, and to achieve my desire to give them college educations. My daughter in her last year at college married and now lives in Minneapolis; is a good wife and darling mother of two dear girls.

"My son had seven years at the University of Chicago finishing his college course and taking his law course there. He graduated in law with the first class in that college. After teaching law in Cornell at Ithaca, N. Y., for two years, he was called to Stanford, where he has been a member of the law faculty for twenty-one years.

"I do not want to seem to be egotistical, Mrs. Harrison, but you have so great and deep a part, as the real founder and promotor of what has come from your kindness, that I do want you to know just what has been the result of your dear act in the long ago. So you will pardon details. Walter, my son, was called to Washington during the war to help establish the legal department of the War Trade Board. Perhaps Mr. Harrison may know he is considered an authority on international law, and was lately appointed by Harvard a member of some association of international law. What he has done could never have been achieved without your kindness to me in the past.

"God bless you and give you every happiness and grant your wish as you granted mine. If this letter seems an intrusion, forgive me for sending it. Some place I once read of your saying that one of your happinesses in life was to know

that you had helped or been of service to someone. You can know and be assured that your great service to me was immeasurable, covering the need at the time rendered and stretching out over the days and years of the future and not yet ended.

"I want to thank Mr. Harrison, too, for his kindness to me. He was very considerate of me in every way and my prayers of thanksgiving go out to him that all blessings may be his.

"Could I have talked to you I should, perhaps, have not refrained from citing the many acts of kindness told me by friends that Mr. Harrison did to make my position more secure and more pleasant. These acts he has no doubt long ago forgotten, but they will ever be in my memory of him. I have many pictures of you cut from newspapers which I keep as a talisman. Among others which I have, Mrs. Harrison, is one taken with the brother of the Kaiser. If I thought you did not have one and cared for it, I should be glad to send it to you.

"May the dear Lord bless and keep you both safe in his care is the prayer of

"Yours most gratefully,
(signed) Dollie Brough Bingham,
735 Homer ave.,
Palo Alto, Calif."

Speaking of gratitude and money reminds me that I am always finding money which, like the bribes that have been offered me, I can never keep. One time some years ago, I was in Marshall Field's waiting for a package, when I found myself holding a dirty but very fat purse.

Impulsively, I turned to the woman next me and asked whether it was hers. She replied "No," but quickly another woman near by said, "What did you find?" But I had recovered my senses and I asked, "What did you lose?"

An usher appeared asking me to hand it to him, saying that that is customary. By this time I had found that the purse was heavy with gold and decided I would hold it myself, so I replied, "I will give my name and if the owner claims it she will get it; otherwise I shall keep it until she is heard from."

He accompanied me to the desk and this was declared satisfactory.

Within a few minutes after reaching my hotel, a plaintive voice on the phone said, "I got on my knees and thanked God when I heard you had my purse."

In a few minutes the woman called and identified the purse. She was evidently poor, and I said, "But how in the world could you have this much money?" It was more than $2,000.

She replied: "My daughter and son and I work. We had all drawn all we had saved and I was going down to make the last payment on the home we own. On the way I stopped at Field's for some embroidery and left the purse on the counter where you picked it up."

"My, what carelessness," I thought. She then offered me $100. Naturally, I explained to her the only reason I had kept the money was because I wanted to feel sure she would get it in its entirety and not have to give anyone anything for finding it.

A few days after as I was stepping into a cab to go to California, she was standing there with a small package in her hand. She said, "I heard you say you were leaving for California at this hour, and I have knitted you a pair of pink slippers to match the pink negligee you wore when I saw you."

Of course I accepted them and loved them ever afterwards.

On another occasion, a woman sitting on the bus beside me got up, leaving a handsome pocketbook. At first I did not see it, but a woman across the way leaned over and took it.

Then I awoke and said, "Why do you take my pocketbook?"

"Oh," she said, "is it yours?"

"Certainly," I said, and she handed it back.

Then I opened it and found it belonged to Mrs. Valentine, the sister of Mrs. Patrick Valentine. A card giving her address was in the pocketbook, together with many big bills. I decided to keep the pocketbook and inform the owner.

I got her after much difficulty, for her daughter was on the telephone trying to reach the bus station to tell of the loss. I finally induced the telephone company to interrupt the con-

versation, saying I had the purse. She came for it at once and was very grateful.

She said she had only been allowed to enter the United States on condition of a large deposit pledging herself to support herself, otherwise she could not enter. She had lived in Scotland and because of the war wanted to come here.

So much for the past. As a refuge from the cares of politics, and in more recent years as a vacation home, we became members of a delightful club at Huron Mountain, Michigan, which was started many years ago by some Detroiters and one or two people from Chicago. It soon became tremendously popular for the few privileged members and their families. We were happy when invited to join, and in our fifty years' membership we have missed only two summers there. We love the seclusion and privacy of our Huron Mountain Club and we guard it jealously. That is why the world seldom hears of us.

Yet we are not idle. So far we have not given a President to the United States, but remember, we are young. With our limited membership of only fifty, we have given an ambassador — Charles B. Warren, of Detroit, who was ambassador to Japan and afterwards to Mexico. Another member, Edgar Bancroft, was sent to Japan as ambassador and died there. Jacob M. Dickinson was secretary of the treasury, and Don Dickinson from Detroit was in the Cabinet, too. We have had still another in the Cabinet from Detroit, Secretary of the Navy Edward Denby.* Another member is a much talked of Senator from Pennsylvania, Senator Reed, and we have many other distinguished men, such as doctors of national reputation and presidents of banks, and we have Henry Ford, who has done so much for the world and is the most modest of all our members.

No matter how scattered the members are, each summer they try to return for a few weeks at least to this secluded paradise. There on the shores of Lake Superior, with its sharp red sandstone cliffs jutting out to contrast with the crystal waters, so clear that the tiniest pebble is visible twenty feet below, and where the mirages by day and the mysterious

*Alas, these members have died, and so has Henry Ford.

Northern Lights by night enchant, we live the life of simplicity. Our cabins are not ostentatious and one common clubhouse furnishes the meals. It is an ideal life to wander through those great Michigan woods, walking through cathedral aisles under the huge Norway pines — those woods untouched by beaten roads for motors — and to listen to the soughing of the trees in the wind or the song of the birds, crossing the pretty lakes (we own ten of them exclusively) in small rowboats and dropping a line in to catch fish.

The charming coterie of members from Chicago and from Detroit, with equally fine ones from Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, is already going into the third generation. And with children and grandchildren about us, we feel we can well call ourselves one big family.

The Huron Mountain Club is a hotbed of Republicanism, as the names I have mentioned, as well as those of such Chicago fellow members as the Henry Tuttles, George A. Carpenter and his wife, the former Harriet Isham, Victor Elting, the Cyrus Bentleys, the Shortalls, the Harry Dunbaughs, the Laird Bells and the Albert Farwells, will indicate.

Now I am a staunch Democrat, inheriting my politics from my Southern ancestry and confirming it by marriage, so our fellow members have had their share of fun with me, especially over my weakness for elephants. My rooms have always been decorated with all sorts and sizes of them. Somehow I never could care for the Democratic emblem, the donkey, but naturally, surrounded as I was by these charming and splendid Republicans, all of whom I admire, many of whom I love, I felt obliged to flaunt my donkey and proclaim my politics in this Republican nest.

All of the women at the club were present at our cabin one afternoon to hear a reading by one of the members. Very conspicuously on the center table stood my good-sized donkey. All gathered about, but suddenly in the midst of the interesting reading I became distracted. I could not hear a word because I looked up and could hardly believe my eyes. The donkey had disappeared, and in its place stood a very handsome black ebony elephant with long white ivory tusks.

I could not interrupt the reader, nor did I care to disturb

the listeners, but as soon after as possible I asked about my donkey. No one had seen it; everyone was quite innocent over its disappearance. It was a mystery until the last guest had departed. Then that really villainous Harriet Isham Carpenter* pulled it out from behind a sofa pillow where she had hidden it and gave it to me.

The late Ashley Pond, of Detroit, a world-famous lawyer, and his brilliant daughter, Florence, who inherits his mind, were members. Our president was Mr. Longyear, with his fine brother, Dr. Longyear. The Laird Bells, Mayor Hempstead Washburne's† sons, and the famous Dr. Annette, the psychiatrist, the Farwells, the Harrises and such numerous new clans as the Wesley and Arthur Dixons — my husband and I love them all, but we miss those earlier members, the Shortalls, the Christys, the Sterlings and the William Hamiltons. Dr. Tappy, our oldest member, still lives, and popular James Turner's wife is among us. Many others too numerous to mention are members.

Among us was man so well known that I hesitate to speak of him because he was very modest and disliked to be discussed — Henry Ford. He and Mrs. Ford were much loved by us all and I would not discuss him except that in a book of my own life I may perhaps be forgiven for referring to the effect that Mrs. Ford has had on me. She loves the simple life, as her husband did, and is very modest, but she is a great reader and the books she chooses are always worth while. In the years I have known her she has had a great influence upon my choice of books. When she occasionally sends me one I find it so absorbing, so full of interest I wonder I have not had it before. Consequently I often consult her upon buying books; she just loves to make people happy. Her word was law to her beloved Henry. They both loved dancing and when we were invited to accompany them sometimes to look at their lumber camps and schools we nearly always ended up, after a nice lunch, with a dance with the schoolchildren and their parents, and both Mr. and Mrs. Ford danced with them. He was as slender as a sapling and in spite of his age — he was

*Mrs. Carpenter died several months ago.
†Mr. Longyear and Mayor Washburne have left us.

eighty-four — he was as light as a feather. Sometimes in walking he saw a fallen tree or log lying across the road; running forward he would spring lightly over it, as lightly as his grandson could.

All our married lives our greatest happiness has been found with our children, and now in our old age they have given us grandchildren to add to this happiness. Their two families complete our lives.

Our son, Carter H. Harrison, the sixth of that name, has no son, but four lovely daughters. The eldest, Lucy, married a young engineer, Kevin McLoughlin, a lieutenant commander in the navy, who did fine work in the Pacific during the war and is now back in his former work in New York. Edith, the second daughter, went off to England as a Red Cross girl, was sent to serve in a squadron stationed there, and in five months had married the lieutenant colonel. They have presented us with our first great-grandchild, named for his father, Lieutenant Colonel Peter J. Rooney and now a second son, Carter H. Harrison Rooney. Caryl, the third daughter, married George Swope, an able young engineer who shows great promise. And Joan, the youngest daughter, married last June while in Europe. Her husband is Richard Stevenson, as fine a young man as we have ever met, a descendant of the well-known Farwells. Both George and Richard did their bit in the war. The two families now live in Lake Forest. We are as fond of all these young men as we are of their wives.

Our son Carter is head of a stock and bond brokerage company bearing his name. This came about through our friendship with the Myron Herricks of Cleveland. He was governor of his state and later ambassador to France. While we were with them one day, Mr. Herrick said to me: "What is your son's name? If it is Carter, I want him."

I was amazed and answered: "For goodness' sake, what do you mean?"

"Just this," he replied. "We are opening a branch here in Chicago. My son will be in it. Your husband's name and that of his father stand for straight dealing here, and if your son bears the name it will mean much to us."

"But, Mr. Herrick," I said, "Carter is young and knows

nothing about stocks and bonds."

"That is all right," was the reply, "we will teach him."

And he did. Carter studied the business in New York and entered the firm. When the firm left Chicago later on, it turned over its good will to Carter, Jr., and the firm took his name, Carter H. Harrison.

Governor and Mrs. Herrick were our good friends from the time of the 1916 Republican convention here. We generally picked them up at their hotel at a stated hour each morning and took them to the Upham box at the Coliseum. As the crowds were so great at the downtown hotels, the Herricks were pleased at our offer to take them to the convention, for it was at times difficult to get a cab. Afterwards in Paris, where he went as our ambassador, we often spoke of these convention days.

Governor Herrick used to twit me about an incident to which he was a witness. One winter the Doge's Court was represented here at the Art Institute, and the magnificence of that spectacle was a sight never to be forgotten by those who saw it. European and Oriental courts were selected at their most colorful dates. I was asked to hold the court of Louis XVI and was Marie Antoinette, with James B. Waller as my king. Many historical figures could be introduced, even if not actually in the court of that day. Richelieu was represented by Judge Barton Payne and the Duchess du Barry walked with him. She was Mrs. Henry Robbins.

All the young bloods of the day — Walter Kirk and the others — were in our magnificent pageant, and all the lovely girls. All looked their best with white wigs, painted cheeks and black beauty spots to accentuate their color.

A few days after, at a luncheon, where Governor and Mrs. Herrick were present, Mrs. John Clarke leaned over and said in an audible voice, "Mrs. Harrison, you were a beauty that night."

Quite puffed up with the compliment, I replied, "Thank you, but did you notice Mrs. Rose Chatfield Taylor? As the Oriental Queen Semiramis, she was beautiful too."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Clarke. "But then she is beautiful all the time."

I don't know which of these remarks of Mrs. Clarke's impressed me more, but I certainly remember the one that impressed Governor Herrick, for he never failed to remind me of it every time we met afterwards.

Our daughter Edith, as I have mentioned, is the proprietor of a Lake Forest shop. Her marriage to Edson Manierre, the son of William R. Manierre, member of a pioneer Chicago family (the Manierres always worked for the good of Chicago and he for many years was a valued alderman) went on the rocks. But separated as Edith and Edson were, they were held together by their love for and pride in their two sons. After two years apart, they were reunited, but could not find happiness together and again separated.

In many respects Edith's life has paralleled that of Catherine Barker, her dear friend and roommate at Briarcliff School in New York. Of course, there was a great difference in their wealth, for Catherine was an heiress, but under the wise guardianship of James Forgan she was taught to be sensible about money and lived simply.

I remember once when Catherine was spending a week with us. She was about fifteen, and she wanted a beautiful diamond watch that she had seen. She asked her guardian whether she could afford it.

His reply was: "You can afford practically anything, but should you buy it and then after a while find it does not give you the pleasure you expected, you will have thrown away your money. My advice is to think it over and if at the end of three months you still desire it, buy it."

She did exactly that, and she bought the watch and loved it. But she was equally conscientious about everything else, and thought well and long before she spent much.

Mr. Forgan very wisely said: "When she comes into her great fortune at the age of twenty-five, I think she should have had some experience in spending it. If she has no experience until then, she will waste it and commit many mistakes."

Catherine became the wife of Howard Spaulding, an intimate friend of our daughter's husband. After several years, during which they had no children, they were divorced, and she found a congenial life companion in Charles Hickox, well-

known in insurance. They have found complete happiness together, and with four lovely children, two adorable little girls and now twin boys, they feel eternally blessed.

After over sixty years of married life, I feel that I prefer the apparently now unfashionable teaching that marriage is a serious thing. We were brought up to believe that marriage was for always, so that I cannot get accustomed to that easy way of discussing such a serious step as divorce. When I hear someone lightly say: "Well, divorce is their only solution. They have really been too long together," that always shocks me.

Too long together! In the early years of our marriage I once said to my husband, "I have such a nice comfortable feeling about our marriage. You know we can never get a divorce."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh," I continued, "I am a Catholic and we just could not be divorced."

"But I am not," he answered, "so you had better begin watching your step."

It is not religion that keeps couples together. Men and women won't stick together for religion alone, but religion does help. It teaches one to bear and forbear, and thus keeps alive the love that brought them together.

I know I made no mistake in choosing the man I did and I hope he feels he chose wisely in selecting me. The young people of today choose too hurriedly, confident that the divorce court is always there and that they can always go out free and happy. I wonder!

In the early nineties, two beautiful young women appeared in Chicago society and took us all by storm. Mrs. Ogden Armour and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Philip Armour, Jr. Mrs. Ogden Armour, with flashing black eyes and a creamy-white complexion, was not more attractive than Mrs. Philip, Jr., with her golden locks and sparkling blue eyes. Both these young women took a prominent place in society. The position and wealth of their husbands enabled them to do much good. They were both capable and never shirked what they considered their duty. They were a remarkable pair, and were nearly always together. I have been devoted to both these

young women always, although they were far younger than I, and we have always continued our friendship.

Mrs. Philip Armour married again after her husband's death, and is now Mrs. Patrick Valentine. She is as attractive as ever with her slender figure and lovely skin. She and Lolita Armour seem even more beautiful to me now than as girls. Age has softened their beauty, of course, but it has added something, too, to their faces which shows even though they are nearing old age — a beauty which is evidence of the lives they have led. Their birthdays are still far ahead but mine, alas, has just passed eighty-six. Both of them stand beside me with a supreme smile and call me young.

Once every year each one of us gives a lunch and that lunch is sacred to the three of us. We never miss it. Lolita's love for Mrs. Dunham brings her in it — she is the baby of the crowd — and my love for my only bridesmaid and cousin, Mrs. Wentworth Field, includes her. So the five of us get together always during the winter and no one else is invited. And what good times we do have together!

Chapter Eleven

Seeing the World

In 1917 — the war was still on in Europe though we had not yet entered it — my husband and I decided to travel a bit. We had long looked forward to this pleasure, but while he was in the mayoralty the exigencies of office prevented any such plans.

Though Europe was out of the question, we felt that six months spent in beautiful South America would be of deep interest. I have published a book, *Below the Equator,* giving a complete account of our fascinating trip there, so I will not bore anyone with a repetition of it.

We loved every minute of that six months. We crossed the Andes six times. We saw Cuzco and studied the remains of those magnificent monuments of the Inca civilization which even today continues to astonish the world. We spent a week in La Paz in Bolivia and we sailed over the blue waters of Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable body of water in the world — about 14,000 feet.

It was here in South American in beautiful Arequipa with its superb view of El Misti, snow-crowned and kingly in the distance, that our beloved Harriet Monroe died. She was taking the trip that she had so long planned and talked about, but it was too great a strain on her heart, and, in perhaps one of the most beautiful spots on the earth, the great call came to her.

She will long be remembered in Chicago. Modest, quiet, but oh, so capable, with such uplifting thoughts, with such high ideals, she led us all through her charming magazine *Poetry* to the heights. And there often we dwelt on Parnassus, forgetful of a sordid world. Harriet Monroe's work will live.

Like the pebble dropped in the clear pool, her beautiful thoughts in poetry have gone out in widening circles to reach the remotest corners of the globe. I have heard of her in India at Tagores, in England, in Indo-China; and throughout Europe, Harriet Monroe and what she did for her public will never be forgotten.

Argentina and Brazil were not neglected in our travels. We came back to the United States when we entered the war, just at the time that that German Count von Luckner was sinking the vessels off the South American coast, but sinking them without loss of a single life. He was courteous in the extreme, stopped a vessel, took the passengers off, put them safely on another boat or kept them on his own, sent them below to drink champagne and fine wines while he was sinking their ship. He said to the various captains he took aboard, "This is war. I am only doing my duty as you would probably do yours, but I know it will not be a pleasant sight to see your ship sunk, so why remain on deck?" Count von Luckner afterwards came to Chicago and lectured, told of his varied experiences and proved to be a really charming person.

One experience in beautiful Brazil made me laugh. We took an early train from Rio de Janeiro to Petropolis, to spend the day there seeing the cotton mills and the summer homes of the many citizens of Rio who live many months there in the cool climate. After a ride through the mountains covered with orchids and the rich verdure that all writers of Brazil dwell upon, we reached the city. We spent hours riding about, then, dismissing our cab, determined to walk about and to catch our return train to Rio.

After a while we discovered we were lost and did not know in what direction the station lay. Now we both speak French, German, pretty fair Spanish and Italian, yet we knew no Portuguese. A crowd had gradually assembled around us, much interested, I suppose, in the numerous languages we were using. Of course, not understanding us, they made no response. My husband in despair said, "We have only about twenty minutes left to catch that train and what in the world are we to do? It is the last train today back to Rio and here we are stranded for the night."

"If you will allow me," I said, "I will get the direction you want in a minute."

Rather contemptuously, he replied, "I don't believe it possible, but go ahead and prove your superior wisdom." And I did and I got the train.

It was simple after all. Here is what I did. I suddenly began running up and down puffing like an engine and making whistling noises. It was a game I had often played with our children. The crowd understood, roared with laughter and pointed the way. So much for woman's wit.

When the United States declared war, we hurried back. Mr. Harrison, as I have mentioned previously, volunteered his services, and, after making a survey of army camps in this country for the federal government, was sent to France as a Red Cross officer.

At Toul he had fourteen base hospitals containing 22,000 wounded soldiers under his supervision. For his efficient work he was later decorated with the rosette of the Legion of Honor by the French government. The presentation, made by the French consul general, M. Weiller, at the Parkway Hotel, was celebrated with a breakfast for five hundred guests attended by our friends and many notable Chicagoans of French descent.

A year or so after the end of the First World War we resumed our travels, making three complete trips around the world, one of fourteen months, and the other two of about nine months each. We had met many distinguished men and women who visited Chicago and had often been hosts to them. When we began our world wanderings we found that we were by no means forgotten by them. Invitations were showered upon us to visit, in their own homes, many of these high and mighty personalities.

When we were in Indian we visited the Maharaja of Kapurthala as his guests. I realized then that the maharaja was really an older friend than I at first thought, because at twenty he came to the Columbian World's Exposition. He had a retinue of servants and was entertained by my father-in-law, the mayor at that time. We met him, of course, but I did not remember it when we ran across him many years later. The

maharaja is very handsome, splendidly educated, speaks many languages, and even then — in 1893 — was quite a man of the world. The rich mines of Oudh in the Himalayas yield their treasures to him, making him one of India's richest potentates. He is allowed five legal wives and as many concubines as he wishes.

How little I dreamed in 1893 that later in life we would meet him and visit him in India. But we did. On our second world trip we ran across Kapurthala on the Atlantic steamer, and I hate to admit he was reading one of my books describing his life in India, where we had been, but I only knew of his life by records. One thing I said was that he had a thousand concubines.

He heard we were on the ship, asked for an introduction, and smilingly called my attention to the paragraph, adding, "You must have confused my wives with the number of my horses." My confusion was great, but in spite of it we became friends.

The maharaja has a palace in Paris in the Bois de Boulogne, and spends his summers there. We dined with him often, meeting distinguished people in his home, and afterwards spent a week with him in his beautiful Kapurthala at the foot of the snow-crowned Himalayas, where we drove behind his trotting camels or rode on his elephants with their gorgeous trappings. There I met his first wife, the maharanee, a beautiful and accomplished woman, and all of his five children — one daughter, who was the toast of Europe because of her beauty, and four sons.

No one can enter his domain except by invitation, and his special car met us after we left the Delhi Express. Under the bright stars a prince of the realm took us on the maharaja's private railroad to the palace.

At dinner that next night we felt as though we were in the Arabian Nights. The brilliantly lighted palace, the young princesses — wives of his sons — superbly gowned in their native dress and bejewelled with the tiny painted symbol on the forehead to denote rank, were wonderful. The men donned their native dress, too, and wore turbans for the occasion. The conversation in English or French — for it frequently

varied — was as delightful as though we were at some fine dinner in Chicago.

After dinner we had coffee in the big salon and the young people grouped around — some sitting on the floor — with musical instruments, and played charming Indian music. The maharanee with the other wives, however, were all in purdah, heavily veiled, and did not appear at the dinner. The youngsters had been given European educations and were as free to come and go as young Americans.

The maharanee, however, gave me a morning's interview and I sat with her another night in the movies where she broke all precedents and decided to meet my husband.

With all our delightful intercourse, we realized how far apart we were. A single illustration will prove this. The maharaja's eldest son, the *tickaranee*, had a beautiful wife and four lovely daughters, but no son. Their religion insists upon a son if they are to be saved. After ten years of happily married life, the son was told to take a second wife.

The maharaja said to me: "In your country with your religions this is a very simple thing. One just gets a divorce and remarries, but we in India have a much greater respect for religion than you. We hold religion of over a thousand years old as *first* always; so my son can never divorce his first wife. She always must hold her honored place, but he can take others. In fact, his religion demands it, and we never divorce our wives."

I thought of Kipling's "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." This enlightened, delightful man, so like a well-bred European, regarded our religion with contempt.

But, other worlds, other ways, and we must accept puzzling or amusing incidents when traveling. I recall once, while I was sitting in the intense heat of India in the lightest of déshabille, that I saw suddenly standing beside me one big black *he* chambermaid (always a *he* there) who had come to clean the room. He had entered so silently I had no time even to snatch a shawl beside me to throw over me. However, I comforted myself with the thought that no matter how little I had on, I had on more than he.

Nor can I ever forget the lovely and intelligent woman who was asked why she had never visited America. She replied, "I have always been afraid to come to America."

"Afraid? Of what?"

"You have such terrible birds in your country," she said.

Knowing that something was amiss, she was questioned further and was assured that we had no death-dealing birds in this country. It proved to be an instance of the vagaries of our English language, which sometimes provides us with two words which, while spelled alike, mean two entirely different things. For the woman went on to express her astonishment, saying, "That is strange. Why, I read in one of the papers not long ago that two men had been terribly mangled in a warehouse in Chicago by a crane!"

Another of the royal visitors to Chicago had been Prince Pu Lun of China. At the time of his coming he was the heir-apparent to the Chinese throne, although the old empress-dowager later deposed him, taking in his stead the son of her lover. So picturesque were these visiting Orientals that their every move was watched with interest.

One evening, after entertaining him and his suite, we attended the theatre, and while we sat in the boxes, it was observed that the prince frequently removed the small black silk skull cap which he wore, decorated with the yellow button which told those who understood the custom of his country that he was of the royal family. One of the ladies inquired why he did it. The reply amused us very much. We were told, "I think it is because he is warm!" Seeing our amusement, the prince asked what had caused it, and was told.

Twenty years later at a dinner in Pekin I found myself once more face to face with Prince Pu Lun, who promptly asked, "How is the Chicago lady who inquired why I removed my cap?" So much for the proverbial length and accuracy of the Chinese memory!

In the Philippines we were the guests of General and Mrs. Leonard Wood. He was at the time governor general of the islands, and they made our stay with them enjoyable. One evening while we were dining with them at his residence, the Malacañan palace in Manila, one of those extraordinary

coincidences which occasionally come into our lives happened to me.

I had known a boy in New Orleans, a member of a fine old Southern family and a playmate of my brothers. At the age of seventeen, his whole nature seemed to change. He became irritable, fought with his friends without provocation, and frequently became morbid. His physicians, puzzled by his condition, learned that when he was twelve, he had struck his head on a rock while diving and had been unconscious for hours.

Suspecting that his changed character was caused by a brain injury, the doctors took him to Philadelphia, where a noted surgeon decided to trepan his skull. We were worried about him because this was a dangerous operation, but hoped that he would be restored to health. He remained in Philadelphia under observation for some time, but we lost track of him, because he enlisted for the Spanish American War and did not return home. Later his parents received word that he had been killed.

That night in Manila I saw across the table from us a remarkably handsome middle-aged man. I kept stealing glances at him, for his face attracted me at once. There was something very familiar about it. I had the feeling I had seen him before. I was informed that he was a retired army officer, had resigned some years before because his enormous interests demanded all his time.

Dinner was over; all the women had assembled in the big salon while the men lingered over their cigars. When they joined us, Colonel T——— came directly to me, asking if I would care to see the brilliant lighting of the river which was like fairyland from the palace window. But we did not look at the famous lights, for he said abruptly: "You recognized me, I saw it in your eyes."

I nodded, but "Why," I asked, "did you let us think you dead?"

"It is what I still desire to be thought, as the boy you knew, but let me tell you about it tomorrow," and he did.

He had gone to war under an assumed name, advanced rapidly for bravery and had given out the news of his death.

Determined to forget his past, he went to the Philippines. His beautiful wife alone knew his story, for his parents had died.

"I am not ashamed of my story, which was written in all the medical journals of the day," he said, "for I was reborn then, and I became another man after the trepanning. So why should I or the world remember that other creature?"

Another of our visitors in Chicago had been Governor Dole of the Hawaiian Islands. Years later we again encountered him while on a visit to Honolulu. When we met this time he said, "But this can't be the same Mrs. Harrison, looking so young?" etc. My self-esteem rose tremendously at his compliment, but alas, it fell again when I related the episode to my husband. He remarked, "It is most gratifying, of course, to receive such compliments. The pathetic thing is that you believe them!"

As a result of our travels and of my writing about them, I was decorated by the French government with the Palmes Académiques. Later the young emperor of Annam, Bai Dai, bestowed upon me the Kim Boi, his highest decoration.

I had met the young monarch when he was twelve while he was on a voyage from France, where he had been in school, back to his country to be crowned. I was tremendously interested in him and taught him a few words of English. His kingdom was under the protectorate of France, which built a lovely palace in Paris for him to live in and educated him as a Frenchman. He finished his schooling in France, married and is reigning in his own country. There he is supreme unless he should do something contrary to the interests of France.

My husband and I have traveled much, and have seen a great many wonders and known interesting people; but always our hearts have been faithful to Chicago, the home of my husband's birth and my adopted one! Never would we live elsewhere, even if we could.

Last year, suddenly out of a clear sky, my husband, nearly eighty-eight years old, announced that he was going to Europe *alone,* as he wished to pick up some Lautrec lithographs and some of Matisse and Daumiers and others of worth, to give to the Art Institute. Consternation prevailed and I said, "I will accompany you."

"Oh, no," he replied, "you are too old to travel."

"Well," I answered, "I am two and a half years younger than you."

"True," he replied, "but a woman cannot do what a man can, and I would much prefer to have you remain comfortably in this hotel. I will only be gone two months and I would feel happier if I knew you were calm and quiet here."

Can you imagine my answer? I just would not submit and said boldly, "After sixty years together I do not need your permission to accompany you. I shall just go along without your permission."

Our children, hearing of this discussion about going to Europe, got busy and announced that we were both too old to be trusted alone so far away, and it was decided that our daughter, Mrs. Manierre, would go with us. Much talk back and forth, but the women were victorious and accompanied him abroad. Although he accepted our company with reluctance, I will say when he found there was no escape for him he treated us mighty well.

We took a slow boat, the *De Grasse,* for we wanted a lot of sunshine on the trip. Alas, we got no sun anywhere last summer. We sailed the last of May and had our same beautiful rooms at the Lutetia Hotel where we have often stayed before. Though these delightfully situated rooms got all the sunshine that ever came to Paris last June and July, nothing but occasional splashes of that glorious golden light ever reached us. It rained daily and stormed with high winds most of the time, and it was as cold as ice. There is never any heat anyway in the hotels at that season of the year, and though we wrapped ourselves in heavy furs, we were chilled to the bone all the time. Everyone in Paris wore heavy clothing and the poor little flower woman who sat so faithfully across the street with her lovely blooming roses, her feet resting in a charcoal burner with a brilliant fire to keep her warm, must have felt like an iceburg.

The ambassador to France, Jefferson Caffery, and Mrs. Caffery received us with open arms. Mrs. Caffery is like my own daughter and treated us as though she were. Her cables for Christmas and birthdays always come to us. As I have

already mentioned, she is the godmother of our oldest grandson, Cyrus Manierre, and her father, Colonel Daniel McCarthy, and her mother were our intimate friends. She stands beside her capable and brilliant husband, beautiful and charming, and is recognized as filling her duties in an amazing way. Not only her very attractive appearance has won the French, but her capabilities in filling every duty required in her important position are remarkable. Fortunately, she enjoys perfect health and all the many calls upon the ambassador's wife she can and does fill with ease and charm. The Cafferys entertain and are entertained all the time, and she never shows fatigue.

We were at the embassy constantly, but alas, with the weather and our combined age, we fell ill — as all Paris did in June — with bad colds. The dinner the ambassador planned and gave especially for us, we never attended. Both my daughter and husband were in the hospital at Neuilly, he with bronchial pneumonia, and our daughter lost her voice completely. The lovely dinner went on without us.

I said to the doctor attending us at the hotel, "I am eighty-five and have a temperature of 101. Why don't you take me to the hospital? I am a sick woman."

"You are," he said, "very sick and very old, but you are not as sick as they. I have to give them penicillin and won't give it except in the hospital. I do not think you are as sick as they, and will let you stay in bed in the hotel." So I did. A pretty bleak few days, but we all got well. Dr. Mayers of the Neuilly Hospital, an American from Indianapolis and a very capable young man, did a fine job.

Everyone reaching Paris last summer had more or less our experience. All fell sick and were made most uncomfortable by the stormy weather. Mrs. Charles Goodspeed and Mrs. Thorne Donnelley and others came about then, and all will testify to what I am saying.

But the end of the trip was delightful. We had dinners at the embassy and other places, and lunches and teas and cocktails, and we did enjoy ourselves after all, though at first it did look as if the two old people might be brought home in coffins. But we came back in good health and in lively spirits.

We have not dared say too much to our daughter, Mrs. Manierre, who went abroad to protect us and was the first taken to the hospital!

My husband accomplished what he went for, brought home many fine lithographs, and the Art Institute accepted everything, which pleased him immensely, showing his taste had been good. He particularly liked a Renoir and loves to go to see it, for the Institute has kept it hung ever since he gave it. Our paintings were given to the Art Institute some years ago.

Though we have been married sixty-one years, I am still surprised at the many things my husband does. He never realizes his age and, in a way, I don't realize mine either. He generally accomplishes all he sets his mind to do, and does not brook interference.

This I realize fully, yet in Paris the combination of wife and daughter must have influenced him, though he declares it did not. He told our son, Carter, Jr., the other day, "Do you know your sister Edith has developed so many traits of your mother, some very *disagreeable* ones; for instaonce, they both were determined to make me do things they wanted me to do, but I just did not do them. I did what I pleased and was not influenced in the slightest degree by what they said. I did exactly what I pleased in Paris." I then whispered to my son that we had really controlled many of his movements by confiding in the doctor, who helped us by advising Mr. Harrison. After all, you see, a woman's way is God's way. But to sum it all up, we had a delightful two months abroad and in the last enjoyable part just simply forgot the first very disagreeable illness we had suffered.

We hurried home from Europe last year to spend our August, as usual, in our delightful cabin at Huron Mountain, Michigan. As in the years before, beautiful birds visited us, filling the trees with delightful music, and the deer in which the woods abound often come to our door begging for food. But last summer we had a few surprise visitors who were not welcome. Papa and Mama Bear came too close.

Far back in the woods an occasional bear had been seen by a wanderer, and even a wildcat or species of panther, but the club thought it was safe. But one night I opened my kitchen

door to the back porch to put something in the icebox, and came face to face with a huge black monster who had overturned the garbage pail and was raiding the icebox. With a growl at me he continued his work. He ate pounds of bacon sent us by Mr. Oscar Mayer and finished with a fine basket of fruit given us by Mayor Kennelly of Chicago. Jars of butter, dozens of eggs, bowls of milk — all went down his maw. How that bear ate it all I don't know. He even swallowed all the stones of the peaches, because we could not find any in the remains he left on the floor. Everything was ruined and in an awful mess.

Other members of the club had similar experiences and none of us were happy over it. State authorities came from Marquette, fifty miles away, saying that when bears lost their fear of man they were dangerous and must be killed, so the government had to kill a few. I hate to see wild life destroyed, but we were helpless. The farmers were losing all their crops. The bears were destroying everything and even bending the trees to get the apples on them. The cubs with their shiny black fur were lovely to see as they scampered up a tree at sight of us, but we realized that they too would be dangerous in a year. Horrible to realize, life always preys on life — animals kill each other; birds murder other birds; squirrels and chipmunks fight and kill. And so we, too, had to destroy. It was dangerous not to do so.

While of course it is a glorious thing to travel, to see the world, to come in contact with various races and different peoples, we felt that the greatest happiness lay always in our home, surrounded by children and friends. Yet old Mother Earth still possesses many spots that we have not seen, and the wanderlust, even in our old age, is still upon us. Had we the leisure and the opportunity we would surely travel again. But even if this be denied us, it is wonderful to sit as we do in the twilight of life and realize we have seen so much. We look back through the mists of memory to such spots as Angkor the Great; such scenes as the sunrise in the Himalayas looking across at Mount Everest. But always in this conglomeration of impressions and thoughts born of travel, many questions arise to bother me, which I should love to hear

answered.

By what magic method may the white nations of the earth discover the secret to preserve the black and yellow races from that swift degeneracy which, as history has taught us, follows ever in the wake of so-called civilization? One cannot travel afar without realizing that the burdens of our sins lie heavily upon us. Once this was not so true of America as it was of Europe, because our colonial problem was not so great. But since our last war questions are before us about the peoples of the East and the Far East. How will we handle them?

I came to live in Chicago because of the Harrisons. In my happy life with my husband, if I have accomplished anything worthy, it is his companionship and influence that have enabled me to do so. Without him I could have done little. Although I am proud of my own ancestors, I feel proud also that I have been one of the Harrisons and that some day I shall lie down among them for my eternal rest.

It is a surprising and comforting fact that in our old age my husband and I have still around us many contemporaries with whom we can enjoy life. And we, the really old, enjoy life as much as we did in youth. We still have our clubs, the opera, the symphony, and other interests, and the health and energy to make use of them.

As I look back, it seems to me that I have neglected to mention the names of many worthy and delightful Chicagoans with whom our lives came in contact. For this I hope they will forgive me. Of those whom we are fortunate enough still to see, I can mention only a few in passing: Mrs. Joseph Bowen, Colonel and Mrs. Langhorne, Mrs. Cyrus Bentley, Mrs. John Shortall, Mrs. Joseph Coleman, Mrs. E. C. Waller, Mrs. Thomas Hinde, Mr. Frank Magie, T. E. Quisenberry, Peggy and Jack Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Ricords, Mrs. Silas Strawn, Mrs. Charles Spalding, the gifted Mrs. Herman Kohlsaat (who comes occasionally to visit her daughter, Pauline Palmer — Mrs. Bertram Winston), Miss Margaret Enders, Mrs. Phelps Hoyt, Mrs. E. W. Ryerson, Mrs. Sam Chase, Mrs. Harry Howard (still so beautiful), Mrs. Charles Hosmer Morse (a brilliant conversationalist and a discriminating

book collector whose delightful book, *The Unknown Friends*, is a worthy contribution to Civil War literature).

Until recently we had both Mr. and Mrs. Secor Cunningham among us. Now he is gone after sixty blessed years of married life. I can remember being seated in the parlor of my parents' home in New Orleans with the man I was about to marry, when he told me that he had just heard that young Althea Stone, beautiful and only sixteen, had eloped with Secor Cunningham, who was not much older. We felt the youngsters had been rash, but how they did surprise us! They have been the admiration of all who knew them and they had the pleasure of watching their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren grow up.

Perhaps all these I have mentioned are years younger than I, but the next group of friends are our juniors by at least several years. Among them is the delightful Mrs. John Crerar, who decided in her seventies to finish her life with Dr. Metz and asked her dear friend, Mrs. Patrick Valentine, to be her matron of honor at the wedding, and now lovely Mrs. David Cook has just been married to Mr. Sam Colt, both in their seventies.

May Lester Armour Valentine, as lovely today as in her blonde girlhood beauty, said to me the other day: "Mrs. Harrison, you are the wonder of the age! You keep flaunting your years upon us but we can't believe you because you neither look nor act them." What a charming fibber, but how I do love her flattery!

Mrs. William Greenley, Mrs. Wentworth Field, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Jr., the two stunning Higinbotham girls, Mrs. Richard Crane, Jr., and her sister, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Philip Swift, Mrs. Frances Manierre, Mrs. Alfred Hamill, Mrs. James Hopkins, Mrs. Howell Erminger and the Paul Wellings — these are still youngsters, comparatively, but we greet one another as old friends. Real affection and love do not change, and some of these youngsters were dear to us in their teens, and so were their parents and grandparents.

In this changing world life comes and goes, but love lives on forever. The world is interesting and beautiful. We are still young with it — my husband and I — and we rejoice in its

glamor and still glory in its victories. We have weathered storms, we have reveled in brilliant sunshine, and we have gloried in belonging to that noble company of friends who have surrounded us.

For the last thirty years we have been living at the Parkway Hotel, where our efficient manager, Mr. William Miller, makes us feel very comfortable. We have a delightful view of Lincoln Park and from a distance can feast our eyes on ever changing Lake Michigan.

Some interesting neighbors occupy suites in the hotel and their hobbies bring us together. One of them, Mr. Fritz Ernst, never tires of showing us his lovely collection of ivory carvings and Japanese woodcuts.

After having visited many famous places all over the world I arrived at the conclusion that for us America is the country in which to live and Chicago the only city. Always we are glad to be again within sight of our Lake Michigan, to look across its sweep of waters, to hear its waves break across our waterfront and to listen to the rumble of our ever growing city.

In a storm the wind shrieks out a thunderous welcome or, with the sun smiling, blue waters greet us.

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